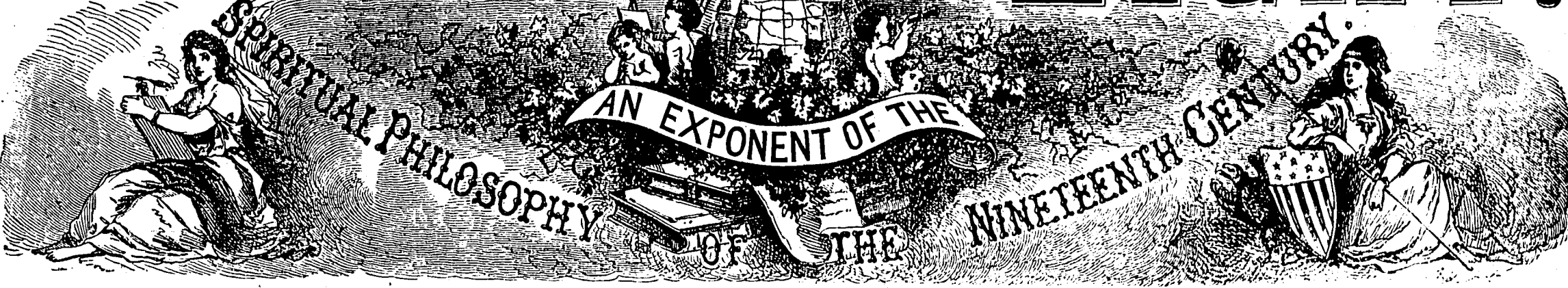


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Versus Dr. Carpenter.

THE PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES AND THEIR ASSAULTS.

(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH RODES HUCHANAN, M. D.

LITERARY SELF-SUFFICIENCY VERSUS THE DIVINE INFLUX.

To those who attain the Jovian heights of self-sufficiency, which some men reach by perusing old books and modern speculations, in which the writer essays the rôle of a demigod by reading the universe in his inner consciousness, as if that universe had been torn from his own brain, it is needless to offer any facts to enlarge the area of thought. To these Jovian gentlemen (of whom we have an immense superfluity, from Hegel and Schelling to Hamilton and Emerson) the brave and honest votaries of *experimental and positive* psychic science are as pitiable fools as Galileo and Newton were to the followers of Aristotle and Des Cartes, and the phenomena which the spirit-world itself has introduced to our senses are as far beyond the hazy horizon of their knowledge, and as thoroughly vulgar as those other vulgar facts which directly concern human welfare—the best methods of ventilation, the best methods of controlling and annihilating disease to make a healthy race of men, the best methods of realizing in machinery the mechanical equivalent of caloric, so as to relieve the toiling millions of half their work. Vulgar facts indeed! As vulgar as the kicking frog's leg which introduced galvanism under the "frog-dancing-master," Galvani, and far below the supercilious gaze of a Jovian philosopher, but nevertheless facts in which to an eye strengthened by sincerity and noble purpose, there shines the ineffable splendor of Divine benevolence, ennobling the destiny of man on earth—as it is at the same time shining forth in the direct agency of the spirit-world, the shimmering light of which, coming into the earthly atmosphere, is ever lifting our thoughts into heavenly communion, and elevating earth-bound souls into a celestial atmosphere, the love and wisdom of which are gradually assimilated into human life; and thus, as in the primal morn of earth-life, the brooding love of the Infinite lifted up matter into the forms that envelope and carry life and love—this Divine work of eternity goes on—Divine love still streaming down and earth forms still rising up to receive it, as the tides rise toward the moon—rising still higher as the ocean sends up (under influx from the sun) from the surface of its ponderous mass the aspiring clouds that are seen all aflame with golden and ruby light from the influx that penetrates and sustains their forms—thus is it that from the Divine spirit-world the light shining down on the great ocean of earthly mind lifts its receptive elements into the cerulean home of beauty, from which they come down in refreshing dews and showers, while at the same time penetrating through the fogs of our Northern clime (so unlike the clear atmosphere of India and of Greece) they reach the humblest clod and tiniest flower.

Sweet and beneficent is the influence of that spirit-world which opens wide its windows over the dying cloud to show the departing spirit its higher home—which hovers over maternity, over the cradle, over the unselfish toiler, over all lovers of their kind, and over every writer or speaker who lives and labors in the atmosphere of ALL-CONSEQUENT LOVE.

THE DOMINANT CLASSES.

Humanity on the open plain of Nature is ever inspired and elevated by this celestial influx, which counteracts the lethargic influences of earth, but, alas! it hides away from the divine influence in the earthly structures erected, occupied, and saturated by the selfish and domineering passions of the lower plane of life. In the gloomy halls of the cowed priest, the law-giver, the judge, the executioner, and the soldier, and their outposts, which is a part of their system, the university, the spirit of defiance and domination prevails—defiance against all the physical power of nations—defiance against popular uprising—defiance against new truth and all forms of democratic benevolence—and domination over the minds and bodies of men.

This spirit of defiance and domination over man is equally hostile to the celestial influx which it repels, as the hard, opaque, granite wall, without a window, shuts out the light and impairs the life of its imprisoned tenants.

Universities are a part of the old machinery for dominating over the human mind, and imposing on the rising generation the ignorance of historic ages of barbarism. Hence it is that the college-molded mind is generally in sympathy with a stage of thought behind that of the living generation, and is trained to perpetuate this domination instead of submitting with docility to the power of truth. Hence this struggle—this combination of the priests, soldiers, law-givers and scholars to put down new truths, as when the founder of the science of the brain, Dr. Gall, in 1796, was compelled to suspend his lectures at Vienna, and when, in 1854, Mrs. Hayden, by priestly power, was silenced at Paris, and in 1877 the abortive legal and medical assault upon Henry Slade was followed by Dr. Carpenter's feeble malignant assault upon all who devote themselves to his extremely meagre "common sense," in which he attempts to render infamous all who dare to give honest testimony beyond the limits of his dictation. Very properly indeed does the Rev. Joseph Cook exclaim, "God save us from the evils of arrogant scientism!" But how can he save us unless we humbly receive his teaching and welcome all the phenomena he brings around us?

ATTACK UPON DR. M. B. HAYDEN.

That the comprehensive and wholesale malignity of Dr. Carpenter's assumption should be expressed in attacks upon persons superior to himself in the qualities that truly adorn human nature, is not singular. The following passage em-

bodiment his attack upon Dr. Maria B. Hayden can be better appreciated when the reader is informed that Mrs. Hayden is a lady of the highest and most irreproachable character, as refined in feeling, as sincere, unselfish and honorable as any member of the medical profession of either sex in our country, and is at this time one of the most highly esteemed and most successful physicians in New York. She went to England not as a needy and suspected adventuress, but accompanied by her husband, Dr. Hayden, as a representative of some of the best elements of American thought, endorsed by a public meeting in Boston, March 27th, in an address to the people of England in her behalf as "a lady of unexceptionable reputation, who cannot fail to impress all who make her acquaintance with her excellent qualities of head and heart, and her entire sincerity and truthfulness as regards the phenomena which occur in her presence."

It is of this noble woman that Dr. Carpenter utters the following small and malevolent libel, so characteristic of his spirit:

"Under the fostering influence of pecuniary temptation, imitators of the Fox girls soon sprang up in various parts of the United States; 'mediums' became numerous; and one of them, Mrs. Hayden, brought the contagion to this country, where the 'spirit rapping' epidemic rapidly spread. The manner in which, according to the experience of those who witnessed Mrs. Hayden's performances, (subsequently confirmed by Mrs. Culver,) (Note. Dr. Carpenter has since found himself compelled to retract the statements based on Mrs. Culver's certificate, as they were too infamously false even for him.) the medium divined at what letters to make the raps, was very simple; consisting merely in carefully watching the countenance or gestures of the questioner, who almost invariably gives, in some way or other, involuntary expression to his or her expectancy. Of this I could cite many proofs. An eminent scientific friend told me that having been at a party, by one member of which after another Mrs. Hayden's powers were tested, he was at first greatly surprised at the accuracy of the replies he obtained regarding the name, date of death, and place of death, of a deceased friend of whom he was thinking; but that he soon obtained a clue by observing that her success varied with the demonstrativeness of the individual, and that she utterly failed with one of peculiarly imperturbable habit. He then made a fresh trial with the fixed pre-determination to withhold any manifestation of his expectancy; and Mrs. Hayden was completely baffled. The secret was divined also by Professor Edward Forbes, who, by pausing on particular letters, made Mrs. Hayden spell 'Lord Tomnoddy,' and other vagaries. And the most complete exposure of the trick was given by Mr. G. H. K. Lewis, who caused Mrs. Hayden to rap out the most absurd replies to questions which he had previously written down and communicated to another member of the party, finally obtaining, in answer to the question, 'Is Mrs. Hayden an impostor?' three unhesitating raps at the letters 'P E S'."

IGNORANT SOURCE OF THE SLANDER.

If Dr. Carpenter had had the least desire to tell the truth or to do justice to Mrs. Hayden, he might have obtained very complete and very satisfactory information from Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, whose guest she was, or from the Countess of Zetland, or Prof. De Morgan, or Lord Brougham, Lord Bentinck, Robert Owen, Senr., Dr. Huxley, Consul T. C. Gratton, or Dr. Ashburner, or in fact from many others of the very highest standing and unquestionable soundness of critical judgment. But this was not his aim. "The carrion crow flies croaking low" to obtain its peculiar food, and Dr. C. leaves these highest sources of information to gather putrescent slanders from a source as unscrupulous as himself.

When we remember that Dr. Carpenter was himself convicted as a libeller of Prof. Crookes by resolutions of the officers of the Royal Society, we can appreciate the sympathy which attracts him to Mr. G. H. K. Lewis, another libeller of American women, whose slanderous tongue was curbed by Charlotte Cushman through the power of British law in the case of an American lady—a case in which a more summary method might have been found on this side of the ocean.

The slanders of Mr. Lewis were at the time effectually and scornfully squelched by the replies of Sir Chas. E. Isham and Dr. Ashburner. Dr. A., in a letter to Mr. Lewis, published at the time, spoke of "his wretched taste and ill manners in applying the term 'imposture' on exceedingly slight grounds to a lady whose character would bear scrutiny much better than his own, and whose sex ought to have protected her in your publication from language so grossly insulting." "I challenge him to offer better proofs than he has yet done of Mrs. Hayden's impostures, or to do what he did on a former occasion when he lost his sense of propriety toward another American lady—to retract absolutely his unwise assertion."

EMINENT FRIENDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

Dr. Carpenter, however, needed no testimony from these eminent gentlemen to counterbalance the libeller Lewis. He had the same opportunity as they to know the truth, and it was his duty to ascertain it. There is scarcely any simpler task to a man of common sense and common honesty than to visit an honest medium, and to ascertain that the sounds produced by spirits in his or her presence are not produced by any action of the medium. Prof. De Morgan, whose mind was eminently both scientific and philosophic, made a strict examination of the phenomena alone with Mrs. Hayden, and having satisfied himself thoroughly in the first fifteen minutes, treated her ever afterwards with distinguished consideration.

Old Robert Owen, the skeptical philanthropist and public champion against Christianity, and bound by his position to disbelieve the claims of Mrs. Hayden, but altogether too honest to do injustice to any one, visited the séances of Mrs. Hayden as a sincere inquirer. Mr. Owen expressed his convictions as follows: "I have had fourteen séances with the medium Mrs. Hayden, during which she gave me every desired opportunity to ascertain if it was possible there could be any deception on her part. I asked many of the spirits of my own family questions to test their identity, and from several of my long-departed friends, and from some well-known characters, known to me only by their writings, and in all these instances the answers have been true, prompt and direct, and always rational."

WILFUL IGNORANCE.

The reader can judge whether it was the lack of common sense or of common honesty which kept Dr. Carpenter ignorant of the public and perfect, simple and honest demonstrations made by Mrs. Hayden, and made him credulous enough to believe that the spiritual raps were mechanically made, when that question had been settled a thousand times by critical experiments, in which the sounds have always been found to occur apart from the medium, on furniture or walls, which the medium has no means of affecting. Dr. Carpenter's ignorance (if he be really ignorant of this) is simply wilful and dishonest. But the legal maxim so familiar in Latin that "ignorance of the law excuses no man," belongs also to the Divine government, and no man can be held guilty in a slander on account of stubborn wilful ignorance, any more than a homicide can be excused because one was prepared for the crime by wilful intoxication.

Setting aside both Carpenter and Lewis as witnesses whose veracity has been successfully impeached, I would give the true story of this séance, concerning which Messrs. Carpenter and Lewis have fabricated their libel.

(To be continued.)

The Rostrum.

THE TRINITY—THE SPIRIT, SOUL AND BODY.

A Lecture delivered by Mrs. F. O. Hayer, at Everett Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday evening, Dec. 23, 1877.

(Reported expressly for the Banner of Light by George E. Miles.)

We have chosen for the theme of our discourse to-night (in view of all the questions and many which we have not referred to, but which we will refer to, by way of illustration, as much as we can, in order to answer all the wants of our audience) that question of the Trinity—the Spirit, Soul and Body. The questioner says, "We want to know more about it." Indeed we do. We cannot know too much about it. One of our most liberal and most learned ministers, as you are well aware, citizens of Brooklyn, said but a few days ago in his pulpit "that that question of the Trinity was something to him very inexplicable. He never did quite understand it. He believed it because the Bible said so, but he never could quite understand it. There were some things which he did not believe, and he would not accept them. They were not worthy of God and humanity. But, in regard to that Trinity, it seemed to be a question not yet explainable to him." When we read it, coming from such a source, we were quite surprised. We wished he had a little more of the illumination of Modern Spiritualism, for it is one of the simplest questions, it seems to us; it is one to the solution of which the Spiritual Philosophy is most abundantly adapted.

It seems to be the primal state of nature that everything involves a Trinity. We only want to get a larger view of those old statements; they are all right in their way. We might take each one of the peculiar features of every dogma that has ever been enunciated from the pulpit from all the days to which history alludes, of which it has made the slightest record, and in the light of the Spiritual Philosophy we only require the transmuter to change it from the lesser to the larger, from one form of organism to another—a rapid evolution, instead of slowly tracing it through ages of possible change. The evolutionary principle of nature has become so abundant in its harvests, in the intellect of the nineteenth century, that we can take an old creed and transform it into a thing of beauty and show the warmth and the glow of the life involved in it, and thus within ourselves link our thought with and illustrate the past, rejecting nothing. Therefore we are growing rich and conscious of possessions of which we never dreamed, and realizing that we have no occasion for throwing anything away, and that there would be nowhere to throw it if we wanted to. Everything is written. Everything is. Everything is absolute. Nature is nature, boundless, illimitable, incomprehensible except by approximation from point to point, from day to day, from age to age; and if we can come into a full realization of this, so as to be appropriating every fact, analyzing every circumstance, adapting ourselves to every revelation, giving higher utterance, drawing into our sympathies every circumstance, seeking an elucidation of every mystery, unraveling cheerfully with all the abundance which we possess of the talent of the brain, all the feeling of the heart, the revelations of Nature or the attempted revelations, the approximate revelations, through science, through philosophy, through religion, through literature, through common occurrences, through daily life, through remote things, through all suggestiveness of Nature concerning our future, through all the present in which we are abiding and the realities with which we are coming in contact—just think for a moment what a revolution this would cause in society! What a revolution in the home! What a revolution in the neighborhood! What a revolution in the church! What a revolution in the nation, and consequently what a revolution in the planet, and correspondingly what a revolution of the planets, toward all that makes for that transcendent ideal of the poet, of the prophet, of the seer, concerning the day when from the least to the greatest man shall know God and rejoice in the knowledge of it!

We must consider the question of the Trinity from the standpoint of these considerations; we must endeavor to remove ourselves as far as may be from the traditions of the past, from that state of feeling wherein we have gathered up a sympathy so tenacious, that we cherish a thing because it is old, or because some one whom we loved thought so, or because it was at one time a very useful and very beautiful statement, corresponding to a very useful and very beautiful condition; we must transcend this view; every age must do something of itself, to move outward and make conditions for truth, and attain to a richer and fuller expression of our revelatory power; to know for instance if Moses said anything, and we have a correct statement of what he said; that what he said being true, must mean more to day than it meant to Moses; that what Isaiah might have sung, beautiful, exquisite, wonderful as it might have been in the time when he received the inspiration, that high as it might have lifted him, as deeply as it rendered him capable of penetrating into the truths of life, yet it must mean more to you and me than it meant to him by comparison; that is, the intellect expands under the influence of culture, as the heart grows larger and richer by its opportunity of unfoldment, as the atmosphere around our planet grows rarer and reflects its rare radiance from the sun-centre of our firmament, so that we must expect higher, firmer, and richer tone to the imagination.

And this imagination is the high priestess of God, coming down crowned with the glory of the Father, and the Mother, and the Holy Spirit of Revelation, to build her temple in the heart, and coronate the children of earth with the splendor of their divine inheritance; this imagination is the artist hand of God, touching all things into beauty, warning all things into life, prophesying of infinite futures. We should seek no more at imagination, but dare to trust the intellect, in its transcendent flights, up through her empire; the time is coming when we shall have no fear that a devil is chasing us through the kingdom of the living God; when we shall have a realization that in proportion as love abounds fear shrinks trembling away; and when we shall comprehend that it is our privilege—a privilege as inherent as our immortality, as divine as our divinity, as immortal and eternal as the God on whose life we live, and move, and have our being, and exercise all the functions of our personality—regarding all gifts and all possibility of revelation, to prove all things, holding fast that which is good, recognizing that which we have not room for as possible to others, and possible to us, when transmitted, distilled and rendered ethereal enough for our appreciation. Then in this manner of consideration we should not think ourselves sacrilegious; that we are ignoring the right of God to wrap his truths in mystery; that we are irreverent and presumptuous because we claim we have the right, signed and sealed by the living hand

of the law, in the organic capacity of our natures, to make truth mean more to-day than it meant yesterday, and more to-morrow than it means today.

It is not for us, when we look at the grand old streams that run from the mountains of New England down toward the sea, and see the manufactories, the great wheels of which are rolling in their impetus, that we should use those rivers just as they were used a hundred years ago, when the canoe of the Indian was all, perhaps, that disturbed the silent waters; now the rushing, busy, crashing, ceaseless whirl and buzz of commerce, of all financial interests in the accumulation of national wealth, of all advancement of enterprise that throw back beauty and utility upon the people—all these are now brought into the embraces of that current, and for us to keep canoes skimming over those waters because they were the legitimate travelers of the wave one hundred or two hundred years ago, we should consider very irreverent and sacrilegious, because it would not be worthy of the genius of a great people so to do. And if the waters of inspiration rolled over Mount Sinai, and a Moses only put a small wheel into the stream and manufactured only small thoughts, is it not incumbent upon us to do as well as Moses did? And if he did the best he could, let us do the best we can, even if we put a thousand wheels into the wave instead of one, and manufacture garments enough to clothe universal humanity, instead of a few early, ignorant furs.

So of the inspirations that burned upon the brains and warmed the souls of our progenitors, our ancient fathers, the patriarchs, the seers, the poets, the prophets, the martyrs—each one in his time and in his turn having wrought nobly, having been the faithful servant of the living God, having manufactured truth in its simplicity, according to the heights he could reach, and the valleys into which he could descend; if we are not as true to our inspiration and the genius of this hour as they were to theirs, then the worse for us. We have no reason to find fault with any ancient thinker for not having done larger thinking. We are only to see to it that we do as much larger thinking as our privileges and our observations and our opportunities guarantee to us. [Applause.] Therefore it is not for you or me today to stand yet upon that Trinity, and to suppose it only meant one thing, and a very small thing at that; that the Trinity was something peculiar and especial; that a God about the size of a very large and a very splendid and a very magnificent human structure, like some old king, was the God; that the Son was a similar representation, in a human form, no more and no less, holding just so much of that God; that the Holy Ghost was the corresponding spirit of life, the inspiration, the revealer, the combining influence of the twain, making a trinity—Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The conception went just so far; it meant just that and no more to a certain class of people. They were true to their poetical ideal; they were true to their intuitions; they were true to their inspiration; but neither you nor I will be true unless we make this idea of the Trinity mean eighteen hundred times as much as it meant eighteen hundred years ago. [Applause.]

That God must be as large as our intellects can comprehend; that God must also be as much larger than our intellects can comprehend, waiting forever and forever for our transcending approximation. That God, in a sublime sense the very apex of human ideality, the very divine spirit, which we may call cause, or call infinity, or call divinity, or call Jehovah, or call Lord—no matter by what name designated—is the soul's grandest stretch after that in whose image it is formed, and in whose image it represents its individuality; and every one has it, from the darkest barbarian up to the ecclesiastical, whose most insignificant thought is his highest inspiration. That God-principle must, from its very limitlessness, its very boundlessness, its very fathomlessness and incomprehensibility of character, have something lying next to us, smaller than it and larger than ourselves, through which to reflect its unutterable beauty, its unutterable glory, its unutterable subtilities—something that is God in the absolute, but less than God because relative to us, and bringing itself close enough to our approximation for us to think about. For we never yet thought of God, or about God, in any other than an approximate sense. Then that becomes the Son, the reflector, that first and fullest realization, that all the comprehension that we ever had or ever shall have, is the reflection, incomprehensible, through the plane of ether, through which the brain recognizes the possibility; and that becomes the Son of God, the light of God, the revelation of God, the highest of our possibility of the conception—for of God we cannot conceive. Just think of it a moment! A part to conceive of a whole! Where is there an individual in earth or in heaven that can conceive of the limitless? To surpass my own organization and its development, for instance, is not possible though all the angels of heaven should cluster around this hall to-night, and concentrate all the purposes of their existences and all the divinity of their god-head upon this organization. Such action could not, by any possibility, render it receptive to an inspiration larger, higher, deeper, fuller, warmer, richer, broader than the capacity of the cup in which it is measured. You cannot get a gallon into a quart cup, but you can get a quart into a gallon measure, and so some of us, who might hold a gallon of inspiration, are satisfied with our lack of development to hold a drop that was distilled eighteen hundred years ago, and think that is the beginning and end of all we ought to know. [Applause.]

Now says one, of what value, of what importance is such a conjecture or such an explanation as this? We are so continually reminded by thoughts flitting up from an audience—from an audience that we may address—that "Spiritualism transcends utility by talking so much of stars and flowers, and music and the angels, and heavens and sciences and philosophy, but not a word about the practical things of life. The spiritual teachers and the spiritual people generally are so very impracticable." You are mistaken. You are the impracticable one. Spiritualism transcends as a philosophy all other forms of thought. In her remarkable simplicity she comes home close to the human heart. People have been so in the habit of gazing off after God, or away yonder after Christ, that when he comes close by them and steps right on their drapery and stands shoulder to shoulder with them, they think it is one of their neighbors, and will not give him any attention at all—it is a common-place affair. Take it in a similar correspondence and analogy; the fact rules us in all our commercial relations. A fabric of mouse-skin is manufactured not five miles from home, and if it has the mark of the French trade upon it and is supposed to come from Paris, the greatest ladies in the land will pay five times the amount for it that they would for an article announced as manufactured in America. At last we have become such dupes to this idea, that it has been discovered we must have the French mark in matters of theology also; and so, if something is represented as ancient, as com-

We find in nature a trinity. We find an everlasting and continual and an illimitable searchableness in all natures after what we call origin. We have always been trying to find where we came from and to what point we are going, until latterly the vanguard of the thinkers of the nineteenth century has come up, by the very necessities of the movement and the necessities of truth, which have rarefied the matter in which they abide in the atmosphere that surrounds them,

This Trinity reaches as far as we can conceive of cause, reflecting itself through the sunlight of truth, as far as we can catch the reflection, and becomes the Holy Ghost, the living, embodied identity of Inspiration, in the form of truth, which is typified by the ever-present spirit of a divine and ceaseless and immeasurable inspiration. We find it in the spirit as a cause-land; but that cause has a cause back of it, beyond our comprehension. We find it in mind as the exponent of calculation. Intuition moves outward in everything. We do not know why we think so—we only think so, and jump at the conclusion. That is what intuition does. But she is ripe; she has reached from a rarer source and impresses her productions upon us, as an atmosphere. They are so rare to us that they become atmosphere while they are substantial facts in a plane far

And Summer did not die, but sped away
And waited to return another day.
The lily and the rose, and waving grain
Upon ten thousand hills, in vale or plain,
Early in the morning raised its head and nod,
But left the record that it was not dead.
And when again the halmy air shall sing,
And we again of the seed-time shall sing,
Hark come the lilies and the roses, too,
Their fragrant breaths our adoration woo;
For the red and the fair Summer on the wing,
The happy child of Winter and of Spring,
And when at last we term it cold, shall call,
The flowers and grains have heard a higher call,
God says, "Come unto Me," child of the field,
Come to another plane your beauty yield.
We live in Winter then, but bud and flower
We hold in hearts that are immortal power,
And sure as God is God, and Love is life forever,
The flower, the bird and brute, like man, can perish never.
[Applause.]

We may turn to any one of the phenomena of Nature, and they shall speak louder to day with the trumpet voice of prophetic inspiration. We have known so little and are to know so much; and yet that much, so mighty in its turn, shall be so small again: thus ever and anon

One of our questions to-night, which we have omitted to refer to, was this very question of resurrection, and whether Christ was differentiated from any other being, and whether we are called upon to revere Christ as no other man. It is a very unimportant for any man to revere him as the beginning of the representation, but if over the summit of any mountain the light shines brighter, breaks more grandly, that mountain becomes sacred to revelation, the shrine of the pilgrim, the gold of the idolater, the mountain Parnassus of the poet; and though it were a peak of the rock on the summit of Sinai it does not matter, so that the sun bursts more brilliantly over it, and grander and higher truth thunders down to its base. And so when we look over the past, at the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, at the unutterable loveliness of his character, the sweet melodies of his parables, the poetry of his life, the activities of his being, the simplicity of his correspondences with Nature, the poetry of his whole existence, we realize that he was a living

Two wounded steeds from Plevna's bloody field
Met at a little blood-stained water course;
"Comrade," said one, "to Death I soon must yield,
But I have come to this, I strike no more."
"I would not be that monster, dripping blood,
That insolently calls himself a Man,
Even to tread again the Cyprian shore,
Or snail the air with dust and stench."
"Why, let them fight, if they list; but, have we
We have no quarrel with the Selave or Turk;
This is the shame and wrong and cruelty,
That we are forced to do our bloody work!"
"Are there not herds of prey whose nature suits
The fierce Mongol to slay, the Jew to maul,
Or Libyan lions, strong and cruel brutes,
Who would be happy in this field of blood?"
"But we love gentle natures, arts of peace—
We love the green and peaceful olive bough,
Alas! alas! 'Till night brought swart release,
And two sad conscripts had a long disease."
— *From the "War of the Balkans."*

—Harper's Weekly.

