

L. A. B. Harvard College

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. VIII.

{BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY, Publishers.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1861.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR Payable in Advance.

NO. 17.

## WE'VE DRESSED HER IN A ROBE OF WHITE.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

We've dressed her in a robe of white,  
And laid her down to rest,  
With flowers twined amid her hair,  
And placed upon her breast.  
The light has faded from her eyes,  
And from her cheeks the rose;  
About her lovely form there dwells  
A statue-like repose.  
Her hair seems now of darker hue,  
Her brow more marble-white,  
And deeper still the jetty fringe  
That veils her eyes from sight.  
About her lightly parted lips  
A smile has softly crept,  
And plays so fondly o'er her face,  
It seems as if she slept.  
Perchance a band of angels bright  
Are waiting, hovering near,  
To bear our gentle sister to  
A brighter, happier sphere.  
Ye beings of a purer clime,  
Who silently draw nigh,  
Oh, bear her to those fields of light  
Where spring-tides never die!  
Without a murmur we resign  
This loved and cherished one  
To grace the heavenly fields of light  
In "climes beyond the sun."  
And from those fair celestial shores  
Of fadeless life and youth,  
Oh, come and teach each doubting heart  
Its high and holy truth.

San Francisco, Cal.

## MY CROSS—MY CROWN.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER.

"Philip Raymond, where have you been this last fortnight?"

This question, delivered in a sharp and imperative tone of voice, was addressed by Charles Raymond, Esq., to his only son, as "the father," a young man of some twenty-three summers, staggered into the room; early one evening, where Mr. Raymond, his two daughters—sweet little girls of twelve and fourteen years—and myself were at supper.

A momentary glance toward that bloated face, blood-shot eyes and disheveled hair might have answered more plainly than words the question which the Charleston merchant so severely put to his erring child. But he seemed determined not to heed that mute reply, written upon the prodigal's high and expansive brow in burning letters of shame; for as Philip Raymond, trembling and exhausted after his last debauch, sank down upon a neighboring chair, his father quickly rose from his seat at the table, advanced toward the guilty youth—who, mortified to the heart's core, had covered his eyes with his hands—contemplated his son's torn and soiled clothes for a minute or two with a look of deep disgust, and then said, at the same time shaking him violently by the shoulder—

"Philip Raymond, did you not hear me? Where have you been? What has kept you from your home night and day for full two weeks? Answer me!"

Loaded down with the weight of shame and humiliation, the sinning yet penitent youth vouchsafed no reply. Charles Raymond, maddened by his son's silence, grew pale with anger. Suddenly, relaxing his hold upon the coat of his handsome though now terribly disfigured child, he exclaimed, with flashing eyes and lowering brow—

"Philip, I tell you I will no longer endure such conduct upon the part of a son! Not satisfied with the disgrace which you brought upon your parents by your late expulsion from the University, you have for the past several months persevered in a course of extravagance and dissipation which, if productive of eternal disgrace and ruin to yourself, shall not at least involve the remaining members of your family in a general wreck. No, sir; you shall leave this house to-night! The parental roof shall no longer shelter one who, by a career of disobedience and intemperance, has at last succeeded in forfeiting all claims to the love and protection of even his own parents!"

And, having given utterance to this last remark, Charles Raymond, his lips tightly compressed, as in anger, turned upon his heel from the spot where the discarded Philip was still seated, and began rapidly pacing up and down the apartment.

The little girls, Mary and Louise, evidently frightened at so unusual a display of anger upon the part of their father (who, though a somewhat stern man, rarely allowed his bad temper to get the upper hand of him, as upon that occasion) had finished their tea and toast in silence, and crept round to the head of the table—a seat of honor assigned their governess, because of Mrs. Raymond's poor health, and consequent confinement to her chamber. Taking a hand of each within my own, we all tremblingly awaited the subsiding of the storm which had so unexpectedly burst in upon the customary quiet of our family circle. A dreary silence ensued, broken only by the measured tramp of Mr. Raymond upon the clean, sanded floor of the apartment, and the low sobs of the wretched Philip, at whose heart strings remorse was strongly pulling.

At length Mr. Raymond paused in his perambulations; and my heart beat an allegro movement as I saw the father turn once again toward his repentant son.

"Philip!"—and I fancied the strong man's tones trembled a little, despite his seeming composure—"it is better that a scene so mutually unpleasant

should be at once ended. You will oblige me by quitting the house immediately."

The calm indifference with which Charles Raymond pronounced these last words both surprised and shocked me—surprised, because I had naturally supposed that Mr. Raymond's sudden anger belied quenching, he would of himself extend forgiveness to the repentant sinner; and shocked to see how lightly and regretfully (if I may be allowed to introduce a new word,) a fond father could yield up that priceless treasure—a child's love.

"Father, can you, will you not forgive me this once?" murmured the young man, as with a strong effort he at last regained his feet.

Scarcely a muscle in Mr. Raymond's iron face seemed to move as he said, firmly, without lifting his eyes from the floor, where he stood more like a statue than a living, breathing man—

"Twice before you solemnly promised to refrain from drinking if I would but forget and forgive your past offences. Your seeming penitence moved my heart to pity. I trusted you only to find my faith in a son's honesty cruelly betrayed. Do not plead further, for the pardon and charity which you have hitherto so heartlessly trampled under your sinful feet. Philip, God may forgive you, but I never can! Leave me at once!"

"But, father," interceded little Mary Raymond, as the wretched Philip, burying his face in his hands, moved slowly toward the door, "you know the old proverb, 'the third time never fails.' Won't you please try brother Philip once again, papa?" and the soft, blue eyes of the youthful speaker bent a supplicating glance upon the master of the household, which few men save Charles Raymond could have resisted.

"Silence, child!" hastily retorted the father, with a sharpness of tone that cut to the heart's core of the little suppliant for paternal mercy. Then turning suddenly and looking toward their governess, he said, with an imperative wave of the hand, "Miss Lester, you will oblige me by sending your pupils at once to their own room."

My young charges obeyed without reluctance, not even daring to linger long enough to bestow a parting kiss upon the burning cheek of that brother, who, with all his faults, was nevertheless the cherished idol of their girlish hearts. Glad to escape so painful a scene, I would willingly have followed them, had it not been that the sight of the untouched tea and toast beside Mr. Raymond's plate at the table reminded me of my duty—namely, still to maintain my place before the tea-table until after the master of the establishment should be pleased to finish his supper.

Upon the threshold of the apartment Philip Raymond paused, as if suddenly recollecting something he had in the chaotic misery of the hour wholly forgotten. Quick as a flash my keen eye discovered the object of his search. "Here it is, Mr. Philip," I said, kindly, ay, even pityingly, as hurriedly raising a shabby-looking beaver hat from the floor beneath the chair its owner had so lately occupied, I extended it toward him.

A look of deep gratitude, and a low, humbly spoken "I thank you, Miss Lester," was all the miserable man offered in return for this simple and voluntary service upon my part. Ah, God knows it was enough for the expression of deep thankfulness that momentarily illumined those large brown eyes, and the respectful tones of that low voice, musical despite its hoarseness, roused into earnest action all the latent sympathies of my woman's heart. Surely, the good angel must have troubled the waters of the fountain of my heart at this moment, for then and there I determined if possible to save Philip Raymond from the ruin that threatened to overwhelm him.

Crushing his hat heavily down upon his head, the miserable youth passed out into the hall. Quick as a flash I sprung after him.

"Philip—Mr. Raymond!" I exclaimed, coloring slightly at the thought of my unintentional familiarity, "may I detain you a few minutes longer? I have something to say to your father which I would prefer saying in your presence, also."

The confused young man paused, and, turning, bent an inquiring glance upon my face—that face which during my six months' residence beneath his father's roof had so often shrunk away from the respectful yet earnest gaze of those clear, brown eyes. I think Philip Raymond must have noticed the sudden rise of color to cheek and brow as I stood trembling and abashed before him, my own blue eyes bent momentarily upon the floor, to avoid the steadiness of his glance; for suddenly recollecting himself he gracefully lifted his hat from his head, by way of courtesy, and said, sadly—

"Pardon me, Miss Lester, for I have grown somewhat absent-minded of late. Pray consider me at your service upon this occasion as at all times."

Bowing my thanks, I immediately led the way back to the dining-room, followed by my companion, where Mr. Raymond had re-seated himself once more at the table, for the purpose of finishing his supper. Upon our entrance, the annoyed merchant looked quickly up from his plate, and muttered through his half-closed teeth—

"Not gone yet?"—Well, sir, what new excuse has your muddled brain created to prolong your stay in a place where your poor company is just at this time so little desired?"

I saw by the quick flashing of Philip's dark eye, that his father's sarcastic question had fairly roused the hitherto dormant man to himself. A bitter rejoinder rose to the young man's lips, but I made haste to check it, by saying,

"Excuse me, but I think Mr. Raymond must have forgotten to extend an invitation to supper to his son."

"Son indeed! Are such as he worthy the name of son? No; one who has voluntarily brought so

much misery upon his own head, shall neither eat, drink, nor sleep beneath my roof again! Philip! you may go to the devil for all I care," and Charles Raymond, his lips white with anger, hurriedly rose from the table and once more began striding up and down the apartment."

"Remember, father," exclaimed Philip, vehemently, "that whatsoever sins may stain my future career, you, alone, will be responsible for. If, in a moment of desperation, I should stain my hands with my own blood—should recklessly take the precious life God has committed for a while to my keeping, remember Charles Raymond, that it is you who have driven me to it!"

From the look of wild desperation that shone out from the brown eyes of Philip, as crushing his hat heavily upon his brow, he turned once more to leave the apartment—in the centre of which stood Charles Raymond, cold and mute as a marble statue, his every sense paralyzed, as it were, by the terrible reproaches which his only son so bitterly hurled at him.

I could hold my peace no longer.

"Charles Raymond!" I said sternly, addressing the father of Philip with a degree of familiarity unnatural to one occupying my subordinate position in the household—"do you know what you are doing in thus cruelly casting your child out upon the world at such a moment, and with the fire of revenge inflaming his soul? Is this your justice, your charity, your love for the erring and repentant? Is banishment like this, from the home circle, calculated to reclaim those who, in an evil and unlooked for hour, may have chanced to enter the haunts of sin? Think you that the God in Heaven, to whom you daily address your petitions, will countenance such an act of cruelty upon the part of a parent? No; remember the words of our Saviour, 'Judge not that ye be not judged; for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.'"

Charles Raymond stood rebuked; a flush of mortification stealing over his pale countenance, a consciousness of wrong haunting his breast. Turning abruptly toward Philip, who stood grasping the frame work of the open door for support, and in tones tremulous with emotion:

"My son, forgive me. I was in a passion—blinded and knew not what I said. Henceforth you are the beloved son of my heart. Be true to yourself and your promise, and God will strengthen your heart in righteousness. Philip, my first-born, come to your father's arms!"

I stood for a moment contemplating the fair picture before me; that of a reconciliation between two hearts so lately estranged, and then hurried off to my own chamber, leaving father and son to weep out their great joy upon each other's breast. Before retiring, however, I stole into the adjoining apartment, where my tender-hearted little charges lay clasped in one another's arms, talking and sobbing over the terrible sentence of perpetual exile, which their father had so rashly passed upon their darling brother's head.

My words of peace and hope at once checked their tears, and comforted their youthful hearts; and when I stooped my head to kiss them good-night, the dear creatures threw each an arm about my neck, and said lovingly, "we thought you wouldn't let papa send brother Philip away, Miss Lester, even if he was wicked." Sweet children—their childish faith in me touched my lonely heart, and only drew their precious souls still closer to mine than ever, in its orphanage.

### CHAPTER II.

The following morn, Mrs. Raymond sent for me to come to her dressing room; where, being an invalid, she spent the greater portion of her time, except when sleeping or riding. Although a six months' resident beneath her roof, I had never spent more than a few hours in her society, since the day I had first entered her house as governess to her two daughters. Proud and aristocratic in manner, I had never liked her from the first, although for the sake of the two sweet children she had in common with her husband entrusted to my charge, I tried to smother, in my heart, the strong feeling of aversion which our first interview had implanted there.

Displaying but little motherly affection or interest in the daily pursuits or pleasures of her daughters, I had things pretty much my own way, as regards directing their education; and as business affairs filled almost entirely the brain of Charles Raymond, Esq., it was sufficient for the Charleston merchant to know that his two youngest children were in the charge of a young lady of great respectability and intellectual acquirements, who had been recommended to his service through the kindness of a brother merchant in New York.

Left almost entirely to my own guidance in the house of Mr. Raymond, I had, nevertheless, endeavored to perform my duty to the letter, during the six months I had filled a place in Mrs. Raymond's household; and as no look or word of dissatisfaction upon the part of either Mr. Raymond or his invalid lady had ever shown itself in my presence, or reached my ears through the medium of servants' tongues, I inwardly congratulated myself upon my success in a profession which I had entered upon more from real necessity than from taste.

Through the live-long night my active brain had been haunted with wild dreams, in the midst of which the flushed and yet handsome face of my master's son rose up before me, supplicating forgiveness of his father for the sin committed; and then the harsh and bitter words of banishment issuing from the stern lips of the iron-willed merchant, fell like cold lead upon my listening ear. Anon, the scene changed; and I saw in my dreams what mine eyes a few hours before had truly beheld—the fair picture of a renewal of faith and affection between two

hearts lately so bitterly estranged. Waking in the early daylight from such vivid dreams, I vainly tried to banish from my mind the strong presentiment of coming trouble that lay like a dead weight upon my heart.

Soon after breakfast, came the French waiting-maid, Julie, bearing a message from her mistress. My imaginary fears were fast merging into real ones. Silently I arose and followed the young girl to her mistress's apartments. The hour was early yet, but Mrs. Raymond, contrary to her custom, was up and dressed.

Beside her upon a small table stood her breakfast-smoking hot, and evidently untouched. Attired in a white embroidered wrapper of fine cambric, confined at the waist by a girdle of crimson silk cord, a small shawl of scarlet crape thrown carelessly over her shoulders, her fine black hair plainly gathered into a rich coil at the back of her well-shaped head, her complexion rendered fair by long confinement to the house, Mrs. Raymond was what most persons would have termed a beautiful woman.

To me, however, she was far from being such, for in that coldly classical face, I read nought but pride and selfishness; while the dark grey eyes seemed destitute of warmth and brilliancy. On the morning of which I write, Mrs. Raymond seemed more than usually repulsive to me. Perhaps she discerned this fact, for bidding Julie to retire from the room, she haughtily motioned me to a seat opposite her, and a dark scowl disturbing her fair brow, said coldly, fixing her dark grey eyes keenly upon my face:

"Miss Lester, I presume that you have already surmised my purpose in calling you thus early to my room this morning?"

I bowed my head in the negative, although my heart plainly whispered, it is in regard to the affair of last night.

Mrs. Raymond proceeded—

"My husband has told me of your interference last evening, when he had resolved to banish our unworthy son, Philip, from the house; and of the severe rebuke which you so boldly took it upon yourself to administer to him in the presence of his child. Your position as a governess in my family, Miss Lester, allows you no such privileges; and I trust that I shall never be submitted to the painful necessity of admonishing you for a similar act of presumption again. You can go now; I have nothing further to say to you, Miss Lester," and with a haughty wave of her fair hand, Mrs. Raymond motioned me to depart.

My woman's pride was touched; and although conscious that I had been partly in the wrong, for daring to raise my weak voice in defence of Philip Raymond, I could not bear that his proud souled mother should tell me so. Rising from my seat, I said respectfully, with the slightest kind of pride tinting my words,

"Mrs. Raymond, I assure you I am heartily sorry for the folly I committed last night. Pray, present my apology to your husband, and believe me, you shall never have cause to censure me for a similar fault again, while I remain beneath your roof," and with a low bow, left the room.

All that day there was a fierce conflict raging in my soul, between pride and duty. The reproach which Mrs. Raymond had so unfeelingly administered that morning, galled my proud spirit considerably, and made me anxious to avenge my fancied wrong by instantaneously quitting the house. Fired with this resolution, I was just on the point of retracing my steps toward Mrs. Raymond's apartments, for the purpose of informing her of my intentions, when Louise Raymond, her cheeks flushed with her morning's exercise, rushed breathlessly into my chamber, and extricating from the depths of her white lawn cape bonnet, a handsome bouquet, said smilingly, as she placed it in my hands:

"See, Miss Lester, isn't this a beautiful bouquet? Brother Philip bade me give it you with his compliments. You see some folks have not quite forgotten how to be grateful, my dear governess," and with an arch smile playing over her expressive features, the rosy beauty bounded out of the room to join her sister Mary in the garden below.

I raised the tastefully arranged bouquet, still wet with dew, to my lips, as a token of its exceeding welcome to my wretched heart. Something white fell from its flowery nest and landed at my feet. It was Philip Raymond's card, on the back of which were clearly penciled the words:

"Miss Lester, please meet me in the garden after tea this eve, as I desire to speak with you."

How my proud and angry spirit momentarily softened, as I read over and over again this simple request, which Philip Raymond's hand had penned. Should I grant him the desired interview? or, informing his mother of my intentions, leave Mrs. Raymond to communicate the cause of my departure to her son? were questions which coursed rapidly through my brain. At last my mind was made up. I would see Philip Raymond, and tell him my story; and then I would leave his father's house the next day, quietly—as becomes a lady, but with a consciousness of having fulfilled my duty toward a fellow-creature.

Occupied with my school duties, the day quickly passed. My warm-hearted pupils, Mary and Louise, declared I looked pale and troubled, and urged me to accompany them in an afternoon ride, as their mother felt herself too unwell to go. But my mind was too disturbed to think of going on any pleasure excursion, so I gently but firmly refused their entreaties, and settled myself in a huge arm-chair in the study, (which also served the purpose of school-room,) and strove to collect my rambling thoughts. The loud laughter of Louise suddenly fell upon my ear, and moving toward the window, I beheld Philip in the act of extricating his sister's hoop-skirt from

the wheel, where it had caught as she was getting into the vehicle. As, if conscious of my presence, the young man glanced upward toward the window, where I stood admiring his fine figure, now faultlessly attired in choice broadcloth; his intellectual face looking a trifle pale and worn after his late debauch, and a quiet smile pervading his countenance. For a single moment our eyes met; then with a graceful bow, the young man sprang into the carriage, and taking the reins from the hands of his sister Louise, drove rapidly down the avenue, while I, with flushed cheeks and rapidly pulsating heart, sank down once more into the sturdy old arm-chair I had but just deserted.

Ten hours came and passed, but with it no Philip. Perhaps he dreaded meeting me in the presence of others, after my recent reception of his floral offering, and its accompanying request. If so, I was glad; for had Philip Raymond made his appearance at the table just at that time, I am quite certain that all present would have distinctly heard the loud beatings of my wildly throbbing heart, and read the joyous light of expectation in my strangely brilliant blue eyes and deeply crimsoned cheeks. Our light supper over, Mr. Raymond slowly lighted a cigar, and telling a servant to inform his mistress that he should probably not return until midnight, leisurely walked off to the neighboring residence of a brother merchant, who was noted throughout Charleston for his great wealth and liberal hospitalities. Mary and Louise, as good luck would have it, went to spend the evening with their lady mother in her dressing-room—a privilege seldom granted them, for Mrs. Raymond, like most mothers who, in the early part of their married lives, have given themselves up entirely to the pleasures of the world, had at last grown weary and sick of the society she had once deemed so necessary to her existence, and rarely desired any other companion than her business-like, practical husband, who generally made it a point to spend three evenings out of the seven in the dressing-room of his invalid wife, whose bodily ills were, in my mind, for the most part imaginary, and merely consequent upon an indolent and aimless existence.

As the twilight deepened, I hastened to my chamber, smoothed down the glossy waves of my golden hair, and throwing a black lace shawl over my shoulders, stole quietly down stairs, and thence out into the spacious garden. The evening was a glorious one, and the stars, which so thickly gemmed the deep, blue sky, seemed never so wondrously brilliant as upon that delicious tropical evening. Turning into a narrow walk, at the end of which stood a little vine-clad arbor, (seldom frequented save by the children) I was slowly pursuing my way, wondering in my own mind how I should meet Philip Raymond's explanation of the singular request he had been led to make of his sister's governess, when a hand was laid lightly upon my shoulder, and a voice I at once recognized to be that of my master's son, said pleasantly, "Good evening, Miss Lester, I see you are still disposed to be charitable toward a sinner!"

His touch startled me, for, though expecting his presence, I had not thought of Philip Raymond's stealing upon me unawares, like a thief in the night. Turning quickly, I said confusedly in answer to his characteristic salutation, "Good evening, Mr. Raymond; I hope I have not kept you waiting." Now a second thought would have shown me at once the absurdity of the latter portion of my remark, for punctuality was a thing I had always prided myself upon since childhood. The truth is, dear reader, persons who are just beginning to show symptoms of a heart disease, invariably say and do things just the reverse of what they intended. Thus it was with me. I was embarrassed—perhaps foolishly so—but Philip, if he noticed it, did not choose to let me know it, for taking a hand of mine within his own, he said gaily, looking down into my blue eyes with a pleased expression of countenance, that suited his handsome features so admirably:

"Indeed you have not, Miss Lester. I assure you the glove is quite on the other hand. Perhaps my absence from the tea table to-night may have seemed a trifle strange to you; but to be candid, I must tell you that the fear of reading in your face a refusal to my earnest request, made a coward of me, and kept me away from my supper."

"I divined as much," I laughingly replied, at the same time taking the arm he so gracefully proffered, and walking on toward the little summer-house.

"Miss Lester," he asked, as I stopped at the entrance of the arbor, "will you not give me your company and ears for a half hour? I see by your occasional shuddering that, northerner though you be, you are nevertheless not yet acclimated to our heavy dews. Pray walk in and be seated here," he said, leading the way into the rustic summer-house. "I fear you have already taken cold, for the evening is an unusually damp one," and seating himself at my side, Philip Raymond took off his cap, and with one hand, fair and soft as a woman's, tossed back the rich clusters of dark curls which fell so heavily about his pale, high brow.

For a moment both were silent; each waiting, as it were, for the other to break the quiet spell that seemed to have suddenly chained both our tongues.

"Miss Lester," he at length began, in a low and musical voice that thrilled my soul, "I have requested this interview to-night, that I might express to you in words, the deep thanks my eyes must have looked last night, when, in the presence of my stern, though worthy father, you so earnestly pleaded my cause. But for your timely interposition, Miss Lester, my father would have unfeelingly thrust me out upon the world, where, with the terrible sense of guilt pressing upon my soul, I fear I should have been driven to the crime of self-murder," and a perceptible shiver ran through the frame of Philip as he concluded these words.



"Mr. Raymond," I answered calmly, "I am glad if any word of mine has kept you from committing so terrible an act as that which you have just mentioned. As for thanks, I desire none. I but did what I considered to be my duty last night, in endeavoring to soften the passion hardened heart of a father toward his erring but truly repentant child; and if, in so doing, I have incurred the lasting displeasure of your mother, I am sorry, and shall try, when I leave her roof, to be more chary of my sympathy in the future."

Philip Raymond rose from his seat and looked me steadily in the face for an instant, as if hardly crediting the truth of my words.

"My mother displeased, Miss Lester! what do you mean? She surely has not dared to censure you for—"

"Yes, Mr. Raymond," I interrupted, quickly, at the same time rising to depart; "your mother looked upon my interferences last night, as highly presumptuous upon the part of a young girl whom she had simply engaged to fill the situation of governess to her daughters. It may be that Mrs. Raymond is right in the matter, and while I admit the justice of her reproach, I cannot so far smother my pride as to remain longer in her employ. Of course you will not speak of this matter, Mr. Raymond, to your mother, as it might be productive of unpleasant results, in her present invalid state." And I composedly held out my hand to him for a farewell grasp.

"No, no, this must not be, Miss Lester!" he exclaimed, with much resolution visible in his face. "You shall not suffer for my sake! If any one leaves the house, it shall be me, Miss Lester, who have thus far brought only sorrow and disgrace upon the heads of its inmates!" And the grief-stricken man bowed his head upon his hands and wept bitterly.

"I never could bear to see a man weep, particularly when, as in the present instance, he was young and handsome; and, setting aside all maidenly reserve, I walked up to the weeping man, and laying my hand softly upon his shoulder, said tenderly:

"Philip Raymond, I cannot allow you for a single instant to reproach yourself for a fault—if such it was in the sight of God—so recklessly committed by me last night. Women who act from the heart, rather than the head, must expect to suffer the consequences for what the harsh and unfeeling world call their folly. In trying to save you from your father's wrath and injustice, I but acted the part of a sister toward you. Had your parents have known what my poor mother and I suffered because of the frailty of one well beloved, whose only misfortune, alas! was a passion for the wine-cup, they would not have wondered at my great fears for the future safety of their child, beneath whose unconscious feet yawned the black and bottomless gulf of despair."

"My God! and was your father a—"

"Drunkard," he would have said, but shuddering and dreading to speak so terrible a word, he sank down, entirely overcome by emotion, upon the rustic bench.

Tears momentarily clouded my eyes, at the remembrance of a father who had long since lain in a soldier's grave; but I dashed them aside, and said, in tones slightly tremulous:

"Yes, Philip Raymond, my father was what the world branded a drunkard; yet, in the mind of his child, there is still a little spot which the memory of past affection will ever keep fresh and green. But I have already revealed to you what I have carefully guarded for years from the ears of the curious world—the knowledge of my father's terrible sin. I need not ask you to keep my secret, when time and space shall separate us, for my faith in your sense of honor and friendship is large. And now, good-night, and good-by, Mr. Raymond," I said, once more making a movement to depart from my rural prison.

"Miss Lester—dear Miss Lester!" exclaimed Philip, rising suddenly from his seat and throwing himself passionately at my feet upon the rough floor; "promise me that you will not leave me to the influence of my evil genius—drink! that for my sake you will set aside your own pride of spirit, and be to me, until the time when I shall have regained my manhood and redeemed myself in the eyes of the world, the same kind and saving angel, Miss Lester, that you have proved yourself within the past few hours!"

Prostrate and weeping at my feet, I could not find, in my heart to refuse his entreaties, wrung as they were from out the depths of a soul stricken with grief, but not lost to gratitude and manly virtue. With a slight wave of my hand, I motioned him to rise from his humble position at my feet. Touching his lips reverently to the hem of my mourning garment—for my dear mother had lain in her grave scarce a twelvemonth—he arose, and folding his hands meekly upon his breast, silently waiting my answer.

Standing there in the pale moonlight, with those sad, yet tender brown eyes fixed upon my girlish face, I choked back the surging waves of pride that had momentarily risen to the surface of my heart, and replied frankly, yet tremblingly, holding out my hand toward him:

"Philip Raymond, your passionate eloquence has conquered. I will remain, at least, so long as you shall have need of my presence."

"And that shall be *always*, my dear friend," he added quickly, his pale face wearing a grateful smile.

One moment, I think it was not longer, Philip Raymond held me to his heart, and then, gently putting me away, he said, mournfully:

"Go now, Miss Lester! I may the God in Heaven who has been with us in spirit during this interview, forever bless you!"

Glancing backwards at him as I hurriedly left the summer-house, I saw such a look of intense adoration beaming from Philip's dark eyes, as made my heart flutter and throb with a joy so new and overpowering, that I dared not trust myself to look back again, but ran up to the house as rapidly as my two feet would carry me.

#### CHAPTER III.

The summer months glided dreamily by, and I was happy in the love of Philip Raymond, which his own melodious voice had breathed into my listening ear one quiet Sabbath evening some four weeks after our interview in the summer-house. For a period of six weeks, Mrs. Raymond, her maid and two daughters had been absent to Eutaw Springs, on a pleasure excursion; and during that time, Philip, who had firmly refused his mother's invitation to accompany her, had remained in Charleston with his father, whose all-absorbing love of business would not permit his leaving the city longer than a day or two at a time. As Mrs. Raymond was unwilling to shut up her house during her absence, I had volunteered to take charge of it and the four servants who remained behind.

Thrown much in each other's society, Philip and I soon grew to be very near to each other; and even

the stern merchant, Charles Raymond, seemed to smile his approval of the marked and constant attentions his only son paid his daughter's governess. Abstemious in his habits, devoted to his business, Philip Raymond was in every sense of the word an altered man. Spending his evenings almost entirely in my company, I soon grew to love him with a fervor I had never dreamed myself capable of experiencing toward any living creature. At length, Mrs. Raymond and her two daughters returned, and with them a cousin of Philip's, the daughter of a wealthy New Orleans merchant.

Gabrielle St. Clair was what most people—particularly the male portion of the world—would have pronounced a gloriously beautiful woman. Tall and voluptuously formed, with hair and eyes black as midnight, a complexion of a rich olive hue, enlivened on either cheek by the crimson flush of health, teeth of surpassing whiteness, and limbs whose exquisite symmetry might have served a sculptor for a model of Cleopatra, Gabrielle St. Clair seemed born to captivate and enslave the hearts of men.

Wary of her bellefem in her own native city, Gabrielle St. Clair had gladly accepted her haughty aunt's invitation to spend the ensuing fall and winter with her, at her residence in Charleston, with the bright hope of achieving a series of brilliant conquests in the fashionable world. Though full twenty-eight years of age, Gabrielle St. Clair nevertheless affected the simplicity of a girl of sixteen.

Being the daughter of Mrs. Raymond's only brother, that lady was of course exceedingly fond and proud of her handsome niece, who, besides being the possessor of great physical beauty, was also sole heiress to an immense property. To form an alliance between Philip and Gabrielle had long been the darling wish of the aristocratic Mrs. Raymond, who, having married for money herself, thought every handsome man and woman also bound to do the same thing.

Most young girls, especially those filling an humble position in life like mine, would naturally have dreaded a rival in the appearance of a person like Gabrielle St. Clair. Great as were her physical charms, however, I was cognizant of no fears for the heart that seemed wholly mine, until that gorgeous beauty had been an inmate in Mrs. Raymond's family for full eight weeks; for, strange to say, Philip had from the first treated his handsome cousin with a marked indifference, and degree of studied courtesy, that was in perfect contrast to his delicate and particular attentions to me, his saving angel, as he loved to call me.

The contempt which Gabrielle St. Clair openly expressed for her aunt's governess during the first few weeks of her residence beneath Mr. Raymond's roof, had the natural effect of divesting Miss St. Clair of all beauty in my eyes. Subjected to her repeated slights and insults, I was more than once upon the point of giving up my situation at Mrs. Raymond's, and going back to my friends in New York. Vexed beyond measure at her extreme rudeness to me at the dinner table one day, in the presence of several distinguished guests, I deliberately told Philip the same evening, that I neither could nor would submit to his cousin's insults a day longer; but so thoroughly did he appear to discountenance Gabrielle's unladylike behavior, and so earnestly did he beseech me to remain, that, yielding a second time to the voice of love, I swallowed down my pride, and arming myself with all the scorn I possessed, determined to stay, and treat Miss St. Clair's malicious insults with all the contempt they deserved.

As the holidays approached, however, the reign of gaiety and fashion commenced in Charleston. Even Mrs. Raymond, despite her pretended poor health, so far forgot her bodily ills, as to inaugurate the winter season by a grand soiree, for the express purpose of introducing her charming niece to the elite of Charleston. Gabrielle St. Clair's great beauty and magnificent toilette, upon that occasion, was the theme of all tongues present; and from that night forth, the fame of the New Orleans heiress was pretty generally trumpeted throughout all the city. Invitations to parties, masquerades and dinner parties, were now profusely showered upon Mrs. Raymond and her handsome niece, whose beauty and fine musical accomplishments made the New Orleans belle quite an attractive trump-card for any fashionable hostess.

As Mr. Raymond seldom cared to attend pleasure parties—except those which consisted entirely of his own sex—Philip Raymond was of course obliged to tender his services in behalf of his mother and fair cousin. Satisfied that her son was capable of enacting the part of cavalier toward Gabrielle, without her presence, Mrs. Raymond again withdrew from society, on the plea of ill-health, leaving Gabrielle and Philip to fall in love with each other at their earliest pleasure.

Deprived of Philip's excellent society for the most part of the time, I returned once more to the precious company of my amiable and warm-hearted charges, who, finding me alone in my chamber evenings, often urged me to go to the drawing-room and play and sing for them. As my songs consisted entirely of Scotch, Irish, and English ballads, they were always sure to please the simple tastes of my childish hearers; and even the colored servants would often arrange themselves in a row in the hall, for the purpose of regaling their music-loving ears with the songs Philip had so often pressed me to sing for him. Returning just at twilight one evening, after a horse-back ride, in which she had been accompanied by Philip, Gabrielle St. Clair stealthily entered the drawing-room unbeknown to me. At the conclusion of my song, which changed to be "Auld Robin Gray," a loud mocking laugh burst suddenly upon my ear, and presently I heard a voice which I at once recognized as Gabrielle's, crying out at the hall door—"See, see, cousin Phil! what a very select audience your simple-minded, doll-faced governess, Miss Lester, has been entertaining outside the drawing room door here, by her ballad singing!"

The hot blood rushed to my cheeks and brow; but as there were no lights in the drawing-room, of course not even my pupils, Mary and Louise, noticed my change of countenance. Quickly closing the piano with a loud noise, I passed out of the apartment, paying little heed to the angry mutterings of the servants as they retired to the kitchen, and brushing by Gabrielle St. Clair and Philip in the hall, with the air of an offended Empress, I quickly sprang up the stairs leading to my room, and having secured the door, threw myself upon the bed and indulged in a good crying fit.

From that time forth my dislike for Gabrielle St. Clair grew into bitter hatred for her, though, strange to say, the conduct of the latter toward me began to undergo a perceptible change. In lieu of encores, the sweetest smiles were now substituted by Gabrielle; and, though she had from the first shunned my society, she now frequently visited me in my chamber, urged me to sing to her, and lavished upon me a

degree of affection which disgusted rather than pleased me. Yet all this time, Circe-like, she was stealing my lover away, and endeavoring to poison the ears of Philip against his sister's governess. It was hard, very hard, for one of my confiding nature to believe in the inconstancy of man, but my eyes were at last opened to the fact of the deception which he had practiced upon me.

Sitting alone in one of the heavily-curtained windows, about eleven o'clock one January night, looking out in the clear moonlight upon the deserted streets of the city, my ears were suddenly startled by the sound of a carriage apparently stopping at the hall door. My first thought was to flee the room; but, hearing Philip's step in the hall, I was obliged either to curl myself up in one corner of the window-seat, and play eaves-dropper against my inclination, should the couple—for Gabrielle and Philip had been to the opera—enter the apartment, or else subject myself to the mortification of passing them in the hall.

As I had anticipated, Philip and Gabrielle entered the drawing-room. Through the lace curtains I could peep out unseen at the latter, as, throwing aside her ermine opera-cloak, the royal beauty listlessly flung her wearied body upon a velvet lounge. Presently I saw Philip—my Philip—that was—seated himself upon a low ottoman at the feet of his cousin; and then there, in the depths of my curtained retreat, I heard words of love issuing from the lips of one who was dearer to me than life itself, which made my very heart stand still with surprise and horror. Half-breathlessly I leaned forward, and saw the white, be-jewelled arms of Gabrielle St. Clair clasped round the neck of my dearly-loved Philip, now utterly lost to me forever. How long they talked there in the pale moonlight I know not, for a mist swept over my eyes, a kind of quibness paralyzed my limbs; and when I awoke to consciousness again I found myself alone in the drawing-room, with the gray light of early morning stealing in upon me through the unshuttered window.

That morning I went to my chamber, penned a few words of farewell to Philip, renouncing my love for him, and tendering him my hearty congratulations on account of his new engagement with Gabrielle St. Clair; and folding and sealing the note, slipped it beneath his chamber door, and then passed on to the apartments of Mrs. Raymond.

My lady mistress expressed considerable surprise upon hearing me say that I intended taking the steamer that very morning for New York; but not wishing to lose a particle of her dignity, even in parting with a faithful governess, she paid me in silence, and nodded her head good-by to me. Kissed Mary and Louise several times through their tears, I left the house while Gabrielle still lay soundly sleeping after her night's dissipation, and having given orders to the coachman to have my trunk sent to the steamer by twelve o'clock, I sorrowfully pursued my way towards the wharf.

The succeeding winter I chanced to be in New Orleans, as assistant teacher in a large seminary there. Passing along the street to my school one morning, I saw through the closed windows of a carriage, which suddenly turned the corner of a neighboring street, a face which I at once recognized to be that of Philip Raymond. As my veil was down I knew that I could follow the carriage in safety, without being discovered. On, on it sped—I followed it in breathless haste, until it paused before the door of the St. Charles Hotel.

The steps were quickly lowered, and to my great joy—for, oh, reader, I had not learned to *unlove* him, in the twelve months we had been parted!—Philip Raymond sprang out of the carriage, and hurriedly placing a gold coin in the hand of the waiting hackman, quickly ran up the steps of the hotel. I saw him disappear from my sight, and then quickly retraced my steps toward the seminary.

That evening I read in the evening paper, among the choice bits of fashionable gossip, of a marriage in high life, which was soon to take place at the St. Charles Hotel, between Gabrielle St. Clair, the acknowledged belle of the Crescent City, and her cousin, Philip Raymond, only son of the merchant prince, Charles Raymond, Esq., of Charleston, S. C.

The next morning I accidentally learned from one of my pupils, that Gabrielle St. Clair had lost her father and only near relative, only a week or two after her return from Charleston, the spring before, and that she had sold the mansion house belonging to her father, and gone to board at the St. Charles Hotel, until the time of her marriage.

A week later, and the dread tidings of the small-pox having broken out in the Crescent City, filled nearly every heart with dismay. So rapidly did the disease spread in the short space of fourteen days, that the principal of the seminary where I filled the situation of assistant teacher, at length deemed it advisable to close his school. Throughout the city, signs of mourning and desolation were visible; the churches, theatres, and many places of business were closed, while the hotels soon became depopulated. The rich fled to the country, while the poor, sick and dying, flooded the city hospital.

In the midst of this panic, I thought of Philip. Was he sick and dying? If so, I must see him, even at the peril of my life! With this determination, I set out for the St. Charles. The house wore a sad and deserted look, as if all life had died out from within its hitherto pleasant walls. I ascended the dusty steps, and pulled the bell. My ring was answered by the proprietor, a brave-hearted Massachusetts man, who, to use a nautical expression, was determined "to stick to the ship," even in the hour of danger.

The hotel keeper glanced surprisedly at me, and then asked my business. My first inquiry was for Gabrielle St. Clair. His answer was that she had left the house the morning before, upon discovering that her betrothed, Mr. Raymond, had been taken down with the small-pox.

I assured him that I was a friend of the sick man, and having no fears of the disease myself, would like very much to be allowed to see him.

The proprietor hesitated a moment, as if half afraid to give his consent to a thing involving so much danger, and at length bade me follow him up the broad staircase. After traversing a long corridor, my companion at last paused before a small door. Then he left me, telling me if I had any fears I had better not enter. But the thought of seeing Philip once more chased out every fear from my heart.

I knocked lightly. A colored man, evidently in the capacity of a nurse, cautiously opened the door just far enough to discern the face of the intruder. Seeing that I was a stranger, and a lady, too, he quickly motioned me away, and was about to close the door upon me, when with a sudden movement, I threw myself against the door, and before the honest-hearted colored man could recover from his surprise, I had dashed by him and was at the bedside of his patient. The eyes of the sick man slowly

opened, and with a wild cry of joy, I threw myself weeping upon his neck.

"Ada—dearest Ada!" he murmured, gently putting me away from him. "God has again sent you to be my saving angel, when I, a beautiful siren that she was, deserted me! Oh, Ada, have you no fears for your own precious life? and can you, will you forgive my injustice and cruelty to you?" and the thickly bloated face became wet with tears.

"Philip, my own loved one!" I answered, suddenly checking my own tears, "I will never leave you again!"

His eyes, more eloquent than words, answered me in the affirmative. And I kept my word; and when, after four weeks severe illness, Philip Raymond rose scarred and feeble from his bed, he drew me close to his heart, and called me his good angel and little saviour.

In the early stages of Philip's convalescence, intelligence was brought us from the country, of the death of Gabrielle St. Clair, of small-pox. Philip dwelt long upon this sad piece of news, knowing well that his betrothed cousin must have taken the loathsome disease from him, as she had died in dismay from his side, as soon as the sight of the red blotches upon his face attracted her attention. They were to have been married in a week's time, but death had won the bride which Philip wooed.

I have sometimes felt that it was well that Gabrielle died; for had she recovered from that malignant and dreaded disease, scarred and disfigured as her cousin will always be, she would have dragged out a miserable life, cursing the hand that destroyed her wondrous beauty, as fatal in its Circe-like fascinations to the hearts of men, as was the disease she loathed and feared to her bodily existence.

Standing beside her grave yester afternoon, the loved and loving wife of Philip, I forgave the unconscious sleeper beneath our feet, all the injustice and wrong she had done us both—for are we not one in soul and thought? To-morrow we go back to Charleston, where Philip says a warm welcome is awaiting us from father, mother and sisters.

"Thank God!" I murmur, over and over again, even while I write these pages for your perusal, dear reader; for I know that the cross I so patiently bore upon my shoulders for a twelvemonth, is now exchanged for the crown of a husband's deep and abiding love.

Written for the Banner of Light.

STELLA.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. FRANK LINCOLN, OF OLMSTED, OHIO.

Stella! The voiceless lips reply no more;  
The last, low sobbing sigh of breath is stilled;  
Stella! The ear that always heard before  
Is heedless now, and the young heart is chilled;

Her little boat hath glided from the sands,  
To win companionship in other lands.  
Close the blue eyes, so dimmed and faded now,  
Part softly back the silken locks of gold,  
And wipe the death-dew from the childish brow  
Above which scarcely seven years have rolled;

Cross the pale hands upon the silent breast,  
And lay the lovely dust away to rest.  
There will be utter loneliness at first,  
And passionate, wild yearnings for the dead,  
And hearts whose aching chords will almost burst  
With longings vain to share her lowly bed;

And sleep will flee from weary, tearful eyes,  
As agonizing recollections rise.  
But O, remember even while you weep,  
The joys to which the gentle one has gone;  
While ye will walk the earth with bleeding feet,  
And spirits bruised, and tempest-tossed, and worn;

She will be breathing incense from the blooms,  
That beautify the world beyond the tomb.  
When the dim twilight of your years shall come,  
And the long shadows fall aslant the way,  
And the sweet vesper bells shall call you home,  
No Stella will be here to bid you stay;

Her tender voice will sound the other side,  
Welcoming you across the silent tide.

### Biographical.

FREDERICK ROBINSON.

Whatever can be said of the recent or past circumstances of a good as well as a really great man, is not only worthy of public notice, but generally carries with it a welcome to the mind of every reader. The sterling philosopher, whose name appears above, is one of the few who constitute this valuable class of mankind. Those who know him best are the most thoroughly satisfied of his positive magnanimity. His ancestors exhibited traits not unlike in vigor and fullness, the characteristics of their descendant. The grandfather, Caleb Robinson, was a colonel of the militia in New Hampshire, and fought in that capacity in the battle of Bunker Hill. Very soon after, he entered the Continental service, and was in many a hard fought battle during the Revolution. He expended all his property in the war, and consequently became very indigent. He died in a state of great want, about the time of the birth of Frederick, his grandson, in 1800.

The mother was a woman of more than ordinary power, energy and perseverance. She was gifted with a clear perception, sound common sense, and a rugged physical constitution. While Frederick was an infant about a year old, his father died, leaving a widow and four children. Here was a melancholy crisis, which required the united force of all the characteristics the mother fortunately possessed. Destitution, bereavement, and a disheartening prospect, were her sombre rainbow of promise. To the pecuniary reward of her toil alone was this lone widow, surrounded by a family of four helpless children, the oldest of whom was not over nine years of age, and the youngest an infant, compelled to look for food, clothing and shelter. They resided in Exeter, N. H.

Soon as Frederick was fourteen years old, he was bound out to the trade of a shoemaker, and faithfully served out his time. During his apprenticeship, he evinced a strong desire for learning; and while at actual work on his little snug shoe-bench, he had always in his drawer a book which he could occasionally peruse. In this way he studied grammar, and made himself master of the English language. Nor did he neglect arithmetic, natural philosophy nor chemistry. He had a fellow apprentice by the name of Bickford, who worked in the same shop with him. He was a few years older, and had a peculiar taste for mathematics. These two young men used to devote their evenings, and much of their leisure hours, to study, in concert. When about eighteen years of age, Frederick became desirous of learning the Latin language. Accordingly, a Latin grammar went into his drawer, and he committed its contents to memory; and soon became master of Cicero and Virgil in this way.

Notwithstanding these studies, he became a very good and quick workman. His boss generally stinted him, and allowed him pay for all the work

he did besides his task, all the extra products. Thus he was enabled to lay up about one hundred dollars. When twenty-one, he resolved to go to school. For this purpose, he procured a house near the Academy in Exeter, and went for his mother, who had broken up housekeeping, and was living with a sister in the State of Maine. He brought her back to Exeter, and opened a boarding-house for scholars who attended the Academy. At the same time he obtained admission as a pupil in the same excellent institution. There he continued four years, in which time he studied all the branches which were taught therein, in both the English and Latin departments.

This successful step increased his anxiety to go to college; but he could not obtain the requisite funds. Self-denial became a matter of necessity. In 1826, he left Exeter, and went to Marblehead of this State. There he opened a private school, and at the same time entered his name in the office of Hon. Ralph H. French, as a student of law. For a year or two, he continued to keep school and to study for his profession; but, being assured that all his studying would avail him nothing, inasmuch as the bar monopoly, at that period, required students of law to be engaged in no other business, he abandoned school keeping, and devoted his whole time for three years, in the office of Mr. French, to constant study. Feeling that he was as well qualified as most young lawyers, he respectfully asked to be admitted to practice; but, as he had not been to college, and received a degree, a title, and a diploma, his request was refused. The rules of the bar were inflexible, but not insuperable.

In the year 1830, patriotic Marblehead sent him to represent her interests in the legislature, which he did with energy, ability, and fidelity, for a number of consecutive years. In politics, he was democratic, a live radical; and he labored hard and incessantly in the cause, in every way to help elevate the laboring classes and to shield them from the oppression of the wealthy. As a legislator, he was faithful; as an orator, rough-hewn, but mighty in ideas intelligible and acceptable to the people. Monopoly was the idol of his contempt. Those who remember thirty years ago, may not have forgotten the speech of Mr. Vance, nor Mr. Robinson's gigantic and successful efforts in paralyzing imprisonment for debt, in abolishing the odious bar rules, in giving a mortal wound to special pleading in court, in recommending the codification of the common law, in restricting the jurisdiction of capital punishment, in defeating the Ten Million Bank, in checking the monopolies of Lowell. His masterly effort, in 1834, on Fort Hill, for the workingmen, enhanced his value as an earnest, sincere, and able advocate of their rights. His lion-like achievement, in 1835, against the consolidated Bar and its prohibitory regulations, brought the whole posse of lawyers down upon him in and out of the legislature; but he demolished their barred gates. He opened the jail-door for the poor honest debtor to assist himself and needy family. He disentangled the lawyer's coil and snarl of special pleas; pressed hard for a specie basis to our currency; and made many an able plea for the helpless operative, as well as to reduce the laborer's hours of labor to a reasonable standard.

Some years afterwards he was returned to the State Senate, and was elected its President. Very satisfactorily did he discharge the trust. At various times he filled several national, State and town offices with marked fidelity. From the then scanty post office in Marblehead to the more liberal Custom House in Boston, from the Wardenship of the State Prison to the High Sheriff's station in Essex county, he was never lacking in his duty. The State convicts admired his kindness and magnanimity, his tolerant views and philanthropic administration. More than once was he the candidate for Congress, in his district; but the numerical vote of the opposition prevented his success.

His religious sentiments tended toward the deistic, though he attended the Episcopal church. Respecting a continuation of conscious existence hereafter, his ardent hope was often obscured by a veil of doubt. But the magic phenomena of mesmerism and clairvoyance appealed to his curiosity for investigation, and to his judgment for a decision. Like every true skeptic, he disputed them at first, but was open for conviction. He examined each and every occurrence with a severity and penetration not wielded by the credulous. He cross-examined, probed, analyzed, and compared them with others. He criticized keenly the reports of other narrators, and discussed the matter thoroughly, instance by instance, as presented to his observation or hearing, tapping every part of the tree's trunk for a defective spot—skepticism is so like a woodpecker, in its probing experiments. His acquiescence in the reality was slow and self-suspicious; not till he could pick no flaw in its probability. When this pioneer science bloomed into Spiritualism, it engaged his attention more intensely. For more than ten years did he test it at every point, resolutely disputing its possibility of revelation, and mustering pros and cons in antagonism to each other, till the vast amount of direct evidence from incontestable sources overwhelmed his doubts, and gained his assent. It was with this, as with every other step this sterling philanthropist and philosopher has taken in life, deliberately adopted—not hastily and implicitly, but gradually and hesitatingly. So, also, with his change of political parties.

In stature, he is tall, and somewhat slender, with a length of face, prominent nose, piercing black and rather small eyes, liberal mouth, capacious forehead, and darkish complexion. His voice is full, sometimes powerful. His manner is earnest in debate, and lively in conversation. He is a deep, accurate and comprehensive thinker—too much so to be altogether in retirement. His counsels are needed in public; and it is a cause for joy that they appear now to advance on the platform of Spiritualism. Rare opportunities has he had to form a reliable opinion on this interesting and momentous subject. His mature age, keen perception, ample means, investigating and skeptical mind, excellent judgment, and wide scope of substantial information, qualify him for the task.

At present, he resides with his family, on a pleasantly located farm in his adopted Marblehead, the native place of his highly-esteemed lady, where he has for some years been quietly enjoying the "Olim cum dignitate."

In strict consistency with his former mode of living, as he was then absorbed in ameliorating the temporal condition of his fellow men, he is now striving to remove from them the gloom of death by demonstrating and convincing them of a conscious futurity—of the existence of a wise and benevolent God and a higher state of being for all, hereafter. His conviction gives him comfort, and he wishes to administer the same to others. May the well-meaning and practical sage be favored in his cherished enterprise, to edify the mind, cheer the spirits, and vivify the heart of depressed humanity. It is his congenial



sphere; may be prosper in it, here; and in God's good time, experience a pleasant transit into a wider one.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
VOICES.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

All life has language. What though speech like ours may not be given,  
Each in its own peculiar tongue, speaks as with a voice from Heaven.  
It needs no angel's thrilling tone to wake the quickening soul;  
One burst of music echoes forth, as 't were the Voice of God.  
The blade of grass, the soft green moss, the tiny morning flower,  
Though crushed beneath the passer's foot, speak with a wondrous power;  
The quiet rocks, the mountains stern, that moveless seem to stand  
Like Memnon's Statue, utter forth their voice at High Command;  
The tall old trees, the giant oaks, the shrubs beneath their shade,  
Send low their voices—hark! a voice—it is as if they prayed.  
And sometimes when my soul is sad—life seems a worthless thing—  
I seek some dim Cathedral shade and all my sorrows bring.  
And bowing at some Druid Oak, High Priest and Altar there  
Tell all my griefs, confess my sins and absolution share.  
And while I linger at the shrine, that Organist, the breeze,  
Approaches with a Master hand, and strikes Great Nature's keys!  
And what a rustling of the leaves—it thrills my very soul—  
And what a burst of thunder tones, through all the forests roll.  
Now dying soft like angel tones that seek the homes of love,  
Now ringing out like anthems sung by those bright hosts above,  
Then whispering softly unto me, of peace and joy and light,  
Like some kind friend in hours of pain, through all the long dark night.  
Till every whisper of each leaf seems like some angel's tone,  
And all the worthlessness of life from every thought is gone.  
Each waving bough outstretched is like an angel's waiting hand  
That gently, kindly beckons me up to some Summer Land,  
And all my grief like summer clouds at morning's golden ray,  
Or snow wreaths when the spring is near, are swept, all swept away.  
And in this grand cathedral aisle, my soul takes up the strain  
And answers to the Mighty Voice—I am at peace again.  
And I hear voices in the stream that others do not hear,  
For like a friend it talks to me when none beside are near;  
But should the sound of mirth and song from many a voice be heard  
Along its banks, that tone is hushed, it utters not a word.  
As though the sound of life, the world, came in to drown the strain,  
As if it scorned such trivial things it will not speak again;  
And as I love more than all else, this rich, deep undertone  
That speaks of God, of Heaven, of Truth—I seek its banks alone.  
I stood, to-day, where at my feet the Ocean billows rolled,  
And hushed my breath to hear the grand, deep mysteries they told.  
How well it wears the Prophet's robe, through ages has that tone  
Pealed forth the solemn mysteries of all the Great Unknown;  
But only they that listen close—as to the sea shall press'd  
The ear detects the murmuring, the sound of its unrest—  
Shall hear prophetic words that break in every billow's roll  
And understand its solemn Voice as speaking soul to soul.  
Ah, who can hear that sound unmoved, with crest-waves leaping high,  
And feel not that the Chariot-wheels of God are rushing by?  
And who can gaze into the depths of that wild restless sea,  
And read not there a written page, oh human heart, of thee!  
And in its storm and in its calm, 't is speaking all the same,  
Who asks for Prophets, hearing not, might bow their heads for shame.  
And oh, the soft, light, summer clouds, that sail through Heaven's blue sea,  
Like fairy harks on fairy waves from far they call to me;  
And while enrapt I list the strain, I hear, "we're homeward bound,  
Come sail with us to that bright port where all the lost are found."  
And as the West its banners spread to couch the dying sun  
That like some warrior, sinks and dies upon the field he's won;  
And all the scene in majesty is like some funeral pyre,  
Cloud, sky and landscape, merged and changed to one ascending fire.  
Then as I watch the soft tints steal and melt through all the sky  
Like robes of angels, come to say, "fear not, they do not die,"  
And see them change more beautiful till low voiced twilight comes,  
And draws the curtains, shuts the blinds and says "the day is done."  
Then, as I turn, a thousand tones I did not hear before,  
Come floating up—sweet mysteries—from night's half opened door.  
And while the shadows softly steal I tread enchanted ground  
Where all of life a soul has caught, and each a tongue has found,  
And sky and earth and star and sea, wear such a wild, ering spell  
That all the chambers of my soul are like a sea-born shell,  
Haunted by these and Mightier Tones that seem from some far sphere  
Whose noblest Anthems faintly steal through Nature's Voices here—  
A shell cast by the Eternal Waves on Time's wild, rocky coast,  
Haunted by aye by memories of some bright Heaven lost,  
And mocked by strange, mysterious tones, by weird notes evermore,  
Till the Great Eternal Waves roll up and bear it from the shore.

## Original Essays.

### ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND. NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

We were taking our last "glimpse" from the Westminster mount of vision when we rested for another adjustment of the glasses, and now proceed with the *Review*, to scan the new mapping of the heavens. We may have to cut the sceptic of John, the Patmos visionist, in order to get the bearings of the new "seven stars and seven Spirits of God," which have appeared above the old theological horizon. The Star in the Magian horoscope of Jesus went before the observers, "and stood over where the young child was," while the present seven appear to stand over the observatories of Cambridge and Oxford.

Marvelous indeed is this coming forth of the "seven spirits," for who could have thought that out of chaos and old night, light should spring up, and that from the dark valley and shadow of death, heavily crusted fossilism should come forth in newness of life? But so it is; the old serpent is casting its skin; evolution and development are breaking through the hardest of shells, and those whom we thought to be dead are coming out of their graves and appearing unto many. So it was with Matthew's dead bodies, who "came out of the graves," and marched with measured step and slow up to Jerusalem.

The Westminster, in viewing the circuit of the heavens through which our essayists have moved, beholds a universal loosening thereof, leaving "the simple believer," who has hitherto opened his mouth and shut his eyes, utterly stranded. "All the bases of his creed are undermined; the whole external authority on which it rests is swept away; the mysterious book of truth fades into an old collection of poetry and legend; and the scheme of redemption in which he has been taught to live and die, turns out to be a demoralizing invention of men. It is done unto him by doctors, professors and divines, by those who breed up churchmen and clergymen—by men who teach those who teach him and his children. We can well imagine the bitterness of heart with which he must repudiate this system of ours. His mental constitution cannot bear so terrific a remedy. They may demonstrate the scientific necessity of the operation they propose; but what if he feel certain of dying under their knives? Old and infirm as he is, they would restore him in a Median cauldron."

True, each sturdy Milton who bravely walks in his own soul's growth, would declare "though all the winds of heaven were let loose, we do injuriously to Truth to suspect her. Let her and Falsehood grapple; whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?" And Paul—"when the ship could not bear up in the wind, we let her drive." But the "simple believer," whose soul has been confined to the measure of a creed, topples over like the old Dagon-god, and the "Median cauldron" falls to give elasticity to his limbs. This "Median cauldron" was a kind of vapor bath, with incense of aromatic herbs, affording "a sweet smelling savor to the Lord," and in use, by Miss Medes, many hundred years before the Christian era. In Oriental hyperbole, she was supposed to restore the dead to life after they had lain in the tomb as long as Lazarus, or the much longer time of the modern transes, or somnolent Asiatics. Working marvelous cures by steam, she was ignorantly charged by the "simple believers" with working her miracles by magic, witchcraft of sorcery. Having applied her process to an old foggy, already slipping his cables for a passage over the Styx, he cleared from his body by the force of the remedy, but was supposed by the "simple believers" of that day to have been purposely forwarded by express to the other world; hence the assumption that the "Median cauldron" is too strong a remedy for the weak knees of fossils, and for the weak digestion of "simple believers," who require the milk for babes, and not the strong meat for men. But we have been in the habit of entering the steam cauldron for more than twenty years—for the last fifteen years daily—we have directed the same course upon thousands of others, and our own experience is, that steam does wonders on the human being as well as on the railroad.

Indeed, the drug system might be very generally dispensed with, if "simple believers" could but open their eyes to the principles of health, where the ounce of prevention is worth more than the pound of cure. Cleanliness, well ventilated rooms and pure air, due hours of sleep, of exercise, with proper adjustment of food with reference to its medicinal qualities, whether as laxative or constipative—fine flour being of this latter quality to a most ruinous extent—are simple things to be heeded. Let social and other relations be congenial as much as possible, for these are necessary to the harmonious rhythm or equilibrium of the whole. Let there be occupation in something useful, promoting general growth and good, for a free, generous outgrowth of the soul.

"Gives fire to the mind and vigor to the limb,  
And life's enchanted cup then sparkles to the brim."

The laws and conditions of health are very easily learnt, and the habits once formed will not be departed from; "for all the ways are pleasantness, and all the paths are peace." Spiritualists should see to these things in the training of their children. There should be instruction in chemistry and physiology, with much other cultivation of the physical and mental domain, or there will continue blundering through drugs, doctors and death. Ignorance is the way of hell—the bottomless pit of suffering. Knowledge, working in the light of goodness, secures the harmony of heaven. Each must learn to engineer himself, to unfold from his own centre. By skillful gearing to the good providence of God, we have beautiful health, nor find the "spirits of devils working miracles," as was supposed by the old "simple believers," nor much improved in the modern day and generation of the same.

The ancient Medea sustained rather a broader character than curing disease or raising the dead to life. She bewitched Jason with her sorceries, and aided him to compass the Golden Fleece in the Argonautic expedition. She was as violently tempered as Hebrew Joel, who spoked the head of Siserah, and as Deborah, who set the epiking process to music and sang it to the Lord. Medea "rode through the air in a chariot drawn by winged dragons." Elijah did the same in "a chariot of fire, horses of fire, and the horsemen thereof," while the similar worthies of Satan were seen mounted on broomsticks and sweeping the heavens.

Leaving this episode, suggested by the Westminster's allusion to the "Median Cauldron," we recur to the reviewer's pronouncement on what the "coven spirits" say to the churches. He says: "Is it too much to say that a book has appeared which at once repudiates miracles, inspiration, Messianic history, and

the authenticity of the Bible? Surely, too, these writers must know that it is in theology that the ostentatious argument is so untrustworthy. A chain of theological reasoning of all other chains is no stronger than its weakest part. What becomes of the Christian scheme when the origin of man is handed over to Mr. Darwin, and Adam and Eve take their seats beside Daucallon and Pyrrha?"

This "theological chain" is well put. The Biblical chain "no stronger than its weakest part!" Suppose we snap one of the thousand weak links in the Bible—say Jonah's trip, per whale, with his

"Life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scattered waters rave,  
And the winds their vigils keep."

Nor were the winds caught napping in this case, but were wide awake; for "the Lord sent a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest." Jonah, if not "shipwrecked, and murdered, and sold for a slave," was at least offered as a victim in sacrifice to appease the Lord—was cast overboard, whaled, and "vomited on dry land." This is equivalent to Iphigenia in Aulis, where the Grecian fleet were becalmed on their way to Troy. In this case, to move the Grecian fleet, as set forth in Euripides, much of the very breeze was wanted which proved so potent in knocking the Hebrew craft on her beam ends. The Gentile prophet scanned the links in the theological chain, and discovered that the young and beautiful daughter of Commodore Agamemnon must be offered in sacrifice to the Gentile Lord. As the Hebrew Lord provided a whale for the escape of Jonah, so, too, was Iphigenia spirited away, and a hind met the demands of the sacrificial knife. But the tempest to let, in the whale, without ventilation, proved the very "bully of hell" to Jonah; nor much better fared Iphigenia as priestess to the barbarians on the Thracian Bosphorus. Jonah in the whale, and Iphigenia in Tawris, were rather hard conditions; but alas! for Jephthah's daughter, who had not even these, though a ram saved Isaac under the sacrificial knife of Abraham. No woman's rights could avail to save a damsel devoted to the Lord; for "none devoted shall be redeemed, but shall surely be put to death," as "the Lord commanded Moses for the children of Israel in Mount Sinai." Yet a ram sufficed for Isaac, a deer for Iphigenia, and a whaling voyage for Jonah; but alas for Jephthah's daughter! for the Lord is a jealous God, and "none devoted shall be redeemed, but shall surely be put to death."

Such are some of the links in the theological chain of old time—very apt for modern schools and churches to count their beads upon. Though the Biblical chain is full of incongruous links, which break in all directions, yet priest and church declare the chain one and infallible, with no disruption of parts. For God's sake, let Dr. Ellis make louder his apology for the "stupidity of the pulpit." If there be any salvation in apology, let us have it, for the spiritual growth that is bound by the "theological chain of reasoning," is weak indeed—clean gone in imbecility.

Says the Westminster—"An English divine must be, in spite of himself, an apologist, and must be always regarded as stating his case most favorably to the church; an Oxford professor must sanction revolt when he speaks disbeliever with such amazing candor. . . . Creeds, like Censar's wife, cannot even bear to be suspected. Let each of these writers be assured that, as far as moral influence goes, he has said all that each of the others has said, and it is not too hard to remind them, that each has implied some things which none of them have said. . . . From the general extracts which we have made, we think it will be seen that this book does radically destroy not a part, but the whole of the popular belief. . . . Were not the Egyptians, as much as the Jews, the pioneers in civilization? Are Confucius, and the infinite millions who have lived and died under his dispensation, drops in the ocean of humanity? Did Buddhism do nothing for the principle of purity? or was Mahomet a feeble teacher of the idea of monotheism? To ignore so much in the past may be the singular result of a classical education; but to drop out of mankind a vast majority of the human race, is an astonishing proof of the narrowness of the Christian teacher."

These last remarks are applied by the reviewer to Dr. Temple, who exhibits the characteristic narrowness of the education bounded by the church, whose classical attainments afford but little breadth of soul, or scope of vision; hence the necessity that Dr. Ellis should offer "an apology for the stupidity of the pulpit." Such fragmental education, and most of it a fossil kind, must of necessity result in a barren field, or of abortive productions, but ill adapted to modern development. When such platitudes are offered to progressive souls, and they are told to "enter in and possess the land which the Lord thy God hath given thee," they are rather apt to demur at such a kingdom of heaven which has the dark aspect of the valley and shadow of death of the Hebrew, or the "Pluto's dreary realms" of the Gentile. A preference is given to a newer, a brighter unfolding of the heavens, whence angel's food is furnished at first hand from more sweetly flowing fountains, and holier fruits of present growth.

Again, the Westminster—"Can the noble elevation of the Roman citizen be compared with the inhuman exclusiveness of the Jew? Surely there are negative results of the Jewish influence. The spirit of persecution, extermination and narrowness, is not Greek. Is Calvinism derived from Roman or from Jewish temper? Whence comes the notions of hell and damnation, of the God of battles, of Pharisaism and Bibliolatry? Nor are these things trifles, if nothing can be so repugnant to the notion of the unity of man, no temper so pernicious of the progress of the race, as the spirit of cruelty, of pride, of isolation, and of formalism. Yet these are the educators chosen out for a sacred prerogative, their leaders specially honored, their writings specially studied, their spirit specially imitated. . . . Why do our congregations chant daily fierce war-songs from the Psalms? . . . The pedantic education and the shuffling morality of the universities, too often leads them to adopt the principles of hostile criticism in the spirit of the rhetorician or the sophist. They turn criticism into apology by a trope, and twist an axiom of science to support a popular error. How this has been done with the first chapter of Genesis the world now knows, and the church knows also to its cost. But the identical process discredited for the cosmogony still flourishes for the rest of the Bible; and day after day we see the latest conclusions of philosophy and science travestied into Hebrew phraseology, to defend the pretensions of an official church."

After some other remarks, the reviewer continues, and says—"The latter link in the argument is adequately supplied by the second essay in the volume. Dr. Williams gives us an able summary of the best results of Biblical criticism, and the conclusions of modern Hebrew scholars. Of his work we desire to

speak with much respect, whilst we shall push his arguments to their logical deductions, from which his position, or his special studies, perhaps incline him to abstain. After the extracts already made, it will be sufficient to say, that it subjects the entire Scripture to a process which combines that pursued by Niebuhr upon Livy, with that of Wolf upon Homer. In short, the truth of the narrative and the identity of the authors disappear together. It becomes a medley of legend, poetry, and oral tradition, compiled, remodeled, and interpolated by a priestly order, centuries after the times of its supposed authors. And this applies to the New Testament (though in much less degree) just as to the Old. The process with which classical scholars are so familiar is renewed. The bits of old songs or laws are skillfully picked out of the Pentateuch, which is shown to have been put together under the kings by the priesthood who recast, and perhaps fraudulently invented whole books. The prophecies become sermons of every variety of spirit and purpose. The Psalms become a sort of Hebrew anthology of every possible merit and date. Thus the Old Testament is reduced to a very fragmentary and very untrustworthy collection of the literature of a certain Arab race. The grand spirit of Moses grows as dim in the dust of centuries as that of Numa. Sinai moves as little as the Cave of Egeria. The primeval poems are distorted into prose by some college of pontiffs or augurs; and the war-songs of old heroes are hammered out into dreary narratives by the designing ingenuity of a caste.

The process does not, of course, go so far with the New Testament, though it must suffer from the proximity of such a neighbor. Three first gospels were put together from the floating and variable traditions of the early church, no man knows how or when. As much might be said for the "Lives of the Saints." The fourth gospel on which so much is rested, is very late, and certainly not by St. John. Indeed the only thoroughly authentic portion of the whole Scripture seems to be the Epistles—those of St. Paul, that is to say, for many of the others are very suspicious. In the writings of St. Paul, then, we do reach a firm point, of which author, date and genuineness are certain, but even these unfortunately, contain corrupt readings and addition, or call them forgeries, on cardinal points made in the early days when the church "was creating its theology."

The mass break idols they no longer worship; they repudiate the guides in whom they had placed an extravagant trust. Our new teachers point out that their idol is but stone and wood, but wish them to retain it on the altar for its beauty and its age. They discredit the veracity of the oracles, and think mankind will still consult them for the poetry of the responses. . . . We are asked to venerate the old prophets not as seers but as poets, and then are told to venerate no other poets like them. We are desired to see in the Jewish nation the purpose of ages moving onwards through their history, and then asked to ignore the purpose of ages through the history of far nobler and greater nations. It is not that Hebrew poetry is not great, but that Christian poetry is greater; it is not that there is nothing to be learned in the history of the Jews, but that there is more to be learned in the history of the Romans. Man for man, race for race, the comparison is hardly possible, and Dante towers above Isaiah, as much as St. Bernard above Samuel.

If this be true, the maintenance of that race and its literature in unnatural prominence under any pretence, or with any theory of interpretation, is an evil and a delusion. . . . The Bible can hold its place either by a divine sanction or by glaring injustice to the other writings of mankind. The question is not whether stripped of that sanction it is worthless, but whether other books are not equally valuable. . . . In short the plan is one which reduces the whole Bible to the position of the Apocrypha. In them we have books which claim no very high authority, and are not used to establish any doctrine. They have sunk into the same neglect as the Catholic legends or the spurious epistles and gospels of the church. The world even gives a very harsh sense to the term 'apocryphal.' If this is the position which Scripture is to hold in men's minds, its claims are undoubtedly placed similarly low. They do not say that certain books are not inspired, but that there is no inspiration. They yield not the authenticity of parts, but the authority of the whole.

There is however, a totally different side of this question. After all, the really fatal objection to the Scripture is not that it is deficient or occasionally superfluous, and does not contain much of great value which other writings do (as authors readily admit), but that much—say, very much—of what it does contain is actively injurious and positively repulsive. . . . He who feels keenly the baneful influence diffused through the inmost fibres of social and private life, cannot tolerate that it should be prolonged in the very name of society and morality. And if advantage be taken of the very moderation of our language, it is time to point out the powerful substratum of truth in the fierce invectives of Voltaire and Paine. With regard to the Hebrew portion, indeed, it is allowed that it can do nothing more than represent the spirit and life of the Jews, and perhaps does very scant justice even to that. Now in spite of their monotheism, which they held in common with other Oriental races, the Jewish national character abounds in repulsive features. The very orthodox believer admits it in order to heighten the miracles of inspiration. It is not enough to say that they were surpassed by the Romans in this and the Greeks in that virtue; it must be shown that they were free from fatal defects. We ask whether morbid pride, egotism, and ferocity, inhuman hate and frantic fanaticism, superstition and hypocrisy, went for nothing in the national character. And then we go on to ask if this spirit does not, and through ages, has not shed its blight upon men, and if so, through what agency. Why all history scarcely shows a race whose character was distorted by such hateful vices. And is it not time that their character, such as it is, runs through every page of their literature, as, indeed, could not be otherwise? It poisons its wild mythology and the sanguinary annals, it stiffens the Mosiah ritual into a debasing formalism. Their national songs thirst for vengeance, and the warnings of their prophets are veiled in a gloomy horror. Again we say we yield to none in honoring what else they have—much that no other books in the world equally possess. What we insist on is, that it is mixed up with an immense percentage of evil. This is not a matter to be dismissed by a parenthesis or a metaphor. It is hardly fair to talk of 'flaws' and 'patches,' nor does it meet the question to call all this an imperfect revelation. It is trifling with us to say that the Mosiah ritual was given for the 'hardness of men's hearts,' and some impracticable 'vision' is a 'council of perfection.'

We say that evil is evil, and are not willing to adopt the view of Mr. Emerson, that it is a lower

form of good. What we maintain is, that the book which they insist on retaining on the altar and the hearth, for reading in the congregation, and for meditation in secret—the book for all—for white and black men, for the poor, the sick, and the child, contains inwoven into its fibre some of the very principles of a bad heart and narrow head. Is it possible to give a moral interpretation to all the legends of Genesis? How many pages are occupied with the upholsters of the temples and the fiery of the Levites? Are not the wars of Israel as dreary as those of the Samites, and far more shocking? Are the turbulent annals of the Judges and the Kings the most edifying things in all history, even supposing them true in fact? Even the golden words of David and his son contain much dross. They are no little discredited by their lives, and distorted by frightful imprecations and cynical worldliness. Through the loftiest exhortations of the prophets, and far more through the whole history of their lives and actions, there runs a savage fanaticism, and occasional instances of sheer monomania. What we want to learn is, in what way this burden of Judaism may be lifted off the conscience of the people. How shall their public and private life be purified from this? Not, we think, by any explanation of difficulties and canons of interpretation—not by still thrusting before their eyes and dining into their ears with free comments the legends of Dinah and Tamar, the dreary catalogues of Numbers and Leviticus, the maledictions of the Prophecies and Psalms, and the antics of the songs of Solomon. "It is very easy indeed to say that mankind turn to the brighter, never to the darker pages. But is this really so? Are not, rather, the two mingled together? It may be easy to say that the cry of the 'sword of the Lord and of Gideon' is obsolete, and the spirit of persecution dead. These tempers no longer take the form of outward violence; but they still produce a moral degradation. That which almost stifled the political genius of Cromwell, still makes bad citizens; and the literalism of Knox still hardens many hearts. The missionary still looks upon himself as Elijah amidst the priests of Baal; and the whole evangelical world still nurses its pride upon the language of the chosen people. In a word, the cruelty of Calvinism, the hypocrisy of Protestantism, and the bigotry of the church, are Jewish to the core."

There is much more from the Westminster mount of vision which we have not room to include in our "Glimpses." Let it suffice for the present to say that from the observatories of Cambridge, Oxford and Westminster the old heavens are seen rolled together as a scroll—the sun darkened, and the moon refusing to give her light; the old theological stars are falling from heaven, and "sweating away like farthing candles looted at bath ends." The brook Kedron is overwhelmed with the immense amount of biblical, of church and priestly rubbish. *Sic transit gloria evangelii mundi*; the which being interpreted is, the evangelical world upon the slide, and giving place to the brighter day. Amen!

C. B. P.

### SHADOWS.

'Tis the hour of prayer. How gently the light dropped away in speedy moments! Pensive evening like a shadow is spreading over us. The busy tramp of day has mellowed into the quiet hour of twilight. Shadows sit by us, to which fancies give strange shapes and our minds grow pensive. Sounds unnoticed in the rose-tinted hours of light, fall quaintly on the ear; our thoughts in harmony with the calmness of the hour, ascend, like heated air, to higher regions, and a holy sadness heralds in the night.

'Tis the hour of prayer. The golden sunset draws fantastic clouds of dazzling brightness, on which its rays have lingered till their lusted edges have faded into red, and now the dark blue of evening has spread its mantle over all; the lighted points, one after another, have gone out, leaving the once bright coronations of beauty in huge shapes, grim and motionless.

The young moon, following her god, has dropped behind the dark cloud; a star glimmers through the foggy folds, prophetic of constellations, to gem the canopy of night. The dews of evening gather on the ground; the air is full of chilliness, and the heart in sympathy beats to the music of sadness.

'Tis the hour of prayer. All day the din of active life overwhelms, and the latent soul speaks not. Thankful are we for the return of evening, bringing us back to fadings mystic thought, when hearts speak and voices oft are silent—vain wanderings o'er a sea of thoughts we cannot fathom. 'Tis the hour when children talk with angels; 'tis the hour we feel our immortality.

'Tis the hour of prayer; 'tis the hour when old familiar faces look at us from the dark corners of the room. Old portraits on the wall attract expression, and the recognitions make us feel the living presence. Can the winking hour of twilight make vivid the shadows of loved faces who dwell beyond the yale, whose still voices ignite thought—whose footsteps leave no track behind?

'Tis the hour of prayer. Come, little, bone of my bone, and bright-eyed Jamie, image of the mother, draw near the table, old ere your eye saw the light of day. The rough winds of time have not yet swept the sunbeams from your hopeful faces. You are fresher from life's fount than I am. Then lift your young hearts with thanks. Oh, fair evening, that forgets toil, and permits the quiet and repose of holy thought. Children, let us pray.

Pray for the mother who had you first in her bosom, and when ready for the friction of light and air, gave you your being. Forget not your Father, who needs prayers more than she. You for us, and we for you; our vespers entwined, shall soar upward, and mingle with the thank offerings of angels.

'Tis the hour of prayer. Hark! the wind, low moaning, vibrates on my ear in harmony with the hour. Listen! maybe an angel's voice. I feel her presence. Is it Hattie? They are all here. Is that soft-moaning wind a response? Oh, let us think so! 'Tis the golden hope of life's existence. We see thee not. But art thou here, my eldest born, whose early-winged flight left a trail of sorrow on life's pathway? Oh, sweet sombre twilight, that gives reality to shadows!

'Tis the hour of prayer. Hattie joins with us, whose unheard voice mingles without discord with Ellie's and Jamie's—whose bright faces see her presence in our hearts, and feel they have a sister whose soft influences draw them heavenward. One link above the cloud, and one below the surface, make the chain complete.

'Tis the hour of prayer. The little bud, still en-



# Banner of Light.

We have refunded the money received by us  
to put "The Trance," a book advertised a month  
ago. Owing to the times it will not be published  
presently.







## The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. C. GOSWELL, while in a condition called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

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

We believe the public should know of 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 expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Answers to Letters.—As one medium would in no way answer to answer the letters we should have sent to us, did 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.

## 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?

Thursday, Jan. 8.—Invocation: The Condition of the American Nation; Geo. Carter, Deerfield; Samuel Upham; Anna Maria Hussey, Hallowell; To Joseph Loomis; Louisa Gann.

Wednesday, Jan. 9.—Come and let us reason together, saith the Lord; Francis T. Whittier, Troy; Laura Wood, Brooklyn; Pat Riley, Lawrence.

## The Lord's Prayer.

"How can the Lord's Prayer be reconciled to the teachings of Spiritism?"

This question we have been called upon to answer ere this, and we have done so; but it seems that the mind of our questioner is unsatisfied still, and he reiterates the question.

The followers of Jesus asked him for a form of prayer. He gave them in substance that which you have in your Bible—at all events, that record tells you so. But you are not to suppose that prayer is any more infallible than any you receive at this day. That prayer was given to answer their present necessities, not that they might pray so to all eternity. But the disciples of Jesus were open to mistakes, as are you of this day. They as often laid down their own individuality as do you. Notwithstanding Jesus told them they must rely upon their own selves for salvation—that they must occupy on the talents God had given them; notwithstanding all this, they were prone to lean upon Jesus, and, after his death, upon those near to him.

Man is ever prone to ask some one else the way to heaven, instead of relying upon self. This is an outgrowth of material conditions are the spirit knows where to go; and no man need ask how to pray, for if he knew himself, he would know that every desire of the spirit is a prayer, every aspiration a prayer.

How shall you reconcile the Lord's Prayer to the teachings of spirits? How shall you reconcile ancient Spiritualism with modern Spiritualism? By understanding both. The power being exerted over you by the unseen inhabitants of spirit-life, moved upon mankind in all time. But as their sight was limited, so is yours.

The prayer, as given by Jesus of Nazareth, was a very good prayer for the time—answered well the demands of those who called for it. Jesus knew this, and gave the form of prayer he is said to have given. But does this belong to all of you as it did to his disciples? No. It may answer the necessities of some, but not of all humanity. Instead of asking Jesus, as those of ancient time, how you shall pray, turn within and ask your own God. He will give you a new prayer for every moment, and if you are satisfied with the prayer, believe us, God will be satisfied, also.

There are many among you so wedded to that given by Jesus, that they are unwilling to embrace a new form demanded by this age, which will accord with your necessities. The old yoke of superstition is still weighing you down at the foot of the cross. You should not sit there idle, but take it up. He that sits idle, content with the past, does not progress, for Jesus calls you onward. Do not sit gloomily in the garden of Gethsemane, but come out and catch the bright beams of light being sent to you by God at this hour.

The spirit cannot always be fettered, and because it cannot, one after another who bears the cross of olden time, is calling upon us to answer the demand.

How shall we come out and embrace the new, and reconcile it with the old? By listening to the voice of God that speaks in thunder-tones in your own soul, and which will never forget to tell you how to pray.

When sickness and sorrow have laid their hands heavily upon you, who does not know how to pray? Not one. 'Tis then through sorrow the interior voice is heard and obeyed. How you listen to this voice when sorrow presses upon you! How it tells you to pray! A something diviner than Jesus, then, tells you how to pray. Then let it teach you to pray in all your life. When sunshine gleams upon you, then also let this glorious monitor teach you to pray.

If you cannot listen to the voice within, go ask the lilies how to pray. In the morning they lift up their petals to catch the dew-drops, and the sun kisses their lips. They answer the external from the internal. The spirit of the Almighty dwelling within them teaches them how to pray.

Oh, cease to gather up the dry bones of past ages, for they cannot teach you how to pray.

Now, then, the teachings of Jesus can easily be reconciled to the teachings of to-day, when you understand both. When you answer the call of your spirit, and obey its voice, then shall you be able to reconcile the teachings of the past and present.

We answer you according to our ability—thus and so did Jesus answer his disciples, and thus more.

Dec. 11.

## Kneeland Chase.

Oh, my God! I am in trouble. I am dead—there is no doubt about that; but I did not know it until sometime afterwards. I know this place; I know what I have come for; I know about your paper; I have read it, but I have never seen anybody come in this way—never heard anybody talk in this way.

I have got a strange story to tell. I was murdered; and I know who murdered me. It was not Cilly, by any means. It was not anybody who was charged with my murder; but I know who did it. My God! I wish I did not.

I have two or three favors to ask here. One is, I should like to have all my body buried together. I do not want one part of it in New Hampshire and another in Massachusetts. I want Dr. Jackson to send my stomach home. It is a queer question to ask, perhaps; but it is a favor, and I ask it. That body served me well, and I wish to take care of it now. No matter if it has been buried for months, I want it all together. I could have analyzed it right. There was no poison enough to detect. I was murdered. The first thing I was struck with was a stone; the second, a stone; but I do not know how many more times I was struck. It was 12 o'clock at night. I went up from my house to my barn; there I was killed. I had been out of town on business, and got back rather late. I was followed, and murdered; and I was murdered that others might enjoy the money I left. If they want lay it to those who are innocent, I will not care; but they have done that, and I am coming back to speak for myself.

I was unfortunate, as a good many are. I was in the habit of taking too much liquor—so much so, that some of my friends thought it best to put my property away, so I could not spend it. I got tired of being servant when I ought to be master, and I quit drinking. Shortly after that, my friends interceded, and my property was restored to me. A few days after this, I was sent where I now am.

When my wife gives her opinion as to who murdered me, she must be careful who she charges it upon. I know she do not believe I can come back; but I can do it.

I want to give her a little advice. She must be careful she do not travel too far on the same road I did; if she does, she may meet with as short a turn as I did. I wish her no harm, although we did not

live together happily for some time. I will do her all the good I can, but if she has any sins of her own, I would not keep them to herself—not throw them on to anybody else, for they will not lose anything by traveling.

I have an uncle here, or dead, and he has told me many things I do not know before. He says that when my wife started from the house to go to see what had become of me, she said she was going to see if I was dead, and she hoped I was. She knows whether she said so or not. I hope she is satisfied; and all I now ask is, that my body be buried together, and my children brought up right. Della is a good woman, if she would let one thing alone; if she do not, she will find it will be as great a curse to her as it ever was to me.

It is no use to say my horse killed me—that is a foolish story. No one will ever believe it who knew about the horse. I was not so stupid or drunk that I did not know I was not alone, and that I was murdered, as some one thought who was determined to murder me. And I confess I do not know who it was until after death; but I do know now, and I have a right to use the knowledge as I choose to. There can be little done in the dark now—a days. It was dark in the barn, but when I came to my senses, after death, there were plenty to tell me who did the deed, but not until I was discreet enough to use it properly.

I do not come back for revenge. All I ask is, that justice be done me, and my children be brought up right.

The story that I used to go to my barn and stay two or three days, on a drunk, was all false. I have gone there when I had no money at home, and stayed half a day, but no longer. If the folks I have left will only keep as much truth on their side as I will on mine, we shall not come in open collision; but if they do not, I fear we shall. I hope Aunt Mary's folks will give me a chance to come there; but I do not want to come unless they can give me a good medium.

I should like to have my request attended to. I left money enough to bury me all together. If they saw fit to send part of me down here for analization, I want them to pay for it, and have it taken home and buried decently; for I have some respect now for my old body if I did not when I had it to use.

I was first struck on the side near the back of the head. I think they made a blundering job of it. After that I was struck across the ear. Then I was struck on the back of the head, near the ear. It was done in a very unskillful way. I wasn't so drunk but I understood that.

I wish to ask my wife why she did not ride home with me on that night? This is a civil question, and I want a civil answer. I am willing to wait a reasonable time for it.

You may direct this to Ware, N. H., as my folks live there now. I am sorry for my poor old mother—yes, I am; but she need not mourn for me. If she wants to make me happy, I want her to be happy; and when she gets ready to leave she will leave in as good a shape as anybody. I have many things to say, but they better be said in private than here. If Aunt Mary's folks see fit to give me a chance, I shall be glad. I should like to see my good old mother, and talk to her as I do to you; but if I can't, I shall try to do all I can for her when she comes here.

I am unhappy, and I want others who do as I did to take warning by me.

My name was Kneeland Chase. Send your paper, if you like, to my wife; but I do not think it necessary, for the folks up at the other house take it, and she will see it. I am a stranger to all here; but I feel as though I was acquainted with you.

Ans.—I do not tell who murdered me, for they will get justice done in their own consciences. I do not wish them to be strung up. I have not come here for nothing, and have not made a thrust at random. I am calm and cool, and very sure that the one who murdered me will get this.

I was near fifty. If you do not believe that I have told you a correct story, write up and see; but I did not come here to satisfy anybody as to my truth. I came to ask that my children be brought up right and outside the influence of wrong. Good day.

Dec. 11.

## Emily M. Sargent.

I have a husband and a child I wish to come to. I feel so bad I am afraid I cannot speak well. I died of congestion of the lungs, after a severe turn of chills and fever. We moved from Massachusetts to Michigan four years ago, and I have been dead about six months. This is the first time I ever came; but I have so strong a desire to speak, that I would bear anything rather than not come.

I was thirty-one years old. My name was Emily M. Sargent. I want my husband, George, to take the child back to Massachusetts. He's away most of the time, and it's left among strangers, and I would rather it would be among my people. Before he does this, I want him to let me speak to him, and I am sure he will not be disappointed, if I speak with him. I was sick some time before death, with what was thought to be consumption, but it was not. Chills and fever at last attacked me, and I died with congestion of the lungs.

I am told he is going in the employ of the New York Central Railroad Company, and I know he will be away from the child, so I want it brought to Massachusetts.

Dec. 11.

## Sin and Disease.

"Are not Sin and Disease closely allied to each other?"

All disease whether mental or physical, is an effect of sin; now sin is but a violation of law, and he or she who violates law, whether through ignorance or otherwise must suffer the consequences.

All disease therefore, we say is not only closely allied to sin, but is the child of sin. Yet sin to us is not the monster it is to you. The child sins, but it is the sin of ignorance, and, believe us, judgment will be visited upon that sin as upon the sin of riper years. The child sins, and disease fastens itself upon the little form, and thence comes suffering, a holy monitor, teaching you to avoid sin in future. Disease and sin go hand in hand together throughout all the conditions of life. There is quite as much disease in the spiritual world as in the physical and spiritual combination in which you live. The spiritual of man is often as much diseased as the physical. The conscience, the conscious part of man, is the law of man, and if you at any time violate that you bring on mental disease, and that which follows close after is sorrow and repentance, and then comes a cure. Now, then, seek to avoid all that which will turn you aside from your own law, that which God hath given you alone—not the law of your neighbor.

True, physical and mental disease is often transferred from the parents to the children, and herein are the words verified as found in your Scripture: "I will visit the sins of the father upon the third and fourth generations." Go then and obey the grand law of conscience, of self—your own law, not only for your own sakes, but for the good of your children. All men possessed of sound judgment can understand as much of natural law as is necessary to their development. If God has placed these gifts in your midst, it is for you to grasp them. Sin and disease I can draw the dividing line between the two? Not Jehovah himself. They were ever wedded, and ever will be so. But when men shall obey the law of their beings, then they shall pass under the lash of disease; then they shall enjoy the first fruits of paradise. Yes, our questioner, sin and disease are closely allied to each other.

But again we cannot see sin through the glass you behold it; we cannot view it as a monster that shall destroy mankind. But we view it as law laid in uncouth garments, law transgressed. God is no respecter of conditions. If you do not obey, you must suffer, and you come under the immediate dominion of law, the moment you live. As soon as you are blessed with life, the law claims you as her subject. If you are loyal, you pass on without suffering; if you are not, you must suffer that you may learn your best good. Now, therefore, when you have transgressed a law, do not murmur at the punishment, for it is a blessing in disguise. Did the kind angel not visit you, would you ever find wisdom? Would you ever enter heaven? No; it is by suffering, keen and hard, that you enter heaven. Jesus of Nazareth suffered. He was a child of law, and he

did not fully understand that law, for if he had he would not have suffered. Although we find him good and true, standing upon a high plane of life, yet he too disobeyed the law of his nature, for he suffered. And we find one of his followers saying these words: "Though he were a son of the Living God he did suffer because of sin." Again, Jesus said, "There is none good save one." He might have said, "All are standing in the path of progress—there is not one among us who hath attained the high state of perfection, not even myself—I do not claim it." As Jesus was subject to the law of life, and at no time exempt from the conditions of that law, you must not expect to be. Therefore, if suffering comes upon you, know that you have transgressed upon some law. Then seek through disease to know what law you have transgressed, and then will disease be to you the greatest blessing you could have sent to you. Then, instead of placing it among that you call evil, you shall see no evil anywhere, but the hand of God stretched to you in mercy, bidding you come up higher. This dark portion of the panorama of life is quite as essential as the brighter side. If you have no disease, how be able to comprehend health, how be able to offer a just recompense to law?

Learn from everything in nature, no matter how low, or how high, to comprehend nature and to know how to walk with God.

Dec. 12.

## Charles Hovey.

In answer to a request I am here this afternoon. I am questioned in this way: A friend wishes to know if I am not disappointed with the condition of things in spirit-life, and if I am not sorry for the course I took while here, particularly that portion of the last stages of my earthly existence.

I think I learned long ago that we all have a higher duty to perform than that of bowing to public opinion—than that of falling down and worshipping the priesthood. I was not obliged to cast off the body to learn that, and I am not sorry for the views I cherished prior to death. I think I was right; but if ever I change my views, I shall be honest enough to return and say so. I have no faith in priestcraft, neither in this country nor any other. If there is any device of the devil, I believe that to be it; and any form of religion that is so confined within certain sectarian and bigoted limits, as to allow no one to come within its circle except he adhere to all that is laid down in the creeds, I have no fellowship with; and I believe now, as I did before death, that I am right. I have no fellowship with Spiritualists as a class; but their theory I must believe, because I know it to be true.

I do not believe there is any virtue in prayer uttered by priest or ploughman; but I believe that he who created us will give us all it is necessary for us to have, without our begging. I believe God created us free—never placed any yokes upon us—never taught us to be beggars; but that we have gathered them from the lives of certain persons calling themselves followers of Christ.

I find as great a variety of religions here as on earth. Each has his or her own peculiar views; and as far as I can see, spirit-life is a perfect type of the natural life. I have not changed, except from one body to another; and I believe that is the case with all I meet here. They still cling to that which was their faith on earth, and will, until they find something that suits them better. At all events, I shall.

I am happy here, and I am only wanting power and proper conditions to manifest this to friends upon earth. I suppose, when it is proper and right for me to have that power, I shall have it.

I suppose the name I used to be known by on earth is the one you require. I was called Charles Hovey. I belonged in Boston.

Dec. 12.

## Harry Mendum.

My name was Harry Mendum. I was thirty-four years of age. My occupation was that of a printer. Now suppose I give you a letter; do you think it will reach my folks?

I was born in Boston, as I suppose, if all stories are true. I died in California. I am a little in the dark; I want to know if there is any way I can get some information. I have a wife, and I do not know where she is, and I want to know. You see I was away three years before I died, and when I left her she was in Boston. While I was sick I got no communication from her, and I have lost track of her altogether.

I don't seem to have anything particular to do here. One great thing in the way seems to be, I want to come back and get track of my folks. Oh, yes, there's the child. I never saw it, but I suppose it cannot be with me, else I should know it. I suppose my wife is near me, but I don't know. Tell her I want to know where she is—I advertise for her in this way.

I died most four years ago. I have been in a kind of a place between here and nowhere. I can't tell what I have been doing—I have lost track of most everything, not excepting myself.

I never got far beyond the devil in my trade. Went into mining, trading and jockeying in California. My wife's name is Charlotte Healey; she belongs in Connecticut. She has a middle name, and if you wait I'll try to think of it. I went to California in the first part of 1859. I had a brother William at school when I went away. If he went into business, he did so after I left. I had a brother who died before I did.

There's nothing like knowing something of a place before you go to it. I knew nothing of this place. Some of those where I live are afraid to move much, because they fear to get to a worse place; and if you live with such people, you are apt to get like them. They seem to be people who are wanting in energy—don't push ahead. A man told me once that I would make a good printer—if I had energy enough.

I got determined to push ahead, and so I came here. I thought I should be no worse off, and so I pushed out. There are some coming to earth from our places all the time, but they never come back, and the cry is, they have faded away. But I got tired of one thing, and concluded to have a change, if it was worth anything. Some of the people about here say they have a faculty of seeing into the future; but I have not got it.

Answer.—Light in spirit-life, they say, is wisdom; and I may conclude I have not got much wisdom.

A good many of our people commune with their friends, but none who come here ever have come back to us, if I recollect.

Answer.—I have not rested. I hear said that when anybody was contented, they could rest. I have never been contented, but have been like a watchman, looking out to see where to go.

I was most of the time in Sacramento. I traded in old and new clothing—had a partner. His name was Sides. Wonder where he is?

I suppose I shall have enough to do to look after this letter, now. I'm tired of loafing. After Sides left me, which he did in rather an unhandsome way, I had a loss by fire, and then I went to selling liquor, which is rather bad business, particularly when you are the best customer. I was then on Jay street. I heard Sides died, but I guess not. Liquor is bad business. It clothes a man with darkness here, and I suppose it follows him after he is on the other side. I suppose, if truth was known, my sickness was caused by drinking.

Dec. 12.

## Charlotte Gray Mendum.

My name was Charlotte Gray Mendum. The communication you have was given for my benefit. A year ago I left for spirit-life. Poor Harry knew it not, though I stood as near to him in spirit as I stand in form to you. But after I leave your medium we shall meet.

The child is with my sister. Oh, how wise is our Father! Poor Harry, though he has wandered long in darkness, it is good for him, for now he no longer desires to walk in shadow, and the Father is not willing he should, when he desires to do otherwise. Poor Harry I had no idea of God or heaven; but I was blessed with light-spiritual before I left, and it has given me light and joy ever since. I have looked forward to this meeting with pleasure, for I knew I should meet him.

May the Lord bless our child, and save her from the darkness of her father, and the errors of her mother.

I come because our friends will think it very strange Harry has not met me. I come that they may know he has come. When they understand spiritual things, they will not find a mystery in this. I shall meet him now, and he, too, will wonder at the goodness of God, who ever guides us by his love.

Dec. 12.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
TO ANNIE IN HEAVEN.

BY JOANNA GRANT.

Years with winged feet have sped  
Orploded sad and slow.  
Since I saw thy fair head pilowed  
In a resting place full low.  
While thy couch was draped by walling winds  
With white December snow,  
And thy whiter soul to paradise  
Did with the angels go.

When the north withdrew his legions  
To the realms of polar gloom,  
Dowering with his latest jewels  
The young Spring's earliest bloom;  
When the tender grass sprang upward  
With tufted emerald plume,  
And the meadow violets lavished  
Their delicate perfume—

Thou and I in field and forest  
Heard the birds and brooklets sing,  
As we watched the lights and shadows,  
And each gaily glancing wing.  
While thy voice in airy measures  
Made the budding woodlands ring;  
Thou wert fairer than the violets,  
And dearer than the spring.

When the sun, bright lord ascendant,  
Ruled the skies like joy divine,  
Summer drank thy glorious beauty,  
Like a draught of priceless wine—  
And when her blushes deepened,  
All the splendor passed from thine,  
As on her fervid bosom  
Thou didst languidly recline.

And when autumn wails were laden  
With the gifts of all the year,  
When lingering flowerets perished,  
And the leaves grew brown and sore,  
Pale and patient thou wert waiting  
For death's angel drawing near—  
And winter spread his softest pall  
Upon thy lifeless bier.

Thou art now a radiant dweller  
Where the shining seraphs are;  
But souls are never Sundered  
By spaces near or far—  
And I hear thy sweet intoning  
Rhythmic flowing without jar,  
Though my home is earth's pale planet  
And thine a heavenly star.

Providence, R. I., 1860.

## Correspondence.

## The Proposed Indian Convention.

I notice in the BANNER of December 29th a report of a meeting held with reference to bettering the condition of the Indians. I have noticed the movements made in this direction for a long time with interest, as the subject presents features interesting to the student of man as well as of history. I would not be understood as offering the least obstacle to the well-intentioned benevolence of the friends of the Indians. They truly need active friendship and protection. But in our zeal for their welfare we must not overlook the cardinal, all-important fact of race. Two only of the questions proposed for the consideration of the appointed Convention will engage my attention, as the others are of secondary importance; and my design is only to present a few briefly stated facts which bear with irresistible force.

"Why have the Indians not become Christianized?"

With equal propriety we might ask: Why have not the Negroes of Africa, the Bojesman of the Cape, the natives of Australia, the Chinese, the Hindoo, the Tartar, the Arab, and all the other races to whom the gospel has been preached? The seed has fallen on stony ground, and no harvest has been gathered. Christianity is the outgrowth of the Caucasian mind, is the ultimate of its moral and intellectual consciousness, and belongs to that race, and that race only, as inseparably as its predominant intellectual brain. Other races have their systems of religion, the outgrowth of the particular organization of their nervous systems, and inseparable from them. One has Buddhism, another Mahometanism, another Judaism.

To eradicate these systems and plant Christianity in their place has been the object of missionary effort. How many lives have been sacrificed, how much treasure expended—yet what has been accomplished? The natives almost invariably vanish from the missionary, instead of becoming Christianized. Where the locality has rendered foreign emigration impracticable, little has been accomplished; where it has been practical, the Christian foreigner has taken the place of the heathen; and thus the country has become Christianized. It is so in Australia, in Hindostan, in the island world of the Pacific, in the Americas, so the world over. Individual instances, perhaps, can be produced of the Christianization of pure-bred natives. Countless instances are recorded, but usually with this veto, that the individuals thus ostensibly displayed have a dash of Caucasian blood, from which fount it is evident the superiority was drawn.

But here I tread on the other question, "Why have they faded from the land?" Simply because they cannot be Christianized—which means Caucasianized—because the mass of brain behind the Indians' ears cannot be placed in front—or, in other words, because no training can convert a red man into a white.

Side by side the white, yellow, red and black races have grown for thousands of years. While the white has gathered the knowledge of the world together, and advanced to a degree of intellectual power which governs the very elements, the yellow has made an abortive effort at a half way civilization, and become consolidated in its ill grown posture; the black has remained in unqualified ignorance, precisely where it was when the Egyptian artist sketched it on the pyramids four thousand years ago—enslaved, and the red man, so far as we know, has remained stationary, or made the rudest advancement. The yellow race is the only one that has made any progress comparable to the white. The black race cannot boast of a single civilization in the past, and the only ones it can boast at present contain a large quantity of the Caucasian element. Yet they have had the same opportunity, in fact better advantages than the white.

The red man of to-day is the red-man of a thousand years ago. The attempts at civilization in Mexico and Peru, were none of his. If they had not been subverted by the Spaniards the hostile tribes around them, must have overwhelmed them ultimately. The Indian never profited by their example. Some

Indian tribes on our Western border show a degree of civilization, but where is the tribe of pure Indians who manifest any advancement? The missionaries in the Northwest where the emigrant cannot penetrate—what have they accomplished?

Wherever amalgamation takes place we find advancement, never otherwise. These races can be Christianized, i. e. Caucasianized, by amalgamation extended to the complete washing out of the corrupting element. This may appear a cruel sentence, but it is nevertheless an utterance of nature. He who placed the speech in the mouth of the chief, when he bemoaned his fate as destined to disappear in the Pacific's wave, was a philosophical prophet. The same law by which the bison and deer disappear has sealed the Indian's fate. He will not work: for his subsistence three thousand acres of forest are required. He abuses the earth, which is required for the support of a race that will labor, and hence must disappear. Two races are brought in contact. If brute force had been arbiter Anglo-American civilization would long have been uncertain, surrounded as it was in its infancy by savages; but force of mind, controlling the force energies of the elements was opposed to brute force. The cannon, bulwark of civilization, against the bow—the ship against the canoe.

The Indian will not yield, and hence must be broken. This is the decree of fate. Though we cannot change, we can palliate, and on this account, and this only the proposed Convention is well. The Indian is hurrying to destruction fast enough, without being unjustly dealt with. Let us ease his sufferings. As a good physician gives easy draughts to the doomed patient, to smoothe the rough pathway, so we can benevolently bestow our care on the wreck which remains—not with any hope of its permanent preservation, but as a deed of charity.

HUNSON TUTTLE.

Walnut Grove Farm, Dec. 28, 1860.

## Death.

Again I must intrude myself upon your notice, because I have something to communicate. I have again been called upon to minister at a funeral—to stand as a channel, or mouth-piece, for those who have pressed their feet upon the shores of the unknown world, and I humbly hope that the words of their dictation had a soothing influence upon the poor, suffering hearts of the widow and fatherless children. I felt, as I stepped up beside the coffin, looked upon the calm, manly face, that almost seemed to wear a smile, and then took the hand of the weeping companion in mine, how utterly meaningless and hollow is language on such occasions. I have heard people say to weeping friends—"You must remember that this is the dispensation of Divine Providence. You must bear resignedly what your heavenly Father sends." &c. &c., all of which sounds very well to disinterested ears; but to the one who feels that quivering cord of affection drawing her very fibre of existence along with the departing spirit, they are empty sounds. Knowing these things by experience, I had only to say to her, "My sister, I, too, have been a widow."

Dear BANNER, we can have no real sympathy without experience. We may pity, and wish things were otherwise with our fellow-travelers; but unless we have experienced similar afflictions, we actually know nothing about it.

I often think of the old minister whose wife had gone before him to the "other side," who was visited by a young minister laden, with many poetic and eloquent expressions of sympathy, just fresh from divinity school. The old man heard him declaim his fine speech, and then quietly asked him if he had ever lost a wife. He answered that he had, through the mercy of God, been spared that affliction. "Then," said the old man, "you don't know anything about it."

And so it is, in all our experiences through life; we must, in order to have a real, true sympathy or charity for any, know something of their trials by our own. The person who has suffered from the smart of a burn, knows the suffering of one who is enduring that pain. Let us be sure we know what we are about when we endeavor to comfort others with wordy offerings.

M. S. TOWNSEND.

Taunton, Dec. 25, 1860.

## Free Lectures.

I have often felt moved to give your readers my views on various subjects connected with Spiritualism, but my time has been so fully employed in studying, and teaching physiology and phrenology, that I have not found time to put my thoughts on paper. But being fully convinced, from long and extensive investigation, that spirits exist, and can and do communicate, I have concluded to devote my time and energy to its scientific development and general dissemination, as the most efficient means of promoting human advancement and happiness. I am a scientific development, for it seems to me that, owing to the general imaginative and emotional character of media, and the metaphysical and theological tendencies of its investigators, Spiritualism has a less definite and scientific character than the time and energies devoted to it would otherwise have developed. Both to acquire and diffuse a more clear and positive knowledge of man's spiritual nature and relations, I will gladly call and deliver one or more lectures on Scientific Spiritualism, without asking or expecting any fee or reward; at any town where the friends will furnish a place for speaking, either in churches, schoolhouses, or private dwellings, on or within ten miles of my line of travel from Hudson, N. Y., via Chatham, Pittsfield, Springfield, to Worcester







## Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,  
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time,  
Sparkle forever.

## WANTS AND BLESSINGS.

No gift of poetry is mine,  
To bring me either friends or fame;  
I have not written any line  
To link remembrance with my name.

No wealth, to take with open palms  
Its blessings to the poor and weak;  
Not of my charities and aims  
Has any tongue the right to speak.

I have no beauty: in my face,  
Where roses bloomed not in its prime,  
More plainly every day I trace  
The surely deepening lines of time.

Yet friends to me most kind and true,  
A little of their love have given;  
I have my blessings, though but few—  
Some faith in man, and much in Heaven.

For I have found that man may be  
Still better than his words and deeds;  
And Heaven's supplies have been to me  
Yet greater than my mortal needs.

And so, what'er my life below,  
I trust that God's Omnipotence above,  
And that my sins can never go  
Outside the limit of his love.—*Phæbe Cary.*

Good men are human suns—they brighten and warm  
Wherever they pass. They are not often sung by poets when  
they die; but the broken hearts they heal, and their own  
consciences, are their reward.

## "HANG OUT THE BANNER."

"Hang out" that good old flag once more;  
Unfurled each stripe and blazing star;  
'T will float as proudly as when first  
We took it to the war!

Let treason gaze upon its folds,  
And blanch to see it waving high;  
Let tyrants tremble, for its hues  
Were borrowed from the sky."

It is the flag our fathers loved—  
It is the flag our country freed—  
Cursed be the hand that mars its folds,  
Or its protectors' creed!

Herod is active genius; genius, contemplative herodism.  
Herodism is the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in  
action.

## OUT OF DARKNESS COMETH LIGHT.

Out of darkness cometh light;  
Out of weakness cometh might;  
Peace shall come from out of strife,  
And deck the warrior's weary life.

The hand that made both good and ill,  
Makes all obedient to its will.  
Weary souls, be not cast down;  
First bear the cross, then wear the crown!

—*Annals of the Pikes.*

Industry is essential to all; by forming the habit of doing  
something useful every day, a man increases his own amount  
of happiness and enlarges that of others around him.

## THE RECORDING ANGELS.

There are two angels that attend unseen  
Each one of us, and in great books record  
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down  
The good ones, after every action, closes  
His volume, and ascends with it to God.

The other keeps his dreadful day-book open  
Till noon, that we may repent; which doing,  
The record of the action fades away,  
And leaves a line of white across the page.

—*Longfellow.*

## THE FUNNY TYPES.

Talleyrand was enjoying a rubber, when the conver-  
sation turned on a recent marriage of an elderly lady  
of respectable rank.

"How could Madame de S— make such a match?  
A person of her birth to marry a valet-de-chambre!"  
"Ah!" replied Talleyrand, "it was late in the  
game; at nine we do not reckon honors."

"Sare," said a Frenchman, wishing to display his  
knowledge of the English language, "did it rain to-  
morrow?" "Yes, sare," was the equally bombastic  
reply—"yes, sare, it vos."

A stranger from the country, observing an ordinary  
roller rule on the table, took it up, and inquiring its  
use, was answered—"It is a rule for counting houses."

"Too well bred," as he construed politeness, to ask  
unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, and  
up and down repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of  
baffled curiosity, inquired, "How, in the name of  
wonder, do you count houses with this?"

The ladies now wear gold flowers, leaves, and other  
ornaments on their bonnets. Some persons suggest  
as an appropriate motto for the new fashion—"My  
girl on my head!"

A Western steamer was about starting up the river,  
and the cabin-boy had just returned, after spending  
twenty-five dollars for stores, when the following conver-  
sation occurred:

Boy.—Well, Captain, I've come on board with the  
"small stores."

Captain.—What have you bought?

Boy.—I spent twenty-four dollars for whiskey and  
one for bread.

Captain.—Thunder! what are we going to do with  
so much bread?

"Donald," said a Scotch dame, looking up from a  
cataplasm to her son, "what's a slander?"

"A slander, gude mither?" quoth young Donald,  
twisting the corner of his plaid; "awee! I hardly ken,  
unless it may be, perhaps, an over true tale which one  
gude woman tells of another."

A boy of children were telling their father what  
they got at school. The eldest got reading, spelling  
and definitions. "And what do you get, little one?"  
said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who at  
the time was slyly driving a temporary nail into the  
door panel. "Me? Oh, I get readin', spellin', and  
spankin'!"

Why is South Carolina like a suffering little boy in  
school? Because she wants to go out.

The prayer of a pious Methodist for the ungodly of  
Pittsfield, at a Berkshire camp-meeting a century ago,  
is furnished for the public as a model of its kind:—"O  
Lord, we pray thee that thou wouldst convert all that  
thou canst in the middle of this town; and all thou  
canst not convert, O God, be pleased to take them by  
the nape of their necks, and shake them over hell till  
they squeal like a raccoon—Amen!"

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy  
lad, "what are you bawling for when I go by?"  
"Humph," returned the boy, "what are you going  
by for when I am bawling?"

A very pious old gentleman told his sons not to go,  
under any circumstances, a fishing on the Sabbath,  
but if they did, by all means to bring home the fish.

"Mick," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you  
meet Patrick, tell him to make haste, as we are wait-  
ing for him." "Shure and I will," replied Mick;  
"but what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"

"I'll teach you to play pitch and toss! I'll flog you  
for an hour, I will."

"Father," instantly replied the incorrigible, as he  
balanced a penny on his thumb and finger, "I'll toss  
with you to make it two hours or nothing!"

An indirect way of getting a glass of water at a  
boarding-house is to ask for a third cup of tea.

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE AT ALLSTON HALL,  
Sunday, Jan. 6, 1861.

## AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

It is about four years since Miss Sprague's last  
appearance in Boston. She was one of the first  
mediums developed as public trance speakers, and  
has always maintained her position as one of the  
best. She has been engaged to speak in Boston the  
four Sabbaths of January. A large audience greeted  
her on this, her first appearance.

Her subject was, "Intellectual Worship; or,  
Wisdom an essential part of Devotion."

She said: The faith, the blind worship of the  
past, has not been enough—has not been a sufficient  
index of the truth of God in the hearts of men; but  
yet it filled its place, did its work, and made a basis  
from which the future could step nearer to Jehovah.  
There is a power sweeping across the human soul  
which will not let it rest, but demands of it its best  
thoughts, words and actions. The time has come  
when faith and worship must come from man's high-  
est reverence, instead of from fear and superstition,  
and the soul must rouse itself to find worthy gifts  
to offer on the shrine of devotion. The time was  
when the firstlings of the flock and season were con-  
sidered enough; but now God demands the best of  
the soul's gifts and the whole of the life. It would  
do in the time past for some nations to worship  
wood and stone, or observe forms and ceremonies;  
but now there is a higher demand, and the temple  
God has builded is the place of worship, and not  
temples builded with hands. Man must worship  
God in the temples of the living soul.

Worship must be considered as a principle. Man's  
devotional nature lives and burns within him, like  
a lamp in a charnal-house; and you may know the  
character of men and women by the way they wor-  
ship God—always considering the circumstances of  
birth and education.

Men are sometimes so engrossed, looking at one  
side of nature that the beauties of all else in nature  
are unseen. Thus the scientific mind is not always  
religiously disposed, and the theologian often denies  
the God of nature, in the God he sees through  
musty pages of ancient records.

Everything has a living, vital principle, aside  
from its outer habiliments. The leaf, stem and petal  
are not all of the flower. So is the religious ele-  
ment innate in the nature, as the life. It seems to  
appreciate what it is not, but what it may be, and  
can be. Men may be externally moral, but without  
the divine within; then the observance is hypocri-  
sy, and not worship. Some men seek heaven, as  
courtiers would seek honors from a king, when they  
have not the first particle of love of heaven within  
them. The devotee does not always give his best  
offerings to the gods. But even the lower form of  
worship is better than none, for it shows the basis  
on which the true worship may be cultivated. It is  
necessarily to be properly guided, and there should  
be intelligence, wisdom and culture in worship. One  
has no right to worship in ignorance. One cannot  
truly worship God because his fathers did. The  
transgressor can never be forgiven, but the retaliation  
is exacted, to the uttermost farthing.

The more a man tries to shut out all light that  
would shine into his creed, the greater devotee he is  
considered. Shame on the men who will follow in  
the footsteps of the past, unquestioning, and without  
sense or reason, swallowing, like a child its milk all  
its absurdities of faith and belief.

Some men talk as though religion could be harmed  
—as though it needed to be fenced about for securi-  
ty. A religion that needs such support is surely a  
rotten one. We bid you investigate, and be sure you  
place no hope upon such a brittle, crumbling basis.  
The gold of the past may be dross to you; and it is  
not for the present to rise up and condemn those  
who submit it to a test again in the future. Those  
who cling strongest to the old are the firmest in  
resisting and repelling the new. They do not al-  
ways ask if it is not a child born in the manger—  
for God's greatest truths always had the fortune to  
come in this same way, and the world crucify the  
Saviour before they know he has come. Afterwards  
they build temples to him, in hopes to repair the  
injury. Well, it does, in a degree; but the world  
should learn to know and discriminate if the con-  
demned thing is not a messenger from God.

Those who have little to lean upon may be ex-  
pected to tremble when a new thing comes. Inquiry  
has changed the Atheist and Deist—thinkers—into  
believers in the beauties and realities of the divine  
life. But the churches are more prone to close the  
hearts of men against the light of progression. Men  
of thought will achieve new truth, though the fiat  
of the church be sent out against it. So prophets,  
and martyrs' spirits have spoken in all times—not  
always in the freedom of their own nature, but in  
the outbreak of thought they could not express.

From all these changes an intelligence has come  
out to permeate the religious mind of the nineteenth  
century. It took ages for men to hear the words of  
Christ. Only a few believed in them at first. They  
reasoned upon them; and the more their minds re-  
flected upon them, the wider they grew, and many  
became Christians before they knew it; and others  
thought they were Christians, when they had none of  
the components in their nature.

The mind demands knowledge, and the demand is  
answered by the ultimate response. The tread of  
science was once considered heretical. Religion op-  
posed her steps; but with a mighty stride she has  
gained her place in the world, and taught the human  
mind more than it ever conceived of before; and man  
sees more than ever of the beauty of the power that  
shall uphold his spiritual being.

Man is not to make himself an abject creature, in  
coming to God; for the true child has but to ask the  
Father, and that asked for shall be given. Every  
revelation of science has beautified religion. The  
true devotee is everywhere a devotee, everywhere  
bearing the great organ swells of eternity, and the  
singing of the angel choirs of heaven.

## EVENING DISCOURSE.

The exercises commenced with the singing of this  
beautiful song by Gerald Massey, wedded to music  
equally grand and impressive, by the sweet voices of  
the choir:

Tell me the song of the beautiful stars  
As grandly they glide on their blue way above us,  
Looking down on our spirits' sin-cars,  
Down on our tender, yearning to leave us;  
This is the song in their work-worship sung,  
Down through the world-wide universe rung;  
"Onward forever, forevermore onward!"  
And over they open their loving eyes Sunward.

"Onward!" shouts earth with her myriad voices  
Of music, answering the song of the seven,  
As like a wild child of God's love she rejoices,  
Swinging her censur of glory in heaven.  
And lo, it is writ by the finger of God,  
In sunbeams and flowers on the living green sod;  
"Onward forever, forevermore onward!"  
And ever the torches all trustfully Sunward.

The mightiest souls of all time hover o'er us,  
Who labored like gods among men, and have gone  
Like great bursts of sun on the dark way before us:  
They're with us, still with us, our battle fight on,  
Looking down, victor-browed, from the glory-crown'd hill,  
They beckon, and beckon us on, onward still;

And the true heart's aspirations are onward, still onward;  
It turns to the future, as earth turneth Sunward.

It will be seen, the medium said, that in order to  
have true devotion, there must be a true knowledge  
as well as a true aspiration. So there is wisdom re-  
quired in the investigation of all new things. Minds  
may be gifted and educated, but depraved. The  
scholar may be crude, but bigoted; but the true  
philosopher is as ready to accept the second truth  
as the first, and the hundred others as well. So we  
say there is a new revelation that appeals to the  
attention of men. Science and religion have de-  
nounced it, but cannot uproot it; and while it stands  
out, as it does to-day, we shall take it for granted  
that it is an overture of the spirit-land, that has  
never been refuted. All intelligent minds know  
something of it, but often the knowledge is vague.

Spiritualism is useless—is as nothing—unless it  
does its work in the world. It is beautiful to believe  
it, and to know of it, but it is not a beautiful thing  
alone—it is born upon earth to achieve a mission. It  
must be taken and made what use can be of it for  
the good of humanity. It comes among you because  
the times demand it. It is because science and laws  
are better understood; and the world needs some-  
thing that assures it of immortality in a rational  
manner. Forms and ceremonies may hold after the  
spirit has disclaimed fealty, but though they hold  
the assent of the mind, the spirit grasps for some-  
thing better.

The feelers of the mind are constantly put forth to  
grasp something better. It would have done once to  
declaim a thing, and leave mankind to believe it; but  
it is necessary now to explain why it is so, to bring  
it into belief. There is much outward submission,  
where the soul pays no homage at all. There comes  
a language that reveals beautiful thoughts in shapes  
to be received by all.

The world has made advances, socially, religiously  
and politically, and all go hand in hand. Let there  
be a noble stand for liberty, and no matter by whom  
and for what, it tells alike upon the whole. What  
speaks for one nation, speaks for all. Any move-  
ment to elevate one nation, tends to elevate all, and  
the strike of one nation for liberty touches soul after  
soul, and bids it quiver to the same thought. Let  
one word be spoken, and its force and power cannot  
be lost. You have the power to make great minds  
out of common ones, and bid the brave and true leap  
into life like an echo of a noble deed. There has  
always been a fear to give, any thought to the world  
until some other soul had endorsed it. When God  
has spoken to you, does it need a pope or bishop  
to vouch for it? When you see the seal of divinity  
on your credentials, is lesser authority needed to  
sanctify them?

Alexander and Caesar fade away before the light  
of this day; and unless you can produce better men,  
you are impotent indeed. Where is the chivalry  
that will enter the lists against popular opinion? You  
need such chivalry, at this day, and you are poor  
indeed without it. But we must take things as they  
are. There are noble souls living. The world is not  
made wholly of cravens, and the martyr spirit has  
not all passed away. It was never more needed than  
to-day, for it requires courage to defend the truths  
of these latter days. It requires natures that never  
take off their armor to sleep, nor lay aside their  
weapons, but always are ready to stand guard, and  
in the right place.

All throughout the past, by ignorance and bigot-  
ry, the noblest souls have been crushed; but now  
the world has begun to see things as they are, and  
the mysteries of the past are the commonplace events  
of to-day. You have got to investigate the facts of  
nature, as they are presented to you; else you act  
as a makeweight in society, and if you are on the  
right side, it is no virtue of yours.

You do not gain so much in reading the histories  
of other men, except as you find in your nature that  
you find in theirs, and have the room to take it in.  
When your mind seems to appreciate fully the  
teaching of the philosophers of the past, they be-  
come a part of you. You must be just as much of a  
Cicero, as you can appreciate of him. When you ap-  
preciate him, you find that within you you did not  
know of before, and there is a power in the new  
ideas of Spiritualism to give you a conception of life  
and duty, and of God's divine economy, not known  
before.

The great work goes on, and is destined to reach  
every human mind. It makes minds too large for  
their external. It admonishes them that they can-  
not stay in the old places, for they have become too  
small for them. It is not that they have grown  
small, but their natures have grown too large. It  
is not for us to condemn the past, but we should be  
thankful for all we have had and shall have.

Instead of limiting your souls within bounds, it is  
your duty to understand all the more the mysteries  
of nature. The power of nature is given you for use,  
and the powers God has given you are for use.  
Who is going to anatomize the ocean because it  
swallows up vessels, and destroys life? It is not the  
ocean's fault, but man's, for the ocean possessed its  
characteristics before man ever launched his bark upon  
it. Her great waves will continue to beat as they  
have; and you have but to know her laws to  
master them, and ride over them in safety. There  
is no danger of getting beyond your capacity to  
understand. You have to strive for the knowledge and  
it will come with the proper asking. One truth is a  
stepping stone to another. It is absurd to say God  
reveals his truth to-day, and did not in the past.  
They are inseparable. Believing in the present  
manifestations, we must believe in those of the past.

Spiritualism is a religion that not only allows in-  
vestigation, but demands it; and the more it is  
tested, the firmer and clearer it becomes. The old  
Revelations are good so far as they can be believed  
in. The phenomena of the nineteenth century are  
for the satisfaction of doubting Thomases. The ob-  
jection is raised that spirits come so low. But they  
just approach you as you are; and when your  
minds get higher, they will come to you on your  
own plane. It is no pleasure for them to touch  
your tables and chairs; but it will be to touch your  
souls, when they are open to them.

Besides being a rational religion, Spiritualism is  
a practical religion. It is a steady search after wis-  
dom and knowledge, and a measuring of your life  
by it. Those who live the philosophy, need no  
other test to know of its truth. The Spirits of the  
past are your teachers. Plato, Socrates, Cicero, Con-  
fucius, are no longer dead, but living, and they stand  
beside you to give of the wealth of their experience.

The aim of this religion is not to worship God, so  
much as to strengthen and individualize the human  
mind. It is not alone to make men better, but to flood  
the world with thoughts of nobleness and beauty.  
A true life is the greatest anthem ever sung to Deity.  
The religion, government and power of the past  
were in proportion to its capacity. Spiritualism is  
but one of the colors in the great divine rainbow of  
God's overarching philosophy. Greater and grander  
efforts shall come from it in the future.

Reported for the Banner of Light  
BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,  
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 9, 1861.

QUESTION.—What are the means by which we may  
determine genuine spirit manifestations from those origi-  
nating in the earth life?

JACOB EDSON, Chairman.

Dr. GARDNER.—The means of determining the  
genuineness of spiritual manifestations, is probably  
vague, with all of us, and every one must do it on  
his or her own plane. The better a person is ac-  
quainted with mental phenomena—the power of one  
mind over another—the better he can answer the  
question. In all the lectures of trance-speakers  
there is a manifestation of the peculiar character-  
istics of the medium through whom the communi-  
cation comes; and this phase cannot be avoided, and  
is no argument to a reasoning mind against the  
spiritual origin of the phenomena. There are sev-  
eral ways of answering the question. One is the  
word of the mediums, that the language and thoughts  
coming through them are not their own. And when  
the ideas advanced are contrary to those held by the  
medium, there is another argument. When com-  
munications are given by means of the raps, in the  
private circle, where a passive medium is under the  
control of a positive spirit, there is another evidence.  
There cannot be so thorough proof, however, as on  
other and more tangible matters. False communi-  
cations have at times been proof of the power and  
control of spirits, for facts have been given, inter-  
blended with falsehood, beyond their knowledge.  
Communications have been given through mediums  
from persons who have been in the flesh at the time,  
the mediums all the time being innocent of any  
attempt at deception; but it seems to me the spirits  
of the absent ones become so tangibly present by  
the use of their own thoughts, as to influence the  
power of the medium. The best test we can apply  
to communications, after all, is our own reason.

Mr. EDSON.—It seems to me that a person who does  
not believe spirits can communicate, can have but  
little to say. But I do believe spirits communicate,  
though I cannot draw the dividing line between  
communications from spirit and mortal life. It  
seems to me the most trivial circumstances become  
of vital importance, and I recognize the truth that  
no sparrow falls to the ground without the Father's  
care. James Buchanan and all his surroundings are  
under the will of God, as perfectly as anyone, and what  
seems wrong to-day, we shall see the use of to-morrow.  
I cannot draw the dividing line, and say so much be-  
longs to God and so much to mortals. Proof, a few  
years ago, is of little importance now. Something  
different from external phenomena is required to  
make a Spiritualist. A true Spiritualist will recog-  
nize the perfect power and guidance of God, but not  
to the detriment of his moral agency. It seems to  
me much that is done by mankind, is the work of  
spirits, who are the messengers to outwork the Al-  
mighty will.

Mr. WETHERS.—I agree with Brother Edson, that  
it is difficult to divide spiritual things from what are  
not. I cannot help thinking we are so closely inter-  
woven, that we are but as dots on India muslin. I  
cannot help thinking our development from materi-  
ality, is a development toward happiness; without  
it, men would be like horses, always satisfied with  
their oats and grass. I have had evidence that  
spirits communicate; and I have as much of it as I  
want that spirits who do not exist in mortal, do  
commune with me. It appears to me everything in  
the earth is attracted to it, and belongs to it; so are  
we attracted to that we emanated from, and the  
great hosts that have peopled the world in the past,  
it seems to me, can have no better occupation than  
giving us of their experience to help us on in our  
progress. I am satisfied that the auras of people in  
an audience, give a speaker a power he could not  
have when alone. We cannot see how much men do  
is the exercise of a power beyond themselves. If I  
come into a room, at any time, I will partake of the  
atmosphere of an audience, and be influenced by it.  
We cannot tell ourselves what we are; and we are  
just as near spirits now as we ever shall be.

Mr. BURKE.—This is rather a difficult question,  
and I regret to say not much light has yet been  
thrown upon it. I would like to hit a point, to begin  
with, that all our friends will agree is a true one.  
We all have minds, more or less. Now how does a  
man know the mind exists, except by its manifesta-  
tions? So distinguished a scholar as Pope said all  
there was real in the world is mind. Now, can  
mind act where it is not?—for it has been asserted  
that the mind can travel off and personate itself to  
others. The mind is so inseparably connected with  
the body, that pain to one affects the other; and  
while physical pain lasts, the mind is incapable of  
acting. So, in order to act, the mind must have a  
healthy organism to act through. Just in proportion  
to the mutilation of the brain, so far is the mind  
impaired.

Mr. DAVIS.—The question, as I understand it, is,  
how are we to distinguish between true and false  
manifestations? It seems to me the truth of the  
communications may be a safe guide; but mediums  
may give false communications, and yet be innocent,  
for they are unconscious of any attempt at deception  
practiced by the spirits through them. Mr. Burke  
says: Mind must act wherever it is; but he pre-  
viously said there was no means or possibility of  
stating whose mind was, and yet it would be im-  
possible to show where mind is, if mind lives  
only in organic bodies, then we have no reality in  
spiritual communications. But I believe mind lives  
longer than matter—and it is very probable that it  
lives right around us, and it may be called spirit.  
To distinguish between what is from the mind in  
the body, and not in it, many circumstances are to  
be taken into consideration. When you know it is  
impossible for the medium, or any around her, to  
give facts in a communication which are given to  
you, I think you may set it down as a literal truth.  
Spiritual manifestations, as set forth, are not all  
such; but there are pretenders to mediumship, and  
this fact brings much discredit upon real mediums;  
and when they give communications that are not  
true, the community will set the whole matter down  
as a humbug. There are dishonest people in Spiritu-  
alism; and though it has grown more than any  
other sect or society, it has met with drawbacks on  
this account. It is in the economy of physical na-  
ture that the mind shall always protect the body.  
Such is the law of self-government. There is no  
thought when the man sleeps; and when, then, is  
the mind? Does not a man's mind travel when he  
dreams? Who knows but the mind may go off,  
and mingle with some other minds? Instances  
have been known, and are pretty well authenticated,  
of this. A case is narrated in the "Footfalls," where  
a man on board a ship which was in distress traveled  
off to another ship, and actually wrote, while there.

Dr. GARDNER.—In reply to Bro. Burke, I will state  
a fact under my own observation. Mrs. Hatch was  
speaking in the Melodeon, a few years ago, and de-

livering a discourse of very high order. During the  
time, her spirit visited Buffalo, and held converse  
with the medium in a circle which was being held  
there, and so impressed herself upon her identity  
that she told those present that "Cora Hatch is  
here." On coming out of the trance, Mrs. H. told her  
husband and myself that she had been to Buffalo,  
and visited a circle there. She narrated a conver-  
sation there, and requested a memorandum  
to be made of it, and sent on to Buffalo, and said the  
same thing would be done there, and the letters  
would pass each other on the route, and thus prove  
a test to all parties. This was done according to  
direction; and a few days after a letter was received  
from Buffalo, giving the same particulars. This  
fact proves that living spirits can communicate with  
each other. In a circle once with Mr. Hume a spirit-  
hand showed itself from the midst of a sort of mist,  
and I took it in my hands, pressed it, and examined  
the joints and nails.

Mr. BURKE thought the Doctor was honest in  
what he said, but was the victim of deception on the  
part of the mediums.

Mr. EDSON.—There is no need of accusing everything  
of falsehood because there are some counterfeits.

Dr. WELLINGTON.—I came here not to defend nor  
elucidate spiritual manifestations; but to learn  
more on a question of much importance to all. If I  
understand the term spiritual manifestations to be  
used in the general sense, it would be of great value  
to have any means by which to determine spiritual  
from mental control. I have studied the question  
with ardor for seventeen years, and I have found it  
impossible to draw the dividing line. I have not  
yet pursued the object, but I have done it with an  
earnestness and enthusiasm that would surprise you.

It has been my object, to demonstrate the power of  
mind over mind, in various conditions. I have tried  
many experiments by which I could stand in New  
York and produce an effect on the mind of a sensi-  
tive in Boston; and I know that effect is a spiritual  
manifestation. I have tried experiments till this has  
become to me absolute knowledge. The very first  
absolutely satisfactory manifestations I had of the  
spiritual world were three years before the Rochester  
rappings. In the city of Manchester, N. H., a sensi-  
tive subject saw a person die, in Warner, N. H., and  
read the contents of a letter then being written, and  
told the time it would arrive, with accuracy. This  
was the first time I ever dreamed it possible for a  
mind in the spirit world to present itself to the ex-  
ternal vision of one in the body. All my worldly  
interest was against my admitting these facts then,  
and are against it now. So what motive have I for  
being duped? Where I have made one experiment to  
prove the truth of chemistry, I have made one  
hundred to prove immortality. I have the power of  
exerting a psychological control over passive sub-  
jects, and I believe spirits make use of the same  
means to transmit their ideas.

Question for next Wednesday evening: "What is  
prayer, and what is its use?"

## From the Herald of Progress.

## The Hopes of America.

## STARTLING PREDICTIONS OF EVENTS SOON TO TRANSPIRE.

We published several remarkable predictions a  
number of weeks before the full elections. At the time,  
the extravagant statements were very generally disre-  
garded. Since, however, many of the prophecies have  
been literally fulfilled, and the public are naturally  
curious to re-read them, and to compare predictions  
with facts. We republish, in order to meet the large  
demand:

CHAGRIN FALLS, Ohio, Sept. 20, 1860.

BROTHER DAVIS:—After three successive lectures  
in this place, discussing the laws and principles of  
growth and development—the following prophecies  
were expressed. They were made in the fourth  
lecture:

1. "There will be a dissolution of the Union."
2. "A Free Republic will grow up at the North. There will be civil war carried on by the rabble and lower classes among the masses. The Republican candidate will get the popular vote, but will not be elected. There will be two great parties organized."
3. "The 'Liberals' in politics and religion will unite on the one side, and the Catholics, Democrats, and all conservative men and women on the other side."
4. "Slavery will be abolished by revolution; insurrection among the slaves, war, and blood."
5. "Next winter, Congress will get in a broil. They will fight. Blood will flow."
6. "My consciousness is that this Nation will be dead as a Nation before the fourth of March next."
7. "Almost simultaneous with the close of the November election, will be another crash among the banks, similar to the one in 1857."
8. "By and by we will have great diseases and new forms of disease, unknown to physicians."
9. "We will have war, famine, political commotion, and earthquakes and hurricanes."
10. "Healing mediums will be developed to cure disease."
11. "England is to be harassed by France, and Russia will assist France; and when England is crushed as a nation, America will aid her."
12. "We will have no more Presidents—the present one will not serve his time out."
13. "Canada will enter the new Republic in America."
14. "Ohio will be the centre of that Republic, and Cleveland will be the capital."
15. "Our present Constitution will be the basis of the new Republican government, but will be re