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Original Poetry.

THE ANGEL VOICE.

For days and weeks-nay, months and years, Had sorrows crowded round our way-Joys changed to griefs, and smiles to tears, Till there seemed left no cheering ray.

Our home a paradise had been, If Fortune had not turned her back And made the path of life once green A worn and weary, weary track.

When those who dwelt beneath that roof With me, were all so good and dear-'T was strange that Fortune kept aloof, And smiled on those not half so fair.

Our Mary with her flashing eyes, And Effie with her golden hair-Fair girls and boys of various size And parents well-beloved were there.

But now, a sad, sad time had come; Too long the tale, or how, or why, When they might be without a home Without a friend beneath the sky.

Yet, still we gathered round the hearth. And strove to drive the gloom away: But ah ! the flashing of our mirth, Was like the glow-worm's fitful ray.

There was unspoken in each heart A thought of coming, doubtful strife, When we so soon, too soon must part, To fight our way alone through life.

While thus we sat, and mused again, A low voice breathed upon the air In such a sweet, rich music strain, We knew an angel hovered near.

We hushed our breath, for we would fain Hear once more breathe that music strain; When, lo! the soft and sweet refrain Comes floating on the air again;

And these the words it seemed to say: "Think you the future dark before, And see you not the dawning day? Fear not; angels are watching o'er.

The sunlight is where shadows fall, Joy still lives on though trials come Then do not lose the sunlight all, But look beyond the shadow's gloom

Go bravely forth your lot to meet; And I again this truth can say, That spirit-friends shall guide your feet, And soon will dawn a happy day."

Then softly died the voice away, Not lost the words that bade us toil-But deep into our hearts that day, They fell like seeds into the soil.

As oft I hear that sweet refrain, "The sunlight is where shadows fall," My heart grows strong and light again, Obeying that dear angel-call. Boston, January 18, 1859.

THERE'S NOT A FLOWER THAT BRIGHTLY BLOWS.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

There's not a flower that brightly blows, That does not soon decay; And not a hope the human knows That may not fade away. The days of youth as brightly seem As spring-time's early flowers, Till age comes on-so goes the dream, And joy forsakes the hours.

I dreamt a dream in youth's young morn, When hope was strong and new-My glad heart beat, no more forlorn, Boneath her eyes of blue. Ambition flourished with her sighs, Hope donned a dladem; But yet another won the prize, And my heart lacks a gom.

A violet hung o'er the brook, And looked with loving, long, The joyous stream returned the look, And song its liquid song. 01 It turned the pebbles in its bed And eddled round the bar.

And still the violet's tinted head Beamed o'er it like a star.

From out his realm of gloom;" Cold winds along the valleys swept, And flow'rets ceased to bloom The brook sang on, and begged its love, To seek it and to wed-The flower dropped from its stem above, The waves received it-dead.

Sweet Summer fled as Autumn stept

Thus every joy that buds to-day. Each hope that bursts to bloom When cold misfortune sweeps the way, > Finds refuge in the tomb. Oh, hopes that made the past so bright, And promised more and more-I mourn and mourn thy absent light, That time cannot restore.

New York, January 28, 1859.

LINES TO THE REFORMER.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE

Oh! be ye not weak-hearted; The battle's to the strong. And Truth has strength gigantic To sway the raving throng.

God speeds thee on thy mission, And norves thy arm in fight, When you gird on in battle For freedom and for right.

The angel hosts are with thee, To guide thee on thy way, ... And will proclaim thy friumph, When error rolls away.

Then will the angels crown thee With laurel lvy twined-The proud and manly feeling

That you have served your kind.

Of all and words of tongue or pen, The suddent are these—ir MIGHT HAVE BEEN. WHITT

Written for the Banner of Light.

A REVELA

SPIRIT-LIFE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

The Sin-stained Spirit.

It is a wild and dreary waste, far reaching to the dim horizon's gloomy confines; turbid waters swell in rising waves, uplifting scaly and repellant forms: a leaden sky, with drifting thunder-clouds is over head; the wailing wind's discordant voices fill that realm of silent desolation; where the huge, misshapen trees stand leafless, their knotted branches tossed about, and swaying, like spectral forms in invocations of despair. The grass is frosted by the piercing blast; the grey rocks, barren and isolated, bear no flowery impress; no habitation meets the eye; nature's vivid mantle of green has never touched the darkened spot; no sunshine ever fell there benignantly; no blue skies promise summer; no rosy streaks announce the dawn of light; no sunset glory crowns the close of day. Night there, is dense and silent, with unutterable gloom; the mysterious shapes of phantoms of remorse and horror flit to and fro; amid the chilling atmosphere, pass lurid flashes of still unquenched fires; the altars of the past of sin are there invisibly, and unseen hands relume the flame.

It is the arid waste of one of the lower spheres of life's continuance, and we look upon the surrounding conditions of a soul awakened to its true position; shudderingly we look! for on the woman's form, there crouching in late wee and tardy penitence, is set the seal of a fatal beauty, that shines forth from the dark and tattered raiment, the disheveled mass of golden hair, a sign of power-misused, alas! and yet a promise grand and eloquent, of expiation and redemption, from the darkness and the exile of her destiny.

The beautiful pale face is convulsed with the mighty anguish of a guilty soul; vainly striving to cover her chilled limbs with the scanty folds of the beggar's garb, she starts in new terror as she beholds the stains upon it, and reads with soul and eye their accusing significance. Here, wet and burning, scarring the little hand that holds it, glisten tear-drops, wrung from innocent eyes-from troubled hearts-from the unmerited suffering of loving souls, that, but for her tyranny, had been, oh! so

There were drops of blood, not wrung from the the outcast, vainly supplicating for the mercy, so scornfully denied. The ensignias of mourning, whose dread realities she had cast over happy homes, cling in black terror to the trailing robe; the wreaths of childhood's glory changed to cypress glooms twined there: the roses of youth and love flung on unholy altars, gleamed thence in mockery-changed, lifeless and devoid of fragrance; the queenly apparel, the awarded crown of bays, changed to that prison-garb, to the broad band that, thorn-lined, pierced the aching brow

She had been great and powerful in the might of her beauty and genius-her wealth and pride. She had trampled on hearts, and walked smilingly over graves; yet the world called her good, and on the marble tombstone, recorded the many virtues-the munificent charities-of the beautiful and high-born

She gazed with wildly distended eyes, upon the dreary landscape; she turned imploringly a look to heaven. No ray of light fell from the wintry sky. She sought to climb the frowning crags, to reach the boundaries of that land of gloom-to meet beyond some being of her kind. In vain! Sharp stones pierced her weary feet, and clouds shut out the worlds of beauty, the summer skies, and leaping. golden waters far beyond. The wailing winds sang mournfully, and overhead the thunder rolled.

"This-this is Heaven! the pearly gates. the golden streets, the white robe, and the crown of glory!" oried, with a mocking laugh, that reverberated from rock to shore, the darkened spirit.

"And here am I to remain eternally!" She cast herself upon the frozen ground, and wildly tore her flowing, golden hair; she beat her breast in intolerable anguish, and thrust her frame against the sturdy trees—the hard, cold stone—call ing loudly, frantically for annihilation !

They surrounded her with gibes and mockerythe grinning faces; the vague, dark, floating spectres, that uprose from lake, and strand, and lowering cloud. And they reviled her for her sufferingsdenied her claims to sympathy and pardon, even as she had done on carth to others. Maddened by their reproaches-insensate with remorse, she flung herself upon the ground, and called aloud to heaven for relief.

She prays with her lips only!" oried the jeering phantom, and Althea relapsed into silence; and, in despair, covered her face and rent anew the burning garb that olung around her.

Oh God, send me relief!" the fervent prayer thrilled through the frame of the imploring sufferer, uprose in a whisper so low, it escaped the hearing of the malignant ones; it cleft the thunder-clouds above, and, borne upon the fluttering pinions of an invocation fraught with faith, it reached an upper realm of vastness and beauty inconceivable. It knelt at the feet of one angel there, who heard, and touched to the soul of pity, responded to that anguished wail:

"Solitary, forsaken, justly punished! but if I can artist's ideal—for the love of the beautiful dwelt in atone for the sins of earth, I will! by every effort— her soul, perverted from its original excellence. But here, in this darkened spot!-not lifeless solitudeendless loneliness, I pray thee, Father!"

at the angel's feet, bore to her ear the cry of that singers of her time; the sweet music of the peasant tortured soul, and the undertone of faith was there; mother's lullaby had no charms for her ear-the the beauty of devotion clung to the prayer for deliverance. Lilla heard and replied in music.

Was it sunshine that cleft the bosom of the threatening storm clouds? Was that a ray of light celestial, athwart the darkness? Was it music floating downward from the realms of bliss? Althea looked and listened; deep into her soul, benighted as it was by pride and sin, spoke thrillingly a sweet, persuasive voice, calling forth the heart's best offering—prayer!

They fled afar, the shapes of evil, veiling their eyes, and folding close their robes of gloom; for an inspiring power had descended from the higher realms, and the weak sinner's faith was strengthened—the soul's first offering laid upon the altar of expiation—the first saving prayer passed her rebellious lips, softening them into mild entreaty, child- fame, the approval of wealth. like trust.

Upon an island shore we stand, entranced in won der and enrapt in joy! The summer air is redolent with the breath of roses, the spicy odors of the forest's depth. Around, a sea of light and music, swelling rhythmically to the singing winds; above, a sky of azure beauty, and floating downward from its realms celestial, in jeweled barge and car-and temple, come the teachers of a higher life-the seraphs of knowledge, love and song.

The messenger-birds there wing their flight from soul to soul; star chaplets becken from the distant cloud heights, and banners wave, and forms of undreamt-of beauty, faces of rapt beatitude, tresses of the blessing of the sun. In those fair Eden-bowers, flower, cascade, sea and cloud-from the golden sunlight's benediction and the mountain's height, uprising from the fertile plains and angel-homesfrom all, with one accord, in blending tones of ecstatto harmony, arises to the unseen world's beyond, the anthem of all life and spirit-prayer! 'Tis on this blessed isle, close by a fane of beauty, thrice consecrated by the light divine that Lilla dwells beautiful above, she shall be led by the sovereign power of divine forgiveness.

From the bright region of joy and life and breathing beauty, even down to the land of desolation, to the wintry clime, an inspiration guides the willing spirit, and a sweet duty leads her feet. A gleam of pity from an angel's eye-a passing glimpse of her pure white raiment, of her dazzing veil of encircling light-pierced through the darkness of that nether clime, and Althea, looking up, beheld, and bowed her spirit to the dust in reverence, and, crossing her hands upon her bosom, cried piteously, imploring, to the angel-comer.

And Lilla smiled in sweet response, and music trembled on the darkened air, and stole upon the callous heart. The first ray of hope dawned on Althea's soul: for the first time, the wrongs of the past crowded there, unaccompanied by defiance, by pride-rebellion. The flower of humility sprung from the dark soil, and tears, "blest tears of penitence," watered the celestial growth.

With the first faint ray of heavenly light resting on her tortured heart, Althea knelt-alone, amid the arid waste, in prayer; and from the soul of Lilla burst forth a victorious hymn, that, re-cohoed by the surrounding angel choir, was borne upwards and upward still, from sphere to sphere of spirit-life and beauty, until it reached the far-off, gleaming portals of the land celestial, of which no eye hath seen the glory-no ear hath heard the songs divine of praise.

CHAPTER I.

We return to the earth we dwell upon; to the customary scenes, the familiar forms and faces of this world, back into the past, to trace the life path of one, who, beautiful and worshiped by the world, dies, as you have often told me he would were I to entered the realms of the hereafter despoiled of her regal robes, of the magnificence of her surroundings, doomed to a life of expiation, to a long pilgrimage of solitude and pain. She had been born to the power and sway of wealth

proud parents; endowed with bewildering beauty, rare intellect, and a heart naturally warm, impulsive you are?" and generous, whose aspiring throbs for justice, freedom and equality, she stifled with untrembling hand, for the world's sake.

As a child, she tyrannized over teachers and servants-resolutely withdrew from all association with gave sweetly of her ample means for public charities, and aided in the erection of churches and monuments: she rendered homage to the great, and applauded the intellectual and famed. With soom and coldness she turned from the appealing beggar, from the aspect of squalid poverty, from wretchedness and suffering.

She looked with kindling eye upon the pictured

by every throb of life! But, oh! not immortality from the fair face worn with pallor, from the leveliness unheralded by external elegance and fashion's sanction, she turned in utter indifference. She The golden, azure and reseate clouds, disporting threw wreathes and costly presents to the famed children of the poor were not beautiful to her fastidious taste. Pride, the attendant demon of humanity, had secured an abiding place in Althea's soul, and to its sway all nobler feelings bent. The hearts of many bowed in homage to the graceful and gifted girl; and from his lonely cottage home, Sylvester dared to think and dream of the proud beauty-to love her with all the depths of his poet soul, that was so rich with love. For the proud maiden's sake he toiled incessantly; affection, hope and devotion, brought to his soul the answering genius of inspiration, and grandly melodious, powerful with strength, and deeply imbued with the magic hues of beauty, his poems found expression, and touched to the very founts of feeling the popular mind, that rewarded him with showers of applause-with the meed of

He placed them all at Althea's feet, and she reached forth her hand to receive them-smiled sweetly and falsely on the giver, and bade him wait.

He had one sister-a gentle levely and meek spirit, whose heart clasped all that life held of beauty, truth and aspiration. For some time the proud patrician refused all association with the humbly nurtured girl, then yielding to her lover's entreaties, masking the repellant haughtiness, the shrinking coldness by assumed compliance, she received the pure Selina with conventional smiles.

One day there was a fete at the spacious mansion, and Althea reigned the queen of grace and beauty over her assembled votaries. But the crimson of her cheek deepened that night with a deadly anger; the living gold, and hands in waving welcome, glisten flashes of her dark eye were enkindled by a fell reand vanish there. From the deep woods arises the solve. Esmond, the secretly loved object of her affecchoral melody of immortal sougators, and flowers tions, looked with eyes of love upon the gentle lily naver hlighted by the minute's Couch, bloom neath Solina. Amid the mazes of the dances, between the pauses of the music, still masking with smiles the the emerald foliage shades the sacred shrines of art torture of her undisciplined heart, Althea dreamed of and music—the home alters of love. From tree and | vengeance, and staked life's happiness for its suc-

She signed to Sylvester to approach her, as the night neared on the morn. She gave him a mission to perform in a distant city, and he obedient to what he deemed love's mandate, set forth immediately upon his journey. She sought Selina, and from her innocent lips received the confirmation of her fears. Esmond, the lofty and wealthy, who had withstood her sacrifice of life, but from the sacred fount of feeling, while-dwells there, until a deeper draught of love charms and manifold fascinations, loved deep and memory, love! There burned the imploring kiss of and knowledge shall upraise her spirit higher; until tenderly the rustic girl! The soul of Althea was castill nearer to the softly unclosing portals of the puble of sacrifice, for its voices whispered of the glory to be gained, but resolutely she cast forth the appealing angels, and locked the demons in the chambers dim, where they could revel undisturbed.

> "You must be my messenger to your brother when he returns," she said, " for I feel that this must end. I cannot wed him, and you must tell him so."

"Lady! it will kill him!" replied Selina. "He trusts to your faith, your promise. Oh, why this sudden change? dear Althea, what have we done?" She drew up her proud form, and refused the proffered hand of the lovely pleader. "Do you love your brother?" she asked.

"Can vou ask me? is he not all—has he not been all of earth to me, since my dear mother left?" Althea, you cannot retract your promise—Sylvester will die You cannot be so cruel!"

"I never promised to become his wife wbut I will

on one condition."

"He will acceed to all."

"It is for you to acquiesce, Selina!" "For me? is there aught on earth I would not do

for him, my best friend, my guardian, for whom my angel-mother bade me live?" "Can you sacrifice your brightest hopes in life?

your affection? Is your fraternal love so streng and true ?"" "My brightest hopes? what mean you, Althea?"

faltered the young girl, with paling cheeks. "I mean what I say," she replied imperatively. "Can you renounce your lover? take back your

promise-vow never again to behold Esmond?" "Oh no l I cannot-cannot do that!" oried Selina. "I thought so I weak and silly girl-I knew it; but listen: Unless you renounce all thoughts of him, your brother shall never cross this threshold; my servants shall turn him from the door-and if he

deprive him of my presence, the responsibility rests with you-not me." "Althea-what can you mean? why are you so changed? what causes your eye to rest on me with such malignant glances? How have we injured you? the descendant of a noble house, the only daughter of | Why demand of me the renunciation of my brightest hopes; have I no right to be loved, to be happy as

"Bring hither no comparisons I compel me not to utter what would make you shrink from me in terror. I have an insurmountable dread of people of your class! Sylvester by talent and merit has "written his name above his fellows; you are his sister. I the friendless, the outwardly poor and unlovely. She admitted you to my home—my intimacy. You are henceforth strangers to me, unless you comply with my demand."

"You have no right, no power to enforce such a demand," oried Selina indignantly.

"I take the right, I have the power," replied the

haughty woman. "Farewell, Selina," she continued, "henceforth you pass no more these gates. Sylvester may return to his rustic associates. And Esscenes of earth's beauty—upon the revelations of the mond you shall never wed; take Althea's word for

that!" and with a queenly step and scornfully flashing eye she left the room, and Selina stood alone, bewildered by strange, thronging thoughts. She left the courtly mansion, never again to pass its portal; she returned to her modest home, to await her brother's coming.

He turned his footsteps towards the dwelling of her ne loved; flushed with the success of his mission. proud of the confidence reposed in him, he sought Althea's presence; she refused to see him-henceforth he was forbidden to pass beyond that aristocratic threshold. Stunned, blinded and confused, he remounted his horse and reached his home; he fell into the outstretched arms of his sister, with a loud cry of grief.

Vainly she sought to soothe and comfort: the blow was too sudden-the shaft of cruelty aimed by that loved hand, sunk deeply into that trusting, loving soul. In presence of his anguish, Selina formed the vow of sacrifice; with bleeding heart she wrote to the inexorable woman who held her brother's life within her lily-white hands. But it was not to be; that missive, blotted with the holy tears of a sister's love-that record of exalted devotion, never reached her eye. For Sylvester found it, and read it with surprise and indignation. The idel was dethroned in his pure soul, but on his feeble frame the unexpected shock was direly felt. And as the light faded rom his eye, as his strength departed day by day. Selina besought him with tears and pious entreaty, to permit her to apprize Althea of his condition; but he refused indignantly.

"She was not worthy of my love; she is not the embodiment of the ideal my soul had framed. She who could demand such sacrifice of a sister's heart. is less than woman. I once madly deemed her an angel! You, my Selina, will be happy, for untouched by her wiles, Esmond is, and ever will be, true to

The prayers of that loving spirit could not retain nim; when the skies of Autumn enfolded with subdued radiance the changing woods, and the fallen leaves rustled on the greensward, he passed from earth; passed calmly on, with cold hand resting in a farewell benediction on his sister's head, with the promise of the believer in his heart, expressed in the last utterance to the faithful watcher by his side-We shall meet again in heaven."

There was a gay assembly in the decorated halls of Althea's stately home; light feet were dancing merrily, sweet, tuneful voices mingling; fairy forms flitting to and fro. Amid the dancers glided, with flashing cheek and sparkling eye, attired with costly magnificence, gems gleaming from her hair and arms and neck, the peerless Althea, who saw not how the recording angels marked her regal vestments with the impress of a fearful sin! She danced on, feeling not the past anguish of the faithful heart she had ruthlessly trampled upon; thinking not that the coronet of jewels encircling her brows would be replaced by the fiery hand of remorse, steeped in her victim's tears, heated by the flames of sacrifice, ascending straightway unto heaven.

Of all this Althea dreamed not, for worldliness had steeped her soul in oblivion, and pride issued still his mandates of defiance. She was guilty in the angels' sight, this woman of rare gifts; for she sinned not ignorantly. Glimpses of soul consciousness illumined the inner path; duty whispered of return; of expiation; womanhood and truth rebelled beneath the fixed mask of conventional form; and uneasy conscience cried aloud, when men applauded the most loudly. But for fame and the world's voices of approval, the angel-monitors remained unheeded. and the spirit of pride assumed his sway.

With pale face and quivering lip, Esmond passed silently amid the throng, and stood before Althea, who. in careless and graceful attitude, was reclining on a soft divan. She looked up in sudden surprise at the pale and disturbed countenance, the accusing eyes bent on her; she grew pallid with a sudden misgiving, a secret weighed down her soul.

"Sylvester died this morning," he said, and his voice trembled with emotion. "Althea, duty bids me tell you that you have been cruel, wilfully, wickedly cruel, to that noble heart! You were unworthy of the love of so pure a nature! Dying, he forgave you, but you must ever feel that you have caused the death of one who should have lived long years to bless you."

He spoke in whispered tones. The merry company around deemed he was paying homage to her peerless beauty. Even then the iron fangs of remorse seized on her heart strings, gloom fell upon the face of life, and low and falteringly, with clasped hands and eyes . timidly upraised to the rebuking face of Esmond, she said:

"I did not expect this! I thought not it would end so; I hoped he would forget me. Do you, then, thoroughly despise me?"

The proud head drooped low; there was pathos in the usually imperative voice; breathlessly she awaited his reply.

"Until you prove yourself possessed of the womanly attributes of tenderness and forgiveness, I do," he sternly replied. "Farewell, now, Althon. I have fulfilled a painful duty.".

She arose and grasped his arm. "Where go you?" she exclaimed. "To share Selina's watch by the departed; to-

morrow I take her to my mother, after our dead is given to the earth. In a few months she will become my wife."

"In vain-in vain!" murmured Althea. "I have sacrificed a life in vain!"

And with a moan of suffering, riven from the very depths of her soul, she sank back senseless; and the young and the thoughtless crowded around, and with

officious zeal restored her to the consciousness she would willingly have foregone. Pleading sudden indisposition, she retired to her chamber, and with a weight upon her heart, losing sight of faith and prayer, she paced the floor all night, invoking death, 1 35 3 maligning destiny!

The young Selina had escaped from her threatened vengeance. Three years of happiness, pure, unalloyed, fell to her lot, and the grateful heart sang aloud its thanksgiving songs. Then shadows fell; and the death-angel's wing darkened the sunny hearthstone. With all the intense affection that had blessed their life gathered in one last fond, farewell glance, the spirit of Esmond left its mortal tenement, and Selina, with her infant son, stood alone on the broad earth, a stricken and forsaken thing!

All the angel faculties, the slumbering energies of that devoted, heroic nature, were awakened by the force of circumstances, the pressure of stern realities. From her watch beside the casement,--from which she gazed up to the stars, fondly deeming his spirit dwelling there, in one of the celestial aisles,she was called by the feeble cry of her sickly infant. Vigils of love and pain claimed that young mother; nights of solitary watching, when her soul held communion with things unseen, when melodies unheard by the ear of sense, upbore on swelling waves of beauty, her spirit to the immortal shores. Then words of deep mysterious import fell on her listening heart-thought-echoes, for which language has no sign, and revelations swept the lyre chords of the inner life so wonderfully clear with promiseso powerfully imbued with strength, the mourner's eye grew bright with hope; her smile became luminous with a holy, spiritual joy.

But days of trial and hard necessity claimed the patient disciple of adversity, and the youthful bloom departed from cheek and lip; and the posture of sorrow, the drooping head and downcast eye, became habitual. Yet often the breezes would waft the welcome perfume of his favorite flower, and with the spirit token of remembered love; often the moonbeams fell athwart the silent chamber, as they had fallen while his presence gladdened earth; and thrillingly melodious, sweet, unutterable, came a message to her soul, promising reunion, happiness, and deathless love. The widow felt the near presence, unseen by the eye, recognized by the conscious spirit, of him, who, on earth as in heaven, was ever the star of life to her.

CHAPTER II.

Still proudly beautiful, imperially defiant, Althea reigns the queen of fashion-the heartless, cold co. quette. They tell of one, young and promising, the only joy of his widowed 'mother's heart; who, enslaved by that fatal beauty, knelt in worship at her feet, to be discarded with repellant scorn-with taunts and mockery. He left his native land, and sought forgetfulness beyond the seas; and 'mid the storm he perished, with the rest of the gallant crew of an ill-fated ship. The mother's invoked retribution haunted Althea's sleep, and in her dreams uprose two graves-one shadowed by the willow-tree in the quiet' country churchyard; the other rising proudly in the depths of ocean, formed of the accumulated wealth of pearls, and gems, and glistening gold; the coral stems twined over it, and thick seaweed formed the monumental wreath.

But stiffing conscience, and shutting close the gates of memory, Althea revelled in the world's delights, and feasted on its applause, its lavish encomiums, its proffered meed of fame and flowers. The sorrowing angel of her better nature, often drew from the quiescent chords of feeling, deep, tender strains of love and melody, over which the good and pure wept freely; for which the laurel wreath of poesy was twined around her golden tresses. Men called her angel and divinity; her fond, proud parents gazed upon her with love and pride. She alone knew the depths of falsehood within; she alone shrunk from the darkness of her own spirit. and wept for its descrated shrine!

With supreme disdain, with a pride boundless in its presumption, she turned from all of life that moved not in the charmed circle of her gilded worship. The beautiful of fashion, grace, and elegance, the poetry of wealth, the perfection of high-born beauty, found favor in her eyes, and response from her heart and hand. But the beauty of humility, the untutored grace, the nature untouched by the refining hand of art or genius; the lowly virtues and sweet beatitudes of humble life, these found no answering melody of affection, trust or pity, from

She had turned in bitterness never revealed, even to her mother's heart, from the first vain dream of love: and the lesson had not purified and exalted the rebellious spirit, that disclaimed all need of teaching. Drinking deeply of the intoxicating draughts of fame and adulation, the thirst for preeminence, for worldly distinction, possessed her fully. Sacrificing, therefore, every impulse true and womanly, stifling every regret and every holy aspiration; laying strong injunctions on the protesting heart that wildly called out against the outrage, she was led a willing bride to Mammon's altar, there bound for life to one many years her senior-a haughty, irritable, misanthropic man, who, won by her exceding grace and beauty, was proud to exhibit her to the world as the prize his wealth had won.

She left her early home, and with her husband traveled much over her native land; then settling down to demestic life on a scale of unequalled splendor and extravagant expenditure, she held unlimited sway over his vast wealth, his many possessions. She was mistress of many servants, of almost regal robes and jewels; mistress of all things rare, costly, and beautiful-of all things, save herself. For the watchful master guarded her with a jealous eye; she dared no longer smile, and dance, and sing, as in the days of her maidenhood. She had bartered freedom for the golden chains that bound her, oh! so fearfully! and escape was impossible. Like a cazed tigress, her unruly spirit chafed and pined, and then dark, terrible, endowed with mighty strength, a fell temptation assailed her, and she tottered on the brink of a fearful precipice!

Angry words, loud recrimination, had become habitual between the ill matched pair; reproaches and accusations were matters of daily occurrence, until the desire for freedom grew overpowering in 'Althea's soul-until bitterest hatred of the man she called husband possessed her unto madness.

3 She had long nurtured strange, evil thoughts, and they were seeking form in action; reckless of the future, she was about to steep her soul in crime, when a saving angel-one of earth's human augels interfered in time. One cold and stormy winter's night, the master of that palatial home sat in his and in every word she utters! Your manner seems "stidy, realing not, but thinking deeply, and Althea, to indicate some knowledge of herefler, it is a long of here provided for. I take pharge of herefler, it is a long of the pharge of herefler, it is a long of the pharge of here is it. I your future you and your child, it said Althea. scance of earth's beauty-upon the resolutions of the mond you shall never well take atthough the executions of the resolutions of the choughtless countries and with

frame, when his voice aroused her from the deep she said, with studied, haughty indifference. reveries she indulged in. Words of terrible meaning had she uttered in her sleep; and now, with shrinking heart, and hands clasped to his aching brow, Villandot sat alone at midnight, and took counsel of he said. his thoughts.

Twice he started from his recumbent posture, and going to the window, looked out upon the night, with its descending shower of snow-flakes, thinking that he heard a human voice amid the wailing of the dition." wind. Cold and stern as he was, his heart was not all closed to human pity; he could be moved by the aspect of visible suffering-by the appeals of the stricken; and one pure fount of sympathy gushed up to the sunlight in music: he loved the angel

presence of a little child. "She threatens me with her looks; they say plainly-Beware of me!' What can she mean? I have seen her start, and conceal something amid the folds of her dress as I entered; can she premeditate murder? There is no softness-no touch of womanly pity in her nature! I have seen her turn, with a gesture worthy of a Satan of pride, from the poor who came to our gates, gathering closely around her her satin robe, lest the child of poverty should, touch it with her wasted hand. I dare not trust her. I will watch her narrowly, and if I find her guilty, no law shall judge between us; no gossiping tongues shall bandy her name and mine. But I will take vengeance! such revenge as shall bow her proud spirit, lower than even the beggar's garb she shrinks from. But, hark! that sound again; it is a human being in distress; it is a moan of pain! Some one is perishing of cold outside! perhaps some unfortunate she has turned from the shelter of her lordly home. Rouse up, Merlin'; awake! there is a cry for help outside!

He shook the sleeper-a young man who waited on his person—and bade him call some of the household, and go in search. His orders were promptly obeyed, and Merlin, returning soon, reported to his master that a woman, with a child in her arms, had been found, crying wildly amid the storm, just underneath his study window. He ordered them to bring her in, and when, feeble and tottering, she was led towards him, his heart melted in pity, in view of the wan face still so lovely, the blue eye's imploring glange, the tattered raiment wet and fluttering, the emples of sweetness and dignity shining forth from the wreck of beauty, health, and happiness. He placed her in a seat; he tenderly removed the wet coverings from her head, and the light-brown hair fell down, a shining, silky veil over the tearful face, and hid awhile her grief. But as the grateful warmth restored her scattered thoughts, and life came to her nearly frozen limbs, she cast aside the veiling tresses, and there upon her bosom, secure in the sweet faith of infancy, lay sleeping, with smiles upon its wasted face, a little child! At that sight gates!" the ever awaiting angel touched the rich man's soul, and tears welled up from the scaled recesses, and he took the infant from its mother's arms, and kissed it gently and tenderly as a woman would; nestling to his bosom, awoke by his caresses, his quick tears raining on its innocent face, the child looked up to him and smiled, and a thrill of more than mortal goodness coursed through the old man's frame, and uplifted his soul!

"Poor child, poor suffering lamb!" he murmured fondly, stroking its jetty hair, kissing its fair white

The mother knelt at his feet, speechless with gratitude, overcome by the unexpected kindness-her white hands clasped, her blue eyes raised to his face with such unspeakable thanksgiving in their depths; her pale lips murmuring vainly with the tribute of her heart. Villandot gazed upon her with a whelming tide of emotion bearing away, far hence, the icebarriers of his soul. He gave her his hand to assist her to her feet; he led her deferentially, as he would a princess of the realm, to his own recumbent chair; he poured out a strengthening potion, and held it to He laughed aloud, a scornful, mocking, defiant laugh. her lips, and the infant, smiling, fearless and content, clung to his velvet robe, toyed with the costly diamond on his finger; unawed by the glitter of wealth, attracted by the gleam of sympathy, the light divine upon that wrinkled face men called so cold and stern, and fair women pronounced so ugly

"Rest here, good woman, while I procure some dry raiment, and see to a chamber for you," he said. hand and warm tears, and holy kisses were showered upon it. Again uplifted from the sordid cares, the or insolence!" miseries of life, Villandot felt that angel thrill of consciousness pervade his being; he gave the child see her; I will give her charity! Villandot, conduct into her arms, and hastened from the room. A her to my presence. For once I will be good and female attendant was summoned, and the stranger charitable." led to a warm and luxuriant apartment; clean garments were put upon her and the little one, and a soft bed prepared. She refused all food; but, watched by the kind and pitying Martha, soon sank into quiet and dreamless sleep. Villandot sought not his couch, but snatched a few hours repose in the silence of his study-which, as his cyclids drooped, appeared to his dream-vision peopled by angelic forms, and one among them, towering in the beauty and stature of his angelhood, and holding towards him the out east's child, said, in a voice thrilling with pathos and solemnity: "Inasmuch as thou hast done unto this little one, bast thou received of my spirit!" and the sleeper bowed his head in reverence, and felt the for my own safety and hers." supreme bentitude of which, in ages past, that pressence bright had spoken unto man.

In the morning, refreshed and strengthened, the old man sought his pensioners. The soft glow of gratitude suffused the pale checks of the mother; the child extended his little arms, and ran towards him; he caught the totterer, in his arms, and drew him to the heart that was fast becoming humanized and elevated by that purest of all earthly spells, a child's sweet love !

It was Selina who had found a shelder in the man sion of her bitterest foe! The once cherished wife was now a friendless wanderer, cast out upon the cold waters of life. With the death of Esmond's mather, her last stay departed, and, worn with toil and travel, foot-sore and heart-weary, she had been driven from the inviting mansion's portal the day not frame her lips to utter a false reply; she could before. Villandot never had heard her name for Althen never spoke of the past; but, when sitting at the sumptuous breakfast table, he spoke of her to his proud, unsympathizing wife, a sudden crimson flushed her cheeks, and a sudden glitter of the sys botrayed here is the among our different which were the

"You know this woman, this lady I must call her for dignity and refinement dwells in every motion

silken cough. Well had the aged husband noted the heard of her. The wealthy and honorable Esmond baneful flashes of her eye, the shuddering of her sadly lessened his dignity by a marriage with her,"

> Her husband made no reply. He was accustomed to these outbursts of pride.

"You would pity her, were you to see her now,"

"I have no desire to meet with squalid wretches, to hear pathetic stories of poverty and starvation; they sicken me ! Selina is justly punished for her arrogance and presumption in mating above her con-

"But you will see her, Althea, will you not?" "No! You may give her alms, and send her away when your romantic fit is over," she insoleutly re-

"I wish you to see her; I desire it, Althea!" said Villandot, gazing steadfastly upon the cold and beautiful statue before him. "Men call me cold and harsh, but I were less than human could I resist that gentle creature's appeal. Think, Althea, think a moment, of a creature fair and delicate as yourself, exposed to the midnight storm, dying of cold and exposure before your very gates! There must be some spark of divine compassion, some remnant of womanly sympathy in your soul, wife! Think of that poor, forlorn one, once a cherished, guarded, worshiped thing! Contrast your boundless means, your life of ease and luxury _______

"How dare you, sir; contrast my life with that of the beggar—the low, vile creature you speak of? My life! it is one of horrible torture; the roses are filled with thorns, they pierce me at every turn; the chain is trebly gilded, but it eats into my very soul! My castle of luxury is guarded by worse than the fabled dragon! Cease to taunt me with the recollections of the empty splendor that surrounds me; for, old man, you will drive me to a course your blindness sees not! Beware in time! give me my liberty, or by all there is in heaven, of light and freedom, in hell, of darkness and slavery, I will avenge my

She had risen from the table; with a face convulsed with passion, with a Medusa-like fixedness of eye and purpose, with outstretched hand, that seemed invoking the unseen temptation to draw nigh and steel her heart—the crimson robe that fell in loose folds around her queenly form, the rich lace veil that drooped around the braided mass of golden hair, the flashing, threatening glances of the dark eye, rivaling in brightness the diamonds that lay upon her bosom, the piercing shrillness of her voice; the old man started from his seat in sudden terror; he deemed her transformed into a spirit of evil, beautiful to tempt, and powerful to destroy!

"You are mad, Althea!" he said at length, "and care must be taken of such as you. I fear neither your menaces nor revilings. You willingly became my wife; abide by your destiny, become gentle, obedient, faithful, or rue the day you ever passed these

His voice had now lost its softness; it, too, was harsh and threatening.

"Tyrant! grey headed jailor!" she cried, stamping her foot, and gazing on him with eyes ablaze with fury, "dare you accuse me of faithlessness?"

"Not in deed, fair tigress," he responded, sneeringly, " for I have watched and guarded you for the honor of my name. But in thought and intent, how often have these broad lands and rich domains passed. into younger hands you deemed more worthy than your lord's? I have often read your thoughts, Althea! You married me for my wealth; enjoy your triumph, submit to your destiny!"

"Submission is the rule of slaves!" she retorted. I will free myself from your tyranny; you shall not gloat over my miseries forever."

"How will you free yourself?" he asked her,

mockingly. A fearful expression swept over the beautiful face; unconsciously her hand grasped the carved hilt of a hunting knife that lay upon a table beside her. Villandot's quick eye perceived the movement.

"You will not, and you dare not!" he said, "for I will have you closely watched. Your fair head to the block, my wealth to strangers, if your evil spirit tempt you to but the appearance of crime. I know you now, Althea! I shall take care that you neither poison my food, or strike me to the heart. You are a fiend incarnate, woman! but you have found your master! And now it is my desire, my command, that you see this poor mother; that you take pity on In passing her, the friendless wanderer caught his the delicate child; that you, as well as I, dispense your bounties, and see that it is done without scorn

"Has she a child—this woman? Oh, yes! I will

Veiling adroitly the bitter irony, the fell resolve, her husband, deceived by the calm, almost gentle tones, looked senichingly into her face; the cloud had passed; it was serene, composed, and she continued quietly to sip her chocolate.

Oh, Althea!" he cried, looking in admiration upon her, "how doubly beautiful you are when pity and gentleness come to your heart. How happy we yet could be if ____ but I will bring Selina hither;". and he left the room, murmuring to himself: " After all she may not be as bad as she appears; her temper is fiery; her pride indomitable; her heart may not be evil. But at all hazards I must watch her,

He returned, leading Selina by the hand, with little Esmond clinging to his neck. A vivid flush mounted to Althen's brow- a moment, then her powerful will conquered all signs of emotion or surprize; she even rose to greet the poor woman, who, as she raised her eyes to the mistress of the mansion; storted back, as if struck to the heart, exclaiming:

"" Althea! can it be possible?"

. "Yes, it is I and this good man who succord you is my husband," she replied softly, taking Scling's hand, and pressing it. "Truly I am grioved to behold you in this strait. Rest here as long as you please; you and your child are welcome."

But Selina shuddered at the cordial words, and shrunk from the beaming eye, whose covert meaning was too truly read by the intultive soul. She could not yet forget her brother's fate. If he were living, would she now be the houseless wanderer, demanding shelter of his direct foe? - A tron citizen

She would have taken her infant and fled that moment; but her eyes encountered the sorrowful and tender gaze of Villandot. She remembered all his kindness, his paternall goodness, and, covering her face with her hands, she wept aloud most record

Last Do, not weep; Sellung of will grant you shelter! you shall go hence provided for. I take pharge of or, if you can, to restrain enthusiasmunni give a

But the heart of the suppliant was not to be deceived; her guiding impressions whispered; "Be ware!" the warning angel said aloud : "trust not!" She looked up into the proud beauty's face; it was unchanged in its fixed and statuesque loveliness the brow was untouched by the finger-marks of time or care; the braided golden hair still wound around the queenly head, a magic coil of living sunbeams the dark eyes' fire was all unquenched; the bony hand of privation had never touched that soulptured arm, or taken one line of grace from the regal form. Erect, defiant, strong, and unbent by trial, she stood in mocking contrast to the drooping figure, the wan and wasted face, the departed youth, with its roseate light of beauty, that, meek with folded hands, soulreading eyes, and pure, though care worn brow, confronted her! Selina's eves bent on her haughty face, read deeply of the secrets of that shrouded soul; and as she read, she trembled, for her own angels shrank affrighted from the phantom shapes engireling her, the queen of wealth and beauty! her pure heart contracted with a dread, vague and indefinite, and

warning voices whispered: "Fly hence! fly quickly!" Althea, returning the questioning glance, revealed her soul, and read that of her innocent foe. There, innocence and purity, forgiveness, meekness, charity, called hosts of angels from above to thwart her evil plans, to resist her dread resolves, to bring to naught her impious hopes. Each read the other, and Selina, turning with a pale and troubled countenance, beheld the old man's eyes fixed on her with a pity that promised security.

As if some vague, impalpable danger, near and threatening, hung above the cherished heart of her darling, Selina clasped him to her bosom, and the child, affrighted, shrank from Althéa's touch, from the proffered refreshment, the carefully modulated voice. But he sprang into the fondly outstretched arms of the childless Villandot; he nestled closely to the old man's bosom, and toyed in childish glee with his sparkling rings. Althea left the room, casting one long and warning look upon Selina, noticing not again the boy.

"You appear to shrink from my wife's approaches; there is some mystery here. Altha's manner is strange, unaccountable. Why do you tremble before her?

"I fear her!" whispered Selina.

"I, too, sometimes," he replied. "But you must remain here—at least until your strength is recovered, till I have you properly clothed, and you are rendered well by rest. Althea knew you in her girlish days. By the hospitality I have shown to you, tell me what you know of her?"

"Naught that should disturb the peace and harmony of your domestic relations," she said. "My poor brother died of a broken heart, in the prime of life and genius, for her sake. This is why I cannot of the staid and over-fastidious preceptress of the look upon her face unmoved."

"And she-did she ever love him? tell me that, Selina?"

she trifled with his feelings, and in depriving him tightly as you may, they will always find some way of her presence, snapped the frail thread that held to break the traces and escape. But not even the his life."

"I have heard something of this rumored before: sake, whose mother came nigh to lose her reason. yield to love and gentleness? Yet she received you kindly; perhaps she would atone for the past." Selina made no reply, but her heart misgave her;

in Althea's breast there could be no forgiveness, pity or desire for expiation.

"I entreat you, daughter, remain with me awhile! I know not why, but I feel a sense of security in your presence, as if heaven had sent you to ward off danger from this house. You have no home, poor wanderer! I will be a friend, a protector to your favor I implore this of you!"

She looked upon him in amazement; he, the rich, with firm voice she replied:

as you desire; I will not ask to go until you send an established inmate of Lewes Academy. me forth. The God of the orphan, the Father of the widow, will reward you for your dealings unto us! prayers of my life shall be offered up for you, who saved us from perishing in the storm !"

For all reply, Villandot gratefully pressed her hand, and said, cheerfully:

"You consent to remain? Thanks! a thousand thanks, my daughter l"

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

A WICKED JOKE. A few years since, some roguish boys persuaded

pated considerable fun out of him.

Joe was duly ushered in, and placed on a settee in front of the one on which his friends were scated, too cold and classical. and the recitation commenced. The teacher first then turned to Joe.

"My friend," said the teacher, "who made the world we inhabit?"

"Eh?" said Joe, turning up his eyes like an expiring calf.

"Who made the world we inhabit?"

Just as he was probably about to give an answer, (Joe's) pants, about nine inches below the ornamental button of his coat.

"God Almighty!" answered Joe, in an elevated tone, at the same time rising quickly from his seat.

"That is correct," replied the teacher; "but it is not necessary that you should rise in answering.... A

sitting posture is just as well." Joe was again seated, and the ontechism proceeded.

"Who died to save the world?"

The pin was again inserted, and Joe replied, "Jesus Christ!" in a still louder voice, rising, as before, from his seat.

"That is also correct, but do not manifest so much feeling; do be more composed and reserved in your manner," said the teacher, in an expostulating tone.

"What will be the final doom of all wicked men?" was the subject now up for consideration; and as the pin was again stuck in, Joe thundered out, with an increased elevation of his body, "Hell and damna, that time a child of ten pears, arrived in England tion (" the second of the second

and the instructor, "you give the true answers to all these questions, but we wish you would be more mild in your words. Do endeav less extended scope to your feelings. Lity as philliant

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Written for the Banner of Light. TRUST IN GOD. BY MINRIE MARY MAY.

When dark sorrows crowd your pathway. And your way is lost in night, And this world seems lone and dreary, Reft of all its former light;

Then "Trust in God." When the clouds of trouble gather, And affliction's storms descend; When the ties of love are broken, And thou needest a true friend. Then "Trust in God."

When temptation's voice assails you, Urging you in error's way-Striving to allure your footsteps From the path of right to stray, ----Then "Trust in God."

When your fondest hopes deceive you,

And your highest aims are crushed.

When the tones of love and friendship

That have greeted you, are hushed. Then "Trust in God." When the cares of earthly duties, And the din of busy life, Weigh upon your mind and body

Then "Trust in God." When amid earth's fleeting pleasures, Sunshine bright surrounds your way, And this transient, earthly life, Seemeth one long, joyous day,

With their trials and their strife.

May we, 'mid all earthly scenes, Look for aid from Heaven above. Ever seek our Father's blessing, And our hearts be filled with love And "Trust in God." EAST MEDWAY, MASS.

Then "Trust in God."

Written for the Banner of Light.

Time Works Wonders.

BY OPHELIA MARGUERITE CLOUTMAN.

Florence Hastings and Minnie Burt were pupils and room-mates in the day and boarding-school of Miss Rebecca Flint, situated in the town of Lewes, and known for miles around as an institution possessing peculiar advantages for the moral and intellectual culture of the minds of the young and inexperienced. In this "fashionable and select boardingschool," as Miss Flint always proudly designated the establishment over which, for a period of twenty years, she had so faithfully presided, almost convent vigilance and strictness were practised. Being exclusively intended for the education of young ladies between the ages of twelve and twenty, all intercourse and communication with the opposite sex was entirely suspended, except when in the presence Lewes Academy.

Too much restraint exercised over the actions of the young, is never good policy upon the part of "She never acknowledged love for any one, but either parent or guardian; for, draw the reins as experience of nearly a quarter of a century had taught Miss Rebecca Flint this great lesson; and to have heard of a sailor boy who lost his life for her hold in closest subjection the young and impulsive hearts that were yearly confided to her care and Cold, cruel and inhuman! Will her heart never tutorage, was deemed an especial duty by this conservative woman.

But of all the pupils which Lewes Academy contained, there were none who tried the patience and temper of Miss Rebecca Flint, so much as did Florence Hastings and Minnie Burt, who, as the annoyed and perplexed preceptress often said, " seemed actually. bent upon bringing ruin and disgrace upon the entire institution."

Florence Hastings was the only daughter and child of an humble but respectable tradesman of Lewes. fatherless one. Stay with me only a few days; as a Having lost his wife some eight years after the birth of the single child with which Providence had blest him, William Hastings began to look about him for influential, honored man, supplicating for her some suitable person to whose care he might with presence in his lordly home! Then, sudden, over safety confide the educational interests of his mothwhelming, as a strong sense of duty, as an obligation erless girl. A little reflection seemed to suggest of gratitude, came an inspiration to her soul, and Miss Flint as the woman best fitted to assume so great a responsibility, and a month or two after the "Kind, generous triend! I will remain as long decease of Mrs. Hastings, beheld the little Florence

Perhaps honest William Hastings was a trifle ambitious in regard to his only child, and rightly, too, My heart is full; I cannot utter thanks, but the for a more precocious and beautiful girl never was seen than Florence Hastings, at the period of the commencement of our story, when Time, that ancient Prospero, had succeeded in transforming the shy and petite child of eight summers, into a merry, mischief loving beauty of seventeen. Hair of a pale golden hue, fell in luxuriant cuffs over neck and shoulders, whose faultless symmetry and marble whiteness would have intoxicated the gaze of a sculptor. A complexion in which the lily and the rose were equally blended; a brow fair and expan-Joe" to attend a Sunday School. Joe was an over- sive, and eyes of a witching hazel color, that were in grown, half witted, profane lad, and the boys antici- strange contrast to her blonde style of beauty, gave a brilliant and ever-varying expression to a face that otherwise would have been pronounced a trifle

Minnie Burt, on the contrary, was quite the reverse questioned the class on their regular lessons, and in personal appearance of her particular friend and room mate, Florence Hastings. With a figure a little below the medium height, and remarkable for its plainness, rather than grace; a brunette complexion, and hair and eyes of the same jetty black, Minnie Burt was still what many would have called beautiful, in a physical sense. Her fair, low brow did not indicate the possession of great or superior intellect. one of the boys sented behind, inserted a pin into his but there was an carnestness and depth of feeling about the dark, full eye, that told of the warm, true heart that slumbered beneath. Unfortunately, Minnie Burt was an orphan, and entirely dependent upon the bounty of Miss Flint, whose niece she was, being the daughter of that lady's sister (for several years deceased,) by an American gentleman, who had married and settled in Cuba. Mr. Burt survived the death of his young and beautiful wifewhom he had accidentally met with while visiting London, and to whom he was most devotedly attached-but a few weeks. At his demise, the business affairs of Mr. Burt were found to be in a terribly embarrassed state, and as he had died suddently, without having made any will, the small amount of property that remained after the settlement of his estate in Matanzas, reverted to the Spanish government.

Penniless and doubly orphaned, Minnie Burt, at under the auspices of a London gentleman, whose business oftentimes called him to Cuba, and who, as luck would have it chanced to be in Matanzas at the period of Mr. Burt's death. on one sed?

As the mother of Minnie was the only and younger sister of Miss Rebegon Flint, it was bot instored that

the latter should transfer the deep affection which Cinderella speed—only they were not so unfortunate she had felt for her while living, to her orphan as to have glass slippers on to lose, child. That the stern preceptress of Lewes Acade- With heating hearts and trembling steps, the fair. her prudish notions, condemned each innocent frolic way, one of which was her father's. or bit of mischief as a criminal thing.

As I have previously stated, Florence Hastings say, readily accepted by Miss Flint, who was, genwas seventeen years of age, at the period of the open- erally speaking, never satisfied with even a reasoning of our story. Minnie Burt, her sister company able excuse. Minnie and Florence returned to their ion in juvenile wickedness, was just one year her lessons; but their minds involuntarily wandered junior.

Lewes, that the nephew of Sir Charles Winterton, (a and whom instinct told them at a glance were none wealthy bachelor who, tired of London life, had re- other than the nephew of Sir Charles Winterton and cently purchased a splendid estate in Lewes, made his collegiate friend, vacant by the death of its proprietor, and settled The next morning, the delighted girls were again down to the calm enjoyment of rural life,) had come despatched to the office for letters, to the great envy down from Oxford, to spend his college vacation with of their sister pupils, who declared that Miss Flint his uncle, and had also brought with him a fellow was certainly guilty of partiality, in allowing the classmate.

How such news were first communicated to the pu- and greater means for enjoyment than the others. pils of Lewes Academy Miss Flint was unable to tell, unloss it was through the agency of some half-a-dozen day scholars, whose parents, residing in Lewes, them, they had taken their stand just outside the preferred that their daughters should return home post-office door, where they could catch the first each night, instead of boarding at the institution which fostered their rising talents. This fresh bit of moment that they turned the corner of the narrow gossip, which soon passed from lip to lip among the lane, which led into the main street of the village, several inmates of the Lewes Academy, was in no de- where nearly all the business of Lewes was transgree relishable to the ears of Miss Rebecca Flint, acted. who at this new announcement, felt it her duty to exercise increased vigilance over the actions of her students, previous to their appearance, for, no sooner youthful charges. Accordingly all walks outside the had Florence Hastings and Minnie Burt entered the Academy grounds were for a time suspended, and office, and called for the letters directed to Miss the day scholars were strictly forbidden to commu- Flint's care, than the old postmaster, re-adjusting nicate with their sister students, (who had the mis- his spectacles—as the girls thought, to looked over fortune to live-or, rather, exist-among the scenes of the package of freshly received letters-stepped from their educational labors,) upon any subject foreign behind his counter, and, moving towards Florence to the affairs of said establishment.

content to pass their youthful days amid the seclu- old government official, had entered, and now stood, sion and quiet of a village academy, without treat hat in hand, smiling and bowing low before the ing themselves from time to time, with some stray pleased, but confused, school-girls. bits of fun and adventure. A rare opportunity now A light conversation sprang up between the young hirth and worldly wealth, were ill-calculated to draw seen anywhere-not even in London." about him many friends, and thus it was that after a year's' residence in Lewes, Sir Charles Winterton panied Florence and Minnie but a short distance for found himself quite as much of a stranger among the inhabitants of that town, as he had been upon the enough of prudence and caution left in their giddy first day of his arrival.

young girls of their age, were on the qui vive to see this nephew of Sir Churles's, whom they doubted not full forty years of age, was counted by most people a handsome man. The personal appearance of his collegiate friend, was still another subject, well calculated to exercise their powers of imagination upon. How to get a peep at the strangers, was a question growing affection, continued to meet daily at the which buffled the united skill of both heads to solve, but which chance decided for them, at an unexpect appearances, warmly in love with Florence Hastings, ed moment.

to the house for two or three weeks. This was a choice was Ralph Harcourt, who was ready to swear source of deep regret to one who was naturally fond eternal fidelity to the cause of the little dark eyed of the open air, and who was, for a woman of her gipsey and orphan girl, Minnie Burt. trian in all Lewes. It had been Miss Flint's prac- surprised and terrified her favorite pupils, as the retice for several years past, to pay a daily visit to the mainder of the scholars had significantly christened village post office, for the purpose of extracting there- Florence and Minnie, by telling them that she had from such epistolary documents as might be addressed been terribly deceived by those in whom she had to the various young ladies under her care and heretofore placed the most implicit trust and conguardianship. It was some time before Florence fidence. Hastings and Minnie Burt succeeded in convincing their persevering and self-willed teacher, that she was really 185 ill to think of walking the distance of a mile and a half to the post office.

Their united attentions and seemingly heartfelt sympathy for her in the hour of affliction, at last who was still unable to leave the house, informing touched the cold and flinty heart of the preceptress of Lewes Academy, and made her, for the time being, tings and Minnie Burt had recently made with the quite subservient to the will of her favorite, though nephew of Sir Charles Winterton and his Oxford mischief-loving pupils.

The second morning of Miss Flint's sickness, accordingly, found the two young girls wending their way toward the village post office. Besides the novelty of being allowed so great a privilege, each cherished the fond hope of gathering some further information conceining the strangers, whose arrival and so, with crest fallen countenauces, Florence some three days previous, had been so generally Hastings and her sister culprit were sent to their trumpeted throughout Lewes.

To accomplish their purpose they made several errands into the principal stores of the town, where soundal mongers " most do love to congregate," think ing thereby to learn some fresh bit of gossip about the young nephew of Sir Charles Winterton, and his college chum. But in this they were doomed to disappointment, as little or nothing had been learned by the curious villagers, of the intentions and movements of the young travelers, since the hour of their installment as guests of the Winterton mansion

School-girls are not easily baffled of their intentions, its may be proven by the fact of their extend-Ing their walk some considerable distance, in order to pass by the splendid-residence of Sir Charles Winterton. Here their eyes were rewarded by the sight their strong desire to continue an intimacy so hapof the handsome and aristocratic proprietor of Win- pily began. On the morning of their release from terion estate, who was wandering alone amid the flowery labyrinths of his extensive garden.

Heartily vexed at not having caughteven a glimpse of two persons whom they most desired to ree, Florence Hastings and her friend hurrfedly retraced their steps toward the post office, stopping on their way for a moment or two, at the clothing store kept, by sequently breakfasting alone, while Sir Charles and the indulgent father of the former.

Arriving at their place of destination, Florence Hastings received from the hands of the old postmaster a large package of letters, and was turning away from document, which, to his heart felt delight, proved to the spot, when Minute called her attention to two be from the object of his deep admiration, Miss Florhandsome and elegantly dressed young men, who ence Hastings. were coming down the road towards them.

A deep flush rose to the cheeks of both the young girls, as Clarence Winterton and his friend, Ralph dispatching a note to her newly-made friend and Haroourt, in passing gracefully lifted their hats lover. from their heads, in true London style, as Florence and Minnte believed. With a consciousness of have scale orchard walls, or any similar barriers, for the ing been absent an unnecessary length of time, the sake of obtaining a few moment's conversation with young girls hastened back to the Academy, with their lady lovers. Such an adventure savored strong-

my loved her kind hearted little niece sincerely, culprits entered the presence-chamber of their sick neither Florence Hastings or even Minnie herself and ill tempered teacher. She had grown both nervdoubted for a moment; but never having known one and impatient at their long delay; but, to her what it was to be gay and mirthful in her child- numerous inquiries in regard to the cause of their hood's days, (her lot, from infancy, having been a long absence, Florence frankly replied, that they continual struggle against poverty,) Miss Flint, with had made some two or three calls at stores on their

About this time the intelligence spread throughout courts their eyes had beheld a few hours before,

two worst-behaved girls in the school more privileges

As if the young men had anticipated the coming of "those bewitching rustic beauties," as they termed glimpse of their straw hats and muslin frocks, the

All things had evidently been arranged by the and Minnie, introduced them to Clarence Winterton But Florence Hastings and Minnie Burt were not and Ralph Harcourt, who, at, a sly wink from the

presented itself to their unsophisticated minds, and men, (who seemed bent upon making the acquaintboth girls, who in thought and act were as one, de ance of the two prettiest girls in Lewes,) and their termined to embrace it, even at the risk of incurring fair companions; and when all four left the office the everlasting displeasure of their teacher. Report in company, kind hearted Mr. House, the village said, and truly too, that Sir Charles Winterton was postmaster, looked after their slowly retreating a cold, stern man, who, for some unknown reason, had figures with a satisfied air, and an expression of completely isolated himself from society, of which he countenance, which seemed to say, "There, I've done had once been the charm and ornament. His pecu- my part. I hope they'll be mutually pleased with liar reserve, and great fride on account of his high one another, for two handsomer couple never were

Clarence Winterton and his friend Ralph accomthe latter, though wild and adventurous, had still brains, to know that it would not be safe for their Minuie Burt and Florence Hastings, like most future peace and happiness, if they were seen in company with gentlemen in the vicinity of Lewes Academy. Before parting, however, the deeply inwas even butter looking than his uncle, who, though terested youths were pretty thoroughly informed of the way in which matters and things stood in that well conducted and over-nice establishment.

For a whole week, the apparently enraptured students and the fair objects of their spontaneous but village post office. Clarence Winterton was, to all the youthful and beautiful daughter of the humble Miss Flint was ill; so much so, as to confine her tradesman, while equally well satisfied with his

"rather uncertain age," the greatest female pedes. At the end of a week's time, Miss Rebecca Flint

It was all day with them now, as the girls countenances plainly indicated, though both were too much frightened and mortified at their exposure and discovery, to say so. Some lover of mischief had indeed addressed an anonymous note to Miss Flint, her of the sudden acquaintance which Florence Hasfriend, and of their daily meetings at the post office.

Of course Miss Flint was very indignant at so complete a violation of a law, which, with many others equally strict, constituted her school code. Any words in self-defence, upon the part of the disobedient and mortified girls, were entirely useless. chamber, which was to be their prison house for two whole days, during which time they were to diet upon bread and water.

It is an old but true saying, that misery loves company, for even the worst confinement becomes endurable, if we are but allowed the society of some fellow-sufferer like ourselves, the rehearsal of whose sorrow seems sensibly to lighten our own.

- While Miss Rebecca Flint was secretly congratulating herself upon the severe punishment which was being inflicted upon the heads of two of her oldest and most advanced pupils, Florence and Minnie were busily devising some plan, by means of which they hoped to acquaint Clarence Winterton and his friend of their discovered secret, and of solitary confinement, as Miss Flint contemptuously termed their two day's imprisonment in their chamber, Clarence Winterton was surprised at finding beneath his plate at the breakfast tuble, a dainty note addressed to himself.

Luckily he had overslept himself, and was con-Ralph were enjoying the pure morning air in the garden. Hastily breaking the seal, he ran his eye eagerly over the contents of the hurriedly written

By bribing one of the female servants at the academy, the persevering girl had at last succeeded in

Romeo-like, the two young men were willing to

ly of romance; and with the arder and enthusiasm of the impassioned Montague firing their hearts, forth into the open air, on the plea of two much ex-Ralph Harcourt and Clarence Winterton rushed citement being dangerous to the injured girl, in her headlong into a love affair, whose happiness proved weak state. to be of but short duration.

Stolen interviews were now the order of the dayor rather night, for increased precaution in so precious an undertaking was necessary upon the part of Minnie and Florence, inasmuch as Miss Flint was almost constantly upon their track, as if anticipatiug some fresh outbreak from those who had once before betrayed her confidence.

Some two weeks later, the inmates of Lewes Academy were thrown into the greatest consternation, by the discovery that Florence Hastings and Minnie Burt were missing from the institution. Upon examination of the room, the bed was found to be undisturbed, while the greater portion of their wardrobe was also gone.

Amid the various conjectures concerning the remarkable disappearance, of Minnie and Florence, Miss Flint seemed strangely impressed with the idea that an elopement had taken place between the young girls before mentioned, and the nephew of Sir Charles Winterton and his friend. Word was mmediately dispatched to the father of Florence Hastings, informing him of his daughter's abduction from the academy, as also a note to Sir Charles Winterton, requesting his immediate presence at the institution.

Mr. Hastings, greatly distressed in mind at the loss of his only child, arrived at the academy just as the treacherous female servant was on the point of communicating to her mistress the particulars of the young ladies' flight and intended marriage.

Sir Charles Winterton was in a furious passion when he learned what a piece of folly his favorite and dependent nephew had been guilty of. His pride suffered most in the matter, and he swore that be would disinherit Clarence, and cut him off at his death without a shilling.

While the sensitive and aristocratic nobleman raved over his nephew's rashness and unpardonable error, Miss Flint and William Hastings were making active preparations for the pursuance and capture of the deserters. ...

A carriage with post-horses, was soon in readi ness, and the exciting trio, entering it, were soon on the road to Southampton, the proposed place of destination of the infatuated lovers. After a tedious ride of several hours, accomplished partly by rail and partly by coach-riding, our little party drew up before the principal inn in Southampton. One glance at the house-register satisfied Sir Charles. who entered the parlor, where a justice of the peace was just on the point of commencing the marriage ceremony for the parties assembled, and, crying out in a loud voice, "I forbid the bans!" soon put an They are now living prosperously in London. end to all further business upon the part of the astonished magistrate of peace, who seemed completely overcome with amazement. The words-My father !" and "Miss Flint!" simultaneously with Florence. burst from the lips of the affrighted girls, as, covering their faces with their white aprons, they clung for protection to the skirts of their lovers coats, who stood speechless as mummies before their captors.

Retreat was now impossible, and the youthful scene of their love and shame.

Three years have passed since the events just related took place. Time has wrought many changes both in city and town, during the rapid flight of thirty-six short months.

Lewes Academy has passed into other hands, and Miss Flint and her niece Minnie now make their home with Plorence Hastings, who, since the death of her father, and a bachelor uncle in the East Indies. has become sole heiress to a large property. Past follies and past errors have long been forgiven, if not forgotten by Miss Flint, whom Florence Hastings now regards almost in the light of a mother. Minnie she looks upon as a dear, adopted sister, whose comfort and happiness is a thing as much to be regarded as her own.

Sir Charles Winterton still "pursues the even tenor of his way," living in his usual retired way among the natural and artificial beauties of his country home. Clarence Winterton had been sent to Germany to pursue his studies, after asking forgiveness of his proud uncle for the rash offence which he had so foolishly committed, and had doubtless long since forgotten his silly flirtation and elopement with an humble tradesman's daughter.

Both Minnie and Florence had read of the marringe of Ralph Harcourt, to a wealthy and distinguished English lady, in one of the London papers, some two years after his departure from Lewes. But of his friend Clarence's movements, nothing definite Triumphs of art, which breathed of yore from niche or pedwas known, as Florence Hastings, even in her days of prosperity, was too proud to court the favor and society of a man who would have scorned and failed to recognize the daughter of William Hastings, a few years before, as the chosen wife of his poor and dependent nephew. Thus three years rolled quietly by

At the end of that time, a happy party of three, consisting of Miss Flint, and her two beloved pupils, chanced to be taking a ride about Lewes, one fine afternoon in June. Of a sudden, the span of horses which Florence was herself driving, took fright at In fairer lands and brighter skies, they shine eternally! some dark object which lay by the roadside, and, becoming unmanageable, broke loose from their carriage, after first tipping out its occupants.

Miss Flint and her niece escaped unharmed, but Florence, who had been scated in front, had received a severe cut upon the side of her head, and was convoyed, faint and senseless into the mansion house of Sir Charles Winterton, which charloed luckily to be near at hand. The kindness and hospitality of the haughty proprietor of Winterton estate was most thankfully received by the other ladies, as it was deemed unadvisable by the surgeon who had been called to dress the wound, to remove the patient to her home until the next day.

Amid the general bustle and confusion at Winterton house, the arrival of a stranger was announced. brace of his proud, but loving uncle, in the old drawin the crimson pillows of the sofa.

"That face !" oried Clarence Winterton, turning e histoge and

Sir Charles Winterton, by a quick movement, had destroyed himself.

selzed his amazed nephew by the arm, and led him

The following morning, upon presenting himself at the breakfast table, Clurenco inquired of his uncle how Miss Hastings was. But, to his astonishment, he replied that his guest had been conveyed to her home by special request, soon after day-break. With a degree of nervousness quite unusual for so cool and indifferent a man as Sir Charles to exhibit, the latter speedily changed the subject of conversation, and soon after excused himself from the breakfast-table, leaving his nephew to his own varied reflections.

For weeks Florence Hastings raved in all the delirium of a brain fever. Day after day Sir Charles Winterton was a constant attendant at the bedside of one whose beauty and grace of manner had won his heart, from the hour which had brought her, faint and injured, to his gate, for shelter and protection. Fruits and flowers were the daily offering of the once stern and proud man, to the fair invalid. Miss Flint and Minnie looked on in silence, at such strange proceedings upon the part of Sir Charles Winterton, yet could not help congratulating themselves upon the victory which Florence Hastings had almost unconsciously gained over the heart of the haughty and aristocratic Englishman.

In the first hours of her convalescence, Florence Hastings had asked for Clarence, and wondered that he had not even so much as called to inquire after the health of his old friend. Sir Charles, with great cunning, lightly laughed off the matter, with some slight excuse, which had the desired effect of rousing the young girl's pride of heart, and rendering her more subservient to his will.

Soon after, Sir Charles Winterton proposed to Florence llastings, and was by her accepted. A morning or two later, Clarence Winterton called upon the now nearly recovered girl. His reception was at first a cold one, but during their long conversation, however, several mistakes were explained, and matters at last arranged to the entire satisfaction of both par ties. Clarence was indeed true to his early love, but through the intrigue and jealousy of his proud uncle. had been made to believe that Florence no longer remembered or cared for him.

My readers may imagine the scene which ensued, when Clarence and Florence, some two hours later. sought the presence of Sir Charles Winterton, to relate to him the story of their deep love. This unexpected denouement was a terrible shock to the heart of Sir Charles, who had been taught his first lesson of love by an humble tradesman's daughter. From this blow he soon recovered, and with noble generosity and self-denial, gave his full consent and blessing to the happy pair on the occasion of their union,

Minnie Burt is now Mrs. Charles Winterton, and still resides in Lewes. Miss Flint spends her summers with her niece, and her winters in London,

> For the Banner of Light. THE APPOINTMENT.

The wave will neave as now beneath the star-bright summe sky,

deserters were at once conveyed back to Lewes, the | The sunset shall have spent its glow, and twilight's shade passed by,
When of the hundred years to come shall close the latest day,

And ten o'clock at night arrive, and the tenth day of May. The hours the queen of Love that led a gooddess to her home Upward through each progressive step from primal ocean's

Must yet their floral wreaths entwine and speed their mystic flight

Till this day nineteen fifty-eight, and the tenth hour at night Then welcomed to the towers that glow Above thy gulf, dun Mexico; And welcomed to the halls and bowers, That rise beneath those glowing towers-How meet the five the pledged below To meet, a hundred years ago!

say ve? Free as springs that leave heary brow,

And o'er his rugged sides rush down in sparkling streamlets now I Obscurity is on our sight, but at the snirit's birth

How joyous bound we into light to join the loved of earth! The FIVE-the PLEDOED, may often meet; but in those stately

Of glittering minarets, and domes, and gorgeous capitals, Above thy fields, oh, dark, blue_sea, where dwelt the dusky

They meet not till another age its mysteries unfold. And till the star-decked horologe a hundred years liath told. Then meet they-mark the nymph, oh, friends! As from afar her way she wends;

No hour so sweet, so leved, so sought, The floral bands have ever brought; No tryst so longed for, as those halls Mid palaces of saphire walls, To us by spirit bard foretold, Of mountain brows and mouth of gold!

Where old Palengue's ruins tower, or smiles fair Cozumel, Or Guosequolcos rolls his tide through tropic brace and

With dark green arches formed above of vines and woven flowers-

They, nor the architectural forms strown o'er the endless plain.

Where priestly pomp and kingly power alike have ceased to

forever-Transfigured in another sphere, they stand to perish never, And far above your coral depths-oh, over-murmuring sea, And there—the cycle closed, shall meet

The rive in harmony complete. But who this rive? We're two and THEEE-The two from outer forms set free. Buoyant of youth the eternal years, Are with the free of spirit spheres. The mouth-piece of their mysteries-One of the THREE remaining is, Through whom to multitudes are given Harmonial truths dove-winged from heaven: And one myself—the writer I Of this unpolished melody; And one is she-from youthful life My own dark-haired and blue-eyed wife.

NAMELEES. PRINCES IN THOUGHT'S DOMAIN.

Homer was a beggar; Plutus turned'a mill: Terrence was a slave; Bothius died in jail; Paul Bor-A quick step was heard in the hall, and the next shese had fourteen trades, yet starved with them moment Clarence Winterton was clasped in the em- all; Tasso was often distressed for a few shillings; Camoens, the author of the "Lusiad." ended his days ing room. Casting a glance about him, the gaze of in an almshouse; and Vaugelas left his body to the Clarence fell upor the pale face that lay enshrined surgeons to pay his debts. In England, Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spencer died in want: Milton deadly white, and clutching at a neighboring chair sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for fifteen for support; "if I mistake not, 'tis that of Florence | pounds, and died in obscurity; Otway died of hunger; Lee died in the streets; Dryden lived in poverty At mention of her own name, the young girl sud- and distress; Steele was always in war with balliffs: denly roused herself from the lethargy into which Richard Savage died in prison at Bristol, for a debt she had fallen, and looking wildly around her, in. of eight pounds; Butler lived in penury, and died

Translated for the Banner of Light.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GASPARO GOZZI.

[The name of Gasparo Gozzi is celebrated in the annals of Italian literature of the past century. He was form in Venice in 1718, and died there in 1786. The most noteworthy work of this valued author is the Venetian Spectator, a periodical sheet published twice a week in Venice. This work is in imitation of Addison's Spectator; and the beauty of the style, and the descriptions of customs and characters, render it very valuable. The same merits characterize all his works.]

There was once a painter, I do not now remember

in what country, who in eccentricity excelled all his

peers; and although in his art he was a very deserving and skillful man, he was always so fickle mind ed that he would have tried the patience of Job himself. He was, above all other things, so skillful in painting portraits, that his works looked like nature itself; and if his pencil could have caused them to speak, nothing else would have been wanting to make living things of his pictures. He might have had the chief patronage of the city; but he was so completely crackbrained, that few were willing to fall into his hands-for, letting alone the fact that to-day he would willingly paint, and then for a fortnight would not even hear it spoken of, the worst of it was, that he desired every one who sat to him to regulate the expression of his face according to his particular humor, so that if to day he was cheerful, he made his sitter put a smile upon his lips; and tomorrow, if his state of feelings was changed, and he was vexed at any matter, he expunged all he had done, and commenced anew after having half finished the picture. He never got through a work without changing it many times in the course of a few days, to suit his own feelings; so that one could scarcely tell how he could carry it to such perfection as he did. To this must be added the vexation of quarrelling with him, because one day he would give you the most agreeable reception in the world, and the next he would come near biting you, or throwing his paints and brushes in your face, and acting like an enraged

He became at last so celebrated, as well for his skill as for his eccentricity, that he was universally known: and being the subject of conversation one day, in a group of persons, there happened to be among them one Pippo, a rather vulgar man, but of an agreeable temper, and a quick and curious inventor of jokes and bon mots, and who was every where received and sought after. Pippo having listened to the new stories about the worthy painter. anid:

"It strikes me, gentlemen, that I can give all who have been troubled with his humors a revenge, if some among you will dress me up so that I may apnear for a few hours like some great lord?"

"Yes, yes" said every one; and, in short, they promised, whenever he wished, that they would dress him up, so that he should appear nothing less than a king; whereupon, as if he had just arrived in the city, he sent one of his friends, whom he had instructed how to proceed, to the painter, to 'tell him how wonderfully noble and rich he was, and to promise him nobody knows how many hundred crowns if he would paint his portrait.

The painter pricked up his ears at the idea, of so many crowns; and besides, the go-between gave him no small hopes of fine presents, affirming that the stranger had never been able to find in any part of Europe any one who could paint his portrait; and that having heard of his great fame, he had come post-haste over many seas and across great extents of country, in order to have a picture from his hand. The roughest and oddest of men, at the sound of money, and having their vanity flattered, are wonderfully tickled, and become very good humored. He consented; and at the appointed time, Pippo went to the painter's house, clothed like a duke, and accompanied by a masquerade of servants.

The painter gave him a most polite reception. Pippo was very gracious to him, complimented him on his great fame, took his seat, and drawing out a gold watch, made it strike, to indicate, as he said. the hour at which the picture was commenced; and in the movements of his fingers he showed that they were ornamented with splendid rings. The painter reckoned up the crowns in his mind, and imakined that he already bade them in his hands, since the sitter appeared to be a very easy subject to paint. Pippo had a long visage, with certain features, or rather prominences, so bold, that any man could have drawn them with a charcoal; a large mouth, thick lips, a rather purplish complexion, than one of vermillion, great blue eyes, and a nose long, flattened towards the eyebrows, and pointed towards the mouth.

But the business was not so easy to do as the painter had reckoned. Pippo had a kind of natural power, cultivated by him in order to excite laughter. by which, whenever he wished, he could, with a slight touch of his hand, turn that nose of his now to the right and now to the left, so that the point of it would remain in either position he desired, just as if that had been its natural place. Having placed it one side when he sat down, and having taken the position_desired_by_the_painter, the latter commenced his design; he looked at the face, and then at the canvas, began the drawing, and had carried his first sketch almost to the end. It seemed to Pippo that it was time for him to operate; so, giving his nose a touch slily with two fingers, he turned it in the opposite direction, just as one would do with a weathercock on the top of a lantern. The painter raised his eyes to the face, and, finding a strange look, said within himself: "Have I made a blunder? What have I been doing?" He stopped a moment, rubbed his eyes, and was silent; but, seeing the nosestill turned the other way, and believing that the error was his own, said nothing, and corrected the design. Pippo sat in that way for two hours, and the portrait was already for advanced, and he had also got up many times to look at it; and then. when he thought the right time had come, he touched the nose again, and turned it back, so that it looked straight and plumb. The painter gazed, and was stupefied; it seemed as if he was losing his wits. However, the crowns had such an influence upon his mind, that he kept his temper, and the second times altered the portrait; but finally losing all patience, and no longer able to bear the sight of a nose that would not stay in its place, he threw down his brushes and the picture, exclaiming:-

"May all such variable noses go to the devil to be painted."

"And," replied Pippo, "may all those painters who are never twice in the same humor, have no! other kind of noses to paint;" and then each one went about his business—the one with his eccentricities, and the other with his weathercook nose quired from whence came that familiar voice; but poor; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, the one to curse, and the other to laugh at the loke! he had played. ार प्राप्त अधिक हेर्नु विकरणा स्वय

Banner of Night.

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OUR CIRCLES. Our Circles are not yet renewed. Notice will be given, when Mrs. Conant's health will permit her to resume.

MISSIONARYING.

Almost everybody thinks he has some particular mission in the world, and that that mission is altogether out of himself. No one supposes his work to be, firstly, with and within himself-secondly, with and within himself-and thirdly, with and within himself; but the idea gets possession of the man, who happens to feel thus called to a mission, that he is to operate, directly and altogether, upon somebody clse. He stops not to inquire if he has earned the right so to operate by personal discipline and experimental skill; but goes at it, higgledy-piggledy, like a youthful student of anatomy on a hastily obtained subject, and is determined that he will make converts to his peculiar theory and himself. And because most other men either laugh at him while they listen, or turn their backs on him because they will not listen, he solaces his wounded vanity by reiterating the lame and hollow old statements about "total depravity."

Nature always has her revenge; and Common Sense is nothing but Nature, applied to the affairs of life. If a man, therefore, thinks to do to others, spiritually in particular, what he visibly knows not how to do to and for himself, he is playing fantastic tricks, and can reasonably expect little less than the return of ridicule and self-mortification. To try to convert another to your own faith, you must first needs have a faith of your own. You can never be in earnest, unless you have something to be carnest about. It is idle to devote one's efforts to prose. lytism, when the object to be gained is only personal to one's self.

This habit of missionarying into the domains of other people's individuality, with the hope of making them shape themselves after your pattern, or think your thoughts, or pledge themselves, even insensibly, to any imitation of yourself, has become a very common one, and makes zealots all the more impatient that they are not heeded and obeyed more readily than they are. But, as we said, Nature has her revenge. What oures she whether this man is set up, or that man set down, so long as her work is done? And the very indignation which this personal interference here and there excites, stimulates the individual forces greatly just where there was need of it, and so the act of repulsion itself leads to a thorough work where it might, but for this, have been

much longer delayed. We would not deny the most benevolent aims to those who send preachers of but a partial gospel-as they preach it-to the far-off heathen; but they carry coals to Newcastle. It is zeal in abundance, but zeal giddy with dreaming. How is a man to expect a Hindoo to renounce the great Bramah, in whose worship he has been tutored from the first lisp of his childhood-who cannot himself renounce the dead superstitions of his fathers, and the practical idolatry he pays himself to minister and church? The truth is, men do not consider these matters on all sides; they will not see that a heathen is likely to be just as conscientious a heathen, as the professed Christian is to be a good Christian. What color of right has one man to demand that another man shall surrender his soul to him? Remember, however, it is one thing to ask a human being to give it up to you, and quite another to teach him how to possess it in its own divinity for himself. And it is in misconceiving this distinction, that the great mistake is made whereby mere proselytism is carried forward under the idea that it is philanthropy. The object is to convert, to turn over to some particular form of faith—not to awaken to the glory of a higher selfconsciousness.

This having a mission is a great thought. Every man, too, has a mission, we agree. But not by any means as his private vanity or ambition apprehends sit. Each human being has a mission within his own souls. It begins there, and it ends there. It does not begin, either, until he has awakened to himself; and at ends-who can tell in what cycle of the vast eternities? It is his duty to domesticate himself, first; to understand his own resources; to comprehend the subtle, mysterious, and never-ending play of his faculties; to dwell, silent and thoughtful, in the holy temple of that august creation which we call the Soul; to find God in its qualities and attributes. and hear His roice in all its motions and aspirations. It is for him to make and keep all things pure there, rather than go scarengering among the impurities and misfortunes of other men. What he has within himself, it is his to study and understand; and when he shall have done all that, it will be clearly revealed to him what are his true relations to the world. But If he begins to study the world first, he begins at the wrong end; he makes his life nothing but an unprofitable inversion; he stays on the surface, when he should go to the inner deeps; he dwells at the circumference, when he should be at home only at

.This is a true idea of a mission for a man, and a much better way of missionarying. The world will never be reformed that is turned back from the present error and ignorance to truth and right-till; plause.

each individual sets himself, instead of his neighbors, about the work. Meddlesomeness is a wretched virtue, even when undertaken on behalf of a good tain great and overshadowing names, whether names of the proper order of things.

ers, swelling with self-conceit, and unwilling to brook delay, or interference, or even argumentation. Men thus become positive only to others, whereas they rules, as he always has. We can believe at least in should be positive, first and last, to themselves. To him, whether our faith in man is impaired or not. of selfishly, or ambitiously, aiming to make converts, were an impossibility in the providence of God. Yet things are changeful, and so far idle; but the latter | molished, ground to powder. are the only true and enduring realities.

What a wide field for missionary operations does not each man's nature present-and present, firstly tough tussocks, and the roots, and the coarse briers and brambles, before the soil becomes friable and the work of self-culture as it should be begun! And no other ear save that of God!

WITHOUT PRETENSION.

"The cities teach the best lesson of quiet manners. It is an error of Americans to be too pretentious. A man of the world is marked by unpretendingness. much. His conversation clings to the weather and the news; yet he can be drawn or surprised into unlocking his store of intellect and heart. This mark of quiet and retirement has been characteristic insist on a special diet, for all food at last is resolved to the same chemical atoms."...

So said Mr. Emerson, in his discourse on "Culture." Sunday before last, in Music Hall. Nothing can be more true than that the great blot and blur on our national manners is their noisy pretentiousness. To be considered "smart" is the sum of many mon's ambition; and smartness includes noise, bustle, egotism, and offensive self-demonstrations generally. A person who can be subdued and quiet, is thought without character, tame, spiritless; whereas none have more charactes than just these very persons. They enjoy self-repose. They are in continual equilibrium. They throw off a certain magnetism of their own, which would not be magnetism, if it went or the social system. with boisterous talk, and open-mouthed demonstrations, and offensive self-assertion.

berries-and-milk in the summer-time. You can hardly he sailed for Australia, thus writes to a friend: make an observation of your own, but they have some slang phrase, or verbal coinage of the streets, to match it with. And they of course become rude and offensive in proportion to the capacity they naturally have for truty vulgar enjoyments.

We do not know that moralizing, or didactics, is going to do any good upon this point; or even that satire, good-naturedly as it may be administered, will effect the desired reform. Somehow, it must needs oure itself. Like most other excesses and påtent absurdities, it will be very likely in timethough the time goes very slowly—to work its own ruin and extirpation. Like the use of jewelry, barbaric and Ethiopian as its lavish profusion manifestly is, an end will at some time come to it. The only trouble is, there are a great many persons who wish

that that time was nearer at hand than it really is. Character is always quiet-never blustering or pompous; we wish the prople at large would so consider it. There is no need of pretension any whereno, not even in trade or speculation; for, after a while, even the simplicity of directness and truth will go a great deal further than any puffery or horn-blowing, any boasting or bullying whatever Character is; but Pretension is not. Every man ought to be a pledge and promise of great performances in himself, and not be obliged to refer the world to his loud-sounding professions and proposals. It can be so, and it will in time come to be so; but because we all admit that that time is not yet, shall we therefore give over effort and aspiration, and fall back in sulky contentment upon what we know to be both hollow and detestable, too? No; we cannot have a desire for more purity and truth; without being pledged by that very desire to its final attainment.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL NOTICES.

The great rush of people to witness each performance of the Cataract of the Ganges at the Boston Theatre, still remains unabated, and even our suburb- gently, gently she fell over on her side, and left me an friends seem to be fairly infected with the dramatic fever, for the cry is "Still they come!" from very gradually withdrew the cane from her throat, all quarters-north, south, east and west. Success to Mr. Barry's good management, say we unani-

The benefit of Mr. Frank Whitman, an old and the Boston Museum last week. For once in several not regain her feet while I was in sight. years, the clouds kindly consented to retain their peared to good advantage as "Uncle Tom," in the favorite play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which cellent members of Mr. Kimball's stock company.

J. P. Ordway, the indefatigable, has engaged the had it happened about 3 P. M. on a Sunday," valuable services of Mr. Wolfenden, the clog-dancer, and Mr. Chase, whose rare performances upon the sixty years. gnitar and wood and straw instruments, are received each night with shouts of universal, delight and ap-

CONFUSION AND CHAOS.

Those who have been accustomed to look up to cerwork; and as for trying to set in operation certain of men or of parties, and to take the shape and hue theories, however proper, upon other persons' souls, of their individual opinions from the opinions prorather than test them with thoroughness upon one's | mulgated by the men, or the party leaders aforesaid, own, the plan is preposterous, and never can succeed find themselves all at sea just at this present time, in nature; for it is against nature; it is a reversal and know not whither they and the affairs of the nation are drifting. Politics at this day, as every Not less in politics, and business, and society, than observer very well can see for himself, are taking in matters more spiritual, do men incline to leave upon themselves a wonderful character for hubbub their own fields to make incursions, professedly and confusion. Chaos would appear to be coming at proper and kind, into the fields of others. Every- the top of its speed. What has been, politically body has a disposition to improve everybody else; speaking, is no longer; what now is, very few can not always by his own example, either-silent, pa- accurately, or even intelligently describe; and what tient, all-suffering, overflowing with love-but after is to be, is a question that makes timid men, and a forcible and somewhat violent way, with impalmen of no perceptions, and no self-reliance, perfectly tience, over zealously impressing himself upon oth. bewildered. They almost tremble when you press them for an answer.

But there is no reason to entertain any fears. God teach those beyond us—how can we better do it than This work of confusion has only begun. This chaosby showing them, from our own example, how they has but seen its first chapter. No evil-that is, no are best capable of teaching themselves? Instead permanent and abiding evil-is to come of it, for that we should be more profitably engaged in making it is an absolute necessity that the chaos go on; that men and women. It is of less account to what specific old parties and combinations be broken up; that creed they give in a reluctant adhesion, than to what superstitious organizations, that have not only blinda strain of nobleness they attain, and what a pitch ed other and credulous people, but have likewise lost of real purity they aspire to reach. The former their own eyes for good, should be disintegrated, de-

It is apparent enough to any observer that this work is doing just as fast as it can. Providence has his own purposes, and it is for Providence to furnish and particularly, to himself! How much ground the opportunities and the instruments. That is there is to be turned over! What a tug with the being done to the satisfaction of every true and considerate lover of progress and development.

But what is the need of chaos? ask many. Let us mellow for after-culture! How great is the patience, answer. You cannot expect to create a new organand perseverance, needed to overcome the first ob- ization, that shall group men about new principles stacles; and even after those are conquered, to begin and better modes of thought, until the old arrangements have lost their vitality and power; until, in how many discourses of Love, and Truth, and Charic other words, they have been destroyed. As soon as ty, and Patience, and Hope, and Faith, are to be that necessary work has been done, every individual preached by the individual soul to itself, moment by is thrown back anew upon his own resources, and moment, in its own unseen chapel—with no chants, compelled to act upon his best thought, even though or stoled priests, or groined collings, or stained win- it be but for a moment. That very necessity with dows—but silent, alone, and in syllables that reach him is a step in his progress. Thenceforth he feels the spirit, in a greater or less degree, of renovation. The old party cries, having lost their magnetism and authority, men will instinctively turn to the consideration of other things; and as the revolution has introduced the open and heated discussion of He dresses plainly, promises not at all, and performs higher topics and broader principles, they will naturally concentrate upon these topics and principles instead of upon the old partizan cries and leaders.

First is the work of disintegration; then of inof all great men. The lesson we should learn is to dividualization; and finally of reconstruction after live coarsely, dress plainly, and lie hard; but not to higher and more truly harmonious methods. Here is the philosophy and the procession of the entire matter. It has been so in the past, as any thoughtful mind will admit; and it is to be so again in the future, as all circumstances of to-day are satisfactory witnesses. There is no need of fear, then; all will be well. But far better the surge and swell of the restless sea, than the everlasting smoothness. and stagnation, and monotony of the pond. Our opinions become so muddied after a while, they need airation to keep them fresh and vital. And this comes only of commotion. We see, in the immediate future, too, grand opportunities for renewing all the ancient opinions, whether about the state, the church,

LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

Old Father Minor, the first publisher of a paper Even the boys catch the vulgar strain in their devoted to the interests of railroads, and to their lityoung natures, and it betrays itself in their speech erature, and more extensively known as door-tender and manners. They take to slang as naturally as to at the Melodeon meetings, until a year past, when

> "Sunday, Sept. 6th-I was attacked by a wildmad, or infuriated cow, as I was walking from Anderson's Creek, about sixteen miles from Melbourne, I had just met and passed a drove—or, as they say here—a mob of cattle, of one hundred and fifty to two hundred head, when I saw a fine cow standing in the middle of the road, looking the other way. As I approached, she heard the noise of my feet, and looked round at me rather sharp, I thought. Having taken lessons in that branch of science, I flourished my cane -the one you gave me-and attempted to frighten her. But she was bold as a lion, and with her head down, and tail up, she came at me like an avalanche. Being a coward, I stood still, and as she came near. I struck her on the side of the face, and to my regret for the moment, broke that cherished cane. She went past me, but turned in an instant, and came upon me. According to my recollection, she struck me in the breast with her nose, as my shirt bosom showed the marks, and the first I knew I lay on my back. and the animal above me. I seized her by the horns with my left hand, held her head as close as possible. and thrust the part of the cane -- about twenty-three inches long—which I still retained in my right hand, into her mouth, thus preventing her from breathing comfortably, and also from using her horns, as she was evidently disposed to do

When I found I had really gotten the advantage of her, and had got over my fright, which you will well suppose was no trifling matter, I lay still and quiet, one leg under her neck, and the other over it. It may have been fifteen, twenty, or thirty minutes that I remained in that position-I cannot say which, but I can tell you it was a mighty long time, how ever short. I was waiting for her to stop breathing. as I had done my best to put the cane through her windpipe, and let the air out the other way. By and bye there evidently were two outlets to the air, and free. But fearing she might be playing possum, I still holding to her horns, when I found she was gentle as a lamb. Then I withdrew my legs from beneath her neck, picked up my hat and tip of cane, and made tracks as quick as possible for a more worthy member of the corps dramatique in this city, civilized region; nor did I stop to look around, until was the most prominent feature in the acting line at I had got several rods from the animal, which did

After I had fairly gotton the advantage, I could watery burden, until after the evening assigned for not help laughing to think what a figure I should the above gentleman's benefit. Mr. Whitman ap. have cut, if, on coming down Harrison avenue towards Beach street, I had been attacked by an infuriated animal, and lay on my back, with one hand piece be was also ably supported by the several ex- on her horns, and a case thrust in her throat, one leg over her neck, and one under, and, more especially,

Quite an adventure, this, for an old man of near

He, who, from love of thod, neglects the human race, Goes into darkness with a grass, to see his race.

FROM THE "PROFESSOR."

The "Professor," who succeeds the "Autocrat" in the Atlantic Monthly-and whom, of course, everybody in the land well knows to be the wise and witty Dr. Holmes-gives the reading world some capital thoughts and speculations in the February number make the following extracts:

"Every event," says he, "that a man would master, must be mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped by him. So, to carry out, with another comparison, like a circus rider whirling round with a great troop | which characterize some kinds of religion: of horses. He can mount a fact or an idea, and guide it more or less completely, but he cannot stop it. So, their steady walk, trot, or gallop. He can only take read 2 Tim.: 1-5." his foot from the saddle of one thought and put it on that of another."

"The longer I live, the more I am satisfied of two ing to the many planed aspects of the world about; secondly, that society is always trying in some way or other to grind us down to a single flat surface. It is hard to resist this grinding-down action."

true; but there is never a collar on the American added peculiar attractions to the occasion. wolf-dog such as you often see on the English mastiff, notwithstanding his robust, hearty individuality."

"I think I would let out the fact of the real American feeling about the Old World folks. They are children to us in certain points of view. They are playing with toys we have done with for whole generations. That silly little drum they are always beating on, and the trumpet and the feather they make so much noise about and cut such a figure with, we have not quite out-grown, but play with much less seriously and constantly than they do. Then there is a whole museum of wigs, and masks, and lace-coats, and gold-sticks, and grimaces, and phrases, which we laugh at, honestly, without affectation, that are still used in the Old-World puppet- information for Spiritualists, as to residence of meshows," o o ۰.

"The war of Dictionaries is only a disguised rivalry of cities, colleges, and especially of publishers. After all, the language will shape itself by larger forces than phonography and dictionary-making. You may spade up the ocean as much as you like, and harrow it afterwards, if you can-but the moon will still lead the tides, and the winds will form their surface."

"So we are to have a new boarder to-morrow? I hope there will be something pretty and pleasant about her. A woman with a creamy voice, and finished in alto relievo, would be a variety in the boarding-house-a little more marrow and a little less sinew than our landlady and her daughter and the bombazine-clothed female, all of whom are of the turkey drumstick style of organization. I do n't mean that these are our only female companions; but the rest being conversational non-combatants, mostly still, sad feeders, who take in their food as locomotives take in wood and water, and then wither away from the table like blossoms that never come to fruit,-I have not yet referred to them as individuals."

CHEAP BREAD.

The extensive brick building which was in process of erection on Commercial, near Battery street, was burned to the ground on Sunday morning last.

Thus, for a time, at least, one of the greatest reform measures of this contury is retarded. It is said that bread-good and well baked-can be afforded by the monster ovens erected under Berdan's patent, for a mere trifle over the cost of flour. So that the poor man can realize the heaven of cheap bread, which has been so long denied him by the bakers. Instead of paying them twenty dollars a barrel for flour, a better article can be produced, and pay all dealers a profit of from one to two dollars | Philadelphia. advance on the original cost of flour.

Charitable persons think and say that the opposition of bakers to this great reform movement, was the cause of the conflagration.

We hope not; but if this is true, it will but increase the popular demand for cheap bread, and the mechanical steam bakery will soon rise again and overwhelm its opponents, for the poor must have cheap bread even if bakers starve.

The establishment was built by Mr. Russell, and cost about \$100,000—machinery about \$50,000. Nearly 18,000 barrels of flour were destroyed. A colored man attached to Engine No. 4 was killed by the falling of a wall, and several other firemen were injured. Six dwelling houses were crushed. Total loss about \$300,000.

SOCIAL LEVEE.

The First Independent Society (Spiritualists) of Chelsea, will hold their fifth Annual Levee on the evening of Thursday, the 22d of February, in the City Hall, Chelsea. Speaking by friends of the cause. Social amusements; instrumental music by Halls' Quintette and Concert Band, will occupy the evening until nine o'clock. Dancing after nine. Cars and boat leave Chelsea and Boston every half hour until twelve. Tickets admitting a gentleman and lady, \$1; gentlemen's single tickets, 75 cents; ladies' and children's single tickets, 25 cents.

A WOMAN'S ESTIMATE OF REV. H. W. BEECHER.

Glory to God! Peace on earth! Good will toward man! One man lives, acts, breathes, free from the shackles of opinion. The divine and the theologian are combined in a man who makes them a living, breathing reality; an everyday Christian. No Sabbath ploty does he inculcate—no oneday holiness to atone for a week of short-comings. He is not afraid to stand in the pulpit of Parker, for Truth is his breast plate and Honesty his shield. He does not desecrate the image of his Maker by diluting truths to the thousandths attenuations to please a hely, self-righteous audience, but fearlessly paves the pathway with peobles of colestial beauty, while the sheep tread on their brightness. Each truth is a saviour of the nation; each exponent a crucified martyr, who though buried for a season in the tomb of doubt, shall rise in full glory and ascend to God. Dogma after dogma departs under the potent wand of his golden words-opinions hade and die, while Hope gems their graves with moss. Borrow and despair draw their drapery aside and pin it with a star of faith. At the sound of his voice all nature looks happy and gay, and when he ascends to higher scenes of action, may his mantle fall upon another who will dare be a man, if Jane Live not a Beecher. WEST ROXBURY, MASS. 30 4 4011 1 4

It is said that, the farmers of Quincy, Michigan, were ploughing last week, the weather being like. Write your name by kindness, love, and merey, on April. There had, been only one considerable fall of the, hearts of those, you come in contact with and anow there this winter.

The Busy Warld.

On our first page this week we commence a short story, by that talented authoress whose writings frequently grace our columns, and whose conceptions of that magazine, from which we are tempted to of the true and beautiful are wont to work their way into our inside souls and nestle there. The story begun this week is thrilling in detail, and such as we are happy to lay before our readers.

The following paragraph we cut from a late number of the World's Crisis, an Advent paper, edited in my remark about the layers of thought, we may con Boston by Miles Grant. We print it to show the sider the mind, as it moves among thoughts or events, utter lack of faith and the morbid despondency

"How can an honest Bible student believe the world is growing better, when Scripture and facts as I said in another way at the beginning, he can both prove the opposite? Let all who are indulging the false hope that the moral condition of the world stride two or three thoughts at once, but not break will be any better than now, before the Lord comes, A New York paper says that Private Duggan was

recently sentenced by court martial, at Fort Colum. bus. New York harbor, for neglecting to attend the things: first, that the truest lives are those that are chaplain's religious services, to the forture of the cut rose diamond fashion, with many facets answer- ball and chain four months, and two months of solitary imprisonment, and diet upon bread and water. The complimentary ball to the leader of the Boston Brass Band-Mr. D. C. Hall-on the evening of the

31st ult., at Union Hall, was a flattering overture to him, and particularly gratifying, we have no doubt. "We have caste among us, to some extent, it is His whole band of fifteen pieces were there, and Rev. Theodore Parker left Boston last Thursday

morning for New York, on his way to Cuba. His health, since his last attack of illness, has somewhat improved, and it is hoped that a sea voyage and a short residence in a warmer climate will soon restore him again to his people. Tiffany's Monthly for February is out in its

usual good style. "The Church of the Future." 'The Day of Trial," and "The Gospel of the Day," are in the main good articles. Price \$2 per year.

Emma Hardinge will lecture at Lyceum Hall, Sa. em, Friday evening, February 11th, 18th and 25th. The Spiritual Register for 1859, published by

U. Clark, Auburn, N. Y., contains much valuable diums, &c. It is what many of our readers want Price 10 cents. The Boston Atlas, in speaking of the suicide of

ludson Hutchinson, adds, by way of intimating the cause, that he had recently had much to do with "Spiritualism." No further explanation is necessary. This paragraph we cut from the Baptist "Watchman and Reflector." Will it tell us what "explana-

tion is necessary" here?: In a trial before the ministers of the Methodist Church in Indianapolis, Rev. Dr. Daily has been found guilty of drunkenness and lewdness, and suspended from his ministerial functions.

"The Sea" is a new paper, the first number of which has made its appearance this week. It is edited by Rev. Charles W. Denison and his wife, the talented authoress, Mrs. Mary A. Denison. It is devoted to the interest of those who follow the sen, and while it seeks their moral and religious welfare, enters its protest against sectarianism, in every form. Its editors promise articles from the R. H. Dana, Jr., Herman Melville, Lieut. Maury, Com. Stockton, Rufus Choate, Caleb Cushing, Joseph Story, Esq., and others. We wish the enterprise success.

"The Ideal," an article by La Roy Sunderland, will appear in our next. It has been mislaid.

Samuel Barry keeps a periodical depot at the south-west corner of Chestnut and Fourth streets, Philadelphia, where all the popular newspapers and periodicals of the day may be found. Of course the BANNER OF LIGHT is there. Mr. Barry also keeps the various reform publications, including Parker's

"Father and Daughter," the new book by Frederika Bremer, was set up, stereotyped, and printed on three tons of paper, in the unparalleled short space of forty-eight hours' time, by T. B. Peterson & Bros.,

THE STATE LIQUOR DECLARED BOGUS .-- Mayor Silsbee, of Salem, in his inaugural address, remarked as follows upon the liquors distributed by the State

"The city authorities are compelled by law to keep a shop for the sale of ardent spirits, which is the only lawful place where the invalid and the dying can obtain the medicine of this nature which may be prescribed by their physician. As we are also compelled to procure our stock in trade from the State agency, I am sorry to say that the article sold is neither of good quality, nor genuine, I have had several kinds analyzed, and the report to me is that they are neither of the right quality, nor of the kind they are represented to be. If cur citizens are compelled to buy of us, and at our own price, they should at least be furnished with a good article. I am sustuined in these opinions by the report of the committee on the liquor agency."

M. Litchtle, a Roman Catholic pri st, of Christiana Norway, has been condemned to a fine of twenty rix dollars, for having allowed a Protestant lady to abjure her faith and join his flock, without first obtaining the consent of the Lutheran clergy!

A confirmed tippler was bothered how to honor his birthday. A brilliant idea struck him. He kept

The dentists of Indiana are about to form a State association. Their seal will be a molar with the motto, "We will pull together."

In America, we may estimate the number of actual Spiritualists at 1,500,000; nominal, 4,000,000; publio advocates, 1,000; mediums, public and private, 40,000; places for public meetings, 1000; books and pamphlets, 500; periodicals, 30.—Spiritual Clarion.

Dr. Redman has removed his office from 108, 4th Ayenue, to 109 Bleeker street, New York, where he will receive visitors and patients as formerly. Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture on Wednesday

evening next, at 7 1-2 o'clock, at Lower Music Hall Subject for the lecture will be chosen by the audience. A Spiritual Sunday School has been established in

Boston, and will meet at the Melodeon every Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock.

Dr. WM. F. CHANNING .- The New York Times says that " the matrimonial difficulties of this gentleman date back to a period long anterior to the first manifestations of Spiritualism, and are of a nature so purely private and personal as should exempt them from public inquisition. Spiritualism is no more responsible for this particular case of conjugal infelicity, than for the domestic troubles of John Milton or Emperor Napoleon I."

New Hork Correspondence.

Sanitary Observations-Lectures at Dodworth's-Conference, &c.

DEAR BANNER-Everything seems quiet in this heart of America, excepting, perhaps, as respects one prominent object, health, which is receiving the attention of the Herald. It has found out, and doubtless truly, that New York is the most unhealthy of cities; and that it now occupies, in point of health, the position occupied by London two hundred years ago. The mortality in London two centuries ago was estimated to be one death in twenty-four. In New York at present, one in twenty-seven. These calculations are taken from the Report to the Board of Supervisors of New York, March 30, 1858. Surely this city is large enough, rich enough, and its people ought to be proud enough of it, to leave no stone unturned by which it might be made a healthy, if not the healthlest city in the world. There is certainly none better, as far as situation is concerned—on the coast, with the healthful breezes from the sea wasting almost entirely around it. But the sleepy government will have to wake up to the necessities of life, as it has not lately done to the startling presence of crime.

. Considerable interest is awakened, and a rich treat anticicipated on Sunday at Dodworth's Hall, on which occasion Judge Edmonds, and Signor Monti of Harvard College, will speak. I shall endeavor to furnish your many readers with at least an abstract of their addresses. Joel Tiffany is to follow on Sunday, the 13th, in a reply to Signor Monti. All three, I understand, will be phonographically reported and issued in pamphlet form, by S. T. Manson, 5 Great Jones street. Warren Chase closed at Dodworth's last Sunday, His lectures were very fully attended, and doubtless approciated, his arguments being entirely of a practical nature.

The Herald of yesterday, on the strength of an advertise ment giving notice of the proposed lectures of Judge Edmonds, Signor Monti, and Joel Tiffany, Esq., indulges, in its usual style, in the following refined (?) allusions to the sub-

GREAT "SPIRITUAL" BATTLE IN PROSPECT -- Ry reference to our advertising columns the reader will see an announce-ment of a great contest to come off on the subject of "Spirit-ualism," which is likely to rival the battle of Heenan and Morrissey, for the prowess of the combatants, for the hard blows given and received, and for the interest excited among the respective "backers." There is something in the "articles" of the fight which we do not consider quite fair.

Judge Edmonds is to lead off on Sunday morning at Dod-Judge Edmonds is to lead on on sunday morning at poq-worth's Hall, in favor of Spiritualism. In the evening, at the same place, Signor Monti, of Harvard College, is to an-swer him; and on the following Sunday Mr. Joel Histary is to reply to the Signor. And further the programme sayeth not. Now, this is two to one, which is not considered fair in any kind of a fight. Let us therefore have another champion for a rejoinder to Tiffany.

Dr. Gardner, of New York, in answer, has invited Mr. Jones, the editor of the Herald, or any body he will furnish, to answer Joel Tiffany, Esq., to occupy the platform at Dod-

The Conference, last night, still clung to the question before it on the two former evenings of its session-The Circle, what are its scientific elements, its uses and abuses?

Mr. Fowler undertook to open the ball, by dwelling on the scientific side of the question; but, after informing the Conference, that, in the conditions of the circle, the one who was to receive a communication must be in need of it—this is, he must be without what was to be given him, and the one who gives, must have that which was to be given; this, he continues, gives us a positive and negative. Here, he said, 'his mediumistic relations were such, that some in the audience did not seem to understand him; it rather confused him, and he would drop the scientific side until some future period, and take a point of minor importance. He believed that in forming a circle, it was best to form it of persons having like sympathies and aspirations. Friend Coles differs with me. He thinks if he were less aspiring, or had less sublimity in R. P. Ambler's Lectures-Mount Vernon-Miss Munhis nature, he ought to get amongst those who had more than he. Now it is necessary for children to learn their alphabets, to understand grammar, and something of geography, &c. Would you put a child in the grammar class to learn his letters? or would you put him into a class where they didn't know their letters? A circle on the last plan would necessarily attract a teacher, and the aspirational nature would therefore be developed.

Mr. Coles-Brother Fowler don't seem to understand me. If I know nothing of geography, am I to mingle with those who are just as bad off as I am myself? I think I should get amongst those were studying, or knew a little more than I. There I should get lifted up. Regarding the question of circles, and the best mode of forming them, I think there should be a regular commerce in it. I do not use commerce as it is to-day, prostituted—a means by which a man betters himself at his neighbor's expense—but commorce as it was in the primative times—where a man with two pairs of boots. met a man with two hats, and made an exchange; whereby one got a hat, the other a pair of boots. Now there is a commerce of mind as well as a commerce of commodities: but in the commerce of mind, if a man with two ideas gives one for another he has instead of two left—three. Dr. Gray amid the clouds of error, the fogs of sense, whispering of betsays he goes to the circle to give-I say, go there to ax- ter things of which the soul is capable. In a strain of thril-CHANGE; some people say, go there to get. So you see

are Wall-streeters in spiritual circles.

I wish to correct one error in Miss Hardinge's excellent letter, published in the Age. I have likely been misrepresented to her. She writes, "Mr. Coles states," or something like it. "in the Conference, that all trance mediums are impostors." Now I never said any such thing. I have said, that in some cases they were influenced by ideas instead of spirit. Now, to me the science of trance mediumship is this. In every day life, especially in business, there are certain organs called into operation; and in all active, nervous people, this condition must find vent, if not in one way, in another. And such active persons could never become medlumistic until they first became passive, until they closed the organs of activity in one direction, and opened the valve in another. For instance, an engine is made to move forward or backwards, yet its movement can never be changed from one to the other, until it stops, if it be only for the hundreth part of a minute. Now when these active organs are closed, and the persons are passive, the activity will find vent in some other direction. Put them into a circle, and if they are in any way impressible, they begin to see things up in the clouds, the treasures of the other land are opened to their view, and just because they go to talking about something that none of you know nothing about, you call it spirit. Do you suppose the author of the Arabian Nights was influenced by a spirit, because he wrote of things until then never thought of? or that T. L. Harris was influenced by a spirit, because, after giving the names of every known planet, he goes off and speaks of numberless others that science knows not of, and perhaps may never know?

Dr. Gould-In remarking upon the uses and abuses of circles, I deem it pertinent to propose some common sense definition of the term circle. I hold that a circle is neither an isolated point or a straight line, and, consequently, beg leave to protest against the transcendental heresy of making a circle to consist of one solitary individuality. As to their uses and abuses, I hold, with all other Spiritualists, that I am acquainted with, that circles are susceptable of both use and abuse. As a general result, however, I consider circles in themselves as rather harmless institutions, neither so very good, nor so very bad, as is often averred. When I hear opponents underrating circles, by asserting them to be me- image. He told us how, far away in the unseen depths of diums of falsehood, I generally try to neutralize the aspersion by asserting that they are also mediums of truth. Again, when I hear Spiritualists overrating their truthfulness, I am quite apt to throw some of their falsities into the opposite scale, to prevent an unjust leaning of its beam. When great and despised him, she who alone could read his soul—read credit is claimed for circles on account of their converting there, even amid the environments of vice and crime, the thousands to a belief in the dectrine of immortality, my promise of better things. She could not believe him lost answer is, that their moral condition is not necessarially made better or worse by this transformation of their faith. The abuses of the circle, I think, are more apparent outside than in the circles-consisting, for instance, in lauding thom for purposes they were, never designed to accomplish, and secondly, in making circles an unceasing topic of theory and speculation, and an inestimable waste of time in claborating methods and rules for the government and safety of those who enter circles, when, in fact, the danger is very slight, further than the loss of time occupied in sitting. But on the supposition that the danger was ever so great, those who follow the prescriptions of our circle doctors, will find but small protection from that class, I opine, for, after all, their exhortations and entreaties that we seek safety in the close observance of their diagnostic discoveries of the pupil dilation and retrocession from extremities, yet when we propose to test their use they seem to vanish into speculation. When we attempt to measure by that grand barometer with which all spiritual values should be measured, viz.: The law of is the result of two years labor. Not a shrub or tree is wantuses we are coolly told that those psychological and psyco-

the body, but they can't tell if it be angel or ruffian, a saint or a Five Pointer. It follows, then, that those highly lauded rules for the government of circles, are of no earthly use whatever, and that it is high time that we occupy our time with questions of more practical utility.

Dr. Gray-Lest it should be understood by the rest, as it has been by Brother Gould, and lest it should be understood that I understand the circle as friend Coles does, I will say a few words. The great questions with me are: Is there a world of spirits? Can we communicate with those spirits? I answer both in the affirmative. Friend Coles answers negatively to both. We are not here for conquest over one another-it is a question transcending all else-dearer than one's life's blood. Do we communicate with spirits? This can only be answered by the spiritual circle. What are the conditions of communication? The spiritual circle. What is the spiritual? An aggragation of beings seeking communication with those who have been removed from their sight. I have often mentioned the abuses—such as thinking the pseudo the real circle, etc.

Mr. Coles-Dr. Gray, I don't answer negatively to those two questions, and never did, even in my roughest and most uncouth speeches in this Conference. I think I shall have to study the English language to be understood. I wish it distinctly understood, I believe spirits do exist, and I also believe that under certain and very rare conditions they do communicate.

[Dr. Gray here looked askance at a certain youthful looking individual, with a book and pencil in his hands, as much as to say, "put THAT down," and it was immediately registered in black and white.]

Dr. Gray is always talking about circles as they ovenr to be; I talk of them as they ARE.

Dr. Orton-You will have to come onto my ground at last, and acknowledge that as man is himself a spirit, he may come EN RAPPORT with the spirit-world without any of those signs, such as dilation of the pupil, lower degree of temperature in the extremeties, etc. Drs. Gray and Hallock say nothing which can be accounted for on the material plane, can be spiritual. Now all these signs may be induced by persons in the circle. This upsets the whole foundation, if their position is correct, and we have no certainty of any communication outside of ourselves at all.

Dr. Hallock thought Mr. Coles's error lay in taking the pseudo for the real circle, and that he would have less to say, if he could find the true circle.

Mr. Coles-You and I agree. I only speak against the calling, the pseudo, the real.

Another subject was asked, but quite a number who had not been to the Conference, and who of course hadn't rend the paper, were quite anxious to have it continued: whether or not it will be, the next session will show.

I think there is some hopes of a healthful recovery in the case of friend Coles, and everybody seems to agree that he is a sort of goaheaditive good soul, and in the most honest process.

On the top of the fifth page, in your last, you made me make Dr. Gray shoulder a little unpleasantry, towards Mr. Coles, which he did not indulge in, nor I intend to write. This shows that the loss of an I may make people see things in a different way. The sentence reads-" Either Mr. Coles was mistaken or, was stupid in giving my ideas," which should be read-"Either Mr. Coles was mistaken or I was stupid in giving my ideas."

Enjoying the most delightful weather-which makes one think of spring and all her splender-I hope for summer and all her joys, and live in dreams of expectation. I am natu rally

NEW YORK, Feb. 5, 1859.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

son-Spirit Pictures.

DEAR BANNER-We are enjoying most beautiful autumna weather-for it can scarcely be called wintry, this cool air and breezy sighing amid the unfrosted honeysuckle, waving to and fro beyond my window. On Sunday morning, Bro. Ambler lectured to a well filled house; the throng at Samson Street Hall satisfies every Spiritualist of the progress of the cause: some come from the furthest end of the city-from Camden over the river-from Frankford-from the country. eager for the food never to be obtained at the hands of theolo gy.

And they listened with stirred hearts and newly awakened thoughts to the call for investigation of the "Inner Life"—that life so forgotten amid the piled-up rubbish of materialism; that life undreamt of amid the giddy pursuit of worldly pleasure; that life so real and beautiful, that flowed beneath the stormy waves of the external; an under current of thought and feeling, still and sublime, removed from the tempests, the shoals and quicksands of the outer.

In some, he said, this life is scarcely percentible, but there are few, if any, who have not at some period of their lives felt an aspiration upwelling from the soul's hidden depth, arising ling eloquence, the lecturer spoke of the revealings of that inner life, the capacities of the unfolded soul, that, soaring on the wings of thought, stood finally abashed before the throne of Infinitude. The ambitions, the pleasures of the world suffleed not for man's happiness; ever there came a voice, even to the most vicious, telling of purity even amid the darkness of material and debasing pleasures; the voice of truth spoke to the conquerer's soul, uplifting it beyond the conquests of the world; the ceaseless melody of the inner life was ever heard amid the turmoil of the external, faint and low at times but dwelling there forever; not as something shrouded in mystery, this inner life revealed itself, but as a tangible existence flowing off unheeded beneath the busy whirlpool of external pursuits, forcielling the future, endless and progres sive, that awaited all. On the unfoldment of the inner, depended man's happiness-not on outward circumstances: they could not alone give peace and contentment.

In the evening, Mr. Ambier read the beautiful poem, of which the following is the commencing verse:

I beheld a golden portal in the visions of my slumber. And through it streamed the radiance of a never-setting While angels, tall and beautiful, and countless without num

wore giving gladsome greeting to all who come that way. And the gate forever swinging, made no grating—ne harsh

ringing,
Melodious as the singing of one that we adore;
And I heard a chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's

tolling.

And the burden of that chorus was Hope's glad word, Evermore !"

Then after the choir had sung, the medium spoke upon the Omnipotence of Good, proving clearly and most eloquently that Good was the vital principle—the all overruling power of the universe; that in God's creation there could be no embodied form of evil-no impersonation of perfect depravity; that, like light, essentially organized and all pervading, the good dwelt everywhere; while evil, like unto darkness unorganized, never had been embedied in humanity, or in any form; hence the absurdity of a belief in a pegsonal Devil. It was startling to hear the lecturer dismiss that monster of mythology back to the gloomy night it arose form, saying this century had no further need of the hideously repellant the most degraded soul, dwelt still the spark divine that never could be extinguished; how the mother, watching over the degraded, sinful child, never lost hope or faith in his ultimate redemption; but when all the world forsook, scorned eternally; her maternal intuitions repelled the thought, and in the mother's soul, the love of God was manifest. The omnipotent of Good pervaded the universe; it was visible in the progression of the times-in the experience of every human heart. Though cast into the deepest hell, there was that in humanity—that inherent spark of good remaining that would cause them to buffet the burning waves, and stem the tide to reach a better shore—to seek the light. The power of good was all pervading, as the light and sunshine, for God was in all, and in him there could be no evil.

This was Bro. Ambier's concluding lecture for this season

in our city. There is on exhibition, in this city, the "Model of Mount Vornon-home of Washington." It is an exquisite thing, being a perfect miniature model in wood, of that spot of associations, so dear to every American heart. object on the Mount Vernon estate of seventy-five acres. It dynamic discoveries that have occupied so much of our time, dow-pane, and every shutter, complete; the balcony, from are able of or the purpose of saving us from the imposition of laise or lying spirit, but merely to inform us that the medium is psychologized by some spirit either in or out of the hero's form was first deposited, in a secluded, rural spot,

studded with cedars. There stands the new tomb, with its adjacent monuments; the plank-road leading to the inviting mansion, whose artistic outbuildings delight the eye, which takes in the spacious park, the flower-garden, the standing ruins of the ancient greenhouse. Among the curiosities of Philadelphia, ranks first and foremost this beautiful design: that places before the patriotic hearts of the people, the home of its adored liberator. Perhaps the "Mount Vernor Model!! will visit your city, and, no doubt if it does, it will be halled with delight.

Miss Munson leaves us this week for a short tour South. I believe. She has been eminently successful, almost constantly besieged by visitors who come to her for relief from disease. They are delighted with her perfect insight into the condition of the patient. I think she would put many physicians to flight, if she remained with us; but we hope

I have seen some paintings executed through the medium ship of a boy of fifteen; they are truly wonderful. As many s flower "blushes unseen," these pictures are not given to the public, but were presented as a meed of gratitude to a friend. If I can obtain more information as regards them will let you know, for they truly are the result of spirit-Yours for truth, CORA WILBURN.

PHILADELPHIA, Pob. 1st, 1859.

Reports.

CORA L. V. HATCH AT CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Wednesday, February 2, 1859.

A Committee was chosen, who proposed the following subject: "Will the spirit who speaks, give us some knowledge of the spirit-world?"

PRAYER.

Infinite Spirit of Divine Goodness, by whatever name or title men may address thee, wherever thou mayest dwell, whatever may be the magnitude of thy power or greatness, we comprehend thee as divine light, perpetual truth, undying love, everlasting wisdom, and wherever these abound there thou art, and there are the laws and principles of thine existence. Through love thou dost operate upon our souls, and through wisdom are the attributes of thy nature. We ask no favors of these which thou hast not already bestowed. We call to thee from the dopths of our souls here assembled, and from all parts of the universe. We ask thee to well up in our souls, that we may feel the greatness of thy power—the everlasting elequence of thy speech, and the perpetual glory of thine eternity. We thank thee for the extent of thy wisdom, which dwelleth in, the vast mechanism of material worlds, causing suns to revolve and stars to shine. Thou who dwellest in air, earth and sky, and in the human mind, causing it to manifest its wonderful powers—to aspire after higher states—we ask thy ald and thy presence. We thank thee for the extents we have the fighres tates—we ask thy ald and thy presence. We thank thee for the new thoughts which are constantly opening Infinite Spirit of Divine Goodness, by whatever name of there for the new thoughts which are constantly opening upon our minds—for that power which is constantly opening upon our minds—for that power which is constantly creating new worlds of thought, and has yet an eternity of thought to evolve—for the splendor of that power in the human soul which can understand thy laws, while it fails to reach thine infinitude. On the altar of the infinite spirit of thy love we would lay all that our souls know of love—all that we know of love—all that we believe of eternity. We would praise thee for thy undying love, and adore thee for thy never ending mercy, and worship thee for thy everlasting wisdom for

DISCOURSE. The subject proposed for our discussion embodies two diffi-culties, one of which is as follows: It assumes that a spirit is speaking; again, that there is a spirit-world. Neither can be here demonstrated, and, if we treat this subject, you must bear in mind these two assumptions; for what we know will not be knowledge to you. You can receive what we say, but you cannot prove its truth. If a traveler from Australia reyou cannot prove its truth. If a traveler from Australia re-counts to you the laws, manners and customs of the country, you assume he tells you the truth, and you trust until you find it false. You can prove it, for you can go to Australis— but you cannot go to the spirit-world until your time comes. The spirit-world is made up like all other worlds—of mind and change—and we make the spirit a substance; this re-quires a greater strotch of the imagination than orthodoxy does. You believe in a Heavén—but when you talk of a quires a greater stretch of the imagination than orthodoxy does. You believe in a Heavén—but when you talk of a spirit speaking, it comes a little nearer; but we will tell you of the spirit-world without being personal—treating it in a general light. We know that beyond this world, when the form is laid in the grave, the spirit has a mind and substance; and, as the traveler, you are bound to believe us. We know there is a spirit, and that it lives, has a form, locality, identity, space and substance. Intelligence means substance, form. Thus far, spirit lives in a condition of life. It has a form, what form? A human form. You cannot conceive of any other—it has not the brute form. You can conceive of all that is in the human form; the spirit is the crystalizaof all that is in the human form; the spirit is the crystaliza-

Where is the spirit-world? Some philosopher has said it was sixty miles away from you; that is, the first sphere, and so on in distance to the seventh. The difficulty here is, that it so materializes the spirit-world, as far as locality is concorned, that it destroys somewhat its spirituality, or makes spirit quite an object of materiality.

A man says, if a spirit is substance, how can it gain entrance into a room through walls and other substances, when

no two substances can occupy the same space, without the opening of doors or windows?.

If the spirit, as it evidently is, is so refined, that you can-

opening of noors or windows? If the spirit, as it evidently is, is so refined, that you can not feel a touch from it, it is then as refined as an electrica substance, or some more so, and can gain entrance where-ever electricity could, and walls do not hinder the passage of

Now it is a wrong idea that the spirit-form is diffusive—that it is not concentrated—that it is not substantial—for there is no substance, there can be no life. The spirits world is therefore material, and does not exist in any rarified—amount of time, that Mrs. Comant does in her sittings for the Banner of Light; and this paper, where the manifestations world is therefore material, and does not exist in any rarified—amount of time, that Mrs. Comant does in her sittings for the Banner of Light; and this paper, where the manifestations are multished; is constantly receiving letters verifying their world is therefore material, and does not exist in any rarified in mor in any grade where the spirit, in order to reach it, has to become more rarified. The spirit-world is wherever substance is: it is around about the earth; spirit societies, have to do with all earthly societies, and spirit-howers, trees, &c.) are in and about their like in the earth. And we know that spirit may or may not localize itself; where the power of its thought, where the will of its mind, or the power of its sublimated form will taste it, there it may be. It has been a question with some, whether the first, in a degree, did not constitute a part of the dwine whole. question with some, whether the first, in a degree did not constitute a part of the divine whole. Here is one difficulty, if, by assuming a physical form, no identity is given to the spirit hereafter, if a man may not know himself hereafter, there is no use of the earthly life—or the study of immortality. If the soul, which is the study of life, goes back pulsing—into the great sea of life, which swallows it up in oblivion, what is life, and for what are aspirations, and hopes, and actions? Spirit-life is that which lives above the decay of this world. It is true that all forms, whether of flowers, that he would exist in the charter of the season of the season was a season when the season was a season was a season when the season was a season was a season was a season when the season was a season was a season when the season was a season was a season when the season was a season when the season was a season was a season was a season was a season when the season was a season was a season was a season when the season was a season which was a season was a season was a season when the season was a sea birds, beasts, or man, that die in the bhysical world, exist in type and spirit, in the spirit-world. Don't start—Spiritualists have been loth to admit this, for fear of ridicule. Where is the spirit-world? Here in this room, all around us, above us —far as the atmosphere of earth extends. If a spirit has a form, it must have a subsistence, and if subsistence is necessury, it must correspond with what furnished its subsistence while on earth; and if the spirit loved fruits, flowers, ga mimals, why should there not be a correspondence to in the spirit-world, to delight and gratify the spirit? says the transcendentalist, "this is making the spirit-world too material. I thought a spirit was a sort of vapor, and subsisted upon certain gasses." Here is the mistake of the world—spirit is substance, and there is for it a variety of

world—spirit is substance, and there is not it a variety of things upon which to subsist; and for every grade or class of spirits, there is a spirit-world.

These are our ideas; if any other traveler in the spirit-world tolls a different tale, remember travelers never agree.

Two historians of a nation were never exactly alike. The world tells a different tale, remember travelers never agree. Two historians of a nation were never exactly alike. The spirit-life is as near you as the pulsing of your hearts; the spirit-world is as near you as anything in your own world; and if, in your world the physical needs food, by which the may be sustained to progress in investigation and wisdom; so in the spirit-world, the spirit is sustained, and investigates the stars, and delves in the sciences, and progresses in wisdom. But say some, you make trouble if you don't have a decided locality. Do your laws offine power over individual location so long as you do not interfere socially? You can be a moral man in one place precisely as well as in another: a moral man in one place precisely as well as in another and by the same law that a man—when he obtains a certai and by the same law that a man—when he obtains a certain quantity of money—a certain quantity of assumption, and a certain quantity of selfishness—can stand in a certain class of seciety, and know that he can stand in it, and can't be taken out of it unless he loses his money, so in the spirit-world, all stand in their places; not, perhaps, by the same rule—for the highest here are the lowest sometimes there—even the uppertendom. So the spirit can better understand its life and duty when it throws off the former. But this gives us no light, say some. What do they do there? do they drink? Yes! the drunkard is a drunkard still. Go to the Bacchangilan revel, and if you do not see sufrils draw there

drink? Yes! the drunkard is a drunkard still. Go to the Bacehannian rovel, and if you do not see spirits drawn there by old memories—spirits forced out of the world by its coldness and lack of sympathy—if you do not see the faces of the drunken rovellers writting under the influence of these spirits, with all the expressions of an imagined demon—your senses are not at all acute.

But this is a sad picture to draw of the spirit world! but what shall we do with that which tempted him? When the body is cold, there is nothing there to respond to temptation—if you can find any place to put the will or the desire which made him a drunkard, but in the spirit, we will listen; and if it, as we think it can only be, goes with the spirit, then the spirit is still a drunkard, but not without the loop of reformation; for where there is life there is also the possibility of reformation.

reformation.

Orthodoxy has classified the spirits who leave this world into two classes—the damned, and saints—but where it places the dividing lines we can't tell. One class goes to hell—one to heaven—but the dividing line has never been drawn. Theology has falled, the atenement has failed, and Spiritualone to heaven—but the dividing line has here been drawn. Theology has failed, the atenement has failed, and Spiritualities comes to the resone, by making a literal heaven and help the standard of each spirit; their locality wheresoever the spirit may be; and on, the hader of progression they are climbing into higher light from these hells of their own passions. Heaven is near you—and though some spirit fixes on some distant planet for its feture dwolling, it, ngoyer, can forget its birth-place. And as the travelor, when lar away, remembers home, the flowers and the dollinging vine, the sweet sister and loved parents—though he becomes great, in distant lands he never cases to love the spot, that gave him birth, so the spirit, whatever its approclation of heaven, like beauty and its light, never forgets to look with love, to all its old, especiations. Not an archangel can forget—and Christ, by some put, next to God, life agreed, is not so fair transformed into a Cod, as to forged his place of his, bith ransformed into a Cod, as to forged his place of his, bith and he is near, within and around you.

Readers

In there it leaves him. Beyond that point knowledge does not extend. In my judgment, therefore, Spiritualism is not extend. In my judgment, therefor

And you, mothers, who have mourned over your darlingswho have laid the little one away, believing it forever gone from you into heaven—remember that without any violation of heaven's law, it still stands by your side; still nestles on your heart; still stands by the fireside, and wonders why you do not recognize it. The little child is still near you, still

do not recognize it. The little child is still near you, still living, and though it sees what you cannot, and lives as you do not, it is ever near you, else God is not, and there is no eternity. And you who talk to your father or mother—when you cail, you speak not to one in a distant star, but to one who is aire dy bending over you, asking you to speak and act You look too far for a spirit.

And if you would look at the spirit world as it is, and live and act by its inculcations, what might be your positions! It has been said by a converted medium, that, if Spiritualism has anything in it to live by, it wont do to die by." Now look at this Orthodox sentence, transformed to suit the party, using it—"it won't do to die by." If Spiritualism has anything in it to live by, anything to keep the heart pure because it feels a parent's pulsing with its own beating, anything to arrest the giddiness and wildness of a son because he believes a mother, kind and affectioniste, is watching him from heaven—in God's kind and affectionate, is watching him from heaven—in God's name, won't it do to die by? But, says one, why does, it not do these things? Why has it so much of immerality in it? do these things? Why has it so much of immorality in it? Is not the principle still good, notwithstanding men will not apply it? But you may congratulate yourselves as Spiritualists, on the few cases of crime which have occurred among you; statistics show that among you there has been one tenth less crime than among any other class. And we are bold to state, although every secular press, every church, minister, and every Christian Spiritualist affirm to the contrary, that Spiritualism has done more to lessen crime, than all the preaching has done for eighteen hundred years. We do not say this without conviction.

Those whom you have loved and lost, are near and around

Those whom you have loved and lost, are near and around Those whom you have loved and lost, are near and around you, and have as much to do in influencing you as they over did, while with you in the form. In spite of papers which can have no mutive—those who have claimed to be Spiritualists and propagated false doctrines; and mediums who have proved impostors—you will find the spirits in the spirit land just what they were to you in this world. If your mother was a lovely woman here, she will be a lovely woman there. Make Spiritualism a social roligion; take it to your hearts—don't make it an intellectual theism. It will light the

shades of death, and lead you in pleasant places. The spirit world is all around you. And those you leved are around you—making themselves, as it were, a part of your mature—a part of your world—and as the God of the universe is all around, and sustains all things, as without him nothing would be, so without the spirit world, your life would be nothing.

I Remember this—and you who are skeptical if our revelation have not so much of transcendentalism as you expected—this is true, that a good life here makes the flow of the future as peaceful as that of a deep, wide river.

BOSTON REFORM CONFERENCE.

Monday Evening, Jan. 31, 1859.

Question (continued). - "Is Spiritualism a Belief, or a Mr. Chapman-The object of this Conference is to discove

Mr. Chapman—The object of this Conference is to discover truth, not be controvert each other's opinions. I do not wish to start a new theory or contradict an old one. I used to think that the great object of a speaker, in a meeting like this, was to beat somebody in an argument; this object now seems to me vain. Knowledge is the result of, and belongs to experience. Positive knowledge, makes a very small part of our intelligence. We know something of the past, but our knowledge of the boundless ocean of the future before us must be mostly deal and speculative. Surfitualize to each our knowledge of the boundless ocean of the future before us must be mostly ideal and speculative. Spiritualism is partly ideal and speculative, and partly fact and knowledge. The subject of the human soul is a great subject; it is a question of magnitude to overy one. New means have successively sprung up in past generations, by which some new light has been thrown on this subject. Phrenology, mesmerism, psychology, pathology, all of modern date are among these means, and Spiritualism comes a key to all these. I regard Spiritualism as a discovery—a discovery made by both mortals and spirits. The science of Spiritualism is yet but little understood. I know the fact, that clairvoyance is a feature of Spiritualism, yet, were I asked to give the philosophy of clairvoyance, I could not. Were I asked what psychology is, I should answer, I cannot tell. These wonderful phenomena of Spiritualism which are facts, will some day be reduced to Ishould answer, I cannot tell. These wonderful phenomena of Spiritualism which are facts, will some day be reduced to positive knowledge, as the science of antiomy and physiology now are. Time and culture will do this. In the nature of things, Spiritualism must at first be speculative. I doubt not that persons think they see spirits sometimes when they do not; that spirit manifestations are not always genuine; but, should the whole phenomena cease, my belief in Spiritualism would be unaltered. Though Spiritualists think they are better than others, this is not evidence they are; it is thought by some they are no better than other religious seets. I do not think that Spiritualism has yet much improved the morals of men; morality comes last in the development of the soul. If one Spiritualism; and it believes if one man commits murder, the whole race is deprayed. Spiritualism is doing a great and noble work; it heads to independ-

man commits murder, the whole race is deprayed. Spiritualsis deing a great and noble work; it leads to independence, investigation, and the destruction of dogmas.

Mr. Whenton—I differ with the brother as to the final resalt of Spiritualism. I believe at the grave it will have an
end like all knowledge and all science. We cannot prove
that anything exists after death. All there is in Spiritualism
that relates to life after death is faith, wanting in fact.
Spiritualism is doing a vast amount of good, for it is disseminating liberality, destroying bigotry and creeds.

Mr. Wilson—Spiritualism is both knowledge and faith; to
me it is rosifive knowledge. God made man for both faith

Mr. Wilson—Spiritualism is both knowledge and faith; to me it is positive knowledge. God made man for both faith and fact; faith will answer till facts come. When intelligences come and identify themselves to us after they have passed away, these become facts. A report of these facts, to those unacquainted with them, may, from credible testimony, be belief. We have the candid testimony of brothers and sisters; forty in this room will testify to their knowledge of facts in Spiritualism; and their convictions of its truth is so strong, that no power can wipe it out. There is no man or woman in Boston educated, or uneducated, that can give, in are published, is constantly receiving letters verifying their

truth.
Dr. Tew-Lord Bacon has said all a man can know of his fellow man is by observation and experience. In phrenology we have all the organs of the brain. These are instruments through which life and intelligence is manifested. through which life and intelligence is manifested. What power plays upon them? Is the power manifested in the material organs, not from an intelligence behind the whole, looking out into the external world through the material organism? This power is man's spiritual nature. The spirit of man gathers in truths through the external senses of the external world, and this exercise unfolds the spirit. I believe in Spiritualism from the evidence of facts. If imagination has produced the facts that I have seen in Spiritualism, they demand the investigation of all. demand the investigation of all.

demand the investigation of all.

Mr. Newton—It seems to me the question is a very simple one; but there is a great deal of contusion thrown around it. By Spiritualism is meant the fact of spirit communion; this belongs to a grand system of philosophy of which but little is yet known. Is it a fact that spirits do communicate? This question is to be settled by every one for himself. I have evidence of this fact, and to me it is knowledge; to another, without evidence, it would be faith. I discalin the charge that Spiritualism years any one to believe in Spiritualism or that Spiritualists want any one to believe in Spiritualism of grounds of faith. I believe for myself, from my own convic-tions, and so should any one believe for him or herself. On other subjects apart from Spiritualism people believe a great many things on evidence from the testimony of others.

many things on evidence from the testimony of others.

Mr. Scaver—There is only one point in regard to Spiritualism which makes it worthy of attention viz: they say it is
founded in nature. In this respect it differs from all popular
forms of Christianity. Were it not for this it would not be
worth while to talk about it. If it be a fact of nature I see worth while to talk about it. If it be a fact of nature I see no reason why I should not be a Spiritualist. I know no authority but that of reason and nature. If this be in accordance with nature I believe in it. Time will test the matter. I admire what Mr Newton said; I admire his candor and anniable feeling towards all. But before I am a believer in Spiritualism I must look further. I respect the senses, and as soon as they are convinced I shall believe. My friends in Boston, who are Spiritualists, have been exceedingly kind to me—have been at considerable trouble to convince me, but I have over failed, after many trials, to get any manifestation promised; all have been failures. Condi-

convince me, but I have ever falled, after many trials, to get any manifestation promised; all have been failures. Conditions have never been right.

Mr. Johnson—I am surprised that a man of so much intelligence as Mr. Seaver should so little regard conditions. All great discoveries have been at first, owing to imperfect or wrong conditions, partial failures and also subjects of ridicule. Facts that have been of greatest importance to mankind have been presented with difficulty and it has been easier and more popular in the onset to ridicule than to defend them. The great and valuable discovery of the electric belerrand. (of which I claim, from some years experience telegraph, (of which I claim, from some years experience with, to know something) has been attended with great difficulties, partial and porfect failures at times, in its early history, for want of right conditions. It is the same of Spiritualism: People may ridicule conditions, but they are, never-

ualism: Tropic may reacuse conditions, but they are, nevertheless, necessities in spiritual communications.

Mr. Pike—The objections offered by some here to Spiritualism are predicated on nothing, viz: "Spiritualism is false," says one, "because I have not seen it." May not one have seen something that another has not seen, and know something that prother does not know? Will friend Seaver argue thing that another does not know? Will friend Seaver argue that because he is a little behind in this matter of Spiritualism that every one else is behind also? Shall a man that cannot see colors, because he is blind, deny that colors exist? Mr. Coleman—Notwithstanding the amount of experence related by our spiritual friends, I am; still of opinion that Spiritualism is a matter which pertains to the imagination, based upon a mere speculation. Persons may assert that they have seen spirits and yet be deceived. Individuals have taken oath to having seen a certain person at a particular they have seen spirits and yet to deceived. Individuals have taken oath to having seen a certain person at a particular time and place, and it has been ascertained that they were mistaken in regard to the matter. The idea of a future existence is not susceptible of demonstration. I agree with the gentleman who stated that science carries man to the grave, and there it leaves him. Beyond that point knowledge does not extend. In my judgment, therefore, Spiritualism is not a matter of knowledge, but of faith, and that very diluted.

EMMA HARDINGE AT THE MELODEON. Sunday Afternoon, February 6.

The Melodeon full of people welcomed this distinguished octuress each to Boston. The choir sang a hymn, and she. gave out her subject as, The Correspondences of Nature.

save out her subject as, The Correspondences of Nature.

She said: Our address will be a part of that same effort which, by oppression from without upon the soul within, compelled us, not long since, to tear down the images which man had set up to worship, in-place of the living God. We were called upon, iconoclasts as weare, to tell you that religion was of man, and not of God. The revelations of God which came in the past, came in their time and place, and not one single ray from the great Parent source has ever been lost; but the darkness of the world required a modulated ray, or it would have been blinded by the brilliancy. We propose to give you a series of addresses concerning the Gospel which God has written, like the Scripture of the skies, in living characters which can never be obliterated. God has called upon all men to worship in one vast temple; but, unless we are loosened from the leading-strings of the infancy of the age, we cannot approach him to worship.

In the great Gospel of nature, we find old primeval rocks, where man reads what the finger of the Almighty has written for him to read of his divinity. We find the first effort of nature was to build up the mighty mountains, whose ledge after ledge towers into the sky, while clouds play around the sumand, and the sun shods its eternity of wealth and love always on its forchead. In this kingdom of moral existence, we find—first, variety; second, absolute and individual form. We must take the sixty-four primates as our starting point. Form is established in each of the particles of the material world. You may destroy and crush, but the effect is only more and newer forms of matter.

In the first rude efforts of nature—the iron strata—we see

more and newer forms of matter. In the first rude efforts of naturo—the iron strata—we see

the first prophecy of what man must be—the first state of life, where are men with hearts, thews, sinews and will of iron. They are the most useful, but are not ornamental—strong, but not susceptible of polish. The world has had its need of out not susceptible of polish. The world has had its need of iron men. It is the strata from which man shall rise higher. But oxydize that iron, and we have the tempered steel, polished and smooth. And in nature God had oxydized your iron men into such as Napoleon and Carlyle. How that steel cuts all who oppose! There are stratas of steel in human life, as well as iron; and when the chemists oxydizes iron into steel, he utters another prophecy of what man is to be. Then come the mines of silver—ductile silver—capable of refinement and polish. And here you find its correspondence in the cultivation of society, and the refinement of civilization. The fireking made use of all the elements in the construction of matter, and last of all, the developed gold—a metal whose value the world has ever recognized say the noblest type of mineral life, embodying the strength of the iron, the polish of the steel, the refinement of silver. The gold of society is the refinement which fits men to become angels.

There are stratas of copper, too, and copper-humanity has its uses in society as base metal has always in the composition of the other metals. There are base men —municrers, drunkards, liars, and their plane is as necessary as is the iron men. It is the strata from which man shall rise higher

tion of the other metals. There are later men—murlerers, drunkards, liars, and their plane is as necessary as is the currency of copper to come before gold. Then there is brass, too, which has the superficial show of gold—the glitter and burnish, the vulgar imitation, but not the solid heart, of gold. Its brazen tone calls forth admiration. There are bronze men and women—the superficial colo of life. And in the great laboratory of nature, the men and women of brass are not to be seerned; each has his place, and the great Chemist "doeth all things well."

Nature has its diamonds—the complete prism, in which are all the colors of the rainbow; and seciety has its diamonds.

all the colors of the rainbow; and society has its diamonds. the Plate, Pythagoras, Socrates, Washington—men of the lus-trous mind and unyielding goodness—shining in the dark hours of life, and beneath the clouds of despair bright and constant. Other men are like the blood-red ruby and car-

hours of life, and beneath the clouds of despair bright and constant. Other men are like the blood-red ruby and carbuncle, the vagarious topaz, the blue sapphire and green emerald. All are wanted to complete the prism, and their ultimate is found in the diamond.

In the vegetable life are the litchens and mosses which cling to the primeval rocks, and there are the mighty bunyan trees which overshade a colony. There are ten thousand distinct specie of grass. There are the poison trees, which invite the traveler to repose beneath their deadly shade, and woo them to death. In seeiety the heartless conjuctue is the deadly nightshade and poison tree, inviting the innocent and unsuspecting, only to crush and kill. But in the conservatory of nature these deadly herbs, and poison-listilling barks, have their use, and without them the world-would contain a void. Flowers—some are types of modest virtue; others are dressed in the flaunting robes of fashion, and others set their fragrant traps for the allinity-searching honey-bee, and, closing on him, hold him a restless prisoner. There are stunted shrubs in society, and the poor errant boy or orphan girl, oftener receives the bitter taunt and reproach than the kind hand of sympathy and assistance. The fruit is the gold of the vegetable—but fills a place there nothing—flower, shrub, tree, vegetable—but fills a place there nothing else will.

Christ taught man to do unto others as they would be done by. But when man vetoed this sublime command, nature saw the necessity of hedgerows to divide man from rhan. Boware, overreaching man! When you love your

done by. But when man vetoed this sublime command, nature saw the necessity of hedgerows to divide man from man. Boware, overreaching man! When you love your brother man as God loves you, you will root out your hedgerows, and have more room to plant fruit and shrub. When perfect love shall control us all—not our neighbors, but ourselves—there will be no more need of hedgerows between man and man—no need of meddlesome men and women. The noble fruit-tree—the stury oak with its wide-reaching arms beneath which the birds and beasts find shelter, speak of the perfect economy of nature; and all teach man of his duty of progression. Life is not a spontaneity; it is a development. There are lilies in life—history tells us of two—of Jesus, who breathed out the fragrance of his life, in blood and misery, to seal the proof of his mission, and the poor widow who cast her into into the treasury of charity. Like the lily let us receive the dews of heaven, bow in meek humility and take our portion—while we store the atmosphere with our perfume.

Sunday Evening.

In the evening her theme was, "Know Thyself." It was continuation of the same analysis of man and nature, as the afternoon lecture, though studded with reaches of oratory and flights of beauty, which no reporter's pen under heaven could do justice to.

whe announced her subjects for place and mission of woman," and "The tie, bond, or sacrament, of marriage."

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOSTON,-Miss EMMA HARDINGE Will lecture at the Meloleon on Sunday afternoon and evening next.

A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday 10 1-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents.

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THE SUNBEAM—A NEW SPIRITUAL PAPER JUST started in Buffillo, N. Y., purports to give communications from the Spirit of Elijau, the Prophet of ancient times, n advance. Clubs of eight, payable quarterly in advance, and one copy given to the action up of the club.

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The Messenger.

* Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Conakt, Trance Medium. They are not published on

J. H. CONARY, Trance Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

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

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that anytic ages shall they fore spirits or mortals.

expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals. Weask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits. in these columns, that does not comport with this reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives,—no merc. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted. Our sittings are free to any one who may desire, to attend, on application to us. They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at HALF-PAST Two, after which time, no one will be admitted; they are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dishatered. to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from

a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

Jan. 1—Susan Brown, Charles Johnson.
Jan. 3—Charlotte Tucker, Seth W. Winslow, Lorenzo Dow,

Jan. 5—Geo, Loreland, Peter Elkins Sanborn, Tim. Brickett, Jan. 6—Elizabeth Dow, Anonymous, Joseph Hutchins,

Richard Sims.

Jan. 7-Alexander Noble, Edward Henderson, William Crozier.
Jan. 8-Henri Dejein, John Hazwell, Patrick Murphy, Ed-

Polly Barclay.

What year is this? No, no, that cannot be—yes, I remember now—it's a long time. What place is this? I used to live in a place ye call Buffalo. My name was Polly Barclay. I was burned up in 1604, and right over a place where I live and died, you'll find a large building, and over the door, the name, Tucker & Co. I can read, I assure you. I am not mistaken in the time; there were plenty of Indians there, but there were white folks, too. They burned my house and others' too. My next door neighbor was Capron. He was better than a mile—yes, two miles from me. Oh, no, I am not ers too. My next door neignbor was Capron. He was better than a mile—yes, two miles from me. Oh, no, I am not mistaken. I went there when I was very small; my parents lived in Vermont State, as you call it now. They told me I must be positive, and I know all, all about it.

must be positive, and I know all, alt about it.

I could tell you something, but I do not want to. It makes me unhappy. I killed my mother. I do n't want to tell it, but I burled her right under the tiles. You think I am mitaken. By tiles I mean the hearth. I know I am right, and you'll see I am. My father was dead. I had a brother—a young man. I don't know why I did this—don't want to know. I was young, and he was young. It's true; you do n't think it's true—I know you do n't. You think I have forgot, but I have n't, I have been learning too long.

I was most twenty-six when I died—no I haint forgot.

Twas 1694, I never lived in 1700. Now you see if I am not

I have been learning all this time, the names of the places. I know the very spot. I want you to find out I am right, and I'll come again. I never told anybody but my brother that I filed mother. So find the place, as I have told you, and you'll find me true. I can go to the place when I leave here. I killed her with a spindle. Will you find out about me? I can read, and the name I gave you is on the building. I am going there now. Never have been a great distance from there. Good bye. Dec. 28.

Edward Wilson.

I'm a stranger and I want to know what you want, as I am told you want certain things of those who come here?

My name was Wilson—Edward, commonly called Ned, so

we will have no mistake there. My age was thirty-four— some months over, but exactly how many I can't tell, so say thirty-four—that's near enough. Died in 1849. Not so old as the lady who came here last; you'll find her

right, I guess, for she has been schooling herself all these years, and has a positive will.

I was born in Dover, N. H. My parents moved from that place when I was a small boy, perhaps cleven years of age, to Canada; Derby was the name of the town. My father was a wool-dyer by trade. Can't tell you how many years my fath-er lived in Canada, but think it was in the vicinity of six. My father died, and a brother of his induced mother to come

My father died, and a brother of his induced mother to come this way with myself and sister. The sister is how married and lives in Orange, New York State. She was three or four years younger than 1. My father's brother lived in Boston, and he induced my mother to come here. After being here a short time, my uncle died and left what little he had to my mother, for he was a bachelor. My mother died after strugging hard, some years—I think it was nine years before I left here. I left Now York for Cahfornia in 1849, and died the Now if there is a possible chance of my talking with my

sister, I wish to do so, but if there is not I'll travel as I came. I suppose the man's name she married was Fisher; she wrote ne about a man by that name, but did not speak to me of him when she was in Boston, so I only suppose that is her name. She got acquainted with a lady friend who lived in Orange,

after mother died, and went out there.

This spiritualism is a new thing to her, I suppose, and so it is to me, but I know enough to identify

kister's name was Ellen Maria-I always called her Ellen. My sister is very fond of reading—used to be, and I sup-pose she is now—especially all the papers that have good stories in them. Now when she knows I can come she will help me to come nearer to her; but the first thing is to let her

Twenty minutes ago I did n't know the operation of cona medium, any more than building a thought I could till now, go to her, or come here, or I might I have ascertained many more things in reference to my sister.

I am pretty sure she is there in Orange now; she was there when I left, and that is her home; so I expect she is there when I left, and that is not none; to be very bound I know now—she is, as far as I have any knowledge. Would I know her? bring her before me, and see how quick I would recognize the best way and I think I can be there if nert oring her before me, and see now quick I would recog-nize her and make her know me. I think I can go there if the lady who came before me can go to the place she said she was going to. She is more positive than I, but I think I can muster enough of the will power to do that. Dec. 28th.

Joseph Jewell.

Really, I do n't know as I do right by coming here. I would like to speak to my son, if I could. They tell me about being able to speak to different ones on earth, and I should like to speak with my son Joseph in particular. I have been told he is a medium, and that I must go talk with him, and convince that of them the transport of them the statement of the statemen him of the truth of these things, and then I shall have ample opportunity of speaking with him, and through him. He lives in Amesbury, and his name is Joseph Jeweil—mine was the same. I would like to speak with him, and was told I could do so by coming to you. You stand between me and him, and I want you to tell him I would like to speak to him as I do to you. Bless your soul, I've been dead these forty-five

do to you. Bless you you must n't expect I'll remember every-shing so far back as that.

I died when the boys were small, and it's about forty-five years since; but, sir, I do n't understand this thing, and I want to know if I can, how long it will take for me to speak

th my son a Why, I died when we lived in the old red house. I distinct-Why, I died when we lived in the old red house. I distinctly remember the old red house, with the pump in front of it, but I am not going to tell you things I do not remember. Many things have gone from my memory—they are but bubbles on the sea of life, easily effaced from memory; but I distinctly remember dying in the old red house. Have you done with me, sir? Then I'll go.

James Brooks.

I thought I could speak, but I cannot. I did not speak for nine years before death. Cause was partial paralysis. I died in 1847; my name was James Brooks.—Hived in New Haven: I have a brother in New York, also one in Missouri; names, Hiram and William. I was forty-one years of age. I was a bookbinder. I lost my speech by partial paralysis, which was induced by typhoid farer. I finally died of interception of induced by typhoid Mer. I finally died of interception of the bowds. Would like to speak with my brothers, if it be

The above was written after a long and vain attempt to

Charles Adams. Strong head winds to-day, such as I never like to see when I'm homeward bound. I don't care so much about head winds when we are outward bound, unless we wish to make a quick passage; but when homeward bound, we all like to run in quick—especially after being on a long voyoge, and propelled by curiosity, anxiety, and a thousand other-steam-

propelled by curvey, I have been on a long cruise—just got round again, pretty near where I started from. Now I wonder if I have any friends in this port. The first question we sailors ask when we meet a familiar face on stepping on shore, is, "Have you heard of any of my folks?"
You don't know them, I suppose, so it remains for me to introduce myself and my folks—then you can give a little information.

formation.

Before I shipped on board this craft, I was questioned pret-

Before I shipped on board this craft, I was questioned pret-ty closely—suppose I ask you why this was so?

Well, will I give you a yarn about myself, or what? I died in 1830; my last cruise was on board the frigate Brandywine. I died on board, before we left the coast of Brazil—took sick on shore, by some reason unknown to me; was buried at sea. I think it was in the month of August I died, in the latter part of the month. I was second licutenant—name Charles Adams, a native of New York State. I have friends in Spring-ifield. New York—and if there is a nosable chance of my beau-Adams, a native of New York State. I have friends in Springifield, New York—and if there is a possible chance of my communing with them, I should like to do so. This is new to
me. I do not know as I am capable of performing this work
as it should be done, for it is but a short time shoul I learned
I could come to carth. I have been told something about
your publishing messages from different spirits. May I understand that you give a verbatim report?

Well, I think I might say something that would convince
my friends of my personality, if I could talk with them as I
speak with you. I suppose those who, remain on earth, who
chance to recognize this, may give me an opportunity to
speak with them, believing it is me.

speak with them, believing it is me.

They may say it is the devil, you say. Well, there is certainly one chance of its being, the devil—for all there is evil in me belongs to the devil. Interer was disposed to place any reliance in a personal devil, except what evil was to be found in each man and woman, and I am inclined to believe that I shall hever meet with any devil.

My folks are Episcopalians, and think much of the church; but I was never disposed to bow down to any creed. Oh, I was disposed to give credit for all that was good anywhere. I believed in a Bupreme Being, and ofted prayed to him, but I never believed it was right to pray as some men pray.

A short time before death, I thought I'd pray. Then again I said, if I pray, my prayer will spring entirely from fear, and I said, I have lived without fear, and I will die without fear, so I didn't pray. I felt gratoful to the Supreme Being for his many mercies, and longed to let my spirit soar to the spirit-life, that I might grasp the spiritual ere I took upon me a spiritual form.

not know as I have anything further to say. I was under the direct supervision of Commodore Storer. I will bid you good day, hoping to call here again whenever a favor able opportunity shall present. Good day. Dec. 29.

Abagail Simson.

My dear daughter-Do not get weary with my long delay, but know that I come only by will of Divinity. My dear child, you do not think of me as a fair off as many do, and so I am often in so near communion with you, as to be able to divine your thoughts. Two nights ago you were thinking of me, and I stood at your bedside; but your eyes were scaled to the things of spirit-life. Oh, struggle on with faith, my dear child, and the best fruits of the Father are yours. Dec. 20.

Charles Wilkins.

My name was Charles Wilkins. I lived in Roston. I went o school. I was nine years old. My father is dead. I have een dead four years. I guess I was drowned—yes, I was o school. I was nine years,

been dead four years. I guess I was drowned—yes, I was drowned. I was skating, and fell in. No, sir, it was n't a pleusant death—it was cold. I was skating on the Back Bay. It was one Wednesday afternoon.

I do n't want to say much to you; I want to go home. My mother lives on Sea street now. Her name is Mary Elizabeth. I've got two brothers, John and Robert—one is older, and one aint—one's smaller, and one's bigger. I want to tell her a good deal—do n't know, sir, what I want to tell; do n't like to tell her a good deal—do n't know, sir, what I want to tell; do n't like to tell her a good deal—do n't know, sir, what I want to tell; do n't like o tell here.

to tell here.

'Tis me that's here, sir, and I guess she'll believe me. I'll tell her about my dog. Tell her how I like it, because she kept him for me. Spot is his name; he's a water spaniel. He was n't with me when I was drowned. I got him when we lived on South street—bought him. I gave my comforter and mittens for him. Mother scolded me when I went home; said she wouldn't keep him, and she wouldn't have Mm. I'd only had him a little while, and I used to keep him down cellar nights; mother wouldn't have him up stairs. Now I like it because mother keeps him for me. She calls him Charley, 'cause he was my dog.

cause he was my dog.

My father wants me to tell mother he's sorry for going away and leaving her: he wishes he had n't. He's dead; he was dead before I was. He was n't at home when he died. Mother works—I did n't. She sews and washes sometimes. Mother works—I didn't. She sews and washes sometimes. Somebody helped me come here—I don't know who—I don't know him. Guess I got wet when I died. I went under the ice, and I cut my head on the ice when I went in. I aint Irish—ne sir; I hate the Irish. I lived in South Boston once. When I got my dog. I got him in South street. My sied, I don't want Bob to have it, but John—he's the littlest. I want them to keep my dog always, and sometime, perhaps, I'll come for him. I had a cat, once, and she had a fit, and died. No, sir, I haint seen her—do n't know where she is.

Thero's lots of folks round here—it's a meeting, I guess.

Sometimes I went to cherch—when mother lived in South Boston I went. No, sir, not the Catholic, but the white church on B street. I did n't have no clothes, and so I did n't go after that. I used to like the singing, and I'll never be happy here till I have a dog and some singing. Bob had a sled called the Reindeer—mine was the Flying Eagle. Bob has lost his, and I don't want him to have mine; I want John to have it; Bob is blg, and he can buy one when snow comes, I used to shovel sidewalks, and made ten cents on one, and mother said I might have all I made. Bob can do so too. Good bye.

Frances White.

My dear Brother-The last communicant carries me back in vision to the time of my transition from earth. Yes, I love to go to thee, for by so doing. I gather many precious gems of knowledge from earth I could not otherwise possess. My brother, I this day have been made your especial guar-dian spirit in all that pertains to the higher state of souls. The position is a pleasant one to me; may it be acceptable to

I will at some day give you a history of my school in my spirit nativity. Until then, adicu. PRANCES WHITE.

Mary Ann Marden.

I've come so many times, and all to no purpose! Can't you see? Don't you know who I am? Don't you know I was buried under Park Street Church fourteen years ago, when I first came; now it is fifteen years.

when I first came; now it is fifteen years.

I told you I left a husband, a son, and a daughter—my'son's name was William, and my daughter's, Elizabeth. Why do not some of my friends recognize me?

And so I will keep trying. Yes, fifteen years ago I was buried under Park Street Church, as I told you. Well, say I have come again; try for me. I remained under the church, and lay there a long time; then I was carried to Mount.

Anhurn. I had a fever and then I believe they said I won.

Auburn. I had a fever, and then I believe they said I wont into a consumption. The name of my physician was Clark. My husband was what you call a rigger. He was in East loston where I died.
I can't tell where they are, so I come here to see if you will not aid me in finding my friends.

This spirit has manifested twice before this, we believe. She always tells the same story, and appears to be truthful, but no one has ever recognized her. There are many facts in her messages which are correct.

Solomon Winslow.

What do you want of me? Too many things confuse me;

What do you want of me? Too many things confuse me; don't talk so fast—one thing a ta time, if you please.

My name was Solomon Winslow. Now the next thing. I lived in Concerd, N. H. Now the next. Age was forty-one. Do you want the exact age?—can't have it if you do.

What caused my death? I can't tell you; there is a difference of opinion there. I think I di-d of consumption, but some of my folks think I was a little too hard upon liquor. I was by trade a shoemaker, but did not work at it much—colly when I took a fit to only when I took a fit to. I don't know as I care to talk only to two; don't know as

I have got more than two friends on earth, and I think I can make them know me as easy as you write.

They came to me two days before I died, and said, "Sol,

what do you think of a hereafter?" I said I did not think much of it, and did u't know anything about it. They asked me if I knew of Spiritualism, and I told them I did not. Well, they said it was making some stir in the world, and they wanted the to come back and let them know if it was

One's name was Davis, and the other Tucker. They say One's name was Davis, and the other Tucker. They say you admit anybody here, so long as they tell the truth. What year is this? So I have been dead most six years! Confound it! and been all this time getting round? I've been smart! Time with us is not as it is with you-nothing to mark it for me. I have been round Concord since I've been dead.

Well, you'll say I'm dead, and all right. Rum sint manufactured where I am: and if it wasn't manufactured on earth, there wouldn't be anybody to drink it.

My wife went off and left me five years before I died. Her name was Lucy Welker before I married her.' She walked

My wife went off and left me nive years before I died. Her name was Lucy Walker before I married her. She walked off fast, one night; said she would a good many times; but I didn't believe she would. I never troubled myself to find out where she went, for I thought she was better off away from me. She said I abused her, but I didn't know it—it must have been when I was drunk. 'T was the rum—not me. I always thought she went to her brother, but never

I should like to find out what is to become of me. I've I should like to find out what is to become of me. I've been learning to talk for the last six years. I used to talk in the same way I do now, only when I was drunk they say I used to pray. I guess it was the only time I prayed. My father and mother died before me a long while. I had relations, but I hved a good ways from them, and there was some kind of a breach between my father and them, so of course I don't want to talk to them—they wouldn't know me from a side of sole-leather.

I can't talk like other people. If you ask me about your Bible and religion I can't tell you about it. Sundays I went gunning and fishing. Oh, can't say I nover went to church,

but never made a practice of it.

They said when I got on a spree I usually pointed for Boston. I know I lost thirty dollars in that city once, in my overcoat, and had to foot it back to Concord, in cold weather, oo.
If Tucker and Davis will only come up to the scratch, and

let me talk to them, I'll get along better. I think Tucker's name was George, but I always called him Tucker, so I am not sure—but Nat I know very well.

not sure—but Nat I know vory well.

Oh, I should like to live with you, give me plenty of money.
The world here is pleasant enough, but it don't exactly suit me. The fact is, I don't understand how to live here. They tell me about progressing here, but I guess I have been standing about still. But I haye made a little improvement, and I'll tell you how. There was a man in Concord I hated. I'did say I would kill him if I had a chance, but now I think I could shake hands with him. He says I'm to blame, but I think not; so I'll not give you his manie.

Well, I'll say good afternoon, and then do the next thing—get out.

Dec. 30.

George Collyer.

Why do I see all strange faces here to-day? I had expected to meet some of my own friends, for I was told that by coming here I might commune with them.

My name was George Collyer; I was born in St. Augustine,

My name was George Collyer; I was born in St. Augustine, Florida, and moved, with my parents, from there when I was only a few months old. I have been in spirit-life a little better than two years. I died at Savannah, whither I had gone to seek for health. My disease, I suppose, was consumption; I was twenty-two years of age. My father and mother both died before me—one when I was ten, and the other when I was fifteen—and I was left to the care of an aunt—sister to my mother—who then lived in Brooklyn, New York State, by name Worthington. I studied very hard with a view to enter the ministry, but continued ill-health prevented me from doing what I should have done.

I have friends in New York, in Boston, and in other places. I have been told by a friend, who is in spirit-life with me.

I have been told by a friend, who is in spirit-life with me, that I was needed on earth. My friends desire to speak with me. I was directed here, and came here with the purpose of meeting my friends; but you tell me I must speak with you,

and thereby I may reach thom.

I sometimes think there is nothing real in life—nothing taugible. Man grasps at bubbles, and they break, and he catches at nothing; and yet, again, he grasps, and finds at ill.

have also been told that he was the promulgator of Spiritual-iam—the founder of the se-called new theory.

I would like to enlighten the friends on earth, if I dared to; but really, I stand upon such uncertain foundation, I dare not step far, fearing I may fall, and, with it, carry others.

others.

For a time after my death, I was expecting to be judged for sins I had done in the mortal; and I knew I had not always done right, and fear took possession of me. After a time that wore off, and doubt and uncertainty took the place They tell me of a future of peace and happiness; but really it seems so far from me, that I fear I shall get weary in wait-

Ing.
I had been taught to believe, and did believe, that Christ was divine. Now, I am told he was only a perfect man; that he lived in strict accordance with nature's laws, and, therefore, high and holy manifestations were given by and through him.

I had been taught, also, to believe that if saved, man would be saved by and through him. Now I am told this is not the case; that he lived in times of darkness, and that the light

case; that he lived in times of darkness, and that the right shining through him was not comprehended by the people of his time, hence they understood not his true character.

The old theological foundation man has erected for himself on earth, gives way but slowly. I sometimes wish I had never known of Christianity—that I had come up a savage, and had lived a child of nature; then if I had sinned, the slu might have been winked at, as coming through ignorance.

ance.
But my friends—those to whom I would come and speakwhat shall I say to them. I cannot say the religion I possessed on earth was all beneficial to me. I always had a fear of death—cast is from me as I would, there was always a doubt, which would penetrate the chamber of my heart, and I now think, that had I fostered that doubt, it might have led me to a better understanding. But, alt! one must taste of the apple ere he can know whether it is pleasant

Now, I well know if I tell my friends, what I must, if I would be true to myself they will say, "If Spiritualism be true, that manifestation cannot come from our George," 'Oh God, I have changed! Would to God I had changed ere I eft-earth, for I see full well I builded a wall on earth which

I must now scale, if I would reach my friends.
When I look abroad upon earth, and see so many in dark-nees worse than mine, I am content with my situation; but I cannot rid myself of this terrible anxiety—the doubt of the hereafter. If there is a personal God, I want to know it. I have been told that God was a principle, pervading all nature, and not a personal being. Verily I believe this is so; but it clashes so hard with that I believed on earth, I would cover myself in oblivion, and think no more, if it were pos-sible. And I expected, before I left earth, that I should see God: I knew not at what time, or under what conditions, but I expected and all the second expected to see him.

Now I am told none can see God, except in his works;

that he is not a person, but an intelligence, that lives in all nature, yet has no form. Here, again, I am disappointed; the Christian will have much to contend with when he enters the second state of life, and I would to God I had the power to tear off the scales from the eyes of my friends. Well, well; if there is a God, he will in time make this plain. This passage of Scripture was constantly going through my mind, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Oh, I thought I should live, and live in the presence of God the Father. I expected to be punished for all my sins, and should be judged before a just God. But I find each individual becomes his own judge, and if he is condemned, he condemns himself. I will tell you why I believe it.

demns himself. I will tell you why I believe it.

A short time since, I was conversing with a spirit whose every appearance told no he was far above me in wisdom and purity. He told me that no one was to judge me but myself, and told me to go with him and I should prove it to so. I went to a place where every one seemed satisfied with

themselves, and all with each. I looked at myself, and I said, "I could not be happy here; take me back to the place "Now, my friend," said the spirit, "are you not satisfied; have you not judged yourself, and is not your judgment just?"

Just?"

I saw that this was true. When the knowledge was given me that I could come back and common with my friends, I said they will not see as I see; they must pass through the Jordan of death. Here again was a stumbing block. If I would mingle with them as I did on earth, I must be as I was on earth, and I cannot be. I have been told that my friends expected something from

me, and now I ask them, if they have any reason to believe me the spirit I purport to be, to give me an opportunity to prove myself to them, face to face, and I will do what I can

to enlighten them.
I have been told that it was my duty to return to earth and perform my work, marked out for me by a wise Creator. Oh, I would to God I could see him; but I suppose if he has a work for me to do, he will give me the means of performing it. I will now bid you a good day.

Edward Butler.

Well, you see I come to serve somebody elso—perhaps it's because I can't work for anybody else. There's a lady here that wants me to tell semebody on earth that she wants to talk to him. I've heen to you sometime ago. Do you know one Dolan, a tailor's Well, say Edward Butler, that he knows, and that used to work for him, has been here to-day to tell him that a lady that he knows wishes to talk to him, and wants him to give her an opportunity so to do. He'll know who the lady is, 80 she says. I'm a poor devil whose friends are all Catholics, and I can't talk to them. It's a fine to have 'your friends are all catholics, and I can't talk to them.

friends are all Cataones, and I can t take to them. It's a fine thing to coaic, but it's a finer to have 'your friends to talk to. I was a jour sometimes, and a pressman—sometimes I worked by the job, then by the piece.

Well, sir. I believe I have done the job, and will leave. I came to this country when quite young, and lived in Newfoundland before I came to Boston.

Dec. 30.

George White. -

I'm new to this business-don't understand it; but if you think I'm going on the wrong track, just speak and I'll try and get right. My name was Geo. White. I went from New Bedford in 1850, and died about one hundred and fifty mites north-west of San Francisco, in the mines. I died of disease of the bowels; was sick sometime, but not very sick; went off pretty quick. I came to this medium last night and I didn't know about this thing, so they told me I had better come here to-day, and they gave me some directions how to come. [This was true.]

Now, sir, my words are few, and I don't purpose to stop

long or to say a great deal. I have some friends, some reja-lions and some enemies as I suppose all have. Since I learned that spirits could commune I have been very anxious to do so; yet all this time I have not been allo to see a single mortal, till last night I stumbled as I thought, upon this me-

mortal, till last night i stumbled as I thought, upon this medium; but it seems it was planned by the spirit-guide of your medium, for purposes of his and yours, I suppose.

Now, sir, will you please say I should like to speak with my friends, and if they wish to speak with me, they must devise some way to do so, as I cannot aid them in that?

As regards being happy, I'm as happy as I can be. I must confess, I for a time, felt like living on earth, but after leaving leaving the graph in the graph. ing I could not again return to live on earth. I settled down into a feeling of perfect content and have been in the same situation ever since. I used to trade with John Barker in

David Sinclair.

New Bedford.

I don't see anybody I know here. I supposed I might, What does all this mean? I supposed I could talk to some one I knew, but I see they are all strangers. I wished to commune with my wife. I understand your explanation, but I am disposed the commune of the my wife. I am disappointe

My name was David Sinclair. I was born in Portland: I

I am disappointed.

My name was David Sinclair. I was born in Portland; I died in New York city, with my son, but I want to commune with others, it is so much botter.

In earth life I learned the bootmaker's trade, worked at it some time; but I had some little property left me by my uncle, and in the latter lart of my life I did nothing.

My son is a manufacturer of fire frames—fancy pieces set in to the fire-place—of iron. He's married. My wife is there, too. My son would be bitterly opposed to anything of this kind, and I'm too wise an old man to come to him for it. I lived to be soventy-six years of age. I was afflicted with rhoumatic difficulty for some years. My wife is sixty-three, if I have reckoned right. I have been dead since 1851. I don't think I have forgotten-much during that time. I suppose I had a rheumatic uffection of the heart at last. I had been quite sick, and badly affected for some weeks, but dled quite suddenly, and rather unexpectedly to myself, at last.

My wife thinks of removing; thinks she would be better satisfied to live alone. She don't like to be with the children. Now I don't hink it best; I do not want to diotate, but that is what I should say to her if I were with her. She is old, and don't like the tricks of the boys. I saw this before I died, but it is getting worse now. My son has get three children that I know of. I'm not aware he has any more.

I feel very glad to come here to-day, although I feel rather disappointed. I supposed my friends had made an effort to commune with me, and when I came I saw all strangers. I was rather disappointed, but not but little.

I suppose you send to New York—then how soon will you publish what I have given you?—A month! Well, I'll be pationt. I'm not so well prepared to speak with strangers as I would be to friends.

For the last few yours before I died, I think I had lost that positive control I had in youth, both over mind and body, and I sometimes used to get annoyed at very little things.

and I sometimes used to get annoyed at very little things. I took cold one night, riding in an open wagon. I suppose I never got rid of it, and that it was the starting point of all my

physical difficulties.
I do not find any special employment, but I am trying to inform myself in regard to myself, and to learn of these mani-festations, that I may return to my friends. I wish to inform myself, but first I must ascertain what is

to be my future. Others have occupation, and are very zeal-outs. I find many here quite as ready to believe in old theol-ogy as on earth. I do not find those whose who believed in the Orthodox mode of faith as happy as others I see, who did not bollove in the same faith. [The following was in answer to various questions proposed

by a 'visitor.]

If a man is willing to receive truth in the way or manner It a man is willing to receive truth in the way or manner in which it is obliged to come, if it come atail, he will get it; but if one desires to get it in his own way, and no other, he will be a long while in getting it. All have get to bow their opinions to nature. Jesus said it is hard to enter heaven—and again, it will be hard for a rich man to get into heaven. He meant thut it would be very hard for a rich man to bow to conditions that govern him, for heaven is but a condition of happiness.

I have listened to many discourses in spirit life in regard to the charter of lessy. That believe he was no more than

I have listened to many discourses in spirit life in regard to when on earth I believed in the Bible, and its contents. Now I find it fallacions. What shall I do? I am as a yeasel without captain or compans, and, as regards such a person of God, than you or I, but a very perfect man. I was a without captain or compans, and, as regards such a person is simply and that the believed and the lived and died as other mentitys and again, I am told he lived and died as other mentitys and little actions than I got on earth. I am not yet settled in my belief; I am going to inform invalid on all these died in the character of Jesus. They believe he was no more the contents.

I have listened to many discourses in spirit life in regard to the character of Jesus. They believe he was no more the character of Jesus he characte

The body retains its own identity, and I have met and ored at Dodworth's on Sunday, and probably will again sprized many friends.

Those who are mainted by accident, are not affected by major next Sabbath, after which the Quaker City will reognized many friends.

Those who are maimed by accident, are not affected by malformation here—but those malformed by nature, for a time retain the malformation; but nature will in time perfect here self—as soon as the form has thrown of all materiality, it becomes perfect.

comes perfect.

I see your forms, but not the material of your building your bodies look more dense—more earthly than ours, so I can readily distinguish the mortal from the spirit; yet I do not see your mortal bodies, except that of the medium I control, which I see unitable.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM H. B. STORER.

DEAR BANNER-We used to hear that time and space were unknown in heaven. What a country that would be for getting up a newspaper! Never obliged to apologize to correspondents for not publishing their articles because "space forbids,"—but New York. It would beat all the imitation negro putting them all in, yet able to get out the paper "in shows in the nation. I saw the big snake at Barno time." Don't you feel rather plothorio? Are you "all full, inside," like Charles Lamb in the that talked to Eve; but found ne remains of any that stage coach? or, like an omnibus, is there " room for one more?"'

What a way bill is yours, to be sure! "Saints, sinners, and the Beecher family," all crowding in to your regular line for weekly trips to ten thousand homes, scattered everywhere throughout the land. Passengers from both sides of Jordan-citizens of the New Jerusalem, and dwellers in the suburbs. If you please, "count me in."

My present visit to Central New York has been of the most pleasant character. At Utica, I found as a result of the recent convention, increased inquiry tured to audiences numbering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty. I should think, at the pleasant hall where meetings are held nearly every Sunday. Practical Spiritualism has led to the establishment of a Sunday and Charity School, some of the children being not only taught but clothed by their benefactors. It is intended that the wants of the poor and destitute, without regard to sectarian belief, shall be supplied as far as means can be collected and applied. Success to such practical efforts, under whatever name they may be made.

Visiting for a few days the Water Cure Establish ment of Dr. Holland, at New Graefenberg, I find a healthy interest manifested by all the patients, on the general subject of Spiritualism, and the prejudice which at former visits prevented some of them from enable them a freer action of their reason. I have spoken here on several occasions, and other mediums and lecturers have also accepted the kind hospitality of Dr. Holland, and rested temporarily from their labors. The uniform kindness and cordiality of all the patients, as well as that of the physicians here, have in some measure interested and profited them.

At Oswego, where I spoke for the first time on Sunday, January 16th, I was greeted by audiences numbering each about seven hundred persons, Mead's Hall, formerly the Presbyterian Church, was filled by a most intelligent audience, including many of the leading families of the city, and to my certain knowledge, many of the kindest hearts that can be found on the "footstool"-as our good old deacons used to call this little globe. Spiritualism prospers in Oswego, as it deserves to, and the subject has been canvassed in the local papers, both pro and con-the opponents, so far, splashing in very shallow water. The weekly circles held at private houses are numerously attended, and the kind feeling manifested at these social reunions with spirit friends, participate in them. I was told of many little tests, very remarkable and convincing in their nature, which I hope Brother Pierce will give you for publication, according to promise. I should like to write t length about Oswego, but space will not permit and I hope the friends will do it themselves.

I must however allude to the first funeral held under spiritual auspices in Oswego. 'Mrs. Sophia S. wife of Daniel W. Washburn, passed to the higher life on Monday, January 17th. She looked upon the change with perfect calmness and resignation, comtake the little babe, whose feebleness indicates that if will probably have a short experience in the earth Universalist Church was most cordially granted for the occasion, and a large audience assembled to hear improve the occasion. I believe it was one of deep interest to all, and the value of our inspiring and consoling faith in these hours of trial, was realized, not only by the friends more immediately bereaved. but all who were there brought into sympathy with Fraternally, H. B. STORER. NEW GRAUFENBERG WATER CURE.

BRO. OHASE IN NEW YORK.

DEAR BANNER-Deep down in the Gotham of America, where gather all sorts of people to make up a little world of itself, I find myself mixed and whirled and twisted with the other particles of living matter that give variety and anxiety to life.

Last week, I took leave of many warm hearts at the old "Providence Plantations," where I found many minds and hearts ripe and ready for our beautiful philosophy of life and immortality without any death in it. I stopped over two evenings at Westerly. where the friends can, if they choose, report for them. selves-for they know how to think, talk, and write. there, not with standing half the village runs on Sun day, carrying one factory, one furnace, and one machine shop. But they stop Saturday, and some of good as any, if the laborers get a chance to rest. I learned, on inquiry, that there was little or no difficulty in employing hands to work Sunday, even if they were not Sabbatarians. I think there is not much "Holy Day" sympathy with, the laborers of our country, but much feeling and interest in keep ing a day of rest.

On my way to this city I stopped at New London the truth of the story about the snake taken from the boy. I saw the boy, the snake, the medium (Dr. Blood.) Captain Smith (the father of the boy,) and very hard stories to prevent people from believing true. it true, lest it should aid the people in their march after knowledge of the good Spiritualism does.

On reaching this city, I found my old friend Levy had a place for me at his Spiritualist boarding house on West 85th street. A good audience smiled on me

ceive a visit from a stranger. I have tried to be happy and learn something since I came here; and spent one evening at a circle, which is, I believe, over two years old. Have walked the streets and viewed the tall steeples, and pitied the poor children whose bare feet I saw on the cold stone sidewalk, and wondered why the believers in and followers of Jesus did not warm their churches, and call them in there, and let the preachers teach and feed them during the week. As they are employed by the year, and only have to preach one day in seven, it seems as if they might practice all the rest of the week. I have also seen the imitation negroes in the minstels-to me a miserable farce, and I wonder some Yankes does not get up an imitation Gotham and living num's, and inquired if they had any of the species could talk. But as that was before mankind had invented a Devil, or eaten of the tree of Knowledge (science and experiment,) I presume it must have been in the days and land of fiction, from which Barnum did not collect specimens-except one, in an empty box, from Silver Lake, somewhere in this State, and that I did not see. I saw cats and dogs, and rabbits and monkies, &c., all living together in a cage, far more harmonious than some of the groups of bipeds I saw in the streets.

To-day I visit the Toombs, and this evening lecture in Brooklyn, and the rest of the week shall see what, into the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism. I lec- I shall see, and say my say, and depart, satisfied that New York is the whirling centre of a whirling na. tion. The BANNER gives its light here, and is watched, waited for, and welcomed as a bearer of good tidings. WARREN CHALE

New York, Jan. 27, 1859

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

WM. KEITH, TOLLAND, Cr., of a circle in which Mrs. Wm. Keith was the medium, relates the following :- "We requested the spirits to manifest themselves by the tip of the table. which request they very soon complied with. After communicating some time in this manner, with our hands upon the table, the presiding spirit ordered that we how draw back from the table and remove our hands, to which request we all, including the medium very readily complied. As we thus sat around the table, no one being in physical contact therewith, or within one foot of the table, it was raised on hearing the lectures, now sufficiently dissipated to two legs and tipped directly into the lap of one of the gentlemen present. After having stood in this manner for a few moments, it gently came down on its four legs, and made signs for the alphabet, which we read over, thus communicating for the space of two hours, answering questions without the slightest touch of the medium, and without any leaving their seat, save one, who was so skeptical that he asked permission to take the light and examine the table and floor, and having thus satisfied himself that the manifeshas always tended to refresh my weary spirit, and I tation was not occasioned by any human agoncy, he resumed hope the lectures given through my instrumentality his seat, perfectly satisfied that he had been no dupe of any trickery or deception. Now, Messrs. Editors, if the worldly wise wish for further proof of the above statement, there are, to say the least, twelve gentlemen and ladies, good and true, of the highest respectability who are ready to substantiate the truth of the above statement by making oath before any

WILLIAM C. GOWAN, KRENE, N. H.-Eight years since, Stillman French of this place was the loser of a pocket-book containing money, the loss of which caused some excitement at the time. No clue being had to the lost money, and the subject almost forgotten, unexpectedly to Mr. French, he recently received a communication, purporting to come from an old friend-the spirit of Benjamin Foss-in which communication he was directed to tear up the wooden steps on the south side of Mr. Keyes's store, and there he would find his lost pocket-book with the contents safe, the same as when lost. Mr. French treated this communication with great contempt, and at first refused to look for the pocket-book as directed; but after considering there would be no harm in so exerts the most beneficial influence upon all who doing he made the search and found the packet-book just in the place the spirit, through the medium, had described; and the contents and money also, as described. This was done in the presence of the proprietors of the store, and many other persons. Mr. French recognized the pocket-book and contents as near as be could recollect, to be the same precisely as when lost eight years ago. The following are among the number who can testify to the truth of this statement. Stillman French, Jacob Hart, Levi Smith, Thomas Ball, Levi Chase and Emery Dickinson.

H. C., NEW LONDON .- " Spiritualism, for the last three months, has been doing a mighty work here; the marked manifestations of spirit identity has proved spirit intercourse beyond a doubt. The chains of bigotry, superstition, forms forting her husband with the assurance that she and ceremonies, are being broken by this light, which nothing should not leave him; that she should soon come to | can break but the light of truth. It has been like uproofling the mighty oak, to get the creed-bound community to listen one mement to the whispers of unseen friends. But the crust is broken, and as one after another emerges from their life; and be to him and her two little boys, a guide crusty creed forms, they begin to see themselves covered with to the better life. By request of the friends, I of the dust and mould of ages past, and they shake it off, and it ficiated at the funeral on Wednesday. The use of the falls at their feet. The work goes bravely on. We have been highly delighted with a perfect intellectual feast, in four lectures, through one who has endeared herself to all here who have made her acquaintance, viz.: Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felthe discourse with which our spirit friends sought to ton. We cheerfully commend her, with her good husband, to the notice of all who may need her valuable services."

> GAINES FENN, PERRYVILLE, Cr., relates a remarkable cure, wrought through a trance medium, Mrs. William Keith, of Tolland. Mr. Elam Penn had suffered for two years from broughial paralysis, during which time he had been unable to speak an audible word, and, by physicians, his case was pronounced hopeless and incurable. On Bunday evening, January 18, at a regular circle, while the medium was entranced, she arose, and passed around the circle, until she came to Mr. Fenn. She then commenced making passes around his throat and face, and in less than three minutes his voice came to him, since which time he has conversed at his pleasure. The truth of this wonderful cure is vouched for by the following eye witnesses, who are acquainted with all the facts:-Elam Fenn, Selden Tracy, Eli McKee, Lydla A. Fenn. Hannah Goodwin.

Anonymous, N. Y. STATE .- "Spiritualism is waking up in all parts of this State. The late Syracuse Convention has caused much interest, which is working out a great benefit to the people. Nearly every village, town and city, is now open for trance and normal lectures. It is to be regretted that most of our speakers seek only to lecture in the best pay ing places. Western and interior New York has over one hundred thousand professed Spiritualists, by whom the spiritunlist newspapers are received and read."

[We would remind our friend "Anonymous," that there are noble exceptions to those who only lecture in the "best them go to church that day, which I suppose is as paying places:" Emma Hardinge, we know, is one, and we doubt not there are many others. We are informed, from credible authority, that Miss Hardinge has repeatedly refused to take for her lectures any more than was sufficient for the bare support of herself and her good mother.] \

C. H., NORTH BRIDGEWATER, relates the case of a medium who, in a tranco, in the town of Abington prescribed for a gentlemen by the name of Leach, then very sick in North Brookfield-which prescription was sent by post-the medicine prescribed, administered, and the patient immediately and looked up evidence enough to fully satisfy me of rolloved by it. A letter from North Brookfield was then mailed to this medium acknowledging the receipt of the prescription, and stating the beneficial effect of the medicine-Before this letter was received by the medium she was again entranced, and in this trance read the contents of the letter. several other citizens; and heard how it alarmed and stated that it was then in the mail, on its way, and would the enemies of Spiritualism, many of whom resort to be received that evening in the post-office, all of which proved

> SEARCHEE, PORTLAND. Luigt Monti, in his strade against Spiritualism, reminds ine of one of Byron's characters, wild

Was also or tain that the world was pounds.

Was also certain that the world was pounds.

Because he journeyed fifty miles; and found (# 2).

No sign that is was circular anywhere it.

The Public Press.

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.

Ransom, at Utica, has been kindly sent to us for publica- of the world, guiding the pen of the poet, who so

come to the inhabitants of this world on errands of the orator with eloquence divine, upon which, perlove and mercy. The Bible, we all know, is filled chance, hung a nation's destiny, giving strength to with accounts of intercourse between men and an- the philanthropist, and inspiring all true reformers gels. Traditions existing in the Roman Catholic with a love and capacity to promote the world's ad-Church—also traditions of Indians who received vancement. The more perfect its development the visions of their beautiful spirit-land, with crystal nearer will it approximate the plane of Heaven; streams meandering among the hills and leaping consequently, as a whole, it is more susceptible to o'er the orimson onyx stone; towering forests filled spiritual impressions, and possesses the power to cloquence; beautiful beasts, and birds with celestial extent than ever before. True, it has had its prophmore modern facts, present a glimpse of that chain who were in the immediate circle of his spirituality. great scale of progression.

sixteenth century, is given a striking instance of thank God the world has arrived at this exalted spiritual influence. The massacre lasted in Paris state of development, and may we, his instruments, eight days and nights, without any apparent diminu- improve our powers to hasten this unfoldment. tion of fury. Charles the Ninth, who was then king The darkness which so recently filled the house of France, commanded the same scene to be renewed of death, is now dispelled by light from above; the in every town in the kingdom. This done, Protest- mourner, no longer reaches for the phantom, faith, antism was thought subdued; but the crime pro- which cannot satisfy the longing soul, for the imduced neither peace nor advantage. Soon the civil pression which pervades all churches, that ministerwar was renewed with greater force than ever. ing angels hover about us, is now verified by their Mere abhorrence of the measure caused many Catho- manifestations, their appearances, and the truths lics to turn Protestants. Then, continues history, they reveal to us of man and the material world, of "Charles himself seemed stricken with avenging God and the Universe. The valley of death is radifate. As the accounts of the slaughter of old men, ant with beauty. The Spiritualist sees her darling women and children were successively brought to infant pass into the arms of angel mothers, and him, he drew aside his first surgeon, to whom he was knows her love will attract it to her bosom still, much attached, and said to him, 'Ambrose, I know where she will instill her own wisdom of this munnot what has come over me these two or three days. dane sphere into its budding spirit, ad this sweet I see everything as if I had a fever. Every moment, consciousness stimulates her to action, and elevates as well waking as sleeping, the hideous and bloody her soul, engendering purest love and happiness. faces of the killed appear before me. I wish the A daughter, weeping for the waywardness of earweak and innocent had not been included.' From lier years, despairing that she did not hear that that time a fever preyed upon him, and eighteen fond mother say, "I forgive you all," before her lips months later he died; but not until he had granted ceased to move, receives a mother's message, " Weep peace to the Huguenots."

proper means of salvation.

At a still later period, the manifestations in the ened world, to aid in spiritual development. Also, says, "Be not sorrowful, dearest, I am still thine, could not leave until he had preached the true gos noble purposes will he labor the remainder of his pel, and although he insisted upon going at a certain days. time, he told him it would storm, and he could not A brother, who saw the beauty of his sister's go, and so it proved. Now, from whence came these form fade away, her spirit shining radiantly as she impressions, but from ministering angels, who were communed with the companions of her final home, laboring to cruse the dreadful picture of future and | meanders with her by the brook and pond, gathering eternal misery, which hung upon the walls of nearly the lily, analyzing its parts, and enhaling its essence every soul within the form? Murray and his follow- of divine love-communes again with her spirit. ers did, and are still doing much, and Spiritualists enjoys with her again the crimson west and purple more, to wipe away the horrid scene of an Omnipo least, the flower and the mountain, the music of tent, angry Being, high on his great white throne, birds and waterfalls, seeing, feeling God everywhere, surrounded by a chosen few, who have nothing to do and penetrates, with her aid, the depths of nature but sing praises to his name eternally; a wide, deep gulf intervening, beneath which is the dreadful hell his spirit, ever giving attention to the voice of his we have often heard described as paved with infant sister, his soul is continually exalted, and his life skulls, o'er which the tide of burning brimstone one of untiring zeal and action, giving his energies never ceases to roll, while the souls of the condemned and his possessions to the relief and elevation of are in the midst of the boiling waves, some clinging humanity. perchance to rocky walls of sin, calling ever, ever for help; the devil abroad tempting and securing more souls, while his argels plunge them into the dreadful ocean as they pass from earth; and, towering on his throne, the Great Revengeful sits, laughing at their calamities, possessing all power to save.

To what nobler work could angels aspire, than to erase such a picture, and produce a blank upon which to paint a glowing scene that will gladden the souls of millions, inspiring them with a longing to press onward, never fearing, but ever relying up on an Omnipotent Being of Love ?- a living picture of man's true life, in time and eternity, portraying those golden steps which the lowest of our species commence to ascend, each plane possessing new hearties and excellences adapted to the wants of those who are there, led onward by loving scraphs to planes of unspeakable beauty and grandeur, where angels dwell, advancing still upward upon those beautiful steps, thronged with the celestial host, never stopping, never reaching the summit, and ever approaching nearer to perfect knowledge and happiness, and to the God of infinite love, wisdom and

Numerous are the facts of past ages evincing the influence of unseen spirits. No true poet ever wrote, who did not confess a high and holy inspiration poured sun and the free air is wasted, and we become feeble into his soul from an influence far above the material world. What are poets' muses? Mythology informs us they were the daughters of Mnemosynethe goddess of Memory-who divided among themselves the treasure of wisdom their mother alone possessed. Real inspiration cannot originate from an imaginary cause; but the ancients, being ignorant clearly discover spiritual beauty, nor can the radiof the true cause, gave them this embodiment, placing ance of angel faces beam in upon our spirits; conthem among their delties, and an ancient bard thus sequently we must be comparatively gloomy, unable sings in their praise :-"They pour on the lips of man whom they favor,

the dew of soft persuasion; they bestow upon him wisdom, that he may be a judge and umpire among his people, and give him renown among nations; and ism of the universe; if we do not obey those which the poet who wanders on the mountain top, and ip govern us, discord and unhappiness must ensue. the lowly dales, is inspired by them with divine strains, which dispel sorrow and grief from the breast of every mortal."

who has felt their power.

inhabited the heavenly mansions; it is evident their striving for the higher life-our prayer will be impressions were correct, and had they possessed the granted as. We cannot pray top carnestly, nor labor, knowledge of lieaven, its inhabitants, and their ave, with too much determination, and we will not only ontions, with which this age is blessed, they would be happier here, but what a wealth we will have have only had to supply the word langel for muse; for acquired, to possess and multiply when we reach our the experience of all pools prove them not beings of final home. We will then have means to fulfill our and three-quarters damned. Let us read the Bible

imagination, for their influences are realities, and how could an effect exist without a cause?

Did we possess a clear spiritual sight we could discover that from the commencement of human IThe following extracts from a lecture by Mrs. Julia H. history, angels have ever been aiding in the progress gently captivates the souls of myriads, moulding Most ancient history reveals the fact that angels them in love, purity, and refinement, impressing with warriors brave, and orators sublime in their communicate with disembodied spirits to a greater voices singing amid bowers of love,-these with ets, its poets, and its Christ and his followers, whose links of spiritual influences connects past Still, not until the present, has the mass received generations to the present, and elevate all in the impressions and communications, seen disembodied spirits, and produced a multiplicity of physicians to During the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in the bless and restore the suffering everywhere. We

not, my child, I forgave you all at the time. Be This circumstance was evidently produced by the thankful for the experience you have acquired and influence of the murdered ones, and accompanying profit thereby; for 'tis requisite in the unfoldment angels; not in revenge, but to awaken the king to a of your better and higher nature, and for the fulrealizing sense of his crime, to prevent farther tor- fillment of your duty to your own offspring." Such ture and butchery, and to transfer him to a world is the depth of a true mother's affection which never where he could no longer use his power to paralyze ceases to flow into the spirits of her children. Would and deprave humanity, but where powerful influences | that orphans could always realize they are not mothwould overcome his malice, and elevate him to a plane erless, for her love will not permit her to be severed where he could receive truth, and understand the from them, but she is ever near, endeavoring to impress them with pure thoughts and sentiments.

Oh, what bliss to the lone-hearted husband, to see house of John Wesley, were an evidence that spirits his beloved in his dreams, feel her hand upon his were hovering about him, permeating his soul with forehead, drink once more the dew of affection from truth divine, which shone like the sun upon a dark- her lips and hear again her musical whispers, as she the circumstance related in the Biography of John and with you ever. Soon I will lead you to our Murray, is an instance of spirit impression. Potter home I am adorning amid the glories of the spiritbuilt a church for some unknown preacher, whom he world; be patient, for we have much to accomplish, knew. from impression, would be sent him. Murry there and here, before the re-marriage of our spirits, came to his house, a stranger, to buy fish, when Pot-sanctioned by God and angels." What consolation ter declared him to be his preacher, saying also he is this to the bereaved companion, and for what

and God's vastness. If he obeys the intuitions of

Have we not, each of us, a parent, child, sister, companion, or some friend, among the pure and blest of heaven, who watch over our spirits, impressing us with lofty aspirations, and love and charity for all of our Father's children? Are we not prone to subdue the noble impulses of our souls for selfish aims? Ah, could we count the imperishable treasures we might acquire, and estimate the lasting joy they would yield, with the accuracy we do our perishable possessions, methinks we would strive more to unburden the spirit of this material curtain, which so shuts out the light and warmth of divine love, that we might discover our place in relation to the human family; the object of the Creffor in placing us here, and the joys that await us in time and eternity, should we prove good and faithful servants in the advancement of His purposes. We must disrobe our spirits of the dark and heavy draperies of selfishness, ignorance, and sin, ere the faces of our angel friends can shine fully in our own, filling our souls with light and happiness. If we occupy a room of filth, with dingy windows, or suppose we are in one of luxury, darkened by a display of heavy curtains, in either, the light of the sun is dimly seen, the beautiful landscape shut out from our vision, and the strength we derive from the and useless, possessing a morbid appreciation of the objects and amusements of the room. So, also, our bodies-the tenements our spirits inhabit, must be pure from foul stimulants, and free from luxurious food, or the inner sun cannot give light and strength to our spirits; we cannot look upon Nature, and to fulfill our mission, and relishing most the gratification of a material nature. There are natural laws governing all things, from the anatomical structure of the simplest conferva, to the wonderful mechan-Let us bless God that we are permitted to learn his ways from wise angels, who are free from the contaminating influences of the mundane sphere. If Who will dony in this enlightened age that this is we heed their teachings, forsaking that which pronot the mission of angels? Methinks no poet will, duces inharmony, praying ever for more light and purity, for the influence of elevated spirits, and for It was also the idea of the ancients, that the muses a union with those in the form, who are likewise

the glories of a still more exalted life where naught finality. but spirit dwells, and drink the very essence of love Would it not be more modest at least, to say these and science, never ceasing in our search for more are parts of the great system of truth; but the beauty, more granden and more knowledge of the infinity of his wisdom, who can tell? I will now tion, God the Father and mother of all, within whom belief in atonement through a vicarious sacrifice. all things exist.

THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

fearlessly and boldly his sentiments upon every ques- God was aroused to act, and by incarnating himself tion involving the freedom and progression of hu in the form of man, accepted the curse of a violated manity. Mankind have too long been held in lead. law, received the chastisement demanded, and thus ing strifts-too long thought by proxy; it is time to think for ourselves; no longer admire the playthings of our mental babyhood, but exert the ener- it possible for man to avail himself of this means gy and independence which become our manhood and of deliverance, to become reconciled to the supposed romanhood. Among the obstructions to the mental elevation of the race. I consider none more potent than the following, of which I wish briefly to speak. reasons: First, because God is not, nor never can First, the Bible as a finality, and the moral guide be, offended with man; second, because man is not and instructor for past, present and coming generations. Second, belief in the Vicarious Atonement. as a finality, or an infallible guide, more than many other books. The clergy inform us that it is plenarily are to be credited, such is not the fact. So far from this being the case, the early history of the Bible is shrouded in almost impenetrable darkness. It was entirely unknown to any of the human race except the small nation of the Jews, until so late a date as the Sanchanistha, makes no reference to the Rible or even to the Jews as a nation. The celebrated Wysecond page 415,) shows that the Jews only came into notice in Greece, after the time of Alexander the Great. He establishes the important fact, so tenaciously concealed by Christians, that the Jews were unknown to the world as a nation until they were subjected by the Romans. Professor Cooper observes, No authentic historian of ancient times, Josephus excepted, has ever mentioned the Jews as an independent nation."

But who were these Jews so highly favored ?-the only nation entrusted with the holy word? Were they among the scientific and learned nations of those times? On the contrary, they were held in sovereign contempt by every nation acquainted with them. Apulonius says of them, they were the most trifling of all the barbarians, and they were the only people who had never found out anything useful for life-Dr. Burnet in his Archeological Philosophy, saysthey were of a sluggish nature, and bereft of humanity. A vile company of men-an assembly of slaves, who understood no art but that of making brick." Josephus admits his countrymen were so ilheld intercourse with their learned neighbors. No peo de of antiquity were more ignorant than the Jews. and Romans produced their men of science and erudition, the Jews added nothing to the glorious pyramid of human knowledge. Yet are we called upon to believe, even in this ningteenth century, that an all-wise Being, and all-good, selected them as his chosen people, and especially entrusted them with his divine word.

But history further informs us the Jews themselves, and their priests, were ignorant of this book for many centuries subsequent to the time when it is supposed to have been written. The first time any mention is made of any book answering to the Old Testament, was in the year 628, B. C.; the story is ecorded in the thirth fourth chapter of the second book of Chronicles, and the whole story rests upon the bare assertion of the Jewish priest, Hilkiah. It is further evident that there was but the one copy at that time in possession of the whole Jewish nation. and they were indebted for this one copy to this priest, who offered no authority, save his own word.

Professor Cooper, in his admirable letter on the Pentateuch, observes, when referring to the account of Hilkiah finding this book: "We are not informed." says he. " where he found it, and no account whatever is given. It is a fact of some importance, and one with which the people are generally unacquaint ed, that the Bible is not a book of great antiquity: neither is it the first, or the best, that was ever written: there were other composers who flourished before Ezra, the real author of the Old Testament; he lived only four hundred years before Christ, while Orpheus flourished nine hundred-years before Christ: Hesiod and Homer, eight hundred; Zoroaster and Belus, seven hundred; Lyourgus, Numa, Thales, Pittacus and Bias, six hundred; Pythagoras, Æsop, Solon, and many of the Grecian philosophers, three hundred-not mentioning the ancient books of the Chaldens, Arabians, Hindoos and Chinese. It becomes every lover of truth to carefully examine history-to examine into the character of the men who collected and drew up the Jewish writings. We must know whether they were inspired or not.

What says the eminent Christian writer. Le Clerk. upon this vital point. In his disquisition upon inspiration, he remarks: "It may be said that the books, in the Jewish Canon ought to be acknowledged as divinely inspired, rather than the Apocrypha that never was in it. He says that no clear reason is brought to convince us that those who made the catalogue of their books were infallible, or had any inspiration whereby to distinguish inspired books from those which were not inspired." Such is the testimony of a writer, admired by all Christians, showing that we have only the testimony of mere fallible men, and ignorant and cunning priests, for the genuineness of the Old Testament.

It is conceded by the most learned Christian authors, Du Pin, (author of a complete history of the Books of the Old Testament,) St. Eucharius, etc., that to a more perfect existence. we have but a small part of the original manuscripts, present copies are taken; and Archbishop Usher, a dying. man of vast Biblical knowledge, maintains that the Septungint is a spurious copy, that the genuine one, translated by the seventy-two men, by direction of the above-mentioned king, was lost at the burning of the Alexandrian Library. Therefore, calculating our salvation from the amount of God's word now in our possession, we should be one quarter saved, and three quarters damped. Let us read the Bible

mission there, and penetration and refinement to with an honest desire to glean from, and benefit by, fathom the depths of the Universe, and perceive all the truth it contains, but not regard it as a

Infinite, but never attaining the ultimate of perfect briefly state some objections against the popular This belief is founded upon the assumption, that the Author of mankind, on account of transgression, became offended, and demands satisfaction from the We live in an age when it has become imperative offending party; but, as the offending party had no upon every independent and honest man to declare means of satisfying the demand, the benevolence of propitiated himself by an acceptance of the substitute for the sake of man. This system only makes offended party. Spiritual science objects to this, which is but an external system, for the following guilty, as this system supposes; third, because it is naturally, spiritually, and philosophically imposeiknow no reason why we should receive the Bible ble for an innocent person to assume the guilt of another, and justly bear the penalty of the offender; fourth, because justice could never demand it, nor inspired; but if the testimony of the most learned mercy grant it. Love can never operate against Christian writers, together with the ablest historians, eternal principles; fifth, because the demands of justice could never be met, according to the system. Justice seeks only to adjust all things-in other words, justice is a principle of the Divine government, and can never relinquish its claims upon anything until its demands are fulfilled; sixth, accord. year 287, B. C. Neither Hesiod, Homer, Herodotus, ing to the Orthodox system, God only satisfies himnor any of the immortal minds of antiquity, make self in the atonement offered; it is an incarnation any allusion to it. The great Phoenician historian, of Deity offering a gift to himself; seventh, because it offers a reward to wrong, and is immoral in its tendency; eighth, it makes special legislation a part tenhach, in his reply to Josephus, (Opuscula, volume of the divine government, whose rules of operation are without change; ninth, because this system is against works, causing man to look to means and influences outside of himself, as incentives to benevolent actions, disregarding the operations of his own spirit; tenth, it is opposed to the normal development of his spiritual nature. No man who believes in true spiritual philosophy, can receive the Orthodox view of salvation. Still, I recognize the birth of a Saviour and redeemer into the heart of universal humanity, wherein Deity is incarnated, dwelling in the interior of man's soul, and continually imparting love and wisdom to the internal, or spiritual man. Thus, I believe each man and woman is born with his or her Saviour within them: for man is a universe in epitome—he contains in his soul an incarnated Deity, which must, and will, unfold in harmony, order, and beauty. The germ of immortal unfolding resides within the spirit, and, when touched with the celestial rays of divine love, it shows the expanding and elevating powers of the soul, its latent beauties are called forth, which impel it onward towards its original source of an eternal literate as never to have written anything, or to have life. While I can see no necessity for the shedding of innocent blood to placate the supposed anger of an offended Deity, I can see the vital principles of While the Chaldeans, Arabians, Egyptians, Grecians divine love, with their redeeming and saving influences, raising the soul's lefty aspirations to those serene heights of supernal blessedness, and becoming more and more assimilated to its divine arche-DR. E. L. LYON. type.

DEATH.

Death in all ages has been a terror to mankind. The pains and tortures supposed to be endured, and the dread of that endless punishment of which theologians teach, consequent on bad deeds on earth, are well calculated to fill the mind with awe and anguish. It is also written and taught that sin entered the world, and death by sin. This is an error; for operated on all organizations-such as sea plants, fishes, fand plants, reptiles, birds, and mammalia,long before the introduction of the human form into existence.

The event of death in man's life, is only such an event as takes place in all organizations; and is only-a change of existence. The body being matter, must of necessity change as all other matter-being subject to the same laws. Wise and scientific men will tell you that this change, death, or transition, is imprinted on it by laws, or is fraught with, or is inherent in all substances; as plainly visible in the bursting of a bud into a flower, as it is in the vast pavilion of all life. Every transition of form is a death to the old, and a birth to the new.

The world is constantly changing in all its forms -old ones are going out of existence, and new ones coming in-and this great "In" is, by turns. evacuated and replenished by troops of succeeding forms and generations. The bursting of a rose bud into a flower-the dewdrop absorbed by the sunthe worm becoming a butterfly—the frog at first a water, and afterwards a land animal—all these are but instances of the vast number of changes or deaths, going on in the vast creation.

Everything is being born again. The natural process of dying is really nothing more than passing into a pleasant and dreamless slumber, represented by night in the natural world. The worn spirit toils during his day of life, and seeks repose in the night, which we liken to death or change of condition -night is only the index of another day. The spasms and contortions of the body sometimes witnessed, are not indicative of pain and distress, but only efforts of the whole frame to retain its animating soul. Two such friends as these have been in earth-life, cannot separate without some trial. But these movements of the spirit, are indexes of unutterable delight; for, when the body gives forth its last possession, we see expressed a smile on the countenance, an evidence of the brightness and splendor pervading the spirit's home. Death or change, then, is but passing through an open door

Do you fear to die? Why, you commence dying and the few we possess were collected by the priest when you have had all your powers and faculties Ezra. Up to the year 287 B. C., this Book of Life fully developed. Death is imperceptible, though it had been confined to the Jews alone, when it was is constantly taking place when your powers of translated into Greek by order of the Egyptian king, mind become impaired when your vigor begins to Ptolemy Philadelphus, and from this most of our fail-when strength begins to depart-then are you J. Coverr.

Life is fleeting as a shade-Make your mark. Marks of some kind west be made-Make it while the arm is strong, In the golden hours of youth; Mover, never make it wrong Make it with the stamp of Truthtrans of stant or all Make your mark! We said the confidence on the property of the

PROPHECY.

It follows, as a matter of course, that the Divine Being, who knows what train of events will happen at any future time, however distant, may declare the fact that they will happen at any time anterior to their occurrence. This declaration is prophecy, or prediction, and may be made by the agency of men diviney inspired for this purpose, or in any other way that it may please the Deity to adopt. These prophecies, according to the Bible, have been made at different periods of the world, for the purpose of furnishing additional attestation to the truth of some revelation, which was to be accompanied by their fulfillment; or, as affording evidence of the general and constant superintendence of Divine Providence over the universe, and that nothing can happen without the Divine prescience.

The prophecies related in the Bible, must, from their very nature, be either unknown to the persons who are to assist by their agency in their fulfillment—or, if known to them, must be clothed in such language as to leave them entirely ignorant how they are to be fulfilled, and that they themselves are to be the instruments in their fulfillment. It follows, then, that it must be a matter of impossibility for any one to discover, beforehand, how they are to be fulfilled, and that the fulfillment itself can be the only way of explaining the prophecy. The accuracy of these remarks will appear from the following considerations.

The fulfillment of the prophecies contained in the Bible, is effected by the moral actions of men, no less than any other transactions in which they may be engaged-by actions for which they are held accountable, and made the subjects of reward or punishment. Now if the manner in which prophecies were to be fulfilled, was to be known previously by those who were to take a part in their fulfillment. it would destroy altogether their free agency in regard to them, and, of course, their accountability: for they would either consider themselves as under a Divine injunction from the prophecies themselves, to pursue that course which would effect their fulfullment: and so, instead of incurring any guilt from their conduct, would, in fact, be serving God and executing his commands-or else they would omit altogether to take those steps which the fulfillment of them required, and which, in fact, constituted their fulfillment from the apprehension of committing a crime, and incurring the punishment consequent upon it; and, in this case, the prophecy would either not be be fulfilled, or they must be compelled by some irresistible influence to assist in its fulfillment, and so not be free agents, and, of course, not responsible for their conduct-not subject to reward or punishment for it.

And the foregoing views do not militate at all with the benevolence of the Deity, or the moral liberty of his creatures. It is not necessary for the purpose to be effected by the fulfillment of any prophecy, that the manner of its fulfillment should be known beforehand. Its purpose is effected by its fulfillment, and not by the manner of its fulfillment being known previously. And so long as the Deity does not exercise any compulsory force over his creatures, in obliging them to pursue that course which will tend to its fulfillment, the fact that they are actually employed at the time in fulfilling a prophecy made by him, does not at all destroy their free agency in regard to it.

From the preceding remarks it will be clearly understood why it is that the prophecies contained in the Bible are so highly metuphorical and ambiguous, and how perfectly vain it is to attempt an interpretation of them, by giving a perfectly literal, or, indeed, any construction to them, anterior to their fulfillment. That they were not intended to be understood beforehand, is evident as well from the very fact of this kind of language being used, as from the foregoing considerations—for there is no reason for such language being employed, extept purposely, to conceal the manner of their fulfillment, until, it

To illustrate the foregoing reasoning, suppose the prophecies relating to Jesus Christ in the Old Testament had been clothed in such language as clearly to designate him beyond all manner of doubt as soon as he should make his appearance among the Jews. It is perfectly evident that neither he nor they could have sustained their respective characters in the events of that period. If the prophecies relating to him had been so explicit and precise, as to convince them without any reasoning that he was their promised Messiah, to fulfil them. they would either have considered themselves as directed to persecute and crucify him by the prophecies themselves, and so instead of being the objects of Divine wrath for so doing, they would in fact be discharging their duty, and be the objects of the Divine complacency-or else they must have been operated upon by some supernatural force for this purpose, and so lose their free agency, and of course not be justly the subjects of punishment. And in either case, the effect of his conduct and his sufferings would have lost their chief efficacy, since, instead of then being a return of good for evil, forgiveness for injury, and benevolence for cruelty, he would be merely submitting to a fate in which he and his enemies were alike acted upon by some supernatural influence, which they neither could control nor resist. Both would have been mere machines, acting the part assigned to them, and so neither meritorious nor criminal. This is, however, altogether different from the fact. Both parties were moral agents, acting according to their own will and pleasure, though at the same time fulfilling the prophecies contained in the Old Testament respecting them; and the one was punished, and the other rewarded, as having acted in a manner to have deserved the one or the other recompense.

It will follow, from the foregoing remarks, that prophecy in its own nature, and for the purpose to be accomplished by it, must be at the same time in the terms of it, so minute, that it will clearly be perceived, when it is fulfilling and has been fulfilled. that such is the case, and at the same time not so minute that the manner of its fulfillment shall be known before the time arrives, so as to control the actions of men and thus destroy the free agency in that conduct, which is to precede the fulfillment, and render it necessary that it should take place. By necessary. I mean that there should be this dispensation of the Deity, called for by the existing state and conduct of mankind, or that portion of it to be affected by it in the course of his moral providence. The reasons why prophecy should not be too minute. have been just stated. The reason why it should be sufficiently minute, is perfectly obvious, for otherwise it could never answer the object of prophecy. as it could never be satisfactorily determined, when it had been fulfilled. W. B. A.

New York Reports.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y. Sunday, January 30th, 1859.

Trxr.—"But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, decelving your own selves. For if any man be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass; for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whose lo keth into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer that a dense of the west, this man chall he should be a selected. hearer, but a door of the work, this man shall be clessed in

his deods."—[James 1., 22—25.] We have already read in your hearing, the word of Christ We have already read in your hearing, the word of Christ on this same subject—the habit of hearing and reading truth without practicing it. He compared the evils of such a course to a building placed, without proper foundation, upon loose and shifting sands, which, in the stress of weather, is overthrown. Men may listen to the truths of religion, as one in a hot and languishing summer's day listens to the hum of bees under his window—a soothing, nurmoring sound, which suggests nothing, definitely; which means nothing; which leaves nothing this mind but the sensuous solded of an indoor of the course, is of no use.

James illustrates the same truth by another figure—namely, the effect produced upon a man by looking into a glass,

culty comes, is of no use.

James illustrates the same truth by another figure—namely, the effect produced upon a man by looking into a glass, into a mirror. While the act proceeds, the face shines clear enough, but the moment the man goes away from the mirror the image vanishes. It was a spectral and fugitive illusion. The benefit and blessing of religious truth comes only to those who connect knowledge with practice; who solidify hearing or reading—if I may so say—the evanescent sound or sight like the elements in the camera, fixing itself upon the mind. Thus the truth photographs itself upon the mind. Thus the truth photographs itself upon the soul. Thus only, is truth read, or truth uttered, with profit.

I propose to speak, to-day—this morning if I can; this evening if I must—first, of the primary office of truth read or spoken; second, of the secondary elects of truth read or spoken; second, of the secondary elects of truth read or spoken; third, of the effects upon the mind of employing truths in their secondary relations, rather than in their primary; and fourth, of some of the signs of injury by the wrong carriage or hearing of the truth.

First, the primary office of truth. Our text indicates it—the being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work."

Whose looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein "—(I shall have one of my strong purposes unfailfiled if I do not give you a sermon, before a great while, on that expression, where the Bible is called a "law of liberty," the final end of all true being)—"Whose looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."

The great primary object then, of truth, is its practical

essed in his deed."

blessed in his deed."

The great primary object then, of truth, is its practical effect upon the life and character of men. It is a power designed to produce beneficent effects upon the disposition, the habits, the character, and the conduct of men. That is what it is good for. If it is not good for that it is good for nothing at all. There will be no difference between the value of truth and untruth, if truth does not produce better effect than error. The reason why a thing that is true is better than a thing that is false, consists in what it does, in what follows from it, as a cause. The relative value of truths, then, is to be measured by their relative effects upon the character. upon the character.

There are, no doubt, truths of more value to the universe There are, no doubt, truths of more value to the universe than those which at present are most valuable to us. Although ethical truth is intrinsically more valuable than the truth of the appetite; yet to an eagle the truth of food is certainly more important than the truth of Detty, simply because one is within his reach, and the other is not. Detty is in a higher sphere than eagles fly in. We are not saying that our estimate of truths is the absolute measure of their rank in the universe; for, without doubt, there are truths to be recorded to be between temperature of the proceedings. revealed or learned, transcendantly above what we now per ecive. But in our present state, and with reference to our-selves, and with reference to those truths which have been revealed for our moral culture and formation, it is certainly true that those are the most important which have the most true that those are the most important which have the most direct and powerful bearing upon our life and upon our duty. There may be other truths that are more valuable to angels; but so far as we are concerned, those are the highest truths that do us the most good. All truths, then, which lie within our sphere of knowledge or experience, are to be brought to this test. Indeed, this becomes the presumptive test of the reality or unreality of things.

Truths are to be measured by this test—one you reduce them to life and presentes? A way, may, by apparently the

Truths are to be measured by this test—can you reduce them to life and practice? A man may, by apparently the most sound process of reasoning, draw forth seemingly wonderful truths, and he may appear to demonstrate them clearly, while yet there is nothing of them. There has not been so much legordemain in all the magicians from Pharoah's day to our own, as there is in logic. Logic has proved to be the only unlying thing we have, and still, it lies like a witch, incessanty. You may take a truth, and by means of logic build it up strong butterssing it at every step and yet, after incessanty. You may take a truth, and by means of logic build it up strong, buttressing it at every step, and yot, after all, you have no certainty that it is truth till you have tested it. When a truth is presented to you, you should baptize it into daily experience; you should take it and carry it into life, and soe if it will stand this test. What will keep to life? What is its history? The bat is its effect on the human heart and the human disposition? For this is the test of truth ultimately. What can it do in actual life? Presumptively, those truths are the most certainly demonstrated which have the best effects upon practical tife. Truths, no matter how strongly argued, are not cal life. Truths, no matter how strongly argued, are not proved till they have this practical confirmation. For ex-ample, there are many truths in human nature, current in the world, ranging from a very high extreme point to a very low extreme point of the theological scale, some of which are very powerful in their effects upon human life, while some of them are not so powerful.

them are not so powerful.

Now when you have studied the Bible, and deduced from it your philosophy; or when you have studied human nature itself in its living forms, and deduced your philosophy from that—for life is the greatest commentary on the Bible, and the way to study it is to see what it says, and then see what it means when applied outside of it—when, I say you have studied the Bible, or human nature, and deduced your philosophy therefrom, you do n't know whether that philosoplay is true or not. It will sometimes require an age or a hundred years to ascertain which of two, or three, or four, or five views of human nature is true. When you find that one produces benefit, while the others produce evil; when you find that it takes hold of human life and forms it upon a higher model, and lifts it up and inspires it, then that, pre-sumptory, is the true one. Although texts of Scripture may not seem to award them the best places, it will, in a long run, be found that both the Bible and practical life will corroborate those truths which, when taught, and used are

found to do the most good to human nature.

Now if you find in teaching men that they are inturally weak, that it don't inspire them towards the good; or if in teaching that man's weakness is the cause or effect of sin, you teaching that man's weakness is the cause or effect of sin, you find that it rouses men to action and that it leads them to aspire towards a pure, moral life, and to strive to climb away from ovil; then the presumption is, that this latter form of truth is the best form. Or, to change the application, there are many views of Christ which have been current in the world. Some of them make him simply a man, and not that in the completest measure. It is supposed by some that he was a man, with the infirmities of other men. Some believe that he understood many things better than others of his that he understood many things better than others of his time, but that there are many things which he did not understand as well as we do. Some suppose he was a little more than a man. Some think he was a man and an angel; that he reached the stature of angelle being. Some go further, and say he was divine—whatever that may mean—but that he was not God. Some go higher, and teach that he was God manifest in the flesh. There has been a long battle on this subject of texts and arguments: I do not complain of this-it is fair to reason-but I do say that, in the end, after all, which of the many views of Christ is to prevail, will depend upon the effect of these views, when preached, on the hearts, the characters, and the lives of nien; and if those views which make Christ only a man, are found to produce carelessness, laxity, and general indifference in matters of religion, then you cannot claim that they are true ones; but if, on the other hand, views of Christ's divinity, which make him God manifest in the flesh, are found to produce most beneficent moral

fest in the flesh, are found to produce most beneficent moral results, are found to be fruitful in good works—if characters brought up under such views are of the largest pattern of picty, then the presumption will corroborate that view. And so with every theological deduction or truth—life has got to be an element in the argument.

You may begin where you please the corroboration by outward experience, but the truth, deduced by logic, must be baptized in such experience, before you can know what it really is. And then, when it has been proved by all the means in our power; when it has stood the test of actual use

means in our power; when it has stood the test of actual use in human life, and when it has been found to be all it protends to be in its effects, it may be regarded as established. The grand thing to be gained in reading or speaking truths, is not knowledge, is not power, is not instruction; it is nothis not knowledge, is not power, is not instruction; it is nothing less than this—you read your Bibles, if you read them properly, that you may become better than you are; not morely wiser. It is for the sake of character, for the sake of manipod, that you read the word of God, and hear it expected in the rules.

pounded in the pulpit.

All preaching is meant to build up the man in godliness.

What the Bible is said to be good tor, is, "that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good." be perfect, thoroughly manner when they we The call of Jeans to the disciples, when they we have "Follow me, and go forth into the world, was this: Follow me, and I will make you "-what? Teachers? Ireachers? Lecturers? Instructors? Not a whit-"follow me, and I will make you fishers of mon. Their business was to catch men-to take

hold of human life. All preaching is to be measured by this test: Does it have the aim and effect of shaping men into higher manhood, no-bler dispositions, and a better life and nature? If it does, whatever its literary character may be whether high, or low or intermediate—it is good; if it does n't, high, low, or intermediate, it is good for nothing. I think that of all the trash things in this world, the most trashy are a religion that do n't

things in this world, the most trashy are a religion that do n't do anything, and flowery sermons, and gingerbread books, that begin in the mouth, and end in the ear.

There is no objection, but much benefit, in receiving pleasure from the truth. I would not be understood as asying that we are not to take into consideration what may be called the proprieties of intellectual reasoning, and the graces of style, so long as we understand that these are the clothes, and not the thing itself. There is no objection whatever to the reception of pleasure while we are taking truth, if a high-pre-purpose predotiuntes. It is just as it is with eating. er purposo predominates. It is just as it is with eating. I do n't object to a man's relishing his food; but I trust no man cats merely for the sake of having his food taste good in the mouth. What tastes best, frequently is not the best food. The best food is that which diffuses itself through the system, and builds it up. It is that which gives a piece of bone, a

piece of muscle, and the nerver; it is that which makes the creek and the check and empurples the blood; it is that which builts, solidine and risk and the check and empurples the blood; it is that which builts, solidine and risk and it may be sever, and it may be sover, and it is may be sover, and it is a may be a may be

There are men that have a keen enjoyment of ideas, with-out appreciating their relevancy to practical life. They like them as ideas—not ideas as gravers instruments—not ideas as pallets and paint brushes—not ideas as spades for hus-bandry—but just as I like to see soldiers. I like to see a hundred men, six abreast, all fixed in military style, finely dressed, and finely drilled, every one of them keeping exact time with the music, as they march. It is a spectacle. It is a splendid sight. I always open my window when I hear them approaching and listen to the music; and when they sweep past, I say, "Splendid! splendid!" and when they have gone out of sight, I say, "Fine, very fine!" I thou shut down the window again, and that 's all of it. Now there are thousands that derive intellectual pleasure

comes the preacher, and he develops his soldiers' ideas to highest art and achievement of man's life is but the flowering their great admiration, and parades them through a long-sermon. When he is done, the people, as they go out, say, plex creeds may be reduced to a proposition that can be written that the same of the land. So far as they are genuine, so well put." To whom were they put? There was n't a musket that had a ball or any powder in it. Not a man dreamed of hitting anybody. It was a sham; all a sham. There was no hitting anybody. It was a sham; all a sham. There was not fight. The sermon was all a mere exhibition of ideas—a level mere marching of ideas. These men that love mere intellections are requirements very easy to work any or will see at once are requirements very easy to work on the proposition of the first of the sermon was all a more exhibition of ideas—a love mere, and walk humbly with thy God." ual enjoyment, like to have a minister that excites their

the vice of the pew. There is one other vice in the pulpit, where men become mere system makers, and employ truths simply for the sake of building systems, hoping that in some mysterious way, these systems will affect the minds of men. They change the value of truths, esteeming very little those which work most powerfully on man, and esteeming most those that are essential to a particular system.

I am not fighting a shadow. I know what the estimate formed of ministers is. I know what the current conversation respecting them is. You shall hear it said of a man—"Ah!

In sterious way, these systems will affect the minds of men. They change the value of truths, esteeming very little those which work most powerfully on man, and esteeming most which work most powerfully on man, and esteeming most those that are essential to a particular system.

I am not fighting a shadow. I know what the estimate formed of infinisters is. I know what the current conversation respecting them is. You shall hear it said of a man—"Ah! that is one of the greatest men the age has over produced; a sound, a deep, a profound man; one of the most admirable theologians of the nation or the time. Pity he had n't some little knowledge of human life. He nover evold do anything in the pulpit. People always went to sleep under his preach; but to those that could keep awake, it was so grand and deep. It was massive! he had such great views of truth, and they were so admirably fitted to each other." That is to covered up to them in the vagueness of technicalities. It is little knowledge of human life. He never could do anything in the pulpit. People always went to sleep under his preaching; but to those that could keep awake, it was so grand and deep. It was massive! he had such great views of truth, and they were so admirably fitted to each other." That is to say, a man who essentially and totally misses the great ideal of preaching—that of rearing up in men vital sympathy with God, and producing in them a thought of the life to come; a man who missing this great idea so handles his views of truth that while he is dozing, dozing, dozing, over his manu-script, his hearers are dozing—dozing in their pows—such an

script, his hearers are dozing—dozing in their pows—such an one is esteemed to be a very sound man!

On the other hand, you shall hear it said of an emotive man, who preaches to his congregation in the lecture room, "That man is a revivalist. He is no doubt a popular preacher; but then, he don't understand anything deep or profound. He's got no theology." It is as if a man were to start in January, with a four-horse cart, and go lumbering along the road, ou a fishing excursion. The stream is frozen over. He takes his line, and throws it out about once in a mile with a dead hat, upon the frozen river, and after wait. wile, with a dead bait, upon the frozen river, and, after waitling a suitable time, draws it back again. When he arrives
at the end of the brook, he turns his herses round and goes
home; and he is called a great fisher, although he never
brought a fish home in all his life. Another man, who has
no fishing apparatus, gets an old alder-bush for a pole, an old twine-string for a line, and a common hook, and a grass-hopper for a balt, and goes out, and there is not a fish that do n't know him. He has not been gone half an hour before his basket is full, and he returns well laden with fish. But the people say, "He's got no science. He catches fish, and that's s do." I should like to know what more they would

These preachers who are considered such profound theologians, are fishing on frozen rivers, and they catch no fish; and yet, they hold in contempt those boys who are catching fish in abundance, and keeping the whole village supplied with them, because they are mere fishermen, and have no science about them. Such men, as I have already said, change the value of truths, esteeming very little those which work most powerfully upon men, and esteeming those most which are essential to a given system.

I think it is certain that there was no such thing as a

stem of truth for three hundred years after the time of hrist. From the beginning of the world down to the time of Christ, and some three hundred years after his ascension. think it was scarcely attempted to frame a system of truth Theology is to the Bible what geology is to the earth. The earth has existed without geology, and the earth could now get along very well without geology. The Bible lived without a theology, and it could live now without a theology. God made the earth, and it don't make any difference wha this or that professor thinks God has done. Geology is a mere pencil sketch of what a man thinks respecting the formation of the earth. The Bible, with its living truths, is something that God has given to the world. A man's the ogy is a pencil sketch of what he supposes to be the truths

ogy is a pencil saccen of what he supposes to be the title et forth therein. It is by a man's theology, and not by his life, that he is It is by a man's theology, and not by his life, that he is usually judged. If I say of a man, "Is he a good man?" I receive the answer, "No; he a a Unitarian." It is uniforstood at once, that if a man holds to the Unitarian doctrine he cannot be good. I ask of another, "Do you consider him a good man?" "No; he sa a Swedenhorgian." I say of another, "Is he good?" "No; he cannot be good, for he sa Universalist." It is understood that a man is to be judged, not by what he does, but by what he thinks; not by his actual life, but by his speculative life. Of a man who is known to be good, and to lead a blauncless life, but who does not conform to any established system of theology, it is said, "That man's just as wild as a hawk about his views. He is all alloat. He has a kind of sentimental goodness, and has some morals, but he has no real soundeness." By many it is understood that goodness does not consist in purity of heart some morals, but he has no real soundness." By many it is understood that goodness does not consist in purity of heart and rectitude of morals, but in what a man professes to believe. Thus men put the word of God second, and their own notions of it first. They put, right living below right thinking. We have the testimony of Christ that the truth itself is good for nothing except to make men right, and that a right man is the highest thing in the world. But let a man be never so charitable, never so benevolont, never so pure, never so devout, never so humble and so muck, his good is looked upon with subsidein, as having treachery about it some. upon with suspicion, as having treachery about it some where, if it has not over its head the rope of some theologica

But be it far from me to judge a man by what he believes. A person can be as good with one system as another. It you were to ask me whether I think a man can get out the stone for a building with a lead chisel, I should say, "I should not think he could; at any rate, give me a good steel chisel." But suppose that in some way a man does continue, with a lead chisel, the suppose that in some way a man does continue, with a But suppose that in some way a man does continue, with a lead clisel, to get out the stone for his building. I am not to look at the building, and, when I send it is well build, say it singular and justle—between human enactments isn't a good piece of workmanship, because he cut the stone and God's everlasting requirements. Sorrow for us if all with a poor chief. I should rather marvel at his being able axising laws were the representatives of God's justlee, as with a poor chief. I should rather marvel at his being nois; existing laws were the representatives of crot spaces, so to produce so good a structure with such inferior means. The proof of a man's skill lies in what he has done. When it is your idea of justice that which is legal, mercly—that a man has built the temple of his life, he may be Calvinistic, which the law will enable you to do? Pay twenty-five cents he may be Swedenbergian, he may be Catholic, he may be on a dollar, when you ought to pay a hundred, if the law will

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REV. E. H. CHAPIN,

Sunday Morning, Jan. 30th.

TEXT.—"And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—[MICAH VI., 8.]

The consummated result of all education consists in the power of applying a few scientific principles. All the possibilities of literature are unfolded in the alphabet. The most down the window again, and that sail of it.

Now there are thousands that derive intellectual pleasure from preaching. They like to hear the sound of the music, which shows that the parade is coming. By and by, in comes the preacher, and he develops his soldiers' ideas to highest art and achievement of man's life is but the flowering.

mere marching of ideas. These men that love mere intellectual enjoyment, like to have a minister that excites their thoughts. They say, "I don't want to go to church where it is a good deal easier to sleep than to listen. I like a man that has got some life in him, and that stirs one up." To what? To go and pay that debt? "Not exactly; I like, after having heard a sermon, to know more than I did before. I have no objection to being made better; but I like the glow and enjoyment of a right good sermon "—us another man likes a stiff glass. Ile likes stimulants. One likes stimulants there [in the head,] and the other here [in the seome mere experience great delight in the evolution of argument. They enter upon the investigation of a troth with very much such a feeling as that with which a hunter sets out upon a chase after deer or buffalo. Some people like to see a man pursue a heresy as a hunter would a fox, who, after having run the poor animal-hither and thither, at last catches him. There is nothing they like better than to see him run down a heresy, and when he has overthrown it, they give him credit for having achieved a thoological triumps. Some like to hunt ideas with the logical pack. They do light in deduction. They are chain-makers. They love to forge each link. They love to see the compass, and to work it. There are some who prefer illogical to logical preaching. They do n't put idease end to end as logicians do, but side by side. But either way, the pleasure is intellectual. It is of little consequence what the truth is, it's but a pleasure. It's like a tune to muslclans—the joy of a moment.

The common way is to go to church to be pleased. This is the vice of the pew. There is one other vice in the public, where men become mere system makers, and employ, truths simply for the eake of building systems, hoping that in some mysterious way, these systems will affect the minute of men. They doe not like to do justly, to love mysterious way, these systems will affect the minute of men. They doe not like to These you will see at once are requirements very easy to understand—worth whole tons of sermons and dissertations.

covered up to them in the vagueness of technicalities. It is like a science; they do not enter into it because they cannot get over the bristling technicalities that stand around it. They feel that in order to do so they must climb up between these thorny propositions and dogmas; and therefore seeing it thus fenced up and covered over, they do not get into its heart and life. Could they feel how real it is, how it strikes upon the thought and want of the heart, how it comes to them in its plain, substantial garb in the Bible, I think there would be more practical religion.

be more practical religion.

I say, what an advantage there is in having such a condensed statement of religion! It is a pocket calltion of God's truth that we can wear nearest to our hearts, and look at in a glance. When men are perplexed and confused, as they often are, about duty; when they do not know which way they should go; when they begin to be curious, prying into their own souls working down with probes of intransection. they should go; when they begin to be curious, prying into their own souls, working down with probes of introspection into the depths of their own hearts, starting up spiritual problems that scare them, it is a good thing to stop a moment and put the question to themselves, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love morey, and to walk humbly with thy God?" It clears up things; it is like getting a glimpse of a star in heaven, and taking our latitude and longitude, when we have been drifting about on the dark waves of doubt. And so when men get mixed up with speculations, when they think it behaves them to have every lations, when they think it behooves them to have every possible dogma of the intellect set straight; when they are anxious to see exactly how things are, to have all the great truths of God and the universe linked by a chain of logical sequence in their minds; when they begin to ask themselves questions about the origin of matter, free will, Divine neces-sity and the sin of Adam, and get tumbled and tangled up in thuse things; as if the life of religion depended upon dividing such questions-how good it is sgain to stop a moment and inquire. What is my practical duty here on earth? What are my relations to God and my fellow-men? It may be very well, as an exercise of the intellect, to enter into these specuwell, as an exercise of the intellect, to enter into these speculations and inquiries, but it is a more practical and useful question—"What doth the Lord require of me to-day?" You can do this if you cannot settle the question offree will, divine sovereignty, and all those perplexing dogmas. Here is a plain, substantial truth; and is it not good sometimes to have such an arrow of God as the plain, simple question of the tori such an arrow of God as the plain, simple question of the tex set right in the heart and conscience?

set right in the heart and conscience?

But, at the same time, we must remember that the words of the text set forth no light affair for our performance. As in other departments, so here the grandest results are but a combination of a few simple elements. If you will observe what is actually contained in these words, you will find what the essence of all right doing, right feeling, and right living is. The text expresses nothing less than all morality, all philanthropy, all religion. I think, therefore, I am right in saying that it expresses the essence of all vital religiou, and the highest spiritual life.

In the first place, I say, that all morality is expressed in the text. The whole essence and foundation principle of morali-

text. The whole essence and foundation principle of morality is involved in the precept, "Do justly." It is a compact summary of all social day, linding us not only to legal exactness, but to absolute rectifude, and yielding to no other court of final resort the authority of the court of conscience. It lays its injunctions upon us in solitude and in darkness, a if our actions were read and known. It abolishes all stand ards of mere selfish advantage and worldly policy, command ing us to do the just, the true, the righteous thing, whatever may come of it in the way of personal or temporal conse-quences. There is no relation in which we ought to stand to our neighbor, to society, to the world around us, no affection that we ought to entertain for our fellow-men, nothing that we ought to do concerning him, before his face, or behind his back, in his knowledge, or in his ignorance, not summed up in these words, "Do justly." That is all that is required of you. In the mart, in the workshop, in the counting-room, in the office, in public and private, that is all that is required

in the office, in public and private, that is all that is required of you. Be just clear down to the sockets of your soul—in thought, in deed, in word, in hand, in brain, in heart.

It will not do merely to mumble these words over, and say, "do justly," in a flippant way. Here is a requirement for a man to test his conduct by, to take as a lamp wherewith to search himself even to the innermost dopths.

The first thing to consider in doing this is, What is my idea of justice? Does it seem limited to the mere scope of legal consure? It seems so to some; their standard justice seems limited to the point at which the law cannot take hold of them, or make them suffer, no matter whether they impode the rule of right, and thwart absolute justice or not.

It would be very singular if this great elastic shad-net of the law did not enable them to eatch in something at the bot-

only let you? Screw the last cent out of a poor man who stands before you in the naked appeal of his poverty, because it is legal? Turn the widew and children out of doors, because you have a legal right to do it? If anything could surjerise God Almighty, (I speak it with reterence) it must be this. He must look with pitying wonder to see how his children, who every moment depend on his mercy for their very breath, impudently strut forth in the name of justice, and claim their rights with a hard, unbending, unyielding heart. Is it your idea of justice to set up your individual will, your selfah standard, regulated only by parchment laws, no matter what the general good demands? Do you, in your conception of justice, set the sum total of human welfare? Will you deliver up Jesus Christ, or the image of him in humanity, to the authorities, for thirty pieces of silver, and call that justice? I repeat, is it not sickening to think how men carticature divine justice, and they almost wear of the interest of the silver, and call that justice? I repeat, is it not sickening to think how men carticature divine justice, and they almost every fibre of our social organization to rebuke and commont of the world's heart, and strikes the world's considered in the sum total of the silver, and call that justice? I repeat, is it not sickening to think how men carticature divine justice, and they all played to think how men carticature divine justice, and they all played to think how men carticature divine justice, and they all played to the silver, and call that justice? I repeat, is it not sickening to think how men carticature divine justice, and they all played to the silver, and call that justice in the text. It is a very subline precept—"Do justice." Oh how it goes down into the world's heart, and strikes the world's considered the silver of the s

the idea of many. In this way a man gets a good chance to delfy his own passions, and thinks he is doing God service. Thus a strong nation, under the pretext of some petty insult from a weaker nation, stalks forth with a desolating army.

mount, to destruction. There is no inercy to society not be the criminal, if the wrong is not repressed and the right vin-dicated. You injure the soul of the culprit who comes up to take his proper doom at the bar of justice, if you do not make him feel that he has done a wrong thing. You may deliver his body from the prison, but not at the expense of justice, not to his own inture.

his body from the prison, but not at the expense of justice, nor to his own injury.

Mercy, good will—that is always the spirit of justice, depend upon it. Though sometimes it is severe, yet it is never merciless. Sometimes justice requires us to be merciful in expression and action, as well as in feeling and motive. This is Christianity. "Love thy neighbor as thyself;" that is justice. It is a merciful, tender, beautiful sentiment. It is the justice of charity—of construing others' acts by that standard in your own breast which shows how much there is to palliate and excuse. Interpret the lives and conduct of others by the best possible motive; give the most allowance to their transcressions that you can: that is what you wish them to transgressions that you can; that is what you wish them to do to you—not press the hardest construction; what a sav-age thing this is in society 1 A man does an apparent wrong; he is sure to have the harshest motive ascribed to him—the whole of his sin forced into his motive. In order to ac jus-tice, we should construc the conduct of others as we would have our own conduct construed by them. Let not that man think that he fulfills the requisition of

Let not that man think that he fulfills the requisition of the toxi, who only keeps what he calls an even balance with his fellow-men—pays what he owes, gives back exactly what he receives, and no more. There is no man that keeps an even balance in this way. He does not hold an even balance; every man wants mercy of his fellow-men—a large amount of credit—and, construing others in this way, he wants this element of mercy to mingle in his justice. That, in the true sense, is justice; you cannot stand in this balanced way of nerely paying for what you got, and sending back as good as

I think thus you will see that all social morality is indi-I think thus you will see that all social morality is indicated in the text, and how. It absorbs so much of our being as is occupied in doing. Do justice. It is a lesson that God has set in two words, but it may take man all his life to learn it. All action should be just action, Drive a nail, plane a board, cut a garment, sell a piece of cloth, carve a statute, preach a sermon—whatever you do do it faithfully, as by contract. Do justly. Though you may cover up your conduct from human eyes and make a good thing of it, so far as your impediate welfers a conversed God Amighty sees all the

from human eyes, and make a good thing of it, so far as your immediate welfare is concerned, God Almighty sees all the blurs, scars, and fiaws, every little neglect, and he says to you, in everything, do justly. Is not that the basis of all morality, public and private?

In the next place there comes before us, in the text, a requisition which calls for all the life and power of the most genuine philanthropy. We have seen how the text bears upon morality. "Love mercy." I observe, by the way, that there seems to be, in the statement of the text, not merely a subjection of duties one linked woon the other but, there must love mercy, and the essence of both is to walk humbly must love mercy, and the essence of both is to walk humbly with our God. It all flows together in one organic whole.

Here comes in, as you will perceive, the element of feeling coupled with the doing. Doing justly is the work; loving is a matter of feeling. In all good and true performances there must be affection. We cannot stand, for instance, in cold, formal religious to men and he really just to them. You can.

You can. ormal relations to men and be really just to them. You can not walk among men, icy and hard, without any impression of their life, without any sense of their need, without any not walk among men, toy and hard, without any impression of their life, without any sense of their need, without any pity for their infirmitles, and at the same time be just to them. Out of philosophy springs justice, as, in its highest form, that springs out of the ocean-depths of God's love. People sneer at philanthropy sometimes, call it mere sentiment, mere weak puling over the woes and wants of man. It is not a mere sentiment. The grandest justice in this world is that which is conselved by carriest telling humanity. world is that which is conceived by earnest, toiling humanit When philanthropy stands upon its true basis it will n stand upon the common ground of more alms-giving charit but of justice. Do justly to the poor; that is all you are required to do. Do justly to your follow men who are weak; do justly to the oppressed. The true cry of philanthropy is a burning watchword ringing all round the world, requiring justice between man and man. What is the essence of phiinntiropy? It comes from the warm sympathy which great hearts feel for man, because they are implicated with hu-manity, feel its life and know what its wees and wants are. It is a great cry for justice and not for mere charity. For all good and noble ends we ought to love mercy. There

can be no beneficent power in this world that does not spring from love. Love mercy, which though often dictating and requiring the severest measures of justice, rejoices when it need not be so. Yes, it rejoices in forgiveness and renuncianeed not be so. Yes, it rejoices in forgiveness and renunciation; rejoices when the presumed guilty are found innecent,
There is often a feeling of disappointment in some minds
when a man pronounced guilty is found innecent. All the
excitement, all the romance of the case is gone. True mercy
rejoices when it need not be so, is glad to palliate when it
can. Like Christ on the cross the merciful man says, "Father,
forgive them, they know not what they do." Oh, how much
sublime tenderness appears in those words! Was this a
covering up of a sin? Some people think it a weakness for a
man not to let institue have its course. Let it have its course. man not to let justice have its course. Let it have its course in its severest form when it can, but it is justice to palliate when you can and when you ought. Jesus Christ in that expression on the cross did not cover up anything. Those dissipated soldiers thrust the spear into him; they did not know what they did; but it took all of Jesus Christ's spirit to see that fact and to hold it up with his nailed hands and bleeding face to God, and say, "Oh, Father, they know not

what they do; it is the simple truth; pardon and excuse them." And this is the essence of all mercy.

It is always the case, my friends, that they who have really the love of mercy in them, while they must sometimes enforce the storner measures of justice, rejoice when they can palliate. And here is the great power of men with their fol-low men; here is the redeeming power which God sends into the world—the power of sympathy, of being one with hu manity, of taking hold of and linding out that which is best manity, of taking noise of and maining out that which is In this way have all great and good things been wrought, is this spirit that has led mon to death, a sacrifice for is this spirit that has led from to death, a sacrince for hu-manity, and has given them all the power they had. You never can lift men up and bring them into God's kingdom by any other way than loving them, and implicating yourse

During the past week we have had a most extraordinary spectacle, so extraordinary in its character that it rises above the topic of a mere literary festival, and I must take the libthe tople of a mere literary feetival, and I must take the liborty therefore to advert to it even in the pulpit. I allude to
the honors paid to the Scottish ploughman and poet. What
is the meaning of these demonstrations? They were not
merely honors paid to a literary man; such a man could not
receive such honors; he never could have awakened such
feelings. Nor were they honors merely to the poetry of
Burns. Sweet and beautiful as it was, it was the humanity
of the man that kindled all this feeling. His great heart took
in and sent out in a mighty guif stream an ocean tide of
common humanity. Men will always feel a respect and revsence for that. It will cover up a great many sins. Mankind will pass over many shortcomings when they write the
epitaph of a great heart. They will respond to that which
he has uttered. And some day, my friends, they will stop
the belching of the cannon, forget their nationalities and feel
in the glow of such an awakening as that, as though they
were one great human brotherhood.

Here is the power by which the world is to be redeemed— Here is the power by which the world is to be redeemed.

he power of getting into our own humanity, and feeling for t. You may say, What a poor, miserable, abominable crea-ure man is; you may stop at some revelation of social horror and say, What a hell there is in man; but that is not the way to redeem him. You have get to search for something below the hell—to dive deep into the essence of humanity and uncover that. Many people are accustomed to think that the religion of Jesus Carlet is a worship of the high and a descention—of the low; that on the one hand it is an extended for the low; that on the one hand it is an extended for the low; that on the one hand it is an extended for the low; that on the one hand it is an extended for the low; that on the one hand it is an extended for the low; that on the one hand it is an extended for the low; that on the low; the low is the low in the low is the low in the low; the low is the low in the low is the low in the low is the low in th

share clear inrough the human heart, and strike out every truth that Jesus Christ has planied there; that is justice in the idea of many. In this way a man gets a good chance to deify his own passions, and thinks he is doing God service. Thus a strong nation, under the pretext of some petty insulf from a weaker nation, stalks forth with a desolating army, and teaches it justice with belching fire and gunpowder, and God Almighty's patient when he looks down and sees what men on the face of the earth call 'justice.

Somelines men reverse this a very little; they do not exactly give blow for blow, but they manage in some other way, by some sting of reproach, or some obnoxious word, to get their revenge. They are after their revenge all the while. Even when they profess to be Christians, some men take up the very code of Christ which requires them to return good for o'il, and endeavor not so much to de good to those that injure them as to get revenge. They heap coals of fire on their enemy's head in order to love him; but they are very much disappointed if the coals don't scorch. Now justice is often a severe thing, but it is never a brutal thing, never a ferred thing. He cause this calling down fire from heaven, this giving blow for blow, may satisfy the more savage, uncultivated sentiment of a man's heart, but after all it does not do the work of true justice. True justice rectifies and ests things right; blow for blow may such justice rectifies and ests things right; blow for blow may such justice rectifies and ests things right; blow for blow may be such as the content of God's justice, and what man dignifies with that name. No, my friends, the essence of justice, is mercy. You make a child suiter for wrong-doing; that is merciful to the child. There is no mercy in letting the child have its own will, julning he headlong, with the bits in its merciful to the child. There is no mercy do not make the content of the subject of the culprit who comes up to take his proper down at the bar of justice, in order to be o

alphabet—all the literature is in it; or, like the simple figures, one learns in the multiplication or addition table—they contained the elements of the mightiest computations. But the thing is to apply the principles. That requires power—just as Homer applied the Greek alphabet, by the inspiration that was in him, to that wondrous epic that lives forever; just as Newton took the knowledge of figures and transmuted them with such wondrous results. That is the process of education so far as man's intellect is concerned. Education is the downer that makes men apply the alphabet to the results of literature and figures to the results of mathematical service. But before them there is something required which is more in the more intellect—it is the will and the affections. All who yield their will and affections to the spirit that was in Christ come under the glorious requisition of the text. It is a surrendering, a transfiguration, a regeneration of the heart that briggs men into a position in which they can walk humbly with God. What do you think of a being that can veritably walk with God day by day, hour by hour, in communion with that infinite spirit, lifted up, inspired, glorified by it, boyond all materialism, shallow athelasm, and false and degrading notions of man? What a privilege, what a delight to be able to walk with anything higher than ourselves. What a power to be capable of walking with God. Some men do not walk at all, they are so weakly and staggering, so much in the bondage of sins and cares. To walk with something good and excellent, as a pupil with a teacher; to walk with nature is all its glorious manifestations; to walk with her when the summer flower reveals its face to the sky; to walk with the great and good men, the living and the dead, is a great thing. in all its glorious manifestations; to walk with her when the summer flower reveals its face to the sky; to walk with the great and good men, the living and the dead, is a great thing. But God is the inspiration of all human excollence, the quickener of all human thought, and whon we can walk with him we do not need anything else; we can walk with him everywhere. The obscure, the weak, the lowly, all have this bilisful privilege of walking with God; walking with him in sorrow, in trial, in the hurry and rush of daily life; and the last hour when this both like a carment, shrivels and the last bour, when this body, like a garment, shrivels and drops away, and we go up to the eternal fields, upon heights of glory and of power, forever and forever onward and upward we shall walk with God.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Miss Enima Hardinge will lecture during the month of February at Boston, Lynn, Lowell, and Groveland. (In this month Miss Hardinge is fully engaged.) In March, at Philadelphia; in April, at New York. For the week day evenings of these months she will receive applications to lecture. In May, at Providence, R. I.; Worcester, Mass.; Nashua, N. H.; and other places week-day evanings where her services transport of the services to there seems to be, in the statement of the text, not mostly of these months she will receive applications to lecture. In collection of duties, one linked upon the other, but there seems to be in it an analytical consequence, from the fundamental to the elementary and causal. Thus, do justly comes and other places week-day evenings where her services may be needed. In June, at Portland, Me., and Oswego, N. Y.

> Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Cambridgeport, Sunday, Fob. 13th; Worcester, Sunday, Feb. 20th; Marbiches Feb. 27th; Lynn, March 6th; Cambridgeport, March 13th.

> Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak at Leominster, Mass., February 13th; Natick, Mass., Feb. 20th; Dover, N. H., Feb. 27th. He will answer calls to speak at other places during the week. His addresses are mainly in the trance state, and upon the subject of Education. He will act as agent for the BANKER, and receive subscriptions either for this paper, or for the and receive subscriptions either for this paper.
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> New England Union University. Address, Lowell, Mass.

> Warren Chase lectures in Philadelphia, February 18th; in Baltimore, Feb. 20th and 27th; in Newark, Ohio, March 3d, 4th, and 6th; in Columbus, Ohio, March 13th. Address as above, at the several dates. The friends wishing him to lecture in western Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, must write early, as he is usually engaged several months in advance

> Loring Moody will lecture in West Bridgewater, on Tues-ford, Bunday, 20th; Wareham, Sunday, 27th; Carver, Monday, 28th, and Tuesday, March 1st; Plympton, Thursday and Eriday, March 3d and 4th; B. Hanson, Saturday and Bunday, March 5th and 6th; E. Bridgewater, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 8th and 9th. Will some friend in each place, who may see these notices, make all needful arrangements without further request.

E. V. Wilson, Fountain House, will answer calls to lecture Sundays or week-day evening, upon the practical uses of Spiritualism, and its truths, relating many wonderful inci-dents which have taken place, with name and place for

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Binghampton, N. Y., on Sundays, February 18th, 20th and 27th, and in Oswego, N. Y., on Sundays, March 20th and 27th, Mrs. Felton will receive calls to lecture week evenings, in the vicinity of the places she lectures in Sundays. Address, care of H. E. Barber, Binghamton, N. Y.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer lectures in Buffalo through February, and Spiritualists in the line of travel from that city to St. Louis, who may wish her services during March, will please address

her to the care of J. M. Gardner, Buffhle, N. Y. John H. Currier, of Lawrence, will speak as follows: Feb. 9th, at Warwick; Feb. 10th, at North Orange; Feb. 11th, at North Dana; Feb. 12th, at Orange; Feb. 13th, at Erving; Feb. 14th and 15th, at Northfield; Feb. 16th, at Montague.

Miss M. Munson will speak in Baltimore, Md., on the two-first, and in Philadelphia on the two last Bundays in February. She will make engagements to lecture at places on the route from Philadelphia to Chicago at any time previous to the first of March next. Address her at Philadelphia, care of H. F.

Miss Emma Houston, trance-speaking medium, having re-Anis Emins and work Hampshire, will answer calls to lecture Sundays and week evenings. Address to the care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Fountain House, Boston.

A. B. Whiting will attend calls to lecture in the West and

Bouthwest, during the coming three months. He may be addressed at his home, Brooklyn, Michigan. H. F. Miller will answer calls for lectures to be given by Mrs. Miller, trance-speaker, in New York, Pennsylvania and the Western States. Address, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Miss Sarah A. Magoun will answer calls to lecture in the trance state on Sundays and week flag ovenings. Address care of George L. Cade, Cambridgeport, Mass. Georgo Atkins will speak in Chatham, Feb. 12th; Orleans,

Fan. 18th and 27th: Middleboro', Fel H. B. Storer will lecture on the four Sundays of February, Mrs. Charlotte F. Works, public tranco-speaking medium

may be addressed at No. 10 Green street, B Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak at Waltham, Pebruary

18th; Cambridgeport, Feb. 20th; Clinton, Feb. 27th; Taunton, March 0th and 18th. Miss Susan M. Johnson will receive calls to speak on Sundays. Address, North Abington, Mass.

H. P. Fairfield will speak in Oswego, N. Y., the 18th, of G. M. Jackson, Trance Speaker, Prattaburg, Stenber Co., N. Y., will receive calls to lecture.

H. L. Bowker will give free lectures and public tests of his powers, by having expenses paid. Address Natick, Mass.