

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. VIII. (BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY,) NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1860. (TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR) NO. 14.

Written for the Banner of Light.
EDGAR.
BY FRENCHQUE FRENCHQUE.

In a dungeon, drear and dismal,
Chained in misery abysmal,
Crouched a post-soul whose fetters held him help-
less to the earth.

Every thought was sorrow freighted,
For this sad soul only waited
For the footsteps of the jailer who should bring im-
mortal birth.

O'er him crawled the slimy Heavens—
At him, jeering hags and wizards
Pointed long and skinny fingers, through the cold and
rusty grate;

And around him floundered devils
And their bout of reckless revels,
Filling dank and dreary darkness with their symbol-
words of hate.

Venomous reptiles bit and stung him;
Maddened by despair, he flung him
On the cold, moldy bottom of the reeking prison cell.
Once the brave and true regarded—
Now by God and man discarded—
Worse his sin-sick, sad condition than the hottest
scorching hell!

Bright, bedimmed coruscations
Shed their grandeur o'er creation's
Gold and silver-angled cloudlets in the ether blue
above;

And the shimmering stars in gladness
Nod to us that earthly address
Has no name nor habitation in the courts of heavenly
love.

Seraphs, clad in pearly brightness—
Like their hearts their dazzling whiteness—
Sing the songs of souls enfranchised from all earthly
pangs and pains;

And the weak one who had squandered
All his earthly hopes, had wandered
Hither, from his prison-prison, charmed and soothed
by angel-strains.

—And the poet, gently shrouded
On his bosom who has yielded
Hope and succor to weak mortals lost and chilled in
starless night.

Quaffs the nectar wine Eureka;
From Eternity's brimling beaker,
And, all longing lost in largesse, soothes his soul with
calm requies.

THE LITTLE GIPSEY.

BY J. HOLLIN M. SQUIRE.

[CONTINUED.]

Soon after the Gipsy-train went out they fell in with some country women, who, at the ringing of the Ave Maria bell, had started for their different homes in the adjoining villages outside of Madrid. It was the custom of the Gipsies to join company with them in order to travel with greater safety, and, again, the old Gipsy was always in continual dread of losing Preciosa.

Not long after this, as the Gipsy-train were making their way into Madrid again, in the morning, they met a young gentleman in a valley about half a mile from the city. He was extremely good-looking, and richly dressed, the sword and dagger which he wore glittering like burnished gold; his hat had a jeweled band, and was tastefully adorned with a large, graceful plume of various colors. The Gipsies stopped at seeing him, and, standing at a little distance, set themselves to thinking, to arrive at some reasonable conclusion why a fine gentleman, such as he appeared, should be out in such a place so early, on foot, and alone. While they were thus cogitating he came up to them, and addressing himself to the old Gipsy, said—

"Pray, be so kind as to favor me with an opportunity of speaking with you and Preciosa alone—it will be for your good."

"With all my heart," said the old woman, "if you do not take us too far out of our road, or keep us too long."

And, calling Preciosa, they withdrew about twenty yards away from the rest, when they stopped, and the young gentleman began to speak.

"I come a captive to Preciosa's wit and beauty. I have endeavored by every possible means to overcome what I deemed at first nothing more than a mere admiration which she excited; but I have found every effort useless, and myself vanquished. I, senoras, (if by heaven favor my pretensions I shall always give you that name,) as you will readily see, am a Knight," he continued, throwing open his cloak, and exhibiting the insignia of one of the highest orders in Spain. "I am the only son of a Knight, who is at present at the court in Madrid, soliciting a post which he is fully assured he will secure, and I expect a large inheritance. Having, then, the rank and position of which I have spoken—and you may implicitly rely upon the truth of it—I still can but wish that I was a ruler, for Preciosa's sake, that I might lift her to grandeur, and make her my equal by making her my wife. I do not trifle with you, for in the earnestness of the great love I bear Preciosa there is left no room for deception. She shall choose for herself in what way I may serve her. Her will shall be mine; my heart for her is a wax which may mould, but the impression shall be as enduring as if hewn from the marble. If you believe me, my hopes shall make me contented and happy; if not, I shall be miserable. My name is—; that of my father, who resides at No. — in the Calle do —; and you are at liberty to inquire of him and me of the neighbors, or even of strangers, for our name and station are not so obscure but that you may hear of us at court, and, in fact, everywhere in the capital. I have with me one hundred crowns in gold, which I purpose to give you

as earnest of my intentions and what I will bestow on you hereafter; for no man who can give up his soul can hesitate to part with his wealth."

While the young Knight was speaking, Preciosa watched him closely, and undoubtedly was not at all displeased either with his language or his manner. She turned to the old woman and said—

"Pray excuse me, grandmother, if I take it to myself to answer this enamored Knight."

"Answer as you please, nina—I leave it all to you," replied the old Gipsy, "well knowing you have sense enough for anything."

"Though I am poor," began Preciosa, "and humbly born, yet I cannot deny that I have quite a wayward little soul in me, which is always filling my head with certain aspirations for greatness. But, believe me, I am not in the least tempted by promises; my resolves are not to be overcome by presents; defiance is no lodestone to me, and love has no device which can ensnare me; and although by my grandmother's reckoning I shall be only fifteen next Michaelmas, I am already old in intellect, and have much more penetration than my age would seem to warrant. This may be accounted for more as something bestowed by nature, rather than the result of experience, yet both have taught me how impetuous is love, and how by its influence the mind is thrown utterly out of its ordinary course, and wildly pursuing its desired object, it surmounts all imaginable and possible inconveniences, until at last the lover, believing he is about to realize the heaven of his expectation, suddenly falls into a hell of disappointments. Then, again, give him the heaven he seeks, he soon wearies with the object which attracted him, and, reason having opened his eyes, it becomes a source of wonder to him that once he adored what he now regards with feelings of distaste. The fear of these things inspires me with more than ordinary distrust, and by it I am led to question words, and have become suspicious of actions. One jewel I have which I will guard with and prize more than my life—that is my purity—and neither gifts nor promises can make me part with it, which, thus said, and could it be bought, it were valueless indeed. Neither can it be won from me by wiles and artifices, for I shall bear it to my grave before I expose it to danger by listening to chimeras and specious tales. It is a flower which no breath shall sully; it has an existence with which imagination even shall not be allowed to tamper. Pluck the rose from the bush, and how soon does it wither? One touches it, another inhales its fragrance, another pulls its leaves, and then it perishes at last in vulgar hands. If this, senor, be the cause of your coming, you have my answer; you can obtain no such booty from me save in the ties of wedlock. If you desire to become my husband, I will be your wife; but before this there are many conditions which I shall demand, and many trials for you to encounter. To begin with them, I must be contented that you are really the person you claim to be. In that case, you must quit your father's house, and join us in our tents, put on a Gipsy's garb, and remain in our school two years, which will be ample time for me to learn your disposition, and for you to become familiar with mine; and if at the end of that time we are mutually satisfied with each other, I will be yours. During this probation you must regard me as your sister, as your humble servant, and nothing more. Also remember, senor, that during this probation you may happen to recover your senses, which you see I reckon as lost, or at least scattered, and may be led to fly from the object you are now pursuing with so much fervor, and, having given your liberty, seek pardon at the hands of your family for your errors. But such are the conditions which I impose on you. If on these terms you are willing to enter our ranks as one of our tribe, it is for you to choose for yourself; but should you fall in any one of them, you shall never touch my fingers."

The youth was much astonished at Preciosa's view of the matter, and stood for a time in silence, with his eyes fixed musingly on the ground, as if considering what answer he should return. Observing this, Preciosa said—

"This is not a matter of such little importance that you can or should come to a resolution at once on it in the few moments we have to spare. Return to your home, give it all the consideration it demands, and you may meet me again on this spot during the holidays, either going to or coming from Madrid."

"When it was so ordained that I should love you, my dear Preciosa," said the cavalier, "I resolved that I would refuse nothing which you might require of me, though, it is true, I did not imagine you would make the request of me which you have; nevertheless, as it is your will, and my delight to obey, count me from this a Gipsy, and whatever task falls to my lot, it shall be mine to prove that you will ever find my feelings as I now represent them to be. I am at your service whenever you name the time. I will leave my parents on the pretext of going to Flanders, and provide myself with money. I shall want eight days to prepare myself for my journey. And for the servants who will be ordered to accompany me I will manage in some way to get rid of them, that they may not hinder my project. But one thing—if I may as yet request a favor—I would beg of you, and that is, save to-day, when you go to town to inquire of my rank and that of my family, you go to Madrid no more; for I would not for all the world that any of the constantly changing circumstances there should deprive me of the good fortune I so much value."

"No, senor," said Preciosa, "this cannot be; I cannot resign my liberty or my right to go where I please; but wherever I do go, I shall not use that liberty to such extremes but that any one may see with half an eye that I know how to take good care of self. The first thing, therefore, with which I charge you, is to give over your fears, and place

entire confidence in me; and remember that lovers who begin by getting jealous are either very silly or exceedingly lacking in confidence."

"Surely, Satan himself is in you!" interrupted the old Gipsy. "Why, you would out-talk a student of Salamanca. How's love, jealousy and confidence, and you know all about them. How is it? It may be you are mad. You run on like a person possessed, who talks Latin without understanding it."

"Peace, grandmother, peace!" said Preciosa; "all which you have heard is nothing to the store remaining in my head."

Everything that passed, all that Preciosa had said, and her evidence of genius, only served to add fuel to the fire which raged in the breast of the enamored cavalier; and it was settled at last that they should meet in the same place in eight days, during which time he could arrange matters as he desired, and they inform themselves as to the verity of his statements. The young gentleman then drew out a broadened purse, in which he said there were one hundred crowns of gold, and handed it to the old woman. Preciosa, however, was utterly against her accepting them.

"Hold your tongue, child!" said the grandmother. "The best proof the gentleman has given of his subjection is this delivery of his crowns in token of his surrender; besides, a gift, no matter under what circumstance it is given, always betokens a generous mind. Remember the proverb, 'Heaven by prayers, and a young woman by presents.' The Gipsies for many and many a year have enjoyed the reputation of being over-fond of money, and I care not to be outside the pale of the tribe, nor do I mean that on my account it may be said, that one of them ever lost this characteristic. What, Preciosa, would you have me turn back one hundred crowns, in hard gold, too, and all of which may be seen in the hem of an old petticoat not worth a real, and there remain as comfortable as the well-fed flocks that roam in the pastures of Estremadura? Look you, should any of our sons, daughters or relatives have the misfortune to fall into the hands of the law, is there any eloquence so pleasing, so moving to a Judge, any music so sweet to his willing ear as these, as they think one by one into his purse? For three different exploits I myself have been three times on the point of mounting a ass to be whipped. The first time I got off by means of a silver mug, the second by a string of pearls, and lastly by a goodly number of reals. Then think of it, nina; ours is a very hazardous calling, full of accidents and mishaps; and in times of distress there is nothing which affords us surer protection than a piece of gold quartered with the invincible arms of Philip of Spain; there is nothing that can withstand them, nothing that dares attempt their impregnable barrier. The two faces of a doubloon will bring a smile to the face of the sternest procurator; and as for the other barbies of the Gipsy tribe, who have no more mercy for our poor hides than they have for highwaymen, it melts their hearts. It makes no difference how ragged and tattered our garments may be, they swear that we are like a Frenchman's jacket—ragged and greasy, but quilted with pistoles."

"For the love of heaven, say no more, grandmother!" said Preciosa; "you would never cease putting arguments together to show good cause why you should keep senor's money. Keep the crowns, then, as you have so much regard for them, and much good may they do you. Would you had some spot in which to bury them, that they might ever see the light of day again. However, as our companions have waited for us so long, and will surely be uneasy, I suppose you will have to distribute some of it amongst them."

"They shall see these crowns," answered the old Gipsy, "just as soon as they see the Grand Turk in his scraggle. Perhaps our good senor has a fewoppers or some small money; if he will divide it among them they will be satisfied with a very little."

"I have," said the youth, and he gave each of the three girls a real, with which they were more highly delighted than a poet when his poem has won the prize.

Finally it was agreed that the whole party should meet, as before mentioned, in eight days, and that the young man's Gipsy name should be Andrew, as it was a name common among the Gipsies, and that also, by way of distinction, he should be called Andrew Caballero. Andrew (as he will now be recognized) not daring to embrace Preciosa, looked at her with his soul in his eyes, and started for Madrid, where, shortly after, the Gipsies arrived, and in very high spirits.

Preciosa, who was not entirely indifferent to the handsome and engaging cavalier—perhaps more from her great good nature, and his apparent earnestness, than from any feeling of love—was very anxious to ascertain if he were really what he claimed to be.

After entering Madrid, they had passed through two or three streets only, when Preciosa came upon the page who had given her the verses and the crown.

"Welcome to Madrid, Preciosa," said he, approaching her. "I have you read the verses I gave you the other day?"

"Before I answer you a single question," said she, "by the life of the girl you love best you must tell me the truth regarding one thing."

"Go on," he replied; "though to answer you, and truly, cost me my own life, I could not refuse you."

"Well, then, what I most desire to know is, whether or not you have the fortune to be a poet?"

"It would be a freak of fortune, indeed, if I were one," said the page; "but you know, Preciosa, very few deserve the name of poet. Therefore I can an-

swer you—I am not a poet, but a lover of poetry; yet, if it chanced that I require a few verses, I neither beg, borrow, nor steal them. Those lines which I gave you were mine, and so are these which I now present you. Yet I am not a poet—heaven forbid it."

"Is it, then, such an unfortunate thing to be a poet?"

"No, not that," he answered; "but to be a poet, and nothing else, I do not think a good thing. Poetry should be like a rich jewel, which is not worn on all occasions by its owner, or shown to all people, but displayed only at proper times. A beautiful maiden is Poetry—chaste, quiet, discreet, and reserved—never overstepping the limits of elegance and refinement. She delights in solitudes; finds enjoyment in the music of fountains; loves to roam the green and flowering meadows; she finds a voice in the rustling of a tree, and companionship in the flower, and all are entertained and instructed who seek her society."

"Notwithstanding which, it is said, her followers are universally poor, and sometimes beggars," observed Preciosa.

"It is rather the opposite," said the page; "it is very seldom you find a poet who is not rich, because all poets are contented with their condition, whatever it may be—a piece of practical philosophy at which men arrive. But what has led you, Preciosa, to make this inquiry?"

"Because, as I believed all poets poor, or, at least, most of them," answered Preciosa, "I was greatly surprised at finding a gold crown wrapped up in the verses which you gave me; but since you are not a poet, but simply a lover of poetry, it may be possible that you will get through the world well enough, though I much doubt it; for if you are rich, your propensity for writing verses will soon make you a bad manager; for they say a poet without a fortune can never get one, and a poet with a fortune can never keep one."

"But I am not one of those," said the page; "I can write verses, and am neither rich nor poor; and without missing it, or talking over it like a Genoese over an invitation, I can give a crown or two to whom I please. Take this paper; it has a second crown enclosed in it, and do not be troubled as to the fact of my being a poet. I only pray that you will believe that he who gives you this, only regrets that he has not the riches of Midas to bestow them on you."

He handed a paper to Preciosa, who, taking it, felt the gold, and said, "Ah, this paper may anticipate a good old age for it has two souls in it—one of the crown, and one of the verses. But look you, senor page, I do not want so many souls together; and unless you take one back, I cannot accept the other; I will regard you as a poet, but not as a giver of gifts, and if we settle things in this way, our friendship is likely to last much longer; for strong as friendship is, it may stand in need of a crown to sustain it, much sooner than a verse."

"Very well, since it must be so," said the page, "and you will have it that I am poor whether or no; you shall keep the soul I give you in the paper, and return me the crown which, Preciosa, since it has been touched by your hand, I will preserve as a precious relic to the end of my days."

Preciosa took the crown out of the paper, and gave it to him, keeping the verses, which, however, she would not read in the open street; and the page went away highly delighted, fully believing he had made a very favorable impression on Preciosa, because she had talked with him in such a gracious manner.

As Preciosa's object was to find the house of Andrew's father, without stopping anywhere to dance, she made her way at once to the street with which she was familiar. Having walked about half through the street, she saw the gilded iron balcony by which Andrew had designated the house, and in it a cavalier of about fifty years or more of age, of noble mien, with a red cross on his breast. As soon as he saw Preciosa he called to her—

"Come in, nina—come in; we have some money for you."

As he spoke, several other gentlemen stepped on to the balcony, among whom she saw Andrew, her lover, who, the moment he saw her, changed color, and very nearly fainted. All the Gipsies entered, and went up stairs, except the old woman, who remained below to find out what she could from the servants about what Andrew had said. As the Gipsies entered the room, the old gentleman said, "This must certainly be the handsome Gipsy girl who has created so much talk in Madrid."

"The very same," said Andrew; "and she is without question the loveliest creature ever seen."

"So people say," said Preciosa, who, as she entered, caught the import of their conversation—"so people say; but I imagine they set me too high by half. I know I am not ill-looking, but not such a beauty as they make me out."

"By the life of my son Juanico," said the elder gentleman, "you are much handsomer than they report you."

"And which is Don Juanico?" said Preciosa.

"That gallant by your elbow."

"In truth I thought your worship had sworn by some pet child of two years old," said Preciosa. "And this is Don Juanico; why, he is quite old enough for matrimony, and by certain lines in his forehead, I am sure he will be married—and what is more, before three years, to the object of his choice, if in the meantime he lose not his mind."

"Well done," said one of the company. "The little Gipsy is an adept in physiognomy, and can trace a fortune in a wrinkle, whether on the hand or face."

During the conversation the other girls had with-

drawn a little one side, and, with their heads together, were talking so as not to be overheard.

"To be sure, girls," said Christiana, "this is the same gentleman who gave us the three reals this morning."

"True, it is," said the others; "but don't let us say a word to him of it, unless he alludes to it first. Very likely he would not like it to be known."

While the Gipsy girls were holding their little chat, Preciosa replied to the last remark about physiognomy.

"What I see with my eyes I divine with my fingers. I know of Don Juanico, even without looking at lines, that he is somewhat in love, and is often given to jealousy, and is hasty—ready to promise things which seem impossible. Heaven grant that with all this he's not worse still—a deceiver. He is on the eve of a long journey; but the bay horse thinks one thing, and the man who saddles him another. Man proposes and God disposes. He may think himself bound to Onez, and fall among the tribes of Gambia."

"I confess, nina," said Don Juan, "you have guessed several things concerning me. You are mistaken as regards my being a deceiver. I boast that I speak the truth under all circumstances. I do certainly, with the permission of heaven, in four or five days expect to set out for Flanders; and though you prophesy that I am to be turned aside from my road, I should be very sorry if anything occurred to disappoint me in my purpose."

"Never fear, senor," said Preciosa; "commend yourself to heaven, and all will go well. Don't take me for a prophet; but be assured I know nothing of all I have been saying. I talk so very much, and so at random, that it is no wonder I hit the mark sometimes. I should be glad if I could speak so as to persuade you not to travel, but to overrule an idle fancy, and remain quietly at home with your parents, to comfort their old age; for I do not think much of these trips to Flanders for a youth of your tender years. Remain until you are grown a little more experienced, and better able to encounter the fatigues of war; besides, if I am not very wide of the mark, you need not go far for war, considering the conflicts of love which are raging in your bosom. You should learn to govern yourself; look before you leap; do not marry until you are quite sure you know what you are doing; and now, as I do believe you are well born, give us of your charity; and if, after this, you do turn out a man of truth and loyalty, in one shall be full of joy, at having been correct in everything I have said of you."

"As I told you before," said Don Juan, otherwise Andrew Caballero, "you are right in all you have said, except the suspicion which you entertain of my integrity, in which, believe me, you are entirely at fault. For that which I promise in the field, I am prepared, without being called on, to fulfill in the town, or wherever else I may chance to be; for the man who can break his word, forfeits his right and title to the name of gentleman. As to giving you, I shall have to ask my father, for heaven's sake and mine, to aid you, for, to tell the truth, I gave all I had this morning to some ladies, of whom I can hardly say they were as fastidious as fair, one of them especially."

"May I be hanged," said Christiana to her companions, "if he does not speak of the reals he gave us this morning."

"Not at all," said one of the others; "he says he gave his money to some ladies—and we are not ladies; and since, as you hear he always speaks truly, he would not lie in this matter."

"As for that," said Christiana, "I do not see as a lie is such a momentous thing when it injures no one, and is told for the advantage and credit of him who tells it." However, be that as it may, I see it is not likely we shall get anything, as we are not asked to dance."

At this moment the old woman now entered the room.

"Come, come daughter," said she, "make haste—time is precious. We have much to do, and more to say."

"Well, grandmother, what may it be—a boy or a girl?" said Preciosa.

"A boy, and a fine one," she replied.

"God grant it may not die before it has seen many years," observed Preciosa.

"Never fear, nina—never fear; the child, is a beauty; and for the mother, she is doing well," said the grandmother.

"And has some lady been confined?" asked the old cavalier.

"Even so, senor; but it is a great secret," replied the Gipsy; "and, save to myself, Preciosa, and one more person, it is unknown. And we cannot tell her name."

"We do not desire to know," said one of the gentlemen; "but heaven help the woman who puts her secrets into your hands, and her honor at the running of your tongues."

"We are not all bad," said Preciosa. "May there be one among us who prides herself on being as faithful and as true as the noblest man in this room. But since we are thought so lightly of, grand-mother, let us go; we are neither thieves nor beggars."

"Do not be angry," said the cavalier, whom we have designated as Andrew's father. "No one could imagine aught ill of you at least, for there is something in your appearance that is a guarantee for your good conduct. Then dance for us with your companions. I have for you a doubloon with two faces—not to be compared with your own, though they are the faces of their majesties."

When the old Gipsy heard this, it seemed to put new life into her, for she cried out, "Come, come, girls, tuck up your skirts and oblige the senora."

Preciosa took up a tambourine, and they all danced with such grace and lightness, that the eyes of the

It seems that even in the seventeenth century possession was not unknown, nor the gift of language.

The miniature of Juan—Johnny.

spectators were riveted on their movements, especially those of Andrew, who leaped upon Preciosa as if she were the center of all his joy; but an unlooked-for accident turned his delight into anguish. In the exertion of the dance Preciosa happened to drop the paper the Page had given her, and the cavalier who had spoken so lightly of the Gipsies caught it up, and opening it, said: "Ah, what have we here? A song? Come, give over the dance, and listen to it, for if I may judge from the first line, it isn't bad."

"Preciosa, who did not know what the contents of the paper might be, was not a little amazed at this, and begged the gentleman not to read it, but give it back to her. Her earnestness, however, made them the more anxious to hear it, and Andrew was even more eager than all, and the gentleman finally read the lines in a loud voice, as follows: Not sweeter the lyre of Calliopo's son, Than the lute over which thy fair fingers run, Making music which wins and enraptures the heart, Not sweeter the songs of sirens of old, Whose harmony peopled their much dreaded isle, Not more fatal than each of thy ringlets of gold, Or the soft witching power of thine exquisite smile, E'en Cupid, who sports, with our hearts for his prey, And laughs when love's misery seems fully complete, Leaves Psyche deserted, and hastens to lay In homage his quiver and bow at thy feet. One glance at thine eyes which the day-god outshines, The beholder is lost in a realm of delight, While Eros is charmed, though his arrows are thine, And through these holds his sway with implacable might."

"By the mass," exclaimed he who read it, "he is no bad poet who wrote this." "He is not a poet, senator," said Preciosa, "but a Page, and a very handsome young man with a fortune."

"What are you saying, nina?" said the old Gipsy, in an under tone, to Preciosa; "do you not see that the praise of the Page is a dagger thrust to Andrew's heart. See where he sits, sunk down in his chair, the perspiration breaking from every pore. Do not imagine that he loves you so lightly that he may not suffer by your slights. Speak to him, for Heaven's sake, and whisper something in his ear which may touch his heart. Go on, go on! get new songs like this each day and see how it will be."

Such was the case. Andrew on hearing the song, and the praise of the Page, was assailed by a thousand jealousies, and his emotions were such as to attract his father's attention. "Why, Don Juan, what ails you?" said he, "you look ready to faint."

"One moment," said Preciosa; "let me speak a few words in his ear, and he will not faint, you will see."

Stepping close to him, she said almost without moving her lips— "You have a stout heart, indeed, to make a Gipsy. How could you bear torture, if you are vanquished by a bit of paper?"

Then making a few crosses over his heart she left him, after which he seemed to recover, and assured the company that Preciosa's words had restored him.

Preciosa at last received the doublet with two faces, which, she assured her companions, should be changed and honestly divided between them.

Andrew's father was exceedingly anxious that she should leave in writing the words which had restored his son, as he wished above all things to know them. She acknowledged her willingness to repeat them, adding, that although they might seem to be of no more value than children's nursery rhymes, she would assure them that they would prove a sovereign virtue to keep away the heart-ache, and giddiness of the head. She repeated them, and the words were these:—

Oh! vex not your head, By wild vagaries fed, For patience and doubt, you know, never unite; But the heart-keep in vain, Where true-love would reign, And reigning would peace and contentment invite: For base is the fear That the one you hold dear Is wanting in that which first made you care; If thus you proceed, Then useless indeed, The actions by which you may hope to possess her. Think you to beguile Her heart with a smile, When feelings like these shall your doubting discover? For how can she tell How fleeting the spell, Which colors the fanciful dreams of her lover? Let your love be as bright As Phœbus' first light On bill tops that last ere threw a mist over, Be constant and true In whatever you do, And confide in the Lord, and St. Christopher.

"Merely these words," she continued, "said over a person, and six crosses in the region of the heart, and if they are troubled with swimming in the head, they will become as sound as an apple."

When the old Gipsy heard the charm and saw the trick her grand-daughter had played she was amazed, and Andrew was astonished when he saw it was the invention of her ready wit.

Preciosa did not ask for the lines of the Page, because she did not like to again wound Andrew's feelings, for although untaught, she was well aware what it was to make a man really in love to feel the pang of jealousy. As they were going out, Preciosa turned to Andrew and said:

"Remember, son, every day in the week is propitious for beginning a journey—there is not a single unlucky one. Therefore hasten your departure as much as you can, for their lives before you a happy and pleasant life, if you like to embrace it."

"I hardly imagine that the life of a soldier is quite as pleasant as you would make me believe," replied Andrew. "It is not without its hardships, and its dangers; nevertheless, I will make the trial and test it for myself."

"You will see more than you anticipate," said Preciosa, "and may Heaven shield you, and grant you that success which your good intentions deserve."

Andrew was more than delighted at these parting words.

The Gipsies went away quite well contented, and divided their doublet equally; although it had been equal for the old Gipsy to take one half, owing to her seniority, and because she was the compass by which they directed their course in the wide sea of their dances, their plantations, and their tricks.

The appointed day at last arrived, and an early hour in the morning found Andrew at the old trysting place, mounted on a hired mule, and without any attendant. He found Preciosa and her grand-mother both waiting there, who gave him a most cordial welcome. He begged them to take him at once to their camp, that he might avoid the possibility of being recognized in case of pursuit, or search for him. They immediately started off, and in a short

time arrived among the huts of the Gipsies. Andrew was shown into the largest hut of the camp, and was forthwith surrounded by ten or a dozen Gipsies, all well made, handsome young fellows, whom the old Gipsy had informed of their new acquisition, without fearing to trust them, because, as we have said, scenery with them was a habitual and unexampled eagerness, observed with an unflinching, uninterrupted strictness. In an instant their eyes were on the mule.

"Next Thursday, boys, we can sell this beast in Toledo," said one of them. "By no means," said Andrew, "for there is not a mule to be hired in Madrid, that is not known to every muleteer who tramps the roads of Spain."

"By my life, señor," cried another, "though she had as many marks on her as there are precepts in a confessor's list, we will transform her in such a manner that she would never be known either by the mother that bore her, or the master that owned her."

"For all that," said Andrew, "I beg you will do as I recommend. This mule must be killed and buried where not a bone may ever come to light."

"What a sin it would be," said another Gipsy; "what has the innocent creature done to lose her life? Do not say it, good Master Andrew, only do this, study every mark on the mule until you have them by heart, and then let me take her away for two hours, and if after that you recognize her again may I be basted like a runaway negro."

"I shall under no consideration, alter my decision," said Andrew, "though you could transform her even more than you say—I am afraid of discovery unless she is under the ground. As to the profit you may think to reap by selling her, I have not come so desultory into your society but what, if it be required, I can pay my footing to the price of many mules."

"Look ye, friends, since Señor Andrew will have it so," said the Gipsy who had first spoken, "let the sinless creature die, though it goes against me on account of her youth, and because she seems a willing creature, for there are no scars on her flank, and no spur marks on her side."

The killing of the mule was, however, put off until night, and the remainder of the day was occupied with the ceremonies of Andrew's initiation. They cleared one of the largest huts in the encampment, trimmed it with boughs and rushes, and seating Andrew on the stump of a cork tree, put a hammer and a pair of tongs into his hands, and make him out capere to the sound of two guitars, thrummed by two male Gipsies—then they stripped his arm, and tied round it a new silk ribbon, and began to tighten it gently, after the manner of the garrotto, giving it two turns.

Preciosa was present during the whole, as were many other Gipsy girls, old and young, some of whom viewed Andrew with admiration; others with affection, and so generally good humored was he that even the Gipsy men took most kindly to him.

These ceremonies being ended, an old Gipsy took Preciosa by the hand and stood before Andrew. "This girl," he began, "who is the flower and the cream of all beauty among the Gipsies of Spain, we give you as a wife, or as a mistress, which you may deem best, since our free and careless life is not trammelled by the niceties and ceremonies of the world. If you see in her anything which you dislike, you are at liberty to make any choice you please among our maidens here present, and she will be yours. But remember, when you have once made your choice, you cannot leave her, and must not meddle either with the married women or maids. We are careful and strict observers of the law of friendship, and no man among us covets that which belongs to another. We are free and secure from the evils and plagues of jealousy, and though we are dissolute, there is no adultery among us. If a wife or a mistress is not faithful, we do not depend on the courts of justice to punish; we are ourselves both judges and executioners, and as readily kill those who are criminal in this respect, and bury them among the mountains and in the desert places, as if they were vermin, or beasts of prey. And we are answerable to no parents for their death; there are no relations to avenge them. It is a dread of this that keeps our women chaste, and we live, as I have said, with no fear of their virtue. There are few things among us, except wife and mistress, which are not common to all, and these we require to be his alone to whose choice he may fall. Age, as well as death, is with us also a cause of divorce, and man may, if he like, leave a woman who is too old for him, and make choice of another more suitable to his years. By means of these, with some other laws and statutes, we manage to live a happy and merry life. We are lords of the fields where the corn ripens, of the woods, mountains, springs and rivers. The mountains supply us with wood without price; the orchard with fruit, the vineyards with grapes; the gardens with vegetables; the springs with water; the rivers with fish, and the parks with game; the rocks afford us shade, the glens and valleys fresh air, and the caves shelter. The inclemencies of the weather are to us zephyrs, the snow refreshments, the rains baths, the thunder music, and the lightning torches. To us the hard ground is a downy bed, the well sunned skin of our bodies is an impenetrable armor of defence. Our little limbs are not fettered by chains, and to us iron bars are no obstacles, and we are not daunted by trenches or walls. Our courage is not to be twisted out of us by cords, nor choked by the gauze, or subdued by the rack. We defy all the means and contrivances of the law, and glory more in being martyrs than confessors. For us, bonds of burden are reared in the choice fields of the country, and purses are filled in the city. No eagle, or other bird of prey, sweeps down more swiftly from its revels in the blue ether, on its quarry, than you upon every opportunity which promises booty. Again, we have many qualifications which enable us to live happy; we sleep in prison, are silent on the rack, we toil by day, and steal by night, or more properly, we teach people the result of inattention to those things which possess any value. The fear of losing our honor never gives us trouble, nor does the ambition of increasing it ever keep us from sleep. We belong to no party, and we do not rise with the sun to attend levees or present memorials. We do not fawn to the noble, nor do we solicit favors. These huts are our palaces with golden roofs, our Flemish paintings of picture and landscape are seen at every turn among the lofty hills and snowy peaks, in the wide-spreading meadows, and leafy groves. We are rustic astronomers, for as we sleep generally under the open sky, we know every hour by day or night. We see how Aurora chases the stars from the skies, and comes forth with her companion the Dawn, refreshing the air, cooling the waters and moistening, and how after her the sun appears, and as the poet sings, touches with gold the lofty heights, until the moun-

tains smelt and the hills are beautified. We do not fear to loafe idly when he is absent and his rays fall radiant on us, or of being scorched when he looks down on us from the zenith. We turn the sun's face to sun and frost, to death and plenty. In conclusion, we are a race who live by industry and our wit, and that, too, without the church, the sea, or the royal family, as the adage has it. We have all we want, because we are content with what we have. I have said these things to you, noble youth, that you may fully comprehend the life you are to lead and to which you are come, and the customs you will have to profess. This is a slight sketch of it; but in this you will become familiar with many other particulars, no less worthy of your consideration."

With this the eloquent old Gipsy ended his discourse, and the novice replied that he was gratified to have been acquainted with such praiseworthy statutes, and felt highly pleased to become one of an order founded on such politic principles and such evident reason, that it was a source of regret to him that he had remained so long unacquainted with such a delightful life; that from that moment he renounced his knighthood and the empty glory of his illustrious descent, and submitted absolutely to the yoke, or more properly the laws under which they lived, inasmuch as they had more than magnanimously recompensed the wish he had to serve them, by bestowing on him the beautiful Preciosa for whom he could abandon thrones and empires, and could desire to possess them only that he might lay them at her feet.

Preciosa now spoke: "Inasmuch as it has been determined by these our honorable lawgivers," she said, "in accordance with their laws that I should become yours, and under them have awarded me to you; I have, also, agreeably to my own will, the law of which is more powerful than all, decreed that I will not be yours, except upon the strict performance of those conditions which were, by us, mutually agreed to before you came hither. You must live two years in our company before I am yours, in order that you may not repent through fickleness, nor I find myself deceived through haste. Conditions are before laws; you already know what I have imposed on you; if you choose to observe them, I may be yours and you mine, but not otherwise. Your mule is not killed, your clothes are yet untouched, and not a piece of your money has been spent; you left your father's house this morning, and it is now left for you to make use of the remainder of the day in considering what is best for you to do. Our lawgivers may give you up my body, but not my soul, which is free, was born free, and shall continue free. If you remain with us, I shall esteem you highly, and no less so if you return; for I know that the impulse of love runs at lightning speed until checked by reason or experience, and I do not desire that you should prove to me as a huntsman who, having bagged a hare, forgets it in his run for another. The eye is easily deceived, so much so, that at the first glance tinsel appears like gold, but very soon it recognizes the difference in the metals. So with this beauty of mine, which you say I have, which you declare above the sea and more precious than gold; you might find it a closer inspection to be without lustre, and, on testing, as valueless as base metal. Therefore I give you two years time to consider and weigh well what is best to choose, and what is proper to reject. It is well for a man about to make a purchase of that which death alone can take off his hands, to do nothing with closed eyes; consequently you should have, in such case, sufficient time to view and review your choice, and acquaint yourself with its faults as well as its merits. Again I do not agree with the barbarous license of my kinsman, when they assume a right to leave their wives or chastise them at will; and as I do not intend ever to deserve correction, I will not accept as a mate one who will abandon me at his caprice."

"And you are entirely in the right, Preciosa," said Andrew, "and, to quiet your fears, and remove any doubt you may still entertain, I will swear by any form of oath you may prescribe, or any other assurance, never to depart from your conditions or disobey your commands."

"The oaths and promises of a captive to regain his liberty are rarely canceled when he is free," said Preciosa, "and it is, I fear, much the same with the lover who, to obtain his desire, would promise the wings of Mercury and the thunderbolts of Jove, as indeed a certain poet once promised me, and swore it solemnly by the Stygian lake. No, Señor Andrew, I will have no oaths, no promises, but desire to leave all to the result of this probation. And it shall be mine to take care of myself, if at any time you should think of displeasing me."

"Be it so," said Andrew; "I only beg one favor of my comrades, and that is that I may not be forced to steal anything for a month to come, for I am sure I shall require a good deal of tutoring to make me a thief."

"Never fear you that, my son," said an old Gipsy, "we will give you a few lessons in such a manner that you will turn out an eagle in our craft, and when you are once initiated, you will find so much to like in it, that you will be ready to eat your fingers they will itch so for practice. What is finer than to go out empty-handed in the morning, and return loaded at night to your tent?"

"And with a whipping," said Andrew, "as I have seen many of your *Jargers* return."

"Well," the old man replied, "there's no catching trout dry shod. All things in life have their perils, and one who steals is liable to the galleys, the whipping post, or the gallows; but because one ship at sea encountered a gale and is lost, shall the commerce of the world flag for want of sailors? Though I agree it would be an excellent thing to have no soldiers, because war consumes men and horses. Beside, to be whipped by a magistrate, to us is a badge of honor, though true it is better worn on the shoulder than on the breast. The main point is not to run the risk of getting blame without the game, and not to be caught for our first adventure, beyond that we care no more for having our shoulders dusted, or for singeing to the heat of an ear in a galley, than we do for a rush. Therefore, for the present, my son, keep snug under our wings in your nest, and so well will we teach you how to fly, and that, too, where you shall not return without prey, that the end of it will be, that you will fairly feel your heart leap for joy at the idea of a theft."

"In the meanwhile," said Andrew, "here are two hundred gold crowns which I divide among the company as a sort of compensation for what I might bring in, during my vacation, by thieving."

The words were hardly out of his mouth ere he was caught up by several strong fellows, who hoisted him upon their shoulders, and carried him along, shouting, "Long live the great Andrew, and Preciosa, his beloved!" The women did the same with Preciosa, while Christiana and the other girls who were present looked on with feelings of envy; for

every dwells in the tents of barbarians, and in the huts of the shepherds, as well as in the palaces of kings; and when another takes whom we seem to equal, the spirit is tried and weighed down with weariness. After this expression and acclamation of joy, the money was equitably shared and a hearty dinner dispensed, during which the praises of Andrew were repeated, and the beauty of Preciosa extolled to the heavens. When night came on, the mule was killed and buried no deep as to leave Andrew without a fear of its leading to his discovery; and they buried with it saddle, bridle, girths, and every article of trapping, after the custom of Indians, whose ornaments are laid with them in the grave.

Andrew was surprised at all he had seen and heard, as at the great shrewdness of the Gipsies, and he resolved to continue with them, but not mix himself in the customs of the tribe any further than it might be necessary. He resolved to liberate himself by his purse as far as possible from joining them in any acts of injustice.

On the following day he requested them to break up the camp, in order to put a greater distance between himself and Madrid, fearing to be recognized if he continued any longer where he was. They told him they had already concluded to make their way to the mountains of Toledo, and from thence scour the surrounding country, and lay it under contribution. In due time they began their march, offering Andrew an ass to ride; but he refused it, and chose to travel on foot, and serve as an attendant to Preciosa, who rode triumphantly on another ass. She was highly pleased with her gallant and graceful acquire, while he was delighted to be so near to her whom he had chosen as the mistress of his freedom.

Oh, thou art powerful indeed whom men call the sweet god of bitterness—which title thou bearest from our idleness and weakness—how certainly dost thou enslave us! How dost thou use us without pity! How sorrowfully dost thou bind us! Here was Andrew, a knight, a youth of excellent parts, of good education, brought up almost all his days at court, maintained in affluence by his noble parents; yet since yesterday such a change has been wrought in him that he has deceived his friends and servants, disappointed the hopes of his parents, and abandoned the road to Flanders, where he was to have exercised his valor, and increase the honor of his line; he has prostrated himself like a lackey at the feet of a girl who, though she is exquisitely beautiful, is but a Gipsy. Oh, but what wonderful is thy prerogative! No resistance dost thou fear, but smile to see the strongest will bowing at thy feet and submitting to thy yoke!

In four days' march the Gipsies arrived at a small, pleasant village, about two leagues from Toledo, where, after having left some articles of silver and other valuables with the Alcalde of the district as a pledge that they would steal nothing in his territories, they pitched their tents. This done, all the old Gipsy women, some young ones, and the men spread themselves over the country to the distance of four or five leagues from their encampment.

Andrew went along with them to take his first lessons in thievery; but though they gave him many excellent examples in the expedition, he did not seem to profit by any of them. But on the contrary, being a high-born man, every theft committed by his masters wrung his very soul; and not unfrequently he paid for, their deprecations out of his own pocket, unable to withstand the tears of those poor people who had suffered. The Gipsies were in great trouble at this conduct, and plainly told him it was in direct opposition to their laws and statutes, which absolutely prohibited the admission of compassion into their hearts; for if they once allowed it to sway them, they must cease to be thieves, and that could not be entertained at any rate. Andrew, finding this state of things, begged the privilege of thieving by himself, assuring them he was nimble enough to run from danger, and did not fear to encounter it, and then the prize or the penalty would be exclusively his own. The Gipsies endeavored to dissuade him from this, telling him that occasions might occur when he might require the assistance of companions, as well to attack as to defend; and that one pair of hands could not secure much booty.

Andrew, however, persisted in his resolution to become a solitary robber, intending to separate from the gang and buy with his money what he could claim to be stolen, and thereby burden his conscience as little as possible.

In this way, in less than a month, he brought more profit to the gang than any four of the most expert fellows among them.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Wearing Shawls. A shawl is both graceful as a garment, and picturesque in its appearance. We regretted that the wearing of them was so soon given over, for it was evident that the fault lay with the lack of taste in the wearing. An observing writer in a New York paper sets out with a round and energetic defence of the shawl as an outer garment for men. He states that, "in the first place, the appearance of the human being, when wrapped up in it, is less rigid, the outline presenting a figure that is easy and graceful. If picturesque effect alone be considered, the shawl may be as adjusted as to more nearly resemble the dress worn by the ancients than any other article which has been introduced for years. This is at least a consideration in its favor. But the great point to be regarded is, that while easily carried and not liable to accident, the shawl may be better adapted to the weather than any other article of dress worn at this season. A little knowledge of the art of folding it will enable one to prepare himself against a cold blast, a rain storm proceeding from any particular direction, or snow, hail, etc. The overcoat is still the same, whether the day be moderately warm, keenly cold, or fiercely stormy. There is no improvement of which it is capable, nor, on the other hand, can its surplus benefits be decreased in the slightest. But the shawl may assume any conceivable shape or size, may be made to afford the greatest protection wherever this is most needed, and if none should be required, it may be thrown over the arm, slung down on the back of a railroad car seat, or otherwise disposed of without creating a disagreeable wrinkle in its fringe. It is as unassuming as it is really beautiful and serviceable. Another point in its favor is, that it can be put off and on with less damage to an undercoat than can the overcoat. Its relative cheapness is also a consideration with all except those who believe in the maxim, 'the more cost the more honor.'"

Life, we are told, is a journey; and to see the way in which some people eat, you would imagine they were taking in provisions to last them to their journey's end.

Written for the Banner of Light. **THE SNOW.** BY FLORA. Drop down, oh, voiceless snow! And thus, where'er you go, Spread brightness there; Weave the earth's mantle white, And lay it soft and light, With heavenly radiance bright, A garment fair.

We raise our searching eyes To dull and leaden skies— No beauty there; But lo! from Nature's frown There cometh slowly down Earth's fairest, purest crown, That she can wear.

And thus when clouds droop low Above our voiceless woe, We may behold The white wings of God's love Brightly the still air move, Till white-robed, we may rove In his best fold.

East Medway, Mass., 1860.

Written for the Banner of Light. **A SPIRIT'S WANDERINGS.** LIFE-PICTURES.

BY CORA WILBURN. PART SECOND.

Close by the tempted heart of an unquiet sleeper, the watching Spirit stood, and showered peace and strength upon the stillness; brought to the maiden's dream-sight the angel face of the long-departed mother, shadowed by mild and sorrowing rebuke. The scenes of early childhood were before her; the very fragrance of the roses, gathered by her little hands, was wafted on the midnight air; again the golden skies of youth and promise encircled the familiar landscape; the vesper-song of birds drew tears of longing and regret from the sleeper's eyes; and, in her heart, long-tried and sorely-tempted, arose the strong and virtuous resolve; the angel consoled, and bade the false alluring voice be still. From her mother's eyes a ray of love and light celestial fell, piercing the darkness so long enshrouding the Spirit's clear and holy vision. From the watching Spirit's hand, a token flower of strength and fragrance, an evergreen of immortal bloom fell to her feet; and the faint, sweet, distant music of the unseen angel-choir promised the victory and the peace that was to be attained through conflict. Strengthened, beautified, exalted, the maiden awoke, unconscious of the angel visitant that had stood, a faithful ally beside her battling soul throughout the night.

The silence of midnight, deep, starless, gloomy, lay upon the city the rushing, moaning waters laving the deserted shores. The Spirit, heaven-commissioned to do good to all, perceived a human figure amid the darkness, creeping stealthily toward the flowing river, intent on finding oblivion for life's miseries within its dark and cooling flood. The unseen watcher approached, peered lovingly into the man's pale and agonized face; struck tenderly upon the living, quivering, and responsive chords of feeling humanity had not cared to touch so long, and spoke to him in soul-murmurs and heart-uprisings of the God, the loving Father; of immortality, the blessed boon of life; of love to be restored, and happiness attainable by conflict with sorrow, and victory over trial; of the joy and glory of overcoming, until "I feel there is a God," fell reverently from the pale lips of the life-weary one.

"And he has given immortality to his children!" whispered the consoling voice.

"But I am tired of life, of struggling with adverse fate, of meeting with cold and stony hearts! I am so weary of life's contrasts; the marble palaces, the tottering hovels; the wide, beautiful, fertile valleys, and the thronging, surging cities where crime and misery resort to revel and to die! I am weary, heart-sick of the falsities of humanity; the artificial smiles, the looks of scorn, the mummon-worship, and the decoration of love's holy name! Oh, let me find peace within the flowing river, a better life beyond, if life indeed there be, the transit past!"

"No, no!" murmured musingly the Spirit voice, that, penetrating to the depths within, aroused the slumbering sense of right; the dormant energies and frozen sympathies of that long-tried soul. "Go not rashly, heedlessly, into that realm thine intuitions tell thee of; in thy poetic fancy thou hast painted in magic coloring its heavenly delights; its music sounds have greeted thee; thou hast felt its paradisaic airs; inhaled its fragrant thought-comings. Oh, let not gross, material sorrow veil its splendors from thy sight! Have faith, have courage! I have hope, even in that humanity that has cast thee forth to die! Thy heart beats warm and glowing with its heavenward aspirations; other hearts as finely tempered, other souls as deeply chastened shall respond. In the illumined universe of God lives all thy soul demands for happiness. Oh, wait a little while; suffer, be strong, be angel-like in endurance! I, the voice of God, will reveal to thee the coming morning, and bid thee wait; not enter unannounced the land of fruition, lest it change its aspect of welcoming beauty to thy changed soul; and a wide, arid waste, a gloomy, threatening sky, await thee, in place of the flower-land, the poetic realm of thy true dreams."

Thus spoke to his unfolding consciousness the voice within, urged to the timely utterance of the Spirit visitant that hovered near. A flood of saving tears gushed from the lone one's eyes; a weight of woe was lifted from his crushed heart. With an unspoken prayer of thankfulness he left the spot, and was the next day rescued from want and misery by the saving hand and sympathy of one of earth's true philanthropists.

To the assemblages of the gay and wealthy, where, long after midnight, the merry music sounded, and the dance went on, the Spirit sped; and in gay, frivolous, unthinking hearts, touched the first springs of thought, aroused the first throbs of awakening feeling and reflection. Even amid those barriers to aspiration, fashion, mirth and enjoyment, the spirits of the young and thoughtless felt the kindred chain of sympathy that bound them to the world without. Passing thoughts, perhaps soon discarded, yet pure and beautiful, and instructive in their angel-passing, amid the intoxicating whirl of fashion and worldliness.

Over the dreamer's soul the spirit shed the benign influences of the Spirit's home and joy; and from the deep, refreshing slumber, poet and painter awoke with renewed inspiration; richer glowing the pencil dints of fancy; soul-stirring, the voices of song rolled forth; the musician's strains borrowed the breathings of spirit-life and melody.

The mourning mother beheld, once pillowed on

her form, the curly head of the departed angel; the fondly longing little sister kissed again the ruy mouth; the household chain was unbroken then. The orphan, dreaming of her mother's form, beheld advancing from the willow's shade the form all glorified, the dear familiar face of her long woe for. Waru and smiling, a mother's hallowed touch rested on her drooping brow; her voice, so tender in its melody, spoke to the child of heaven, of trust and faith. That dreamer awoke to life and care, with faith renewed and heart strengthened for the battle of life; for she had seen the beautiful and loving mother who dwelt in Heaven.

The pure, closed eyes of sinless babes, beheld with spirit vision the forms of chorubs hovering near; their hands unfeeling touched the immortal flowers that decked their brows, and toyed with the golden curls of these, their angel visitants. Fair, healthful and innocent childhood departed, free in spirit, through the Eden lands; and maidens, pure and truthful, saw the altars of immortal love decked in all the spiritual glory of their native holiness, up reared upon the mounts of wisdom, the angel-chose sites of undying loveliness.

To the receptive soul what glimpses of the higher consciousness, what floods of light and showered rainbows of truth were brought by the watchful guardian! What gleams of beauty, far transcending all the daily life's imaginings, what strains of triumphant harmony, what echoes of the songs of heart and youth, sublimated into divine expression, came to the longing, prayerful soul in sleep, of the toilet, the discarded, the meanest of mankind! Over far rowed brows the pence angel breathed and left a blessing; over suffering hearts the balm-touch of angels lingered; on mourning souls the sunlight glory of the great awakening was shed; the gates of spirit-life opened wide and radiant for the weeping troupe; that passed on, rested awhile, and returned with beaming faces and joyous hearts, thankful for that dream-glimpse of heaven.

On the stormy sea, the Spirit whispered hope to the mariner; to the coils of the condemned that presence brought the ministering light of God. It stayed the murderer's uplifted hand, and cast aside the foul temptation. Amid the darkness many gleams of light met the glad Spirit's sympathizing eye; in the hardest heart was found the one lone sanctuary, where some holy angel dwelt; some hallowed memory, some cherished hope, some heavenward aspiration dwelt in every human soul, darkened, stained and fallen though it was.

The Spirit returned to the beautiful shores where "sorrow and death may not enter," the wall of earth, the heart of her children, yet arose, often clearing the summer clouds of that upper world; and drawing thence its beneficent dwellers, its consolation-bringing messengers, its ministering consolations. And the Spirit, once commissioned to bring peace and aid to earth, slugs gladly of the God-light dwelling in each human breast, of the redemption song uprising, alike from saved humanity and saving angels' lips; and loud and joyously the anthem swells: "Glory to God, whose attribute is love, whose chief delight is mercy!"

OUR LIFE BOAT.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Though dark clouds oppress us, and storms lower near, Our bark o'er the waters still bravely we steer— Our motto is onward, with Truth for our guide, In the light of whose teachings we safely confide.

Though the friends of to-day on the morrow take leave, And the hearts that we trusted do falsely deceive, Though the dark hour threatens—though sorrows be tide— On Hope's airy plunions still proudly we glide.

We leave in the distance each doubt and each care, And our hearts for the battle of life we prepare; Our motto still onward—still true to our trust, We never surrender—and conquer we must.

Though the waters of life, sometimes gloomy and dark, In their fierce, angry waves, almost swamp our frail bark— Yet the rude shoals and quicksands shall never o'erwhelm, While our motto is onward, and Truth's at the helm.

Though our fortunes should change—though wealth should take wing— Followed close by the friend whom his bonny did bring; Though foes should beset us—our pathway assail, With our eyes on the motto, we'll still stem the gale.

Then o'er the rude waves, in our bark light and free, We defy every danger on life's troubled sea; Our flag floats aloft o'er friend and o'er foe, While the bright star above lights the pathway we go.

Though dark clouds oppress us and storms lower near, Our bark o'er the waters still bravely we steer— Our motto is onward, with Truth for our guide, In the light of whose teachings we safely confide.

San Francisco, Cal.

What do you Want?

Is not that just the most difficult thing for a man to tell? Who truly knows what he does want? Emerson says there are three wants which can never be satisfied: that of the rich, who wants something more; that of the sick, who wants something different, and that of the traveler, who says, "Anywhere but here." The Turkish said to Layard, "After the fashion of thy people thou hast wandered from one place to another, until thou art happy and content in none." My countrymen are not less infatuated with the rocco toy of Italy. All America seems on the point of embarking for Europe. But we shall not always traverse seas and lands with light purposes and for pleasure, as we say. One day we shall cast out the passion for Europe, by the passion for America. Culture will give gravity and domestic rest to those who now travel only as not knowing how else to spend money. Already, who provoke pity like that excellent family party just arriving in their well appointed carriage, as far from home and any honest end as ever? Each nation has asked successively, "What are they here for?" until at last the party are shamefaced, and anticipate the question at the gates of the town." And then he adds, in his sweeping summary, which contains, too, the pith of all his previous reflections—"Genial manners are good, and power of accommodation to any circumstance, but the high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born with a bias to some pursuit, which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets, or broadsword, or canals, or statutes, or songs."

Just for Christy.

Do not forget those who may be more unfortunate than yourself, in this wintry weather. A very little, not performed in kindness and at the right moment, will go a great way, further than a mere profession at any time. The beauty of a gift is in its timeliness. A little too late is as bad as not at all. We ought not to think, either, that we who give are therefore better than they who take; we should rather be grateful for the privilege of giving.

MAN IN GENERAL, AND MAN AS HE WAS, AS HE IS, AND AS HE WILL BE.

A BROADCASTER DELIVERED BY L. JUDG FARRER, AT FORT-WORTH HALL, NEW YORK, SUNDAY EVENING, AUG. 10, 1890—REVISED AND EXTENDED.

The use of all Impartation and teaching, from whatever source, is suggestive—suggestive to either the rational, the intuitive, or the inter-conscious faculties. But suggestion becomes authority when intellect, intuition or inter-consciousness accepts it as embodying truth; for truth is positive to man, and must ever be authority to him in sympathy, or oneness with it. I would seek to address not only your intellect, but simply your intuition, nor yet alone your innermost consciousness, but, if possible, all three. If, however, I may not reach the full trinity in you, I yet trust to address, unto acceptance, at least one member of this firm in the trinity—your intuition, or your intellect. But we must get an rapport on some one, if not all, of these planes, else I can no more impart, and you receive, than one man eat sliced tomatoes and drink soda or any other water with a shut mouth. We should be open and receptive, not blocked up with a positive antagonism of preconception, on whatever of the three planes we may chiefly dwell. A barred door admits no incoherer. And as everybody and thing may suggest, I would seek to suggest to you some thoughts on Man.

Not entering, to-night, into an inquiry as to the specific nature of the soul or inmost substance of man—hoping to do that on some other occasion here—go to what it is, where it is situate, and how, precisely, it manifests itself through its media; nor yet considering him as an anatomical and physiological mechanism, I would remark, first, that there is a grand and profound significance in the fact, generally accepted by the subtler and more interior thinkers, of man's microcosmic nature. So, Edgar A. Poe's clairvoyant subject, when interrogated as to the soul, responded, it was God; and when questioned again, replied it was not. The soul, assumed to be such in the account, here got a perception of the microcosmic nature of this soul, and how that a negative universe, it had wrapped up in it, as the plan of an oak in an acorn, the germs of all sciences, arts, languages, laws, and the unplumbed or unmappped future. For ever does the soul of man, a negative microcosm, respond to the touch and impregnation of the positive macrocosm. I think the most searching, subtle and explorative thinkers in our ranks do not, while they accept the fact itself, apprehend, with a full consciousness and knowledge of its verity, this verity itself as respects the nature of us.

As some things it is hard to get with entire and easy manipulation. And yet it seems to me that "the plan of all the universe, and the light of every star," is embodied and contained within us; and not without proof to me is the declaration of an exalted intelligence, through our as yet unmastered spiritualistic or celestianistic poet, that

"The universe is like the human soul; For every faculty is one man's mind; There is a corresponding world of souls, A sun-sphere and a planetary star."

Compounded of natural, spiritual and celestial substance, we contain elements relating and affiliating us to the three-fold universe of mind and matter; and by the fact of the interlinkings or connections, no matter how subtle or discrete, of all that is, we are in the end related to whatever else is embodied in the boundless infinitives. But thoughts of things, knowledges of the macrocosm, and individualized consciousness of what is therein, specifically, can only be ours as that positive macrocosm impregnates us. We have stuff, indeed, in us to respond to the vast without, but we must have the touch and impregnation. Why, you may wrap a grain of wheat seed in a mummy's stocking and allow it to rot, and keep it fended from the light of day, in catacomb chambers, for three thousand years, and though the germ-life remains—sleeping, as it were, not dead—in the midst of this darkness and this death, it cannot spring forth into productive fruit-life till it receives the vitalizing impregnation of the sun's light, and the refreshment of dew and rain. Nay, as we know, it must first be planted in the bosom of a woman's mind. So the microcosm, man, would never give forth what is within, nor unfold in the blossom and bloom of a rich, individualized life, unless the germs were impregnated by and touched with the positive and ennobling manipulation of the macrocosm. Stir must be unto these evolutions—then there is progress; and into this every-thing—

What, let me ask, in this connection, is to be practically understood by the macrocosm? A response might be made at once—the whole. Well, yes, the whole in one sense—the immediate and the practical. For, though the term may legitimately be applied to the unbounded and mapless of the infinite existences, whose white ether-ness, like a mirror fixed in the frame of the universe, reflects the shining face of God and the splendor of that infinite one, or, like seas, is plowed by millions of his blinding fire-ships, suns and stars; practically, as referential to man's state and needs, for thousands of years, brightening on their way, it, to my mind, may be said to comprehend simply the cause and the effect-sphere. Is not the celestial the one, and the natural the other? While the spiritual seems to me but the intermediate and the plane of means. The first is the innermost, the latter the inner, and the outer is the natural. So man, the microcosm, is an outer being as to his body and intellect, an inner being as to his mind—synonymous, this, I take it, with the spirit-form, but conveying, also, the thought of developed intelligence—and an innermost existence as to his unparticled and indestructible celestial substance.

And thus I am led to the trinities—to the trinities in us corresponding to the trinity of the Holy One. Now, as our whole internal organization—called by some the spiritual form, and a double and brighter part of the entire external economy, but brighter and vastly more beautiful in its pure estate—is a medium and mechanism for the various manifestation of soul-consciousness, I term that constructive the mind. It is the old nomination, and I think the better one, as I shall try to show. It exists through brain and body; for while the cerebral mass, a congeries of nervous ganglia, is the principal medium for the manifestation of intelligent life, it is not the only one. Mind winds through, and dwells in the entire bodily form. This last is threaded and crossed with nervous substance, through which may be said to be conveyed to the central consciousness various knowledges. It is spirit or mind, running through the corporeal, I know, which receives and conveys intelligence; but that spirit uses the nerves, in streaks or in bundles, as media for transmission. And so the whole body may be full of light, streaming with intelligence. From and through the palms of the hands, from the soles of the feet, from the pit of the stomach, where magnetic poles are located, from various other parts, especially, as from the whole, generally, intelligence may travel to the soul. A true phrenology must, I think, embrace and teach a knowledge of the intellectual mediumship of the body as well as of the brain. Thus, then, as our spiritual forms become refined, intensified and individualized to a high degree, we shall seem all soul; while that spirit-body—mind, I call it—may in actuality be full of winged children, immortal thoughts.

I am speaking of trinities. Man made in the image of the Infinite—so anciently with truthfully declares—and the universe form of that Infinite is that of a grand man—should correspond to his present-source. God is a trinity. As you may not get something from nothing, all errors, myths and taught falsities—but misconceptions, these, and misstatements of verities—have a basis, foundation in an original rise from the truth. So the doctrine of the trinity is a true one; but it is mis-estimated and mis-stated. What is the truth here, then? Are not love, wisdom and truth the real trinity of Deity? Such they are, I think, and manifested, correspondential with the character of each plane of his Infinite Essence, on all the planes thereof. Love is God's divine life, anywhere; wisdom is the form that life takes, so vast and various; and truth is the use of life and form. Or, we may, perhaps, more correctly say that love is God's life, wisdom the inherent affinity of particles and atoms of that life-seeking form, and that truth is the form itself,

its corresponding use and power. These three glad us others. Love is the mother of religion, wisdom the father of science, and truth the parent of philosophy. Love is legislative, wisdom is judicial, and truth executive.

If the Divine, then, is a trinity of love, wisdom and truth, so should man, the microcosm, be likewise. Is not, now, he a form as to his back-brain, where the affections or essences of soul, so sweet and holy in their sphere, manifest themselves? Is he not a wisdom as to his top-brain? And, lastly, a truth as to his front? Truly, it seems to me that truth, which is specific, which is well defined in itself, and mathematical in its distinctly-outlined life and use, addresses man's front-brain. While wisdom is a visitor to no less than the very crown, love, or all sweet affection, of whatever quality, finds sphere and expression—does it not?—in the posterior cerebrum. There is, indeed, something truly wonderful, till thoroughly understood, in the fact of our cerebral correspondences to the Infinite—and that a trinity.

But yet again, as to this tri-unity: Man has thoughts, ideas come to him, and sentiments, likewise, are his. Where do either come to or go from? Recognizing the brain as the principal, primary, outer medium or vehicle of the mind—which of itself is but the medium of the innermost soul-substance and consciousness—what part of the brain is distinctively missioned and sphered to take hold of thoughts, to, in a certain sense, the affording of negative substance for impregnation by positive substance—generate thought? Is it not the front brain? And thoughts are things—or no things. A thought is—is it not?—just as much a thing as an odorous emanation, long since scientifically proved to be atomic substance. What, distinctively, is a thought however? I should be free to affirm that a thought is and must be a combination. Can you get anything but what is a birth? And to have a birth, or product, must not, in every case, an impregnating or positive, and a receptive, impregnated or negative, substance or condition be presumed and assumed? Thoughts, then, are results, combinations, births, from the impress made upon the consciousness through the front brain, by a particular and streaming part of the macrocosm. In other words, a marriage of the macrocosm produces children—to the front brain of thoughts, to the top brain of ideas, and to the back brain of sentiments. All is substance. Man and the universe and all therein objective to him throw out lines of electric life and light—and a thought is the result of the impress made upon the intellect by a fact and a distinct cause. Substance marries substance, and thought is born. If now, thoughts are things, can they be conveyed and do they travel? Assuredly we do give and receive them—do we not? And, to my mind, in a certain and clear sense, thoughts are locomotive. The common feeling with respect to front brain fullness and relief by speech or writing indicates how the truth and fact are herein. But many find it difficult to conceive of the substantiality of a thought and its conveyance or travel. We might, indeed, affirm that thought, like light, does and does not travel—though the comparison is not exactly a legitimate one. For light is in everything, but thought is not, through intelligibility, according to its various kind is. Now a man gives but the body of his thought; for though it may be informed and set on fire of life, and flash and glow again by infused spirit-substance of feeling—deeper and finer than thought itself—as it comes forth, like hot shot from the citadel and batteries of the intellect, yet the inmost or soul of any thought we get goes, or is attracted, to the deeper and finer recesses of the mind, if not to the central consciousness itself. In no else wise can we logically dispose of the seeming contradiction, that, if we give a thought, we still remain possessors of it. If, for instance, I have a good sized Bartlett pear in my pocket, and give it to some one, certainly no pear remains with me. So, we might affirm that if a thought is given it cannot still be a possession. And yet I know thoughts travel—are conveyed. Now here is the precise point. We do not give the inner or spirit of any thought, in reality, no matter how it may go blazing from us, kindling the light of mind in another. We but give the body of it. But this body of one man's thought may be so fine and spiritual as to be and seem very spirit to a coarser mind. A man never receives thought precisely as you have it—its not so? The thought-substance given forth, gently conveyed, winding out slowly, or shot with flame and fire of a mind aglow with its apprehended use, must be married or mingled with front-brain-substance in another, and so a thought, like yours, but not it, is born to that one, quickly or slowly as may be. You may call this image your thought upon another, or arousing in him, or her, a correspondent perception—a think—but, nevertheless, substance goes forth and enters. And that substance you impart has the form of your thought—possession. It is not just as true and a reality, that thought substance leaves the front brain of one received into it, as that, when lovers meet in light, converse them, or, as from after flash, an invisible electric sympathy lines thought or sentiment of each to each of these? Is not even reflection, as in a mirror, and a shadow something? So, all love, like all soul and thought, is substance, or—nothing.

The soul of every thought is either niched in the holy shrine and pantheon of consciousness, or is kept in the halls of inner-mind. I should think the latter. So memory is predicated, and the reproduction of that thought again, in the intellect, or front brain, where coarser substance is than the soul itself. Yes, thoughts do travel—from star to star, from minds on earth to minds afar, and from realms of spirit, where radiant and august conveles of those people an angel brain, down a many million-leagued way to a mind receptive here. Thoughts, too, have and brood o'er the world's intellectual consciousness, circulating as they do through its mental atmosphere. This thing, shot from the individual mind-sphere of a man by speech or by writ, or launched into the general mental ocean, leaves there its limited rotation, and finds circulation vast. One man will draw from this reservoir by attraction, and we know the thought elements and forms of the discovery or invention may visit several minds, in million-like of state, at nearly identical times. Millions of thoughts, like stars, are being sown as seeds from angel spheres to this.

Thoughts are specialists; and, as truth is specific, we get thoughts of truths; but ideas of the relation of truths—and that is wisdom. A truth is a use; or, rather, the life of a use is a truth, and its body a fact. And as uses are well defined in their sphere, like a standing statue, we get thoughts of them. But as respects ideas, there is difference. These last come to and address the coronals of us. I have said we get ideas of the relation of truths. But we get, too, ideas of principles. I make distinction between truths and principles. These last are vast, universal; but the other are more special. For instance, the principle of liberty is not exactly the truth of liberty; but we may get many truths from this one principle, just as we may get many thoughts of an idea. Nor is the principle of affinity the truth of it; but the principle of affinity affords us various truths. Now I do not perceive an idea, as various a principle, but rather, the result of the positive impress made upon the consciousness, through the top-brain, by a principle. As these all are but the method of action of substance, substance impresses the top-brain—and an idea is born. Ideas are resolved and crystallized into specific thoughts by one and one special parent may partition a myriad brood of thought-children.

Idea, we say, then, address the wisdom-department or coronal region; and it is the office of wisdom to see, through ideas, the relation of principles. Principles rise above and extend around and overlap principles, as heavens pile upon heavens, and stars look down upon and throw embrace light around yet other stars.

Idea, then, is the conception we have of a reality, vast and grand beyond us—whose conception is the result of an impress of the verity; but a thought is limited, strictly defined, in its clear, full form-life, and graduated to that plane we live upon, the without or the within. An idea is like the general area of these United States; but a thought is each mapped town and village, and city or country home. It is an idea which shakes as with strong

hands a nation; and forth from its plenum of self come the strong thoughts, mighty colors and phantasies, an army of fact and ideas, to establish the new dominion. Are we not living in the opening age of related ideas, constructive and salvatory? So do we need, now, the pliancy of their affections, a numerous band of strong-armed thoughts, to pull down obstruction, and open and clear the way for the kingdom to come. Ideas are generalists.

What are sentiments? As they are addressed to, and nourish and stimulate the affectional in man, so they are from the affectional in him. A sentiment is not exactly a thought nor an idea—nor yet is it mere tendency. A sentiment—is it not a substance, an affectional substance, born in us from the impress made upon us by the love-life of the macrocosm or of some microcosm? But as all life has some form, so sentiment—like thought and idea—must have some form. It is not a wily thing, though it may oft seem to be, and lacking the precision of a thought. The intense and more regular our love-life, the more clear and vivid and formalized the sentiment. And I affirm that we give and receive sentiments, just as a flower gives of its invisible substance in the shape of an emanation. So affectional compartments of the cerebrum, thus, are depots of a great sedimental commerce, much carried on, just as the front and top brains, respectively, are for dissimilar goods of the selfhood. Sentiments, because from the various love-life in us—Self, Conjugal, Paternal, Fraternal, Filial, Universal—are varieties.

But the trinities still claim attention; and I find each of us to be beings independent as to the front brain, sub-dependent as to the coronals, and inter-dependent as to the posterior cerebrum. Neither of us are absolutely one of these, but all; for we are complex arrangements. Now much is proclaimed in this inspirational and rational age as to the individuality and independence of us, and 'tis well said when 'tis said—provided the qualifying remainders are accepted and understood. No man stands alone like a slot tower on a plain, or an Eastern pyramid built on desert wastes—not alone in his, either as respects superior planes of life to which he tends, or as respects present inter-dependences. Can it be truly said that, in any sense, man is absolutely free and independent? Absolutely he is not free—relatively he is. The seeming freest man that is, is partially, and in a certain sense, the subject of his showmaker. Is that a free and independent body that has lost one leg? We do not acquire freedom by restraint, nor a full individual life by leaping off some needed part.

Now it seems to me each of us is independent through the front brain—for that individualization is it not the office of the intellect or rational faculties to give us a defined sense of selfhood? Here it is that digestion or crystallization of thought goes on; and we get strictness and strength of individuality through the corresponding assimilation. Any other sort of strong individualism, such as is conferred by a big will and self-esteem is spurious, and more like the animalistic measure. Intellect, then, individualizes; and it, or the knowing faculty, is but another name for external reason—the real reason embracing the unseen as well as the seen. What, let me ask, is rebekation? I answer, a combination of perceptions. All thinking, to my mind, is seeing, and a thought of a thing, thus, is a sight of it. The intelligent planes in man have a sight more than Argus-eyed; and, as light exists in everything, from a mound to a mountain, and from a ball of iron to burning iron, knowledge is sight, and light points with shining finger the path and travel of consciousness.

Sub-dependences and inter-dependences are the limitations of independence. Because man is an immortal and a progressive being, he is a dependent, one; and in highest status of development and individualization—divine individualization—wherein the celestial substance responds to divine or celestial planes of existence substantial, and there is given to consciousness a sense of "oneness with God," or intercommingling of divine elements within to divine elements without—the celestial understood as the special divine, as respects inferior and lower planes—in this condition, I say, man is specially sub-dependent. It is not his destiny to reach and dwell in just that state? A predominance of front over top brain yields rational individuality; but of top over front, on the other hand, and corresponding development of affection understood, a divine individuality. The advanced amongst us, or whatever the light of this dawning trine gospel is given, tend thitherward irresistibly.

I have said man was a sub-dependent being, because a progressive one; for progress can only be predicated from the unfolding of divine germs and coming forth of divine possibilities wrapped up, fold within fold, in the innermost. Nor can such unfolding result, save as the divine light of inspiration and divine beat of holy ghost (or holy magnetism) descends reach, and touch, and vivify, impregnatingly, the seeds of the possible in the soil of self. Hence religio-spiritual life, its need and its use. Indeed, as we may get a deeper inspiration—negative and receptive states to the which inspiration comes—than an intuition—in positive status from which intuitions or interior sights go forth, find that we are, by necessity, especially religious, or religio-spiritual beings, at the centers of consciousness. I know the feeling acceptance of the life of any use makes a man religious on its plane, just as the perception of its form and body makes him scientific; but I make contradiction between uses natural, spiritual and celestial, and denominate that the highest and deepest and divinest which comes from or to highest, deepest, divinest planes of us. The celestialist is especially a religiousist, for affectionately he has a profound consciousness of his correlation to divine or celestial spheres; and divine substance in himself responds to divine substance there. The great law of affinity takes hold of everything with ele-rio fingers.

Inter-dependence claims us, likewise. As we are independent through the front brain, and sub dependent through the top, so we are inter-dependent through the back brain, where the affections find sphere of display, and radiate their various life. Socialists are inter-dependence—and is not man, are not we, nearly as much social as independent? Certain to me it is that any one neglectful of this great fact, must suffer even in diminution, and to starved and lean conditions, of selfhood. Man is man, large and good and great, as he is rounded out. Block him up, wall him in, starve out of him, or let lie stagnant the juices of any part of his composite, trinitized life—what is he, but two-thirds, or one-third of a man? And so, further, from the fact of the inter-dependencies of man comes the necessity of association and of organization—in a word, of institutionalism. Let us make distinction between uses and abuses, and reject not what is essentially useful because it has been misused, abused. Ours it is to pick and choose, electrically, the good life and truth of everything in the past or present, and by these, with whatever of the anticipated future can be embodied, to get a composite wholeness, harmonious, beautiful, truthful, universal and inviting.

The past, the present, the future—are we not distinctly related to them? The front brain, or intellect, deals with the now; the back with the enacted; and unto the future are we allied by and through the coronal cerebrum. How does the front brain relate to the present? The present is before and around us. It constantly inter-acts instantaneously; and we take hold of living, pressing, occurring things and events, by means of electric fingers, or lines of electric life reaching out from the front brain. The now and here touch us through that, impinging upon and impregnating it—and the intellect, or adinal consciousness, is informed. Consider, for a moment, how that a headache obtunds perception, and cripples the power of intellectual application to the various business of life, positive in the present. Conject your front brain, and you are forthwith unfit for the more momentous now. But we are related to the past, also, and specially through the back brain; for the affections cling to the past. Intellect is dismissive, but affection is adhesive. To travel back we must retrovert ourselves. So consciousness, then, instead of moving forces forward, plays cerebrally back, and we retrospect by this activity. Hence we all have the power of retrospection as well as of pro-spection—from disclosed results may we tread down the avenues of the dead ages, even then as a living life, an embodi-

ment, and associate the transpired. Then the spirit of the past speaks to us, revealing the once incarnated habit. By well, indeed, did the ancients appreciate this connection with the past through the back to the future—to this, also, are we related. Through the top brain we take hold of it. Tendency and destiny cling to us toward us; we rise to meet that which is to be; we become prospective. We are forward-looking, and latent propiety all of us, because interiorly, and connected with planes of existence causative to propiety, generally, outwardly—transpire. Propiety is, in its calculation—an insight prophetic—through the lines and chains of cause and effect—and it is an inspiration to us from individuals in its sphere. The soul may thus anticipate, from its own deeps, or as informed, its destiny. What shall you or I, in the fit states of unfolding, from connecting with numberless chains of causation and effectuation, and so to see the vast and diverse future? We rise to meet the as yet undisclosed through our coronals; for these are the avenues of interior mind—and, microcosmically, mind is the source of the embodied outer.

Thus, then, I have spoken of man in general—instantiating that he is a microcosm, and contains, negatively, the plan of the universe—the germs of whatever, outwardly, is macrocosmically made manifest; that he is a trinity of soul, the innermost—of mind, the inner; and of body, the outer; that he is directly related to the three-fold universe—celestial, spiritual and natural; that he is in the image of the Infinite, and a truth, love and wisdom; that thoughts come to his front brain, ideas to his top brain, and sentiments to his back brain; that the first are specialists, the next generalists, and the last varieties; that by virtue of a front brain man is an independent of a top brain a sub-dependent, and of a back brain an inter-dependent being; and lastly, that he is distinctively, through these cerebral compartments, related to the present, the future and the past—I am to conclude, briefly, with man as he was, as he is, and as he will be.

What was he? Without entering into a detail of his gradual come up, I would remark, that he was first a child of impulses; next, that he lacked rational individuality; and lastly, that he was a subject of institutionalism. Ascending as to his body—though descending as to his soul-substance from the celestial—from the animal plane he embodied the wild impulses of it; and though these were modified, and to an extent controlled, still they abounded in him, and made him from a lack of unfolded rationality and wisdom a child of impulse. Children are impulsive; and man know, as some now of the race are knowing it in the present, a childhood of his existence age gone. Because, too, impulses rationally undirected, or back-brain activity, was strong in him—too strong for the rest of his mental being, he was wanting in rational individuality. I find that back brain, situate in the coronal region, was even intensely active, yet was weak; as even now harmonizing and directing top-brain. The Greeks and Romans, however, were developed in the brain anteriorly as well as posteriorly, and these may be excepted. Now, where impulse is too strong in tendency, there must restraint be enacted; hence we find the peoples of the past subjected, instead of masters of institutionalism. The ages of force and feeling had not then given way to the era of reason or the coming one of wisdom, but wrapped the past around about like a garment. Their forces encompassed the peoples, and sought to subdue them, and men breathed their inspirations and felt their way. Bodily, the races were strong, coarse, and animalistic; intellectually, children; and spiritually, almost slaves—such were the predicaments of the past. But as the principle of progress, by which must be understood not only the method of forces working out of man, but likewise those descending upon him, impregnating and inspiring and guiding, pushed him along the troubled line and way of the ages, he passed from states of childhood to those of young manhood—the now. And what do we find ourselves to be in this present? How is the genus homo conditioned? Is he not bodily fiercer, intellectually individualized or individualizing, and interiorly or spiritually unfolding? The cerebral distinguishing of these "later days" is front brain development; and so I find that the present is the age of reason—conjoining itself, it is true, as is now becoming more and more manifest, like the sight of an approaching army, to the era of inspiration—that the general race is becoming a man of reason, possessed of rational individualism, and a protestant against a struggler with the fixed formula of institutions. Subjectivism and slavery cease as manhood is attained to; for he who can take care of himself, with just help and aid, needs not to be taken care of. Manhood, full and ripe, is attained to as a rational, harmonious individuality succeeds; and this last exhibits as the front brain sharpens and expands, spiritual baptism not wanting.

What is man to be? A vast, an unbounded destiny awaits him, doubtless. None may specify the absolute attainment. Possibilities come forth, like blooming glories. But we may generalize; and we may judge of the future by the present and the past—by the light of analogic and deductive reason apprehending whether we are to go and do what we are to be. Certainly, no longer do we doubt inspiration pushing us on, while the strong hand of a Divine stimulus, like a right hand of fire, is becoming universally felt through the body politics of peoples from its electric and burning touch and manipulation. Correspondingly, intellectually and spiritually we are being refined, since processes of spiritualization, yea, of celestialization, subtly descending in showers of magnetic life, interfuse us from the unseen; while the great motion of outer life is doubly intensified by addition from the baptismal inner. Body, mind and soul are to feel, begin to feel, the special effort; for special effort is made from out the kingdoms we tend to, and divider, intenser, and more potent than this. The God in man is coming forth, touched as it is by the many fingers of the spirit, and the possible in us is pointing by aspirative pulsation to and indicating its own attainment. What shall man be? I respond, an Angel of Wisdom in the form-top brain then ruling in harmonious union with the front and back—a possessor of a divine individuality, and the master of institutionalism. What shall make him an Angel of Wisdom? Growth and rule of the coronal faculties whereby the very innermost may find expression. What shall give a divine individualism? The harmonious unfolding of front and top and back brains—the top the chiefest in dominion, like the apex of a mountain, or the golden dome of a national capitol. What shall cause mastery of institutionalism? The very growth indicated. Institutions rightfully are for man, not against him, and shall be for him when he is positive instead of negative to them. They are for an aid, not for an impediment. When men unfold as Gods, they must cease to be slaves to anything. Unfold as Gods, did I say? I see before us a state truly divine—wherein the divinities, crystallized in character, give presence to us as it were, a superhuman. That is superhuman which is vastly beyond the present human; and, without rising to the land of enfranchised and pure spirit, whose radiant and banded angel ones, in the august majesty of their wisdom-life, present the present and flashing with the light of spirit, so richly baptismal of the now—a something and an organization human which, bodily and mentally, shall be a superhuman. We do not begin to understand or pierce to latent capacity. We but see tendency, and calculate. Is it too much to declare that a perfected and refined corporality, an enlarged, subtilized and harmonized intellectuality, and a variousness, richness and divinity of spirituality are the beckoning possible just ahead? These all the title of what man is yet to be—polarized to the without and the within—an angel of wisdom then.

We are in the bondage of old superstition, and the worship of nine hundred and ninety-nine churches in a thousand is yet tinged with the sourness illustrative of the heathen element of fear. The lightness, the gaiety, the cheer of true worship, is but little known among men. What the history of children—breaking away from masters and schools, and romping home to overpower the household with joy, such is to be the worship of God's children. The name of Father ought not to make any man tremble; that is a child.—Becher.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1860.

PUBLICATION OFFICE: 81-3 BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Single copies, one year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.00; three months, \$0.50.

CLUB RATES. Clubs of four or more persons will be taken at the following rates: One year, \$1.50; six months, \$0.75.

All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Moneys sent at our risk; but where drafts on New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.

Business Letters must be addressed, "Banner of Light," Boston, Mass. Berry, Colby & Co.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Amid the discussions that are going on about the rights of this one and the wrongs of that, it is evident to even the most careless observer that little or nothing is said about that single principle, policy, duty, or what not, which is very compactly expressed in the phrase—"Mind your own business."

We are aware how unwelcome a task it is for any man to exhort his neighbors and friends from such a text, because it is the chief of those home sins that few men like to hear talked about; while, on the other hand, he who does indeed pay the most attention to minding his own business, generally has least to say to other people about minding theirs.

But let us all sit down in a perfectly friendly temper, and agree that, if we all did practice a little more rigidly upon this wholesome precept, we should be the better off for it; how much better off, no man can presume to calculate until it has become the fashion for all to desist from meddling with others, and pay more attention to themselves.

But, shall we not interest ourselves in others, then?—ask somebody, who never before paused to think how frequently he invades his neighbor's domain. Certainly we may, good friend; and it is as certain, too, that we must, while men and women are made up of the stuff they now are; but it is wrong to call persistent meddlesomeness with another by the name of sympathy, for a genuine sympathy has just as much delicacy as it has strength, and feels convicted of having outraged itself when it has overstepped its own limitations; nothing is plainer than that it could never offend another, while on its errands of professed goodness.

Sympathy is closely related to Love; how, then, could it ever think a mean thought, utter a mean word, or be guilty of a mean act? And yet we all know that, in its name, more of all these are perpetrated, and spoken, and conceived, than under almost any other name or pretence whatever.

If—to speak directly and plainly—men did not take such pains to force their goodness, they would be really better men. If they did not actually invade others' domains with their ideas of philanthropy, they would be many times more philanthropic. What if we can see without any mistake that we occupy a decided vantage ground, socially and in point of morals, in relation to our neighbor; does that furnish us—even the very best of us—any reason for assuming that we are therefore called upon, and the best persons, to go and tell that neighbor how he ought to be, what he loses by not being nearer what we are, and what he must do if he would entitle himself even to our consideration? Does not all nature openly preach against such self-righteousness and deluded views of duty? Do not our neighbor's commonest and lowest, instincts rise in rebellion against our assumption, and refuse to be taught by force or pressure of any sort?

When men know themselves better, they will be wiser; not much before. We are aware of the extent of morbid self-knowledge that is cried up for the genuine article; but what we refer to is, that healthy knowledge of one's self that tells a person at once what are his just relations to all other men, as well as what he really is in and of himself. This twofold kind of self-knowledge is rather scarce, too. Not all men, who are sincere philanthropists likewise, understand as yet that there is a hemisphere in their natures which they have never ventured to explore. We preach against intemperance and slavery; and we are intemperate in many ways ourselves, and confess it, too; we are slaves to our own passions yet, and we even enslave others around us to those passions, and they know and feel it every day. "Telescopic philanthropy" is not the thing, however specious and flattering may be its results. It is not our business to reform others at all—we say it boldly and plainly—but to reform and regenerate ourselves; by that single process the society, the state, the nation, the whole world is reformed already. If men continue in vice and sin, are we responsible? We may, and we must, expend a world of sympathy on them; but if that expenditure hinders our own growth, we defraud ourselves and them likewise; nature refuses to be cheated, in these matters; the perfect and harmonious life for us all to bring about is that to which we are ourselves called, and not that to which others are.

Educated as the world has been in the twilight shadows of the old superstitions, it is a hard matter to make men generally think that their true lives begin and end but with themselves. We have sorely got to Popular Sovereignty yet; it will take us a long while to reach Individual Sovereignty. The June rose is a perfect thing, and buds, blows and yields up the rich fragrance of its heart, simply because that is its happy mission and office; and in doing just that, and trying to do no more, it blesses and is blessed in the circle of its pure little life. If, now, it began to pout because it was not the lily—or if, on the other hand, it neglected its own growth to stop and talk to the morning-glory, and try to induce that dear window-climber to become like itself, it is plain that its whole life would be thrown away in trying to do what it never could do, and neglecting to do just what was intended for it.

So it is with men. No man is responsible for his neighbor; he is responsible, first and last, for himself; what may be the reflex influence proceeding from that responsibility is another matter, though it is apparent at a glance. Every person ought to resolve to stay at home with himself; what he has in surplus, he will give forth imperceptibly and naturally to those who happen to be in want; and though he will impart it much more acceptably, and therefore effectively, by not interposing his own momentary

feeling of pride, or his always ambitious will. God has no man in the human heart that love conquers all other forces; and no one can indeed love another, if he persists in raising barriers in that other one's heart which are surely going to keep the profound influence of his love out altogether. It is a shallow sentimentality that all the time reaches out its open hands and prays for other people; the best prayers we can offer on their behalf are honest and sincere efforts on our own.

Somewhat, mankind cannot seem to get the old Jewish scape-goat idea out of its brains; when it has fairly recovered from the fright of the bugaboo superstitions, perhaps the scape-goat will trot off, too. Thus, it is a very common thing—because so cheap and easy—for persons to fancy that the curse is removed from their own heads by laying it on others; as, if they are guilty of dishonesty, they believe they do God service by charging others with intemperance, making others' sins the scape-goat for their own; or if they have crying social evils at their doors, they put in with all their zeal to remedy some great evil they have read of in stories about the jungles of India; or they easily get rid of the grinding servitude they impose on others near home, by crying out against the wickedness of slaveholders in Alabama. The disease is the same in all these cases, but it assumes different forms. In every instance it is a cowardly and dishonest dodging of responsibility, and seeking to fasten it altogether upon others. Not only is it calling out, as boys who quarrel and fall out are wont to call out—"You're another!"—but it is worse and meaner; it is the real old Pharisaism come back again, body and soul; it is simply—"Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men, particularly?" &c. We need not be at the trouble to say that no individual was ever known to get on in his spiritual career by the riding of the scape-goat.

What a charming world is not this going to be, when everybody in it devotes his whole time simply to minding his own business! There is no computing the magnetic power of that one principle, after it begins to exert itself. Once let such a principle be only the fashion, and it will work wonders; but, beside that, let it be made a living rule of faith, and so of conduct, and the morning has indeed risen when all the wilderness will bud and blossom like the rose. Let us try such a rule, each one of us, for but a single day; the difficulty we shall find in its faithful observance is the very best proof to be had of its imperative need in our social arrangements.

A Word on Spiritualists.

The long report which was given in last week's Banner of the experiments in Hashish eating for the deliberate purpose of abnormally acquainting their author with the mysteries of his own being, was not given from any sympathy of ours with the motives that could lead to such experiments, but rather in the ordinary course of our transcripts of a regular weekly conference. The experiments were interesting to read about, though in all cases they are dangerous to try, and in many would be fatal either to physical or spiritual unfoldment, or to both. Many other matters are reported in our columns, which we by no means endorse, and which nobody would think of our endorsing.

As for this matter of calling in mechanical, or external, aid to enable us the better to look into the laws of our complex being, we cannot countenance its practice in any way. Such insight can be but illusory and uncertain, at best, and is gained at an extravagant cost. A speaker in the Conference expressed our general views exactly, in saying that the healthful progress and natural growth made by the spirit while in the form, must of necessity be made in the normal, or conscious condition. The problem is, not how to cheat the physical out of its fair and natural influences, but how it may be made harmoniously serviceable to the wants and aspirations of the spirit with which it is married. And all experience gained in an abnormal condition, or while spirit and body are virtually dissociated, is in no sense real experience, but something so shadowy, illusive, intangible, and unreal, that the experimenter must needs return to his unnatural and self-compelled condition again, in order even to reap its conspicuous advantages. We do not, therefore, believe that any of our readers will be tempted to tamper with their finely-poised nature, where so much is to be learned now, in order to try to sound abysses from which they may not be able to return altogether sound and whole again.

Useful Inventions—Something New.

If there be any class of men in the community entitled to the name of public benefactors, it is the few who are constantly planning and outworking their thoughts into practical use. To such minds are we substantially indebted for many of the luxuries and refinements of civilized life, while every advance upon the old method of labor, either on the farm or the plantation, in the workshop, or in the factory, is the result of incessant brain labor, of this devoted and useful class known as inventors.

We feel it both a pleasure and a duty, as public journalists, when any new invention of a practical character meets our eyes, after having fully tested its merits, to present it to the attention of our readers. After numerous experiments extending through a series of years, Messrs. Warren & Ludlow, Gold pen manufacturers, at 169 Broadway, New York, have succeeded in producing a metallic combination in the manufacture of the above named article, which for elasticity, durability, finish, and indeed all other requisites, is equal to the best quality of gold pen. In connection with this is a patent double spring slide, made to work upon an ordinary pencil as a holder. The advantage of this will be apparent to bookkeepers and counting house clerks—the pencil and pen being combined by this arrangement when not in use by drawing the slide to the center of the pencil the pen is perfectly protected, and may be thrown carelessly down without receiving injury. We can safely say that we know of no invention combining in itself so many desirable objects of use, while it is furnished at about one-third the price of the old pen.

The London Spiritual Magazine.

This monthly periodical is edited with great ability. It should be in the hands of every Spiritualist in America. Contents of the December number: Gleanings in the Corn Fields of Spiritualism, by William Howitt; No. 2—The Possessions of Reichenbach; A Few Facts Regarding "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World; Spiritualism in Sweden in 1842; Singular Displacement of Coffins; The Captain Saves his Ship by a Dream, and the Comfortable old Ghost at the Ironing Table; The "Dispatch" and "Leader" on Spiritualism; Spiritualism in California; Correspondence—Ghosts in Costumes, etc.; Notices of New Books—Spirit-Rapping and Spirit-Manifestations, by a Member of the Catholic Apostolic Church. Published by F. Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row, E. C., London, England.

Letter from New Orleans.

Messrs. Burrows—Enclosed you will find an extract from the last columns of one of our dailies, in regard to some persons who have rendered themselves obnoxious by their interference with "Southern Institutions." You will observe that one of the persons is said to be a correspondent of an "Inequality sheet," mentioned as the "Banner of Light," and then as the "Banner of Light." The Spiritualists here all know that you have carefully excluded from your columns all articles directly attacking our institutions. Those opposing us (and here their name is legion) will seize upon any pretext to vent their spleen, and raise a storm around the ears of those who are known as Spiritualists; for though in the investigation of the parties accused, before the mayor, they have been cleared, and the facts so stated in the papers, yet none will correct the mistake about the "Inequality sheet." Therefore I think it due to the Spiritualists of the South that you say whether you are for us, or against us; if you are opposed to religious fanaticism; and if you intend still pursuing a strictly conservative course, for the "Union and peace," leaving us Southerners to manage our own affairs, especially in regard to our "peculiar institution?"

None deplore the present condition of the country more than the Spiritualists of the South; but if it should come to be settled by the bullet, with but few exceptions they will show themselves as true to their homes and families as any other creed, or belief; and fear that it may come to that, for religious fanaticism is hard to control, and the Southern States will see it, and it is not the will of the minority, but the majority. It is the people who speak, and not hot-headed politicians, whose bread comes of exaltation, as we do, that Spiritualism has nothing to do with politics, speak it boldly and fearlessly, and you will lose nothing by it. New Orleans, Dec. 4, 1860. CHELSEUR.

REMARKS.

It hardly seems necessary for us to add to the above any but the most plain and general remarks. The character of the BANNER OF LIGHT ought, by this time certainly, to be known everywhere by the broad principles it advocates, and its unmistakable manner of advocating them. The office of Spiritualism, we have all along held, has been to bring home to men's thoughts the recognition of certain great truths, and to work upon the human character for their surest assimilation. The principles are broad, and require no such advocacy as belongs to partisan heat or haste, nor will they be advanced by any such professed aid, either.

In obedience to this conception, the BANNER always addresses itself to the INDIVIDUAL; never to parties, classes, States, or sections. It aims, by awakening the profound spiritual instinct in every human soul, to lead that soul to a higher and better condition; and, when that is on the way of accomplishment, all desirable changes—of surroundings, of influence, of circumstances, and the like—will be certain to follow. Yet as we are all in such a net and mesh of actualities, much must be allowed to time, and much must be handed over to patience and faith.

We hold, and always held, that in individual improvement and reform lies the germ of all social, ecclesiastical and political amelioration. We address the actual seat of judgment, the centre of all authority, resident solely in the individual. Only save Man, and he will save all that is worth saving. Only awake a man to the necessity of a larger spiritual growth, and all other things, all his institutions gradually, but certainly, change along with him. To advocate or to oppose this or that party, therefore, would put it out of the power of Spiritualism and its organs to reach the Individuals of any side; their prejudices, or their vanity might be moved, but themselves never. We have from the first taken this ground, in reference to the subject of organizing what might seem in any eight a party, or a church, or any other structure, as yet, on the basis of Spiritualism.

We preach to Man everywhere, in all states and conditions. We denounce no parties, but seek rather to win the confidence and love of all alike who compose them; yet not on our own behalf at all, but of that eternal principle that underlies all structures and arrangements. If, by opening the heart of individual man to the reception of these principles and truths, we succeed in our prayers and efforts to make him better, our proper work is done; and it will never draw to its completion, until not a single individual is left on the earth whose heart is closed to the ingress of those potent and beautiful truths that teach him what he is, and what he is capable of becoming. Each must thus settle his own account with himself; we undertake nothing more than the task of getting him to do just that, and to do it in his own serious, searching, and thoroughly conscientious way.

Literary Art.

It is too true that the majority of the modern tribe of authors and writers, mistake literary art for literary artfulness; and hence the display of verbal pyrotechnics, gimcracks, summersaults, and dizzy circus-riding, which they look at as proof of high art indeed. They could not rest in greater error. Their fault is a radical one, in that they possess as yet no true ideal, or ideally. They work to produce an effect, and an immediate one at that. Hence they use only colors; they go in strong for pigments—for whatever will help them to an effect. Little enough think or care they for outline, for harmony, and for divine proportion, as did the older artists in the world of intellectual and spiritual culture. And such considerations have led a foreign critic to write of our modern literature at large, that "it is beginning to be discovered that it is not in a condition so satisfactory as it ought to be. We have many popular writers—indeed, far too many—but great writers, with the highest qualities of the literary artist, we have not perhaps even one. Bulwer, almost alone among our authors, has the instinct of literary art. To Bulwer, however, we cannot ascribe genius; and he is too fond of fine phrases to be capable of reaching a sublime simplicity. Yet let him have the merit, where the merit is so rare, of being a laborious, workman, to whom the perfection of form is really an aspiring, a daring, and a dream. In Carlyle there is the power of the artist, and there is also the instinct, but there is not the ideal; he accumulates his materials with marvelous energy, but he molds them exclusively with an eye to effect. No lover, perhaps, of a vulgar popularity, he is still chiefly inspired by the desire to dazzle and to strike; never, therefore, demand from him the calm creation of a divine whole. It may be questioned whether the gorgeous and the lavish pictorialism for which Carlyle is distinguished is compatible with literary art of the highest kind. None of the ancients, either in prose or in poetry, was pictorialist; where there was beauty it was of the statuesque order. Of our writers generally we may say that they give us pictures, good or bad, but that they are quite satisfied if the colors enchant, whether there be the completeness and harmony of a picture or not. Hence is lost one main element of the ideal in literary art, and indeed in all art—proportion. We cannot compare the various parts with each other; we cannot compare the parts altogether with anything else; we cannot apply any standard of taste or judgment."

LITERATURE.

THE LINA BARRA. By Anna Keaser Tyltor. 6 Vols. Beautifully Illustrated. Lina at Home, Lina in England, Lina on the Island, Mary and Florence, and Mary and Florence at Sixteen. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

These beautiful volumes come all in a box, and are a captivating package for the young people. They have already acquired a wide reputation, and will last a long time to come. The actual information conveyed in them forms an excellent background for the imaginary scenes, thus combining instruction with pure pleasure in the happiest manner. They must be in extensive demand, during the holidays, for the children, who will not forget to be grateful to those thoughtful parents who have placed them in their hands.

THE LAND OF THE SUN; OR, WHAT KATE AND I SAW THERE. By Cornelia H. Jonks. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Another pretty juvenile from the same popular and enterprising house, in which are strikingly depicted the scenery, customs, manners, and life of the people, in Cuba. The minutest experiences of a voyage to Havana are likewise given, from which one can get a very good idea of the pleasure—or the contrary—of a trip by sea. The little volume is illustrated, and in mechanical particulars is exceedingly neat and pretty.

THE PRINTER BOY; OR, HOW BEN FRANKLIN MADE HIS MARK. By Rev. Wm. M. Thayer. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

This elegant and rather stout little book is intended as a companion to the author's "Robin Boy,"—a volume that has already reached its thirteenth edition, and deserves to reach its hundredth. Mr. Thayer undertakes to serve up to the youthful reader no more than the youthful life of his hero, showing, in this way, what were the elements and incidents that combined to form the manly character. He treats his topic familiarly and quite thoroughly, and introduces enough of the real grit of real life to give the whole an air of truth and a value of permanency. We must declare our partiality for these little books, and express our hope that the author will go on with the design that already begins to take shape in his thoughts. The boys are all after such books, and they are just the nutriment that will be of lasting benefit to them.

GUIDE TO HAYTI. By James Redpath. Boston: Tanager and Eldridge.

This is a guide to the free black Republic which is already beginning to revive under the influence of new emigration. As there is such an awakening interest, at the present time, among the free blacks of the country relative to the one spot—near our shores, too,—where they may find home and abundance for the more trouble of going for it, no publication could be of more service to them than one like this. It sets forth, very minutely and accurately, the character of the climate, soil, government, population, and general resources of the Republic of Hayti—information which emigrants are especially eager to avail themselves of. The author went out to Hayti expressly to procure the information this volume contains; and he appears to have furnished it in the most effective and reliable shape. There are thousands of our colored population that are really ambitious to go where they can begin life independently, and work out a destiny that shall be entirely worthy of their aspirations; and this volume comes to their aid in exactly the right time.

Secession and the Union.

In the midst of general excitement, it is good to find, now and then, one man who keeps cool. On the topic that just now raises so great a breeze, and on which too many allow their passions chiefly to take the rein, we rejoice to find a public man like Robert Dale Owen speaking as he does in a recent letter, and quote from it because his calm words deserve to be read of all good citizens and rationally disposed men. He writes to the editor of the Indianapolis Journal that

"She (South Carolina) has long been meditating secession. And if she does take such measures, either we must suffer her to secede, or we must make up our minds to coercion. Here we reach the practical question, which I desire briefly to consider. In the contingency referred to, shall we resort to coercion? The Constitution has no provision for secession. Secession implies State control over the Tariff laws. A combination, by armed force, to overpower duly appointed United States revenue officers, and to nullify duly enacted United States laws, is treason. The bond is forfeit, and the forfeiture is death by hanging. We have the legal right, then, to coerce. But all things we are told on the highest authority which are lawful for us are not therefore expedient."

"By coercion what do we propose to ourselves? To convince? The sword never convinces; it subdues. Is it our purpose to subject, if we cannot convince, our fellow-citizens of South Carolina? But it is utterly at variance with the spirit of our Government to have, in our midst, subjects kept loyal by force. And if it were not, South Carolina, if she took judgment, has spirit and courage; too much spirit and too much courage to submit to the degradation. A political creed cannot, any more than a religious one, be thrust upon brave men by force."

"This case, and that which occurred in President Jackson's time, are often cited as parallel. But there is little real similarity between them. That it was a sudden rebellion, which a proclamation and a tariff provision sufficed to quell. Now, if South Carolina acts untriedly, and persists, it will be the result of deliberate and settled policy."

"The baptism of blood confers on national enemies a terrible perpetuity. Light quarrels, thus embittered, turn to conventional feuds, to descend, an inheritance of evil, from father to son, it may be for generations. The blood shed on the grass plot of Lexington yet cries from the ground. The heart-burnings created by the last war still nourish irritation against the mother country. The lapse of centuries often proves unavailing to erase the damning spot."

"What, then, is to be done? Shall we employ toward South Carolina arguency and entreaty? There is neither dignity nor use in entreaty beyond a certain point. What remains? Let us act toward her in that spirit which is gentle and easy to be entreated; but if we cannot convince her, let us bid her 'go in peace!'"

"Such a course will conciliate, while coercion would exasperate, other Southern States, now wavering in their allegiance. Kindness, the Christian principle, is stronger than severity, the Heathen one. The general sun induced the traveler wind but protecting cloak, while the blustering wind but caused him to hug it more closely to sanction a dissolution of the Union, the reply is, that the Union is not dissolved, because it may have to exist without South Carolina; no, nor yet if two or three of her sisters should join her in secession. It is the same

dog still, when three or four stars are added; why cut the same if, by a telegraph, to be lamented, three or four should thus cut out? We shall preserve unimpaired our identity, our national existence, our rank and weight among the great powers of the earth. On the other hand, they who depart will learn by experience how little consideration in the councils of the world a petty State can command. Happy if, in their isolation, they retain influence sufficient, in foreign lands, to protect their own citizens from injury and wrong."

Spiritualist Register for 1861.

Reports for the Fifth Annual SPIRITUALIST REGISTER, for 1861, must be sent in before the 25th of December, as the work will go to press the 1st of January. This Register is the only work of the kind ever published, embracing complete statistics of Spiritualism in America, the names and addresses of all known public lecturers and mediums, the number of believers, list of books and papers, brief compends of facts, philosophy, reforms, etc., counting-house and speakers' almanac for 1861, and should be in the hands of every believer, and freely circulated among inquirers and skeptics. A neat pocket manual of thirty-six pages. As none are printed except to supply cash orders, those who need the Register must send their orders, with cash, in advance. Mailed free. One hundred for \$5; fifty for \$3; fourteen for \$1; ten cents single. Address, Uriah Clark, Auburn, New York.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE MESSENGER DOVE.

BY JOANNA GRANT.

Over the fitful, perilous waste Of the wild, unstable sea, Whither, O beautiful Dove, dost thou haste With thy wing drooping wearily? Ruby droplets I see distilling, Thy bosom's peerless white, Yet thou utterest no note of plaining, And thy gentle eyes are bright With a tremulous, dewy light. Come, O come, and rest thee; Let thy wandering find successe. In the heart of Love thou shalt rest thee; And brood in the home of Peace. And when these eager plumes Are plumed with hope and power, Thou shalt bear from Love's dominions A precious token-dower. Dawned with the blush of the wished-for hour. To the soul that sent thee forth From a peril-haunted bark— If perchance a glimpse of the fair new earth Thy love-lit eye might mark— To the heart surcharged with yearning, Thy radiant look shall say, God's love the world is adorning— Night's shadows flee away And the Orient burns with day. Providence, R. I., 1860.

Just Think of It!

The Evening Transcript, of Boston, has a word or two to utter on politics, now and then, and likewise a word or two on other matters; as, for example, see what it has to say on Spiritualism:

"A LAMENTABLE FACT.—The Brighton (England) Herald says that Spiritualism, instead of losing ground in England, 'is flourishing and vigorous, not only among the ignorant and insane, but among men of repute, who might fairly be looked on as superior to any system of trickery so barefaced and wicked. At this moment there are several literary circles in London who are lending their aid to the spread of the delusion, and we could name more than one eminent man who is a decided victim to it. Sittings are frequent in the best circles; mediums are tolerated in the highest quarters; and even the Church does not fall to add its quota to the herd of the misguided and the deluded.' Among the recent converts are Lord Lyndhurst, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Robert Chambers, Mrs. Browning, and many other literary and scientific celebrities."

Now what is going to be done about it?—that's the question. If the Brighton Herald sorrows over the victims that are falling before this "delusion" in the first ranks in England, and if the Boston Transcript records any faith on the part of Bulwer, Chambers, Mrs. Browning, William Howitt, and others, as "a lamentable fact," what ought the world and "the rest of mankind" to do under the sad circumstances? Not only these, but "the Church," too, is going that way. Pray, friends of the secular press, can't something be done to stop all this? Is it not possible for mankind to advance, and still allow others to perform for them their thinking? Say.

To Subscribers.

We have sent notifications to those of our subscribers whose subscriptions have nearly expired. As the enterprise in which we are engaged requires much material aid, we trust they will continue to aid the good cause by making remittances without delay. We need the united efforts of all our Spiritualist friends in our behalf at this time more than at any previous period, to enable us to meet our current liabilities. Our friends in all quarters—East, West, North and South—are therefore solicited to form clubs in their respective localities. For terms, &c., see notice under editorial head.

Mr. Pardee's Sermon.

We print on the third page a sermon by Mr. L. Judd Pardee, on the subject of "Man in General, and Man as he was, as he is, and as he will be." The discourse is replete with original and deep thoughts, and all our readers who will bestow upon it the attention it deserves, will agree with us that it is a masterly production.

To Correspondents.

We have a vast amount of correspondence on hand, much of which it is impossible for us to put in print, however excellent it may be. Everything mundane has limits—which fact of course relates to the columns of a newspaper, consequently those of our correspondents who may think themselves slighted, must take the will for the deed.

J. E. P.—It is claimed there are three millions of Spiritualists in the States, but we have never seen any satisfactory proof of the statement. We see no indications at present of any successful attempt at organization.

Our friend at Watpau, Wis., is informed that those "Papers" have been mislaid. Should we find them, we will do as he requests.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny; and it is application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus ethereal and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

How can a man keep his temper when he is quite out of it?

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was chosen by the spirit who gave it. Through Mrs. J. Conway, while in a condition called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spiritual communion to those friends who may receive them.

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

We believe the public should know the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these 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 will in no way suffice to answer the letters we should have sent to you, we undertake this branch of the spiritual phenomena, we cannot attempt to pay attention 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 any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 513 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock; after which there will be no admittance. Two or three sittings 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 one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

Wednesday, Dec. 5.—Invocation: How is it possible for a man to be perfect as a spirit, and physically, morally and intellectually depraved? Thomas J. Burke, Alabama; Henry P. Vital, New York; Catherine Austin; John Gilroy, to Rebecca O'Leary.

Thursday, Dec. 6.—Invocation: Whence comes the Ruler in a Supreme Being? David Spencer, Windsor, Conn.; Mable Babu, Barrington; Henry Poite, Boston; Samuel Coultidge; Paul Graham.

Friday, Dec. 7.—Why is it natural for all 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 Sprague, New York.

Saturday, Dec. 8.—Has not God appointed death unto all men? Tuesday, Dec. 11.—How can the Lord's Prayer be reconciled to the teaching of spirits? Kneeland Chase, New Hampshire; Emily Ann Garrison, New York.

Wednesday, Dec. 12.—Are not sin and disease closely allied to each other? Charles Harvey, Boston; Harry Moulton.

Modern Spiritualism.

Why is Spiritualism called Modern Spiritualism, and how are we to investigate it, in order to become satisfied of its reality?

Modern Spiritualism has received that term because there is an Ancient Spiritualism—because these manifestations of to-day correspond with those of other days—the time of Christ and his apostles. So, then, we say it hath received the term in order that you may discern between the two, and in order that you may know it is an outgrowth of the old.

Spiritualism is a threefold truth. Truth is ever self-existent—depends upon itself, and that alone, for sustenance. It can never die—it had no beginning—it has no end. This is truth, according to our understanding of it. Now we say Modern Spiritualism is a threefold truth—first, as developed materially; second, as developed intellectually; third, as developed spiritually.

If man would become satisfied of Modern Spiritualism, he must first be satisfied that he is an immortal being, and the first step to take in order to become satisfied of this, is a material step. Judge from the manifestations given you materially, for there is the inception of all life.

After you have satisfied yourselves that you are children of the Infinite Jehovah, then go into the fields and become acquainted with Modern Spiritualism, as the becomes manifest in material objects. See her in the raps. You have ears—let them serve you. You have eyes—let them serve you. You have the five senses entire—let them serve you well, as you criticize Modern Spiritualism. After you have brought these things to bear, if you go out unsatisfied of her truth, we are no judges of her or ourselves. Again, bring this Modern Spiritualism into your intellectual temple. Fail not to bring every gift as contained in your intell. to bear upon her.

When she comes manifesting intelligence, bring your intellect to bear upon her, and so if there is not intelligent truth lying in her. See if there is not something beyond materialism—see if it will not compare to that God hath given you in your own intellectual development. As she presents you thought after thought, see if a corresponding thought has not always been self-existent.

Modern Spiritualism will give you nothing that hath not been with you for ages. She but revivifies and beautifies that which has been given you by some mind in the past. If this is so, Modern Spiritualism presents you with truths, life-thoughts, that are self-existent, that have no beginning, and shall never end.

You are not to investigate Modern Spiritualism by one faculty of the soul alone, for you will soon pass into oblivion if you do, and the darkness with you at the morning of your search shall be more dense. But when you bring all the faculties of your soul to bear upon her, you shall seek and find; for by so doing you call to your aid higher sources, more positive truths. When Modern Spiritualism is thus investigated, you shall never pass out of her sanctuary without belief.

Again, Modern Spiritualism is a religion or spiritual fact, also. Throughout every religious creed Modern Spiritualism has been engrained, for it is but a revival of that which ever did and ever shall exist. It is an inherent germ of all religious faith. It is found not only in material temples, but in spiritual and religious temples, also. And to these temples you must also turn to know her, and to learn that she is not only leading you through material temples, but into spiritual temples.

Lyra.

How divine a thing it is to know that each soul in the universe of thought is permitted to mingle with its fellow-souls, and draw strength from the universe of thought! How divine to know that we are branches of the tree of life eternal which existeth everywhere. How divine to know, I say, that man has power to do this! In passing through the variety of spheres in spirit life and mental life, we oftentimes find ourselves encompassed about with clouds of every description. But we know that we are wedded to the thought behind the cloud, and the knowledge makes us happy. Though we wander for years unseen by the friends in mortal, yet a knowledge of union will thus make us cheerful, for we know in time thought shall be united to thought, and our friends will know of our presence as we know of theirs. We may linger for years, and the veil may be thick which separates us from our friends; yet we know in time the veil shall be lifted, and we shall be rewarded.

there. We cannot ask the Father to spare our friends one pang of sorrow, for out of each seed of sorrow is born glory, joy and peace.

If man did not pass through the realm of sorrow, he would not understand the glory of heaven. For as the midnight is essential to the day, so is sorrow necessary to make more brilliant the joy. Let this strengthen the friends who have called me back to earth; and were darkness ever so dense to close upon them, may they see with the eye of faith the glory beyond, for by penetrating beyond they shall come in rapport with those who give them life, and find themselves in the keeping of the Great Father of all.

From Lyra, to her friends. Nov. 21.

William Bowditch.

I am sadly perplexed as to what I shall do to make myself understood. I know you are expected to give certain facts by which we may be identified; but I do not know that the things which are facts to me will be so to those I wish to speak with. But I suppose the way to know precisely where I stand is to make the attempt to reach the land; and when once I have reached it, I shall be able to come in closer communion with my friends.

It is now twenty-two years since I lost something which was very dear to me—the body. For a time I felt the loss very sensibly, being at that time very much engaged in material business, that had so far drawn upon my spiritual as to almost incorporate my spiritual with the things of the material world. In fact, it was very hard for me to cut loose from the things of the world before. But after I did get loose, I experienced great joy.

The church had great influence on me—my business relations had a still mightier—and it seemed as if every portion of myself belonged to earth; and after I got rid of all these I felt free, as I never had before. But every one in awhile a something came to me demanding my return to earth. Perhaps my coming to earth is a way by which I am to be more free.

I desire to communicate with that portion of my family I have left, because I have an idea I can benefit them. I do not know what I shall say of religious matters, for I have been living so long in a community where they think so little of these things, that I fear I have not got a dress which will be decent to appear in a Christian community with. I never was so happy as I have been for the last eight or ten years. It took me more than ten years to get rid of my material cloak—the little strings that kept me to earth.

I have no fixed idea of God. Though I have ascended from the flesh and have become a spirit outside a mortal body, yet I have no fixed idea of God. I suppose him to be a life-essence, found everywhere; I suppose him to contain two principles—Light and Darkness—good and evil. This I suppose to be God in every sense of the term. How far I have got the truth, I cannot say. I do not want them to suppose my name is registered among the angels or saints, for I am as much human to day as I ever was, and I have not become so far enlightened myself as to be able to lift my friends to the topmost round of wisdom.

I have been in the spirit-world twenty-two years. My disease I suppose they called dropsy, but I do not know, of myself, whether it was or not. I was sixty-four years old. My name was William Bowditch. I was born very near this building, if I have judged aright. Now I have one son, an adopted daughter, and grandchildren, and other relatives, that I should like to come into communion with. They are religious, exceedingly so, I have been told. So, I suppose, because I cannot come in a religious shape, I shall have hard work to overcome their prejudice; but I purpose to make myself known positively, if possible, to those members of my family who are most anxious to hear from me, and I propose to do it in this way:

There is a little one they call Ada, in the family of one of my grandchildren—a little, uneducated girl. This little one is a medium, and I am satisfied I can communicate to her; and if I do not make myself known at the first private interview, they must try me, again and again, until they are satisfied I am with them, and then I shall try to do them good. But it is no use for me to attempt to do them good until the cord of doubt is taken off from them.

Nov. 24. Emma.

Mother dear, the morn is dawning, And the sun will soon appear, Then your loved one from the dream-land, Will draw nigh with words of cheer. Then arise to meet us— Come with heart and voice, For a welcome from our mother Will our spirit-land rejoice.

Nov. 25. Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah! While the external world is lifting her voice in praises to thee, we will not forget that we, thy children, should praise thee. We will not forget that by praising thee, we are to receive communion with thee. We will not ask thee to bless us, for, oh, our Father, we know thou art continually blessing us. We will not ask thee to remove the veil of sin from the earth, for we know it is a means to draw thy children to thee. We will not ask thee to remove those dear blossoms from their minds, for full well we know the light of thy love will revive those blossoms, and give them new life. We bless thee for life, for health, for all thou hast created, and ask thee for nothing, feeling that thy Divine mind will understand our wants and understanding, will administer in wisdom.

Nov. 23. John Calvin.

What do the Spirits think of John Calvin, the Founder of the Calvinistic Faith? We can simply speak for ourselves, and not for the vast multitude that people the spheres of unseen life. You are not to suppose that our ideas are those of all, but that we give you our thoughts, not those of the multitude. Perhaps one may stand by us, and differ from us in opinion; so that what we say we shall say for ourselves, and the world, either in spirit or mortal, will have nothing to do with it.

We cannot eulogize the man Calvin. We cannot believe him to have been inspired by high and holy individuals. When we consider the man as he was—not as he was supposed to be—we shall see he was spiritually depraved, and through that depravity he recognized his idea of duty. That idea that belonged to him, belonged perhaps to none else. It was his, inasmuch as it had been born of himself. We find all the baser qualities of his nature largely unfolded. Depravity stood at the portal; all men who reasoned for themselves could see it.

Full well we know a class of Christians will denounce our answer as untrue. But we alone are responsible to our own God for it, and the world has nothing to do with our sin. How shall we prove the assertion true? Mark you: he stands calmly gazing at the torture of one of his fellow beings. True, he gazes through the window of his peculiar religion. That religion tells him that God is being served thereby, and thus it was well to give it. But was this God one of love, or was he one of hatred, even fashioned according to the depravity of the fashioner, as we argue?

Could the Christian of to-day stand and calmly contemplate such a scene as John Calvin witnessed? No; he would have stretched forth his arm and snatched the suffering one from view. He would have cried out, "Stay the hand of vengeance, and leave that to the Great Author of life." John Calvin did much to lower mankind in their own estimation. We shall not censure him for this, for his nature, both spiritual and mortal, did unfold according to his law. We say he did much to lower man in his own estimation, much to place him on a low spiritual standard. He engrained the doctrine of total depravity on all his religious branches; he taught man that he had wandered far from God, and that a certain portion had no right to expect a heaven hereafter. Whence came this doctrine? It was a child of depravity, and hence he gave it that name—Total Depravity!

Now, then, he gave the world a religion by and through dense error, dense darkness; and as his lower faculties were unfolded well, they were strong, and he made use of that strength to overcome the

senses of his hearers. He at all times sent forth a spiritual, a magnetic power, with his words. This was engrained into their nature, and once engrained, they cultivated it through fear to depart from it, notwithstanding God was crying out, "I am a God of mercy, and am not willing any should perish." And if they do perish, then is Jehovah not God, the beginning and end of all things.

Go where you will in the religious community, and you will find each class of religionists fondly nourishing some ideas they fear to part with. Whence comes that fear? From God? No. From Christianity? No. Not from the darkness of their own nature—that which closes the door against the light, does not come forth and place its foot upon new soil, for fear the Great Eternal will swallow them up in his vengeance.

While the man John Calvin was giving out his religious bread, he was daily giving strength to his lower propensities, and as a consequence, weakening the higher element, and when he came forth before the people, he gave them the dust of depravity.

Now, then, he was a child of God, morally, intellectually, and physically depraved. The spirit alone stood free and undefiled, because that can never be darkened by the external. Man may be ever so depraved in the external, yet the spirit is always pure. God created all things, and the spirit, which is in his image, can never step aside from the correct path.

Now, the man John Calvin was spiritually pure and holy; but morally, intellectually and physically depraved. To you who have been educated in the belief of total depravity, he would say, would it not be well for you to open the door of your souls and let in another God, and draw out your spiritual being, which has been shut up by your dogmas?

You need that sort of mind that pure religion can give you. You do not have it. You desire your kindred shall enjoy heaven hereafter; but your religion forces the fear upon you that they may be assigned to an endless hell. Oh, know that this fear is false! Drive it from you; and though a thousand John Calvins may rise up and seek to fill your souls with the idea of total depravity, can they separate you from your God? Never. Can they cause you to believe that there may be some truth in the doctrine of total depravity? Never. For when you have once called out these high spiritual faculties, they can never become dormant. So, then, admit only that to your souls which will correspond to the spirit, and that will give you fresh buds every hour of your life.

Nov. 28. Laura Harris.

I was born in Oswego, New York, in 1838. I lived there with my parents seven years. I then moved to Northfield, Vt. My father's name was Joseph Harris; my mother's Abigail Foster Harris. The first year after we moved to Vermont, my father died. I was the youngest of three children—two sons, Joseph and Henry, and a daughter Laura—my own name. It was supposed before my father's death that he was worth some property, but after he died, only a few hundred dollars were left to my mother and the children. My two brothers then went back to New York State with my mother's relations. I stayed with mother until I was between fourteen and fifteen years of age. Then I left, and first went to Manchester, to see if I could earn my own living. I stayed there awhile, and from there I went to Lowell. There I made the acquaintance of persons who desired me to go to New York; and shortly after I received a letter from my mother, saying I had done very wrong, and if I did not return home immediately, she would henceforth consider me no daughter of hers. I thought at first I would go; but I was urged to stay—and I did stay. After that I sometimes lived in New York; once I went to Chicago, and stopped there awhile. I went further west, but did not stay long. I returned to New York City. I wrote to my mother frequently after that; but received no answer to my letters. I suppose, as I did not go home, she disowned me, as she said she would.

I am not going to say here, how much I suffered in staying away, as I do not care to relate my sufferings, but to reiterate myself in my mother's favor, if possible. I have been told that she is residing somewhere in Massachusetts now.

About a year and a half ago I was taken sick. I first took cold by attending a ball, and then I grew sick, and had the lung fever, and from that I never recovered, but went into consumption. I have been dead, as folks say, most five months, and this is the first time I have tried to come back. But I have been learning, so I shall be recognized by my mother. My brothers are still living—two, I am told, in Oregon, and the other in California.

I do want to be on good terms with my mother. I do not suppose she knows I am dead. She may have kept a knowledge of my whereabouts, but I do not think she did. After writing several letters, and getting no answers, I stopped writing. My last wish on earth was that I might be reconciled to my mother in spirit-life. And when I got there, I saw my father, and he told me the only way to bring it about, was to come back. At first I thought I never could come, but the more I thought of it, I thought I would come.

Long ago my mother denounced me as bad, and the world did the same, no doubt. I am not going to say I was good, for I do not think I was. I'm not going to say I never had my regrets for the course of life I pursued, for I did have. I am not going to say I would not have changed that course of life, if I could; but it is not so easy for you to turn after they have walked in the direction they faint would turn from.

I remember now the last words my mother ever said to me, when I left her, and perhaps they may serve to make me known, as a spirit, to her now. She said— "Laura, you are going out into the world, and you must remember you have no father to defend you; that your mother is a poor woman, and if you should get into trouble, she would be hardly able to do much for you, if she were so disposed. Do not forget to go to meeting every Sabbath, to say your prayers every night, and to read your bible."

This was the amount she said to me. I did go to meeting, but I could not believe what I heard. I was disgusted with the church and Christian people, for I saw they were worse than I. I did say my prayers every night, and read my bible, but I did not take any interest in it. I could not believe my father dead, for something said he lived, and it was that which kept me from going home.

I cannot be happy until my mother is reconciled to me. I was never unrequited to her, though I disobeyed her. I want her to be sure I can come to her, if she wishes to make me happy, and then I'll ask her to forgive, and give me the privilege of coming to her alone, and telling that which I can never tell anybody else. I was not wholly a stranger to these spirit teachings. I believed something in them, though I had no fixed faith in them. What little I did believe, originated in my own soul.

There are others I would like to commune with in New York State—not without. Please say this is from Laura Harris, to Abigail Harris. Nov. 23.

Charles Taylor Thompson.

Thine my style to run round and cry for all the old women in Christendom. Catch me to run round crying for folks that don't want me; I'm not the fellow for that.

Look here, mister, I've been dead near two years. I'm not coming back to make up with everybody, but because I want to. 'Taint no fun making yourself miserable after other folks. I want to let them know I can come. I suppose I'll get some good, or do some good by coming; but I don't know. I've got an uncles round here, what's a minister. He came to me just before I died, and told me I'd better repent of my sins. I went to get a little help, and he told me to become a Christian. I told him I should n't do any such thing, but I'd do the best I could if he would help me.

before I died, and I'd see the devil get her before I'd come back to her good grace. I want that uncle, though, to know that the folks up high do in spirit-life do n't think so much of him as they do of me, for he preaches, and isn't honest enough to practice. I died in December; and if I'd lived to January, I'd been sixteen years old. I've been two years dead. I died of that confounded small pox—the folks in the house where I boarded had it, and got well, and I died with it.

I sha'n't tell my uncle's name, though I ain't afraid of him. He's benevolent—yes, to follow that are in his shop; but outside, he nint. Go to him and ask him for a dollar, and he'll tell you to seek God, Christ, or religion. I went to my uncle when I had n't a shoe on my feet, when it was cold weather, and he said, "You are a profligate boy, and ought to pay attention to your soul." My God, I had so much to do as I wanted to, to take care of my body, and he would n't give me a pair of shoes!

When folks didn't give me anything, I stole. When Christians would n't help me, I stole. They told me to pray to God. I might as well have prayed to the paving stones. Tell you to pray—a good deal I'd pray! How are you going to pray when your feet are froze, and your stomach starved? I prayed by stealing, and got sent over for it. I had a step-mother, and she was worse than the devil.

I went three or four fishing voyages, and got hard work and poor pay; but I was sick most of the time on the water. If anybody had taken me, and clothed me, and put me to a trade, I should have made something, but I got only kicks and curses, and then when I went off, it was: "Oh, the ungrateful young one!"

The old uncle hester got down on his marrow bones, and pray for grace. I guess the one this is intended for will get it. The minister will tell you to pray to God, if you want anything. I tried that an once, when I was half-starved, and I did n't get a thing. They do n't get what they want by praying. We see those folks just as they are, and we do n't think much of them. I don't care whether they say it is me or not, for they will know it's me. They tell a good deal about the devil, and I guess he's reserved for the folks that think of him so much—I haint seen him.

Pray to God! I say, cause the whole population of religious. I didn't think it was right for anybody to tell me to pray. I had my hands tied before I died, so I should n't scratch. When I got out of the body, I did n't feel it, but now I feel as bad as ever. When I got out in the fields among the flowers and birds, I always felt happy; and I knew somebody made them that was good; and I always thanked him for it, and felt good, too. That, they tell me here, is the right kind of religion, and the only kind that is good for anything. Well, mister, I'm going. Nov. 28.

George Foster.

I must beg pardon for not adhering to your general rules, that of giving a particular detail of one's earth-life. I do not refuse so to do because I have not the power, but simply because it is not my desire so to do. What I shall give will answer my purpose, as well as if I gave full particulars. My name was George Foster. I practiced medicine in Chicago, and died two years and three months since of fever. I have a wife in this city, with whom I wish to commune. Nov. 28.

Nathan Reed.

Perhaps there never was a time when religion was as low a par as at the present day. This may be on account of the great flood of new light or religious ideas that are everywhere overwhelming the old.

For forty-five years I strictly adhered to my religious faith on earth. I experienced religion when I was a little rising thirty years of age. For forty-five years I continued steadfast in the faith. I have been in the spirit-land, or apart from my body, eight or nine years, and I am as steadfast in my former faith as ever; and although the footings of the eternal city be opened upon me, and its flood turned upon me, I think I shall continue of the same faith.

Mortal friends have asked me to come here and show them what my views of religion are. They knew them before my death—they know them now, for I have never changed.

I say religion never was as low a par as at this time. In consequence of this many are leaving the ranks, worshipping strange Gods; but Nathan Reed remains the same. Forty-five years in a body is not for nothing. They called me a Congregationalist. I lived in Boston.

People from all parts of the world, spiritual and natural, may rise up and reverence their faith, and hold in their hands a new banner; but again I say, I am the same; and were I permitted to return and speak to the people, I should speak as a minister of the gospel.

Ans.—Most certainly I believe in a hell of endless punishment. Those who believe in Jesus Christ do not practice what they believe.

Ans.—No. Good works, without a profession, will not save you. I have answered the questions my friends have given me. For what they have sent the questions I know not. Perhaps they wish to prove me as a spirit. If they do, they may know I have taken on no another body, and speak to them, and that I remain in the same faith as when in the body.

Nov. 28. Catharine Crosby.

I would like to speak to my mother and sister. They live in Luens street, Boston. My name is Catharine Crosby. I was in my fifteenth year. Since I learn about coming back, I think about it all the time, and have not been satisfied since.

My mother and one sister live in Luens street, and the other sister is living out, in Boston. It's where she is they'll get the letter I talk to you, while you write.

Correspondence.

From a Laborer in the West.

After a tarry of seven months in this prairie country—during which time I have been employed in dismantling the pens for on the bright shores of spirit life—I hear voices of loved friends in the east bidding me return; so I have concluded to yield to their earnest solicitations, and spend the winter with them, and will speak the words of life and progression to them as the good spirits may dictate.

I cannot leave my numerous prairie friends without acknowledging my heart-felt appreciation of the many favors so lavishly bestowed upon me. More than all, do I prize those manifestations of sympathy and deep affection, which have characterized their reception of your humble servant; and this throbbing heart of mine will never cease to remember them, or to crave the Heavenly Father's benediction to attend them; and, dear friends, before I bid you, for the present, adieu, permit me to say, that the lessons of love you have given me shall not be lost; for with them my soul has gained strength, and new hope has budded within me for our common humanity; so that I go forth better prepared to labor in the master's vineyard.

The fields are already "white for the harvest," but true, earnest, whole-souled "laborers are few." The people west are calling for the bread from heaven, and the work of progress is steadily going on. Old theology is passing through its death struggle, and the western world realizes it, and are preparing a burial place for it in the swamps of the mystical past; whilst truth and bright spirits are coming, illuminating the mind, and bringing joy and consolation to the heart. I believe the "good time" has come already—for man's broken fetters are falling off, and he seems longer to bow the knee to superstition's call.

My last lectures were given in Valparaiso, and Crown Point, Porter county, Ind. I went there at request of Mr. Joseph Pierson, who has done much for the cause of Spiritualism in those places. Valparaiso is a fine place for faithful lecturers, and I hope some of our eastern speakers, who pass this way, will call and speak a few words of truth and cheer to them. I expect to come this way again soon; meantime, may guardian spirits attend you, and the benediction of the spheres rest upon you all.

I have made my home at the house of Dr. Beck, of this place. He attends to the physical necessities of this people, whilst his estimable lady is used by the spirits to diffuse light, and supply the spiritual needs in this vicinity. To them, Mr. Graham, and others here, who have administered to my wants, I tender my heartfelt gratitude and thanks.

My address for the present, will be South Wilbraham, Mass. ANNA F. PHARR. Delphi, Ind. Dec. 4, 1860.

Clayton, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

We are enjoying the pleasure of discourses, once in two weeks, by Mrs. J. C. Price, of Watertown, N. Y.—a medium of but two years' development, but one of rare gifts as a trance speaker. Her speaking is of a high order, and from the great orator which characterizes all her discourses, cannot fail to not only please but carry conviction to all unprejudiced minds.

We, like all others, I suppose, have called down the wrath and indignation of the alergy upon us, and they have alarmingly declared to their audences that we "wished to supply their places with speakers of this new doctrine, and drive them into the field to "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow." Oh, what a pity that they should be obliged to earn their own bread, and we should encourage, in their stead, speakers controlled and influenced by the spirits beyond this sphere, telling us of the beauty of their spirit-homes, and of the love, wisdom and glory of God, our Heavenly Father.

Clayton, Dec. 18, 1860. SEMIOTICIST.

Letter from Newburyport.

We have had the pleasure of another visit from Annie E. Lord; and although her visit was necessarily short, many visited her, and were surprised at the manifestations through her mediumship. I regret that she has felt obliged on account of her health to go to a warmer climate. She is now on her way Westward, desiring to arrive South before winter. I hope she will continue to give sittings for the benefit of all inquirers, for I deem the evidences to be fully equal to any ever given.

A young girl, daughter of Mr. Tapley, of this city, was recently sick, under the charge of two of our most eminent physicians. She had paroxysms, requiring the strength of either of the physicians to hold her. They did not do her any good, and at last the father called in the aid of Mr. Samuel P. Campbell, a healing medium. The girl was wild with a paroxysm at the time, which had baffled the muscular power as well as the medical skill of her physicians for hours previous. She had not had any sleep, and great fears were felt. Mr. Campbell made passes over her with his right hand, while defending his head from her blows by his left arm. In a very few moments she became calm, and soon was in a soothing sleep. The physicians looked on in wonder. The pious old ladies of the neighborhood, (who are always present on such occasions,) said it was a manifestation of the power of the devil; but the physicians asked for a room for consultation, and on their return said they wished the same treatment of Mr. Campbell to be followed; that its results were to them most wonderful, etc. They are both violent opponents of Spiritualism. This was the first evidence they had ever had, and they requested Mr. Campbell to do all he could in this and all other cases that he might be called to. This case has created a good deal of interest where known.

Rev. Mr. Bruce (Universalist,) recently declined dismissing the congregation previous to the sacrament, giving as a reason an unwillingness to dismiss a part of the congregation when he knew that many of them were better than some who stopped!

I attended a funeral, lately, at which a prominent Orthodox clergyman officiated. During his remarks he said: "We are about to commit the body to the grave, to await the resurrection. The spirit has gone to God, to be confined till the last day, when it will be released, take its body, and appear before us." What a beautiful consolation! "Gone to God to be confined!" It sounded to me like a sentence of a prisoner, to be confined for a term of years, and then to be let loose. Is not such language worse than absurd? It appears to me the priests are introducing this style of language in order to offset our beautiful belief, or, rather, knowledge; at least, I never heard such sentiments till lately.

During the recent political canvass a popular speaker had engagements which required his traveling a great deal, without a chance of eating, in order to fulfill them. He had gone over a number of meals without time to eat, and arrived, in the afternoon, at

Margaret Donnelly.

My father lives in Dublin; his name is Samuel D. O'Connell, nephew of Daniel O'Connell, the Irish Patriot. I have three children living, and one with me in the spirit-land. I have two fine little boys named James and Samuel. My husband's name was James Donnelly. My parents were opposed to my marriage, because my husband was low born, but I love him dearly; he was always kind and good to me. He passed away on the voyage out, and I am not separated from him now. I was killed in the Lawrence Mills when they fell. My little Margaret is put out to service in Lawrence by the Mayor, and she is not treated kindly by the family, which makes me very unhappy.

I wish my children to be brought up in the new faith, as I find old theology to be of no account here to make one happy. There is no such place as Purgatory, as the priest taught me. I was educated and lived in high life. The little boys are treated better than the little girl.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five worlds long, That on the stretched forefinger of all time, Sparkle forever.

THE LONELY MOON IN BRAZIL.

The lonely moon is beaming, Dreaming on the tide; Silver waves are flying, Hissing as they die—

Both September weather, Ether of perfume, Loafly coverts wedding, Houding o'er the throu.

Bend above me, spirit, Hear it that I sigh! Shadow long since clouded, Shrouded in the sky;

From thy home Elysian, Vision pure and blessed, Lean thy lips unto me, Woo me, unto rest!

Murmur thy sweet presence, Essence of delight! All thy love and sorrow, Morrow of my night!

Let thy cool palm finger Linger o'er my brow; Tell me are you weary, Dearly for me now?

Whisper! In that Heaven Given to the blessed, Whisper! I shall weaver Better in our rest?

Like this river flying, Whisper! am I going, Flowing fast to thee—[N. O. Mirror.

Time is precious, life is short, and consequently not a single moment should be thrown away. A beautiful Oriental proverb runs thus:—'With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin.'

THE VOICE.

Somewhere, somewhere, but I know not where, A voice is calling me, faint and far;

It seems to come from the floating cloud; It seems to sing from the smallest star!

I follow, and follow, and follow still— 'Tis a dream, or a voice in truth?' It is not down by the way, and pluck Hope's roses—'These for the crown of Youth!'

I weep, and weep; but they fade, and fade— 'Is it a dream, or a voice indeed?' I drop the garland and hasten away— 'I was weaving thorns—for my fingers bleed!'

I follow, and follow, and follow on; I wander up and I wander down: The Voice is a promise of deathless joys— Shall I remember a withered crown?

[Harriet McEwen Kimball.

The first pressure of sorrow crushes out from our hearts the best wine; afterwards the constant weight of it brings forth bitterness—the taste and stain from the love of the vast.

[Longfellow.

A SUREAM AND A SHADOW.

I hear a shout of merriment, A laughing boy is seen Two little feet the carpet press, And bring the child to me.

Two little arms are round my neck, Two feet upon my knee: How fall the kisses on my cheek! How sweet they are to me!

That merry shout no more I hear, No laughing child I see; No little arms are round my neck, Nor feet upon my knee!

No kisses drop upon my cheek— Those lips are sealed to me, Dear Lord, how could I give him up To any one but thee!

No mind is at all times overflowing; there is a tide in the sensations of the most gifted.

BLANDER.

A whisper woke the air— A soft light rose and low, Yea, tarbed with shame and woo;

Now might it only perish thro'! Nor further go.

Ah me! a quick and eager ear Caught up the little meaning sound! Another voice has breathed in clear, And so it wandered round.

From ear to lip—from lip to ear— Until it reached a gentle heart, And that—it broke.

It was the only heart it found, The only heart 'twas meant to find, When first its accents woke— It reached that tender heart at last, And that—it broke.—[Frances S. Osgood.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

THE FUNNY TYPES.

Little Susie D., poring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings, suddenly remarked with much vehemence:

'Mamma, I don't want to be an angel—and I need n't, need I?'

'Why, Susie?' questioned her mother. 'Humph! leave off all my pretty clothes and wear feeders like a hen!'

Dean Swift's barber one day told him that he had taken a public house.

'And what is your sign?' said the dean. 'Oh, the pole and basin; and, if your worship would just write me a few lines to put upon it, by way of motto, I have no doubt but it would draw me plenty of customers.'

The dean took out his pen and wrote the following couplet, which long graced the barber's sign:

'Have not from pots to pole, but step in here, Where sought comes the shaving, but the beer.'

It is said that a girl in England was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then a number of married men have invited the artillery to come and discharge their pieces on their premises.

Seeing an allegorical picture of a poet on an eagle's back, Penrice remarked, that he did not believe it was a custom of poets to ride on eagles—although he had met many a one 'on a hawk.'

Hood, on being shown a portrait of himself very unlike the original, said that the artist had perpetrated a false hood.

'I live in Jalla's eyes,' said an exquisite in Colman's hearing.

'I believe it,' said George, 'for she had a eye in them when I saw her last.'

Success with the ladies is like violin-playing—a great deal depends on the beating.

If you doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt, and go in.

A romantic individual was asked the other day why he showed greater attachment to a very thin lady than to one who was more stout.

'It is,' said he, 'because I am nearer her heart.'

Two countries.—'Ah!' said an Englishman, the other day, 'I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets.'

'And I,' said a Yankee, 'belong to a country of which there can be no correct map—it grows so fast that surveyors can't keep up with it.'

A bachelor, discovering his clothes full of holes, exclaimed: 'Mind I can't!'

Reported for the Banner of Light BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 17.

QUESTION.—What is Life? What is Animal Life?

Dr. P. B. RANDELL was called to the Chair.

JACOB EDESON.—Human life is an embodied thought of God. Man is an unfolding expression of the dwelling regent who abstracts from the concrete whole his individual qualities, and embodies them in man, the child or son of God. In such a manner as ultimately to reveal light and darkness, good and evil, cause and effect, in an eternal arrangement with the divine Source of Life. The Divine Father endows all his offspring with individual founts of love and affection that distinguish each from the other, and capacitates all to work out their own salvation, while he, as the dwelling regent, works in each and all, both in the unfolding process, and in the mature, without increasing or diminishing his infinite attributes. The ungodly soul, though at an eternal distance of undeveloped capacity from the absolute cause of causation is necessarily an individual part of the great First Cause. In proportion as we apprehend him we go interiorly to the fountain of life, commune with God, and transmit to the more external souls his love, light and life. When we contemplate the more external conditions of being, we perceive that God, though omnipresent, is not in all men the same pure and holy being, because all have not the same capacity to feel, to perceive and to reflect his love, justice and truth. But the divine mind may be unfolded in its finite effects so as to perceive and reflect, in its triune being, the personal God. If we are in harmony with the inner love, we can in some sense perceive the bond of brotherhood which connects each to all, and all to God; our dependence upon each other, and upon the animal, the vegetable and the mineral that preceded us, and sustains our physical existence. Prayer, work and worship, faith, hope and charity are the necessities of our spiritual being. The child is in harmony with the Father in proportion as he drinks from the fountain of life. The dwelling regent speaks through him to others in proportion as he is able to transmit and they to receive the message. The inner or spiritual body is dependent in earth-life upon the external or animal body, its mentality or capacity, for spiritual enlightenment. The mental conditions of the infant, the idiot and the insane may be such that they cannot receive the experience or virtue of earth-life necessary for soul-growth without coming in rapport with mortals here. No virtuous soul would refuse aid to the weak and erring, however depraved they might be. God speaks to us through echoing instrumentalities, the purest love, the strictest justice and the dearest truth we are capable of perceiving, feeling and embodying. The Almighty God, with whom everything is possible in eternity, is limited in time and space by matter and mind—being reflected in each entity only in proportion to its spiritual refinement and culture. All have unfolded the same degree of faith, hope and charity, consequently cannot make the same aspirational demands upon the fountain of life. No one soul can come into the perfect inheritance of all that is God-like, until all have received of the Infinite Giver all that can be bestowed. It is God's prerogative to give; it is ours to receive and reflect.

MELINDA A. BALL.—There is a corporate mind and a corporate heart and individual life is but a reservoir for the great flood of thought, feeling and desire as it is impelled from out the beating, bounding heart. The individual soul-being is but a revelation of God's will to man; and to find the point where desire and the God-will harmonizes, is to find God. In that point our wills and the will of the Infinite are in equipoise. Upon that point our souls are balanced; there they live in the kingdom of heaven—there they rest in the embrace of God. Hence I derive another thought: God, as a governing power, is the magnet whereby the universe is balanced. This is the principle that esotericism is being. The tendency of all mind and matter is toward an equipoise of forces; the law of equipoise is eternal in the principles of being. This is its formula as written by science; action and reaction are equal. Watts embodied this idea of God in that moment of deepest inspiration when he said—

'There rests the earth, there roll the spheres, The nature leans and feels her prop. But his own self-sufficiency bears. The weight of his own glories up.'

As all justice means union, so all truth means affinity, and all affinity means charity, and all charity means devotion to the principle of universal good. Whoever sacrifices themselves to this principle, utterly regardless of the pain or pleasure it may bring to them in this life, will have a pill, more potent than that of hashish, to explore the mysteries of being, rolled up for them by God every night. For through this principle of Divine love there is a perpetual inbirth of the spirit into the form of its Godhood, and every nerve becomes an eye to penetrate through all the realm of spirit, and touch every cause and every soul in being. This I know is the natural unfolding of the soul out of its rudimental state into the Christ-form, as Mr. Edson terms it, or the form of Perfect Man; and although I have no objection as a principle to the use of hashish, yet I know it can never give the one thing needful—the true soul growth—though it may lead to the knowledge by which that is attained.

Dr. CUSHMAN.—This is a question of vast importance, and I have labored hard to arrive at some satisfactory conclusion concerning the question of 'What is Life? and what is Animal Life?' I have endeavored to avail myself of the experience of medical men and men of science. Mrs. B. is some- what spending several evenings in the sabbath-school of philosophers and savans, I am still somewhat in doubt. The question is not the relationship of the soul to others, or the development of the soul; but a clearer and more tangible one—'What is life?' In my vocation as a physician, I was once called to see a man who was paralyzed on one side, and could not move a muscle or ligament; yet he was bright in thought, and life moved regularly, and digestion was good. Finally his disease extended over both sides of his head, and he could neither see, hear, taste, feel, nor move a nerve. Yet he lived, and lived for days. Then what is life? When we talk of the machinery of the system, we are talking only of the mere curtain of life; and however that curtain is paralyzed, life may exist. I have never seen the man who possessed any mathematical knowledge of it. All we know of it has come to us through revelation.

JOHN REVELATION.—We can know of life only by its manifestations. We can no more tell what it is, than we can analyze God, light or darkness. There are different degrees of life—life of animal—body life, soul life, physical life, moral life, intellectual life and spiritual life; and I do not know as we can get any nearer a definition of it than that it is the breath of God—the pulsation of his heart in nature.

Dr. CROWELL.—I don't know as I can say anything on this question, except that I am sure I live. Brother Edson calls life the love-principle that lives and moves through all things. Mrs. B. is somewhat similar in her definition. Mr. Cushman treats of physiological life, and concludes there is no knowledge of what life is. Though I do not pretend to understand it, yet I believe life can be understood by mortal, finite man. I believe it to be nothing more nor less than a compounding of elements in a refined condition. To understand and answer the question, we must become acquainted with this system of compounding. I don't believe physical existence is life; it is rather death than life; but beyond it is a real, vital, tangible life; and individuals will yet be able to understand what it is that makes life, and renders us living, moving, intelligent, tangible beings. Every individual here has said that nothing more can be known of life than has manifested; nearly all have claimed that it could not be understood. Now there have been philosophers who doubted mortal existence, and believed they were only living in one grand and mighty dream, from which they could awake some day and find it but a dream. No declare that life cannot be understood, is more than I care to do. Some have said life can be no better nor easier comprehended than God; but I believe God will yet be

understood, and that perfectly. No thought, desire or aspiration has an end; and from what the mind has achieved and is achieving, may we not predicate greater things? Millions in spirit life will tell you life has been a dream, and they have just awakened into tangible existence; and what to them was once vague and dim, now stands out in bold relief. Once this knowledge of the hidden mysteries of life is not the possession of all; but that there are those in spirit life who understand how we live and why, I cannot help believing. You may continually progress; and though some may say you are retrograding, I believe there can be no moving backward, but onward forever; and God himself cannot make man retrograde, more than time can turn backward. This is but the infancy of man. He is but creeping on his knees; but he will yet be brought up to the condition where he will understand the hidden things of life and God.

Mr. EDESON.—An important idea has been suggested; and I take the liberty to hope that something further will be said on the point advanced, that the soul is a part of God. I should like to have this touched upon further.

Mr. PENNY.—Life, of itself, if I understand the question, I behold with my external senses. Man is composed of three properties: matter, life, intelligence. Life is not intelligence. It is motion. Where there is motion, there is life. I behold God filling all space. He is all life, matter and intelligence. I can only define life as motion.

Mr. DUNN.—I thought I would erect a little platform, that all my successors, as well as myself, might stand on comfortably. We are all agreed on one point. Those who admit that there is a God, also admit that he is impartial in his works. All our friends will agree with this idea. Then, if that is so, let us deduce a principle from it. Has he bestowed on any of his children the power of getting behind him, and knowing what his secrets are? He is impartial, and we are told he makes his sun to shine on the just and the unjust. Then does it not follow that from this impartiality he would bestow on all minds equal faculties and capacity? Then what are we capable of knowing of our own life? If we know nothing, then it is utterly preposterous to talk of the lives of others. But does the man live who knows any essence of his own life? We can discover something; but what is it? The mere manifestation, and that only. Then where are the manifestations we are capable of appreciating? We are capable of understanding fear, hate, kindness, joy, etc., because we feel them; we are conscious of them, but not conscious of any power which originates them. With all due deference to my friends, I declare the question one of no importance at all, for it is utterly beyond our scope of thought. Our friend Edson told us of the antecedent cause of life; but what does he mean by that? God only knows what he means, I don't. But if that cause is God, he does not know what God is, and so the matter is still in mystery as much as ever.

Mr. WETHERS.—One of the arguments of our very learned friend was, that if we could find out what life was, we should have had the faculty of understanding it now. If he carries his mind back to the past, he will find a time when the world was thought to be flat; and nobody could prove it was otherwise. But the mind has considerably expanded since then, and we understand the subtle laws which control many things which have been shrouded in mystery to our fathers. Now it is said if a man has the faculty of asking a question, he will sometimes have the power to answer it. I like this question, as I love Dickens's novels—not for itself, but for the suggestive ideas it incidentally brings out. The question is as old as the book of Job, and older, for Job said: 'The patient Job says:—Our life is of few days, and full of trouble.' I don't know but some of my friends would find that a good answer to this question. Emerson, in his new book, says, 'Life is that which holds us together.' If any one can give a better answer than that, I should like to hear it. This is about as near as we can get to it. It is astonishing to me that so many take pains to amass wealth, which all the pulpits preach is of little moment to us in our eternal march. If this discussion brings us down to the facts of life, then it is useful for us to talk about it. It was said by Shakespeare, or some other minister, that our life is not sufficient for us. We are not sufficient for ourselves. A few years ago we were not; a few years to come and we shall not be. Our life seems a dream. I am glad we dwell so long upon this question.

Dr. GARDNER.—I fully believe in the remarks of Mr. Wethers, that in the words of Andrew Jackson Davis, the power to ask a question presupposes the power to answer it—not the immediate power, perhaps, but the furnishing of the material by which it can be answered. Mind is dependent upon the forms of its organization for its manifestation.

Mrs. Southworth in her 'Deersted Wife,' puts into the mouth of one of her characters—Hagar, a Moorish girl—a beautiful idea of the growth of soul. She says: 'I think that life continually ascends, never descends. It looks to me very stupid to suppose that a soul can relapse into the form of a beast. No life is never lost, but it continually changes its locality, always ascending; the various forms of life being the steps by which it reaches humanity—then heaven. I have lived so much in the wildest solitudes of nature; I have seen so much more, so much stronger life-spirit below, than on a level with humanity; I have felt struggling up, through water, stones, and clay; through lichen, herb, and tree; through insects, birds, and beasts; up to its highest visible form, humanity; and I have grown to dream that life-spirit is elaborated from matter; or if not so, that in the union of spirit with matter, spirit may be first incarnated in the lowest form of matter, and passing through its various stages, rise to human, to angelic nature. I believe there is one life-God, and many lives; the souls created in his image—that these souls might not, each have been elaborated at a word, in a moment—but created, or elaborated through long ages. I believe that each soul retains its separate existence, its separate features, its individual self, unminged and undivided through all its incarnations; for instance, the spirit of a rose in ascending the scale of being, will never enter the form of an eagle, or a lion. To illustrate never home—here is my gentle Rosalia, whose pure spirit, ages ago, might have slept in the pale light of a seed pearl; then, in the lapse of centuries, lived in the fragrance of the wood violet; then, through many transmigrations, reached the form of the dove, then a lamb, and lastly, is incarnated in the beautiful child before us.'

'Then, if that were so, why can I not remember when I was a violet, and when I was a dove?' pertinently inquired Rosalia.

You cannot even recollect when you were an infant, little one—you cannot recollect all that happened last year, or last month; how should you be able to look back through a vista of past lives, that the doors of many deaths have closed behind you? Perhaps, at the close of your present life, the whole vista may be thrown open, and you may be able to look back to the beginning. Oh, Rosalia! I remember that in the earliest years of conscious human existence, in infancy, my mind struggled as much backward for recollection, as forward for new knowledge.' She was silent awhile, and then pursuing the train of thought, she said—'The analogy between material and spiritual nature seems to me to be perfect in all its particulars. I never saw a human being who had not his type in the minerals, in the vegetables, in the insects, in the birds and in the beasts.'

There is truth in that idea, as in all others. Everything is born from a lower to a higher form. Mr. Crowell says life is the combination of elements. It seems to me life is the power which enables them to come together. I do not claim to be able to demonstrate what I say; but I assert 'Life is God,' and until all the primates of the universe are taken in, it is not life. I understand life to be the power of spirit, and all the natural functions are taking place while the spirit is sometimes absent from the body. It is a question hard to be understood.

Mr. BRANT.—A spirit once showed me that every inch of air contained millions of conscious beings. We breathe them in. They are so small

that they are ten thousand times too minute to be seen by the natural eye, yet they are material, nevertheless. Life is taken in through them, as they are breathed in, and life is the effect of their impregnating power. When this power is cut off, decay ensues, and the body becomes annihilated, for these little conscious beings war with one another, and discord results in material death. But all material is eternal. There cannot be one particle outside of eternity.

Mr. TAYLOR.—The consideration of this important subject has unfolded thought for the consideration of one hundred thousand minds throughout the United States—thoughts they will carry through their earth-life to the life to come. I am deeply interested in the subject. It is the all in all; and whatever of light is reflected upon it ought to be regarded with favor. Thales said, 'Know thyself'—which was considered the most important motto that was inscribed in Greek characters upon the Temple of Delphos. So I seem to see on the brow of every human being here, in burning letters, 'Know thyself.' To know God might be to know most of life, and to know that, was to know the most of one's self. Thought, speech and act, are the threefold elements of life, and embrace all its causes and effects. Take these away, and oblivion, inevitably ensues. In the cerebrum of his eternity God said, 'Let there be light!' Light came with thought, speech, and act—thought denouncing the reason, speech the power, and act the glory. Job asks the important question: 'If a man die shall he live again?' and he asks the question with a faith which led him to believe he should not only live again, but be possessed of greater power than this earth allowed him, in the change and unfolding of man throughout eternity. It seems to me Jesus possessed this three-fold power better than any other man. He seems to have shown it when he smothered the dry rick of oxidation, and forth sprang pure glowing water. The fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove, was scarcely more glorious or interesting than the faculties manifested through the life of Jesus.

In viewing this subject, I regard the universal race of man to be one of the most beautiful definitions of what is life—not in one condition, but in all. I realize life to be the power that thinks, speaks, and acts. God is thus manifest in the flesh. For as a man, think so is he. The man gifted with beauty and truth of thought and expression lives the most of life; but it is true that all things are life, and life is in all things. We can comprehend God just in extent as we can comprehend ourselves. He has no secrets from man man cannot know, when he unfolds the faculty of diving into the very depths of being to bring up the pure and good.

Next week the Conference will discuss the following subject: 'Is there any immutable moral law for the government of all human actions?'

Written for the Banner of Light. SONG OF THE GOLD GOD.

Oh, my kingdom is wide, and my throne secure, And loyal my vassals, my sceptre is sure; And bid is the heart dare my power deride, And cope with my millions of pomp and pride.

My ministers true, my crown my chair of state, Are Crime and Oppression, Dispair and Hate; And my subjects are those whom the noble despise, Having bowed to my sceptre, they cease to be wise.

Oh! I firmly sit in my halls of Pride, And issue my mandates far and wide; And my slaves bend low, and grovel in dust, And abjectly sue for positions of trust;

And the heart is seared and the conscience sold To secure the smiles of the God of Gold; But a cold and unbending brow I bear, Nor shed o'er their ruin a single tear.

I whisper to policy's recent heart, Of the wealth he may gain by a traitor's part; And he fashions his soul in deception's mould, And barbers his country for love of gold.

And I dazzle the eyes of the fair young bride, As she blindly stands by the profligate's side, And promises honor, and love and truth— But a curse falls deep on her blighted youth.

Oh, my reign is dark, and the fetters strong That I forge 'round the hearts of my worshiping throng; And I crush out all soul from the lover of self, And deaden all loves but the love of self.

I tempt the murderer's darkened soul, And the forger I bend to my blind control; And honor, and home, and country demand— And he dies of disgrace in a foreign land.

Oh, my reign is dark, my demands severe— And I torture my subjects with crime and fear; And I pierce them with arrows of envy and strife, And embitter the fountains of social life;

Estranging the son from the home of his youth, And tempting the daughter to barter her truth, And stealing the parent's heart the while 'Gainst the prayers of his erring, repentant child.

And I fetter the tongue of the prelate—to his shame; And he utters smooth things—in his Master's name; Assured that the truth independently told Would scatter my people from out his fold.

Ah! I bid is the heart dare my power deride, And cope with my millions of pomp and pride, For my power is great, and the chains are strong That I coil 'round the hearts of my worshiping throng.

M. E. D. New York, Dec. 4, 1860.

Reported for the Banner of Light. MRS. E. A. OSTRANDER AT ALLSTON HALL, Sunday, Dec. 10, 1860.

As usual, the question was chosen by the controlling intelligences from a number submitted by the audience. In this case she was called upon to explain this text: 'The sin against the son of man shall be forgiven you, but the sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven you.'

We are somewhat at a loss, she said, to know how to introduce the Holy Ghost to an audience like this. The teachers of the past made it one of the pater-nity of the Godhead. But we know nothing of the Holy Ghost of the Bible. We know of a God of perfection, absolute goodness and wisdom, and one no being in existence can move from his purpose or break his law. We take for our present standpoint of thought and remarks a different view from that in the Bible.

The Bible declares you must accept this truth, because it is written in the Bible, and, because one of the holy mysteries, is beyond our power of understanding or right of inquiry. Such a Bible is of no use to those people to day who find their God everywhere, though there are those who have need of and should have it. Allow us, however, to declare that we have no faith in the infallibility of the Bible, or anything save God. Therefore we take your text only to meet your thought, and not to advocate its correctness. The text was in the words of Luke, and even in this he differed from the other Apostles. He seems to believe that Christ was no more than a man, when he says, 'Whoever sins against the son of man shall be forgiven.' We know it is impossible for any one to sin against the Holy Ghost and be forgiven.

You will agree with me that the Apostles were spiritual mediums of their day, and each saw things corresponding to his own faculties and capacities. Luke said the sin against the Holy Ghost could not be forgiven. Understanding the Holy Ghost in our own way, we repeat the truth, that whatever wars against the laws of human nature can never be for-

given. Many errors are committed in ignorance, but the penalty is the same. Prayer nor effort can change the results of any violated law. Every law is accompanied by its penalty, which follows its violation. Ignorance is the source of all misfortune, and is constantly involving humanity in discord and inharmonious.

It has been taught that repentance brings with it forgiveness. But if you have sinned against the Holy Ghost of your nature, and repent, your future life is changed, but your past cannot be changed. Thus traces of physical and intellectual characteristics have been changed, but the scars of old wounds ever remain.

We always leave our mark on those who follow us. The defects of the mold are stamped on the image. This is a lesson bidding us to be true to the laws of nature. We blame theology more than any other instrument for this perversion of the knowledge of God's laws.

It has been taught that everything of mankind was of itself unholly. This idea has degraded mankind in the past, and we cannot bear to dwell upon its moral deformity. Man has groped through his shadow like children in the dark; but, thank God and good angels, he need do no more.

The physiology of man is full of lessons concerning sins against the Holy Ghost. In your religious, moral, social, conjugal and political relations you feel the lack of true harmonious understanding and use. Here, then, is the violation of the laws of the Holy Ghost. You feel the need of forgiveness, but hardly know how to obtain it.

Yet the ages to follow you will unfold these mysteries, and proclaim that the sin against the Holy Ghost cannot be forgiven. Be, then, full and strong to exist, living up to the highest light the age has given you. The spirit-life is made up of just such men and women as you are, carrying there with them the ideas and impressions of this life. Some believe all of evil is thrown off at death; but not so. The law requires that progression alone can be achieved by returning to earth to seek elevation. Does this not teach you that you should be true in your life to the laws of nature, and strive to unfold in all goodness and purity? What matters it if you are free as a spirit? You can escape no phase of physical and spiritual unfolding. Man in spirit-life is like a child in school—he must study well the lesson of his class; if he learns not his task, he must go back and do his labor over again. So spirits must return to earth to perfect the development they did not achieve here. Much of your nature seems Godlike, and much is far from your ideal of the Godlike. Do you think to be able to escape the result of your faculties, whatever they are? Man's spirit progression is in accordance with his needs. Spirituality must be the teacher, to warn you against the breach of these moral and physical natural laws of nature. The heart often wanders without wisdom. The impulses of the heart are so erratic that they often lead man wrong.

Wisdom must come as a mighty saviour to every soul who thinks to throw off the shackles of discord, and bid it live in accordance with the laws of the higher nature of God. I know there are those who are living against the laws of the Holy Ghost. Go to work to understand the laws of your being, and you will see how far God's forgiveness is brought to man. Forgiveness comes from a change to the better; and in truth there can be no forgiveness.

Proud iconoclast, while breaking the idols of the past, be sure your efforts supply better things than you destroy, or cease your work of demolition. Repeat the work of the past, for it has been a noble help to many a child of earth. Both the Son of Man and the Holy Ghost are myths of the past, and both will pass away. But they embodied great principles, which can never die. The story of the trinity we cannot accept, and when the world is prepared to part with it, it will be allowed to return where it belongs.

EVING DISCOURSE.

The evening lecture was on the Revelation of the Bible. It was dictated by what claimed to be the spirit of Thomas Paine, assisted by others. The lecture was strong in its denunciation of the popular credulity which clung to the Bible as the infallible and only word of God. It referred pungently to the discrepancies between the gospels of the different apostles, and the vain pretensions set up for them by their followers, which they never claimed nor thought of receiving in their day. The spirit declared the apostles to be spiritual mediums of their day, and proclaimed the gospels of no more binding importance than familiar letters from traveling mediums to their friends, now-a-days. The apostles themselves made mistakes, which imperfect translators and type-setters have increased, rather than diminished. It was an inspired volume, but all thoughts are none the less so.

At the close of this discourse, 'Fair-bell,' an Indian girl, entranced the medium, and expressed herself willing to talk with all who were ready to converse with her. She answered several questions, to the edification of the audience. Her language was unerring and pretty, and her illustrations and figures of speech put all in the audience in a happy humor. Miss Murdoch then sang a song entitled the 'Messenger Bird,' with good effect.

SIX LECTURES DELIVERED AT KINGSBURY HALL, CHICAGO, BY MISS EMMA HARDINGE, ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE.

I.—Astronomical Religion; II.—Religion of Nature; III.—The Creator and His Attributes; IV.—Spirit—Its Origin and Destiny; V.—Sin and Death; VI.—Hades, the Land of the Dead—Together with the outlines of a plan for a Human Enterprise. Also, an Autograph and Steel Engraving of Miss Hardinge, and a brief history of her Life. Published in Pamphlet and in Book form. This volume will be ready on and after December 1st, 1860. Retail price, 50 cents. A liberal discount made to the trade. Friends of Progress, North, South, East and West, will please send their orders immediately. For sale wholesale and retail, at H. M. HIGGINS'S Music Store, 117 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill. Dec. 13.

TO THE AFFLICTED! CHARLES H. CROWELL, Medical Healer, Rooms, No. 31-2 BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON. (Banner of Light Building.)

Mr. C. is controlled by a circle of reliable Spirit Physicians, who will examine patients, give diagnoses of all diseases, and prescribe for the same. Those who reside at a distance and cannot conveniently visit his rooms, may have their cases attended to just as well by transmitting a lock of hair by mail, by which method the physician will come into magnetic rapport with them. He will furnish patients with Medicine when required, prepared by Spirit direction, having superior facilities for so doing. Terms.—Examinations and Prescriptions, at office, \$1.00; Family visits \$2.00; by letter, \$1.00 and two three-cent postage stamps. Office hours, from 9 to 12 o'clock A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. Friends given. August 18.