

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light. THE ANGEL MESSENGERS.

BY WALTER WILFORD.

"It was a time, when Spring was throwing
Sunlight o'er the landscape glowing,
And the streamlet, onward flowing
From its joy fetters free,
Murmured forth a joyous greeting
To the birds, above it meeting,
And the light clouds o'er it fleetly
Like the waves upon the sea.
As the twilight slowly faded
From the earth, and left it shaded,
While our minds by fancy aided,
Their own imagery create;
In a cottage dark and lonely,
Lighted by the pale moon only,
And the stars faint, dim and lonely
Yielding sadly to its fate,
Lay an aged, stricken being,
From whose eyes the light was fleeing,
While each moment seemed near fleeing
One sad spirit from its clay.
Still across his mind were rushing
Wild, weird forms of fancy, flushing
His pale cheek, like statue blushing,
Or the flash of dying day.
All at once the room grew lighter,
Each uncertain form grew brighter,
While each painful throe seemed slighter,
Till his rest was calm and sweet;
Then he saw above him bending,
Forms, where peace and love seemed blending,
On a flood of light descending,
Till around his couch they meet.
Once he thought himself forsaken;
Now he seemed to awaken
From the sleep, his soul hath taken,
To a bright and glorious day;
Once he feared death's cold embraces,
Now kind words each fear erases,
While in each kind look he traces
Signs which will not brook delay.
"Whoome, death!" cries he in gladness,
Sweet comforter of my sadness,
To remain would now be madness!
Hasten—strike thy dreaded blow!
Then, his sunken eyelids closing,
And each feeble limb composing,
Left his weary form reposing,
Pale and cold as winter's snow.
Frement, Ohio, Nov. 14th, 1860.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE LITTLE GIPSEY.

BY J. ROLLIN K. SQUIRE.

It is a pretty general conclusion, how true we shall not argue, that the race of Gipsies, of both genders, were born only to be thieves. Whatever may have been the fault of the first Gipsy, and however culpable he or she might have been, if a thief, is little to consider; but there is some little pity due to the rising generation of this class. They are born of their parents, nursed and educated by thieves, the science of thieving is infused into them with their mother's milk, consequently the result is, and naturally so, that they go forth thoroughly accomplished in all the nice points of roguery, and this taste early imbued never leaves them until death. The first actor in the scene is an old woman, one whose (treason industry in the profession of Coates would seem to have entitled her to claim the right of an old soldier—honorable retirement from active duty and continuation of full pay. This woman brought up a young girl whom she called her granddaughter, naming her Preciosa. She was guilty of no neglect in the education of her protegee, and at an early age Preciosa was a thorough adept in all the mysteries of the Gipsy's peculiar art. The child became head dancer, where she excelled all the female members of the Gipsy community; in fact she not only surpassed them in beauty and discretion, but was, without a dissenting voice, not only regarded as far superior to those whose features were celebrated, but to those who were notorious for their sense—ladies of the world whose fame was their beauty and their station. Neither the wind nor sun, nor all the severity of the weather, consequent upon its constant changes, to which that class are more exposed than other people, seemed to alter the hue of the roses on her cheeks, or soil the whiteness of her little hands; and what is more surprising still, when considering under what unfavorable circumstances she was reared, is the fact that she had none of those rude ways which characterized the rabble by whom she was surrounded, which served to render it probable she was not, at least, entirely of the Gipsy stock. Her manners were exceedingly courteous, and in her behaviour she exhibited none of the ordinary levity of her people; and though she was by no means dull, but occasionally very sprightly, there was that about her, that no Gipsy, either young, or old, dared in her presence to sing an immodest song, or indulge in the use of objectionable language. The grandmother was fully aware that she had in Preciosa an inestimable treasure, and therefore resolved to look well to the young fledgling and fit her fully to live by her wits. Consequently no pains were spared to render Preciosa perfect in the songs, ballads, sarabands, etc. of her country, and ere long she mastered the choicest of them with wonderful grace, especially love-tales, in which, above all others, she was happy, for the cunning old woman well knew that such accomplishments, added to the gentleness and beauty of the child, would be the surest charms by which an empty purse might be filled. She did not want for poetry, for true it is that there were poets so gracious that they did not hesitate to write for the Gipsies, even as certain people are kind enough to invent miracles and strange stories for the

strolling blind, in consideration that the retailer shall share the profit of their rehearsal. Preciosa passed her earlier life in various parts of Castile, and when about sixteen years of age, her disreputable grandmother made her way toward Madrid, and encamped outside of that city, on a field usually appropriated by the Gipsies, trusting to win the attention of the people in the great city where everything is bought and sold. Fortunately for them they made their first entry into Madrid on St. Anne's Day—a day observed in honor of the patroness of the city, with great festivity—and a dance was formed in which eight of the Gipsy women took part—four young and four old ones, led by a man who was an excellent dancer. The whole band were arrayed in very attractive costumes, notwithstanding which the quiet elegance of Preciosa won for her the praise of all who saw her. Amidst the sound of the tambourine and castanets, in spite of all the hurry of the dance, the rumor of her beauty and grace produced the liveliest admiration, and people on every side drew near, if possible, to catch a sight of her. But when she was heard to sing, in one part of the dance into which a song was introduced, the cheers of applause might have reached the sky. Her fame now reached the highest point and without further delay the prize offered to the best dancer, by the Committee of the Festival, was awarded to her. It was usual to celebrate a dance in the church of St. Marie, before the image of St. Anne; thither the Gipsies proceeded, and having finished their dance, Preciosa seized a tambourine, and moving with all the airy grace and swiftness of a fairy, sang a hymn in honor of the patroness of the day. Every one who heard her was in raptures. Some cried "Heaven bless the girl!" others, "What a pity she is a Gipsy; truly her's should be a station above this—she should be the daughter of a Knight"; while others whose feelings were less roused, said coarsely, "Let the trot get older—she won't suffer for food, she'll show you how hearts are sought"; while one more good natured but stupid and ill-bred, on seeing her trip so lightly, cried out, "Keep at it child, keep at it, tread the dust to powder."
"It is fine already," said Preciosa, without losing temper.
When the festival drew to a close, she was somewhat fatigued—but her wit, her beauty, and her dancing had made her so famous that she was the theme of conversation throughout the capital. In about fifteen days she made her way again to Madrid, where she appeared in company with three other Gipsy girls, provided with tambourines, new dances, new songs, ballads and romances, but all of a proper character, inasmuch as Preciosa, as has already been observed, would not allow her companions to sing ballads of an opposite cast, nor would she sing them herself; which resulted in her being held in higher esteem than was the usual one with people of her class. The old Gipsy was with her, and ever at her elbow, watching her like an Argus, fearing some one might persuade her to leave, or run away with her, and Preciosa who regarded her as her grandmother obeyed her in every particular. The young Gipsy girls began their dance in the Calle de Toledo, in the shade, and it was not long before they drew a large crowd of spectators. While they danced, the old woman went around collecting money among the bystanders, and they showered it down like hail, so powerless is even the most drowsy charity to resist the awakening power of beauty.
The dance ended and Preciosa stepping forward, said—"If any one will give me a real, by myself, I will sing a beautiful song about the churching of our Majesty in St. Laurence's, at Valladolid. It is a celebrated effort, the production of a poet who properly is at the head of his profession."
At this, every voice in the crowd joined as one, in requesting her to sing it. "Here is my real," said one, "and mine," "and mine," "and mine," cried others. "Sing it, Preciosa, sing it," and the money rained in so rapidly on the miniature stage, that the old woman was sadly in need of hands to gather it. Her harvest secured, Preciosa, taking her tambourine, in a sweet voice, began to sing:
Behold, where kneels our gracious Queen!
Devoutly and in prayer alone,
Beside the sacred altar's screen—
The jewel of the Spanish throne.
With all the fervency she knew
Of love, when first with rapture wild
She clasped her babe, a Christian true,
She thanks God for herself and child.
A saint! indeed she well might be,
So lifts she up her melting eyes,
Sent us from Heaven that we might see
The holiness that crowns the skies.
Such beauty, too, is hers. 'Tis mine
To sing her charms with faltering tongue—
Who like Pandora seems divine,
Without her faults, as perfect sprung.
Proud Phœbus on his throne of day
To linger long with her is drawn,
As he would fain bear her away,
As was Titonus by the Dawn.
E'en Saturn trims his sullen beam,
And burns within her crown of light
Where all the constellations gleam
In glorious radiance to the sight.
Polymnia, whose honeyed arts
Had ever graced her lisping voice,
And Love, unmindful of his darts,
In ecstacy with her rejoices.
And mighty Mars forgets awhile
His feats of war, and angry arms,
And stands defenceless at her smile—
A slave at length, to human charms.
Imperial Jove unites to praise,
Nor Juno chides that he admires,
And sends afar his heavenly rays
To add new life to beauty's fires.
Nor does that Goddess pass her by,
Whom fated Myrrha would dethrone,

But pale his soft and dewy eye
With hues once boasted all her own,
And fair Solene, Queen of night,
Whom great Pan sought to intercept,
While driving forth her car to light
The world when fiery Helios slept;
Lingers, as once on Latmos' peaks,
And pours afar her pearly flood
To grace the hues upon her cheeks,
That roses have from Venus' blood.
The girle glittering at her waist
Were well the one that Hera wore
When great Zeus frowned; which Venus placed
Round her to win his love once more.
For never such a form was seen
In Europe, search it far and wide,
And in the girdle of our Queen
E'en Ganymede might reside.
Her snowy veil, that sweeps the floor,
Is radiant with a thousand rays,
For India's costliest diamonds pour
From every fold a dazzling blaze.
From blazing censers that consume
Arabia's spices rich and rare,
Float long, thin columns of perfume
That load with fragrance all the air.
Scarce breathing the spectators stand—
The scene with thrilling hearts they view;
For ne'er had known the Spanish land
Such Piety and splendor too.
None envy her. Each Spaniard feels
A loyal triumph to behold
The one to whom he proudly kneels
Thus far outliving pearls and gold.
And now a thousand blessings steal
From lip to lip, as she doth rise,
And now one loud and lengthened peal
Of acclamation shakes the skies.
Now every voice unites and sings
To her the ruling star of Spain,
And all the vaulted temple rings
Harmonious with this ardent strain:
"Long mayst thou flourish fruitful Vine,
To us thy thrice shall be a shrine,
Whose glory ne'er shall know decline
Whilst loyal hearts can cherish;
And should the foe's aggressive arm
E'er fill the land with dire alarm,
Our task shall be to shield thee from harm
Our Queen, or fighting perish.
On thee may fortune never frown!
Long mayst thou wear the Spanish crown
Unto thine own and Spain's renown.
Thine honor and her glory;
And may thy wars be wars of right,
Thine arms ne'er led to unjust fight;
So shall thy name in future light
The glowing page of story.
And when thy glorious reign is ended,
May a long line from thee descended
Grace the dear throne we have defounded
From the Crescent's dread assault;
And may our Prince, to aspire
Unto that Virtue all admire,
Live like his great and noble sire,
And the Spanish throne exalt."
With solemn pace the noble Queen,
Bearing her first-born in her hands,
Moves with a glad and humble mien,
To whose St. Laurence's statue stands.
And there beside an altar, reared
To him who won a living name,
Who roused the faith in fire nor feared
The dreadful trial of the flame;
She kneels, and Silence from her throne,
In chains of stillness holds the air,
While in a low and touching tone,
She lifts to Heaven her grateful prayer:
"Accept my thanks, Almighty Lord,
This precious gift, Thy bounty gave;
From every harm, oh, wilt thou guard,
And let Thy gracious goodness save.
Here on this altar I resign
To thee and to Thy sovereign care,
The gift which heavenously is Thine
Who rulest Heaven and earth and air.
Oh! let Thy mercies far and wide
Their riches shed on every hand;
Pierce with Thy love our nation's side,
And smile indulgent on our land.
Oh! love and lead this babe aright,
That power and fame shall raise
His people's love when he shall right
The wrongs of State in coming days.
Oh! grant that he may worthy reign,
And reap his much loved father's fate,
Who nobly dole the weight sustain
Of ample Empire and of State.
Oh, bless the King I who now star,
Doth Atlas-like, the burden bear,
Of constant toil, of righteous war,
Of distant climes and royal care."
She ceased, and lonely at the close
A deafening shout of joy arose.
The song was hardly finished when it was loudly
encored, and all begged of her to sing it once more,
crying out, "Sing—sing and dance for us, and thou
shalt have reals as plentiful as pebbles."
There were more than two hundred people gathered,
before the Gipsies gave over dancing and singing.
As Preciosa's song was drawing to a close, one of
the Judges of Madrid, seeing such a concourse of
people, drew near and asked the reason of such
a crowd. He was told that they were listening
to hear the handsome Gipsy sing; and not being
quite free from curiosity himself, he also approached
and listened; but not considering it quite in ac-
cordance with the dignity of his station to linger
listening to songs in the street, he did not remain to
hear the end. However, he had heard enough to be
very greatly pleased with her, and the result was
that he sent one of his servants to the old woman,
and requested her to bring her troop to his house
that evening, as he greatly desired that his wife, the
Dona Clara, might also listen to Preciosa's music.

The message was properly delivered, and the old
grandma returned word that she would wait on him.
In a little while the performance ended, and the
Gipsies were preparing to depart, when a well
dressed page, who had been waiting some little time,
approached Preciosa, and slipping a folded paper
into her hand, said:
"Sing this song, Preciosa—'Tis a very fair one;
and if you do it justice, from time to time I will
give you others, which, while you win the reputa-
tion of being the best singer in the world, will insure
you the fame, also, of having the best romances."
"With all my heart," said Preciosa; "I will learn
this, and mind you don't forget the rest—that is,
providing they are proper. And, as of course they
are to be paid for, let us agree by the dozen; and as
I can't pay for them now, it must be when they are
sung. Shall this be so?"
"Make your own terms, fair Preciosa," replied
the page; "and if any of the songs be not success-
ful, or do not turn out as well as you would have
liked, they need not be reckoned in the list."
"Very good; but you know I shall reserve the
right of choosing them," said she smiling; and join-
ing her companions who were turning into another
street. They had not gone very far before some
gentlemen called and motioned to them from a low
lattice window. Preciosa ran up to it, and looking
in, saw several gentlemen in a large, well-furnished
room, some walking about, while others were divert-
ing themselves at various games.
"Have you no winnings for me?" said she in a
pleasing tone, peculiar to the Gipsies, but with her
so from affectation, rather than from natural defect;
yet she continued it from choice.
The sweetness of her voice and her appearance
soon attracted universal attention, and the players
quitted their games, and with the loungers thronged
to the window, for already had her fame reached them.
"Yes, come in—let the Gipsies come in," said a
number of the gentlemen, gaily. "Come in; a por-
tion of our winnings shall be yours."
"Ah, but gentlemen you may make a portion of
your winnings cost us more than would be its value
to us," said Preciosa.
"Not so; you may indeed enter safely," said one
of the gentlemen. "Not one of us will harm you—
not so much as a shoe-string belonging to you shall
be touched. I swear it by the badge I wear on my
breast;" and he laid his hand on an order he wore,
of the Calatrava.
"If you like to go in," said one of the Gipsy
girls, "you can do so; but for me I would not ven-
ture where there are so many men."
"Ah, Christians," replied Preciosa, "what you
need most to fear is one man alone, not a number
like this—for where there are numbers be sure you
will always be safe from insult. A woman, deter-
mined to live a correct life, may do so in the midst
of an army. I believe that under all circumstances
it is our duty to avoid all occasions of temptation;
but those to be shunned first should be secret ones—
for danger does not intrude into places as public as
this."
"Very well," said Christians, "let us go in, then;
if you think it safe, I suppose it will be."
The old Gipsy also assured them that the danger
was imaginary, and they went in.
Preciosa had scarcely entered, when the Knight of
the Calatrava noticed the paper which she had thrust
into her bosom when she approached the window,
and took it out.
"Pray, do not take it from me," said she; "it is a
song which was given me a few moments ago, and
which, as yet, I have not read."
"What do you know how to read?"
"Aye, and write, too," answered the old woman;
"my grand-daughter has been brought up as if she
were the daughter of the best Knight in Castile."
The knight opened the paper, and finding it con-
tained a gold crown, exclaimed:
"In truth, Preciosa, this letter was well worth
paying postage for; the song is accompanied with a
crown."
"Truly," said she, "this poet has treated me as if
I were poor; but is it not more of a wonder that a
poet should give a crown than that a Gipsy should
accept one? However," she continued, "if his verses
come to me with such a golden reason for their wel-
come, I am sure he may transcribe every poem in
creation, and send me them one by one. I can then
test their value; and though they may hobble very
badly, tell if they be worth accepting."
The gentlemen smiled among themselves at her
ready wit, and she continued—"But read them, read
them aloud, and we can judge if the poet has
given as much evidence of his talent, as he furnished
in favor of his generosity."
The lines were read, which ran as follows:
FAUCIOLA.
Fair Preciosa, all accord
Thee first in beauty, first in art;
But ah! as thy sweet name implies,
I fear thou hast a stony heart.
If while thy charms grow more and more,
So grown with them thy present scorn.
Full many a heart in Eros' chains
Shall chide the hour when thou wert born.
With all thy wealth of ripening grace,
How should we fear those cunning arts
That win us, till thou reignest at last
Tyranic o'er our aching hearts.
Coiled in the brightness of thy gaze
A basilisk we can descry,
Enchanting all to look on thee,
Who lookest love, and loving die.
If so that cottage mean, or field
Where glides our gentle stream along,
Did send a gem as thou art yield—
Then shall Manzanae live in song.
• Preciosa—precious stone.

If so, proud Tagns' boast is gone,
And that lone stream our praise commands,
More than the Ganges' lavish flow,
Or e'en Pactolus' auric strands,
Who seek to know their fate from thee—
All happiness dost thou declare,
But misery is theirs to find
Thee not less pitiless than fair.
'Tis said the roving Gipsy girls
Are skilled in sorcery and spells;
And fatal as that knowledge is,
All know Preciosa fair excels.
Nergus used not more potent arts
With Hercules than thou; in fine,
Thou dost but dance, or sing, advance,
Baffle, be mute, and we are thine.
The blindest hearts thy rule obey,
And strangely joy to wear thy chain,
And mine hath bartered freedom's wealth
To be a slave while thou dost reign.
Thus, while in secret pines his soul,
Which more than all on this depends,
These lines, which speak not half his feelings,
Thy poor and wretched lover sends.
"Ah, that's a very bad sign!" said Preciosa;
"the poem closes expressive of poverty. Anything
would have been better than 'poor.' It does not
strike me that love and poverty are very friendly—
and, in fact, I think it safe to assume that they are
bitter enemies."
"Where do you get these ideas, my child?" ex-
claimed one of the gentlemen.
"Who taught me?" she replied. "Why, am I not
fifteen years old? have I not a soul in my body? I
am neither lame, nor blind, nor halt—and as for my
understanding, it is not in the least crippled. The
wit of a Gipsy is of a different order from that of
ordinary people. We are forward for our years, and
it would be impossible to find a stupid man or a
silly woman among us. And as we gain a livelihood
by the readiness of our wits, our eyes are always
open, and we have no time to let the grass grow
under our feet. Look at these girls—my companions
—they are as mute as if they had no life in them;
they seem very simple; but just put your finger
into their mouths, and I promise you you will feel
that they have not much longer to wait for their
wisdom teeth. Why, a Gipsy girl of a dozen years
has more brains in her head, and as much know-
ledge, as one of any other race at twice that age;
give anybody the devil, and constant practice, for
tutors, and it's their own fault if they lack anything
that cunning may give them."
The whole company were much entertained with
Preciosa's chat, and all gave her money. The old
woman bagged about thirty reals, and, as may be
readily imagined, went off as merry as May, with
her flock before her, to the house of the Judge, hav-
ing assured the gentlemen that she should certainly
return again and entertain those who had been so
generous.
The Judge's wife, the Dona Clara, who had been in-
formed of the invitation extended to the Gipsies,
with her daughters and attendants, as well as the
family of another lady residing in the neighbor-
hood, were looking out for them with something of
that anxiety with which one looks for a shower in
May. They had all been attracted by the fame of
Preciosa. The Gipsies very soon entered, and Pre-
ciosa shone among them like a torch among a row
of tapers. The ladies all gathered about her—some
embracing her, some kissing her, and all gazing on
her, and uniting in praising her extraordinary
beauty.
"Ah, Venus had cause for jealousy, if Myrrha's
hair were as golden as yours," said Dona Clara—
"and your eyes, they are very emeralds."
The other lady, her neighbor, examined Preciosa
by inches—every limb and every feature; at last,
observing a dimple in her chin, she exclaimed, "Ah,
dimple, you are a snare to catch every eye that looks
on you."
"And call you this a dimple?" said the Dona
Clara's usher, an elderly gentleman with a large
beard. "Either I know not what a dimple is, or
that is a grave into which lovers go alive. By the
mass, this Gipsy is so bewitching, that were she
made of silver or of bon bons, she could not be more
loving. I suppose you can tell fortunes, nina?"
"That I can, and in three or four ways," replied
Preciosa.
"You can?" exclaimed the Dona Clara; "then
by the life of my lord, the Judge, pretty child, of
gold, fair image of silver, oboles brand of pearls,
string of carbuncles, offspring of the sky, or any-
thing, everything above this, you shall tell me mine."
"Give her your hand, Senora, and something to
cross it with," said the old woman, "and you shall
see she will tell you more than is known to a doctor
of medicine."
The Dona Clara put her hand into her pocket, but
drew it out empty; she turned to her servants ask-
ing the loan of a piece of money. Neither they, nor
the lady, her neighbor, had a single maravedi about
them. Preciosa perceiving this, said, "A cross is a
cross, it is true, whatever it is made with; but when
made with silver or gold, they are by far the best;
and you know to cross your ladyship's hand with cop-
per would certainly lessen the look, at least of mine.
Again, I have a fancy for crossing hands with gold
the first time—a nice crown, a real, or a quarto, for
I am very much like warden, who feel themselves
glad at heart when there, has been a good collection."
"On my life you are sharp, indeed, for your age,"
said the lady neighbor, and turning to the usher:
"Pray," said she, "lend me a real, Senor Contreras,
and when my husband comes in I will return it
you."
"To tell the truth," replied he, "I have a single
real, but it is pledged for twenty marravis for my
... It is difficult to determine on what ground Contreras
likens a girl's eyes to emeralds. Yet he has done so in
several instances, and evidently without irony.—B.

supper last night; but if you give me that, I will bring you it in a moment!

"We haven't a marvell among us all," said the Dona Clara, "and you are asking for twenty. Have you lost your senses, Contreras?"

A young girl who was present, seeing the poverty of the house, said to Preciosa—

"Will not a silver thimble answer the purpose of making a cross?"

"It will, indeed," replied she, "and they make very excellent crosses, provided there are enough of them."

"I have but one," said the girl, "and if that will answer, you may have it—that is, if you will tell me my fortune, also."

"What!" muttered the old crows, "so many fortunes for a paltry thimble!" and lifting her voice, "but hasten, Preciosa, hasten; it will soon be dark, and we have no time to lose."

Preciosa took the Dona Clara's hand, and the thimble, and began the fortune:

Come, lady fair, thy lily hand I'll read with mystic art; I joy to tell how thou dost well First in thy husband's heart.

Thou art as gentle as a dove, Yet anger rules at times; Not then thy love could lions brook Though in their native clime.

And jealousy doth cause thee oft— Upon thy Lord to frown; 'Tis true, he's sly, in spite, say I, Of Erminie and the gown.

But then these storms of passion pass, As clouds in April fade, And leave thy lip, where bees might sip, In richer charms arrayed.

Twice wed I'm sure that thou shalt be, And must the truth declare; When this is done, if thou'rt a nun, Thou'lt die an Abbess fair.

There, do not weep, my lady fair, Nor look so sad, in spite; Remember, pray, all Gipsies say May not be gospel truth.

Beside, if thou outlive thy lord, He'll leave a large demesne, And golden store, enough, and more, To make thy grief less keen.

A son and daughter thou shalt have; The first shall soon attain To high degree, the other be The fairest girl in Spain.

And if thy lord lives four months more, So great is his renown, He'll Mayor of Salamanca be, Or else of Burgos town.

Thou sweet adieu, my lady fair; Forever guard thy weal, Nor give thee heed, how well they plead, When flatterers to thee kneel.

When Preciosa had finished her somewhat prophetic fortune for the Dona Clara, the company pressed forward to have their fortunes told, also; but Preciosa put them off until the next Friday, when she promised to gratify them, provided they had ready with which to cross their palms. As they were preparing to depart, the Judge entered, to whom they related the strange fortune which had been given to his wife, beside the most glowing account of Preciosa's charms. After having witnessed a short dance, he declared that the praises which had been bestowed on her were just and true; and, putting his hand into his pocket as if he meant to give her something, he groped and rummaged about in it for awhile, and finally drew it out empty.

"As I live," said he, "I have not as much as a single piece about me, of any kind! Give the nina a real, my dear, and I'll return it to you again."

"That's pleasant, indeed," said the Dona Clara, "but where is the real to come from? Why, among us, all we have not been able to find a marvell with which to cross our hands."

"Well, find some trinket or other to give her," said the husband, "and she shall come another day, when we will treat her better."

"No," said the Dona Clara, "I will give her nothing now, as I intend she shall come to us again."

"I think not," said Preciosa; "it is not very likely, if I am turned away empty-handed, that I shall ever come to you again. I must do better than spend my time with those whose purses are empty. Take bribes, sonor, take bribes, and you will have plenty of money. You are not called upon to introduce new customs, nor to refuse money when offered you. Do as your brothers do, or you will die of starvation. Look you, sonor, I have heard it said—and, as stupid as I am, I appreciate a good thing when I hear it—that the business of a man in office is to 'line his purse while in, so as to pay off the charges which may be brought to his door when he is out,' as also to insure him another post."

"Ay, my child," replied the Judge, "this is the task and practice of those officers who forget their duty. The man who lives uprightly, and behaves himself properly, has no reason to fear any future examination; and an honorable course in one office is his best and surest recommendation to another."

"Your worship speaks like a saint," answered Preciosa. "Keep on in this way, and I am sure you will not be degraded to a piece of a ragged garment for a relic."

"You are very sharp, Preciosa; but no more on this subject. I will do my best for you, and manage it so that His Majesty may see you. You would be a jewel for a King."

"I thank your worship," said Preciosa, "but if the King take a fancy to make me his fool, where then is my trouble? For I have no talent that way—it is not my trade. If he placed me among his wish heads I might not thrive; for in some palaces, they say, fools are followed by the wise, and often drink of the King's cheer. I am poor, and but a Gipsy, yet I am happy the livelong day, and content to follow the course heaven has laid out for me."

"Come, come, nina," said the old grandmother, "don't let your tongue run so fast; you know a vast deal more than I ever taught you. Sooner or later, with these five points to your wit, you'll come out with it badly blunted. Speak of things better suited to your age. You'll catch a fall, depend on't, some of these days, from such high flights."

"The very deuce is in these Gipsy girls," said the Judge, as they began to depart.

The girl who owned the thimble approached Preciosa, and said—

"Sure, you will tell me my fortune, or give me back my thimble, for I have not another to work with."

"Ah, sweet lady!" said Preciosa, "your fortune needs but little unriddling. However, get you another thimble to work with, before I come again on Friday, or else you will do but little sewing. Then I will tell you more fortunes and misfortunes than you can find in a book of Knight Errantry."

"It was formerly customary in Spain, on a magistrate's giving up his office, to remain a certain time in the place, to answer to any charges of maladministration which, with good cause, the people were allowed to bring against him."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE PASSING AND THE COMING HOUR.

Written for the Banner of Light. BY JOANNA GRANT.

As a vision vouchsafed from courts of Light Flows away from our tear-dimmed sight, And fades in the dusky arms of Night,

The flowers that seemed of supernatural birth Wither like veriest weeds of earth, Bringing no golden fruitage forth.

From the Life Divine man coldly turns, And deep in the tomb of self burns The Love that for Heavenly Wisdom yearns.

The burdened air with conflict is rife, While hands profane in eager strife Strike dissonance rude from the chords of life;

And hearts are hot in the selfish fray, Battering the priceless pearl away For worthless baubles of gilded clay—

Illusive treasures that turn to dust, Corrupted and eaten by moth and rust, Betraying the worldling's low placed trust;

And brotherhood's sacred claims are denied, As the poor are thrust from the gates of pride, And heavenly Charity spurned and defied.

In halls of splendor they hold their feasts; They have stately temples and surpliced priests, While brothers and sisters are classed with beasts.

And those whom the Infinite Love would bless, And in arms of tenderest pity caress, Thy doom to bondage and wretchedness.

With seeming goodness they stretch their hands, Saying, "Give us gold for the heathen lands," While near them the shivering orphan stands.

And the Holy Book o'er the seas they send, While no heed to its lore of love they lend— Self-blinded, they see not the coming end.

For the glance of Truth's effulgent eyes Shall read the flimsy and vain disguise, And cover with shame the refuge of lies;

And the Pentecost fires shall sweep, And the trampled Right to power shall leap, And sword and flame shall a harvest reap.

From the lips of God the fires shall breathe, And the sword of Truth, two-edged, shall sheathe Its glittering blade in the hearts beneath.

Then Filchhood and Wrong, twin foes of man, And Bigotry muttering his curse and ban, With all their fell, remorseless clan,

By the Conqueror's arm shall be vanquished and slain, And sink in unending Death's domain, With their ghastly allies, Fear and Pain.

And the moral midnight's direful pall From the form of Earth like a shroud shall fall, As she rises—no longer Sin's victim and thrall.

And the risen Sun of Righteousness With health and vigor and freedom shall bless, And array her in garments of Holiness.

And Wisdom and Love their gifts shall shower, While Goodness and Truth in blended power, With fadeless beauty the world shall dower.

Then Peace, with white and downy plumes, Redolent of all rich perfumes, Wafted from Heaven's ambrosial blooms,

Shall float on the glorified waves of air Like a vision Celestial, surpassing fair, And the balm of her presence all hearts shall cheer.

Then deep and divine shall be the rest That shall fill and o'ershadow the human breast, Of its primal heritage re-possessed;

And all the peoples their gifts shall bring To the fest of Christ, the Deliverer and King, And the spheres with glad acclamations ring.

As the aster orbs with joy shall greet The new song beautiful and sweet, Earth singing her hymn of bliss complete.

Providence, R. I., Oct., 1860.

A SPIRIT'S WANDERINGS.

Written for the Banner of Light. LIFE-PICTURES. BY CORA WILDURN.

PART FIRST.

"I feel drawn back to earth by many striving influences. I, for so long a time a happy dweller of the upper realms of light and joy, I hear the imploring voices, I see uplifted, agonized faces, I hear piteous moans upon the fragrant wind. I must return to earth, to aid, sustain and strengthen some struggling souls, there enwrapped in the shadows of woe, or bent beneath the double burdens of sickness and poverty. I will fill my hands with the balsamic flowers, and from the spirit-choirs I will take the lowest chimes of harmony, to carry to those darkened homes beneath. With the sunlight of love in my heart, hope on my brow, I will descend to comfort, soothe and bless."

On the shafts of sunlight falling there quivered the music strains of angelic response; and low, sweet murmure, musical with the joy of acceptance, rose from the floweret's heart and thrilled the dancing leaves. The blue sky deepened, and the voices of the sea made answer; and the summoned spirit's brow grew brighter still; his heart throbbled with its mightiest aspiration—with sympathy and love for all. The song-birds of that upper clime whirled joyously around him; the evening glories of the land of peace outspread before the longing eyes, that never wearied of the beautiful; above, the vesper chimes rang musically clear; from the mountain heights, bathed in the sunset's glory, glistened the awaiting bowers of holiest dreams. Loved forms and dear, familiar faces were there; but earth called loudly with its piercing wail, and for its darkened scenes the pure, exalted spirit forsook the sinless land, and, led by guiding impulse, stood on our world's bleak soil; for, beautiful though it was to its dwellers, its atmosphere was dense, its flowers scentless and colorless, unto the spirit's eye that so long had feasted on the gilded inner life of the immortal realms—whose soul had drank of the celestial streams of harmony, and daily bathed in the refuge of wisdom, truth and purity.

Twilight shadows wrapped the world in gloom, and the sea uprose in mysterious murmurings, and a low wind sighed amid the stirred pines. "It is the underdone of sorrow, the all-pervading burden of discord that breaks from the million tolling, suffering, erring hearts. Earth, sea and sky are freighted with the accusing voices—not against thee, oh Infinite, but against man's inhumanity to man."

Thus spake the understanding Spirit, and a shade of sorrowing sympathy rested on his placid brow. He descended the mountain's side, and entered the quiet town. Gifted with the inner vision, the Spirit read the hearts of men, saw breaking hearts concealed beneath false, conventional smiles, saw deep and high and glorious aspirations nestling in humble, untaught souls, purest affections living warm and radiant in fair woman's breast, driven back from the sunlight warmth of day by the decess of

men and custom. The Spirit beheld pure and natural religion in the child's opening soul, as it stretched forth its tiny hands in invocation to the glowing skies, the murmuring sea, the flowery roadside; but the spontaneity of worship was checked by long and formal prayers; the soul was cramped in its first conceptions of the Infinite; the poetic mind was chilled, and its prophetic voices were called blasphemous; fear usurped the place of love, and the dark pall of bigotry veiled the revealed and bounteous glories of the great I Am.

The Spirit, pure, free, untrammelled, sighed for the boughten hearts that dared not follow the finger-marks of Duty; that shrank affrighted from the magnitude of his revelations to the soul; that trampled under foot the sacred ordinances of nature, and called these fanaticisms the commands of God!

In a cottage, bearing every outward sign of ease and comfort, dwelt a sadly estranged family, whom their neighbors envied for their wealth. The wife was stricken by disease, and slowly passing to the other life, for which she yearned. The honored and world-respected husband, to whom man bent in homage, was by that world unknown. Politic, scrupulously observant of the laws of society, no derelictions had been charged to him. At home only was his true nature shown. There the drunkard and the sensualist reviled himself; there the smooth voice assumed the thunder tones of menace; there gentle Madeline, his only daughter, wept and wrung her hands with grief and shame; there broken-hearted Willie fled for peace and safety, taking with him his fading mother's blessing. He never returned to his home; the ocean waves sang his true soul's requiem, and to his mother's heart gave witness of his fate. The falsely judging world condemned the poor boy, even in death; and from the mother's pallid lips no murmur issued, no vindication of her first-born, her noble son. Fear of her tyrant's influence, dread of the world's unbelief, sealed her lips. Would she, the solitary, suffering woman, find sympathy against the influential, honored man? So beyond his own walls no plaints were heard; and the angel striving in the souls of those two women was fettered by the iron bonds of custom. But Elvira smiled, for she knew the death anguish would release her; but Madeline wept in fear and anguish for the future.

The Spirit stood by the mother's side, and her heart grew strong with resolution, faith and hope. He read the soul of the world-deceiver, and failing to impress on it one thought of love and goodness, he yet succeeded in arousing there a fear, superstitious and dark as the soul from whence it sprang. The duty submission rendered unto him by those of his household had strengthened him in deception, wrong and cruelty; they had not shielded themselves, nor bettered him.

Oh, man and woman, do right in the Father's sight, no matter at what worldly cost; resist the wrong, no matter at what sacrifice. The cross to be upheld is the individual burden; no law of earth should compel the soul to yield to despotic power.

With tears and prayers and lavish entreaties, wife and daughter had long sought to reclaim the man by others deemed so perfect. Tears and prayers had failed, and he triumphed over his slaves, who never dared reveal by word or action the rebellion of barging in their souls. Passively, despairingly, they submitted to what appeared inevitable; and evil influences rejoiced and triumphed over angel will and power, left dormant and unused.

Sweet Madeline knew not that an angel stood beside her, reading her pure and sorrowing heart. She knew not whence came the rising impulse, the desire for freedom, the throbbing hopes of a better life even on earth. And amid her reveries arose a face long unseen, with deep, dark eyes that uttered love unalterable, and Madeline sighed and prayed for his return, though in the past year she had turned tremulously from him, urged by her father's stern demand.

And now, unconsciously listening to an angel's words, arose within her the dominant sense of right, the desire for happiness as her own soul craved it. Madeline was not the spoiled child of fashion; she was no vain coquette, no heartless trifler. Prayerful, conscious of her beauty and soul-wealth, she yearned for love, for peace, for rest. Such souls can be trusted with their own guidance; their intuitions are sacredly beautiful and true; their impulses are for the good and just. In the young girl's breast arose the first resolve, the first firm purpose. While her mother lived she would for her sake bear and suffer all. That mother once removed to another life, no worldly fear should bind her to a tyrant father's side.

When, after a short absence, the Spirit returned to the cottage home, it was to find Elvira departing, with a smile and a serene joy, to her awaiting spirit home. It was to see the angel band, that welcomed her with strains of harmony, assembled around her couch; to find the young Madeline, heroically striving with her grief; to behold the stern, composed features of the husband, and find in his heart a feeling of remorse, veiled to the keen world's gaze.

She died to earth and trouble—she awoke to immortality and joy—that victim wife! And Madeline, amid her grief, was strong and her soul had grown in self-knowledge; her resolve was formed. When, some months after, her father commanded her to accept a wealthy and to her repugnant suitor, Madeline firmly refused to obey his commands. He threatened her with disinheritance; he would brand her before the world as a disobedient child; he would cast her forth to beg her bread in charity! Madeline, smiling with a pale cheek, and declared herself willing to go forth for her soul's freedom.

The Spirit, long exalted above the weaknesses of humanity, felt a thrill of strange sorrow pervade his ethereal frame as the father's hand cast rudely forth the tenderly nurtured girl. He cast her out, with loud imprecations, with prophecies of an untimely end, such as awaits the disobedient. The horrified servants shrank back in terror, for a father's curse is terrible. A father's curse—no true, religious soul ever uttered it! And the Spirit read that the fanatical and selfish man was not in spirit the guardian and protector of the true young soul—that in the life to come he would not bear the name, so sweet and hallowed—the name of father—from those love-warm lips. There only the ties of the spirit are recognized; there the voices of earth bind not, nor sever.

She left the house, and good Christians closed their doors against her, the disobedient child! The blinded world condoled with the pious and influential father; she, the young, pure, untried one, was driven by the public voice from her native place, and cast upon the boiling, heaving, turbulent waters of trial. She passed through ordeals of suffering and temptation such as the strongest hearts would shrink from in dread; she stood upon the brink of starvation of self-murder, for her innate purity recoiled from a life of shame. And the rich and proud and

untempted would say, "Carved her right; why was she not obedient to her father's will? why did she not fulfill the mandates of Scripture, that bid us honor father and mother?"

But she was upheld by angelic powers, and she yielded not to wrong. Unseen, unheard, yet felt, her mother hovered near, and Madeline prepared to die, but not to sin, for bread!

Then in her utmost need, her direst necessity, came love, the seeking, watchful angel. He, the long absent one, returned, and found the weary toiler, the changed, pale Madeline, his early love; and from the dark and toilsome lot he bore her to his father's house; and as with streaming eyes she knelt before the venerable, worthy man, she felt the full tide of filial love o'ersweep her wronged, crushed heart; and the voice in which she called him "father!" was deep with melody and fervent with trust.

She was rescued from the great world's wiles, the pangs of hunger and despair. The sunlight of love flowed rapturously over her life thenceforth. But if not strong enough to resist the manifold temptations lingering in the toiler's way, she had fallen from her high estate of love and womanhood, would the pitying angels have scorned and turned from her erring one? Oh, no! not as the harsh world condemn; they would have soothed, inspired, and led "from darkness to the light," the wronged one; and on the marred and blotted tablet of her father's life, they would have inscribed the accusing words that made of him a soul-murderer in the eyes of the All-Just.

We are our "brother's keeper." Great is the responsibility laid on our souls, that should be watchful, prayerful in thought and interest, evermore. The angry word, the cold refusal, the hard denial in fellowship, may lead a brother's soul into the deepest misery; may lead a sister's feet into the thorny paths of vice. A smile, a kindly word, a cheering hand-clasp, a tear of sympathy—these are but little things, yet how deeply fraught with meaning, how full of consequence!

The watchful spirit, heaven-commissioned, returned to the world-respected father's home. That home was silent and solitary no longer; a new mistress reigned with mirth and revelry, and Madeline was never named, save in the visions of the night, when torturing and accusing, her image stood before him, and he shrieked her name in guilty terror. Still to the world the pious, honorable man, professed public charity, morally subservient to church and law. At home he was the same as of old; and pride guarded his secret as fear and the sense of duty had done before. His vain and fashionable wife would have died of shame, were his conduct known to her friends. For dress, and ornament, and lavish display, she submitted to her slavish lot, and bent her sometime resisting soul to every outrage. Alas for womanhood! bending her soul's divinest energies to the paltry duty of gold.

He was never known to the world as the hypocrite he was; his cruelties became not public; he never was seen reeling in the street, or lifting up his hand in anger. A model of Christian propriety, he sank into the grave, and an elaborately carved monument records the many virtues the credulous world deemed him possessed of. On the head of his lovely daughter society invoked the punishment of disobedience. From the annual award of wrong it turned its aristocratic face; from the fallen it turned with saintly horror; and from the unsuccessful toiler with averted brow.

The Spirit, intent on this mission of love, passed on. He rested awhile in the heart of the populous city, and oh, what sights there met his pitying eye! Over the frozen streets wandered, with chilled limbs and blue and quivering lips, the outcast children of the poor—those of whom Jesus spoke so tenderly! Eyes hollow with famine looked on the Spirit's face, beholding not its love lit radiance. There a mother pressed her shivering infant to her bosom, and wailed in tones of misery: "No bread! no bread!" And by her swept in flowing robes of velvet, blazing with jewels, the courtly dames, unheeding the anguished appeal, unthinking of the woe so close beside them. On the old man's beard stood icicles; the great tears were frozen on the orphan's cheek; the tinsel robes of the wretched Magdalene were starred with falling snow-flakes. The Spirit saw one of those fallen ones approach the wretched mother, and take her infant from her bosom, shower kisses on its pale, shrunken face; then with an impulsive pure, warm, gushing, irresistible, place gold within the mother's hand, and with a look of angel pity upon the mother and her babe, pursue her way; that path, however dark, was illumined by God's light of love and pity.

The Spirit followed that outcast, and in her soul he read of heavenward aspirations, of longings deep and intense for a better life. The unconscious voice of purity loudly proclaimed its mission, and the darkened, but not lost soul, listened in despair. For her sister woman looked upon her with horror; the young and pure, even little children, feared her; but the babe of the poverty-stricken mother had smiled in her face. That heart cannot be all evil to which an infant clings!

The Spirit followed the wretched one, and whispered to her ear and heart, invoking the melodies of childhood, the glances of a mother's eye, the accents of a good father's prayer. He followed, invisible to her sense, felt to her soul; he entered with her the gilded house of infancy. Yes, even there an angel's smile rested awhile; even there, the love of Jesus entered, and the melodies of heaven resounded. But to one soul there the spirit lingered nearest; and overwhelming grand and beautiful, were thoughts and hopes he brought.

At midnight, a veiled figure issued from the illuminated mansion, followed by an invisible leader, and never again did her feet retrace their way. For months she struggled with the world. Her trembling limbs refusing to uphold the feeble frame in its demanded toil. For months she bore the scorn and cruelty, the heartlessness of mankind; then faith and hope for this world grew weak; she would not return to a life of sin; but in the cold, swiftly flowing waters she sought relief. And angels pitied and blessed her.

The stately lady dressing for that night's gorgeous fetes, knew not that her prompt dismissal of the beggar at her gate, had hastened a soul's departure from her earth; that her cold and scornful denial had robbed a fellow-creature of the last hold on fellowship and love.

"There were so many impostors about."

Yes, lady, there is much imposture and deception in the world; but you should have satisfied yourself that the woe face and famished eyes were not those of a suffering sister, ere you so scornfully bid her begone.

The wealthy and esteemed, and self-complacent merchant, surrounded by his family at the cosy and sumptuous tea-table, thinks not of the squalid wretch that implored his charity, whom he jostled

aside with an impatient exclamation, for his mind was occupied with mighty business concerns. He will read in the morning papers, of the young woman dragged from the river, little dreaming that he bore a part in her untimely end; that his ready sympathy, one word of kindness, one loan of gold or silver, would have saved a life, and exalted a faint and weary soul. He thinks not of it. What to him, in his brilliant, gilded sphere, are those beneath him? "The poor whom you have always with you."

"You should be ashamed to beg, you are strong enough to work," say many of the passers-by to a tall and ragged boy; who is holding out his cap for alms. Work? Oh, poor Alec has sought every imaginable kind of work; but the city is overcrowded with seekers for employment; and for three days he has had nothing to do; and his widowed mother is starving, and his little sister Ella dying for want of food.

"No, no, I can't steal!" whispers his soul. "Father was good and honest; perhaps his spirit sees all my actions. I cannot do wrong."

"But mother and sister are cold and hungry," plead the voices of natural affection, and not a chord of selfishness was touched, but he thought but of those dear to him, forgetting his own pangs, his painful frosted limbs.

The Spirit beholds hovering near the boy, a spirit form of wondrous majesty and beauty, that blends the wisdom-light of knowledge and maturity with the energy and strength of eternal youth. It is the father of that beggar boy; and his influence is calm and holy. In answer to the invisible comforter the boy replies:

"Oh, I believe in Heaven we shall all be blest. I care not if I go this moment, but poor mother—Ella! they are only sick for want of food, and must suffer much before the partly gates to release. Oh, God! send them relief and take me to thyself!"

"See yonder shop so full of tempting viands! how well they could spare one loaf of bread; but they refused me, and I must see my mother starve. Father! I am not thine grain, the vintage, all of earth? Why am I, thy child, doled a share? I do not believe it sin to administer to the wants of my dear mother, my little prattling sister! 'Thou shalt not steal!' is one of God's commandments! I honor, I revere it! I covet not their carriages and splendid homes, their fine clothes and many dishes; but to that which will sustain life, I have a right. God's earth is vast and bountiful; I ask the smallest share of its abundance. I will take bread for my mother's sake! But they will detect me, I am no practiced thief; they will take me to their prisons, and my mother will die of grief and shame. Is this a Christian land? Is there a God?"

Great tears rolled down the poor boy's face; his hands were clenched in agony. With tear-drops in his eyes of blue, the Spirit sought for sympathy amid the arguing, swaying crowd. A poor seamstress approached; she read the soul of the boy; she stopped to address him. With her hand upon her shoulder the Spirit listened and urged her gently, for that toil-worn heart was good and largely benevolent.

"I have not much to give," she murmured with tear-filled eyes; "but take this to your mother." She gave a piece of silver, hard-earned it was, into the boy's shrinking hand. She hastened away that she might not hear his incoherent thanks and blessings; and unseen, unheard, an angel followed to her humble home, and the fire-light there was brighter than usual, and a peace unutterable pervaded the solitary room.

"There is a good God! there are some true hearts on earth!" joyfully exclaimed the grateful Alec, and he hastens to buy food for his loved one's, and the spirit-father goes with him to cheer the sorrowing ones left to the cold world's care.

From the marble staircase of a lofty mansion, descends a beautiful matron, clad in silks and velvet, well protected from the piercing cold by costly furs. She leads two children, angel-like in form and feature, but she beholds not the third, hovering in air before her. On the lower step sits a tattered beggar-child, and in piteous accents wails:

"Please, lady, give me a penny?"

It is the touch of the invisible angel-child that causes her to turn her head and look upon the little suppliant. But the habit of scorn is strong, she turns with a curling lip; but little Emma holds out her dimly gleamed hand and drops a silver coin into the beggar's outstretched hand. The unseen angel clasps its tiny hands exultingly; a soft flush of joy lights up the child's lovely face; the beggar-child cries with delight; and the aristocratic mother enters her awaiting carriage, places her children beside her; the prancing steeds fly over the frozen ground; poor little Nellie sits on the step and cries for joy. "Silver, really silver!" She runs until she is breathless, to carry the glad tidings to her aged grandmother, her only remaining relative. In her haste she runs against a lovely and richly clad girl, but no murmur of anger or impatience passes those finely chiseled lips. An expression of pity and tenderness, beautiful to behold, passes over the lady's face:

"You must be very cold, poor child," she says so low and musically, poor Nelly's fluttering heart is set at ease.

"Please, lady, excuse me for running against you. Indeed, I did not mean to, indeed, ma'am, I did not," she says so earnestly, tears fill the listener's soft and lustrous eyes.

Beneath that velvet bodice there beats a heart that wealth and fashion has not trammelled; it throbs with love and sympathy for the lowest of God's creatures; it yearns to bless and succor the suffering; it seeks and finds manifold opportunities to do good; it is a heart the world can never understand; one that will have to bear much calumny, and suffer much deception, but it will grow, expand and strengthen in a spiritual atmosphere, beneath the approving smile of God. Stella is the star of fashion to many; she is the star of love to one true heart, the beacon light of guidance to suffering souls. She leads the little orphan by the hand, modestly putting down her veil, lest the passers by should note the glow of emotion upon her cheek, the triumphant sparkle of her eye. From that day Nelly will know no more want or care; her aged grandmother will be provided for. Stella finds she will have a good home, and her future is amply provided for.

The watching Spirit smiles with joy; for amid the darkness of egotism, and the 'whining flood of worldliness, he yet beholds the sun-bringing virtues, the beautiful revelations of the good in humanity, among all classes, as among all minds. He wings his way to spirit-land rejoicing, and resting awhile in the homes of inspired thought, returns with renewed hope, and strength and energy, to his labors of love on earth.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The prettiest trimming for a woman's bonnet is a good humored face.

Written for the Banner of Light. KEEP THY SPIRIT PURE.

BY PELAGIUS.

This world, we all know, is heartless and cold. Though it holds many things that allure; But what matters its coldness, what matters its gold, As long as thy spirit is pure!

MORE TESTS THROUGH MANSFIELD.

BY FRANCIS H. SMITH.

There are those among us—firm Spiritualists, too—who never tire of tests, and I confess myself among the number; for although no amount of evidence could add a feather's weight to my belief in the fact of spirit intercourse, yet does my heart warm up and an electric thrill run through my frame at every new assurance that the loved ones are near.

Yes, I love these little tests; to the skeptic they often appear trivial and insignificant. Not so. It is by straw we learn the wind. Some of the greatest discoveries in art and science have sprung from trifles light as air. It was the falling of an apple that gave to the giant mind of Newton the primordial law of nature; it was the hissing of a tea kettle that suggested the mighty power of steam, and a simple kite string first brought down the lightning from heaven.

A little work which I gave to the world last Spring, "My Experiences, or Foot-Prints of a Presbyterian to Spiritualism," contains many such. Those facts have not been questioned, and the arguments deduced therefrom remain unshaken. Besides the desire of being instrumental in dispelling ignorance and doubt from the minds of some who know not what Spiritualism really is, I had a lingering hope that it might be the means of casting one ray of light into my own household, where bigotry and sectarian prejudices have long reigned supreme, closing every avenue by which truth could enter, and shrouding heart and mind in total darkness. Curiosity, I thought, if no better motive, might tempt them to read; nor did I think it possible that any one could pass over those pages and remain altogether unaffected by the truth. But alas! my hopes were vain; I now despair of ever again beholding a united family circle, where thought meets thought, and hearts united blend in harmony divine. Such happiness is not for me on earth. Nor am I alone. Many, of course, who have read the book, have expressed to me their sympathy, their experience being unhappily just the same.

But there is "a good time coming."—of this hope, rather say assurance, naught can rob me—the reunion above—where creeds and antipathies will be forgotten—where truth, instead of bigotry, prevails; and the dear ones will hang around me eager to acknowledge husband and father, right after all!

And should there be a vacant seat at the board before my own departure, the occasion of wrong will at once be made. My little "Experience" tells of seven; and now another has been added to the number, whose return is fraught with deep interest, showing how rapidly the spirit shakes off church dogmas, and other falsities, on entering its purer home.

I spent the month of August among my friends in Virginia. During my absence, a long and lingering disease had done its work, and removed a dear one to a higher life. I returned home early in September; and a few hours after found me seated at Mrs. Morrill's, who had also but just returned, after an absence of several weeks.

On taking my seat, I merrily said: "I suppose my friends know what I want?" Answered by my grandfather: "I know that you came to hear about your daughter. She is present with you, and will speak for herself. She entered the spheres in the full faith of the Presbyterian Church, believing that she was one of the elect, but soon found her mistake; that God has no chosen people; and oh, how earnestly did she beg to be brought to you. How she rejoiced to know that disembodied spirits are permitted to return to earth and watch over their loved ones. She is more reconciled now than when first she entered the spheres." F. H.

Scarcely had the pencil made its last stroke, when the table sprang up, all four legs off the floor, and pressed heavily against my bosom. Then was written, after some prefatory remarks: "My dear father, I know that I did not agree with you in your views when I lived in the form, and it is I that have to suffer the consequences now. I wish that I had listened to you, and tried to learn something about this new Philosophy. I passed away believing that the Presbyterians were the elect, but was sadly mistaken. When I entered the spirit spheres, I found that I had to do for myself there what I failed to do in the form. But I met my mother and father, your mother and Frank, and they soon reconciled me to what I supposed to be death. I might have been cured had I had faith in what you said; but I was blind, I could not see. I now see that you had the light, while I was in the dark. Dear father, I shall very often come to you now. I have been around and about you for several days, trying to impress you that I wished to speak to you. I should be very glad to commune with the rest of the family; but, like me, they will not listen to the voices of their spirit friends. I know that my little children, Fanny and Lavinia, are well cared for, and will be well trained in the fashionable theology of the day; but now that I see my error, I would prefer them to be under your guidance." ANNE H. SMITH.

If I write you a letter, and send it to Mr. Mansfield, will you endeavor to answer it? Frank will conduct you to him. "I will try to do so, and at the same time write to my husband. I will do what I can to convince him." Suppose you communicate through the BANNER OF LIGHT, the paper you refused to read. "I often read it when you did not think that I even looked at it." A. H. S.

Then came the following: "Dear father, we have brother Joseph's wife under our own roof and we are teaching her how she may become freed from the church errors that entangle her." FRANK.

The next day I addressed her the following letter: "Early last Spring I procured Mr. Britton's pamphlet, 'A Record of Modern Miracles,' telling of the wonderful cures performed by Mrs. Mettler, hoping that a cure might also be for her. But she merely glanced over a single page, and threw it aside. It is to this, no doubt, the spirit refers,

carefully sealed, and enclosed it by mail to Mr. Mansfield, without any superscription, merely saying the spirit had promised an answer through him! Baltimore, Sept. 12, 1860. "My dear DAVENPORT—During my absence from home you have left letters that I have found in which you had so long suffered, and joined the bright band of loved ones above. You now realize the truth of what I so earnestly strove to teach you while here, and find that it was no illusion which cheered me in my lonely pilgrimage, and gave comfort to so many sorrow. Yesterday you first commended with me from your spirit-home and confirmed all this. You promised many more such delightful interviews, and that you would endeavor to answer this through the medium, and that you would also send a message to your husband. But this, I fear, would be all in vain; his mind is closed to the reception of this truth, the result, in some measure, of your influence; but we have the consolation of knowing that the day will surely come when these clouds of bigotry, ignorance and prejudice, will pass away, and the light of God's truth be revealed. Your father-in-law, FRANCIS H. SMITH.

Within a week this letter was returned, perfect as when sent, and with it the following reply. With what astonishment did I read it, wondering who the writer could be; nor did I form the least idea until I reached the signature. It ran as follows: "My very dear friend Smith, pardon this intrusion, coming as I do uninvited; but as your dear daughter-in-law cannot communicate at this time, from her so recent exit from the mortal to spirit-life, I will improve the present opportunity by saying a few words. Your dear daughter remains feeble, and will for some time to come. I have seen her, and talked with her of you and her dear skeptical husband. Could she but know he would seek this great truth, though now he quite ignores it, it would make her joy complete. She speaks freely of your great earnestness with her prior to her coming here, and of the trifling manner in which she turned you away. 'Oh, said she, 'could I but live one short day on earth, that I might tell my father-in-law of the realities of spirit land, and that the one thousandth part has not been revealed to him.' She will come to you by and by, and tell you much that none but her own dear self can tell. She was delighted to have spoken to you through the medium not long since. That control was greatly assisted by myself and Abigail, Pertie's mother, who is about you much from those dear associations you have formed and enjoyed with her dear ones in circle. Your dear daughter's great anxiety now is to speak to her dear husband; but knowing his utter contempt for everything that is in the least connected with the subject of Spiritualism, she fears she may not be able to reach him. My dear friend, I too have much to thank you for, inasmuch as you were faithful in the discharge of your duty to me and mine; and had it not been for what you preached to me, I should be in a far lower condition, or rather less progressed sphere, than I now am. Though I had but little faith of ever speaking to my dear ones from the spirit-life, as you assured me I should; yet I could not help thinking that you might be right in your views. I will now say that at times I did hope, and should have confessed the same, had it not been for the unbelief of my dear family and friends. I have been with you, my dear friend, during the past season in Virginia. You did nobly in defending what you felt to be, and what I know to be the truth. Then stand firm, though you be called fool, and accused at by those who would be esteemed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. Mind them not. Jesus was never known to scold at those who did not heed his teachings. When you see my dear ones, say to them that I still live, and know I shall see them again as I was wont to see them in the form. Oh, happy, happy thought!"

Your little "Experience" in book form will tell its tale, and thousands will catch glimpses of the spirit land and the philosophy of spirit intercourse, from its perusal. Then be vigilant, be Christ-like; pray much that you may ever be found doing your duty, ever having a word ready for the benefit of your fellow mortals. Your little band, Lucius, Simon, Edwin, Morris, and Arnold the teacher of them all, are with you often, and do much toward impressing you from day to day. Arnold is about you almost continually. I tell you, my friend, that Spiritualism is true. "J'en ai l'expérience, ainsi je peux vous en parler en vérité. Vous êtes bien payés pour la bienfaisance paternelle envers lui! Il estime beaucoup votre amitié." I will come again by-and-by and speak more correctly. The above is in reply to your note of the 12th inst. of twenty-seven lines, including date, address and signature.

Your spirit, ELIZABETH W.—The signature was given in full—an intimate friend, at whose house in Virginia I have passed many a pleasant day, when Spiritualism was the prevailing topic of conversation. At length there became sufficient interest to form a circle; and a young lady from the north, a governess in the family, proved to be an excellent medium. The interest was continued after I left; persons came from every part of the county for communications, and many extraordinary tests were given. This held on for some months, until at length the clergy, as usual, took the alarm. Spiritualism was denounced from the pulpit, and some ultra religious zealots prevailed upon to take their children from the school unless the sittings were stopped. Thus ended the movement.

Mrs. W.—passed away suddenly in May, 1859. During my visit a short time previous, we sat up till a late hour, relating the remarkable tests and communications we had received through the dial. I then thought Mrs. W.—more impressed with the truth than she seemed willing to confess. In the communication just received, mention is made of Arnold and his band. This is one of the most remarkable tests ever given. Arnold was the spirit who caused me so much distress while spending the summer of 1858 at Squantum, Mass., by assuming the name of Frank, and giving me, through the dial, a long account of my wife's illness and death, and afterwards personating Susan herself in a pretended communication. I had but just heard of her real illness, and this prevented all doubt of its truthfulness. Owing to a derangement in the mail, this deception was kept up for five days. I cannot describe the unhappiness it created. In November, 1859, I was receiving a communication from a dear friend, when suddenly there was an interruption shown by the medium's hand being jerked violently about. Presently there was control enough to write: "Arnold plagues me, and says he will come." "Come, then, Arnold, and you shall be heard—only come in good faith." He then wrote: "Now on your faith so be it unto you. Thank you, dear Smith; I will try to trouble you as I have done heretofore, yet am I frequently urged on by my associates. I know it is not right to stand in the way of high-developed spirits, and prevent them from saying what they would; but our condition makes us envious. Now, would you when in circles do as you should, you would not seek only the high and lofty intelligences, but would have thought for those unfortunate ones whose willings go up from bells the most horrible. Then take this advice from one who has given you so much trouble. Call for the band that I will bring to you at your next circle. They are low, they are wicked, because they were so when in life on earth. Call for them; they will come by the names of Lucius, Simon, Edwin, Morris, and Arnold, whom you well know. Now, my dear Smith, try to bear with us. We want light, we want encouragement; with this is our only hope of hap-

iness. Then let us come, for come we must. We do not intend to be selfish, but please give us attention, and you and your dear circle shall not be losers. ANNOU. A few evenings after this I was in a circle, and Mrs. Danks being present, who knew nothing of that just related, I called mentally for Arnold. He came, and for about twenty minutes spoke most eloquently through her, bowing his dark condition, but had now begun to see some light; his great desire was for more; was determined not to go back; would follow me to circles; thanked me for the recent indulgence I had shown him, and begged my prayers in his behalf. I talked religiously for some time; encouraged him to persevere in the path he had marked out, and assured him that bright spirits would come to his aid; urged him to incite to the same upon his companions, and then offered up a prayer in his behalf. At the conclusion of it, he thanked me warmly for the sympathy I had manifested for him, notwithstanding his former shameful treatment, and promised that I should never again be annoyed by undeveloped spirits. The whole scene was deeply affecting to all present. This was our last interview.

How conclusive the test from Mrs. W.—I but a part of her communication was all a puzzle to me; I could make nothing of it; so I addressed her the following note, which was posted up in the usual way, and sent to Mr. Mansfield: Thursday, September 20, 1860. My dear Mrs. W.—I cannot express the gratification which your spirit-letter has given me, and how highly I esteem the privilege of having so warm a friend in the spirit-world. But there is a part of your letter I do not understand, and which I would thank you to explain. You said that when Annie communicated, not long since, she was greatly assisted by "Abigail, Pertie's mother." I do not know who is meant here, never having known any spirit of those names, nor even heard of such. There are some lines in French, which I am sure you did not understand when living in the form, nor does the medium. Did you write them? If not, who did? Your friend and brother, FRANCIS H. SMITH.

This letter was returned perfect, as usual, in one from Mr. Mansfield, of the 23rd, with the following reply: My dear friend and brother Smith—It delights me to know that my last attempt to communicate was so welcome. It was given at the earnest solicitation of your dear daughter, Annie. The dear one is fast receding, or, rather, gathering strength, and will no doubt soon be able to communicate with you freely. She is grieved at the skepticism of her beloved ones in the form, yet she says she cannot in the present state of her development see differently. She says, "Could dear mother Smith see these things as you do, she could bear the separation better, knowing she could come to the dear home and talk as she was wont to do. But, alas! when will that time arrive?" You speak of your inability to comprehend the individual I presented you in my last communication—Abigail. Ask your friend Stratton if he knows who Pertie's mother was, and if her name was not Abigail. She has been attached to that loving circle through hope she might speak to him; and while making attempts to do so, the lady, she became familiar with you. Pertie is a darling spirit; she comes often to your circle with an angel lady friend, who also comes for the best of reasons. My associates are from every clime and nation on earth; consequently languages of every tongue are spoken. I do not know what that sentence was given you in French. A lady friend of mine gave it me at the time. I wrote it by her dictation. Now, dear friend and brother, be faithful; your time of life in the form is drawing nigh to its close; then work, work while the day lasts, ever doing unto others as you would have others do unto you. Your Spirit friend, ELIZABETH W.—

There are twenty two distinct tests in these two communications. My first letter contained exactly twenty seven lines! My second letter was signed "Your friend and brother"; she addressed me in the same words. The answer about "Abigail," is very curious. About four years ago I became acquainted with a Mr. Stratton, having met with him at different circles. It was amusing to see the astonishment pictured on his countenance when I showed him the communication and asked an explanation. "It refers me," said he "to a family I knew in Waltham, Mass.; the mother's name was Abigail—she died ten years ago—her daughter Pertie, died two years ago, at the age of sixteen, and the angel lady friend was an intimate friend of mine who died last year." Can any one imagine a stronger test than this?

The lines in French are but of little import. The first seems to refer to the remarks just made, that "Spiritualism is true," and may be translated, "I have experienced all this, and therefore can speak of its truthfulness." The other perhaps refers to Arnold:—"You are well paid for your fatherly kindness to him—he prizes highly your friendship." I sent a copy of the first communication through Mrs. Morrill to my skeptical sister in Virginia. She said in reply that it was very like what she could have dictated. In reply, I sent her those that followed through Mr. Mansfield, with these remarks: "So you think, my dear sister, that you could have dictated what I received from dear Annie. Part of it, I believe you could, for it is just what you and every relative of mine will say, should you pass away before me. Like Annie, it will be to mourn over your blindness and obtuseness in rejecting the truth so freely offered. You will also express your astonishment to find the spirit-world so different from what your creeds and antipathies had led you to expect; that heaven is no far-off distant abode in the limitless beyond, but here among the loved ones left behind; and you will be rejoiced to learn that you yourself are to become their ministering angels." You will find no God of wrath, but a loving Father, who has no chosen people, for all are his children. You will find no personal Devil—a guilty conscience needs no such tormentor. Then having discovered all this, and much more, you will call to mind how earnestly and anxiously I strove to make you a partaker of the joys which this precious truth unfolds, and you will hasten to my side to pour forth the fullness of your hearts in contrition, as Annie said, "for the trifling manner in which you turned me away."

Now there are some facts in regard to that communication which you seem to ignore. You would have it that I went expecting a communication from Annie, and got just the reflection of my own mind. How does this idea agree with the facts? First of all, Mrs. Morrill knew nothing of her death—of this I am sure. I merely remarked, "I suppose my friends know what I want; my custom always when I have anything particular in view, and felt not a little disappointed when I saw that the signature was not from her; for, on all previous occasions, the expected spirit answered the call. Was this, then, a reflection of my mind? This theory of thought-reading, by way of explaining the spiritual manifestations, was a favorite one with Prof. Mahan and some divines two or three years ago, but it is now pretty well exploded; crushed under the overwhelming facts brought from all quarters. The Devil theory was the first suggested by the Church, just as it was against Mesmerism; but that was put to rest by the Episcopal Recorder four years ago. True Christians cannot accept a thought so derogatory to the character of a Father, whose love and wisdom and power are infinite, and who requires the aid of no such Being to carry out His decrees." Baltimore, Md., 1860.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.) JOHN L. V. HATCH AT BODWORTH HALL, NEW YORK. Sunday, Dec. 2, 1860.

After a long absence from the lecturing field, in consequence of severe indisposition, Mrs. Hatch on last Sunday gave the first of a series of lectures she has engaged to deliver at Bodworth Hall. Although much reduced by her long illness, she has lost none of those remarkable powers which have given her so eminent a position as a lecturer on the spiritual philosophy. Indeed, in the humble opinion of your correspondent, her morning effort, as an adaptation of words to thoughts, and those of a most practical character, was equal, if not superior, to anything which has been called forth in the present orials, either from the pulpit or the forum.

I regret that it is not in my power to lay before your readers a verbatim report, in place of which I shall only be able to give you a synopsis. After an eloquent address to the Deity, she opened her discourse by alluding to Egypt. She spoke of the spiritual darkness of that nation, at a time, too, when she was in the material and intellectual zenith of her glory. Yet, not understanding nor appreciating the divine favors showered upon her, held in bondage a whole people, making them subservient to the most cruel and arbitrary exactions. But now the brightness of inspiration once more beamed upon these poor, down-trodden slaves, and developed in their midst philosophers and poets, who discomfited and sang of Israel's wrongs, until at the proper time was raised up a great leader, (Moses) whose mission was to deliver his people from bondage. We at this distant day look with indignation upon the wrongs then perpetrated—but even now, in our own America, over which floats the stars and stripes—the chosen emblem of freedom—exists a worse bondage.

Yet, after these people had been delivered from physical bondage, and brought into the promised land, they lapsed into a spiritual darkness, and became the subjects of a worse than temporal tyranny, consummating their wickedness in the martyrdom of Jesus of Nazareth, whose sublime and pure teachings were to unfold a new and beautiful development in humanity. Then followed an outpouring of the Divine spirit through the mediumship of those great heroes of the early church, who thought, spoke, and lived, and finally suffered martyrdom for the truth. Such men were worthy followers of so illustrious an exemplar. These examples can never be lost, but will ever remain as guide-posts to point humanity onward. Years pass away, and that glorious fabric of Christianity become decorated in the hands of bad and designing men, who assumed to be the viceregents of God on earth. Inspiration was denied to any but those in authority; and God's temple in the heart of man was again defaced by these overhauling influences. There is a power behind all this which will eventually triumph. These seasons of darkness are inevitable, where we shut our eyes to truth, and live in the shadow rather than the substance of things. Those who will not accept the true way, either as individuals or nations, must be severely disciplined if necessary, even to the death. The true shall eventually prevail, when brotherhood and harmony will obtain. Happy we if we can be the agents in forwarding the good time coming.

In the course of her remarks she spoke feelingly of the great founders of our institutions, bending over us from their spirit homes in sorrow. They were using their influence to dispel the darkness at present hanging over us. She ascribed the danger which threatens our institutions not to any imperfection in the Constitution or government, or a want of loyalty in the hearts of the people, if left to themselves, but to designing and ambitious politicians, whose thirst for power and fame led them to pursue a course of policy which destroyed their manhood, while it developed all the elements of mischief that had resulted in the overthrow of governments, and was the cause of most of the present misunderstandings between the two sections of our country. She said if the prayers of good men were needed at this juncture, they were not for our country, that was under the guidance of a higher power—not for the sick and afflicted, the poor and down-trodden. God's pity and fatherly care was extended over all these; not even for the criminal in his cell—a transgressor against the laws; he was alone with his conscience and his God—as there was a gleam of light peering into his dark prison, which brought him into sympathy with the outer world, so there might be one holy retreat in his soul into which the divine love could flow. If we pray for any, let us pray for the bad, ambitious man, whose soul is dedicated to every principle dear to manhood, and whose vaulting ambition has made him callous to the requisitions of his country, his honor and his God.

She closed with an earnest appeal to men and women—as fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, men of trade and men of culture—for the sake of all they held dear, either in this world or the one beyond—to be true in every relation in life—never compromising a principle at the shrine of a selfish policy.

In the above brief manner I have endeavored to give you the salient points of this most interesting lecture. But while I trust I may in some slight degree have succeeded in conveying the thoughts to your readers, I am not unconscious that the great effect must be lost in not being able to reproduce, in the medium's eloquent language, a discourse which occupied considerably over an hour in its delivery.

At the close of the lecture it was announced, by the influence usually controlling Mrs. Hatch, that the audience had been favored with a discourse from the spirit of Theodore Parker. S. T. M.

What is Virtue?

Upon the question discussed in the Boston Spiritual Conference on Wednesday evening, November 14—viz., "What is Virtue, and what are its Demands upon Humanity?"—I have a few thoughts to offer.

As regards the definition of Virtue, each one must give it from his or her peculiar standpoint; but all will agree that it is an expression of goodness and honesty in the person denominated virtuous. Virtue, in the common acceptance of the term, may suggest to us all that is noble in human actions, or, express, to the satisfaction of some, the noblest attributes or traits of human character. But to me there is nothing to represent the innate Godliness of souls in the world. Some words lose their beauty of meaning by being misapplied, or after certain applications, are "unfit for further use," like the bitter adjectives applied to tobacco by Timothy Titcomb. Perhaps it is thus with the word Virtue. Having been prefixed to certain actions of life, in approbation of the same, we may well consider it a thing belonging wholly to materiality, and not to the spirit.

The minds of Mrs. Child and Randolph upon the subject, though differing widely in some respects, present to my mind bold and noble thoughts—our grand central idea—to wit, that "the soul in its advancement rises above and beyond the recognition of Virtue."

The use of the term Virtue implies goodness in one, and meanness in another; and as such belongs alone to the material world. I do not agree with Dr. Smith, that the virtuous woman's scorn of an unfortunate sister is more virtuous in the sight of God than the courtizan's sin, for I do not believe that God recognizes merit or demerit in his children. In his eyes we are all equal, and Virtue, Goodness and Piety are terms used to express human inequality, placed in juxtaposition to those of Vice, Sin and Wickedness, and without the latter there would be no use of the former. We use the terms high and low to imply distinctions in this life. Here we have the higher and middle and lower classes of society, by which is recognized the inferiority of many, and the superiority of the few.

But to the spiritual perception—Intuition—there is no great, no small. It—Intuition—is indeed the great "magic wand" of equalization, destroying all distinctions, and, in reality, "stirs earth, hell and heaven all up to one level sea of life."

Dr. Child says, "Virtue is an outgrowth of vice. Vice produces virtue." Though we feel disposed to oppose him, how shall we disprove the position? Reasoning from analogy, we find nature substantiates the claim; for her most beautiful productions of the floral world gather sustenance and nourishment from the most loathsome soil. The white pond-lily raises its pure blossoms above the dark turbid waters of a dismal marsh, and feeds upon the refuse matter of decayed vegetation, over which the serpent and poisonous reptiles draw their slimy length. All along through life, wherever virtue is found, there is ever a dark background of vice looming up, by which virtue is shown off to good advantage, and without which, virtue, in fact, could not exist. Virtue, like vice, is a term used to denote the action of individuals, and we, by it, express our approbation.

By vice, we express our opinion of action, of an opposite character, pertaining strictly to things of life; and, as vice belongs to the spirit, and virtue exists by reason of vice, virtue as a term applied to human conduct falls to express the divinity of a human soul, to whose feeble development in material form, the term virtue, or vice, as the case may be, is applied. To the growing, progressing soul, the things of time are constantly, though slowly, "passing away;" and eventually will it rise above the now discordant acts of busy life, to where every sound arising becomes attuned to the sweet accord of sounds swelling forth from the gentle lyre-strings of the universe. LAURA E. DEFOUR. Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 24, 1860.

What was it?

Never having seen the following narrative of facts in print, and being personally acquainted with the principal actor, for whose truthfulness I do not hesitate to vouch, I take the liberty to place it before you for the benefit of those who believe in signs, warnings, or any supernatural events.

It was a bright moonlight night in the spring of 1845, that Dr. G. M., then about fifty years old, a man of iron nerve, and a scoffer at all supernaturalism, was returning home from a professional visit upon a sick neighbor; and, as the roads were muddy, and the distance long across the lots, he was trudging along on foot through the pasture adjoining the road. He was in perfect physical health, and his thoughts were with his patient, which precluded the possibility of mental aberration. He had reached the road fence, and was climbing over, when the clattering of horse hoofs fell on his ear. Looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, he saw a powerful black horse dashing along toward him with frightful rapidity. Upon his back was a young man of slender form, who had lost all control over the maddened beast, that was apparently hurrying him onward to a horrid doom. Quick as thought the Doctor leaped from the fence and stationed himself by the road, intending to grasp the reins, bear the animal to the ground, and, if possible, save the powerless rider from a fate that otherwise seemed inevitable. When the horse came sufficiently near he attempted to seize the bridle, but, as though anticipating the movement, he sprang quickly one side, and leaping a gutter, the rider fell heavily to the ground, his head striking a large stone, which bruised his temple in a terrible manner. At this moment the Doctor recognized in the unfortunate man his only brother, then, as he supposed, five hundred miles distant in the town of L.—. There, in the cold, grey moonlight, lay the lifeless form of Lemuel M.—, the blood streaming in a crimson current over his fair, pallid features, from the ghastly wound in his temple. With a cry of agony the Doctor bent over him, to raise the senseless form in his arms, when, to his utter astonishment, the body faded from his sight. He, thinking that the loss of sight might arise from a temporary faintness, rubbed his eyes to clear his disordered vision, and looked again. Behold! there was nothing visible but the usual objects he had passed a hundred times! He turned to look for the horse, when lo! that, too, had disappeared. It was incomprehensible. He seated himself upon the very stone against which the apparition's head had been dashed, and strove to collect his thoughts. He revolved the whole circumstance in his mind; and, being unable to account for it by natural law, he placed his medicine case upon his arm, and resumed his homeward walk in an agitated state of mind. He told the story to his wife, and they both resolved to say nothing of the matter, as it would frighten the children, and render themselves objects of their incredulous neighbors' ridicule. And now for the sequel.

For several days the Doctor experienced an unusual mental depression, and, to relieve this, he wrote a letter to his brother, requesting an immediate reply. He had but just completed his letter, when a package was handed him, postmarked L.—, and directed in the hand of his brother's wife. An involuntary shudder thrilled his frame as his eyes ran over the superscription, for he felt his worst fears were about to be realized. He broke the seal, and found that his apprehensions were but too true; the frightful apparition of ten days before was an exact representation of a scene which transpired the same morning at L.—.

His brother, being in poor health, had been taking a ride of some distance, and as he was returning home his horse became frightened and ran, throwing him upon a stone by the roadside, which fractured his skull so badly that he died in a few hours.

I make this disclosure with the consent of the parties concerned, and respectfully submit it to the candid reflection of all who may favor it with a personal. CAROL. Summerville, N. Y., 1860.

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MARRIAGE EARLY.

We profess to discuss practical as well as abstract questions in these columns; and this is certainly one of them, desiring fully as close attention as any that comes up. We observe that Hall's Journal of Health—a popular sheet, whose opinions a great many of its eager readers try to carry out in practice—has recently been offering advice to people on the subject of marriage; and the conviction of the editor appears to be that nobody has a right to be married until he can fully support his wife.

It is very proper, and no more than necessary, indeed, that young persons who contemplate the matrimonial relationship, should make such provision against ordinary obstacles and difficulties as they may think sufficient for the future; but we undertake to say, in all seriousness, that no young man, even if in the enjoyment of a good income to-day, from his exertions, can say with certainty that he will be as fortunate, or anything like it, next year.

They who give this sort of advice so fluently, regard as nothing the great fact that stands out above all other facts in these matters, that true love arouses energies in a man whose possession he never dreamed of; and that while it may be well, and is well, to consult prudence, it is nevertheless quite as proper to give patient hearing to those suggestions of power and endurance which love alone can prompt.

Dr. Franklin was as wise, and as prudent in worldly matters, as most men might call themselves in these times; and everybody remembers that the author of Poor Richard advocated early marriages; and chiefly for the main reason which we have just supplied. He believed it to be as true in the large majority of cases as it was in his own, that to marry early was a young man's salvation; not to marry without forethought, prudence, and a proper caution of the chances that lie hidden under the waters of the future—nor yet without positive assurance from the heart itself, counseled by the judgment, that the one selected was, in the first place, truly beloved, and, in the second place, peculiarly adapted to the chooser.

The sober truth about this interesting topic is, that, with judgment, intelligence, prudence, and soul at the helm, there can never be any risk in a person's entering upon the marriage relation at the earliest stage of his manhood. We do not mean that he shall blunder upon it, nor, on the other hand, rush into it; but that, fortified with such helps as are secured for the benefit of older persons, he shall likewise add to his store the innocent and fresh happiness that betrays only the first and early love. Not many early marriages, comparatively, prove unhappy ones, and for the very reason that the parties brought for one another the freshest gifts of their hearts, and, besides, have learned very soon how to adapt each his or her own nature to the now ascertained nature of the other. Better find out one another while there is pliancy in the disposition to meet the needs of the discovery, than to wait until

years have elapsed away, and then find one's self cheated beyond the possibility of an improvement or rectification. The earliest marriages ever promise the largest and longest happiness; and when later ones chance to prove fortunate, the mutual regret is that they did not before see the mistake of waiting till so much of life had elapsed!

Santa Claus.

Here we are again, little folks! Christmas is close at hand! Have you got your mothers and aunts to knit up the longest and largest pairs of red stockings you ever wore in your lives? Are the books all stashed and strong in the chimney-corners? Have you taken pains, for some time back, to so mollify and sweeten your juvenile dispositions that Old Nick—we mean St. Nicholas, of course, will only be drawn to your particular chimney, rather than repelled from it? Are you very sure he can drive his team of little horses down your fireplace, and have a good chance to unpack his famous stores that he carries around with him, like a pedlar, once a year?

Who does not wish he were once a child? Who envies not the happiness of the whole race of youngsters on Monday evening and Tuesday morning next? What is there, pray, in after life and manhood, that begins to yield the pure and sweet delights of this blessed season of Christmas? The father and the mother, however, may live their past experiences over again, at this time, in their children. They can look on and watch the swelling joy of the younglings as they rush down stairs on the morning of Christmas, and, in their socks of treasures—and perhaps enjoy no less as spectators than their children do as participators.

Usually, it is a cold and crisp morning—this same morning of Christmas. The little white feet go pattering over the floors and down the stairs, carrying their owners straight to the place where their hearts have all through the night been lying and dreaming. The rooms resound with juvenile outcries. They cry up their various gifts in voices that ring through all the halls, entries and passages. After daylight dawns, there is little or no sleep for any in the house. In the first place, they must needs go into every room in the house and show what they have got, by favor of the smoky little prince, Nicholas, when they all arrange to cuddle down together in some common bed that happens to be spacious enough, where their jabber outdoes anything we have on record about Babel.

These Christmas mornings are memorable in the life of every man who had a youth to which he reverts with anything like pleasure and satisfaction. It is needless to tell him about the fun that is on foot at this time. He has been through it all himself before; and that is why, too, he delights so much in it now. If Christmas were blotted from the calendar, the winter would be shorn of a large share of its greenness and glory. For Christmas crowns all; and even the New Year borrows a great deal of its excellent flavors from the Christmas plum-pudding and Christmas greens that excite so much real freshness of feeling in the very depths of snowy winters. These points of arrival and departure are welcome enough to the heart that possesses sensibility; and life would be robbed of much of its enjoyment, if they were taken away.

INVOCATION.

I offer up my fervent prayers to thee, O Father, God! Thou only canst my inmost motives see, As on I plead, While Slander sends its arrows forth to mar, I trust in thee; For barbed though they be they leave no scar— I still am free. Though Malice seek me as its easy prey, I look on high, And praise thy holy name from day to day, For thou art right. Though friends prove false and all the world should scorn, My savior's sure; The more I am of earthly vanities shorn, The more endure. My aspirations to thy throne I send, O Holy Father! And praise with my prayers I blend— "Thy will be done!"

Horticultural.

All the readers of the BANNER know, of course, that the weekly horticultural exhibitions in Boston collect the best culture both of fruits, flowers, and human beings upon and around the tables, making a show whose attractiveness is equaled by few other exhibitions, of so quiet a character, in the land. We go into the exhibition room, on Saturdays, when the flowers and fruits are to be seen in their perfection, with a great deal of satisfaction; knowing that here, at least, are to be found pure pleasures that never cloy nor cease to furnish delight to a healthy nature. Just at this time, we are sorry to learn, these exhibitions are obliged to pass over their former weekly arrangements, of course on account of the comparative sparseness of fruits and flowers in variety, and the producing members merely bring in their samples of apples and pears, and compare them in the little ante-room. But good things are done even thus; horticulture does not part with its attractions, but is rather kept in health by the change.

Authors and their Work.

An author who is swayed from a native bias, or necessity, or inspiration, and not from ambition, may well stand thoughtful under the responsibility of his position. As another has recently inquired, is not every able author a ruler of the world, being a persuader of it? Though self-elected, yet sanctioned by the reading and sale of his products? As the mail carries his work from city to village, from State to Kingdom, from a Republic to an Empire, his thoughts spread like the waves of a pool in concentric circles, and before the last ripple has subsided, the waters at the centre can again be disturbed by the same force.

Starvation in Kansas.

That the people of Kansas are in want of food and clothing at this time, to prevent them from freezing and starving to death, there is no doubt. From private sources we have heard of intense suffering already. A case of one poor woman, with several small children, is heart-rending. She lay sick in bed, says our informant, with an infant beside her, dead, while two other children were crying in agony for bread! The benevolent should bestir themselves immediately to render ample succor. Humanity demands it. Cash in drafts (not bank notes,) may be sent to Atchison, to the order of General Pomeroy.

Boston Reform Conference.

The following question will be discussed at the meeting next Monday evening: "In view of the condition of the United States upon the question of Slavery, and the threatened dissolution of the Union, what is the duty of the non-slaveholding States toward the slave States and Slavery?"

LITERATURE.

FORZAN TALES AND HOUSEHOLD STORIES. Vols. I. and II. By the Brothers Grimm. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

It is quite past the time to speak in praise of those well-known authors, the Brothers Grimm. Their tales—half wizard, and the other half familiar—are fresh in the excited imaginations of almost all readers, young and old. The selection of incidents with which their higher moral designs are illustrated, is made up of many things exceedingly comic, exceedingly grotesque, and exceedingly superstitious; and the authors manage to dovetail them with so much skill into the common occurrences, exigencies, and characteristics of our modern, everyday life, that the moral purpose subserved is a very high one, while, at the same time, the stories lose none of their point or their volatile fragrance as little fictions. The Brothers Grimm understand the human heart well enough, and so did Shakespeare, to seize hold of the simplest traits and facts in order to impress profound lessons on the popular mind. They fly no kites, except, perhaps, they may be those of a grotesque imaginativeness, but walk the earth and the streets, talking familiarly to the tailor in his shop window, the woman in her kitchen, the boy with his marbles and top, and the parent in his home-chair. These tales are a good representative of the peculiarity of the German mind and imagination, in attempts at familiar fiction; they would not be German if they were not droll and grotesque, exaggerated and improbable; yet they are true for all days and experiences, because in them the human heart finds the mirror of its many moods.

The enterprising publishers have put forth two very handsome volumes; and the thick, creamy paper, the excellent typography, and the substantial binding combine to make them an elegant gift book for young people (and others) at this happy holiday season.

THE UNION TEXT BOOK; being Selections from the Writings of Daniel Webster, together with the Declaration of Independence and Washington's Farewell Address. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

In times of peril and gloom, it is well to turn and look carefully at the old charts again. Thus we may find where the shoals stretch their treacherous sides and the reefs hide their reckless vengeance. The documents embodied in this timely little manual ought to be familiar, both in spirit and letter, to every American citizen; but, lest there may be some who are as yet content to base their opinions on prejudice alone, and even to receive their prejudices at second-hand, we insist that this book forms a very needful compilation for their careful perusal, and beg them to lose no time in running through the memorable documents that are contained herein. When the staunch old principles are under discussion, and danger impends over them, he is less than a good citizen who has to confess to himself that he does not really know what they are.

THE PERCY FAMILY. A Trip from the Baltic to Venice. By D. C. Eddy. Boston: Andrew F. Graves.

Here is a pretty little juvenile, well presented to childhood's eye, and, apparently, in a fair way to get on as a multitude of juveniles have got on before. The author, however, is not gifted with those fine and ready sensibilities which alone can put him in direct and confidential communion with youthful readers, and he addresses them quite too much from sills to meet their hearty approbation. In these numberless juveniles, be it understood, the young people themselves have not yet had a fair chance to make their preferences known, for over-anxious fathers and mothers have taken choice almost out of their power. Then the minister comes in, too, with his "goodly" talk, to spoil all, and the result is that neither parent nor child come out as they expected, or indeed as they ought to. A clergyman of Boston remarked in an evening lecture last winter, that he could pass scores of bookstores, every one of which is stacked full with juvenile books, and yet he could not find a single genuine juvenile! They are all books for impossible children, with old heads and hearts stamped all over with creeds! And he was right. In this volume, for example, there is pure sentiment enough to furnish a brace of Sunday sermons. Such are not the books for natural children with healthy hearts, no matter whether written by clergy-men or not; a pious book of this sort is the most monstrous thing possible. We wish the "Percy Family" a good time, certainly; but they need not make so much fuss about it—or the author for them—because they happen to have "got religion," and to think themselves the sole owners of that most desirable piece of property.

MAY COVERLEY; or the Young Dressmaker. Boston: J. E. Tilton.

The remarks just made relative to the "Percy Family," will serve to apply, to a greater or less degree, to the little volume above mentioned. Still, the story is a pretty and a healthy one. It is evidently the product of a truly sympathetic heart and a practiced hand. There are scenes in it which will certainly compel tears from some young and bright eyes, and the general tone of the little drama will benefit those for whom it has been furnished. Tilton & Co. are earning an enviable reputation by the mechanical beauty of their book-handlings, and the pages they offer readers look always fresh, clear and inviting. "May Coverley" will be very popular, and win many permanent friends.

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAIN. By Edmund About. Translated by Mary L. Booth. With an Introduction by Epes Sargent. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

Whoever has read About's "Roman Question," and learned to admire the rapid sweep of thought, the close analysis of motive, the graphic description of action, and the brisk and brilliant style in which he so skillfully clothes himself as an author, will not rest until he has devoured this, his latest production, likewise. We are not going to forestall the natural curiosity of our readers by giving an outline sketch of the story contained in these vivid pages, but leave them to evolve that at their leisure and pleasure. They may take our judgment for it, however, that the "King of the Mountain" is indeed a stirring production, handled as only About handles such a select topic, and made of profound and universal interest by the close sympathy the author bears for human actions and motives of every shape and grade. In this case, the French text has received the best treatment possible at the hands of the accomplished translator, while the editor—Epes Sargent—has fully mastered the spirit of the topic and its treatment. As in other instances, the publishers have done themselves great credit by the mechanical appearance of the book, which enterprising publishers now-a-days cannot properly afford to overlook.

Reported for the Banner of Light. MISS E. A. GIBLANDER AT ALLSTON HALL. Sunday, Dec. 9, 1860.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

As requested, subjects were presented by the audience. Upon one having reference to the present state of national affairs, she spoke in substance as follows:

In all nations there is more or less of inharmoniousness of political and social discord. The American Republic, the pride of the world, seems to day to be riven with discords and inharmonies. A multitude of circumstances have conspired to produce this want of solidity. In the past experiences of all nations, as they come down to us historically, we find a particular code of laws has regulated each, and this code was the best for the time and people.

Good is positive and evil negative; and as soon as they outgrow the conditions which surrounded them, they burst into newer and better ones. Moral, political and spiritual truths of the past ages were just what the ages required, and the only mistake has been where attempts have been made to deny the conditions demanded.

It seems a trifling cause that opened the great events of the American Revolution. But not the oppression of the mother country so much as the unfolding individuality of the manhood of her people, made America free. The American heart was free literally before one blow was struck. To-day this same principle is asserting itself, and the age is ripe for the event; and the time is coming when men and women shall stand forth in a glorious newly-defined freedom, allowing to others what they claim for themselves.

There can be no such thing as a retrogression in natural progress. True, nations have been swept away, but the principle has obtained a grander impetus as it rolled on. If America is false to true liberty of thought, action and spirit, her fate shall be that of scores of nations now a by-word of reproach on earth. Liberty of conscience was first a demand. At length it became a requirement. Then personal freedom was the next move in social and political progress.

Believing you will properly recognize the true principle of independence—that which does not belong to bodies and to politics alone, but of the soul and character—the American nation shall have a grander existence than she has ever known before. She has nothing to boast of over her sister nations, save as she moves toward the development of man's soul-individuality.

Laws are made for those so imbecile or undeveloped, that they must come under the protection and magnanimity of others for security and development. Truly harmonized men and women do not need laws, for they are superior to them. Then can you not foresee the good time coming of universal freedom of humanity, when all mankind shall exercise positive power of good, and recognize the greatness of God in human individualization? Laws change as the human mind changes; and the heart's urent is an earnest of its growing nature.

It has been claimed that the truth should not always be spoken, because the hearts of humanity are not ready to receive it. But you can have no noble thought born in your brain but, given to others, will find a thousand receptive minds ready to grasp it, and thank you for it. Never fear, then, to think your best thoughts.

Take the unfolding life as you find it, and you see the freedom of thought has ever given truth to all spiritual progress and scientific development. In a philosophical sense, however, there can be no such thing as individuality, for you are constituted in relationship to all principles, particles, and living things in the universe. You are a relative support and dependence to them, and you cannot free yourself from them. You cannot infringe upon any of them, either, without feeling the discordant jar you have caused. As individuals, you are living your little life and running your little race, while, after all, you are only stamens from the soul of the great Jehovah of the universe. God is light, power and truth, and every truth and principle of God is free. God loves forever, and exists eternally. In freedom he gives to all from his great heart of love, to bring mankind into the perfection of his love, wisdom, goodness and glory. The naturalness of each is its individuality, which will lead it to the faithful worship of the true, high God.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

The exercises were professed by the reading of a poem—"The Reformer's Mission"—and the singing, by the choir, of a song—"Scatter the Gems of the Beautiful." The medium then improvised an earnest prayer.

Out of about a dozen subjects presented in writing to the chairman by persons in the audience, the medium selected the following: "If it is the mission of the progressed spirits to aid the unprogressed toward development, how can it be reconciled to the following text from Luke: 'But they which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us that would come from thence?'"

The medium said: Of course the missions of spirits vary in the after life, as upon earth; and it has long been a universal belief, almost, that every child of earth is always accompanied and influenced by some spirit force. Every one in existence has got this magnetized thought, and the idea has become so universal that every nation, perhaps unconsciously, is living under its inspiration.

This subject is not often spoken of, except in private circles, where Spiritualists are most apt to call up subjects which will eliminate the truth. We can only illustrate that to you of which you have some conception. Everything in the material world symbolizes principles and laws. Everything in nature symbolizes some work of God. Nature is a grand teacher, and she explains beautiful things. Some believe she is the only teacher we need, while others will never learn her lessons, though they dwell among them a life time. They require a more direct inspiration. Nature has had a great many channels of teaching. Those who have found importantly unfolded through the many working laws of nature, are a different class from those who look on the same manifestations, and find no certainty of anything save a physical existence, and dissolution at death. The difference is owing to different scales of spirituality. One reads in nature absolute proof of immortality. Another does not. One finds truth symbolized in one form, and another in another. That which is clearly evident to the spiritual has to be taught to the material mind. The faculties spiritual have a different channel of action from the faculties physical. Some have no conception of spirituality, and can never realize it till the faculty is unfolded. Thoughts and words have different meanings with different people. What is received and absorbed by one, falls short of reaching the understanding of

another. What to one is clear, requires much elaboration to reach another.

Under the influence of the same principle we see all the phases of human society the result of some positive spiritual law. There are parties who have a power which draws them to others, while others are repelled. All naturally assume some particular relationship to others. Some must become teachers, some guardians, and others scholars and learners. Take a zealous church, and not two in all will have the same idea of God and his attributes. Very few will have a sameness of ideas. Christian churches seem to be built upon creeds upon which all agree. Introduce a higher thought, however, and you will find them all disturbed, and there is a clashing of ideas. Although two cannot fully harmonize, yet they can agree, and by mutual concessions prevent ill-feeling and annoying discord.

Impulse ever leads nature where they shall create their own individuality, in spite of all that stands in the way. True love harmonizes. In life there are different conditions of manifestations, and from the lowest to the highest you find the guardian ones. In social and commercial you find one depends upon another; it is for the interest of each to guard and protect the other. Civil law had its origin in the idea of protection of mankind. The spirit-world is to you exactly in the relation of a teacher to a pupil—or that you hold to each other. Spirits are individualities, the same as you are. Men pray for themselves—pray with selfishness and isolation of thought.

The law of affinity holds good through all the kingdoms of the earth—in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. It may be abused, but never destroyed. Everything in the moral and spiritual worlds holds relations corresponding to those of the animal and physical worlds; and you find in the spirit-world the same strong, affinity-seeking law. If these affinities, then, are upon the plane of high mentality, the influences drawn will be likewise. Each draws to itself that it is reconciled to, and can harmonize with. The high cannot develop the degraded by association, except in rare cases. The one who benefits another must be closely allied in sympathy. This is true to all the relations of spirituality. The low and depraved of your city can only be developed and lifted up by those who have walked Godward over the same stony path. Everything in earth-life has its counterpart in spirit-life.

Man must develop his nature up through the laws of sense to highest spirituality. A God of justice compels every one to progress up through the moral and the spiritual. Some have not yet had the test applied, to tell them what they are. This fact often brings into requisition the broad mantle of charity. You never had a great thought you did not express. Perhaps words were not strong enough, but the unfeigned thing embodied itself in every lineament and muscle. Truth needs only embodiment, to become a mighty power.

Spiritualism has already done more for science than theology ever did. God is better known to mortals by the explanation it gives of him, and he is worshiped, instead of Jesus. The spirits—immortal parts of dwellers on earth—after the turning scene of life is passed, have power to, and do return to see if the things they took earthly interest in are taken care of; and, as they come, they bring to humanity noble truths, teaching that the salvation of man depends not upon words, but upon the knowing of the science of life, and God's relationship to humanity. Belief in Jesus, in the churchly sense, amounts to nothing. Religious souls are asking how to be prepared to die. We have no business to ask such a question. Our duty is to know how to live. Spirits are bringing this consciousness to every heart.

Physiology is making that divine men did not dare to speak of. It is a truth eternal as the universe, that man is wholly divine. The comprehension has taken in the mysteries of being, and there has been unfolded a power of soul. You need not the Bible, Christ, and the redeeming blood, but should remember that the propagation of healthy offspring must take the place of those diseased and scrofulous things that have so often slandered the form of God. Man must live not for idol worship, but for use in the economy of nature. It is impossible for God to do anything but a divine act. Life should be a constant prayer—not in words, but expressed through the true operation of nature's laws.

Spiritualism has so helped the world along, that there will not for fifty years to come be such need of it as there has been the past fifty years of the world. Truth shall go forth to conquer, as it has done. There are these in every household who are coming into rapport with the God of souls, not so much for personal satisfaction as to eliminate great, soul-satisfying truths. Young men and maidens, thank God, are on this plane, and dream dreams, and see visions. We beseech you all to receive the lessons of life, and adapt them to the every-day manifestations of life. Talk, act, and live them.

The medium answered a few questions, further elaborating her discourse, and the meeting closed by the singing of "Old Hundred" by the choir, assisted by the audience.

Spirit Presence.

Under the caption of "Strange Incidents," the secular press gives facts similar to the following, which we extract from the Lewiston (Me.) Advocate. Spiritualists are perfectly familiar with these "strange incidents." After stating that a young man named Tebbetts died in this town two weeks since, it says:

"The mother of Mr. Tebbetts died the fourth of September last, in Athens of this State, and a sister died on the 15th of the same month. On the 14th of October last, two other sisters of his died in Lewiston. Just before the youngest of these died, she said to her brother, 'Your turn will come next, and before a great while.' Mr. Tebbetts, upon hearing this, seemed to be struck by a mental paralysis, from which he never recovered, taking no further apparent interest in anything. As he was passing up Main street, Nov. 5th, he says he met his mother, who was dead. He says that he spoke to her and she to him, telling him that he would die in three weeks. Upon this he went to his cousin's, Mrs. D. M. O'Patrick's, and told her that he was going to die, and wanted her to take care of him. In three weeks from that day he died of the typhoid fever. He was about twenty years of age."

Noble Case of Spiritualism.

Laura McAlpin, in a letter to the Herald of Progress, from Port Huron, Mich., gives the following statement of facts: "During the past season, a family residing outside our city limits have been suffering great privations. Strangers and poor, they knew not where to apply for relief, and the fact of their existence has only just become known, and with it the intelligence that they have been kept from absolute starvation during the summer by the poor girls in a house of ill-fame near by! It seems that they gave the woman, who was able to work, washing, paying a dollar for work worth only half that sum; and when sickness visited the lonely hut, the girls went there and nursed the sick, and ministered to their wants with untiring charity."

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. H. Conway, while in a condition called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as testimonials of spirit communication to those friends who may receive them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirits.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in those columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Answers of Letters.—As one medium would in no way answer to the letters we should have sent to us, did we undertake this branch of the spiritual phenomena, we cannot attempt to answer to letters addressed to spirits. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to our circles, however.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to anyone who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 215 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at 2 1/2 o'clock, and ending at 4 o'clock. They will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read on from a spirit they receive, write a whether true or false? Saturday, Nov. 24.—Why is Spiritualism called Modern Spiritualism—and how are we to investigate it? Liza to her friend; William Bowditch. Sunday, Nov. 25.—Invention: What do spirits think of John Calvin, the founder of Calvinism? Laura Harris; Charles Taylor Thompson, Marblehead; George Foster, Chicago; Nathan Reed, Boston; Catherine Grealy. Monday, Dec. 6.—Invention: How is it possible for a spirit to be perfect as a spirit, and physically, mentally and intellectually depraved? Thomas J. Burke, Alabama; Henry P. Vidal, New York; Catherine Austin; John Olney, to Rebecca O'Leary. Tuesday, Dec. 13.—Invention: Whence comes the belief in a Supreme Being? David Spencer, Windsor, Conn.; Nicholas Babo, Burlington; Henry Poole, Boston; Samuel Goodwin; Paul Graham. Friday, Dec. 7.—Why is it natural for men to fear death, and what shall we do to destroy the fear of death? George Cooley, New Orleans; Sarah Jane Leonard, Troy, N. Y.; Richard Holmes, Belfast; Elias Burdick, New York. Saturday, Dec. 8.—Has not God signified death unto all men? Tuesday, Dec. 13.—How can the Lord's Prayer be reconciled to the teaching of spirits? Kneeland Chase, New Hampshire; Emily M. Sargent, Michigan. Wednesday, Dec. 12.—Are not sin and disease closely allied to each other? Charles Hovey, Boston; Harry Mendum.

INVOCATION.

Involve Jehovah, we lift our souls to thee—not that we ask thee to stand aside from thy immutable law, not that we offer sacrifice to thee, but that we come near to thee and back more fully in the sunshine of thy presence.

Our Father and our God, thou hast taught us to pray, in the interior sanctuary of our souls thou hast taught us to pray. We will not ask thee to bless us, for thou art blessing us every hour we live; continually showering blessings upon all thou hast created.

Oh, God of the Past, Present and Future, we give to thee that thou hast given to us. We offer in purity, because in sincerity, and we feel that thou wilt ever be near us, ever guide us. Thou art not a God to average thyself, because we have stepped aside from right. Thou art a kind parent, who considereth the weakness of his children, and giveth strength as they need.

While we walk in the valley of seeming evil, shall we ask thee to sustain us? No; for thou hast taught us that wherever we wander, there thou art, and therefore wherever we are placed, we will at all times render thee homage and glory. Nov. 23.

The Blood of Christ.

"Is not the blood of Christ abundantly able to cleanse us from all sin?" This question has come to us from an able venter of the Christian religion.

We are not surprised when we look back upon the past and consider how closely it is related to the present, to see, as we do so, the Heathen mythology and the Christian religion, as generally understood, are but one and the same thing. Heathen mythology is the basis of the Christian religion, and not only the basis, but a law pervading every part of Christianity.

The old custom of offering bloody sacrifices to the Lord's and God's of the people hath not wholly been done away with—no, not even in this day of enlightenment and study. Men still cling with tenacity to the past, and are as unwilling to yield it up as some are to yield up their natural life. This is a part of their nature, has been strengthened with their growth, and we are not astonished to find it still with you.

I suppose our questioner will call to his aid the Bible. That is his standard of religious faith. Upon it he hath based all his Christianity, and he dare not come forth and think for himself, for if he should, that golden star, intellect, planted in his image by Jehovah, would at once show him he is standing upon a dangerous foundation, which will soon crumble beneath his feet.

The Christian religion is but a portion of Heathen mythology. The baptismal rite is but a portion of Heathen mythology. History will tell you this. We are aware our questioner will look only in his Bible for proof of his faith. But we will not ask our questioner if it is literally true? Is it one-tenth part of a type of the old? He will recollect that record was written many years after Christ, and for a long time it was obscured in Jewish darkness. It was laid away to gather to itself the dust of the time in which it existed, and when years after it was brought to the fatigues of the men of that time, we find that dust so incorporated with it that it had become a part of it.

Now the hard and bloody Constantine, by casting his vote in favor of it, gave you your Bible. The more spiritual portion of the council cast it aside as fallible; but the material portion, who could not do without this iron rule, placed it among you as a part of the Christian religion. Now, then, you are to thank men, every way beneath you, morally, spiritually and physically beneath you. Christ did not give you the Bible, the God of Nature did not give it to you, and yet you gather it to you as His word.

This is because you have not got rid of your heathendom. True, heathendom has been modified, but its most essential points are preserved. Did Paul say, "Without the shedding of blood there can be no remission of sin." You are not to suppose Paul infallible. What was he before his conversion? Hard-hearted in the extreme—prone to do evil, and never to do well. The record tells you he stood calmly and held the garment of one Stephen, while he was being stoned to death. Did the love of God induce him to do this, or love to man? Nothing but Heathen mythology. He believed honestly, perhaps, that he was doing his duty, and serving his God. We will not censure him for so doing, but by gazing his life we shall show you that he was no man for you to pattern after. Because he said, "There is no remission of sin without the shedding of blood," you are not to believe it. He was no model for you to pattern after. God has given you a higher conscience, Christ, when he came among men, with his new and glorious religion, taught them, as far as he was able, to do away with the old Mosaic law which was a child of old mythology. But did he teach them that the God of humanity required the shedding of blood for the remission of sin? No. Not even the fallacious record gives you evidence of this fact.

"Is not the blood of Christ abundantly able to cleanse us from all sin?" No. Nature, from out every avenue, thunders No! If you would be free from sin, and walk continually with God, obey the God within you. Offer a sacrifice acceptable to God, and that can only be good works of beauty undefiled. God is a spirit, and from out this life-spirit of your being give him the dew-drops of eternal fidelity. This is what he asks for, and you are able to give him. The voice of heathendom cried out to Abraham, "Offer up thy son Isaac as a sacrifice to God." But the voice of humanity, the voice of God, cried

out, "Do no such thing." But as the prejudice of Abraham must be satisfied, a ram was substituted. Whence came that voice? From the love of the Father. That cried out, "Give to God what he asks for, not that he never could demand in love."

When Christianity shall dwell with man, robed with garments perfect and pure, she will be wholly divorced from that which hath been borrowed for her from past ages. She will be robed not in bloody garments, but in garments of spotless white. She will not you you must live in accordance with the highest conception of right born within you. She will tell you to condemn no man to suffer no bloody sacrifice, to believe not in the death of a Jesus, but to follow the life of that divine man of God.

By living up to your own conception of right, you are to be saved. Ours to do that which conscience reproves you for doing, and learn to do that she approves you for doing. Instead of looking at the blood and body of Christ, look at the divine life and principle. Oh, in the name of God, have done as speedily as possible with that which can never bring you peace, which can never satisfy the longing of the soul. To believe in a God such as heathen mythology pictures him, or even as the Christianity of the present day pictures him, is a libel upon Deity. Even your little one will reject your God. He will ask, "If God is angry with me, why may not I be angry. If God murders, why may not I?" Teach your children that God is Love, that he cannot stand aside from this great law, and the result is different. They will intuitively embrace such a religion, and it will spring up to the honor of God. The well-springs of their being are continually asking for food. They are bosoms of the hour, that require the food of to-day; they starve upon the past. They will soon reject these rites and ceremonies, because the light of the Past shall have no light for them, and the star of the Present shall not arise to save.

These spiritual well-springs are not only rejecting the old, and asking quietly for the new, but cramp Christianity, mature life, is rejecting these things also—asking for a something that will better nourish the soul. They are satisfied that the religion of the olden time is not the religion for them.

Fifty years ago one would have suffered an ignominious death were he to have stood up in the midst of the people to proclaim these thoughts. But the light of to-day gives you to know that you are gods, or individuals, accountable alone to your own souls. No other God will you be able to worship.

Oh, then, let us plead with you to listen to the God of your own being, and then you will be drawn out to Nature's kingdom, to behold the mysteries of your Father, and thus be endowed with fitness for Heaven and immortality. Nov. 23.

Wm. S. Pitts. I once did business in Boston. I once made Boston my home. But it is something like seventeen years since I left the place. I died, and was buried by my children and friends, but by the will of the Almighty I have come here to-day to inform the remaining portion of the children that I have a strong desire to communicate freely with them. My name was William S. Pitts. My place of business was Long and Nathan. The names of my two sons are William and Nathan. They are now doing business in the western country. One in Detroit, and one in Cincinnati. I was seventy-eight years old. I enjoyed good health, up to the last six years of my stay here. The last year I was afflicted with palsy. There are many things I would like to speak of that have particular reference to our family, but I will not speak of them here, hoping as I do to get a privilege of speaking elsewhere. That I have the power to speak, I know of myself, and I know also that I must prove that to my sons and others to whom I may wish to come. In order to do this, I must appeal to their good judgment, and perhaps to their curiosity. The new light that is making such wonderful developments in the land is something all must admit, and if they would know what it is, they must see for themselves. I would not wish to mislead my friends by saying I have a desire to commune about family affairs. I do not want to be understood as wishing to commune in reference to affairs of the body. I care as little for the body as most any one living. True, I desire to see those I love, happy in the body; but if they cannot be so without trespassing on the rights of others, I would prefer to see them unhappy. It is of the spiritual things of life I wish to speak to them. I was of the Unitarian faith. In many respects, it has become good for nothing. That we should all become united as far as it is possible, I believe, but that we should kill our fellow men because they do not believe as we believe, I do not think. One of my children has a peculiar hatred to the Romish church. This he obtained from his mother, who suffered so from that church. I wish him to rid himself of this, for when he comes here, he will find it wrong to feel thus.

Hoping I shall be able to speak with my son, I bid you good-day. Nov. 23.

FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL.

Early on a sunny morning, while the lark was singing sweet, Came, beyond the ancient farm house, sounds of light, O'er the dipping foot. 'Twas a lovely cottage maiden going, why, let young hearts tell, With her homely pitcher laden, fetching water from the well.

Shadows lay athwart the pathway, all along the quiet street, And the breezes of the morning moved them to and fro again. O'er the sunshrine, o'er the shadow, passed the maiden of the farm. With a charmed heart within her, thinking of no ill nor harm.

Pleasant, surely, were her musings, for the nodding leaves in vain Sought to press their brightening image on her ever busy brain. Leaves and joyous birds went by her, like a dim, half-waking dream. And her soul was only conscious of life's gladdening summer gleam.

At the old lane's shady turning lay a well of water bright, Singing, soft, its lullabies, to the gracious morning light. Fern leaves, broad and green, bent o'er it where its eilvery droplets fell, And the fairies dwelt beside it, in the spotted fox-glove bell.

Back she bent the shaded fern leaves, dipt the pitcher in the tide— Drew in the dripping waters dowing o'er its glazing side; But, before her arm could place it on her shiny, wavy hair, By her side a youth was standing!—Love rejoiced to see the pair!

Tenacious of his form emotion trailed upon the morning breeze, Gentle words of heart devotion whispered 'neath the anemone trees. But the holy, blessed secrets, it be seems me not to tell: Life had met another meaning—fetching water from the well!

Down the rural lane they sauntered. He the burden-pitcher bore; She, with dewy eyes down looking, grew more beautiful by the hour. When they neared the silent homestead, up he raised the pitcher light; Like a living crown he placed it on her hair of wavy-lets bright; Emblem of the coming burdens—that for love of him she bore.

Calling every burden blessed, if his love but lighted there! Then, still waving benedictions, further—further off he drew. While his shadow seemed a glory that across the pathway grew.

Now about her household duties silently the maiden went, And an ever-radiant halo with her daily life was bent. Little knew the aged matron, as her feet like music fell, What abundant treasure found she, fetching water from the well!

Correspondence.

Matters in Texas.

Presuming a few lines from this far-off locality would perhaps prove acceptable, I felt in a measure constrained to write you a short communication, and let you know how we stand on the "great question" of the age. I have no flattering account to offer; on the contrary, the community in which I reside, belong to the pre-stationary class, when mentally viewed, and generally prefer the old, worn-out, threadbare, theological, mind-cramping garment, which has so long dwarfed and retarded their true development. I reside about thirty-five miles south of San Antonio, nearly on the borders of civilization, and as yet the customs and habits of the people are, in a great measure, frontier. We are not, however, out of the reach of that class of "institutions peculiar to Methodists, and known the world over as "camp meetings," one of which I lately attended.

The phenomena witnessed was the old story over again, being, however, as cool until the last night, in this instance, as our peculiar storm called a "norther." I was reminded by their performances of times past, but never to be forgotten; I refer to sugar-making in the spring, in countries where the beautiful maple is found. It was always customary on those occasions to set aside a particular day for what we termed "sugaring off," when a general invitation was extended, and a jolly good time generally had. This same principle was manifested in the camp-meeting referred to. Three or four days were occupied in preliminary preparation; and when Sunday night came around, a general outpouring of the spirit was expected, or, in other words, a "sugaring off," or final touch or finish to the converts was expected to be made. Sunday night came, but Jesus did not manifest himself perceptibly, until a portion of the "blood" and "body" of the good man had been freely imbibed and eaten. A very pleasant time was had for a while, "hooting" and "holloing" may be termed happy. After patient observation, I was forced to conclude the whole affair was nothing more nor less than excitement, unaided by the influence of Jesus, and in this way: There were six large, healthy, stout-lunged ministers, who represent a strong positive battery; being all united in sympathy and purpose, naturally exercised a strong controlling power. The audience being, as they were, disunited, exercising no will-power, were negative, and thereby the weaker vessels became receptive, and easily excited.

I have since the meeting conversed with one who professed to have had "found Jesus" on the night of the excitement, and when alluding to the subject of her actions on that occasion, found the topic particularly distasteful. I believe the whole performance on all such occasions can be naturally explained on the principles of psychology.

The ministers and their "little" flocks are as usual very conservative. As an instance to show our reverend's condition, I will cite a little circumstance. One of these "divinely" appointed gentry's wives, a Mrs. H. W., received a paper from New York city lately. She was at a loss to know who it came from, having no acquaintances or relatives there to her knowledge. She was sick at the time it came from the office, and he was requested to open and read, what she deemed might be interesting to her. He read aloud an article, until it mentioned the fact of a little boy communing with a spirit, when he immediately stopped, held the paper at arm's length, dropping some unceremonious remark or look before throwing it into the fire.

What a pitiable condition must not such a man be in, who will not allow himself or family to peruse so beautiful a theme as a little boy holding sweet communion with an angel.

I have introduced one copy of "Self contradictions of the Bible" into the community, and it cuts like a two edged sword. What a glorious preparation it is to remove from a person's mind that sickly notion of the infallibility of a book! God's immutable principles alone are the only infallible creations, while everything that bears the impress or workmanship of man, must necessarily be more or less fallible.

Your paper, "The Herald of Progress," and "Life Illustrated," are taken here, and all are doing

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Your paper, "The Herald of Progress," and "Life Illustrated," are taken here, and all are doing

a good work. Eced through their influence is being planted, that will sooner or later germinate and grow; and ere many years roll round, we hope to send forth some noble spirits to battle in our cause, and help materially forward the car of progress; while others here will never be satisfied with doing less than help to "oil" his wheels. Everybody's brother, CHARLES E. O'BRIEN, Pleasanton, Texas, Nov. 6, 1860.

Horticultural Institute, St. Louis, Mo.

On Wednesday, Nov. 25th, the citizens of St. Louis witnessed a spectacle that has no parallel in history. On that evening, Miss Emma Hardinge promulgated her plan for the relief of the outcast and homeless of her sex—a practical plan whereby these could not only earn their bread, but acquire a trade with which they could go out into the world and earn it without competition. This spectacle was that of a noble and pure woman, cultured amongst the aristocracy of Europe, with gifts of eloquence which, used for money gain, would place her on the pinnacle of fame and fortune; and greater than these with graces of private life which shed a glory all around her; and blessed are they that react on offering. Ayl begging to lay all these down and bury herself, that a few Magdalens may be saved from worse than death. Nothing for herself—everything for them. I have seen and felt the heads of our people often excited, but I never saw their hearts so deeply moved as at this appeal; but in this case both head and heart move together—the practicality of the plan satisfying the head, and its humanity sanctifying the heart.

On the very next evening, after a large meeting was held and after council, a Society was then and there formed, under the title of "Society for the Promotion of the Interests of the Female Horticultural Institute." And following which, elected by unanimous voice: Peter E. Bland, President; James H. Blood, Treasurer; A. Miltenberger, Corresponding Secretary; and some sixty persons subscribed as members. This looks like work and it means work.

The assumption of the need of such a society being that all members could not only give something themselves, but could influence others in their respective circles, and thus widen the field and increase the hands, and not leave it all to one. Already good fruits begin to appear, and the promise of this organization is, mighty for the future.

May not then this action on the part of St. Louis, furnish incentives to the friends of progress in every town and village in the country, to go and do likewise, and do something, if ever so little. Why, the powerful Tract Society is but a combination of children's coppers, and all the powers of the Bible Societies and Missionary cause, is but a misdirected effort, and aggregation of mites, and out of all those minor societies will arise a national one, that shall build these institutions all over the world.

This work falls exclusively upon the Spiritualists of this country to do. For one reason, that, better fruits and flowers are to help to advance the race out of Pork and Beans—and another, to show the world that instead of being Free Lovers, it is they that are moving in the first practical effort to reduce the free love already in existence. Come up to the work, then, Spiritualists everywhere. We entreat you in the name of that humanity which you have so long preached about, to come forward and do something, that the world (who judges only by effects) may see that we can practice as well as preach, to give these women work, not tracts; give them trades, not prayers; save their bodies and their souls with them, and not wait for them to go out to another sphere.

Come up and help us—help them and more than all, help this blessed woman, who alone dares rise superior to cant, and braves the world at the very citadel of their baser passions. A. MILTENBERGER, Corresponding Secy., St. Louis, Dec. 5, 1860.

"The Rubicon is Passed." As some persons may think I claim too much for my pamphlet, I wish you would publish the following copy of a letter, the writer of which is a phenologist. Can I say more than this and the testimonials in your paper of the 2d of November contain? and these are but a sample of many more. ELIZABHA CHASE, New York, June 10, 1860.

DEAR SIR—I have for some years investigated the subject of Spiritualism, with deep interest, and I have arrived at satisfactory conclusions that it is the most important subject that ever man investigated. That in the principles it teaches lay all the elements of progression to obtain knowledge, wisdom, and a condition of happiness.

Since I arrived in this city, I have perused your pamphlet entitled, "The Rubicon is Passed," with much interest. I think it a work of unparalleled importance to the world. Because it explains the spiritual science so completely and so satisfactorily, it cannot but carry conviction to every intelligent mind of Spiritualists or opponents of Spiritualism, of its truthfulness, be they Jews or Gentiles.

It is just the thing to give a new impulse to the cause of Spiritualism and put down all opposition—the two things most needed to push on this great righteous cause of truth. No one can give but a faint idea, in a letter of the wide spread and broad-cast view it conveys to the intelligent mind of the true principles of progressive development of man and of Spiritualism in all its phases. Therefore it should be read by every person, and no one should fail to do so, for every mind will receive light by it. I hope it will have a general circulation.

Yours in truth, J. ADAMS AVERY, Beloit, Wis. From the Golden Land.

I am writing in one of the most beautiful and productive valleys in the United States, if not in the world; and undoubtedly many of your readers in the Atlantic States, who have been here, can testify to the truth that Santa Clara valley, California, is the Paradise of the Pacific. We have almost eternal summer, perpetual birds and flowers, mountains, plains, artesian wells, and evergreens—the sublime, beautiful and romantic. We have in the higher orders of creation—such as man, for instance—a fair average of muscle, vitality and activity, and I will add, politics and orthodoxy. Our little city (San Jose) of three thousand inhabitants supports at least four churches, a jail, and other appurtenances to modern Christianity. Apparently we have everything to make a people prosperous, virtuous and happy. But is it so, while our jails are filled with prisoners, and our courts with litigants, and our streets lined with whiskey vendors? Can we be happy, even if our churches are filled with communicants?

The great question that startles the mind of the philanthropist is, what can be done to ameliorate the present condition of mankind, to break up this equality between virtue and vice, this race between full penitentiaries and full churches? Is there no higher law, no purer religion, no more startling truths, to enlighten, refine and elevate the unthinking masses? We think there is. The light of truth

must shine into every heart. This must be done by individual investigation and responsibility; and this cannot be done without laying aside all bigotry and outside authority. Who, then, will labor for truth, for truth's sake, without regard to the opinions of others?

We are not, however, entirely destitute of free independent, reasonable thinkers. There is a little of the heaven of Spiritualism silently working its way in the world of thought; and as Miss Munson is expected here soon, we hope the silence will be broken, for it will be the first lecture in this place on that subject.

I find the BANNER well filled with interesting matter, that I will not longer encroach upon its columns. E. D. FRENCH, San Jose, Cal., Oct. 14, 1860.

Spiritualism in Antioch, Ohio.

We have just had a most brilliant course of lectures in our quiet little village, delivered through the organism of Mrs. J. B. Streeter, of Crown Point, Lake Co., Ind., one of the most interesting speakers in the field. There were but few in this place willing to acknowledge their faith in the doctrine of Spiritualism, it having been grossly misrepresented in this vicinity, and consequently has been brought into disrepute. We who know the philosophy to be founded on eternal truth, concluded to procure a speaker who could enunciate, establish, and defend the doctrine in its purity. So we engaged Mrs. Streeter, who has more than met our most sanguine expectations. The principles advanced were generally received as consistent Christianity; therefore it has taken a deep hold upon the reasoning mind, inasmuch that our spacious Hall was insufficient to hold all, and many had to deny themselves the pleasure of hearing for want of room to sit, or even to stand within the building. There are some, of course, who discard everything new, or any new development in nature. The minister of this place, of the church denominated Disciples, seemed to be very much troubled, although he said nothing against the principles taught, only in one instance—baptism. He thought, and undertook to prove, that the idea that "baptizing in water could not wash away sin," was sacrilegious and unchristian. This is the only principle that he attacked. But he went into the more common course of getting along with a subject which he could neither answer nor refute, viz., the low stage of personal abuse. He tried to mimic the enunciation as far as he could, by imitation, in his pulpit, and on the Sabbath day, and ridiculed the idea, that a person could be in a condition to speak and be unconscious of what they say. Kirkman and Murry were used as authority by which he criticized the language used; and everything was brought forward which he could turn into ridicule.

If he is satisfied, we are, for he could have done nothing better for the cause. The intelligent and high-minded of all (his own church-members not excepted,) see plainly to what extremities he is driven. We say not this because we have anything personally against the minister, but that he may see how a person stands in the estimation of enlightened society who thinks that he can ridicule eternal principles out of existence. We ask him in the name of our Father to examine the philosophy, investigate the principles, and to understand the theory of Spiritualism. If he is then honestly opposed to the doctrine, we say amen, for then we shall consider that he is living up to his highest conceptions of truth. But he heartily pity the man who willfully closes his eyes, and then declares that there is no light.

We trust now that Spiritualism stands on a firm and sound basis in this vicinity, its principles having been set forth in its true light, and must commend itself to every candid, thinking, and reasoning mind. We hope and expect that its genial influence will be felt, and as a grand result, that Christian charity shall much more abound. We would commend Mrs. Streeter to Spiritualists who may require a medium whose inspirations are elevated, charitable and truthful. W. H. WEAVER, Antioch, Ill.

Milwaukee.

It is some time since I have written to the BANNER, which, by-the-by, comes to this city, and is read by many an anxious inquirer after the truth. Several copies are left at my store by the News Agent weekly; and I understand the demand increases at the News Depot here for spiritual papers, &c. We have had lectures here regularly, and the people have listened to the truths from the angel world, through the organism of Miss Emma Hardinge, Mattie Hulet, Miss Sprague and Belle Scougall, all varying in style, but all declaring all power is in and from the spirit spheres, and proving their immortal mission to a demonstration. They have only to be heard to be believed. The clergy have been repeatedly challenged, but they all keep silent, and do not believe in resisting the Devil that he may see from them, or else they would come out to the conflict. Bro. E. V. Wilson has visited us, and has been the means of doing much good. His tests are very convincing, and his prophetic gifts have caused quite an interest in the minds of many. He is a bold exponent of the new gospel, and is not ashamed to meet any man in argument, or debate. Our audiences are not large, but very respectable, and our most intelligent class of citizens attend regularly. But there seems to be a call for physical manifestations, which we have not been blessed with here as you have East. We want the Davenport mediums, and some of our musical and other test mediums to convince a certain class of minds of the truth of the spirit presence. Yours, in the good cause. ELIAS CHASE, Milwaukee, Nov. 14, 1860.

A Query.

In the Boston Spiritual Conference, reported in the BANNER of Nov. 17th, in the discussion of the question of the influence of intoxicating agents upon the spirit or soul of man, Dr. A. B. Child's position is, if I understand him, that all desires are products of the soul, are emanations from the soul, are the expressions of the soul, and that stimulants which the soul desires only reach and affect the physical, the external, of man's being.

Now, to me, this is dark and unsatisfactory, and my soul desires a clearer elucidation. I have entertained the idea—and I think it is one of the principles of Spiritualism—that for every desire of the soul there is a corresponding means of gratification; that nature possesses the ability, and is always ready to respond to the soul's expressions. Now, if the responses to the soul's desires for gratification only reach the physical, and do not affect the soul, then is the soul satisfied? Is it a real, genuine response, and is nature true to herself? To me it seems not, but that the soul is cheated of its gratification. If the desires emanate from the soul, must not the response which nature makes to these desires reach and affect the soul? This is evidently

