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EDWARD H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, March 6th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURE AND LORD

Thur.—As the living Futher hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me.—Joun, vi: 67.

Father, so he that ealeth me, even he shall live by me.—John, vi: 67.

Our Saviour, in many instances, taught the truth in such a way as not only to instruct the hearts of those who gathered around him, but to test their dispositions. Those among his hearors, who were in spiritual sympathy with him, whose instincts and desires were truthful, would be incited to penetrate the mystery or the symbolism of his langange, and where they did not distinctly see all its meaning, they would feel its general purport; while there were others gathered around him, who, even seeing, would not perceive—who, hearing, would not understand, because they grasped only the literal meaning of the teacher's words, and "indepreted them by their pre-conceptions. Buch appears to have been the case in the instance connected with the text. Christ had described himself as the bread that came down from heavon, and in the intensity of the illustration suggested by the idea, he had urged upon his hearers the vital necessity of partaking of his fiesh and by his blood. Upon this, many of his disciples, exclaimed, "This is a hard saying; who can hear it?" and some of them turning away, followed him no more. But others, though they may not have comprehended all his meaning, felt that what he said was profoundly true—was fitted to their deepest wints; and when Jesus asked thom, "Will ye also go Away?" they replied through the lips of Peter, "Lord, to whom shall we ge? then hast the words of oternal life." Thus, then, those whose minds and hearts were not essentially disposed towards truth, stumbled at language which baid them eat the fiesh and drink the blood of him who spoke to them; but to those whos sught the substance of the truth involved in that symbolism, the Saviour himself farnished the key, for he told them not to take his words grossly and literally. "It is the spirit that quick-eneth," said he; the fiesh profitch nothing. The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

It seems, my friends, that this text, especial Our Saviour, in many instances, taught the truth in such

trine of transubstantiation; and around this nuclous, the literal interpretation of the words of Jesus has been constructed a gergeous and awful coromonial. We can hardly ever look upon that great church. I think, without respect and admiration for many things, when we see how its cathedrals are dotting a thousand lands, and hear its littudes chanted around the globe. But we think, also, amid the gorgoous coromonies, pealing pashins, and funes of the conser, there are builtrens and thousands who now believe that the process is now going on of transmuting the literal bread into the flush of the Lord Jesus Christ—so strangely have those words been interpreted, such a vital and cardinal doctrine has been made out of them, and so widely have they been believe in this sense.

trine has been made out of them, and so widely have they been believe in this sense.

And yet, while we discard this literal interpretation, let me be permitted to observe that the symbolism in the text is an exact symbolism. In other words, it is as true that we need spiritually to assimilate Ohrist to ourselves, as that we need physically to assimilate mater'al substance of our bodily organism, in order that our animal existence may be maintained. And we shall perceive this truth as soon as we understand what in the profoundest sense life is, or what it to live.

is to live.

"He that cateth me, shall live by me." What is it to live? its faculties or functions are inoperative. When in the frame of an animal pulsation ceases, and the breath is gone, we say of it that it is dead; although, as more matter, that frame is allve with energy. Life in the animal does not consist morely in material force, but in organic vitality; and, therefore, we take the distinct force of the organic vitality, and if that is gone, although the material forces operate, it is dead. But in man we rise to a still higher grade. We see in him not only material force and organic vitality, but an element of spiritual existence. He has within him that which the brute has not—this element of sufficial existence. Surely, then, man does not roally live—tespot alive to the full extent of his boing, when he exists on has an animal—has only breath and pulsation, sense and appetite. Some may call this living, and think has living? It may be all they comprehend in their idea being alive—perhaps it is all they have over known of living—but no man can be largely self-conscious—no man can look into his own nature and trace the deep lives of his own experience, and then think that all life consists in this mere animal, organic form of living.

is in this mere animal, organic form of living, here comes up the old, everlasting fact—old, yet al-And here comes up the old, everlasting fact—old, yet always now, always fresh in its suggestion—that man is not, like the brute, satisfied with meat and drink, but has facultles ways new, always fresh in its suggestion—that man is not, like the brute, satisfied with meat and drink, but has faculties which overleap all sensual indulgence. When we are appalled by the spectacle of universal decay; when, for a moment, we start back at the phenomenon of death, seeing those we live, and with whom we are associated, dropping around us like autumn leaves; when our vision falls to penetrate beyond the dark boundary that limits the horizon of this life, we always fall back with great confidence and assurance upon the thought that there are in man faculties that the material objects of this life do not satisfy; there are within him powers that develop beyond the limitations and resources of this life. We look around upon nature, and see all other creatures filling up the full orbit of their being overy faculty employed—every desire satisfied. There is the stuashine that awakens the joyousness of its song; there is everything alapset to it, to call out the fullness and glory of its being. Man alone is the unsatisfied one; man alone yearing for that which is higher—that which is beyond. But assured that there is harmony in the universe, we say that there must be something more than the animal and waterial compiling more than the animal and that there must be something more than the animal and material, something more than meat and drink. Almost all men feel this. I say almost all men, because there are spiritual idiots as well as intellectual idiots. There are men,

mon feel blis. I say almost all men, because there are splitual idiots as well as intellectual idiots. There are men, I mean, whose whole splitual intuite seems totally dead; a who, perhaps, may have no throbbling instinct of a higher life—no eense of splitual being—but taking men in their normil condition. I repeat: overy man has some sense of this higher life within him demanding something better and more exalted than the objects of this citiward world.

I speak of the deep consciousness of men. Man is concentric; you have to take fold after fold off of him before you get to the centre of his personality. His clothing sometimes makes up a great deal of him; then comes his skin—the color of it; then his muscle; then his shape; and lastly his skeleton, which gives him his walking status and position. You have get to get holow his animal nature, habits, customs, affections, cally life, and sometimes go away down into the central heart of the man, before you know what is really in him. But when you get there, you will find the testimony true which I annurging. So far as we can judge men by their outward appearance, a great many of them live merely for the meat and drink. They are satisfied perfectly with that which this life gives them. Some of them, indeed, compet us to fear this most appalling fact; that their circumstances are such that the actual necessities of this life signed them no opportunity to show a higher yearning. They cannot life upthelf heads and breathe the free air of their own world; they cannot look over the limits of their necessities. It is not the more external condition of men that we should mourn over; it is not poverty; it is not a hard state of living; but the condition which is connected with such a state to which men.

have this spirit yearning, which proves to us, as I have said, that man needs something to live for more than meat and drink and hea thy conditions.

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have this spirit yearning, which proves to us, as I have said, that man needs something to live for more than meat and drink and heat thy conditions.

My friends, if you should take the human heart and listen to it, it would be like listening to a sea shell; you would hear in it the hellow murmur of the infinite ocean to which it belongs. From which it draws its profoundest inspiration, and for which it yearns. Man, then, has a higher nature, which must have its aliment, its food, or practically and essentially that nature dies. It is the peculiarity of Christianity that it announces this truth. Perhaps if there is one central fact of Christianity, one peculiarity upon which it is based, more than all others, it is this; that it has made man conscious of his own soul. It is one thing to believe, as some philosophiers do, speculiatively, in immortality; to reason out a future life, like Pitato or Cierce. It is another thing for each man to feel his own immortality; to be conscious of the spiritual essence of his own inward nature. And this was what Christianity did. It gave to men a profound conviction of their own spiritual belong. They realized it as they never realized it before. They were convinced of it and know it. It was to them that Jesus Christ addressed himself. This was the reason why he looked below the outward conditions, why he consorted with the publican and sinner, as with the scribe and pharisoc. This was the reason why the Gamaritum was as precious to him as the Jow; why he died for all, and not for some. He saw the spiritual nature of man in all its priceies capacity, in all its quenchies immortality, and to that he spick, to that he addressed himself when he bade his characteristic and the spiritual nature of man in all its priceies capacity, in all its quenchies immortality, and to that the spick, to that he addressed himself which he spiritual nature. When he was a proposal to him as the real proposal the heat of the constitue of man and the constitue of man and the proposal control of man

I observe that anything truly live when it fills up the capacities of its being; and anything is dead, just in proportion as
its faculties or functions are inoperative. When in the frame
of an animal pulsation ceases, and the breath is zone, we say i lie came to bring our nuture, our spiritual being. into com-

me, and in the father," he utters no vague, mysterious truth. He came to bring our nuture, our spiritual being, into communion with himself, that by communing with himself, we might commune with God, and thus truly live.

Each thing, I repeat, lives according to its kind; the heart by love, the intellect by truth, the higher nature of man by intimate communiou with God, the infinite source and origin of life and truth, and it is Christ alone who brings us into full communion with the Father. By what clea are we brought into such contact with God? Nature reveals God to us, shows us the soul of the Almighty, inspires us with some dim consciousness of the greatness of God; but to know the love of God, to be intimate with the bettings of that infinite lient, to be brought into the full glory of that all-embracing, intelligent freedom and love, we can only come by Jesus Christ. No other thing, no other object, stands before to effect this purpose . It is not by our own reason that we can be brought fully into communion with God, though we may feel after him, if haply we may find him. It is not by selentific truth that we can find him, only in one aspect. He can only find, and be brought into communion with the essence of God, which is love, as we come into communion with the spirit of Jesus Christ. Therefore, speaking of our highest, truest, undying life, it is true, as Jesus said, that he who cateth him—that is, he who assimilates his spirit—lives by him in the highest and he who assimilates his spirit—lives by him in the highest and

life, it is true, as Jesus said, that he who cateth him—that is, he who assimilates his splitt—lives by him in the highest and noblest sense of living.

But look at another point which the last clause of this text presents. We not only live in Jesus, but we live by him. "He that cateth me, shall i ve by mr." That brings particularly into view the essential personality of Jesus Christ. Those phrases in the New Testament which dwell so much upon the personality of Christ Jesus, where he says, for instance, "I am the bread that came down from heaven;" "I am the way, the truth and the life;" "Hellovo on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "He that believeth in me hath everlasting life"—those phrases we should not be afraid of interpreting too literally. If you look at them, they are very wonderful and peculiar in the scheme of Christianity. There never was any other teacher that spoke in such a way. Nelther Plato, Confacius, nor any of the wise men of antiquity ever said, "I am the truth." They may have said, "Believe in this principle, this truth," but never "I am the truth, the way, the life; believe he me." Thore is something very personality. It these something very personality of Christ.—this conscious personality. In this very form of statement, Christ is brought into personal number of the presence of the produce of th al prominence, and stands before the world, not merely as a moral teacher, or revealer of truth, but as a Saviour. The way in which he saves us is not merely by the truth revealed, but by himself. We are brought into contact with the spirit and personality of Jesus Christ himself. This is something more than believing a dectrine about Jesus Christ. Dectrines are valuable when they are vital. When you get the truth taught by Jesus Christ vitalized in your soul, and you pruest the it in your life, it becomes efficacious and powerful; but when you merely give assent to it, there is no efficacy nor so wower in it. To assent to a creed, and say, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ whom he has sent, and in the communion and fellowship of the Holy Spirit"—served by having a piece of Christ's garment, or of the wood of the cross, as by giving an intellectual assent to creeds and forms. But to believe in him is to precipitate your soul upon the interpretation of the continuous and continuous and continuous and does not do it, then he have a sacramental in its character; you might not deso and so, and does not do it, then he says I ought to do so and so, and does not do it, then the says I ought to do so and so, and does not do it, then when he says I ought to do so and so, and does not do it, then when we believe in him, we precipitate our souls upon him; we bring him into communion with ourselves; we assimilate when we believe in him, we precipitate our souls upon him; we bring him into communion with ourselves; we assimilate when we believe in him, to be nearly better the recommendation that, beal prominence, and stands before the world, not merely moral teacher, or revealer of truth, but as a Saviour.

cannot look over the limits of their necessities. It is not the more external condition of men that we should amount over:
It is not poverty; it is not a hard state of living; but the condition which is connected with such a state in which men, for their daily bread alone, for their immediate imperious necessities, are compelled so to live, so to everwhelm them solves with the wants and cares of this life, that they can hardly manifest or develop any faculty for something higher.

But however this may be, if you get into the last core of those concentric rings of personality, you find this sense of the infinite, this consciousness of inmortality, liked to something higher and better. You pass every day men in the street, you meet every day with acquanitances, you confront every day with intimate friends, and you do not know how deeply this feeling may prevail in them. You have no right to question the religious feeling of a min as manifeled by him because it does not accord perfectly with your ideas. You have no right to question the religiousness of his soul because his form of expressing it is not like yours. You cannot tell what solitary hours he has, what great and awful realities, what profound experiences stirthed epits of his soul. No doubt nine out of ten, aye, ninety-nine out of a hundred, it has believes in me, hath now everlasting life. How dare

you put that everlasting life the other side of the grave, dividing it off as by a sharp sence? We havelyt now. All considerations of time and eternity are cancilled in this profound spiritual realization. If any men asks me how I interpret certain texts that speak of oternal life and punishment, I answer thus: They do not refer to duration, but to epiritual is substance. A man is in certain life when he is in Jesus Christ; and that is a process going on now and forever, here and hereafter, in this world and the other; not shut off by any sharp division of the grave, not put far off into the other word. The soul that his does, in the Jay that it cast is tide.

Oh, that we could look more at the substance of the thing, and not at place and duration. We are saved as we are assimilated to Christ the Loid, as our spirit becomes like his, as we eat and drink of him. Saved from what? Not merely from punishment, not merely from the consequences of transgression. Alas! that men should be forever dedging consequences; that they should care for nothing but the consequences; that they should care for nothing but the consequences; that they should care for nothing but the consequences; that were not for the consequences. What a moan, low conception of what man ought to be! Be afraid of sin, not the consequences; of allonation from God, nor the consequences; of allonation from God, nor the consequences, of the consequences, Pray to be saved from the!, not from punishment. Pray to be saved from the die not realing and diruking Jesus Christ, until you become one with him, not the consequences one with beading velocity to destruction—from the abasement that removes you front-conmunion with God. Pray to be saved from the corruption that is in the heart. Come to be saved from the corruption that is in the heart. Come to be saved from the corruption that is in the heart. Come to be saved from the corruption that is in the heart. Come to be saved from the corruption that is in the heart. Come to be saved from the corruption that i

in its bliss and glory, heaven in its essence now, and not

mounting upward to brighter spheres of action; but religion in its biles and glory, heaven in its essence now, and not imerely hereafter.

My friends, the great essential things are those we live by. It great things of life are the things we live by—that we must have day by day. Bread—are we living for it merely, or by it? The water that gushes from the rock, flows over the land, and baptiese the world with blessings; are we living for it or by it? Are we living for air, or by air, for light, or by light? Then ask whether we should live for religion, or by it, for heaven, or by it, for Jesus Christ, or by him. The intellect lives by knowledge, and not merely for it. It is not merely for the fact that it is to be got by exercise; it ripens and develops by what it has a it lives in the joy of triumphant knowledge, now and forever. The heart lives by its affections. It is the noblest manifeitation of affection that it lives for others; but the heart lives by affection, and wants nothing class. The mother wants that ive. That stands when everything else is gone, even when life is denied. When her boy becomes a predigni and a wandrer, in the sacredness of her love, burning like a perpetual imap in the tomb, she lives. Jesus Christ lived in the joy of his love, even when alt the world was against him. Where the spear-point pressed him, when the Roman insulted him and the ruler of the people derided him, he lived in the joy of his love, even when alt he world was against him. Where the spear-point pressed him, when the Roman insulted him and the ruler of the people derided him, he lived in the joy of his love, one when all the sustained in substantial possession.

Mos say, by and by we shalsee God, by and by we shall see that glorious heaven and inarray of beauty and wonder. How will you see it? What has the apostle said? "Eye hath not seen, increar hourd, while has the apostle said? "Eye hath not seen, increar hourd, while has on in its own conscious love will feel them low and forever—ear hear them, and never heart

and more fully in Jesus Christ. God himself in his infinity we can never see; the greatness of God's evertasting truth can never be wholly told to them; the wonders of eternity can never be wholly revealed it the heart; but we can feel them and grasp them by taking the substance of them into our own interior life. This is, to meaning of the eye not seeing, nor the ear hearing, not the heart conceiving these things, and this is the profounds fruth in religion. We live by our faith, by our love, by outhiritial effort, by our communion. We have heaven newtied now—not by and by-present, instant and constant. In the first the truth of the religion of Jesus, because it show us how we truly live. We live by Jesus Christ now, becase he fills up the highest faculties of our nature; because draws out our best afficellons; because to gives to take truth under the higher

tions; because he gives to ushe truth under the higher

boing.

Let me ask you, my fellow ian, Have you ever really lived? If you could only see th spiritual eyes, Broadway would sometimes look like a grayard, living men like tombs and sucophagi in which souls an buried, affections lie dead, and the noblest powers of the sti are all covered with coroments of worldiness and sensualy. To live really and truly, is to live in communion with tel, with Christ, with goodness, with beauty. Do we reallifie, and what do we live the property of the still the postby, overy day, in sunshine and isorrow? That is a beautiful thought of Taylor's, when heave of a certain man—"Ho was made of canvas that stormstere made of." Yes, a man wants to be made of somethingthat will stand storms as sunshine, that he majive in joy as well as in

well as sunshine, that he majive in joy as well as in sorrow.

Poople sometimes say, sneerin'at certain forms of faith, "It is good enough to live by, buit will not do to die by." It is good enough to live by, buit will not do to die by. If you know that your faith will do live by, you may be sure it will do be die by. That is, if yolive truly; if you live only on the lower plane, it will not live by. You live truly and faithfully, that which will do to liby will do to die by. And what is that? Have you that? hayou that inward life? Have you that hayou that inward life? Have you that which have that which will do to live by. You want it; you have got to live, taffer; joy and sorrow lies before you, and death comes. Arou ready with that which will do to live by under all condities?

It will do to live by the spirit occus Christ, and thankful ought we to be for every agency which we are brought into communion with him. Sommes the temptations of

ought we to be for every agency which we are brought into communion with him. Sommes the temptations of life will do that, for Jesus was mpted. When the great life will do that, for Jesus was ampted. When the great struggle of sin comes against wif we can only catch his spirit, then we are brought intommunion with him by temptation. And sometimes sorr will do it, for Jesus sorrowed. When we weep as he wepeer the grave of Lazarus, when we struggle as he wepeer the grave of Lazarus, when we struggle as he wepeer the grave of Lazarus, when we struggle as he wepeer the grave of Lazarus, when we struggle as he wepeer the grave of Lazarus, by brought into communion with in. And so by the simplest things, even as simple as the elements of the broken bread and the shed whe, we may ilrought into communion with him. Nothing is little or greenly by the spirit which it unfolds; and if the bread stando us as a memorial of that self-sacrificing love, if the cup praits to us the symbolism of that poured out sacrifice for thworld, then it is a great thing; and if we are brought intommunion with the spirit of Jesus Christ by it, let us glory a take hold of it.

And here they stand to day, a whom do I invite? Not the good, for they will come by thravitation of their own nature and attraction of their wn sympathy to Jesus Christ; not the perfect, for there a none perfect. But I invite the tempted to come—and what not tempted? I invite I was in."

When we are brought intommunion with the broken he beck was picked, and the lid flew back. There lay the merchant's treasure, but not yet in his passe; and as Lawrence remembered his poor character for upright dealing, he resolved not to trust a simple promise of payment. Holding the cover down firmly, he requested the offered reward in the most respectful manner.

"Oh, you're joking, now," exclaimed Mr. Reynolds, "you can't suppose a man knows or means what he says in such a state of anxious suspense as View the tempted to come—and what not tempted? I invite.

the sorrowing to come—and who has not known sorrow? I invite the guilty to come, conscious of their sin and weakness, and feeling their need of this strength. I invite you all to come to the Lord's table, not mino—not to the table of my sect, but to the table of living, vital Christianity. I invite you to come here in this young spring season, when the forms of nature begin to yearn for the things by which they live. Oh, heart of man, sounding as in fathomiess depths, look to Jasus Christ, and see what there is in him by which you live I and in the truth of that sacred consideration I invite you all to come, eating of the bread and drinking of the cup, thus eating and drinking of Jesus Chirst himself, and thus living now and forever in him.

Written for the Banner of Light

OR, THE LOOKSMITH OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

In a workroom adjoining a little shop, where various articles of mechanism were displayed, sat a man of about five and forty, intently examining some intricate production of his own skill.

Lawrence Paxton was a poor man, yet the intelligence, even genius, that was stamped on every feature of his face, seemed ample evidence that it was his own fault. He was a most ingenious mechanic. a first-rate maker and repairer of locks, and particularly celebrated for dexterity in picking them in cases of emergency. He was, withal, a most industrious and economical man; his family was small and prudent in expenditure, yet he merely secured the comforts of life without accumulating property. To those who knew how much his intellectual temperament differed from the race of money makers, whose sordid instincts impel them to gain and hoard without a care beyond the mere method of acquisition, his poverty did not appear so strange; the time consumed in prosecuting still deeper researches into the unexplored regions of his favorite occupation. and the lengthy conversations with those who dropped in to inspect and praise the fruits of his skill, would alone account for the low state of his finances. But the proceeds of his regular business sufficed to keep himself and his family; so he studied and worked on, his good wife being too humbleminded, and proud of her husband's talents, to dis-

The mother's ambition was, therefore, centred in er children. Jennie, her eldest, was a handsome, slender, dark-eyed girl, singularly graceful, and with as rich mental as physical endowment. Of course marriage was the avenue through which her social elevation was to come, and a quiet dignity of manner kept at due distance such youth as a higher position emboldened to hover about without any serious intention."

turb his happy content with exhortations, or re-

Gilbert, a stout lad of fourteen, was two years younger, and gave tokens that he inherited all his father's talent, with sufficient business energy to better by it; it is no wonder, therefore, that both parents regarded their son and daughter with nearly as much pride as affection.

Matters were in this happy state, when one day in the fall of 18-, a young man entered the shop of Lawrence Paxton in great haste, and inquired if the locksmith was in.

"Here I am," replied Paxton, coming from the inner room; " what is wanted?"

" My employer, Mr. Reynolds," answered the clerk, has lost the key to his safe, and must get at the contents somehow or other before three o'clock. He wants you to come and open it, it possible."

"Very well," said Lawrence, getting the necessary tools together; "how did it happen?"

"Why, you see, he was very busy on the quay and aboard his vessels all this morning, and about an hour ago came into the counting room for several thousand dollars to lodge in the bank, to renew some paper falling due to-day; but the key to the chest was found to be nowhere—either mislaid or lost, and after a thorough search in every possible place, he concluded that he had drawn it out with his hand. kerchief, and so dropped it from his pocket in the street, or into the dock. It was then one, and the bank closes at three, so there was no time to advertise the key, or scare up the requisite amount. Finally he happened to think of you; and now if you can't do it, why nobody else can, and it's a gone case."

Paxton knew Mr. Reynolds well by reputation; his business was very extensive, and he was estimated to possess wealth in proportion, but he was by no means supposed to be the "soul of honor;" and, as they went along, Lawrence revolved the whole matter in his mind. A large portion of the dark cloud which had set-

tled on the merchant's face was dispelled at witnessing the speedy return of his clerk, followed by the locksmith, with implements in hand. Paxton set to work with most encouraging dex-

terity, but the task was less easy than both parties

"I fear this delay will injure my credit seriously." said Mr. Reynolds, at length; "look here, Paxton, if you'll open that chest in five minutes, I'll give you twice that amount of dollars.",
In the time named Lawrence accomplished the

"Then you refuse to pay me the sum you men tioned?"

To be sure I do."

This was precisely what Lawrence had expected, and he congratulated himself on his prudent fore-

"But I'll tell you what I will do," continued the merchant, "I 'll give you five dollars."

"I wonder you dare make such a mean proposition," replied Lawrence, with rising anger.

"I'm sure that's pretty good pay for as many minutes' work. I don't think you need complain; come, be reasonable."

But Lawrence was thoroughly indignat, and inexorable. The merchant shuffled and fumed. Lawrence bore this a brief space, and then-down went the top of the chest, click, and fastening with a spring, was locked again as safely as ever !

Mr. Reynolds looked aghast, first at Paxton, and then at the clock. It wanted twenty minutes to three only, and the long spidery-hand appeared to post over the figures with supernatural speed. What was he to do? Obeying the first impulse that occurred to him, he attempted to bully the looksmith. But he quickly found this of no avail.

" If you have met any jujury at my hands," said Lawrence, calmly, " you are at liberty to sue me just as soon as you like, but my time is too valuable at present to be thrown away in such trifling as this."

So saying, he gathered up his tools, and with an expression of the utmost composure, turned on his heel to leave the counting-room. Mr. Reynolds had now no choice left—his credit was in imminent peril; he was obliged to succumb to stern necessity.

"Here Paxton," he said, calling the mechanic back, and handing him the ten dollars with a most crestfallen air, "here is your money; go to work again, and don't let us waste more words."

"Yes. but I must have double that sum now." Paxton answered. "You tried to impose upon a poor man, and, besides opening your safe, I have a lesson for your acceptance that is worth a trifle. You not only intended to withhold what I had justly carned, but also to involve me in a lawsuit that would have proved certain ruin to me and my family. For the future, you will never rely on your wealth to back you in oppressing the poor, without remembering the looksmith, so that these ten additional dollars may spare you the commission of much sin, and more repentance."

This admonition was delivered in a tone of quiet. firmness that forbade all hope of relenting, and had taken up a minute or two more of the time sufficient. ly valuable already. Mr. Reynolds hastily counted out the money. With perfect deliberation Lawrence examined the bills to make sure they belonged to no worthless bank, and then, rolling them up, put them in his pocket. Having thus secured his reward, he droitly picked the look a second time, and enabled the merchant to obtain the requisite amount, just in season to save his credit at the bank.

Weeks passed by after this incident, and one evening a young man who visited the Paxtons frequent. ly, called in to communicate a piece of news that roused even the absorbed locksmith from a brown study over a half fledged invention of improved pattern.

"What do you say, Austin?" inquired his host; the Philadelphia Bank robbed!"

"Yes," replied the young man, "and by some ingenious fellow. too."

"How did he break in?"

"By filing some window bars; he must have had pretty daring courage, as well as no mean share of skill in mechanical contrivances." "What was the amount stolen," inquired Paxton.

"Fifty thousand dollars—a part of it was specie."

The matter proved an exciting topic, and was discussed in its length and breadth. Paxton especially was interested in learning the precise mode by which the burglar effected an entrance, so that the young neighbor, who was a tacit admirer of Jeannie, and secretly favored also, was absolutely unable to exchange more than a few words with the pretty maiden of his choice, the whole evening.

As may be supposed, the robbery created much commotion. Every one felt alarmed, and those who had valuable articles, knowing that desperate rogues must be in their midst, feared lest they might be the next sufferers. Of course, all were deeply concerned in the apprehension of the daring thief; but not withstanding that the police were most active in, searching the city and vicinity, no clue was discorered. Meanwhile Paxton had completed his now, invention. Again he sat in the little room out of his ; work-shop, admiring the just finished article, when, the door opened, but not to so welcome a visitor, as . before. This time it was a police officer, with a party, of constables.

"We have come to search your premises," was the .. startling announcement that greeted the ears of Parton, " to see if there is any ground for suspecting you to be implicated in the late Bank robbery.

Unable to speak, from the various emotions that filled his mind, Lawrence simply bowed, and remained standing with folded arms, until the officers were about to pass into the apartments occupied by his family. He then began to recover from his stu-

"Let me prepare my wife and daughter for your visit," he said; "it will kill them to witness such proceedings without any warning."

The words had hardly passed his lips before he half repented them, for he saw that they now regarded , him suspiciously, and, as he might have expected, the request was refused. Mrs. Paxton and Jeannie were " just setting out the table for their humble dinner, as

he ominous group presented itself to their astonished gaze. A few words of explanation from l'axton caused their faces to turn pale, while, as if personal danger was threatened, they clung to him with dilated eyes and trembling forms, as the search proceeded. At length it was ended, and expressing himself satisfied that none of the missing property was scoreted there, the constable withdrew with his as-

By this time Gilbert had come bome to dinner; Jeannie, who was now able to speak, flow to him with her pitiful story. The indignant blood mounted to his fine forehead as he exclaimed:

"Who dared accuse my father of such a thing? Not one of us is mean enough to cheat a soul out of sixpence : but to thieve-to commit a robbery of fifty thousand dollars-is a crime that, to be only suspected of, is sufficient to crush us."

"It is true, my son," said Lawrence, "and this is a lesson to teach us that no man is ever secure from any misfortune. Amidst all our poverty we have glorled in the inestimable possession of a good name. and now we see that the strictest integrity and Christian principles have not been able to preserve us that reputation which we have valued above the greatest

Notwithstanding their conscious innocence, the blow struck heavily. The appalling magnitude of the crime was in itself fraught with vague terror. For the remainder of the day but little was done, and they abandoned themselves to the grief and mortification, whose stunning weight added to the keenness of a first experience.

. When Austin Spencer again visited the Paxtons, he enabled them to trace the chain of events that had led to the otherwise incomprehensible suspicion. The robber, as has been stated, left behind ample proofs of unusual dexterity and mechanical practice. Actunted by an honest belief, or, what is more likely, petty revenge, Mr. Reynolds, on hearing of this fact, took occasion to repeat in a significant manner, with various alterations, however, the affair of the iron safe, to the Bank Directors, interspersing the account with mysterious nods and shrugs. As he had anticipated, the story spread rapidly, and with the propensity of rumor, lost nothing by each relation, till at length it quite amounted to an actual charge, with circumstantial evidence in the background to bolster it up.

"This explains, then," said Lawrence, after Spencer concluded. "why some of my friends have appeared rather different from usual for a week past; several also, who used to come in every day or two have not been here lately. I thought very little of it, though, as I was not aware of having given any reason of complaint or charge. Well, Austin, of all those who have professed friendship for me, you are the only one who has stood by me."

"I hope to always be man enough to be firm when I know I am right," replied the young man. "It is by no means likely that all those who forsake you believe you guilty; but they fear public opinion, and have not courage to proclaim their dissent from ourrent report. When your innocence is proved, they will be the very first to flock around you."

"Well." said Paxton, "I cannot think that time is far off. It is impossible that injustice should continue forever. A hitherto honest life will not go unrewarded. Perhaps it is not strange that, knowing my reputation as a locksmith, the thoughtlessly credulous, and maybe envious circulators and hearers of Mr. Reynolds's story, should fix upon me."

"It would have been better had you told of that affair at the time," said Spencer.

"I did not like to turn the laugh on an enemy even, when in reality he had not injured me. And I supposed pride would prevent him from mentioning it himself. But I have no doubt the true thief will soon be brought to justice, for the greatest vigilanco will of course be excited; and even if all search proves vain, when every one sees us hard at work as

ever, in as humble circumstances, and no increased expenses, they will put it with the past reputation we so prized, and surely have sufficient sense and high feeling to restore our good name again."

This appeared very reasonable; but had they known the terrible trials in store for them, their courage would have failed at the outset. Finding that every week lessened the probability of recovering the stolen amount, the bank directors sent one of their number to Paxton with the offer of a large bribe, and a guaranty from legal prosecution, if he would confess, make restitution, and expose his confederates.

Lawrence indignantly asserted his ignorance of the perpetrators, and his detestation of the crime. The banker at first complimented him upon his well counterfeited composure: but as Lawrence kept his temper, his companion was obliged to change his tactics. To this end he resorted to threats. Finally. Paxton was roused.

"Look you, sir," he exclaimed, rising with the flush of honest anger upon his face, "I am a poor man, it is true; but I will die before sacrificing my self-respect, and I am still able to protect my home from impertient and insulting intruders. You are not fit to stay beneath an honest roof, and I demand that you leave my house at once!"

The banker left, inwardly vowing vengeance, and thus Paxton made another powerful enemy. .

The consequence of this interview was, that the bank directors met together again, and finally concluded to arrest poor Lawrence on suspicion, in the hope that solitary confinement, and absence from his family, would perhaps induce a confession. At any rate, they argued, he would thus be cut off from all communication with his accomplices, and be utterly unable to oppose the proceedings of those who strove to gather evidence for his conviction.

When this new trial came upon the Paxtons, they nearly sank under it. While they were allowed the privilege of suffering together, they strove to keep up hope and courage; but misfortunes thickened, and the mainstay was taken from them. Besides, now that their whole dependence was upon the slender wages of Gilbert, and the proceeds of Jeannie's sewing, poverty was added to their other trials; but, notwithstanding their constant visits to the prisoner, were seldom unmarked by some little luxury which had been procured by lessening their own already diminished list of comforts.

Throughout the whole, Austin Spencer was devoted to the stricken family, and vainly endeavored to persunde them into accepting his assistance: he feared to wound their delicacy by proposing marriage to Jeannie, lest they should think him actuated by an undue degree of pity.

At length, after several weary months, during which Paxton had neither confessed his supposed crime, nor any discoveries furnished the shadow of a she felt the truth of this appeal, and mourned that refusing the many briant offers which her beauty proof to confirm the accusations brought against her brave boy was doomed to such dreary prospects. and her father's populity gave to her acceptance.

him, his presecutors were unable longer to withhold

without some hidden motive.

though Paxton's friends spoke in the highest terms exonerate them completely. of his past character, they admitted, on cross questioning, that his ardor for this favorite study was extraordinary, at least. The lawyer also brought home must be sought. On learning their plans, forward the story of the iron chest, dwelt on the Austin Spencer again offered his assistance, and well-known poverty of the prisoner, and argued that carnestly attempted to persuade Jeannie into an imso much labor as had been spent upon useless me- mediate union. But she was as proud-spirited as chanism, would be time thrown away, unless it was beautiful, and steadily refused, in this season of disintended to fit him for the execution of some great grace, to become what, in more prosperous days, she

Aside from argument, he stated his belief that Paxton would confess his guilt after the verdict was ties, she had but one reply. given: and, in short, by his ingenious eloquence imminds of those present.

Paxton's counsel could do but little. The vague lated of late, had had their full weight with the pub too truly to permit this, and besides I owe a duty to lie, and to such an extent did a conviction that the the jury were more disposed to convict without evil be to suffer such a sacrifice, my youth and natural dence, in the hope of inducing a confession, and letting subsequent events prove their sagacity, than to remove this mysterious chastisement." meditate upon the awful responsibility of condemning a fellow being without sufficient cause.

The judge fortunately was an impartial man. the well-attested poverty of the prisoner, there was fulfill this expectation." not only an entire absence of proof, but even of circumstantial evidence; the only thing to be opposed against the irreproachable character of the defend. ings of this grief-stricken family. In every place ant, being his ingenuity, and a few skillful inven- where they successively settled, a temporary prosions.

Reynolds and the bankers were disappointed, and who would recognize Paxton, and inform the resicontinued to assert their belief in Paxton's guilt, dents as to his identity with the notorious locksmith regretting that the charge could not legally be sus who had so excited their fear and indignation through tained and proved.

the united force of several, and there were thousands which had driven them from Philadelphia, till at content to take their views without examining for length they learned to regard the entrance of a stranthemselves, and to repeat these second-hand opinions ger into town as the signal for their own departure. to whomsoever they conversed with on the subject.

realized that a legal acquittal is a very different where the English language was spoken. thing from public acquittal. His fair weather friends, It was toward the sunset of a fine summer's day, who had doserted him at first, kept aloof as carefully that a desolate hearted group of four persons stood as ever, and Gilbert and Jeannie were taunted with looking down from the surrounding heights upon the the fortunate lack of evidence which had forced an town of Middleton. Here they had resolved to seek unwilling verdict from the baffled jury. Paxton bit- a refuge once more, but dreaded the attempt. They terly lamented this condition of affairs, but firmly had had a long, weary journey, and were fatigued; believed his innocence would yet be vindicated, and Paxton sat down hencath a spreading tree, whose endeavored meanwhile to silence suspicion by his branches threw a good, inviting shade around and daily conduct

wholly dependent on this same public for his daily overcome by mental and bodily suffering, Mrs. Paxton bread, and the composure with which he had borne ble, when he found that loss of employment followed. her shining hair, Lawrence himself went bitterly. It was useless to work at his trade, for he could not But soon checking this emotion, he drow his wife to sell the most common articles, and no one engaged his services. Too disheartened to pursue his former investigations, the almost broken-hearted man sat day after day in his workshop, with his head buried in his arms, on the now bare counter.

ence; the little sum which had been saved by years In addition to our common sorrow, I feel that my of industry and economy having been comsumed by pride was the means of bringing it upon you; I the expenses of the trial. One day the boy came gloried in my superior still, and was too conscious home very much flushed and excited, and flinging of the distance between myself and others. But, as down his cap, exclaimed:

"There, father! it only needed this to make everything complete. It is impossible for us to be worse turned to a curse by my wn hand." off now, and fortune will have to take a turn, for the end is reached."

To the dismay of the little group, he explained senting a taunt at his father's expense.

"I have endured numberless insults without complaint," he continued, the tears rushing to his flashing eyes, "and so long as they had been contented the paragraph. Although more self-possessed, the with attacking me, I would have kept silent: but surprise was so great, hat his deep voice faltered when they assail the character of my parents and slightly as he read to his breathless hearers an acsister, I will resent it if I lose my life also."

The knowledge that he was a blight upon his children's advancement in the world, was the deepest bing the Philadelphia Bok. Then followed a long vinpang that Paxton had felt yet; and when he heard dication of Paxton, theinnocent victim, portraying Gilbert's reply to his mother's remonstrance, after from the writer's imagination their probable sufferthey supposed him out of hearing, he almost praved

your thoughtless associates?"

and Mr. Graham entered suddenly. 'Boys,' said he, what is the cause of all this disturbance?' Saunders, who was the ringleader of the quarrel, and Mr. his neighbor in repairin past injustice. Those nub-Graham's favorite, spoke up and gave his own account of the story. Mr. Graham looked angrily at now spread assiduousl the burglar's confession, among us. I have only kept you till now, Paxton, out of pity for your probable bringing up; but tuous as during the trid but the waves ran the othyou do n't seem able to appreciate the favor.' er way. It would be singular if I did as I cannot see it in that light, sir,' I answered, as respectfully as I pation and prosperity, ery one urged him to prosecould. I have always been attentive to my duties, cute the bank directo, sure that heavy damages and peaceable when I have thought patience was would be awarded accompensation for all he had cowardly; and as for my father, sir, if I do credit to endured, and represeing that punishment was his bringing up, I should esteem it an honor for richly deserved by the who had oppressed the these boys to associate with me.' Mr. Graham turn. helpless through vindique malice. Though at first ed very red, and said, quickly, 'Paxton, you can reluctant, Paxton finly resolved to let his case leave the store immediately; I do not consider, after serve as a warning to falthy corporations, that the this exhibition of violence, that Lawrence Paxton's humblest individual w not to be injured with imson is a fit companion for any person in my employ." | punity. As was expect, his cause triumphed; he

have been more prudent." "Don't say so," was the vehement response; would you have me countenance such insults by silence? If you had been in my place, would n't you have done as I did, mother ?"

Mrs. Paxton turned away with trembling lips, for

The succeeding winter dragged heavily onwart. Obliged to subsist upon the piecemeal sales of article There was not the slightest evidence to be adduced. after article of furniture, comfort was out of the A few odd looking tools and locks, which had been question, and spring found them reduced to the found in his shop, were the chief support of his op- three alternatives-beggary, starvation, or removal. ponents; but although they certainly attested the litherto they had clung to the hope that before the rare ingenuity of the mechanic, they had no manner latter step should be necessary, Providence would of connection with the case in question. Still, no interfere in their favor, and, removing the dark one in all the court-room, among judges, jury, or clouds that enveloped them, restore them to their spectators, could credit that a poor man would spend former happy position again. Besides, they had arso much of his time on what brought him no profit gued that flight would imply their sense of the justness of the treatment and opinion accorded them, The banker's counsel was a very able man; and, and any day a discovery of the real barglar might

> Now, however, they could no longer hesitate. Poverty was grinding them to the earth, and another had regarded as the summit of her joyful ambition. In reply to his urgent and even reproachful entrea-

"Although so young, Austin, you have attained a pressed his own opinions very generally upon the high place in the esteem and confidence of your employer. He is a hard man, and you cannot deny that, by marrying me, you would forfeit all the good reports and exaggerated statements, so widely circu. opinion you have so long striven to gain. I love you my parents. Without me they would sink into utter locksmith was the robber, prevail, that some among wretchedness of mind, and unwilling as they would cheerfulness must sustain them, until heaven shall

"Since it must be so, Jeannie," Austin sadly replied, when she bade him farewell with this final decision, "good bye for the present. But do not Neither blinded, nor led away from the literal facts, imagine that time or absence will alter my determihe reminded the jury in his charge that although nation. The moment that I am independent through such devotion to a pursuit which rather impoverished my henceforth unremitting exertions, I shall claim than remunerated, was seemingly inconsistent with you for my wife, and I rely upon your promise to

Jeannie promised, and so they parted.

It is unnecessary to relate in detail the wanderperity ensued, and they gradually acquired friends In consequence of this dispussionate statement a and comfort. But this transient happiness was alverdict of "not guilty" was returned. But Mr. ways snatched from them by some passing traveler, the slanderous reports they had heard at the time of A rich man's influence is proverbial. Here was the trial. Then would succeed the same experience In this manner they had nearly crossed the State, So it came to pass that Lawrence Paxton soon until they sadly felt there was no shelter for them

the rest followed his example. They were sticut. It had never occurred to Lawrence that he was thinking of the dreary past and hopeless future: burst into tears; Jeannie laid her head on her an almost literal excommunication became impossi. father's knee, and sobbed, while, hiding his face on his side, and resting his arm on Jeannie's shoulder. said-

"We cannot help our grief, but we will not murmur against God's will, and though we may never again have a happy home in this world, we have un-Again Gilbert's earnings were their chief depend. failing promises of peace and rest in a better one in the case of greater and better men, the very thing I considered my chief blessing, through misuse. was

Mrs. Paxton unfolded & Philadelphia paper, which had been given her on the way, and intended to divert the attention of the family by reading of the that he had lost his situation in consequence of re changes in the city which had once been the scene of so much domestic happiness. The first thing that met hey eye, deprived her of speech, and tremblingly she handed the paper to her husband, pointing to count of a late execution in Albany, of a man who, among numerous other normities, confessed to robings.

The joy of the wanders was equal to their past "Gilbert," said Mrs. Paxton, "did your employer despair, and they accept this as a reward for their turn you away for simply resenting the remarks of steadfast faith and sumission to an overruling Providence. They at one turned toward their na-"Not exactly. We were disputing rather loudly, tive city, where, owing the excitement of regret and enthusiastic commitration pervading all ranks they were eagerly wellmed. Each one vied with lications which had mosseverely denounced Paxton. me, and replied-'Ah! then it is that rude, quarrel- and printed most patetic pictures of the happy some fellow is it? I suppose I shall always be home so ruthlessly deroyed, and the subsequent troubled in this manner while we have a felon's son distress of those whom bey nearly elevated to the rank of martyrs. In fort, the tide was as tumul-

Not content with resting Paxton his home, occu-"Oh, Gilbert," said his mother, sadly, "you should was awarded ten thound dollars damages, and was thus freed from ever tring the gripe of poverty

Jeannie soon after as married to her faithful lover, who had won thposition he had resolved to attain before claiminger, and she proudly felt that she could give him equ proof of her constancy, by

Gilbert, also, never forget this severe but impressive lesson of his youth; and when his father's death. years afterwards, left a vacancy in the community, he was able to fill the place with honor to himself and satisfaction to his fellow-citizens.

> THE FOREST SPRING. BY JOHN W. DAY.

The forest holds within its temple grand, Full many an altar to the Father's praise; But holicat is the placid fountain-fanned By zephyrs, as they breathe Æolian lays To the low-drooping branches; up it wells, Through earth's deep caves and stratas to the day-As the true soul beneath life's bondage swells, And upward mounts, though errors dark'ning lay,

To where the Eternal Sun sheds forth his glorious ray! Oh, wondrous stream, tradition gives thy tide A silent influence, that follows him Who tastes it, through his earthly wanderings wide, Till back it leads him to thy mossy rim;

To muse on days and hours long passed away To the dim regions of the far-off lands-And in a goblet of thy flashing spray Remember those who from the angel-bands Look forth with auxious gazo to count life's waning sands solemn communion! Christ 'mid Salem's towers;

In ancient days, poured forth memorial wine!

Here Nature, through the gorgeous summer hours, Sends up this offering from her inmost shrine i Drink, and revere thy great Creator, thou Who standest here, rapt in a beauteous dream-For as the dawning light gems morning's brow, His mercies over through the darkness gleam, And light the sloping, vale where rolls the Bridgeless stream !' "

At morn I lingered by thy crystal wave, When thrilled the forest-warbler's matin hymn: And comrades true the gladsome chorus gave, And pledged their friendship at thy sparkling brim!

Months passed—I drank 'neath twilight's pall of grief— For day was fading at thy mystic shrine-And heard the cold wind sweep the falling leaf; Still further stretched the forest's shadowy line. Till evening's vestal star shone o'er the the sembre pine

so youth with gladness tastes life's current bright. While friends and Joys crowd round in thick array-So manhood drains the second-childhood's blight, And fear's wild host their frowning ranks display! But as the star-rays glimmered o'er thy breast When day's last sunbeams faded in their pride. So Faith shall light the spirit to its rest; Onward, to where the glittering worlds divide,

And golden watch-fires gleam o'er Jordan's rolling tide! • In a forest, near the village of Annisquam, on the northern shore of Cape Ann, is a fountain, of which tradition asserts, that he who drinks of its waters will surely return Boston, Feb. 24, 1959.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BIHEL MAY,

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER I.

had been beautiful, that the ravages of disease and turned full and imploringly upon the blooming couningly, the words came forth:

"You will protect-care for-my child?" the haughty face bent down to listen, but it was

steady tones: "I promise to provide for her; she shall never vant."

The blue eyes rested an imploring look upon her here was no response; the attenuated, feebly-gropng hands sought the white, jeweled ones; there was in them no answering pressure.

"Say—say that you will love her!" gasped the strange, evasive answers.

Ariadne Whitman replied in a slow, cold, measared voice:

Alice, is there ought I can do?"

Tears filled the unnaturally brilliant eyes. "It is too late, dear Ariadne!" she whispered but but you might cheer my death-bed with a sister's love-one word! once only call me sister! once again!" The icy hands grasped the small lifewarm ones, and covered them with passionate kisseswith a shower of tears.

retained its wonted coldness; her manner its unbending haughtiness, as she replied:

"I cannot lie, not even at this hour! Alice, I bride of Andrew May, I called you by his namefrom wrong; to train her in the path of truthful-I cannot love aught, save the memory of my mother." The dying woman raised herself in bed; before cold arms around her neck, the burning face pillowed

Unconsciously, the forgiving lips of the bitterlyvronged woman, met the clammy brow of the departing one, and sealed there a sacred pledge; the voice of Alice uttered feebly its last appeal: "Say, sister, call me once more sister!" And with a face the loving word.

A smile played over the face of Alice; a joyous smile, that deepened as the white lids drooped over brow and cheek; that smile was her only response. When Ariadne laid her back upon the pillow, the eyes were closed, the golden lashes lay of the sweet lips was stilled; the spirit of Alice had ing him, and that when she entered, although her departed!

Long, long did Ariadno sit there, regarding the motionless form; and soft dows gathered in her dark, brilliant eyes; and her ripe lips moved with voiceless prayer. In that hour despite her strong resolves the pride and the bitterness yielded to the sweet, natural feelings of affection, long repressed by a hardy self-control that guided her solitary, self-

As she sits there, gazing on the face of her dead sister, struggling powerfully against the tide of recollections that press upon her all the bitterness and agony of the past; as she sits there with her woman's heart valuely encasing itself in an armor of pride and coldness, let us, with her, look upon memory's painting, and learn the cause that changed the merry, dancing, silver-voiced Ariadne, to the proudly-repellant, silent, reserved and singular being that we find her.

The sisters lived with their widowed mother, blithe and contented with their moderate income : the beauty and sprightliness of Ariadne, the fairylike leveliness and gentle grace of Alice, gained them many friends, many invitations from the gay and fashionable of the metropolis. They lived in a pretty cottage some miles in the country; but it was no strange sight to behold the carriages of noted leaders of the ton, of wealthy city dwellers stop before the narrow gateway of Roschill cottage. At a large party the sisters met with Andrew May; a young man of elegant-exterior, fashionable manners and enchanting conversational powers. He was struck at first sight by the majestic loveliness of the elder sister; his poetic imagination compared her to Juno-to some of the regal forms he had met with at foreign courts; the charm of her every gesture. the oriental lustre of her soft, dark eye, enchained this ardent lover of the beautiful; and Ariadne, the truthful and the pure, soon learned to love, to revere, to worship him.

At first, he scarcely deigned to notice Alice, who endowed with more vanity than her sister, felt severely piqued, that the pensive charm of her "pale rose cheek," the sapphire depths of her tender eyes, the swaying grace of her sylph-like figure, should be all unobserved by him, while others bent in homage at her grace and beauty. But, as he grew more devoted to her sister, he honored her with more attention, but it was the polite attention of the polished gentleman; not a sign of awakened interest did he exhibit, but his even followed Arindne with an expression that revealed his feelings long before his lips had uttered them to his loved one's cars. He sued for Ariadne's love, and it was fully, un-

reservedly given. She knew naught of the wiles of coquetry; doubt and suspicion never entered her breast—did not his every tone and glance betray the fondest affection and solicitude? So her heart was given, with all its wealth of trust and tenderness: and then their love was proclaimed to the world and A pale face lay upon the pillow, a face that once the day of their marriage fixed. Alice shed bitter tears of disappointment when she heard of her sissorrow had left with bloodless hue and sharpened ter's betrothal; never before had she felt envy of outline; the deep blue eyes burned lustrously, and that sister's power and beauty; strange, wild feelwore a pitcous expression of supplication, as they ings surged in her breast; she nursed them in solitude, and dared not, poor, undisciplined child, repose tenance of the richly-attired lady, whose jeweled upon her mother's bosom the feelings and temptahand lay carelessly upon the coarse and scanty cov- tions that beset her. She became wayward and ering. The lady bept her head, and her costly petulant to Ariadne, who often found her in tears; plumes swept back the tangled yellow hair from the she watched for the coming of Andrew May; yet face of the dying; she bent her head to catch the when he appeared she hastily left the room, and remint whispered words of the sufferer. Slowly, gasp- fused to leave her own chamber. From that chamber window she often waved her kerchief to her sister's future husband, and he gallantly waved his hat in A strange smile and flush passed quickly athwart return. He often met her on the road leading to the Widow Whitman's cottage. She blushed when cold and impassive as ever, when she replied in he greeted her, and gave confused and incoherent replies. Twice he saw her put her handkerchief to her eves, as if to restrain or hide her tears. Andrew wondered hat could cause her to act so strangely; his curiosity began to take the form of interest; he thought more of and sought the society of Alice; but she invariably absented herself from the table, when he was a guest; when questioned she gave_

One day-it wanted three weeks of the weddinghe met her in the alley of elms that led to the "You know I am incapable of falsehood; I can in the reading of a paper she held in her hands. not promise to love your child—the daughter of Traces of tears were on her cheeks, and her eyes Andrew May. But she shall never know want; were swollen. Andrew regarded her attentively; a education, clothing, health-all shall be provided for new idea, a sudden thought, possessed him. Hastily her. I am rich and love to be liberal. Had I known dismounting, he approached her, and playfully put you were in this strait, you should have been re- his hand upon her shoulder. Perhaps Alice had not lieved. All that can be done, I will do; tell me heard the sound of his horse's hoofs; perhaps she was unaware of his approach; for she flushed. crimsoned, and hastily thrust the paper into her apron pocket. Her manner was so peculiar that Andrew's suspicions, (aided by his vanity.) increased, and after much supplication and denial, he wrested from her possession the mysterious paper. A low shrick burst from the lips of Alice, but Andrew had read the fervent confession of her love. Ariadne permitted the loving demonstration, and the outpourings of her sorrow, her determination of ngain a slight flush tinged her cheeks, but her voice flight before the wedding would take place; her renunciation of hope and happiness, when she could no more behold his face; all this he had read, had marked the tears that blotted the pages, the date will not reproach you; you have suffered deeply and the signature; and then, with a firm resolve, enough. The day you left our mother's house, the worthy of a far better cause, he pursued the flying girl and reached her ere she had passed beyond the you were no more a sister to me. I will do all that alley of clms. Then, wavering and inconstant man! humanity, duty, dictate to me; I cannot command if truth, honor and principle had held sway in his my soul to love or hate. You have always had my bosom, he would have led that erring girl to a conforgiveness; you have my pity; my promise of pro sciousness of her duty; he would have awakened tection for your child. I will strive to guard her her timely remorse and strengthened her resolves for good; but alas! blinded by vanity, by love of conness and rectitude. Ask not for impossible things; quest, by flattered solf praise, he yielded to the momentary fascination, and breathed words of deep. passionate love into the cars of the weak and unre-Ariadne was aware of her intention, she felt her ice flecting girl. Alice gazed upon him as he spoke to her of love: surprise, doubt, rapture and triumph upon her breast. A shower of tear drops glistened were reflected in her changing face. Passively, she on the satin bodice, and once again their hearts beat permitted him to hold her hand, to stroke the yellow together-Ariadue's with rising emotion, the erring ringlets from her face, to kiss her flushing brow, sister's with the last faint pulsations of departing and when she found words, it was to say:

"But, Ariadne-my sister-what will she say?

What will become of Ariadne?" "I will confess all! I will cast myself upon her mercy; I never loved her as I love you, my sylph! my angel!" he replied; and he folded her tenderly to his bosom. There was a quick rustling among the now almost pallid, Ariadne stooped again and said leaves, a parting of the branches, and the sound of hustily retreating footsteps. Alice started from Andrew's encircling arms, and he, too, looked stealthily around, but no one was to be seen. Hand in handthe weary eyes; as the gray shadows flitted over they walked towards the house, and on the vine, covered porch they separated; and Andrew waited in the little parlor for the appearance or Ariadne. It seemed to his excited fancy and tumultuous state against the white cheeks, and the tremulous motion of feeling, that she was longer than usual in meetcheeks were crimson and her eye was bright, there

dared to speak of it.

pressure. When she spoke, he started at the sound mentioned the name of Andrew. of her voice; its fervid depth of melody was gone; it was hollow, strange, discordant, and yet most firm. "Where is the paper you took from Alice?" she

said; "I want to see it." "The paper? How know you? I-I-have it, Ariadne!"

Her lip ourled with supreme disdain; her extended

hand demanded the paper. "I cannot bear you to look at me so!" he cried.

"Oh. forgive, Ariadne! In your presence I forget all-I love you only! Oh. believe-" "Silence!" she cried in a voice so loud and deenso all unlike herself-it brought him to her feet in

terror and amazement. "Would you add another paper; I demand-I have a right to see it!" He gave it to her; crouching, and trembling at

her feet, he gave it; and Ariadne read, and a scorn- more of the proud girl's secret and sufferings than she said in unfaltering tones-

well-who expresses that love with so much eloquence and fervor. I know all; I overheard all; she thinks You shall not retract; you shall not deceive another. You shall marry Alice Whitman in place of her sisleave this place, with your bride!" and she swept extenuating word. He saw her no more that day, and soon after he left the house.

Ariadne spoke to her mother that very night, and the simple woman knew not how keenly she suffered. , how bitterly she was wronged. She said that she had found out that Alice loved Andrew better than she loved him, for she had avowed that love on paper, and he had wrested the secret from her. That she would never wed a man who could transfer his allegiance, and she desired him to marry Alice, to wedding preparations. The good mother was much was firm and collected, and declared herself satisfied: and, although for several days she looked coldly upon Andrew, the sight of Alice's happy, radiant face reconciled her to the change. For three days, Ariadne avoided her sister-for three days she wrestled with her bitter agony, and overcame the tempting thoughts of retaliation by prayers for strength and power. Then, one evening, she entered the chamber of her sister; not with the bounding step and merry song that announced her coming, but with firm and resolute tread-with a countenance pale and severe. She placed upon a table all the presents she had received from Andrew May-even to the betrothal ring-to the flowers, all wilted, he had given her while fresh and newly culled. Then she said to Alice, no more with playful gayety, but with stern gravity of voice and manner-

"These things are yours, now: put on the ring: it is your place to wear it."

Alice burst into tears; her heart, poor child. was wrung with griof for her sister's altered looks. She would, at that moment, to restore her to peace and | ter, the rich, proud, benevolent Miss Whitman; she happiness-to bring back the lost confidence and the sent to her without telling any one of their relationolden affection, have resigned even Andrew May. With choking sobs, kneeling and embracing Ariadne, was too late to do aught but assuage the pangs of the she told her so; but she was put gently back, her dying hour; she could not even be removed from the olinging arms unwound, and, in a voice that chilled hor eager, yearning heart, Ariadne replied:

"It is too late, now. You desired his love. Take it, with all the consequences it may bring." There was neither bitterness nor irony in her voice: but she spoke in accents of icy determination, of unbending resolve. No one saw her weep, though her eyes often looked dim and heavy; and when her

pale cheeks brought in their evidence against her. of sleepless nights and anguished thought, to deceive the mocking, questioning world-to blind even her fond mother's sight-Ariadne had recourse to art, and a false bloom decked her cheeks.

Though her merry song was hushed, and her face was grave and stern, none deemed her suffering; and she met her sister's eye, the scrutinizing glance of strangers, with grave composure; or, where curiosity sought admission to her heart's secret, it was met with repellant haughtiness and quiet disdaintraits wholly unlooked for in the gentle, gracious Ariadne.

So the world wondered and surmised, and Andrew May dared not meet boldly the calm, cold eye of the woman he had wronged so bitterly. The usual guests were invited; there was no change in the wedding preparations, only that in place of the darkhaired, stately Ariadne, the fairy-figure of the blueeyed Alice, stood up to take upon herself the marringe vows.

Ariadne was her sister's bridesmaid: and she kissed her when she said farewell; but there was no warmth in the embrace, and the heart of Alice felt chilled to the very core. Andrew May departed with his wife for his distant Western home; and Ariadne devoted herself still more to the care of her mother, to labors of charity. She never mourned or repined outwardly; but her soul was divided against itself. Her deep, strong feelings rose in rebellion against the great wrong that had been inflicted upon her; pride and delicacy forbade her still to love the fickle Andrew; all the pure, beautiful and intimate associations of the past uprose to haunt her to implore a full forgiveness for her sister's fault. But Ariadne, most scrupulously clean; there was want and prenoble, heroic, self-sacrificing as she was, was human : mature care and sorrow impressed upon her features, the pure gold of her nature was not without alloy. From the day of her discovery of Andrew's treachery and her sister's weakness, she had disavowed that sister in her heart; she called her only Alice; she figure of Alice, once named "fairy," "sylph" and dispensed unto her the outward signs of forgiveness; 'lily." in her soul dwelt accusing bitterness; the spirit of charity, of Jesus's all forgiving love, had not yet Ethel, in a subdued tone, for there was nothing vioentered there.

Mr. May was wealthy; he sent rich presents to let me go and kiss poor mother!"

was something in her monner-a certain haughty, ther gratefully accepted them-the daughter reself-possession in her corriage—that was new and turned them without a word of explanation or apolstartling to him, and aroused his fears that she had ogy. Alice wrote sweet, loving, imploring letters; guessed at his treachery and fickleness, ero he had Mrs. Whitman replied to them fully. Arindne wrote a few cold, precise words of commonplace. When-She came not as wual, with both hands extended their first child, Ethel, was born, Alice sent the in welcome, with a beaming smile upon her lips, baby's miniature; in return for it, Ariadne sent the Those finely chiscifed lips were firmly set; a cloud little girl a handsome present; but she put aside the of some great grief or shame was on her brow; her picture, without even looking at it. When her sisclustering, dark curls fell with unwonted negligence; ter's children, Andrew and Valoria, were born, the there was an air of disarray about her; the flowers stern aunt sent them rich gifts, but never made any she carried in her hand seemed torn and wilted, inquiries concerning them. When the two children Andrew gazed upon her with a sinking heart. He died, she wrote coldly: "I am sorry." When Alice kissed her hand, and she submitted passively, but announced her departure for California, Ariadno that hand was joy cold; it returned no answering spoke not of sorrow for that departure; she never

> Once, only, a letter came from the distant land of gold. It told a tale of wretchness and disappointment; Andrew May, the gay and fashionable, fastidious and refined, had become a gambler! Alice wrote in a subdued and sorrowing mood, of growing coldness and estrangement; of her husband's altered habits; of the dreary prospect of poverty opening before them. Once more she appealed to her sister's heart for pity, sympathy, forgiveness. Ariadne kept that letter from her mother; she answered not its imploring cry for love and pity; but she sent a sum of money to her sister's address in California, with a few, cold, business lines of writing.

Mrs. Whitman's income was a moderate one, but in falsehood to your list of perjuries? Give me the the same place lived her husband's sister, an eccentrio maiden lady, far advanced in years. With Miss Elizabeth, Ariadne was a great favorite; she read ful laugh burst from her lips, as she thrust the she was willing should be known. She was actively paper into her bosom. Turning to her fickle lover, benevolent; no suffering one ever appealed to her in vain; but her chief peculiarity was a real or pre-"You shall marry the woman, who loves you so tended horror of married life: whenever she heard of a match broken off by death or change, she exulted and almost clapped her hands for joy. When Andrew she loves you; your lips have sworn love to her. May married Alice in place of Ariadne, she could not conceal her satisfaction. She showered blessings and presents upon her niece, and bade her call upon ter. Not a word, sir-not a word! To morrow, you her in all emergencies, pecuniary or otherwise. To announce the change to my mother: I will see that the old lady's liberality. Alice was indebted for the you meet with no obstacles; and in three weeks you gifts Ariadne sent her children. The sum of money that relieved her wants in a strange land, was grantpast him with head erect, and unwavering step, and ed by Miss Elizabeth to Ariadne's intercession. No left him to his thoughts, disdaining to listen to one more was heard from Alice for several years; all the inquiries of her sister (and she did make inquiry wherever she deemed it would bring tidings of her.) remained without success. Alice was as one dead! and often her good mother wept, and Ariadne sought to soothe her with hopes she entertained not for her-

When that good mother died, Ariadne manifested all the strength of feeling and intensity of sorrow, of which such a nature as her's was capable. Deeply she mourned her, and sacredly she cherished her whom she would transfer her wardrobe, and all the every wish. She closed up the lonely house and went to live with Miss Elizabeth, a part of whose peculiarastonished, and, at first, very indignant; but Ariadne ities and strange views of life she unconsciously adopted. The benevolent old maid died in her niece's arms, blessing her with her parting breath, and leaving all her fortune, which was considerable, to this last and favorite relative. Ariadne lived in Chesnutville, her deceased aunt's residence, and the cottage was closed, and a woman appointed on certain days to dust the furniture, and let in the air and sunshine; but every chair and table and ornament remained undisturbed in its place. Often Ariadne would visit the place, and sit for hours in the darkned chamber her mother died in; she would descend to the little parlor, and stand again in the place she had occupied when Alice was made a wife.

> None knew whether she went there to weep or pray, but Roschill cottage was not tenanted againits haughty mistress refused all applicants, and carried the keys of the place herself.

> Ten years after her marriage, Alice lay upon her death-bed, a broken-hearted, deserted wife, an humbled and repentant woman. In her poor quarters. alone, neglected, dying of fever, she sent for her siship, and Ariadne promptly obeyed the summons. It close and stifling air of the city to Ariadne's beautiful rural home.

We have witnessed the last painful scene. You know why Ariadne Whitman is changed from the merry, silver-voiced, laughing girl, to the stern, unbending, haughty woman. We must now to little Ethel, the doubly orphaned; the child whom her only surviving relative refuses to love. She dreads to meet that child-to see in her eves the haunting memory of her sister's piteous look-to meet the beautifully moulded features of the treacherous Andrew. Beside the dead Ariadne weeps once more as she went beside her mother's bier. A softer mood is upon her-strange feelings she deemed long buried uprise in her bosom, and tenderness sways her soul. while her tear-drops rain upon the coverlet, and her jeweled hands are clasped in prayer for strength and guidance. Ethel enters unobserved-with one quick, startled glance toward the motionless figure on the bed, she falls upon her knees on the threshold of the open door.

She knelt upon the threshold, for she knew her mother was dead, she knew it by the lady's attitude. by her own foreboding heart. She uttered no cry. although the great tears rolled down her cheeks, but her lips seemed moving in a prayer that found no voice. Turning her head, arousing from reverie and prayer, Ariadne saw the child, and her heart throbbed wildly, and a flood of tenderness, sudden, irresistible, overwhelming, rose in the bosom she deemed dead and callous to affection. Unconsciously she opened her arms-her voice was laden with all its olden melody as she said : " Come to me, Ethel, come here, my child!"

The blue eyes were suddenly upraised, the pale cheeks flushed, and one little hand put back the tangled dark brown curls; she moved slowly toward the lady, but when she was near enough to look into her pitying eyes, to behold the pallor of sympathy upon her face, she rushed into her arms, and hid her head upon the sheltering bosom so timely offered. The child's clothes were scanty and ragged, but yet vet the seal of rare and perfect leveliness was there. The high brow, dark brown clustering curls, the finely cut lips of the wretched father—the light, frai.

"Mother is dead! I know she is!" murmured lent in the demonstrations of her grief. "Lady, please

Alice spoke, praying again for the love denied; but the voice of the child was one that sent the warm solitary life; the hely law of retributive justice was blood to Ariadno's heart, sent it there not in a life- made manifest through her. Years passed on, and warm tide, but in a freezing torrent—it was the voice little Ethel grow to womanhood; a levely, pure, unof Androw May I that voice in all its fascinating mel- spoiled nature—a warm sympathy for all that lived ody; it brought to the wronged woman's recollection and suffered-an almost total unconsciousness of all the ageny of the past: she buried her face in the ovil, characterized the igolized nice of Ariadne, the folds of her silken mantle, and said almost inaudi- still solitary, strange, proud lady of Chesnutville. blv: "Go, child!"

Why had Ethel deemed the lady's permission necessary ? why had she demanded it, to go and kiss the dead mother's face? Because the child had been brought up in an atmosphere of constraint—she had learned to fear her father, to fear the fuce of stran- bathing resort there was a cavern, excavated many gers, to dread anger and rebuke from all. Her feelings and emotions, all deep and powerful, were outwardly subdued; so early, she had learned the lesson of maturer years-self-control.

She kissed her mother's closed eyes and lips, she fondly stroked back the yellow tangled ringlets from her brow, her tears fell in a shower upon the pale. still face. Ariadne regarded her with strangely blended feelings, with yearning tenderness and re pelling fear, with pity not all unmingled with scorn, with longing heart, and accusing voice of pride. At last she said, "Come, Ethel, you are left to my care : you will go home with me."

"May I? Will you take care of me? Now mother s gone, and father is far, far away, will you be good to me?"

Again that uprising of old and bitter thoughts, battling with dawning love for that frail human thing. The lady replied.

"I will take care of you, for, Ethel, do you not know who I am? Has not your mother told you?" "No ma'am: she was too sick to talk much; you are some great, rich lady."

"I am your aunt, my dear; have you never heard of Aunt Ariadne?"

"You-you, Aunt Ariadne?" engerly exclaimed the child. "Are you the aunt mother used to write such long letters to? She talked so much about you to father; and when he went away, she told me always to pray for you and him."

The lady withdrew her eyes from the questioning glances of the little girl. "I am Aunt Ariadne, and you shall come and live with me," she replied.

The strange child had thrown herself at the lady's feet, and was clinging to her satin robe. ... "Pardon, Aunt Ariadne! pardon for mamma!"

"What mean you, child? Ethel! why do you ask

my pardon?" Still on her knees, she flung back her thickly clustering hair, and with her blue eyes fixed upon the face of Ariadne, she folded her hands, and said, in a

sweet, pathetic manner, that sent a thrill of pity and forgiveness to the strangely beating heart: "Mother bade me do so; when we came over the sea, and when mother took the fever she told me if I ever met Aunt Ariadne I was to kneel before her, and ask her pardon for mamma. Dear lady, if you are

really my aunt, please forgive mamma!" It was in vain she bent her head to conceal her emotion; in vain she strove to check the rising flood most secret depths of the soul she deemed so strong. She bared her queenly neck, and wept upon the little suppliant's head. She asked, in a husky voice:

"Child, do you know why you ask my pardon for

տռատո*ւ?"* "I don't know," she sadly replied; " poor mother never told me-but please-please, Aunt Ariadne, say you forgive mamma; for Jesus's sake, dear aunty!"

The hitherto proud woman bent her head in reverence: she lifted her sister's child from the floor on which she knelt: she kissed her upturned brow, and half-disabled robber. said, in that sweetest of human tones, the melodious accents of forgiveness:

"I forgive thee, Alice, as I hope for forgiveness from above i"

A joyous light came to the child's blue eyes; a rosy blush mantled on her pale cheeks. Ariadne felt as if the presence of unseen angels ratified the retarded words of pardon; the dress was melting fast, the pure gold glistening uppermost.

Making all due arrangements for the funeral; giving the true name and station of the departed-for Ariadne was ever truthful and just, and no false pride her well-filled purse at his feet. With one hand he could restrain her from the fulfillment of duty-she still tightly clutched Miss Whitman's arm, who took Ethel by the hand and led her, all meanly clad as she was, to the carriage, which rapidly drove to out her anger in no measured terms. Chesnutville. Ariadno attended her sister's funeral. leading Ethel, now clad in better garments, by her lay two defenceless women! Crippled-meanside. To the sympathizing few who questioned her with her customary haughtiness and reserve that forbade all further attempt at inquiry.

The erring, heart-broken Alice was buried by her mother's side. Ariadne had determined never to place her love upon any earthly thing; she deemed her all of affection gathered round the memory of her mother-her all of sympathy flown to a better Elizabeth. She performed deeds of charity and good will, from a sense of duty imposed upon her by the responsibilty of wealth. But her heart was seldom in the work. From the day that she called the dving Alice sister, and yielded to the tenderness for her child-from that day, Ariadne Whitman was a changed woman; not outwardly changed, perhaps. for she still assumed her cold, repellant manner, her awe-inspiring reserve; but she was changed in heart waters: they bubbled up with life, warmth, and joy. path.

At thirty, Ariadne was majestically beautiful: her girlish figure had rounded to a still closer resemfair and reseate: for though she had known deen weakness, and intellectual pursuits, out of door exerthe still admired Ariadne Whitman. Many sultors less scorn that wounded then most deeply.

She had not dared to promise the dying mother. love for the orphaned Ethel. She might have given the earth. the promise most securely; for as weeks and months and years passed by, she felt that much of her life's happiness was in the keeping of that forsaken child. She ceased to feel the pain of her strong resemblance to the unworthy father; she saw the blue eyes of to the throne of everlasting grace! her sister Alice, not overbast with tears, brightened

Bithel May was the redceming angel of Ariadne's

· CHAPTER II.

The summer had been spent upon the sea-shore, and now Miss Whitman thought of returning home with her beautiful niece. Some miles from the years ago, it was said, by a robber band. The descried cave was overgrown with mosses, and curiously mottled pebbles were found in its vicinity. Thither Ethel prevailed upon her aunt to accompany her one day, and though the way was long, winding and rocky, the beauty of surrounding Nature amply rewarded them for the toilsome journey. Ariadne gazed around in silent wonder and admiration: the enthusiastic Ethel clasped her hands and cried: "How beautiful!"

Standing on the rocky and projecting height that held the mysterious cavern, they saw the blue sea stretching far beneath them, skirted by the distant mountains, the sunset's golden and roseate clouds. Towns and villages uprose beside clear, silvery pools and sheltering woods: church spires glistened, and quaint observatories, waving flags, white sails and grazing cattle, all added picturesqueness, a quiet charm to the scene. The background was composed of forests, dense and varigated, the richest hues of summer softly breathed upon by the slowly advancing Autumn. Above them floated the evening clouds; yet it was day, and sunset's glory lingered on the mountain's side, and bathed in mellow splendor the whispering and fragrant pines.

They had ordered the carriage to come for them and they sat side by side upon the mossy rocks. caring not to explore the cavern, nor to search for the mottled stones. Both were enrapt in contemplation of the grandeur and loveliness of the charmed world around them. Slowly the sunlight faded and the shadows deepened, the purple mists upon the sea grew dim, the far objects indistinct, the orimson glory paled, and from the clear vault of heaven glistened the first greeting star.

Beautiful dreams enfolded the soul of Ethel; with a slight start and a sigh, arousing her reverie, Ariadne said:

"It is time to think of returning. I wonder what can detain the carriage."

"Oh, I hope it will not come for half an hour. Dear aunt! do watch those sunset gleams-the last lingering adieu of clouds that veil the sun's ocean bed. Day seems loth to give place to night,"

Crouching behind the rocks, watching attentively the two women seated there, was a man of middle age, stern-featured, care-marked, wasted by a life of crime and remorse. His hat was drawn closely over his furrowed brow; his foreign mantle concealed the worn, shabby attire; a bandage was over one eye; he limped badly, and would have proved a sorry match of sympathy. That child-voice penetrated to the for any man endowed with common strength. But here were only two women-what had he to fear?

Ariadne uttered a loud cry! Her arms had been suddenly seized from behind, and she was hurled from the somewhat steep height to the pebblestrewn, irregular ground beneath. Her shawl was torn rudely off, and the ruffian's hands were round her neck, not with murderous intent, however, but to divest her of the rich chain and diamond cross she wore. Surprise, terror, the sudden overthrow, kept her speechless for a moment; then she burst into loud cries for help, and struggled fearfully with the

Uttering shrick upon shrick, until the rocks reverberated with the sound. Ethel scrambled down to where she deemed her aunt was being murdered, and, regardless of the danger, heedless, forgetful of self, she seized the robber's arm, and cried to him for

"I will give you all I have!-here, take this purse! But pity-oh, spare my aunt!"

She quickly drew off all her ornaments; she gave them into the man's outstretched hand; she dropped somewhat recovered from her first surprise, poured

"Mean-cowardly wretch!" she cried; "to wayhiding malefactor! to infest a place like this! You concerning the deceased, she gave satisfactory and shall suffer-wretch, villain that you are! T will gracious replies; to the wonder-seekers she replied arouse the authorities; you shall not escape from this neighborhood! I know you-I can describe vou-one-eyed vagabond that you are! Take up your spoils, and leave us in peace! Ethel, child, why were you so hasty? We two could have easily overcome this lame, weak coward!"

The brave woman could not proceed; the robber dropped his booty, and with a loud curse, grasped realm with that loved parent and the good Miss her by the throat. One hand sought the dagger he carried in his belt. Ethel saw the movement, and sprung towards him with a cry of terror.

So suddenly she sprang upon him, that in wrenching the dagger from his clasp, she wounded her small white hand with its sharp point. Endowed with almost superhuman strength, with the fixed. ness of a holy purpose—the saving of the life so dear to her-she fell upon him; and the robber lost his foothold, stumbled, let go his hold of the silent and snirit: a child's hand had stirred the frozen and terrified Ariadne, and fell headlong on the rocky

Ethel, never stopping to gather up her jewels. loudly called upon her aunt to follow, and began blance of the imperial Juns. Her complexion was ascending the rocky hill that led to the carriageroad. But Ariadne moved not, heeded not her niece's sorrow and trial, her strong soul had conquered call-her prayers and appeals. She was bending over the prostrate wretch who would have murdered cise, and constant activity, lad kept every vestige of her; who now lay groaning in the sand. His hat vouth unaltered-only heightened and perfected for had fallen from his head, the bandage from his face; his eyes wide open, boldly staring with terror, pain, thronged around her; she dismissed them all, with or surprise, were fixed upon the lady's face; the a manner that admitted of no appeal, with a care- twilight gleam was still sufficient for each to recognize the other. A wild, piercing scream burst from Ariadne's quivering lips, and she fell senseless to

"My God! my God!" was all the robber uttered; deepest anguish and burning remorse was in that cry! Surely all blackened with sin, fallen, guilty, miserable as he was, that cry of deep remorse reached

Wildly, loudly calling for assistance, Ethel ran by fever, or wearing the pitcous look of supplica- down the steep declivity, to the open road. The tion; she saw their reflection in the merry, spark- carriage was on its way; her cries were heard; ling orbs of Ethel; and she thought, at first sadly honest Joseph urged his horses to their swiftest and reluctantly, then tenderly and with forgiveness, speed, and soon reached the spot. The young girl the Widow Whitman, to his wife's sister. The mo. Those imploring words! it was as if the spirit of the Alice of their happy girlhood. I hurriedly explained; sorrow and consternation des suffering, from bitter knowledge, what would I not .

ploted on his face, he rushed to where his mistress lay, white, still, and insensible. He placed her tenderly in the carriage, and returned to look for the folled robber; he was no longer to be seen; the indiguant coachman lost many minutes scarching for. the "atroclous scoundrel, that dared to attack such a lady as his Miss Whitman !" but the search was vain; he had suddenly and most mysteriously disappeared.

Sitting by her aunt's side, Ethel chafed her icecold hands, and sprinkled her deathly pale face with water Joseph brought from a near spring. When Ariadno opened her eyes, and gazed inquiringly around, the carriage was speeding swiftly towards the town. Ethel burst into grateful tears.

The usually impassive, iron-nerved woman, was sadly changed by this occurrence; a strange restlessness possessed her; she called Joseph, and laid her commands upon him, that he should tell no one of the occurrence in the woods. She exacted a promise from Ethel, that the evening's adventure should be forever a secret between them; moreover, that it should never be alluded to.

"For." said she, "it causes me intolerable pain : the recollection is that of some dread nightmare! As you love me, my child, never speak of the affair

Ever obedient and docile, the young girl promised: and attributed the request to her aunt's strongly agitated state, to which cause she assigned also, the pallor of her face, the abstraction of her manner. which continued for many days.

The lame and desperate ruffian was Andrew May! the father whom, Ariadne prayed, her adopted child might never know.

Soon after, they left that pleasant bathing-place. and returned to their own dear home. The strange event was, in course of time, forgotten by the light. hearted Ethel; she felt glad that no search had been made for the robber; she was deeply grateful that her kind aunt's life had been spared; and the revenge, man miscalls justice, was foreign to her loving and forgiving soul.

Ethel, with her screne, Madonna-like lovelinesss. attracted as much attention as, in her youth, had fallen to the share of the royal-browed, imperial Ariadne. Many lovers bent before her; she chose from among them Raymond Lee, and deemed her choice a wise one. So, also, thought Aunt Ariadne, whose tearful blessing was bestowed with almost maternal fervor upon the loving pair. Sweet Ethel May! she had known naught save truth, and love, and kindness, since her admission to the smiling home at Chestnutville.

She thought sometimes of the father who had forsaken her; she prayed for him often; but his memory was indistinct; she could not recall his face and form. As a little child, she had not seen much of him; he was too often absent from home; but the pale, sweet-voiced, suffering mother, she often dreamed of; she regularly visited her grave. Ariadne had learned to speak of her erring sister with affection.

The young girl was seated beside her future husband one winter afternoon, her hand resting in his, his fond eyes resting on her lovely face, when a servant, entering, interrupted for a moment their conversation.

"I couldn't get the ragamuffin from the door, plase ma'am," said the native Hibernian', "he said t wur a sufferin' human craythur as gave him the letther-a man in prison, ma'am, and, knowin' your good nathur, ma'am; I brunged the message in."

" Is the boy waiting, Norah ?" "No, ma'am, he said he could n't wait, an' scam-

pered off like blazes?" "Very well; you can go now, Norah," said Miss

Whitman. She opened the soiled and rumpled paper. A loud ory escaped her; white and trembling, she fell back

upon the sofa. 1 41 5 "Dear Aunt Ariadne, what ails you?" cried Etheli running to her assistance.

"Nothing-nothing!" she gasped. "I will go to my room; do not follow me, Ethel. I request-I desire you to remain."

She kissed her niece, and left the room; she hastened to her own chamber, locked the door, threw herself into a chair, and read again the note. It

"To her whom I have deeply wronged—to my dead Alice's sister—to my child's benefactress—a dying wretch sends this last petition! I am in prison for a crime I have not committed : stolen articles have been found in my possession; the rob. bers placed them there. I did not participate in the extensive robbery; for months I have been disabled. I defended myself against the officers sent against me. I am mortally wounded, and dying. Oh, come to me, Ariadne! for Christ's sake, come to me! Tell my daughter not to curse me; I will not claim her; let her not know how doep a wretch I am. I am in the county jail of C.—. Come quickly, Ariadne, ere my lamp of life goes out! The wretched; sinful ANDREW MAY."

"Oh, my heart ! so long undisturbed by the haunting evils that beset my youth! What shall-what ought I to do? Some years hence, I would have scorned his petition, I would have spurned him with my foot! Now all is changed. I feel that to forgive is indeed divine. Wretched, wretched Andrew! you shall not call on me in vain. I will go now, immediately! Heaven will grant me strength to do my duty !"

So saying, Ariadne put on a warm fur cloak a close bonnet, with a thick veil, and, leaving a message for Ethel, she walked to the railroad station, and took the cars for C----

Ethel could not sleep that night; a weight of apprehension rested on her spirits; she was uneasy, perturbed, anxiously expectant. It was noon the next day before her aunt returned. She was sum. moned to her presence by Norah.

The face of Ariadne Whitman was deadly pale;

her eyes were swollen with weeping; her beautiful dark hair hung in disorder around her temples. She had passed a night of such vigil, as rends the heart and rives the soul of those who once have lovedwho yet suffer and remember.

She gently put aside the loving hands that sought to smoothe her disordered hair; she fondly kissed the pure lips of Ethel May. She said in a low. mournful voice :--

"Sit down, my child; I have something to tell

Then she poused awhile, for she dreaded to bring orrow and the sense of shame to the guileless heart of the happy girl before her. Deeper and deeper sank the foreboding gloom on Ethel's soul; with instinctive recognition of sorrow she lifted her pale. face, and looked beseechingly into her aunt's eyes. striving to grasp at the great, coming woe.

"Ethel!" faltered Ariadne; "Ethel, my child! how I love you, I need not repeat. To save you from

forego? You have received from my hands love and tenderness. Ethell my soul is grieved and torn, for I have a stern sorrow for your youth!"

"Tell it me, my dearest aunt! keep it not from me; why should I not share the grief which is yours also? I can bear all things, if you are left to me." "Ethel, do you sometimes think of your unhappy father ?"

"I do; but, nunt, is it of him you have tidings? they are evil tidings, I know. Poor father! although he deserted my mother in her utmost need, I dare not judge him. Aunt Ariadue, where is he? Is he living?

A groan burst from the heart of the deeply-tried woman.

"Ho is dead!" murmured Ethel, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Give me strength! Sustain me and this innocent child. May the heavy stroke be averted! Fa. ther! let not the pure suffer for the guilty!" fervently prayed Ariadne with folded hands.

"He is not dead, my Ethel!" she continued, turning to the young girl, "but his hours are numbered; he has sinned deeply; he has fallen-oh, how farfrom truth and goodness! His soul is steeped in wrong. But, Ethel, he is repentant-dying. He desires to behold his child, to entreat her forgiveness. I am the bearer of these, his dying wishes. Will you go with me, to give comfort to his last moments, to tell him of God's everlasting mercy, Ethel?"

She burst into tears. She buried her head, with its flowing curls, upon the bosom that had so long and tenderly sheltered her. She asked, in a voice all faltering with love and pity-

"Where - where is he - my poor, unhappy father ?"

"Have faith, my child! Take courage; gird your soul with fortitude! Your father is in the county prison in C---."

"In prison ! Oh, my God—this is too much!" cried Ethel, and she wrung her hands in agony.

"In prison, Ethel; but guiltless of the crime imputed to him. Dear child, do not tremble so violently! He is accused of robbery, but he did not commit the deed. But time presses; we must go in an hour. Get yourself ready, and pray to Heaven for strength to suffer and to do."

"I have prayed for him so fervently! Is this the reward of my supplications? Shall I be known, not as the good Miss Whitman's niece, but as the child of a felon? Oh, God! my fate is hard, indeed!"

She wept as the dark shadow settled fully upon her; her pride, honor, delicacy-all strong and noble feelings-protested against the flat of destiny. The untried heart rebelled against the fiery ordeal!

"Shall we think of ourselves at this time, of worldly considerations, of earthly honor and regard, while he lies low, and deserted by all? Ethel, whatever be his faults, he is your father! whatever his past sins, he is my human brother!"

Ariadne spoke very gently; the softness of her rebuke touched Ethel's soul far more than reproachful or indiguant language could have done. The selfish temptings vanished; the angel of pity overshadowed the daughter's heart with her soft, white, cooling wings. Ethel prayed in self-accusation unto God for

"Though the world forsake him and me, for my adherence to him, I will do my duty!" she cried, raising her clasped hands to heaven. "I will follow your noble example, Aunt Ariadne! I will go to my poor, dying father, and assure him of my love. I am ready, aunt; let us go at once."

" No, my child, compose yourself awhile; we cannot leave until the cars are ready, and I do not wish to wait at the depot. Remain here. I will give some orders to Norah, for I know not how long we

She left the room, and Ethel was left alone with the first great trial of her youth.

or on The the CHAPTER III.

Human forgiveness, that foreshadowed gift of had been accorded to the unh penitent Andrew May, by those whom he had most deeply wronged on earth. The kisses of his pure child were to him the seal of an angel's pardon; Ariadne's words were a softly dropping balsam to his tortured spirit. Ethel, gazing with deep pity and tenderness upon his wasted face, assunging the burning anguish of his wounds with her soft and healing touch, was so like the Alice he had won but to betray—the wife he had deserted in a foreign land! The child he had abandoned to want and temptation, had been shielded from vice and misery by an all-righteous, overruling Power. That daughter forgave him in her mother's name, and in a voice of music called the basely sunken, the outcast of society, the branded felon-father! The woman, whose noble heart he had wrung so cruelly, smiled on him with forgiving grace; that woman was still royally beautiful in her Autumnal time; his child was lovely as an Eden dream; he only, the sinmarked, remorse haunted, shunned and feared-he was prematurely grey and old! Lines, not of age or sorrow, marked his brow; deep characters, traced by the familiar demons of his soul, betrayed that soul's deep fall from virtue, peace and rest. Ethel looked with brimming eyes upon that poor, wan face, and sighed-

. "Can this be the father my mother prayed for?" Ariadne, looking upon the sufferer, leading his soul from contemplation of his misery to the Here-. after opening wide its portals, weeps tears of bitterest sorrow for the noble talents so misused, the holy gifts perverted. She sighs and thinks-

"Can this be the Andrew once worshiped as my ideal of goodness and loftiness? this wreck the sad remains of the handsome, noble Andrew May, who won my sister Alice? Lord! thy retributions are

heavy, most just!" Andrew May confessed to a long career of vice, to dissipation of all kinds; he plead guilty of the sins of gambling, of scoret robbery; he told the shuddering Ariadne of the many false oaths he had taken, the disguises he had assumed to escape detection; the continued apprehension, want and privation he had suffered for many years; how he had prowled over his native State, in the very vicinity where he heard his daughter dwelt, anxious for one glimpse of the child he had deserted, of the woman he had deceived. He told her how, from the day when he recognized her in the forest, and felt that the young girl who so boldly risked her life to save her companion, must be the little Ethel he had left in childhood; from that day remorse and terror for the past had taken possession of him, and sickness laid its heavy hand upon a frame long since enfeebled by

exposure, want and unaccustomed hardships. But. Ariadne, I never stained my soul with mur-

der! I see that question trombles on your lips. No Ariadno, not I was spared blood guiltiness; I yield, ed not to that last fell temptation. Let not Ethel know how deeply sunken in vice was the father she now pities! She knows enough of me to despise me forever; let her not know me fully, as I desire that you, so nobly strong and brave, may know me! Now, call her in, I would give her my last blessing, if such a wretch as I may speak the holy words. Arladne, once more say you forgive me! Though you never cursed me, I paid the penalty of my broken vows. I swerved from the first holy affection of my manhood; a nature such as yours would have upheld me. I was weak, yielding, pliable; I sought my own grati fication only; it has led me to ruin, dishonordeath!"

"Andrew! as I hope for pardon for my every ransgression, so freely do I forgive you. All my feelings of resentment have long since been buried. A good angel came into my dwelling with your child Ethel. To her I owe my changed and bettered views of life. From my soul, Andrew, I forgive you! I will pray for you!"

She went to the door and called Ethel, who had een walking in the passage that led to the prison-

cept the blessing of such a father, it is yours. My of the Boston Courier have deemed it necessary to blessed, pure, good child! may you be saved from trial and temptation; may your choice fall on a noble, true Christian-one who will never swerve from principle for aught of earth. Pray for me, my daughter! and forgive me that my crushed and wounded form has darkened your sunny life-path. But-I could not restrain the desire of my soul to see you—to bless you—to hear your sweet voice. My Ethel, kiss your miserable—your penitent father!" She bent over him, and kissed him fondly; her

ears rained upon his face; the hely baptism of filial love mingled with the death dews on his forehead. With her hand in his own icy cold one, with the prayers of a pure heart breathed to heaven in interession, with Ariadne's anguished eyes upon his face, his spirit passed away, as his lips uttered the last farewell to those he loved.

.With a tender, reverential sorrow, Ethel kissed the hand she resigned, and looked above for consolation for herself-pardon for the departed. But the proud devotion, ability, and practical usefulness, are unand patient heart of Ariadue uttered its long hoarded surpassed in the world." secret to the ears of the startled girl; it was revealed in the loud, almost despairing cry that echoed through that prison cell, as she cast herself upon the body of the suspected criminal.

"Andrew! art thou gone from me forever? from thee ever?" she oried; and the noble self-possession ists; our instructors in commerce to be enlightened so long retained gave way; the human weakness, the woman's tenderness prevailed. That spurned and hooted outcast was still dear to her!

He was laid beside the wife he had forsaken, and a simple tombstone erected by the forgiving hand of Ariadne. Branded with crime and infamy, two hearts cherished his memory with affection, and repaid good for evil. But the heart of the gentle Ethel was to be more deeply tried. Raymond Lee called upon her soon after her father's funeral, with a pale face and embarrassed manner; he told her that he could not wed her, now that she was known as the daughter of one who had been imprisoned for robbery, one who had been noted for his vices, low associations, and many derelictions. His proud, aristocratic family would not permit the marriage. He came to absolve her from her vows-to bid her fare-

Ethel listened with a white face, but gave no other outward sign of weakness. She had half-dreaded this—Aunt Ariadne had prepared her; yet while she turned in scorn from the incoherent apologies of her recreant lover, there was a rising of pity at her ieart; she felt his love for her was not all extinguished; he yielded to the promptings of pride and worldly remonstrance, but his heart bled inly. He had not moral strength sufficient to assert and maintain the right. Ethel said to him-

"I have done my duty. I would scorn myself to religious, experiences were cast. deny my father, because he was guilty, fallen, and deserted by the world. If every friend I possess turn from me for this reason, I will not repine; for though he is no more, I love and respect his memory. If to gain the love and approbation of the world, I must sacrifice my holiest feeling, and break the commands of God, I will retire to solitude, and shun a world that demands so much for its pride and miscalled honor. I have one friend left-my aunt. Farewell, Raymond Lee! May you never be called upon to renounce your filial duty. I fear your choice would be with the popular side. I gladly return you your freedom; go and be happy!"

He would have detained her with words of expostulation and entreaty, but she waved him away, and nastily sought Aunt Ariadne.

This new stroke of misfortune weighed heavily

upon the heart and spirits of the suffering girl; but she gathered strength, slowly and by degrees, from prayer, from her own approving conscience, from Ariadne's noble example. Time brought its healing balsam to both their hearts; the roses of health returned to Ethel's check, the dignified self possession to her aunt's speech and manner. Thus three years passed, and Ethel May became the bride of one too honorably loving, too truly religious, to scorn her for her father's fault. To him she related all the past. and as he fondly clasped her to his heart, and Aunt Ariadne blessed them, he spoke gently and reverently of the departed father, and reminded the tearful Ethel of the joy in heaven over one sinner that re-

The future career of Raymond Lee proved that she had made a fortunate escape from a life of sorrow fickle, inconstant, wedded to the world, his home was scene of never-ending contention and discord. Ethel became the happy wife of Augustus Kingsley, but she forsook not the home of her youth. She remained with Aunt Ariadne, and, at the last hour, closed the eyes that ever smiled love upon her. Purified, ex alted, ennobled by trial, she accepted the holy uses of adversity. Herself once an angel to a solitary, stern, cold heart, commissioned to lead back that heart to light and warmth, she knew by the prosperity of the present, that her bitterest sorrows had been blessings in disguise—angels, with the crown of thorns and the palm branch. Henceforth her life flowed calmly on, loving and beloved; the earth was beautiful, the bright, beckoning heavens, studded with the stars of everlasting affection. Ethel instill into the forming minds of her children the sacred obligations of duty; she trains them so their willing hearts may cheerfully respond to the uttered prayer-"Thy will be done!"

Thou canst not joke an enemy into a friend, but thou mayst a friend into an enemy.

Bunner of Night.

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RELIGION AND LEARNING.

A correspondent of a daily paper having expressed himself as he felt, if not thought, about a criticism that has been recently made by Rev. Henry James "My child," said the dying man, "if you can ac. on a book of Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, our friends take up the matter, and administer to the writer such castigation as they thought he deserved. Having the care of other men's consciences on their hands, it is of course necessary that they should rebuke all liberties which other men are inclined to take even with their own individual opinions.

The substance and summary of the Courier's remarks is this: that the writer, who, by the bye, is inclined to take liberal views of religious mattersis therefore flippant, and a "superficial scribbler;" that " simple dealers in vague generalities and smart rhetoric" should not consider themselves "equal to discussing the profound and holy doctrines of our religion "-of course too profound for common appre hension, and too holy for common contact; and that such a free mode of speaking of religious topics, by those who are not professedly enlisted in the regular order of Levi, " casts an indirect insult upon a class of men among us, who, for learning, independence,

The Courier further protests against "all profane mixtures :" that is, none but the clergy should teach to the soul what it is, what it is capable of, and how and when it may aspire. That such is their meaning, the words following show; thus-" We would me, the love of thy youth, from Ariadne, who loved have our instructors in law to be lawyers and jurmerchants; our instructors in the classics to be classical scholars; our instructors in theology to be theologians." And as they protest against clergy. men invading the province of the statesman, so would they protest against writers, legislators, lecturers, or any but the clergy "intermeddling with the schemes of Christian philosophy and faith."

> We should characterize such a series of remarks as illustrating, by their spirit, a possible cross between genuine Romanism and old-fashioned, squaretoed Puritanism. The writer, in the first place, believes that a man has no right to make himself familiar with his own spiritual nature, unless by the favor of belonging to the special class who are set apart, as in the ancient Mosaic times, for that purpose; a class that first pretends to search all the countless records of their own souls, and afterwards acquaints the rest of mankind with just so much of their systematized experiences, and speculations, and contradictory dogmas, as they think the rest can safely bear. In the next place, the writer presup. poses what we shall at all times deny and denounce, that a man to be truly religious must be deeply learned; that he must have digged and delved among Greek and Latin roots; that he must first acquaint himself with the history of former peoples, with the dead forms of their philosophy, and with the moulds in which their intellectual, but not their moral and

It is upon this point that we join religious friends of the Courier, and with those who are satisfied to purchase a temporary peace for their souls by a formal and indolent subscription to such modes of thinking. We do not believe that a man must be skilled either in the Greek or Latin classics, nor yet in the Hebrew, Arabic, or Sanscrit, to enable him to penetrate, by the silent and patient processes of reflection, or yet through the help of those profound impressions that he receives he knows not how or whence, to the very depths of his spiritual nature. The Courier says that to understand the operations and experiences of the soul, the system must first be studied by which those experiences are obtained. We tell the Courier that this is the highest degree of pedantry. In nature—that is, in the soul-there is forever one last analysis which no man, and no system, can hope to reach. He who announces that he has found out the way by which the soul receives spiritual impressions and spiritual truths, or the way by which the soul developes itself by the reception of this truth, makes open confession to all men that he knows nothing about it. The laws of consciousness are as yet unknown laws; not all the books that may be shelved on a thousand Alexandrian or Bodleiau libraries can give, up this last secret of human life. To penetrate to that, is indeed to understand God: for it is only himself that

works thus mysteriously in every human heart. If Christ be the profound teacher and divine master the Courier writer professes to believe him, how does he reconcile it with his theory of "learned" instructors that, in selecting his Apostles, he made choice of some of the most ignorant and uncultivated men there were to be found about him-fishermen, tavern-keepers, tolltakers, and the like? Coming, as he did, to superside the writings of Moses by his own new doctrine of Love and Good-will, how happens it-we ask the Courier-that the very men whom he selected to give currency to his doctrines. were themselves but little acquainted with the teachings of Moses, or of the prophets; but that he re. peatedly taught them in the ancient doctrines with which they were forced to confess they had no familiarity? Here is certainly a discrepancy of facts; the original Apostles of Christianity were anything but "learned, independent, devoted, or able" menwhile it is insisted that none can now assume to preach and teach those self-same dectrines but men who are thoroughly instructed "theologians!" All profane mixtures "_that is, mixtures of common men with "profound" and "holy" doctrines-the Courier protests against with uplifted hands.

The world is emerging from this ancient darkness, and it is time it did. It has paid quite respect enough to all this show and assumption of mere authority. It begins to see, and, what is more, to

learning, and the air of superiority and authority | teo, remains to be seen, growing out of it, has placed religious experience hitherto. They are not willing any longer to subscribe to the dogma, which rests on nothing but the ter capable of teaching the great remainder in the than they may come to do it themselves. Power is works of learning and superstition, into the hands

This is the meaning of the great and general hides it from his vision. In this direction he is totally blind. So he sits down and calls all whose souls feel themselves awakened to the new life, "su- this great and good enterprise. We subjoin their report. perficial scribblers," or "pert" writers of magazines, who have no business to "intermeddle in the sacred themes of Christian philosophy and faith." The world, however, must progress-must be conadvances have been made by outside rather than inside pressure-how are they to complain if the soul itself begins, under new and quickening influences, to take up its own work, leaving them to their libraries and to popular forgetfulness? This very protest from the theologians and their newspaper advocates does but betray the tendencies of the present times. We therefore hail it with joy and rejoicing, feeling assured that the day of spiritual freedom at length has begun to dawn, and that spiritual authority is reading its own certain doom.

THE PAWNER'S BANK.

A liberal-minded and Christian gentleman of this city, a awyer by profession, has, for a number of years given much time and attention to the exorbitant demands of pawn-brokers upon the poor who are compelled to avail themselves of their services; and with praiseworthy alactrity he has set himself at work to remedy the evil. He has made himself acquainted with the workings of the "Bank of Piety," and and reasonable, or any other suitable place that will give similar institutions in Europe, where the poor leave articles satisfaction and accommodation can be found, your Committee in pledge during times of distress, paying interest on the fool assured it will be availed of for the purpose. oan of about double the usual rates, and he proposes to establish a similar institution in Boston.

A man whose necessities compel him to seek aid from the pawn-brokers of Boston, literally falls among thieves-if not in the eye of the law in all instances, he certainly does when those on whom he calls for aid in distress are judged by the golden rule.

These men have no rule for taxing interest; the greater the necessity, the larger their demands and the less their loan, in proportion to the value of the goods pledged. Leans of about one-third to one-half the value of the articles are usually made, if the articles are saleable; and on these loans small, about twety-five per cent. per week is the charge if larger amounts, from ten to twenty per cent per month is taxed; in some favored instances five per cent, per month on amounts ranging from one hundred dollars upwards may be taken, but ten dollars per month for a hundred on good security is by no means an unusual charge in these establish nents. Oftener five dollars per week or even ten is charged

We have frequently been called upon to assist persons to reclaim watches which had been pawned to these "breakers, and which they seemed determined to keep as theirs be cause the time had expired for which the loan was effected and we know that enormities have crept into the business which Christian people ought not to tolerate, and would not, could the matter be brought properly before them and they be made to feel their brother's wrongs as men should.

Among all the many inventions and associations working for the benefit of the race, which merit the sanction and the aid of the liberal-minded and the philanthropic, we know of no one more entitled to hearty sympathy than "The Pawner's

And it is also a pleasure to us to know that the man whose name stands foremost as petitioner in its behalf, is one of business sagacity, some legal acumen, and of wide philanthropic purposes. His name does not stand before the pubc as a political demagague, or one of those lovers of charity whose love for it begins at home and ends in their own aggrandizement; but he is really and truly a whole-souled man aving an honest purpose at heart, and endeavoring to institute a truly philanthropic scheme for the benefit of those whose necessities frequently compel them to resort to the noney-changer.

We write thus earnestly in behalf of his project, because we know both theoretically and practically the workings of hese shops where money is let by hard-hearted and close fisted men, who feed on distress and grow harder-hearted and closer-fisted by coming in contact with the suffering poor,

WAR IN EUROPE.

By the very latest European advices it appears that the Emperor of France is making his preparations for war on the argest scale. The work of building boats, equipping regiments, drafting soldiers, and contracting for enormous supplies, is going on without interruption. It is evident that there is an understanding between Louis Napoleon and the King of Sardinia, whose daughter the Prince Napoleon cousin o the Emperor, has just married. The plan is, to get the entire control of Italy. If, on the one hand, the other powers force both France and Austria peaceably to withdraw from Central Italy, then there will certainly ensue an insurrection in the Italian States among the people themselves; and, ir such an event, the King of Sardinia and the Emperor of the French, having succeeded in getting the Austrian forces out Italy, would step in and occupy it themselves, under the pretext of preserving order. Thus they obtain all they would oe likely to by open war.

If, on the other hand, however, an appeal to arms is made the same result is calculated on by these two governments but which may or may not follow. There would arise untold complications in a war of such a character as is at present threatened, and no single European nation can certainly say to-day where it may stand in relation to other nations, as the contest went on. To provoke a war is easy, but to ride the storm after it has been once raised, is quite another affair which only shows that we are, the greatest of us, but instruments in the hands of Providence, who puts us all to just such use as He thinks fit. Neither emperors nor kings make r unmake peoples, but certain great and all-pervading laws of their being, which they do not fail in the long run to obey to the letter. Every steamer from Europe is now looked for with an

increased feeling of anxiety on all sides.

THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE.

The excitement over the removal of the Boston Post Office from its old location in State street to its present one in Summer street, can hardly be said as yet to have subsided. The Postmaster, Mr. Capen, had determined to move his office on Monday; but on a despatch having come over the wires from Washington that a law had been passed just at the expiration of the session, forbidding the removal, the time was subsequently changed to an hour on Saturday afternoon-namely, 5 o'clock. There was much excitement in State street upon this announcement, and the passage leading to and from the same were thronged with interested lookers-on.

At 5 o'clock precisely the new office opened for the delivery of the first letter. We could not learn who was the satisfied recipient of the first letter, but there was an eager rush to have the honor of obtaining it. So the office was at last re moved, in spite of remonstrances. But on the Tuesday following, a very large and enthusiastic meeting of the merchants of Boston was held at the Exchange, at which the report of a committee appointed by them last April to act in the matter, mission well.

feet that learned men, in the sense of scholastics, are was submitted, and passed without a single dissenting voice. not of necessity profound men in respect of their Among other things, the report recommended that a commitnot of necessity profound men in respect of their temperature spiritual experiences—and, in fact, that the two ing—with full powers, to take such measures as should be states, or conditions, may very naturally exist sepa- deemed best by themselves, to secure the speedy execution rate and disunited. Men have opened their eyes to of the new law by Congress. Whother it will, however, result the false position in which this very same pride of in anything more than the mere appointment of the commit-

FREE SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

The question of establishing Free Spiritual Meetings, agitated the friends of our cause in the summer of 1857, but the power already acquired by silent popular assent to commercial crisis which occurred in the fall of that year, it, that a few men, or a select class of men, are bet- prevented the adoption of any plan calculated to promote the scheme. Still the idea only slumbered-to revive again when prosperity in material affairs should enable the friends to mysteries and awful grandeur of their own souls, move in the matter with prospect of success. Our readers will remember that on last Sabbath a Committee, consisting merely passing from the hands of those who have so of D. Farrar, J. Wotherbee, Jr., C. E. Jonkins and Dr. Gard-long held it, and fortified it with the imposing outmatter. We think the time has now come, when free spiritunlist meetings can be sustained. It is now proposed to where it originally belonged. Human intellects need allow the meetings to continuo as at present, until the sumgrow none the less, but human souls must needs mer months return, when it is usual to have a vacation. About that time, too, the Melodeon, the present place of meeting, is to be thoroughly repaired, and of course cannot be used by us. When they open again in the fall, it is promovement which the Courier writer cannot, unfortunately, see going on to-day. His pride of "learn suitable hall offers, it is confidentally expected that friends ing," or the too high estimate he places upon it, enough will come forward and purchase a suitable lot of land, in a proper location, and erect thereon a commodious hall, which will be exclusively under the control of the Association of Spiritualists. We have no doubt of the success of

> "Your Committee, appointed last Sunday afternoon to consider the subject of our Sunday meetings, and their place of meeting, and to consider also the expediency of having them free, beg leave to make the following report:

They are of opinion that it is desirable and important that verted; and if the "theologians" practically confess they should be free; and they are strengthened in that opinthat, with all their "learning," they can do but ion by conforring with others who are interested with us. little towards the great work, but that, in truth, all And finding the sentiment in its favor almost universal, they also find a disposition on the part of the friends to be liberal and disposed to aid in sustaining such an arrangement, and they feel that an object so generally desirable, should be accomplished as soon as practicable.

They think an association might be formed, to be known as The Spiritual Fraternity." The amount required to pay for a suitable hall and supply speakers would not be large or burdensome, and could easily be raised among the friends. each contributing an annual sum, more or less, as they felt

Your Committee, though seeing the desirableness of have ing meetings free, think it inexpedient to try the experiment now. It is understood that in about two months the owner of the Melodeon will close the place, and make improvements, and they would recommend that the meetings be continued for the present as they are now.

Your Committee think that the success of this plan of having free meetings, depends very much upon having a suitable hall for the purpose; and there is none obtainable at this time; when there is, there are those interested in this cause. who would be pleased to undertake the responsibility of leasing it for the purpose. If the present hall is made attractive

As our gatherings in this place must necessarily soon, end for reasons before mentioned, and it may so happen that no other suitable place can immediately be obtained, and that an intermission of a month or two, under the circumstances may not be undesirable, they would recommend the following for your consideration:

That means be taken as soon as practicable to obtain a hall, and to have our meetings free; and in pursuance of that object, they recommend the selection of a larger committee-say ten or twelve persons-and this committee, when appointed, be requested to give their attention to this object, meeting from time to time, and receiving aid and counsel from any interested in the subject; and as soon as a sultable hall can be obtained, measures be taken to form an association or fraternity, and pursue such course as shall be deemed expedient for the good of this cause.

D. PARRAR, JOHN WETHERBEE, JR. C. E. JENKINS, H. F. GARDNER."

The report was accepted by the meeting, the suggestions adopted, and the above committee authorized to report the names of fifteen persons, to perform the duties specified in the last clause of the report.

THE ATLANTIO MONTHLY.

The success of the Atlantic Monthly has began to startle those old domineering English Reviews, which have over proved such bugbears to enterprising talent, and so long seemed like the lions at the gates to prevent the traveler from cutering the realms of fancy, science and intellect. But their terrible influence is losing before the occidental monthlies; and now we have a publication in our own home which circulates nearly as widely as any of them, and is read with much more satisfaction by everybody. In fact, its articles are republished in England, every month, and receive lavish

FALLING.

A subscriber writes from Waukesha, Ill., that "Spiritual-ism is on the increase," and Orthodoxy on the decrease. I inderstand that both the Congregational and Baptist ministers are about leaving this place. I unticipate that it will not be long before their churches will be 'to let.' Such signs should teach the clergy that the people want more light, and that they should get it, so as to be prepared to give it to the people."

AMUSEMENTS.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM .- "Our American Cousin" is having good run at this popular place of entertainment. Setchell keeps the audience in the best of humor with his fun, and is leservedly popular with the Boston Theatre-going public. This piece, with several popular farces, will furnish our readers with amusement during the week.

Boston Museum .- "Our American Cousin" is also the novelty at this house. J. A. Smith's Lord Dundreary is fully equal to the part as played at Laura Keone's, ORDWAY HALL .- Music and fun, as usual, continue to draw full houses. A very good place to spend an evening.

OPERA HOUSE, SCHOOL STREET .- "Our African Cousin" is the title of a burlesque played at this house.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With the next number of the BANNER, terminates our fourth volume, and second year of publication, A large number of our subscriptions expire at that time, and those who do, will be stricken from our books, unless they are renewed. Notices of this fact were sent out with the last number, and it will be better for these who intend to renew to remit at once, so that they may be sure of receiving the first number of the fifth volume.

SABBATH SERVICES IN CAMBRIDGE.

PORT.
Meetings are held in Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged: For March 20th, Miss Rosa T. Amedey; 27th. Dr. J. H. Currier; April 3d, Mrs. M. S. Townsend; 10th, Miss R. T. Amedey: 17th, Mrs. M. S. Townsend.

REPORTS OF THE MELODEON LECTURES.

In our next we shall publish a full report of Miss Amedy's lecture, delivered on Sunday evening last, and shall continue this feature in every paper to the close of the season. We are obliged, owing to the large edition we print, to go to press at noon on Mondays; so that, unless we should materially alter the date of our issue, there will necessarily be a delay of one number in publishing these reports.

LIZZIE DOTEN AT THE MELODEON.

Next Sabbath Miss E. Doten, of Plymouth, discourses at the Melodeon. Subject in the afternoon, "The Law of Life:" in the evening, "Free Love and Affinity." Miss Doten has many friends, and always pleases her audiences. She is an estimable lady, was once a great favorite with the Universallsts as a writer, and will doubtless be equally as instructive and entertaining as a lecturer in her new religion.

Another Spiritual Paper .- We find upon our table of exchanges "The Green Mountain Sibyl," Vol. 1, No. 3, published at Sandusky, Vt., by Messrs, Abbott & Greeley, We heartly welcome this new auxiliary to the Spiritualistic field. It is edited with ability, and will doubtless fulfill its

The Busy Morld.

Contents of this Werk's Bannen. First Rige-Edward H. Chapin's Communion-Day Sermon, on Sunday, 6th ipst.; Story by Miss M. V. St. Leon, entitled "The Iron Chest, or the Locksmith of Philadelphia. Second and Third Page-Original Poetry, the "Forest Spring," by John Wm. Day; a Btory, by Cora Wilburn—"Ethel May." Fourth and Fifth Puges—An Interesting Leader and Editorials, Letter from Washington, Report of Miss Rosa T. Amedey, Items, Correspondence, etc. Sixth Page-Three Columns of Spirit Mesages, and interesting Correspondence. Seventh Page-Publie Press: "My Ideal," by La Roy Bunderland; "A Secret," by D. J. Mandell; "Murder's Miraculous Organ," by S. S., of Dayton, Ohio: "The Christian's Resurrection and Judgment." by J. Covert. Poetry: "Twilight Dreams," by Madge Carrol. Letters from Prof. Spence, of Utlea, N. Y.; Our Regular Newburyport Correspondent; Mrs. M. S. Townsend. Eight Page -Rev. Mr. Beecher's Sermon on his Last Communion Sabbath; Movements of Lecturers, etc. Perhaps it may be well to remind our readers that the subscription of the BANNER is only two dollars a year, and that single copies are sold by all news retailers at four conts each.

THE WORKING FARMER.—The most valuable publication in its line, of the newspaper form, which comes to us, is "The Working Farmer." It is published monthly, on fine paper, of a suitable size for binding, containing twenty-four pages of three columns each. It is devoted to Agriculture, embracing Harticulture, Floriculture, Market Gardening, etc. Charles V. Mapes, Publisher, 143 Fulton street, New York. Price \$1 per year. It is edited by Professor J. J. Mares, assisted by Messrs. Vall, Waring, Alcott and Lowe, all gentlemen practically engaged in Agriculture. No system of tilingo is recommended in its pages that has not been fully tested by the principal Editor, nor until actual results can be given. His ability as a chemist is well known. Its Foreign Department will contain extracts from European Agricultural Works, with proper explanations, pointing out the service, if any, which foreign scientific research and the results arrived at can be to the American Farmer. No farmer, after keeping companionship with the editors of this journal through its pages for three months, will ever be willing to forego its visits. It is one of the few journals that an editor can truly recommend, without imposing upon his readers.

We wish to return our grateful acknowledgements to the editors of the Christian Advocate and Journal, a Methodist organ, published in New York city, for so kindly devoting a column to a candid review of the BANNER, in a recent

We call our readers! particular attention to the poem on our third page, "The Forest Spring," by John Wm. Day, Esq., a young American poet of rare merit.

Two finely written stories are printed complete in this number of the BANNER. 23 Dr. A. B. CHILD will deliver two lectures in Westesly

R. I., Sunday, March 20.

A cotemporary, noticing a lively postmaster, says: "I he attends to the malis as assiduously as he does to the females, he will make a very efficient officer."

A petition lias been presented to our Legislature from A. Lawrence and others, of Lowell, for the repeal of the laws which inflict fines upon persons arraigned for drunkenness alleging that said fines are wrung from the earnings of the wife and children of the inebriate, which in many cases must be repaid from the city treasury, and that drunkenness is a malady which cannot be cured by punishment. Referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Dr. Galllardet, whose mysterious escape from the police man who had him in charge will be remembered, has arrived safely in Paris. From New York he went to Canada. From the last advices, dated February 2, Mr. Sumner's

health is slowly but surely improving, and he expresses himself as certain of being able to resume his Senatorial duties at the commencement of the next session.

The robins have made their appearance in the rural dis-

Navigation was commenced on Lake Eric the 2d inst. Hon. Aaron Vall Brown, Postmaster General of the United

States, died last week. Joseph Holt, Esq., Commissioner of Patents, has been nominated and confirmed as his successor A fine time may be anticipated at Mr. Conant's Complimentary Ball at Union Hall on Wednesday evening, the 16th inst. Several mediums will be present.

Mrs. E. Bean, the well-known medium, has returned t Boston, and will be happy to receive her friends as hitherto.

A Model Report.-The common school trustees of an interior town in Indiana made the following report:-" No common schools-all uncommon. Branches taught: Euchre,

poker, old sledge, vulgarity and profanity." The Massachusetts war claim has at last been allowed by

Congress.

THE HOMEOPATHIC FAIR, which commenced at Music Hall on Tuesday of last week and closed on Saturday evening, was a splendld success, the receipts amounting to nearly fourteen thousand dollars. Its object is to aid the Homocopathic Dispensatory in Tremont Temple-one of those noble charitable institutions whose sphere it is to relieve the dollars was the amount required to accomplish the desired object.

A sensation preacher recently informed his congregation that Heaven was but fifteen hundred miles square. He appealed for proof to the twenty-first of Revelations.

WONDERFUL IF TRUE.-A man residing in this city has wonderful if true.—A man residing in this city has been for some days in a trance, and now that he has come out of it he gives evidence of having attained to wonderful knowledge, speaking soven different languages. He is represented as being a man-of ne education except what he has obtained while in this state of trance.—New Bedford Standard. Not wonderful at all. Similar trances occur in this city the confusion below.

dally. Mrs. Sickles has returned to New York, and will reside lir tection. Her little daughter will, for the present, remain with

Anniversary Ball.—The Free Inquirers of Boston and vicinity are to have a grand ball on Tuesday evening, March about, and restlessness of the members, prevented all enjoy-15th, at Mount Vernon Hall, corner of Sudbury and Portland streets. All friends of liberal principles are invited.

T. R. Peterson & Brothers are issuing a namphlet edition of George Lippard's novels, and Shepard, Clark & Brown have rom them "The Lady of Alberone."

A "Sign."-The Young Men's Christian Association. of Greenfield, have decided, after a spirited debate, that the testimony of Athelsts ought to be allowed in our courts of

Philip Knappenberger says, "Spiritualism is at a low ebb in Strasburgh." We opine that Philip is a "real" Knappenberger, (sleepy-follow) judging from his dozy communication in the investigator.

Who was the "Widow Smite," mentioned in the New Tes-

"Mamma," said a young lady to her mother the other day, "what is emigrating?" "Emigrating, dear, is a young lady going to Australia." "What is colonising, mamma?" "Colonising, dear, is marrying there and having a family,' Mamma, I should like to go to Australia."

LATEST FROM MEXICO. -The steamship Tennessee arrived at New Orleans, brings Vera Cruz dates of the 0th inst. A battle had been fought near Cordova, and the left wing of Miramon's army was completely routed by the Liberals. Miramon lost 100 men, killed, 3 cannon, 300 muskets, and a large quantity of ammunition. General Deogalado was preparing to march on the Capitol with 10,000 men. The Lib erals had captured Huan qualto and Amascallentas.

In the Brown Abortion Case, the jury were unable to agree standing eleven for conviction to one for acquittal. He will have another trial.

The Governor and Council have appointed Thursday, April 7th, to be observed as a day of fasting, humilitation and

The Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., have purchased thirteen lots of land on Hicks street in that city, at a cost of \$52,000, on which a large church is to be built for Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

The Postmaster General has reported to the President that the deficit in his department on the 30th of June will be over \$6,000,000, and that it will be impossible to go on without an appropriation. On hearing the facts, the President determined to call an extra section, but has not fixed the day.

Poets have always sung of the "freedom of the seas," while

Bro. Jonathan" has, ever since 1812, continued to harp upon the same subject; yet old "Johnny Bull" would have made a prisoner of the "free Atlantic Sea," had not "manifest des- | tions received are published.

tiny" provented. Iko says, that, in his opinion, Providence interfered, because our thriving body politic should n't have the skeleton governments of Europe wired to it at present-Ergo: the fallire of the cable,

A NEW COUNTERFEIT .- Counterfult "fives" on the Traders' Bank, Boston, have been recently put in circulation in this city. This counterfelt is far from being a fac simile of the genuine, but is so well executed that it is quite likely to de-

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

NUMBER TWO.

Our first view of the Capitol was under very favorable circumetances. A pright sun and a bland spring atmosphere gave us a feeling of exhibatation, to which, in our cold, northern climate, we had for some months been a stranger. Pennsylvania Avenue was gay with new goods, richly dressed ladies, and men hurrying to and fro, as if there was much to be done, and little time to do it in.

The grounds about the Capitol are finely laid out, and kept with much care; the fountains were playing, the grass was fresh and green, and the groups of statuary seemed less deserving of criticism, than when seen under a colder sky, and by eyes more disposed to find fault than we were at that time. We were at once guided to the Senate Chamber, and, taking seat in the gallery, looked for the first time upon the grave lawgivers with whose names and acts we were familiar, but to whose personal appearance we had, till now, been a strangor. The room itself attracted our attention at once by its (if I might so express it) quiet beauty. It is lighted wholly rom the roof; this roof, or rather celling, is thirty-five feet high, of iron, with panels of ground glass, and the light falls very softly upon the heads below; indeed, I think they appear Ito cuite as much advantage here, as in the more glaring light of day. There is a fine head of dark auburn hair-how soft and wavy it looks in this subdued light; and the very features of some who are known to have storn faces, and sterner wills. seem softened by the same process. In every panel is a medallion, painted in colors, and the iron-work is wrought into most beautiful floral embellishments, all of them in exquisite taste. The carpet is a purple ground, with clusters of flowers, but in common with some other critics, we do not think the choice of colors good. The gallery for reporters is in front of the Senators, and directly above the Vice President's desk. The Benators themselves are arranged in three semicircular rows, and their chairs seem comfortable, and their desks convenient.

There are many Sleepy Hollows, in the shape of luxurious couches around the hall; but at this time I saw not one lounger, nor the least indecorum or lack of dignity. Our only complaint was a difficulty in hearing, though we are by no means deficient in that sense, and we wondered how re porters could report as correctly as they generally do. Therewas a little discussion on Cuba, but not much excitement, and we remained but a short time. We had come up a stairway of pure white mable, very beautiful, we thought, but far surpassed in elegance by that which we now descended-the eastern-which is of Tennesee marble, than which we have seen little that pleases us more. The passages are still unfinished, but they are lighted from above, and will sometime be adorned with paintings. Some of the corridors are still unfinished, and in one we found a painter at his work. busy at a vase of flowers. In this same room there were panels filled with most singular designs, dancing girls, I should call them, in rather ungraceful attitudes, apparently trying to fly in the air, and, being unsuccessful in the attempt, are descending, and just ready to full upon their backs. Of all the rooms in the Capitol, the Senators' retiring room is, to our taste, the most chaste and beautiful. It is all of marble, most delicately veined; in the panels in the wall, mirrors are inserted with a simple, plain gilt roll around them. Marble columns support the ceiling, while the ceiling itself is of marble, in large panels, with but little ornament. We lingered in this room, loth to leave it; there was a charm in its rich, unadorned beauty, that led us to turn again and again to

From this room we visited the different Committee Rooms: we made our longest stay in the Agricultural Department. This, if I am correctly informed, is the only room painted in true fresco. It was done by an Italian artist, and some of the pictures are perfect gems. On one panel is Cincinnatus, engaged in the labors of the field; opposite to this is one re presenting General Putnam, just leaving the plough for the army. The geometric figures in the coiling are filled with orical representations of the four seasons-Spring with its flowers. Summer with its sunshine and ripening grain, Autumn with its fruits, and Winter-well, I can hardly describe it; but the artist never passed a winter in New England, or he would not have made so pleasing a figure-laughing little cherubs peeping behind clouds, and fairy figures pouring water from vases, if my memory is correct. The whole room is pleasing, and worthy the object to which it is devoted. The colors are put in while the mortar is green, and if it dries at all, or if the artist cannot finish the part at one time, he takes out the mortar, and puts it in fresh, when he commences to paint again.

The floors of the Capitol are of encaustic tiles, very neatly laid in colored figures. From these rooms we descended to the Library, and from thence to the regions below, consecrated to Heat. And we saw, with amazement, that all these rooms above are heated and ventilated by the same machinery sufferings and cure the ills of the poor. Ten thousand Great tanks of hot water are beneath the floor; the steam is house, and the same apparatus sets in motion two huge fanswhich cool the air, if necessary. In this way the rooms are kept in a most agreeable state, ranging from seventy to seventy-six degrees Fahrenheit. The apparatus can circulate 80,000 cubic feet of air per minute into the Senate Chamber.

From viewing the arrangements below, we passed upward into the Hall of Representatives. The interior of this room is similar to the Senate Chamber, but more gaudy, and not in as good taste. Here again we found it difficult to hear-not so much, perhaps, from the construction of the Hall, as from

We opened our eyes in astonishment, for our first thought was-we are in a disorderly boys' school, and we almost a house at Bloomingdale, the use of which is granted to her fancied we heard them saying, "master is out." But agiance by Mr. Bickles as long as she remains under her father's pro- at the marble desk assured us that Speaker Orr was there, dignified and culm himself amid what appeared a Babel. The incessant clauning of hands to call the pages, (poor fellows, they were kept tretting all the time) the jumping up, moving ment of debate, though there was an active discussion going on upon the post-office appropriations. The session commences at twelve, and closes at four P. M., and one would suppose that the members might keep awake for that length of time, but the sofus were occupied with sleepers, (I wondered why some should sleep so very sound amid the confusion that prevailed.)

Our opinion of the dignity of this body fell to zero, and we turned away half in sadness, half in disgust, and descended to the Rotunda, and examined the pictures that fill the panels, and from thence to gaze upon the beautiful view that presents itself from the Capitol. We can see the wide expanse of the Potomac to the bend of Mt. Vernon, Alexandria and Beorgetown, and the green fields on either side of the river n Maryland and Virginia.

We feel a debt of gratitude to George Washington for his selection of the site as the national city. Our nation is doing honor to his selection, by erecting buildings on a scale and with a taste proportioned to the dignity of the nation.

Washington, March 2, 1859. NINA.

MESSAGES VERIFIED.

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MISHAWAUKA, INDIANA, Feb. 20, 1859.

MESSAS. EDITORS—I see in your date of the 19th, a communication from the spirit of George Loveland, who died at Chartes, on his passage to California, which speaks of a brother in Sacramento, by the name of Henry Loveland. I was acquainted with a man by that name in Sacramento for a number of years. I was in Sacramento from '52 to '54, and, was acquainted there until I left, which was in the fall of '50, and I think that he was, in '56, a resident of Sacramento. I write this for the purpose of adding strength to the truth that spirits of our departed friends do return to earth and commune with us mortals.

Truly yours,
ORLANDO HURD.

MESSES. EDITORS—I have ascertained that the communication from Tim Brickett, in your No. 21, Vol. 4, is correct except in the spelling of the name, which is T. Stewart Gwynne, and he is a strong Spiritualist, residing in Brooklyn, N. Y. The allusion, "into the fire twice," is to his having been in the lineane Asylum twice.

Still it is strange that no spirit out in the West has ever found in Boston yet a good medium.

Respectfully, yours,

A. MILTENBERGER.

could point him to a number, if we had time. One is fresh in our memory. "Eulalia" is the nomme de plume of a lady whose mother new resides in Cincinnati, O., and whose husband is at present in California. She wrote much for the Western papers over that signature. However, we are not

responsible for the neglect of spirits. All have a free pass-

port to our table, both spirits and mortals, and all manifesta-

ROBA T. AMEDEY AT THE MELODEON. Sunday Afternoon, March 13.

Prior to the lecture, a committee consisting of Mr. Lorenze D. Grosvener and Mr. McLean were chosen to select a theme for the poom to be recited by the medium after the lecture The choir then sung the hymn from the "Psalms of Life," beginning:

"Life is onward : use it With a fervent alm.

The lecturess then, after an invocation to the God of the Good, the Beautiful, took her text as follows, and continued:

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; kneck, and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knecketh, it shall be opened: If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? Therefore all things whatsoover ye would that men should do to you, do yo even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."

this is the law and the prophets."

There are two points before µs, of marked interest. First—the effect of prayer; second—the free offering from the full soul to the God of nature. Where does prayer come? Shall I look up to mortals before ns, and say, Ye only can pray, and receive the answer to your prayers? Ye are but a point in the great mechanism of nature, and how patry do you seem, among nature's store of wonders.

The vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms are constantly praying. As we look at the pebble, on the beach, the waves roll up in majesty, and sweep it down into the depths of the ocean's bosom; but the prayer of the puny pebble has been answered, and it is only working out its destiny; and if we look upon the mountain, with its cloud-capped brow, we see the answer to the pebble's prayer.

Foolishness is not found in the laws of nature, therefore the prayer is answered through all the varied unfoldings of existence, only by law. We have not time to show the varied

existence, only by law. We have not time to show the varied schools and classes the rock passes through before it is shaped to hands of the potter, or takes living form beneath the

schools and classes the rock phases through before it is shaped in the hands of the potter, or takes living form beneath the chisel of the sculptor.

Nature gives them the rule of life, and the animal kingdom flourish and prosper on the grain and herbage; and the rain descends to nourish and invigorate the earth, that the animal may receive its food. Could you look forth on this beautiful spring Sabbath merning, and hear the twittering of the birds on the distant hill-side, and the resulting of the beautiful spring Sabbath merning, and hear the twittering of the birds on the branches to be clothed in new garments so soon, and see the shooting grass just peoping from the sod, you would hear their prayers. Wherever the eye glances or the carturns, you hear the continued outgushing of nature's soul in praise to nature's God; and as the wild winds whisper, and the golden sun smiles its splendor over earth, comes the benediction—that all is well. Where you see the unfoldings of law, you may know that they are but the answering of nature's prayers. The intelligence of the animal is but the distinguishing point between it and the mineral and vegetable life, and only a type higher towards God's glory and wisdom. All its emotions are prayers. There is a constant prayer going forth to the Parent, for that which the soul yearss for. Each reach of the human soul is a prayer to God.

We call ourselves sovereigns, yet we are only slaves. If,

prayer going forth to the Parent, for that which the soul yearns for. Each reach of the human soul is a prayer to God.

We call ourselves severeigns, yet we are only slaves. If, in the individuality of your spirits, you think in life you can do as you please, and you fancy that your own free agency will stand by you, better cut yourselves aloof from God, and through your folly learn wisdom, gain strongth when you knew your weakness; and humility through your vaunted pride. If God were to answer the foolish prayers mortals put up to him from the assurance of their egotism, what, think you, would become of the world? Ah, God knows his own business best; he hears all, but only answers through law. If your destiny were in your own hands, how soon would you make for the fabled hades of the heathen, or the burning hell of Christian philosophy!

You are only channels through whom God works, and you may pray on bended knees till ushered into eternity, but you move not one hair by your prayers God had not forcordalled to move by laws over which man has no control but which control him as ruthlessly as all the lower sphere of existence. Theology calls you free moral agents, but theology tells you falsely. Bringing all things down from the false assumptious wound around them, look you at yourselves, and let us reason together. You look around and say, "I have made my arrangements for the day: a perfect programme I am going to follow strictly." As you pass on, and the shades of evening

together. You look around and say, "I have made my arrangements for the day: a perfect programme I am going to follow strictly," As you pass on, and the shades of evening fall around you, you find you have not followed out your programme, and you say, "I have not done as I would, lived as I would, nor carried out the plans of the morning." Whatever you may have resolved to do, you could do only as you have done. You find God has answered all your prayers, though not as you would wish the answer to come.

You are an individual—God's child; and you place upon the hands of reason the boxing gloves of argument, and hope to sweep clean_sand demolish your opponents; but often your

the hands of reason the boxing gloves of argument, and hope to sweep clean, and demolish your opponents; but often your points are spelled, and you retire an unwilling captive.

Man thinks—but God's thoughts are not his thoughts; were man allowed to carry out his own plans he would find him surely and helplossly doesned, through his own ignorance. Then do you not see that God has done that whitely was best? You may guide your boat recklessly down life's current, vain and conceited in your prowess, but God stands at the helm, and guides the boat in spite of the sailor. God uses angels as his instruments—angels in the body or out; for angels are not always in heaven. Often at the hearth you have the household angel, whose life is a blessing, and whose love is pure and holy as the scraph's.

have the household angel, whose life is a blessing, and whose leve is pure and hely as the scraph's.

When you cry out, "What shall I do?" the voice comes to you, saying: "Thy father stands to the helm of life: trust in him. Study his chart, and learn that your afflictions are all for the best—are blessings in disguise." You foar, and ask of all things and for the best. If you fear God's wisdom, better thrust him away, count yourself out of his kingdom for ever, and take your destiny into your own hands. Could you but do this, the lesson yon would learn would soon teach you that reliance on God which all experience never taught you before.

God is just. If disease blights or death destroys, ask your-

In despondency, remember that God never leaves his children unguarded. You cannot forget his love and protection, Will He who holdeth the sparrow so it will not fall, do less for you? The chill winter's snows hear with them the prophecies of spring; so out of despondency is born happing.

God is the widow's provider, the orphan's father, and the God is the whom's province; the orphins is much; and chick traveler's guide. Biritualism is yours to profit by; angels are with you; humanity unrolls her chart of experience before you. Be patient; be fully persuaded in your own minds—thus you may work out your own salvation, and carve the steps up the steep toward; your charmal destiny. They who deem themselves especially bit seed, and hellor than other men, must learn of little children lessons of meckness, purity, and humility.

and humility.

If you could see the spiritual atmosphere rising from this audience, you would say, "How fearfully and wenderfully we are made." Each one's influence blends with another, and they assimilate—there are vapors bright, and dark and murky, all grades of spirit enfolding.

Equality is man's relation to man—forgiveness of the errors of others a duty he owes, and not a kindness he is to bestow.

Remember how you hew your steps up the battlements of time, for you are to be judged by them.

After the lecturess closed her address, the committee reorted the subject of "Eternity," which the medium turned quickly into splendid verses

PHILIP BARTON KEY.

Of thus unfortunate man, who has fallen by the hand of one whom he so basely wronged, a letter from Washington to the New York Tribune gives the following highly interesting

In conversation, last summer, with a friend, when speaking of intrigues, Key said to his friend, "Give me a French in- the hand of another member. Musical instruments of varirigue. A fig for common licensel French intrigue and ous kinds were placed under the table and played upon by romance, with a good spice of danger in it!" Mrs. Sickles unseen causes, touching and resting upon the knees of a ch was not exactly French, but she was Italian, and a young member of the circle in turn, but not always in succession. and gliddy woman. The letter-writer goes on to say: "According to the most trustworthy accounts, it would soom that the distance which the medium could reach with her feet Mr. Key was not thought to be a libertine, as has been After the first year it was ascertained, in private conferences charged, by those who knew him best. His health was such of the circle without the medium, that the following were as, in their opinion, would preclude such a life. His nerves were shattered partially, it was then believed, in consequence | That the raps had occurred on different parts of their bodies of grief for the loss of his wife two years since, but doubtless chairs, etc., without the possibility of any juggling on the almost altegether by his dissipated habits. The condition to part of the medium or members of the circle; that these which he had been reduced forced him to give up drinking atterly. He never studied very hard, and of late, relied the medium nor any member of the circle could have had mainly upon his natural talents for success at the bar. He was what some may call a 'first-rate fellow;' ready at a joke or a frolic, and an excellent stry-teller; and, what would be had been performed without the use of human hands and singular, I am happy to say, in the case of any man, and is especially singular in his case his stories rarely, if ever, bordered on the obscene. My informant says that in all his intercouse he never heard him tell one of that description.

He affected eccentricity in nanner and costume; was un couth in speech, and rough in address purposely. He would come to dinner with a riding whip under his arm, and was ometimes seen in the street wearing top-boots and leather leggings. Notwithstanding these peculiarities, he was intimate with gentletnen who stood well in our resident society such as Mayor Berret, Mr. Clement Hill, and Mr. Ogle Taylor -whose carriage followed the hearse to-day-and was always at home in their houses. He was, in a word, a young man of fashion, who dared to be unconventional, and was able to be something else than a man about town. His talents were undoubted; but his career as District Attorney is principally marked, elsewhere than in this city, by his failure to convict in the case of the California Herbert-tried for killing a walter-an offence, it must be owned, upon which boarders at a Washington hotel are inclined to look leniently. He was lavish of money, spont a great deal on horse-flesh, and would often hire a carriage-here, where one is so dear-to carry him a single square."

Another paper gives the following story in connection with Mr. Key and his views of womanly character:-"A distinguished member of the bar in New York happened sometime since to be dining with Mr. Key. After dinner the conversa-tion turned upon the constancy of women, and Mr. Key expressed and defended with great warmth the opinion that women were naturally inconstant, and could always be induced to transfer their affections to the last man who would address them with the requisite flatteries and appliances. He parted from his friend by pleasantly hoping that he might nover practically realize the unsoundness of his own opinions, and the next day he sent him the following:-One eve of beauty, when the sun Was on the stream of Guadalquiver,

To gold converting, one by one, The ripples of that mighty river—

Beside me on the bank was seated A Beville girl with auburn hair, And eyes that night the world have cheated— A bright, wild, wicked, diamond pair.

She stooped and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a small, white, shining hand, You would have sworn 't was silver flowing Her words were three, and not one more; What could Diana's motto be? The syren wrote upon the shore:
"Death—not Inconstancy." And then she turned her languld eyes So full on mine, that, Devil take me!

I set the air on fire with sighs,

And was the fool she chose to make me. St. Francis might have been deceived With such an eye and such a hand; Yet one week more and I believed
As much the woman as the sand."

Banner of Night.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

Office, No. 5 Great Jones Street.

An Old Spiritualist-No. 3.

In our last article we gave Phænix's account of the formation of the circle which he attended for so many years. He states that after the twentieth sitting they received communications readily, although many of them were diffused and contradictory, giving rise to suspicions as to the integrity of the mediums, continued questions as to the usefulness of Spiritualism, etc., all of which prevented, in degree, precise narmony, and seemed to endanger the continuance of the meetings. Each evening, however, something occurred which was outside of the doctrine of chances-names of deceased relatives; causes of death; places of birth, and a variety of other things, of which in many cases the medium could know nothing, were correctly given, and of course gave rise to various theories, so often mooted, of the replies being mere psychological communications from the mind of the inquirer to the mind of the medium. After all the circle had become perfectly satisfied that responses were given of which the medium could have no knowledge, and after each member had in turn had mental questions of various kinds responded to, still the psychological theory had several adherents among that portion of the circle known as the posltive minds. Eventually, however, communications were given, known only to the departed spirit and not to the inquirer, and the number of these found throughout these notes are many hundreds. One will suffice for an example: A member of the circle, forty years of age, whom we will call John, lifted a paper from the floor on which was written the name Pierre Wildey. We immediately asked for whom it was intended, and it was rapped out by alphabet-"For John-I was an intimate friend of his brother Jusper, and left the form thirty-five years ago." John stated that he certainly had lost a brother Jasper when he was very young, but that he had never heard of Pierre Wildey. The circle broke up at ten o'clock that night. John went home, accompanied by some members of the circle, and went to his father's bedroom door, knocked, and said, "Father, had brother Jasper any special crony who died at about the time he did?" The father answered, "Yes. He had one whose name, I think, was Pierre Wildey; he died long before I came to New York." Many instances of this kind occurred which clearly proved that the psychological theory was entirely insufficient to account for the results, and some of which could only be verified or contradicted by searching records at a distance from New York, and in directions unknown to the medium. No one member of the circle was long without such proofs to his own entire satisfaction, and although for a long time ambiguous, and even contradictory, and often positively false statements were made apparently by spirits, still many were of a character that no number of failures could disturb in the apparent genuineness of their source. At no time did the members of this circle ever repose any confidence in the views of the medium, at least so far as the positive minds were concerned, nor in each other, for no one test was ever admitted by all, until each had had its duplicate fairly proved God is just. If disease blights or death destroys, ask yourself how far you are responsible for it. In the lire of affiliction, you ask why you were led there. Had you been on
your guard, you would have seen your enemy. God is not
changable—neither is he partial; but man is not fit to see
the harmony of his nature. Men are instruments on whom
God plays—on one, chants of glory and marches to the brave;
on another, plaintive notes of love; on the other, wild, welrd
and mysterious measures. Each must preserve his own
strings and chords in order, or the blissful harmony will be
marred, and the ear will be planted with the discord. If in
tune, each strain is a prayer of thanks to God.

In description, you are responsible for it. In it is useless to deny the truths of such manifestations as he has witnessed, and equally useless for him to deny that some truths may exist connected with mental philosophy to which neither himself nor others have the alightest notion, and which may hereafter elucidate the whole matter; but that in his belief the truth of the law of gavitation is no better proved than are the truths we have

> of these touches on the logs, knees, etc., were from small hands, others from large hands; raps occasionally occurred on the shoulders and heads of the members, and could be distinctly heard by all present. Often there occurred in response to the alphabet being called, spelling out long sentences, and frequently where the alphabet was silently repeated by one member, the raps would be felt by him so as to enable him to write down letter by letter, as designated and no one but himself aware of his mental question or of the response given to him in this silent manner, until it was finished and read. Several times responses had been given, latter by latter and written down by the inquirer in a lan guage which he did not understand, and the letters requiring division into words by some other member who did understand the language of the response. Members' feet were often raised against the lower side of the table-top without their volition; their chairs slightly pulled from the table; hats placed under the table would be piled on each other A watch held under the table in the hand of one of the members would be passed across the lower part of the table to These touches and various operations were generally beyond admitted as facts, by each and all the members, namely: raps frequently communicated intelligence of which neither any previous knowledge; that the physical demonstrations, hundreds of which have not been referred to in these articles that most if not all of them could not be performed by feet; that each member of the circle had received pertinent and direct replies to mental as well as written questions which had not been named, either to the medium or any other member of the circle; that handfuls of coin thrown upon the floor had been arranged in figures upon the carpet with the greatest regularity and mechanical exactness, without assistance directly from either the medium or the circle; that when the gas-light was turned down, which had only occurred on two evenings, little balls of light had fallen upon the surface of the table and caught by the hands of the members, giving out the oder of phosphorus, when rubbed, contined to fall without that odor when the spirits were asked, "Can you give this manifestation without the odor of phosphorus?' A number of the members of the circle of both the classes named a spositive and negative minds, had become mediative, and had often been impressed with replies to questions previously written or mentally withheld by other members until each in turn had individual and undenlable evidence of both these classes of questions having been answered.

thus far given or shall hereafter give, if in strict accordance

Touches of hands were frequently felt by the members on

their feet and legs; raps on the backs of their chairs; some

with his descriptions.

After several such meetings, it was decided that no more time should be used in getting tests only calculated to reassure us of points already admitted, but that every point of differ. | this respect.

ence between us in opinions as to Spiritual phenomena, spirit-life, or natural law, should occupy our future sittings, with the view, if possible, of arriving at the same conclusions as to the truth of each; therefore, that each member might in turn control the operations of an evening in his own way. without remark or hindrance from others, and that any objection to his questions or his conclusions might be silently written down and investigated by the objector on his own evening. As a detailed account of these investigations would be tedlous, Phænix has given us a summary of the results and eventual conclusions of the circle, which will make the subject of one of the numbers of this series, and will embrace the whole philosophy of Spiritualism as given by the spirits themselves, freed from ambiguity; of the contradictory statements which continued to occur until the whole circle had become even-minded, or, in other words, of the same opinion. After which, being after a period of four years, the whole theory of creation, embracing many novelties in natural law, and an entire explanation of Spiritual phenemena, modus of operation, etc., as given by a few spirits without the slightest contradiction and without eliciting any debate from the circle. After such a consummation, the circle dispersed, having exhausted their ingenuity in investigation, and each having adopted the same hypotheses substantially as to the whole matter. These final conclusions will be withheld for the present, until we have recorded the phenomena witnessed by Phonix while visiting a large number of other mediums, the results of which visitations may assist our readers to

Sickles and Butterworth. If Sickles be a murderer, what is Butterworth? This is

more fully comprehend the final conclusions.

the query of the Tribune, and one which should engage the attention of every man, who, with a true sense of justice, looks upon the affair. Though in the absolute not less culpable, Sickles is said to have taken the life of Key under the influence of impulse and passion, Butterworth coolly stands by and regards the whole occurrence as he would regard a natter of the least importance. But let the paltry standard of human law and justice be what it may, when time shall have passed away, and we find ourselves arrayed before the high court from which there is no appeal, but whose decisions are immutable; when in the effulgence of its power the light of eternity shall pierce us through and through, and bring to view every imperfection of soul, and make us aware individually of our inherent incapacity in conjunction with the impossibility of great perfection in the finite; when -here we were interrupted in our writing by Brad, who, as it seemed, had been quietly perusing what we had thus far

"Well, Mr. Johnson," said Brad, "I think you are wasting your abilities on that question."

"On the contrary, Brad," we replied, "it is a subject of the utmost importance, not so much, perhaps, to the individual, as to the community at large. Is it not of moment to query whether or not the law allows a man to stand quiltly by and witness the destruction of his follow?"

"But, Mr. Johnson, your question is easily answeredlease to read it again." "If Sickles be a murderer, what is Butter-worth? There,"

ve continued, "let us see you settle that important subject!" "Why, thirty cents a pound," said Brad. "Out of my sight, you rascal," we cried; and we have been

mable to treat the subject further.

Bricks.

As we wish to be considered "a brick" by our colleagues at home, while reporting the doings of Gotham, we will describe an invention lately perfected here, which, in conjunction with the brick-drying process, described in the Banner of March 5, is calculated to revolutionize that branch of industry. 'It is a well known principle, that clay, mortar, putty, and many other substances, even when nearly dry, so as to be nealy in texture, may be rendered missable by severe and continued manipulation, so as for a short time to be capable of being forced into any form by a slight force. Taking advantage of this principle, Mr. J. C. Salisbury has invented a machine for making brick, drain-tile, pipe, etc., which is capaole of working the clay, as it comes from the bank, without additional water, and without the usual adjunct of pugmill mixing-tub, etc. The clay is first received between a pair of rollers, then passes through a series of rollers, moved at variable speeds, until it is eventually delivered through a contracted opening, in so plastic a conditionas to receive immense pressure just at the moment of taking on itself the desired form, and so dry as not to alter its figure during the process of drying.

The bricks and pipe have a surface almost equal to porceain, and the construction of the machine is such as to enable the inventor to build hand machines, which may be used by every farmer to make his own drain-tile, brick, etc., and at so ow a price as to be entirely within their reach.

Items.

Our account of the Philosophical Society's meeting is ecessarially postponed until next week. By this, however, nothing will be lost, as next week they hold no meeting, naving voted to postpone it in order to attend a lecture at the Mechanic's Institute.

We have before us, in pamphlet form, a lecture on "The Results of Spiritualism," delivered Sunday, March 6th, at Dodworth's, by Rev. T. W. Higginson—issued by S. T. Munwell worth the reading, both to the believer and skeptic, being an able effort in a literary point of view, as well as a candid review of the use and beauty of this philoso-

Rev. Mr. Longfellow, of Brooklyn, brother of the poet, occupied the platform at Dodworth's on Sunday last.

Glorious Spring! Already, in imagination, we see the tender shoots bursting the dark casing of the limbs upon the trees. which soon will be a reality. We saw some laborers felling a tree on the corner of 4th street and Broadway, the other day, and felt a good deal like saying-

"Milesians, spare that tree." It seems to be a mark of progress, at least in city life, to get as much of nature out of the way as possible, and occupy its place with art; but how far short men fall in their imitations! It is to be hoped that all our streets will not be robbed in this way of what little natural beauty is left in them. Men have got a bad habit of getting things out of their way that do not cater lu some way to personal appearance, popu-

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

larity, dress, appetite, etc.,-and thus goes the world.

BIG BEAR'S ADVENTURES AND TRAVELS. Illustrated. T. B. Peterson, Publisher, Philadelphia.

This is a series of sketches gleaned from the "Spirit of the while edited by the late Col. Wm. T. Porter. We recognize some old favorites in the book before us, and shall probably take pleasure in getting up a laugh over them. The icture of the "Yankee who swallowed a live oyster," reminds us of a season of rejoicing we had some years ago, at the funny tale. We only weighed a hundred and twenty hen. A few doses of "nonsense" like these sketches, and a quiet conscience to season them, have brought us up to a nundred and sixty-six in our summer beaver, though we only stand five feet four in our pumps. Perhaps they may do the same service to some crabbed, sour-faced reader, who does not know the luxury of a laugh. Received from Shepard, Clark & Brown, 110 Washington street.

Miss Hardinge's Discounses. "The Place and Mission of Women," and "Marriage;" Inspirational Discourses, delivered in Boston, in February last, by Miss Emma Hardinge. Phonographically reported, by J. M. W. Yerrinton. H. W. Swett & Co., Publishers, 128 Washington street, Boston.

These two lectures are pronounced the most able which ave yet been given to the public on these interesting and important subjects-the vital springs of society-on which so much happiness and misery depends. The increasing nterest which is manifest all over the land on these topics, reates a lively demand for these very opportune addresses. They were delivered before densely packed audiences, composed of the most respectable citizens of Boston, and listened to with almost breathless attention. For sale by the trade generally. Price 10 cents each, or \$7 per hundred.

HERALD OF LIGHT, T. L. Harris, Editor. Published by the New Church Publishing Association, 447 Broome street,

The March number of this monthly is before us. The echanical execution of the work is excellent. In point of matter, it is quite interesting to all who take an interest in he New Church branch of Swedenborgianism. It contains some capital poetry, two excellent stories, and several articles, written in Mr. Harris's usual good style. It may be had in Boston, of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street,

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PLEASANT GROVE, PA .- The poem entitled "To My Earth Wife Lavina." does not possess sufficient literary merit for publication. We say this in all kindness to the writer, who, upon reflection, will doubtless coincide with our opinion in

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the Hanner, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it hears, through Mrs. J. H. Conant, Tranca 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 deat that they are more than rinted 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 purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason.

in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives,—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held every afternoon, closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to romain until diamissed.

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?

March 1—John Sikes, Benjamin Langworthy, Mary Gold-ing, Elizabeth (to her hushand.) Jerry Agin.

March 2—Mary Elizabeth Waiker, Henry Leighton, Nathan-iel Stephens, Horace Linden, Eulalia.

March 3—Abigail Simpson, George Henry Hastings, Robert
Walker, Catharine Benson, Charles J. Duproy.

March 4—Samuel Garland, Hamilton Winslow, Augustus
Thorndika.

Thorndike,
March 5—Louisa Davis, Joy H. Fairchild, John J. Flanders.
March 7—Daniel Goss, Thomas Latta, Ellza Bennett, Fitz
Henry Homer, Col. Wing.
March 8—Henri Dejein, Hans Valkendahl, Louis; Faylor,
Charles L. Taylor.
March 9—David Moore, Lucy Wentworth, Dennis Maloney.
March 10—Captain James Davis, Honjamin Webster, Rev.
John Brooks, Bill Curtis, Mary White.

Thomas Bell.

I was told something about coming here to speak to my friends, and I don't see any one I know. I had rather speak to my friends here. Then I suppose I must tell who I am. My name was Thomas Bell; I was born in Pembroke, N. II., and I died in Boston. I have a son in Boston, named Thomas —a trader in dry goods; and I have a son in Australia, named George. What he is doing there, is more than I can tell. If you had asked me that question six years ago, I could have told you. He was just then looking round to see what he should do.

What I want to say, I do not want to say here. People do

what he should do.

What I want to say, I do not want to say here. People do not always want to tell the whole world what they can tell their friends. As there are more Thomas Bells than one, I suppose I must give my age, manner of death, and so on. I was eighty-two years of age; my disease was paralysis, I suppose. I first took cold, then had the rheumatism, and was paralyzed on the left side first, I suppose. After some months, in which I lingered on in that way, it reached a vital part, and thou I died.

pose. I first took cond, then had the friedmann, and was paralyzed on the left side first, I suppose. After some months, in which I lingered on in that way, it reached a vital part, and then I died.

My father and mother died when I was very young, and I was left to the care of an uncle named James Boll. I stayed with him until I was about deven years old, or somewhere in that vicinity—cleven or twelve; then I thought I would try and get my own living, and thus be independent. I went to learn a trade of a man whose name was Smith. He was a mason by trade. I stopped with him three years or more, and I worked at that trade occasionally, until I was about fifty. Then my health began to full me, and I gave up the business, took what money I had, and opened a small shop on Washington street, Boston. There I sold a great variety of fancy things. This was about nineteen years ung; I was keeping store in 1846, beyond Boylston street, some ways. I remember well; had a very good memory.

I was sick a long time, unable to attend to any kind of business, and my sons took the place and did very well, I suppose, Georgo was rather wild, and not content to stop about his business as he should have been, and he went to Australia. Thomas is keeping somewhere here—I don't know where; he is more sedate and steady; and if there is any possibility of talking to my son Thomas, as soon as he can go to some place where there is a suitable opportunity for me to speak, I shall endedwor to do so. The boys had a good many disputes about some papers I left. Thomas thought he ought to take care of them, he being the oldest—and George felt quite as old, and thought he ought to see to it. I looked on, and if I could have spoken, I could have settled the business quick. There was only one for me.

I suppose all these little facts will halp along. I have other friends beside my two sons I would like to speak with, but I was a little disappointed, and had to work a little harder to get these little facts for you, after I found out my son Thomas w

sent me here; but I did not stop to ask under what condition I should come here.

Thomas thought if I could have spoken the last day of my life, I should have revealed certain things to him. He was very much mistaken, for I had nothing to reveal. I might have given some advice, but I could not; I had my senses, but lost the power of speech.

I want the boys to know I have not found things as I expected. It would be perfect folly for me to tell in what way, for every-body must learn for themselves. I am sure I knownothing of death. I am just as much alive as ever—I have only got rid of my old body, which God knows I am glad of, and if all the wealth of earth was offered me, I would not return if I had to take upon myself. I would not return to take upon myself all the pains, aches and troubles of mortality.

take upon myself all the pains, acres and troubles of mor-tality.

Coming here to-day puts me in mind of what I used to suf-fer. Sometimes I thought I suffered all the pains of hell, and then I was cross. I suppose I used to speak harshly, and heard them say in the other room, "What a cross old man I I wish he would die." And I used to wish they could take my place for an hour, and then let me enjoy myself, seeing and hearing them writhe and groan. Well, I've got over that now-all the pain.

This is the first time I ever talked through a medium: but

This is the first time I ever talked through a medium; but I nover set about anything in right carnest, that I failed to do, and I think I should meet with success in this business. I have no desire to tarry here long, for there are more shadows to see in an hour where you are in a mortal form, than there are in a life-time in spirit life.

My little grandson—that's Thomas's son—u ed to come to me, and want to know why I did n't die. You see I was always wishing I might die, and he could n't see why I did n't. I suppose he can now see why I did not—the little follow—and wish he could learn there is no death; but it will be a long time ere he learns that, for his father and mother are too closely wedded to the church. I never was wedded much to creeds. I once went to see the Shukers, and I longed to go with them, for I thought they were the happiest people in the world. But I suppose it was botter for me to have my share of with them, for I thought they were the happiest people in the world. But I suppose it was better for me to have my share of sorrow, and so I had it. Woll, I've been talking too long, I suppose—that's always the way with me; when I get to talking I never know when to stop. But I'll go now, so good day, or night—I don't know which it is with you. Reb. 25.

William H. Borden.

William H. Borden.

Bo I was insuno, they said—lost my feason—was n't capable of taking care of myself. Mine is a sad story, but a true one; and if I am just out of the insane hospital, I don't know but I can tell the truth as well as any other man. Just free from an asylum of stupidity and foolery! Well, I may consider myself to be very lucky to be free, even in this way.

Now I want to prove to any friends, if possible, that I come here to-day, and I want to prove something else to them, also, and that is, that for the last two years I have been just as same as any of them ever was, or could be.

I am just the same in principle to-day as I was when I controlled a mortal form. The same ideas that belonged to me then belong to me now. Yes, I claim to be myself now as much as over. So then I'm free—it is a happy thought, worthy of being remembered; but when we have other things to do, we cannot stop to claborate a thought that comes flitting across the memory like a sunbeam.

I am going to give a history of my life as nigh as I can, of course I cannot give much in the short space of time allotted to me here, but I can give enough to prove myself I think.

I was born in Boston—good old Boston—and I suppose I am in that place now. My ather was an Englishmen but better

of course I cannot give men in the short space of time allotted to me here, but I can give enough to prove myself, I think.

I was born in Boston—good old Boston—and I suppose I am in that place now. My father was at. Englishman by birth. My mother was born, if I am not much mistaken, in the town of Amesbury, Mass. She died before I had much recollection of her. I had four brothers, and two sisters; two of the brothers are now on earth, and the sisters. When I was about ten years of age, I had a fail, and I suppose I was badly injured at that time. A tany rate, I always dated all my mental and physical suffering from that time, and attributed all to that cause. After going to school until I was sixteen years of age, I went to New York. I let myself as book-keeper for one Haskins, dealer in carpets. From his place I worked for one Rollins, who kept a hardware store. I undertook to fill the place of cierk, but found I was not so well fitted to perform a cierk's duty as I was to keep books, and I filled the situation but a short time. I then was employed by one Adams. He kept a carpet store. After being with him some two years, my health began to fail, and they said I had the brain fever. I suppose I had. It will be well for me to state that I never was entirely well after the accident. I suffered a great deal, but said little. Probably, If I had been treated well, medically, I should have got well; but as I was not, I never recovered my wonted health.

My friends carried me to the hospital. I waked to concelousness one fine merning, and found myself in a small bed. Everything looked strange, but neat. I beckoned to my side a colored woman who came in, and I asked her: "How came I here." "Why, bless you," said she, "I am so glad to see you come to your senses." After awhile I asked her: wyes, but what doctor?" "Why, bress you," said she, "I am so glad to see you come to your senses." After awhile I asked her: awhile I got well, and left, and traveled to Moutreal, and then returned to New York. I had been back five

We get into New Orleans, and there I met two of my brothers, when I told them of my good fortune—for it was good for me, for I had been slightly troubled for the good things of this life. Well, the news did n't set well with them, and they felt I might share with them; but I felt the opposite, and I kept what I had.

I had a strong desire to visit Florence, in Italy, after being at home a little more than a year, perhaps—I can't tell the exact time. I was pretty well during my journey there, but I did not like the country so well as I could have wished—got a little homesick, and left. Came to Mobile, stopped them awhile, and got acquainted with a friend who was poor and sick, and had been advised to travel for his health. I asked him where he was going, and he salt to Italy. I told him not to go there, and he sald: "Well,' take me anywhere you please," "Suppose we go to Ireland," I said. The suggestion suited him, and we arrived my Dublin in the spring. He began to get along finely, and when I shought he was pretty well, we started for home, and I left him safe in his mother's house in Mobile. He is now on earth, but I have not seen him since. Then I started for New York—got there safe, and found myself sicker than I had been for some time; my memory began to fail me, and I was fearful brain fever would set in. But it seems something more formidable had got the upper hand of me, and I awoke in the insane hospital. I think I was insane for about one year; but during the last two years of my confinement I was as sane as any of my friende; but I have reason to believe—yes, I have knowledge in the case—and I do not scruple here to state, that I was detained there by my own brothers, that they might revel in what I had had given me.

given me.

It is very hard for me to return and relate so sad a story
about those I loved so well; but I am fully satisfied by coming I shall benefit them—yes, far more than I could by stay-

ig away. All my friends supposed I was insone up to the time of my leath—that I died an insane man. I have a question to ask of the friends who read this, and that is: Have I told the truth here? Have I made any material mistake? Do I talk like an insane man?

like an insano man?

I will here relate a little incident that took place during the latter days of my confinement.

Every Saturday merning I was in the habit of receiving a boquet of flowers and a pamphlet. That boquet came from one of my sisters, the pamphlet from my brother. Usually I found a note in the boquet of flowers, from my sister, who took this means to find out whether I was there by reason of the state of the means to find out whether I was there by reason of the state insanity, or unjustly there. The last note I received from her read much like this:—

"My dear Brother-Do you ever think of me, your sister Clara? Would you like to have me come and visit you? Have you any idea of what is being done with your money? Do you think you are rightly treated by your physician? Are you not unhappy in your present condition?"

think you are rightly treated by your physician? Are you not unhappy in your present condition?"

This is about all it contained; but at the close she asked mo if I could read and understand that note, to answer, and give the reply to my physician. I did so; but he tore it up before my eyes. Perhaps he was censured too bard; perhaps there was more truth than suited his fancy.

Well, may he be more charitable, more humane to those in his charge, is the best wish I have for him, for surely he will be more in his charge, is the best wish I have for him, for surely he will be more in him to he do traces.

A very small portion of the money I received from my uncle still remains with my brother. Shall I call his name?

No; I will not give it. He stands upon earth, and may perhaps be censured a little too roughly; but I will ask him to be as just to himself and to others around him, as he was unjust to me; and I shall be made happier, and so will he, when he comes where I am, if not before.

My name is William H. Borden. I shall come again. I know my brothers will get this, for one is even now striving to come in rapport with me, that he may understand something of my condition. He will know more of me, and how I am situated here, by meeting me in private after he reads this—in his own way and time. Good bye, sir. Feb. 25.

Table 1. Collection?

We shall not attempt to elucidate the matter, but shall of the matter, but shall on a strong to come in the provided the matter, but shall on a strong to come in the provided to give what we see fit?

We shall not attempt to elucidate the matter, but shall not attempt to elucidate the matter, but shall

Emily Wells. My friends ask, why are spirits permitted to revisit their

My friends ask, why are spirits permitted to revisit their old earth homes? What answer shall I give to so strange a question?

They come to bind up broken hearts: to light a fire upon the hearth-stone of love; to open wide the door of the sacradum to the soul; to build hopes that shall never die; to set now stars in the firmanent of man's existence. They come by command of III illi who commanded the doments—who causeth the grass to come forth, the moon to shine, and the sun to give his greater light by day. Let us ask a question, Why does the mother come to the child who wanders upon earth? Can our dear friends tell us? I shore no chain binding soul to soul; no holy light that illumines the passage through the pathway of death? We set, sen death entirely extinguish the star of love, that maternal light, that, once lighted, never grows dim? No; death has not the power mortals suppose it to be invested with. It may rob the spirit of its material form, but it clothes the soul in a new form; it leaves only that which these it loved on earth.

Then, if death cannot rob us of the holy chain, why may not that great wealth (30 has been pleased to bestow upon that great wealth (30 has been pleased to bestow upon that great wealth (30 has been pleased to bestow upon the tignet wealth). It may rob to spirit-life.

Then, if death cannot rob us of the holy chain, why may not that power that loveth all and governeth all, bestow, another gife—communion? Why look with wondering eyes upon that great wealth (30 has been pleased to bestow upon the children of earth? Why not call it mysterious that the mother loves her child? You will find there no mystery, if you search by the law of love. Our friend asks us why we wanted in the belongs to earth, while the soul finds content, we as a prime to earth, while the soul finds content, we as spirits, are not conduct to dwell in Heaven, and we are permitted to soul on the sun will be very any to make their heaven with them, for the greater part of my last days with my son, in a work of

My mother asks why I cannot be happy away from the scenes of earth—why I so often come and seek to commune with those I have left on earth? Let me ask that dear mother why she so often thinks of her child? Do the thoughts come unbidden, and do they have no resting-place in her soul? Are they unwelcome? Then the child must be unwelcomed. But while the mother thinks of her child; while the memory of the child is stamped on the mother's soul, that child cannot tarry away from her, for the thought is so powerful that the spirit thought of, cannot but be drawn to the mother that thinks of her child.

Oh, tell my mother to cast aside that which hath been given her by the priesteraft of earth, fearing not to stand upon the surface of the sea of truth, for the power that hath called her there will sustain her. Oh, tell her to pluck the spiritual flowers that bloom in her pathway, and while she wears her mourning, she may have her soul lighted with the sunshine of heavenly love. My mother asks why I cannot be happy away from the

wears her mourning, she may have her soul lighted with the sunshine of heavenly love.

There is no death to those who fully believe in eternal life; there is no death to the child who reposes in the arms of Nature, believing that all that is now dark and shadow, shall be lighted up by the sunshine of love.

Again, tell the dear ones, our heaven is a part of their own life; a part of their own love is there. Tell my mother to weep no more; to look onward and pluck the blessings about her. Tell her to cling no more to the priesteraft of earth, and myriads of angels will hold her up in the pathway of life.

My name? Yes, that which was mine on earth, you may call Emily Wells. I lived in Boston.

Capt. William Townsend.

I am here, because I was called upon to come here; not because I had any particular desire to do so myself. I should be very glad to go home, and talk with my own family; but I do not feel exactly right about coming here. A man I used to know called for me; he thinks I am under great obligations to him, and that I have no confession to make. I always endeavored to live an honest life. The man are life to my right name was Felward Stochase.

I want him here to understand I don't think I am under any obligations to him, and that I have no confession to make. I always endeavored to live an honest life. The man are life to the man was released for me in the state.

My right name was released and I might as well cut short their anx.

I've got a sister married and living in Brooklyn, N. Y. I have a brother living in Now Jorsey; went there since I died, so I know just where is the live in Brooklyn, N. Y. I have a brother living in Now Jorsey; went there since I died, so I know just where she is. She is a staple article; but brother moved since I died, so I know just where she is. She is a staple article; but brother is with my sister. She lived in Brooklyn, N. Y. I have a brother living in Now Jorsey; went there since I died, so I know just where she is. She is a staple article in the way a but brother is with my sister. She lived in Brooklyn, N. Y. I have a brother living in Now Jorsey; went there since I died, so I know just where is he is. She is a staple article; in the way a brother living in Now Jorsey; went there since I died, so I know just where she is. She is a staple article; where is with my sister. She lived in Brooklyn, N. Y. I have a brother living in Now Jorsey; went there since I died, and I won't should died, so I know just where is he is. She is a staple article; in the article is a staple article; where is the interest of the may a brother living in Now Jorsey; went there since I died, to know called for me; he thinks I am under great obligations to him, and that I have some confession to make. I want him here to understand I don't think I am under any obligations to him, and that I have no confession to make. I was n't guilty of it.

I always endeavored to live an honest life. The man who has called for me, is looking on the wrong side. We can't reconcile matters while he is in one place, and I in another. If he wants to see me, let him come where I can talk with him, and then we will see who has to make a confession. Some people try to put their own thoughts and acts in a favorable position. I used to hear of an old saying that run favorable position. I used to hear of an old saying that run

like this: "It's an ill wind that blows no body any good." It may be a favorable wind that blows me here to-day, but I confess I do not see much decaure to be gained in splittend communion. I knew I could come to senio one—I not my own friends—before I died; but I did not and do not now feel it to be worth much seeking for. Yet, while I hold possession of your mediam, I do not think it would be very unpleasant to commune with my friends.

Almost everybody in the vicinity of my place of earth-life knows me, and I don't care to give a history of my life here.

Most men love to tell of their lives, made up as they are of sunshine and shadow; but mine is not so pleasant that I care to give a history of it.

In early life I followed the sea for a livelihood, and took a great deal of pleasure in my occupation; although it was sometimes very hard, it was, at times, very pleasant.

Bay what you have there is from old Capt. William Townsond, of Providence, My friend's name is Brown, I could tell you many things, but I don't care to converse any more. It makes no difference to me whether people believe this is from me or not. Oh, I have not been here so long that my friends have forgotten me; my time has been short in the new country.

If things were all right, I should like to have a talk with

friends have forgotten me; my time has been back in the new country.

If things were all right, I should like to have a talk with my son William; but I'm not very particular about it; I suppose, when the time comes, I shall be on hand.

I do n't know but what I shall be called here again; if I am, I may come, and I may not; I cannot tell how it may be—depends upon condition, some. It's a fine thing to come back and talk, I suppose; but it depends upon whether you can talk to those you like to or not. Well, good day.

Fob. 28.

Jim, a Slave.

How d' ye, massa? 'Spect you might do sutthin' for me. Dis right place for nigger, massa? Don't know, massa, what I'se come for. 'Spect 'cause I want to. Jim was my name. I'se Massa Wilbur's nigger—live in Richmond, Virginny. He's done gone dead, and ole missa live. Ole missa go live with young massa, Portsmouth, Virginny—Massa George. Yos, massa, got my free papers two years done gone. Ole massa Wilbur helps me—can't come himself; sends 'spects to ole missa. Massa George read these names. Bury likely Massa. missa. Massa George read these papers. Bery likely Massa

missa. Massa Georgo read these papers. Bery likely Massa Georgo see this.

Massa, don't feel jest right here. I'se a young nigger, massa; took care of ole massa. Ole massa done gene dead one year before me, 'bout, massa, jest about.

Massa's mind to write to Luey 'bout Jim? Luey's my wife. She's done gene oil 'long old missy. Niggers all gene. Spect there's 'bout fourteen niggers in all—no piccaninies,

Massa, write Luey; I don't know what to say, massa; you write. I see her sometime. Tell her this heap better place than ole Virginny. Jim likes very well. Get ole missa let 'em' talk with Jim—Luey I mean. Tell Luey ax 'em. Ole massa say, "Jim, tell missaus massa no done gone dead." Jest like ole massa; said he would n't die—but he's done gone dead' year 'fore ole Jim.

when he comes where I am, if not before.

My name is William II. Borden. I shall come again. I know my bruthers will get this, for one is sorn now striving to come in rapport with me, that he may understand some titing of my condition. He will know more of me, and how an stuated, here, by meeting me in private after he read title—in his own way and time. Good bye, sir. Feb. 25.

Faith, and I don't know about coming here. Ye's all strangers to me. Patrick O'Donnell, to Mary.

Faith, and I don't know about coming here. Ye's all strangers to me. Patrick O'Donnell, to Mary.

Faith, More'n all that, I died there, too. I thought to meetif I'd like to come and speak to my folks. I see the likes of me doing the same, but, thirt, I thinks I i'm in the wrong place. Well, how the divil will I spake, when I don't seen my of the friends to spake to? Faith, who me ye what to easy afford it weel, what I'd edge a mail at staged to will be a will be there. It is not all the state of the care of him, or herself; and how is Mary to go to the mill and lave them at home?

Mary is a medium; and I goes there the very night I deed, and she sees me—I know she did, for she looks at me, and then moves away, and I try to spake, but it was all gone.

I hear of spirits before I died, ancil think, to meself, I'll go and ask the praste if it's right; but I never went.

Faith, I feels meself all scratchy, like I did before I died, Mo boy's name is Jamey. I lived in Lowell street, near the thurch. Sometimes I went to Gorham Street Church, when I likes to go there. Begad, I think it's a pretty fine purgatory; Mary will expect nothing like this. Faith, tell Mary I have seen her mother, and my own fatter; it was them told me about coming here; but they can't talk now.

Faith, I am very glad to see you, but I don't know you; I would if I come again. Begad, this is a funny place; very much like a wake, only it wants a pipe and bakky.

Fut my name down, Patrick O'Donnell, to Mary. Faith, I don't know whether it's one or two l's in Donnell. Mary can spell pretty well, so spell it right.

Begad, I thinks I forget something, I think. I've been dead two year, if this is '50. Faith, I forget.

Fenily Wells.

William Luscom.

Feb. 28.

Springfield, N. Y. I was eighty-four years old and some days.

My object in coming here to-day is to reach that son, if I can. Although he is forty-five or forty-six years of age, he never has made a profession of religion, and tarely ever goe to church; yet the world esteems him an honest man. But I think he will find that the Lord'calls for something more at his hands. Oh, if my son would but hear, and know, and believe, I should be happier than I am now. I have a daughter who is a member of the church. Oh, that my son would walk in her footsteps. My last hours on earth were embittered on account of my son's want of religion.

Spiritualism is true—that I know; but the great class of spirits that return, seem determined to cast aside the Bible

Spiritualism is true—that I know; but the great class of spirits that return, seem determined to cast aside the Biblo as worthless. Oh, I said, if I ever returned to commune, I would do all I could to stem the torrent. Tell my son to repent while he has tine—not wait till he gets sick—for I am afraid the soul will go all unclad to its maker, and be banisticd forever from his presence.

You may say that old William Luscom has been communing with you.

Feb. 28.

Edward Stephens-alias Jack Stephenson.

I'm well enough—should laigh to see myself sick. I suppose the old fellow I have had such hard work to listen to, will think I am a worse fellow than the one that preceded

Will, to begin with, I ended my days in California, in—let me see—in the first part of '51. Had a good many to see me die, too. I went out there in '19. Now you see I'm going to tell a hard story, but it's a true one. It's time my folks knew I was dead, and all about it. They are all the time looking for a letter from me, and I might as well cut short their auxistr first as last.

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rion, but I did it think they were going to do think, so I did it think they were going to do think, so that act talk as the old man, and I am, perhaps, as happy as he, only he is thinking of a glorious future, and I do it know exactly what my future is to be. I do it believe I shall go to any hell, though; I do it know that I was all bad, if I was not as honest as the old man was.

Just say to my California friends that Jack is pretty happy, and to my friends here just say what you please. Of course I

and to my friends here just say what you please. Of course had no money when I died—what I had was divided around annong the folks I slole from; and you see I have no clain here, except a claim upon my friends' affections. Fob. 28.

NEARER HOME.

This pleasant thought, where'er I roam, Comes sweetly to me o'er and o'er; To-day I'm nearer to my home Than I have ever been before; Nearer the time to burst these bonds, And rise to breathe a purer air: Nearer the house not made with hands, In which the many mansions are; Nearer the time to leave my cross, And lay the heavy burden down-Nearer the Jordan all must pass-Nearer the wearing of my crown-Nearer the lov when I shall meet The loved ones who have gone before: Nearer the hour when them I greet, Anon. Upon that blissful, happy shore.

CORRESPONDENCE.

E. Noncross, Novelty, Knox Co., Missouri,-" Perhaps a few lines from this distant State—from the very frontlers of civilization, and where little regard is paid to any kind of relgion-might be acceptable. It has been charged upon Spiritualism, that it tends towards Atheism and licentiousness that it is productive of no good; that it is the work of the devil, etc. Now, I don't care whether it is the work of the devil, or what it is the work of, for I am not afraid of any devil. I had rather meet fifty orthodox devils on a dark night than one panther or a pack of gray welves. Spiritualism may have made a million infidels, for aught I know and men might as well be infidels as sectarian church-mem bers, to act as millions of them do. If it were not for my belief in Spiritualism I should be a confirmed infidel, for, as I look at the various sects, creeds and denominations, that go to make up the religious world, I see them quarreling, jaughing and almost fighting about differences of opinion and about netty observances, all of which amount to nothing yet they all profess to take the Bible for their chark

If I go to the Bible, I see many apparent contradictions and much mystery. I throw it all away, and say I will not believe in religion, the Bible, nor anything else. But while I stand thus, I think—Is man a brute, or has he a soul? has he an existence after this life? Spiritualism comes to my aid. and says, Yes; that death, as it is called, does not destroy a single faculty of the mind-that the soul goes on, forever learning and expanding. It is the most sublime doctrine in existence. It imparts to the human family an idea of their glorious value; it gives self-respect to men. I am a strict materialist in one sense; I care not a cent for all the manifestations that ever have been or ever will be given, or all the glorious visions ever seen or to be seen by mediums, unless they are of some practical use. I say that it teaches the doctrine of immortality, and thus prevents men from becoming brutes. Now I say that it ought to make men act better in this world-more honest, more generous, more noble every way. If all its use is to make silly men and women growd to circles and mediums' rooms, then I want to know no more about it. There is a vast deal of humbug in it, and between the half-crazy Spiritualist, who eagerly swallows everything purporting to come from the spirit of George Washington or Franklin, and the bigoted sectarian who sneers at the whole, calling it the work of Satan, there is but little choice; both are wide of the mark.

Spiritualism is valuable again, for it takes nothing for granted, but requires man to prove all things. At least, such should be its object. As I said, there are thousands who are too fanatical in this matter. There are hundreds who call themselves mediums, who are such only for sake of notoriety, or who are too lazy to work, and hone to obtain a substatone by imposing on the credulity of others. If Spiritualism will seek to make every man an independent reasoner and thinker: if it will be kind to the poor, and strive to clevate the out cast; if it will frown on all snobbish aristocracy, and teach that all men who behave well are equal-then I say it is God's own appointed means of regenerating the earth. And wheth or it is found in the costly residences of the rich, in crowded cities, on the rocky hill-sides of New England, or away out West here in the humble lowerbly of the hardy the wide-stretching prairie, or in the gigantic forest. I say good luck attend it, and bid it God-speed in its errands of love and norcy."

M. E. CONGAR, WHITEWATER, WIS .- "Having had the pleasure of listening to a course of lectures delivered by Miss Belle Scougall, of Rockford, Ill., in this place, I thought a few words in regard to the same would be appropriate, if for no other purpose than informing the friends of our glorious cause in other places that her discourses are just what they want for their own elevation and skeptical friends, who need something of this sort in order to be started on the right rack.

She is very unassuming and pleasant in her manners. The happy atmosphere surrounding her, causes joy to any one coming in contact therewith.

She delivered three discourses in this place. The subject of the first was "Spiritualism;" the second was selected by the audience, "Resurrection" being chosen, and not considered one on which a vast amount of thought might be presented. A second one was selected, viz.: "Philosophy of Revivals." Her (or rather the influences controlling her) crowning effort was the last discourse, when the spirits proposed "Revelation" as the subject. It was handled to perfection clear and pointed—uttered in a beautiful and soul-stirring language, it did not fall to touch our innermost feelings. After the conclusion of each lecture, she permitted the audi ence to propound questions. Complicated and knotty one were presented, both by rigid orthodoxy and candid men, all of which were replied to in a manner satisfactory to everybody. The interest which her labor has aroused, I trust of it be productive of much good; and may the blessings she spread about rebound many fold on her life here and hereafter. She is destined to take rank among our first trance speakers, for truly the truths brought forth through her rganism, will cause her to be sought for eagerly as soon as the friends know her and the value of her discourses. Charles Holt was with us not long ago. He is a trance speaker of no ordinary powers. He, as well as Miss S., pro ented spiritual food to the hungry, which was, no doubt acceptable to all who were not prepossessed by prejudices to I would conclude by remarking, that any one wanting

good and efficient laborers for the advancement of our cause, annot do any better than to engage the services of the bove-mentioned mediums."

Miss C. Allen, Plymouth.—"As a Spiritualist, I would efend its rights, and condemn its errors; far be it from me o uphold wrongs, even if I see them existing among those the profess to be adherents of this new light; and that there are wrongs-great wrongs-which have crept in among the professors of Spiritualism, no one, I think, will deny.

The very term, "Spiritualism," implies truth and purity but when we see the shrine so shamefully descerated, our very hearts should rise up in condemnation of that desecra

When the sacred altar of the domestic hearth is invaded and the happiness of the home sanctuary destroyed by a newly-found, pretended affinity, there is no contempt too strong to reach those who are either deluded by the im-morality within themselves, or are pusillanimous enough to se overcome by the wrong imaginings or weak subterfuge of another.

I have been pained and shocked to read in the public journals of so many instances of distrust, disaffection and estrangement, which have been manifested between husband and wife. We see cases, where such a married man has found his pretended affinity in another woman, and she, too, perhaps married, and finding her affinity in another man, literally worn out."

I would have a pile on hand to take care of me if I was sick it so I stele from the miners for six months, and notedy an especied me. But I went in too deep, and then I had to leave. I went to Ban Francisco, and when they tracked me, and the Vigilance Committee on my track, a miner was poleoted by something, and they laid it to me.

I was up on the south side of the American Riyer, when I was up on the south side of the American Riyer, when I was up on the south side of the American Riyer, when I tiddn't go down, so they gave me to the miners, and they carried me back and strung me try. But I wasn't guilty of murder—mighty strong suspicton, though—I know that.

Well, say I am in a new country, and like very much; there is plenty of gold there. I was a wild fellow before I want away, and I expect I didn't elevate myself much by going there. They elevated me though, into a commanding position, but I didn't think they were going to do that, so I didn't realize it much.

in the scale of being, as to be deserving of the stigma which is now resting upon the names of many who have styled themselves Spiritualists. Those erring ones were Spiritualists only in name; they never were so, in the full extent of the term; had they been, never would they have committed the errors which now they must blush for.

As long as such wrongs are perpetrated by those who call themselves Spiritualists, so long will the cause suffer, and be retarded. The outsiders constantly affirm that Spiritualists uphold and encourage such gross proceedings; but I dare enture to say, that a true, sincere Spiritualist is shocked at such outrages upon society, and would endeavor that their own lives should be as pure and upright as is possible for the human character to become.

May God grant, in his divine love, that these blemishes, these plague-spots on the character of individuals, may be wiped away by the angel of mercy, and the true light of Spiritualism so shine upon the inner self, that we may no longer see immoralities or impurities overshadowing the sunlight of existence."

Dn. HARE.—"Do you wish to find out a person's weak points? Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very fallings he is himself conscious of, but they will be their next door neighbors. No man keeps such a jealous lookout as a rival."

MISS SARAH A. HORTON, SUDBURY, VT .- "Having just received your excellent paper, containing a copy of the correspondence between our worthy Bro., S. B. Nichols, of Burlington, Vt., and Rev. Z. H. Brown, of Brandon, Vt., concerning a letter written to Mr. Snyder, of Huntington, Vt., in relation to myself, I thought it might be well to send you a conv of my letter to the Rev. Bro., which yet remains unanswered. Why does he neglect to answer, or to call upon me, when he frequently passes my door?"

The following is Miss Horton's letter to Rev. Z. H. Brown:-"Dear Brother-Permit me thus to address you, for as sister and brother I now recognize the whole human family. I have long sought to open a correspondence with you, that you might thereby become better acquainted with me, but previous engagements have prevented me, until the present. Since reading your letter to Bro. Snyder, of Huntington, pardon me if I say you know but little about me. Though unjustly accused, and in every particular misrepresented in the letter, charity forbids that I should accuse one of the professed followers of Christ, and, much less, a promulgator of his glorious gospel, of striving willfully to destroy the good name and reputation of one of the least of these little ones. Now, Bro. B., allow me to say, I have once been an acceptable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in full connection, and know no good reason why I am not still a member, having never withdrawn, or been legally expelled; neither has any of that body of Christians ever told me of any fault. I have ever strove to act up to the highest light I have received, and in doing this I have been called into the field as a public lecturer, consequently I am branded with the name of hypocrite. insane, moral nuisance, the teachings through me consummate nonsense, and such like epithets. Now if you think I have, by embracing the so-called spiritual philosophy, fallen among thieves and robbers, I ask of you, as a man, and a Christian minister, to act the part of the good Samaritan, call and see me, strive to bind up these wounds, and restore me again to respectability, thus possibly 'save a soul from death,' and you may receive the promised reward. Time forbids my writing all I could wish, but I trust your love for humanity will not allow you 'to pass by on the other side' longer, but induce you to meet me at my home in Sudbury, for private instruction and reproof, or meet me for public discussion, that I be no more misrepresented, but stand or fall, according to my own merits."

DAVID T. WOOD, PINCENEY, MICH .- "Through the kindness of Wilton Chase, son of our valiant brother, Warren Chase, I received several old numbers of your excellent paper, and to me they were a rich treat. I never before saw a copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT. It is truly worthy its name. I am more

pleased with it than any paper I have met. I speak plainly and boldly upon our beautiful philosophy wherever I go. How rapidly public opinion is changing everywhere in regard to the merits of Spiritualismi Two years ago, when an advocate of Spiritualism would receive nothing but insults from the people, now nearly all seem anxious to read and converse on the subject; even the clergy, in private, talk on the subject, and listen with a deep interest. The truths of Spiritualism are finding their way into all classes of people in the West."

A. R. GILMORE, BATH, Mz .- "Miss Gibson has arrived here from Augusta, where she has just finished a course of lectures on the Bible, which have been listened to with great interest. The legislative body did not fall to give her a hearing, and they could not gainsay or resist her argument. She lectures here to crowded houses, and the interest in Spiritunlism is constantly increasing. Miss Gibson has uncommon powers of elequence; she commands the perfect attention of her audience: she is free from sectarianism; she is hold and radical in her views, and at the same time so conciliatory, that she does not offend; and reasons so clearly, that she soldon falls to convince. Ry love and reason she tears down superstition and bigotry, and church partitions, that separate man from his brother; thus her influence is destined to do much good.

We hope soon to establish free spiritual meetings in this

ELIZA BLOSSOM, MIDDLE GRANVILLE.—" Some, in this place. think that the Banner of Light is the best paper ever introduced into the world. The little band of Spiritualists here are exerting themselves to introduce it to every one. Orthodox clergymen not excepted. We are living down opposition and repreach. Christ lives now as much as in the past, and principalities and powers will yield to his benign principles of love."

D. J. Kinnie, Lisbon, Cr.-" Dr. Geo. M. Rice, of Killingly, Ot. has recently delivered two lectures, in the trance state, in this place; both were brilliant productions; they riveted the attention of the audience, from the first to the last word of each. I am not a Spiritualist. I know not whether these lectures came from a spirit as was claimed; but it matters not, as the arguments presented were their own recommendation, for they carried with them great weight."

GEORGE GRANT, MOOSUF, CT .- "The ball of Spiritualism is set rolling in this place, and when once started it never stops. Some of my neighbors call me crazy, because I am interested in Spiritualism. I have but one answer for all opposers, which is, 'I know that Spiritualism makes men better.' I would invite the attention of speaking mediums to a new hall, now being erected in this place, where there will be an opportunity to introduce our beautiful religion. Moosup is on the Providence Hartford and Fishkill Railroad.

P. T., SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y .- "There are but few active Spiritualists in this place, and we find it hard to sustain regular meetings. When we get out our hand-bills for a lecture) here, the opposition is so great, the picty of the place feet it a duty to tear them. down as soon as possible. We are now making efforts to establish regular Sunday meetings. We need good speakers here, who are willing at first to labor for a limited remuneration."

AARON MEEK, DAVENPORT, IOWA, Writes that Miss Hulett, against much opposition and persecution, has delivered twelve lectures in that place, the most of which were attended with crowded houses; and since the delivery of these lectures, Spiritualism has been rapidly gaining ground.

WILLIAM HAMILTON, EAST HAMBURG, N. Y .- Mrs. Hyzor is in this place, doing great good; wherever she lectures she pours out a complete avalanche of interior intelligence, to the astonishment and admiration of her audience."

ELIZA SWAN, PONTIAC, MICH.-We do not remember of having received your communication-" To mu friends in

A LADY OF NEW YORK Writes for two copies of the Banner. She says, "So many borrow my Banner and read it, that it is

The Public Press.

MY IDEAL.

"Falo and patient, watching over.
Weary watchings damp with tears;
Watching for the joys which come not
Through the drooping lapse of years.
Hearts nigh bursting—pent their feelings,
Ilushed their gentle, soulful strains—
Heads that at their shrine should worship,
Bow at other, fairer fancs."

All have their ideals—ideal of God, of manhood, womanhood, of home and heaven. And it is worthy of remark, here, that the elements of the conjugal enter into the composition of the ideal in all things.
The conjugal is constituted of sympathy, perfection and beauty. And hence it is, we find ourselves always satisfied with the objects of our love, when we bereeive that there is in them a perfect adaptation of all the principles or parts of which they are composed to each other, and the whole forming one consistent union. The greatest complication and perfect proportion of all the elements, make the beautiful. Swedenborg says, the male is the wisdom of love, and the female is the love of that wisdom. Hence, in the true philosophy, the male element in the divine is the wisdom principle, and the female element is love. Thus we say that absolute wisdom constitutes our ideal of God; and the conjugation of this love and wisdom makes the phenomena of nature, and God, the Divine Father and Mother of all.

Thus it comes to pass that I find my ideal of woman. She lives in the inmost of my affectional nature, although I may never have seen her with these external eyes; and is ever attractive, ever present in the dared not to go near his dwelling alone, but external eyes; and is ever attractive, ever present in my thoughts. She is all I believe, all I know, all I my thoughts. She is all I believe, all I know, all I offered artizans extravagant terms to sit up with hope for, of symmetry, perfection and beauty. Ever him all night, for he could not sleep. Conscience present in my inmost soul, why does she clude my was, in this case, the "miraculous organ" that ultiexternal vision? In the dream-land I have often seen her; nor have I any conception of heaven and the region of the blest, which exceeds the sphere in which I become conscious of her presence:—

"Most splendid are the myriad stars that light
The dark-blue, solemn silence of the night!
Yet were they all mine own, and mine the power
To rest in each bright bosom any hour,
I'd give my glorious empire willingly,
Oh, Form that haunts my Dream-land! to win thee."

When I thus meet her, I find myself surrounded with all that is surpassingly beautiful. Here is symmetry, perfection and beauty, beyond the power of language to describe. Here I breathe most fragrant aromas, far exceeding the magic creations of enohantment; and here flow streams of living water, on whose banks flowers of perennial beauty bloom. Here are those undulating valleys of indiscribable loveliness, which, for ages, have been the theme of poots, and the fabled home of the blest. Luxurious groves, where do flourish the trees of immortal life, are here. The atmosphere of these delightful spheres is fragrant of love and heaven; when once inhaled, it imparts light and life to the inmost recesses of the soul. Ah, why does she elude my external consciousness always? Why may I not always dream?

I have my ideal of the Divine Father and Mother

in Heaven, whom I have not seen. Of the ideal, I may speak, although it is infinitely beyond any description which ever has been, or which ever can be given of it. I use the term God to signify my ideal of absolute love and absolute wisdom, whose conjugation is manifest in the phenomena of the universe which I behold. In nature, and the constitution of things, I see goodness, power, and intelligence, which are always present in matter. It is an intuition of my inmost or highest judgment, that all phenomena must have an adequate cause which goes before; and, so, when tracing phenomena up to causes, I proceed as far back as my own wisdom enables me to extend, and then I find a use for the term God. The highest, or first cause, or the last cause, which I can reach, is God. I can find no one beyond, and so k rest here. It makes no difference what term we use, -whether Jove, Pan, Lord, Jehovah, or Jupiter; it is the invisible, absolute cause, or Father and Mother of the visible phenomena of nature. We never see the cause of any phenomena; but we often (incorrectly) speak of nature as a cause. Whereas, when ik of nature as the sum total of phenomena, we, of necessity, imply an adequate cause which goes before; and this is our ideal of God. And it seems to me that the necessities of our nature compel us to these ideals of the Divine, similarly as they compel us to idealise symmetry, perfection and beauty in the conjugal, or the highest relation of life.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND. Boston, January 3, 1859.

A SECRET:

To assist "A, B. C.," D. E. F. G., and all the other Letters of the Alphabet, to the further exercise of the Sober Second Thought.

BROTHERS OF THE BANNER BRIGHT-With reference to editorial remarks, &c., attached to the last article on the "Hashish" controversy, permit me to say, that all which is claimed in behalf of Bro. Child's motives and character, I fully acknowledge and have well understood and appreciated from the outset. The true sympathy and hearty good feeling of Dr. C.'s nature is evident to all, and not any the less so to myself, who, so far as I remember, have as yet no personal introduction to him; nor have I for one moment supposed that he would be lacking in any vital or affectionate interest in behalf of any de praved or oppressed classes of society; nor have at all entertained the idea that he would himself pass to those extremes of action into which many sympathetic minds are so easily led. My objections have been to his philosophy alone, and to the manifest effect which such a philosophy has had, and is having, upon a class of persons who are more easily

actuated by it than some are.

And now to the point. Sympathy is a beautiful thing, considered by itself alone; but it is a weak and vacillating thing, unless accompanied by, or un folded into the true light and wisdom of moral dis-crimination, and the true strength of moral force. It can hardly be called charity or love, till it is thus vitalized or developed; for, without this, it will weakly yield both the understanding and the best energies of life to the service of that which it would otherwise repel. Even those who have so much to say against condemning others, must remember that viciousness, &c., can be most stoutly contested, and utterly and strenuously reprobated, without con-demning or contemning the man. In fact, this is one element-and a triumphal power-of true sympathy, to bring out, to raise up the man. Jesus himself, who is so frequently alluded to as saying to the woman, " Neither do I condemn thee," also said in the same breath, "Go thou and sin no more." And those who quote the first clause, should also give the last part of the sentence, with its due emphasis on "sin;" for Jesus was not one to assert that there is "no wrong, no evil." And more than this, his moral discrimination and moral force sometimes ascended into a mighty power and imperiousness, which chased the very money-changers with an electric thong of cords, and charged the devotees of darkness with the murderous baseness of their character and management, even though, when suffering under their hideous barbarity, he prayed for them upon the cross.

Thus moral discrimination and moral force,

which are so much lost sight of in the character of Jesus, and in the obedience of his followers, are now especially necessary, not only in Spiritualism, but elsewhere. For a period in the past, therefore, I its doom, it must have the same characteristics while have labored, in many respects, purposely, in a peculiar way, to keep the importance of this subject before the public, and have had some special spiritual openings in favor of it. If a man does not do that which others do through a want of discrimination between right and wrong, or through a lack of sympathetic development into its true moral power-

that is another thing, and we come to a most im-

The sympathetic natures who have been merged into folly, have my heartfelt regard; and sometime I shall have occasion to speak as loudly for their humanity, as I have of into felt called upon to do against their weakness and blindness.

In the meantline I sincerely remain cordially the friend of "A. B. C.," and all the rest of the great Alphabet of the Human family, D. J. MANDELL. Athol Depot, Mass.

MURDER'S "MIRACULOUS ORGAN."

Messas. Editors-"Murder," says Shakspeare, "though it hath no tongue, yet speaks with most miraculous organ." Among the numerous accounts of homicides which have made so prominent a feature in newspapers of the Union in the last twelve months, we can call to mind scarcely one, which it was intended by the perpetrator to conceal, that has not, by means ofttimes the most trivial, been laid open to the eyes of the world. A most striking instance was that of the murder in Louisiana. After the deed was done, and no human eye had seen it; when the body of the victim was buried beneath the floor, and even an explanation of its anticipated decay prepared for, the perturbed spirit of the murderer beheld in every man an accuser, and in every oye a witness. Blood had been spilt and the damn-ing dye "would not out." So he must needs purchase two rabbits, and go around with them in his hand to his acquaintances, complaining that they mately plucked out the heart of his awful mystery.

So, too, of a recent murder in Virginia. It oc-curred on Friday night. All day on Saturday the body remained, and the wretched prisoner says he endured all the agonies of hell during the day. He drank deep to keep down the wild feelings that agitated his bosom; he dared not flee, for fear of the pursuer; he was afraid to look his fellow-man in the face, lest his guilt should stand burned in characters of fire upon his forehead. At night he essayed to remove the body; but the apprehension that he was watched prevented him. So, moving a few things out of the house he set it on fire, thinking thus to destroy all evidence of the murder. But after the rafters had fallen in, and the dying embers had begun to fall, there, in the midst of the fire, lay unburned the headless trunk of his victim! He next bethought him of conveying away the body; but after he had raked it from the ashes, it was so hot that he was compelled to leave it to cool before he could remove it. The day was dawning, and his work was not accomplished! He then dragged the work was not accomplished: He then dragged the corpse up beside a rail-fence, where it lay about twenty steps from the road, all day, a frightful wreck of mortality; the arms burned off, the legs calcined to cinder, and only a small portion of the head clinging to the trunk! At night he took the body and buried it; but still the fear that it would be discovered tormented him so that he again took it up and carried it in his arms about two miles into the forest, and buried it in a hollow tree. On Monday he again went to the spot where the body was interred, terrified lest the dogs, in ranging the woods, should discover his crime; but there was upon him an eye from whose glance he could not hide; and his own conscience haunted him with its terrible

thundering!
This will forcibly remind the reader of the poetic truth of Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram." schoolmaster, it was remembered, has cast the body into a deep stream of "sluggish water, black as ink;" and after setting awhile among the innocent children of his school, he dismisses them for the night:--

"Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Eventing Hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy Cherubim!

And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Gullt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drow my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!"

A night of restless agony is followed by a yearning temptation, that urged him to "go and see the dead man in his grave":-

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black, accursed pool
With a wild, misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed, For the fulthless stream was dry.

Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I nover heard it sing: For I was stooping once again Under the horrid thing.

With breathless speed, like a soul in chase, .
I took him up and ran;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesomb wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man!

And all that day I read in school, But my thought was other where; As soon as the mid-day task was done, As soon as the mid-day task was done, In scoret I was thore; And a mighty wind had swopt the leaves, And still the corse was bare!"

Yours truly;

B. S. Dayton, Ohio, March 1, 1869.

THE CHRISTIAN'S RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

MESSES. EDITORS—The various sects, systems and orceds of faith believe in the resurrection and judgment of the veritable body and spirit, and that, although the soul leaves its clay tenoment on death, or change, the spirit will reanimate the body once again, to receive its own reward-its welfare or un-

happiness.
If this theory be really true, then from the earliest biblical history of mankind's appearance on earth up to the present—a period of some six or seven thousand years-these forms and spirits first existing have not yet been judged, because the judgment day has not yet come; and so many years have passed from that endless duration of misery and happiness of which the Christian has conceived, added to which will be the time in the future before the soul or spirit will commence to receive the reward of its actions.

Again, as we all know the animating soul leaves its body at death, and the body to the changes impressed on all matter and the spirit. Where? To God? If so, it must be good, and of God, and God cannot judge himself. To Heaven? The Bible assures us "no man hath ascended into Heaven." To purgatory, or paradise-both supposed intermediate states believed in by Christiaus? Not taught in the Bible.

The spirit of man existed from the commencement, and will exist to all eternity. No Christian doubts of its future existence; but doubts and perplexities are around its notual manner of existence. It is shown that it is not yet judged, by their theory, and if it be capable of intelligence and reflection after awaiting it. The Bible instructs us that the wicked will call on rocks and mountains to hide them from Divine Justice, which is indicative of intelligence be-

fore their judgment.

I have shown that intelligence associates with the spirit in all its states in the future, as well as in the present world. Confessedly the Judgment-day has still, his assertion of the mere philosophy that there is "no wrong, no evil," will exert a mischievous forefathers, who died six or seven thousand years tendency on certain minds, and should be promptly ago? In what have they been employed during the met. I will always award such an individual and the met. met. I will always award such an individual, and interval of time up to the present? And what will in this controversy have awarded Bro. Child, due be their employment until the final judgment? Is credit for his idea of an over-ruling Providence who makes evil a means of good; but when one throws think that the soul is making perpetual progress to make evil a means of good; but when one throws out the idea that trangression is better than virtue, ward perfection, without ever arriving at a period in and there is actually no evil, no wrong, why then it; going on from strength to strength; shining with

What body shall be reanimated by its soul, to stand needs be, and thus the strongest possible stimulation before the Judge? Manifestly in the last seven being thrown upon the divinest forces, and the no-years of his life he has not done all the good or evil. blest powers within them, and, at the same time, riably, and chango is a law of physical matter, con-there is any one principle of the Jamestown Insti-trolled by the Great Spirit. How difficult it would tute, with which I am better pleased than another, thousands of years ago on earth?

> Written for the Banner of Light. TWILIGHT DREAMS.

> > BY MADGE CARROL.

Down amid the curtained valleys, By the mist-empurpled streams While the summer south-wind dallies With the scroll of by-gone dreams, Walking in the fadeless radiance Of the old life's loying light, Beeking for thy vanished footsteps Dearest one, I go to-night.

Boon I'll hear the silver singing Of the brook among the trees, In melodious measure ringing Ohimes o'er buried memories-Soon will catch the dreamy echo. Trembling on the haunted air. Where the riches of thy voice dwell In the song and in the prayer.

Ah! methought I heard thee gliding Softly through the summer gloam; 'T was a shower of roses, hiding From the kisses of the moon. Leaning close against the casement, Came their dewy burdened leaves Closely clinging, as their sisters Clung about the old home caves.

Strange! methought I heard thee calling Out among the swaying vines; T was the wind's soft fingers falling Mid the murmurous mountain pines How the tender recollection Brings thine accents sweet and low. As they blest me, in the evenings Of the mourned-for "long ago."

Nav. the pines 'neath fairy-fingers. Nover in their brown-tongued bells, Struck such music now as lingers Where that soft-voiced anthem swells. I have caught the blended chorus, Linked with words so kind and dear, That my overflowing gladness Will not let me breathe them here.

Never by the mist-wreathed fountains, Shall I find thy vanished feet: Beautiful upon the mountains Come they with good tidings fleet. Never shall I find thy presence In the twilight of past days; Angel-bright, it goes before me, Gladdening all my future ways! Philadelphia, March, 1850.

Correspondence.

JAMESTOWN INSTITUTE.

Messes. Editors—You are aware, I presume, that by knowledge.

Dr. O. H. Wellington has established, at Jamestown, knowledge.

New York, an institution for the education of both the Work, an institution for the education of both withheld from the pupils. Books are presented to withheld from the pupils. Books are presented to withheld from the pupils. heard many favorable reports respecting its practiphysical culture, but also through his kind invitation I visited all his classes and exercises every day during my stay, and have thus had abundant oppor tunities of ascertaining whether the system is prac-tical, and to what extent it is actually made practical, at the Jamestown Institute.

Having for many years past been deeply interested in the subject of true education, or mental and moral development, I eagerly availed myself of all the facilities which were freely tendered me, of investigating Dr. Wellington himself, and his system, in theory and in practice; and as the principles of the system and their practical workings have my deepest sym-pathy, and meet my hearty approval, and as I find and energy of character, by acquired endowments, by an experience of many years, which has confirmed experimenting have not in the least abated, is eminently qualified to be the projector and the personal sion, Messrs. Editors, endeavor to present the Jamesown Institute in its true character before Spiritualists and reformers generally.

I must, however, beg of my readers that they will condemn nothing that is new, simply because it is new; that they will not judge the new by the old; in the educational department of reform, as radical and as truly progressive as those with which they are

morals. I will make this further prefatory remark, that, in all our labors for the elevation and reformation of numanity, the proper place to begin, is at the beginning; and, consequently, the nearer we approach the beginning in our labors, the greater will be the mmediate and the ultimate results. Still, although his is an admitted truth, yet I know of no school in he country, with the exception of the Jamestown Institute, which has departed to any great extent from the old beaten track, or into the organic structure of which there has been introduced a single principle or element which bears the stamp of, and is in keeping with the type and spirit of modern reform.

Education has been left far in the rear; but I feel Education has ocen letter in the state, of general interest to your reducts, and I make shots assured that Dr. Wellington is now bringing up this assured that Dr. Wellington is now bringing up this my apology for asking so much of the columns of department, to move on abreast with all the other your very popular paper. epartments of reform, before which, as before a mighty and an invincible phalanx, the conservatism

of the present shall melt away.

In the moral department of Dr. Wellington's system we find this leading principle, not simply taught as a theory, but actually carried out in all the relations of teacher and pupil, namely, that there are elements of good, of divinity, within every human being, which may be reached, and which should be reached and cultivated, by a direct appeal to those divine elements, upon all occasions; that children and adults, so far from being totally depraved, are in their deep, interior natures good, and that, by a proper cultivation, the moral forces of their nature may be made to become the controlling powers of their whole being. Consequently, if a pupil is rude,

new accessions of glory and brightening to all eter or negligent, or indolent, or quarreisome, he is remity? In the soul's organization, what inexhaustable sources of perfection!

Again, physiology teaches that the earthy matter of allimb, or lacerated his own flesh. It is in both forming our bodies is totally changed in a period of about seven years, so that a person living to the age of forty-nine or fifty years has had seven different bodies. The power (spirit) of thy body enables it to mentally, nor physically; but he is approached more tenderly and sympathetically after the accident than attract and repulse particles, and the substance composing the external form is constantly undergoing alteration and change, as all substances in the universe. Now, according to the Christian's conception of future rewards and punishments, what body that the according to the Christian's conception of future rewards and punishments, what body that the official pupil, is the true spirit of the highest than an and thus the extended results and thus the extended results. All Christians understand the body goes to decay there being no appeal made to the inferior elements after the spirit leaves it on earth—part food for of their nature, the former are brought into daily worms, part escapes in various gases, part to nourish and hourly exercise, and must become the positive the earth, etc. These changes of matter go on invaland ruling forces of their being and action. If be to aggregate the particles of matter once forming it is this, not only because it is one which pertains an organization, and subsequently entering into new to the department of moral culture, which is of forms, I shall leave Orthodoxy to determine. Now, course of more importance than any other, but also, Christians, what are the spirits doing, that lived thousands of years ago on earth?

J. Covenz. ter, so completely revolutionary in character, so completely the antipodes of the principle of blame and punishment which underlies all other systems of education, if not in theory, at least in practice; and because it is such a vast stride in educational reform, and is so fully in keeping with all the progressive tendencies of the age, and so perfectly in harmony with the noblest aspirations that are now prophecying of a new era to humanity.

Into the mental or intellectual department of Dr.

Wellington's system of education, there is engrafted a principle, which has already made its deep impress upon the age. Ten years ago, we might occasionally have found, here and there, in the writings of men who lived before their time, and who-were them-selves prophecies of the future, this strange and wonderful word — "Individuality." Does any one fully understand it? It is time that we should know what a mighty power there is in that single word, and what a universal solvent it is of all the consolidations, and aggregations and agglutinations of humanity. That word, written occasionally in a book, as it was ten years ago, was very harmless; but now it is in every man's mouth—the farmer, the merchant, the doctor, the mechanic, the learned and the illiterate man and woman—and instead of being merely a written prophecy, it is a living reality, beneath whose dissolving touch time-honored institutions are crumbling into ruins. Take all other principles from me, if you wish, and leave me but the power of this one word, "individuality," and with it, as with a pebble, I will slay the gigantic institutions whose huge forms are overshadowing humanity and feeding upon the very souls of men. With it I will visit the prison houses and the sepulchres of earth, "like a thief in the night," and in the morning of individual resurrection I will exult over their ruins and trample upon their ashes.

The moment a pupil enters the Jamestown Institute, he feels his own individuality and his personality, because that individuality and personality are at once recognized, respected, and appealed to by his tenchers. In all departments of mental culture, the pupils are early made to feel a confidence in themelves, and a self-reliant assurance that they can, and must, think their own thoughts and evolve their own principles, and that, in the domain of thoughts and principles, neither teachers, nor books, nor any other authorities, no matter how exalted, should be permitted to stifle their native energies and paralyze their mental powers.

Instead, therefore, of committing to memory, as a heavy and stultifying task, the various text-books which are usually put into the hands of students, the subjects embraced in those text-books are presented to the naked, untrammeled and unprejudiced minds of the pupils, male and female, in such a manner as to arouse their interest, and draw from them their own opinions, in the form of free conversational discussions. In this way, every subject that is brought up is more thoroughly analyzed, (according to the capacity of the pupils); the activities of each pupil are more completely brought out, the depths of each mind more thoroughly sounded, and the knowledge of each one more completely exhausted.

them in the same way that the volume of nature is presented to them; that is, as a great storehouse of heard many tavorable reports respecting the presented to them; that is, as a great storehouse of cal workings, and its encouraging prospects. Last facts, with which they must be supplied, in order to week, however, I spent five or six days at the Jamestown Institute, and had an opportunity of seeing allowed to follow their inclinations and attractions and hearing for myself, and of forming an opinion in appealing either to the unwritten volume of national days are for facts and from my own observation, of the new system which is there in operation. During those five or six days, I not only received from Dr. Wellington a full explanation of his principles of moral, mental and planation of his principles of moral, mental and on the system of t case is the pupil, by any outside force, driven to an assigned task in a book, or even driven to any of the exercises of the school; but, under all circumstances, he is suffered to be moved by his own internal attractions-the only true and reliable guide as to what the mind really needs, and is really in a condition to cling to and appropriate with an abid-

ing and unyielding tenacity.

The practical result of this system is to develope, and yet at the same time preserve each individual type of mind; and while the vain hope and the fruitless aim of the numerous educational systems of the day is to make each pupil a duplicate of some stereotyped standard of moral and intellectual Dr. Wellington to be a man, who, by innate force greatness, the aim and the result of Dr. Wellington's system is to bring up each one to the fullest stature of his individuality, morally, intellectually, socially, him in his principles of educational reform, and by a slight tineture of enthusiasm which eight months individual type as separate and as distinct from all others as nature originally made it-in short, to make the most of every type, without violating the executor of such a system of radical reform in the educational department—I shall, with your permistry type into another. This I am sure is a vast step. type into another. This, I am sure, is a vast steptoo much, indeed, to be at once appreciated; for not only is the world still governed and guided by the ambition to remodel, and much of its philanthropic labor lost in the vain effort to remodel individual types, and change individual, moral and mental organic structures, but it is even the hope and the and that they will be prepared to hear of innovations aim of the philanthropy of the day to change specific types, one into another, and thus make real Cauca-seans of the Indian, the Negro, and the Hottentot. already familiar, and which they have already em. But nature will have her ways, her rights, her forms, braced in every other department of thought and of and her series; and already it is beginning to be acknowledged, that the types of races are unchangable; and the next great step will be the recognition of the permanence, through all time, of national types; and finally will come the closing idea, that each individual is a type, which may be mutilated and enfeebled, and shorn of its strength and its beauty, but never, in all the ages of an immortal existence, can one be transmuted into another. Nature never thus repeats herself, and her curse is upon all systems that attempt to interfere with her reproductive movements of constant differentiation, and that try to substitute in their stead a man-devised movement towards reproductive unity and sameness. Excuse, Mr. Editor, the length of this article. The

ibject is an important one, and it is, moreover, one PAYTON SPENCE.

Yours truly, Utica, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1859

THE ANGEL PATH.

There is a path, whereon an angel flings Immortal gifts—and those who run that way Can have them for the finding. Every day Bees thousands start, and overy day, too, brings Sees thousands start, and overy day, too, brings
As many back to where Allurement sings
The songs of Idleness and vain Delay.
Some few there be, who ever onward keep
In scorn of Pleasure and disdain of Sleep,
With purpose firm, Contentment sweet, to feel.
That soothes this rugged path, where patient Zeal
Is guiding star, and Honor's burning flame
Fits earthly mould for Fame's immortal scal.
Nor man yet long upon this path, whose name
Hath not been written on the scroll of Fame. LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

Messas. Entrons-Sunday, the 27th ult., we had he pleasure of hearing Mr. A.S. Weich, of Lawrence. He is a remarkable lastance of the power of spirits. While in the normal condition, it is impossible for ne unacquainted with him to hold conversation, ho being a very bad stutterer; but, while under influence, he speaks perfectly plain. In answer to the inquiry if the spirits could not cure him of stuttering, they said they could, but would not, as they wished to show to the hearers the difference, while under their power. Mr. Welch is a very superior healing medium, and has performed some remarkable cures, in many instances without being obliged to ee the patient.

On the 20th of this month we are to have the pleasure of hearing addresses from Rey. T. W. Hig-ginson, of Worcester. He will be received by a large audience, having formerly been settled over the Unitarian Society, and having a large circle of figm friends. We esteem ourselves very fortunate in se-curing his services, and hope he will continue to lecture in other places. He can but add to our cause, as his reputation is of the highest order.

A council has been held by one of the Evangelical hurches of this city during the present week, to consider the heresy of a member who has embraced Spiritualism. The meeting was private, but some of the doings have leaked out; and, from what I hear, the person on trial gave them some severe questions and statements. They found that Spiritualists know more about the Bible than their opposers. The case is exciting a good deal of interest. I hardly think the brother will be turned out; but hope he will, for nothing will do us more good than to be opposed by the false church.

There have been a goodly number of spirit likenesses received in this place from Ohio; some of which have been remarkably truthful—in two or three instances very good tests. Some have been as good likenesses as though they were taken while the subjects were in the form; while others have borne no resemblance to the persons they purported to re-

An instance of a remarkable cure occurred recently. Mrs. H. Robinson fell down a flight of stairs, injy. Mrs. It. Robinson left down a night of squirs, injuring herself severely; a doctor of the regular-practice was called; he pronounced no bones broken, but that one leg was injured, worse than if the bone had been broken. So sensitive was the patient, that even touching her dress would cause her extreme pain. The doctor told her she must keep perfectly till for six weeks, if she ever wanted to walk again, the cords being badly strained; but, he said, if a healing medium could lay hands on her every day, would do her more good than anything else.

Mrs. Sherman, a fine medium of this city, was called, who made passes over the body, and in less han one week the patient walked around the house, and in a day or two after went out doors, and has een perfectly well since, it being now nearly two months. The doctor says it is a remarkable case; and he considers it equal to the miracles recorded in the Bible.

The doctor before referred to was recently called to attend a sick lady. Her hand was controlled to write, and a prescription, purporting to come from the father of the physiciau, was given, which, on being followed, proved to be successful. The spirit was a physician while in the form. The doctor says he has found that if he follows the impressions he first receives in visiting a patient, they prove successful.

A circle was recently held in this city, composed

f unbelievers. It was a promiscuous company, and ittle was received. Late in the evening, when the company was reduced to five, it was proposed to try again. A circle was accordingly formed around a table weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and it was moved without being touched; the members moved until no one was within six feet of it. It was then proposed to try and see if the table would move with some persons on it. Three of the number got on the table, the remaining two not being near, when it was moved as before. The persons are not believers in Spiritualism, but freely state the above circumstances. The medium is a very healthy man; he is unwilling to consider himself as a medium, and says he knows nothing about the cause; he only knows the fact.

I have recently been informed by the person interested, of a remarkable case—a spirit answering a mental request. The individual is an old Spiritualist, and one warm day he was taken sick, while alone at his place of business. He felt as though he must die, and mentally requested that if any spirit friends were around him, they would impress a person who was engaged near by to come to him. In less than five minutes the person came up stairs, and was astonished to find his neighbor so sick, and wanted to call a doctor, but was not allowed. The sick man asked him how he happened to come in. He said he did not know; he only knew that he felt himself impressed that way. I will state that, although a near neighbor, he was not in the habit of calling, he being a deacon of an Orthodox church, and not agreeing in religious views, did not place himself where he should meet an opponent—and he had not been in the building for probably a year. He has now passed to the spirit-world, and probably understands what impressed him to go. How will our opponents account for such a manifestation?

We have no less than three houses reputed to be haunted in this city; noises are heard which are unaccountable; in one case a number of families have been unable to live in the house. We are about investigating one of the cases, and have no doubt we shall be enabled to find out the cause, and will, if found interesting, inform your readers of the result. Newburyport, March 4, 1859. VERITAS.

LETTER FROM MRS. TOWNSEND.

DEAR BANNER-It seems a long time since I have written to you of my wanderings and experiences in the field of truth; but I have been very busy, and, as I am only a very humble little body, have not supposed I should be missed at all, even if I remained ever so quiet. I was at Berlin one week ago yesterday afternoon, and at Clinton in the evening, where I was informed that it was a law of their manufactoring establishments to employ no Spiritaalists, yet I had a large and apparently intelligent audience. I think it would be a good thing to present the company with a flag of stars and stripes, and the motto (Liberty) in big letters of gold, to wave over their factories, so that all may fully un-derstand that this is a land of Freedom !

Saturday last, I came to Taunton, and found I was ust in season to attend the funeral of a young man who had long been stricken by the hand of disease. Lafayette Bragg died on the 4th inst., aged twentyfour years, and of Sunday morning I attended the eremony consequent upon such occasions, at a little cottage house, where a number of sympathizing friends had gathered for that purpose. The face of the deceased looked calm and fair, as though a gentle angel had said, "Come!" and the weary spirit had milingly obeyed.

In the afternoon and evening I spoke in the half occupied by the Spiritualists, to large and intelligent audiences, and, as you already know, am to speak here again on the 13th. On the 20th, I go to Lynn, and on the 24th to Quincy; April 3d, 17th and 24th at Cambridgeport, 10th at Watertown. The month of May will find us winding our way towards the grand old Green Mountains, to breathe again the pure inspiration of their atmosphere, to drink from their pure waters of life, clear as crystal," and feast our souls upon the sacred love of good old grandparents, parents, and darling sisters. Oh, I wish everybody had as many good, kind relatives and friends as we have got, and then I know they would not have such hard work to be good! Why, when I think how many blessings I enjoy in the form of kind friends, I feel as though my whole nature must rise in gratitude to the dear Father, by whose law all things exist, and as though I must never do a thing, or say a word, to injure the feelings of his creatures. Let us earn friends, and I

know we can be good. Yours, as ever, in the cause of Truth, M. S. TOWNSEND.

Taunton, March 7, 1859.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y. Sunday, March 6th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. BLIRWOOD.

Text.—"And when they saw it, they all murmured, saying, That he was your to be quest with a man that is a sinner."

Lurr, N.X. 7. "Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him. And the pharitees and serbes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and each with them."—Lurr, x.X., 1-2.

Our Saviour conformed to every custom which employed neither inhumanity nor untruth; but with the utmost deliberation, and almost without any contention of words, he set himself against every custom which had selfishness, or pride, or bigotry, or unkindness, as its animating principle. He simply did another thing, and left men to find out that he had crushed thus, by his example, a false custom. He never invalidated worship, but where he found men employing worship—the soutiment of devotion—as a substitute for justice and mercy, at once he strack worship, and humbled it in their sight, and put it below genuine heart qualities, saying. "If thou bring thy gift to the alter, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift; first be reconciled to thy brother, and there come and offer thy gift;" do not worship, but go and be reconciled to thy brother—that is your first and highest duty—then come forward and offer your gift, which is a secondary and lesser days. He did not destroy the Substite, but when men made thy brother—that is your first and highest duty—then come forward and offer your gift, which is a secondary and lesser duty. He did not destroy the Sabbath; but when men made the Sabbath an instrument of oppression, without any hestation he struck it down, and put it beneath man's spiritual wants and work. The Sabbath, as the pharisees and scribes held it, he dishonored; and as they used it, he dishonored it—not thereby injuring the true Sabbath, but thereby stripping it of all the eyils which they had attached to it, and giving it its spiritual intent and beneficence.

There is scarcely another thing so rooted in human character. I think, as the copression of good une over wicked men-

There is scarcely another thing so rooted in human character, I think, as the oppression of good men over wheked men; and there is a ground of reason for it. There must needs be, to a certain extent, a separation between the good and the bad here, and a still more apparent separation between the good aud the bad hereafter; and yet, that separation may be employed by men in such a way as to spoil or injure the spirit of a true Christian picty. That men who are wicked are not to be consorted with in their own wicked spirit; that they are not to receive followship in their wickedness; that they are not to receive fellowship in their wickedness; that they are not to have the countenance or sanction of virtuous and Christian men in their character as wicked men, need they are not to have the countenance or sanction of virtuous and Christian mon in their character as wicked men, need scarcely be said. But religious goodness, or plety, is very apt to exist in connection with great selfishness, not to say conceit; and men insensibly make their goodness a reason for withdrawing from all association with bad men. This tendency develops the nero readily because it seems so natural that good men should, by elective affinity, be drawn away from the bad, and toward each other; and that cell men should, by elective affinity, be associated together. This seems more natural, because conscience sanctions the assumed superiority of goodness over evil. There is no doubt that goodness is superior to ceil; but it is a dangerous thing for a man to assume that he personates goodness. Moreover, men who seek virtues ought not, it is supposed, to render themselves liable to temptation by contact with cell men.

These reasonings were, doubtless, to some extent, prevalent among the better part of the pharisees and scribes. Those men who professed to be par excellence plous, were the men who manifested, to Christ, or in his right, the most hateful state of heart; and he was obliged to say, not once nor twice alone, that corruption of the spiritual element was worse in the sight of God than corruption of the moral element, and to deciner in terms which, if we did not tread closely in the beat of quotation, we should scarcely be allowed to pronounce in polite pulpits, "The publicans and the harlots shall go into the kingdom of God before you," when speaking of the scribes and pharisees, and the cleet and polished sins of that day.

In respect to the association of good men with bad men, Christ pursued, I need uot say, a method that was not only not like that pursued by the religious men of his day, but entirely different from it. He acted upon a very different principle from that which they acted upon. He employed his own divine liberty of association, and when his conduct called down censure upon hi

called down censure upon him, he justified his course by declaring the great doctrine, that goodness is to be the medicine for evil, and that good men are God's physician's for the cure of evil men.

Publicans and sinners, as the terms are here used, denoted two classes of men employed in the revenue service; and it excites our just wonder that men were not always employed to manage the affairs of the public revenue who were sound in morals. The publicans were men that stood the highest, and were of the best repute. They were the generic farmers of the revenue. They might be called the arm to receive the money, while the sinners were the fingers to gather it and pass it up to them. The publicans received the benefit of the wickedness of the sinners. Both the publicans and sinners had the reputation, as a class, of being unprincipled, unserupulous, extertionate and cruel. Nor are we inclined to think this judgment severe. There were exceptions among those men, but, as a class, their habits justified their exceeding ill repute. They were, therefore, avoided and hated by almost all classes alike. The educated and the religious classes—those who represented the patriotism and the religion of the nation—were especially bitter towards these bad men. No efforts seem to have been made for their moral culture; nor does there seem to have been much anxiety, at that time, to reclaim those who were bad. Indeed, it is taught in one of the Jewish authoritative books still, that if a man has been bad, he is not to be associated with by the good, though he may have repented, and been reclaimed. Such is the doctrine of the scrupulous Jew.

The people did not associate with these publicans and sinners any more than they could help. Among the good of that day it was settled that they were nover to onjoy social kindness, or to be allowed in any way to feel the force of sympathy. They were nover even to be brought into the family—a thing which transcended all imagination of impropriety. That was the state of these bad men. They wer

himsoif, not merely upon terms of acquaintanceship, but of personal irlendiness with them; and he thereby brought down upon himself the reprenent of all the respectable religionists of his time. In the first place, he is guilty of going to their houses; and that is not all, as you will see when I read from the fifth chapter of the same book from which I have taken my text: "After these things he went forth, and saw a publican named Levt, sitting at the receipt of custom; and he said unto him, Follow me. And he loft all, rose up, and followed him. And Levi made him a great feast in his own house; and there was a great company of publicans, and of others that sat down with them. But their scribes and pharisees murmured against his disciples, saying, "Why by ocat and drink with publicans and sliners?" It seems that Christ went to the houses of these men; that he permitted them to make a feast, and entertain him as a guest; that he permitted them to call in all the other sinners of the same stripe with themselves; that he sat down and partook of their hospitality; and that he talked as a guest with the host. This was his example. There is more, but I want that more for another part of the sermon.

The other passage of my text, taken from the nineteenth chapter of Luke, has reference to Zaccheus, chief among the publicans, who sought to see Josus who he was. He sought to see Josus merely to gradify his curlosity. He had heard so much about him, that he determined, that if he ever came to that city, he would go and hear him preach. The narrative states the circumstance as follows: "He sought to see Josus who he was; and could not for the pross, because he was little of stature. And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore-tree, to see him; for he was to pass that way. And when Jesus came to the place, he looked up, and saw him, and said unto him, Zaccheus, make haste, and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." I was not an invitation; it was an overture. Jesus invited himself. "And he made haste, and

for to-day I must abide at thy house." It was not an invitation; it was an overture. Jesus invited himself. "And
he inade haste, and came down, and received him Joyfully.
And when they saw it "—that is, the whole crowd round
about him; that sincere, excellent crowd of reputable Christian men; Jews of the first order of plety, who were lurking
about to make fun, or to see if they could find something to
reproach him with; what did they say? Did they marvel at
his condescension? Did they remark upon his fulfillment of
his mission? Not at all. "And when they saw it, they all
murmured, saying, That he was gone to be guest with a man
that is a sinner." That was their te-timony and their feellng. He received these publicans and sinners—these detestable mon—into his presence as his guests; that is the case
in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, where it says, "Then drew
near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him."
You would not know from this verse what the circumstances
were, but the next verse reveals them: "And the pharisees You would not know from this verse what the circumstances were, but the next verse reveals them: "And the pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners and cateth with them." It seems that on two occasions he had gone out to be the guest of publicans and sinners, but in this case he received them as his guests. The Greek word which is here translated receiveth, has not so general a signification as is usually applied to the word receiveth. It embodies the idea of receiving as a friend; it carries with it the sense of social welcome. And Christ is said to have received these detestable men in the sense of welcoming them into the house, and asking them to sit down to meat, and making

then house, and asking them to sit down to meat, and making them feel that he was hospitable, and glad to entertain them. The pharisces and scribes looking on and seeing this, murmured; out if Christ, when these publicans and sinners came, had sat down at the head of the table, and given them seats at the foot; and had put a shield between himself and them, by placing three or four pharisces cach side of him; and had conversed with them only at the distance of from the head to the foot of the table, so that nobody could have said that there had been any undue familiarity between him and them, and so that none of them should have felt the pulsations of his great heart—if he had done this, the pharisces and scribes would have said among themselves, "Something may be made out of this man, after, all; he may be made quite a useful teacher in our hands." But when these publicans and sinners came and looked in where Christ had spread the table for them, they evidently saw something in his demeanor which assured them that they were welcome. And when they had come in and sat down, he talked with them with such condescension, and, made them so welcome, that the scribes and pharisces got red in the face with their plety, and, in astonishment, said, "Tabs man entertains publicans and sinners, and is kind to them!"

Those scribes and pharisces Christ never invited and entertained in that way. It was the publicans and sinners that he invited, and are and drank with, if with any. "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." You know what the universal opinion in the East is in respect to persons eating with each other. It is, that if a man comes under your the house, and asking them to sit down to meat, and making them feel that he was hospitable, and glad to entertain them.

the universal opinion in the East is in respect to persons eat ing with each other. It is, that if a man comes under roof, and eats bread with you, it is a compact—a firm with each other. It is, that if a man comes under

righteous, but sinners to repentance."

In this teaching Christ makes it plain that our purity and virtue must not be employed as elements by which to creet ourselves into a superior class; that we must not, by reason of our ploty, form ourselves into an unsocial and impenetrable circle, into which evil men cannot come. He declares this, not only by teaching, but also by example, to be unchristian. He teaches that the office of goodness is to afford to the evil both the example and the sympathy required to help them to repentance. There are many very virtuous people who have a horror of bad men. We are, however, carefully to distinguish between the hatefulness of things that are untrue, unjust, impure, wrong, and an arrogant disregard for, or hatred of, persons who are in the wrong. For I think there is a strong tendency among the good to regard bad men as a separate class of themselves, and to treat them as if they were wolves, or ravenous beasts of some other sort. There is a kind of assumption on the part of good men of an unquestionable superiority above those who are evil, which begets a tone and manner of authority. We are liable to fall into a kind of legislating spirit, and to feel that persons who are not religious must reform, and come to us by permission, if at all. I faer that faw accept piety with the understanding that by it, if we are to take the example of Ohristas our pattern, men are ordained to go forth to seek and to save those who are lost; and that our goodness, instead of being a badge of superiority, is what the physician's medicines are which in carries with him. The soldier, invested with power, when he speaks as a soldier, speaks in the tone, and seeking out those who are sick or in want, to de them good. Your piety is medicine given to you to cure other men's inflict, government of the proper of the prope

Mooksh clown; the distance between a sneak-thier and unier Justice-Marshall or Sir Matthew Halo—these distances are but little, contrared with the distance which existed between Christ and the mon of his time. He was lifted up so transcendently above them, that there is nothing in human experience by which to shadow forth his superforty to them. perione by which to shadow forth his superiority to tiend. There was no compromise of that superiority; no letting of himself down. Although he walked with the wicked so that bad men and bad wemon—oven those way down at the bottom of life—folt that they had a friend in him, yet it does not appear that one of them conceived the idea that he was a Beingwho favored sin. Nobody seemed to think that he put a lighter name on to wickedness. On the contrary, it seemed as if, everywhere he wont, wickedness stood out as being more wicked.

a lighter mange on to wickedness. On the contrary, it seemed as if, everywhere he went, wickedness stood out as being more wicked.

So long as the teachings and influence of the scribes and pharlaces prevailed, the harlot loved harlotry, the thief loved thievery, the robber loved robbery, the hard soldier loved cruel knocks, the publican loved dishouesty, and the sinner loved grasping and grabbing after gain; but when Christ, with his genial countenance, his sweet voice, his sweater heart, and his kind nature, went among the bad, the publicans began to say, "We are wicked wretches;" and their underlings, the sinners, began to say, "town't do for us to be such scoundrels;" and the thieves began to say, "How shall we be honest?" and the harlot began to think of her mother and her father and the home of her childhood. Christ's going among them did not cause them to say, "Sinning is a great deal worse than I thought it was." If you bring men up before a judgment-seat where pride sits entbroned, their hearts will be come hardened, and they will say, "We will persist in our cell ways;" but put love in the judgment-seat, and then bring them before it, and their hearts will be melted, and, bowing their heads, they will say, "Woe is us, weo is us, for we be unclean!" What Josus Christ came to earth for, was to teach men that God, though a being of the utmost purity, and though transcending in glory and majesty all human conception, yet carried himself with condescen-ion and pity and sympathetic yearning, towards the wicked of every name.

Secondly, God teaches, by the example of Christ, that he

dearling, the sainers, began to say, "It work to for us to be such secondy-cles," and the thelves began to say, "How shall we be honess?" and the hardot began to say, "How shall we be honess?" and the hardot began to fails, of her mother and her father and the home of her childhood. Chira's go ling, among the hold the home of her childhood. Chira's go ling, among the hold the home of her childhood in the home of her childhood. Chira's go ling, among the hold the home of her childhood. Chira's go ling, among the hold the home of her childhood. Chira's go ling, among the hold the home of her childhood. Chira's go ling, among the hold the home of her childhood. Chira's go ling, and the home of her childhood in the home of her childhood in the home of her childhood. Chira's go ling, and the home of her childhood. Chira's go ling, and hold the home of her childhood. Chira's go ling, and hold the home of her childhood. Chira's go ling, and hold the hold who had hold when the home of her childhood. Chira's go ling, and hold the home of her childhood. Chira's go ling, and hold the home of her childhood. Chira's go ling, and hold the hold who had hold when the hold when hold go ling, and hold the hold who had hold when hold go ling, and hold the hold who had hold who had hold when hold go ling, and hold the hold who had hold who had hold when hold go ling, and hold the hold who had hold when hold hold who had hold had hold who had hold who had hold who had hold who had ha

pact—by the time being if not of friendabile, yet of county or kindiness, between you and him. Judged by the customs of kindiness, between you and him. Judged by the customs of kindiness, between you and him. Judged by the customs of the friendability of the fr

she throws her arms about him, and exclaims, "Oh, my son! I would rather have died." She folds him closely to her besom, and won't let him tear himself away. She won't let him go out of her sight. He marvels at the wondrous tenderness which she manifests towaris him. He never had any conception of Niagara Falls till he feels his mother's heart pour down on him. He stands terrified, and says, "I never dreamed before what a wretch I have been." He wanted to feel the throbblugs of a mother's heart to be convicted of the enormity of the offence he had committed. The partners didn't convict him, but his mother's love did.

Now these stately scribes and pharisees had never, by their teachings or example, made any impression upon the wicked men; but the moment the Lord Jesus Christ came among them, and presented to them a true idea of God; the moment he assured them that God hated sin so that he longed to cure it, instead of representing him as sitting high above them on a throne of justice, and hating sinners, and desiring to punish them, because they were sinful, then they began to realize their real condition, and to feel anxious to be freed from their wickedness. Where the view that God is a God of Justice, morely, and that he is elevated so far above his creatures as to have no sympathy for them in their sins, is received, either the human mind must abandon its foundation elements—must change, and become different from what it is—or else there will be no deep sonse of sin. accommanded by a desire

morely, and that he is elevated so far above his creatures as to have no sympathy for them in their sins, is received, either the human mind must abandon its foundation elements—must change, and become different from what it is—or else there will be no deep sense of sin, accompanied by a desire to be reformed. But Jesus Christ teaches us a different doctrine; he teaches us that God hates sin; that there is nothing in human experience to be compared with his abhorrence of ovil; that he hates sin so that he seeks to cure it; that liating sin, he does not desire to punish it, but to care it; that liating sin, he does not desire to punish it, but to care it; that he desires to cleanse the world from sin, not by fire, but by love; that he so loved mankind, that he was willing to sacrifice his own life for their restoration from sin.

All these explanations give great meaning to the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, as being an important part of the testimony and example he gave here on earth. He is represented as having borne our griefs, and as having carried our sorrows. It is said that the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and that with his stripes we are healed. It is declared that remission of sins was to be only through the shedding of blood. The teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ is, not that he stood between us and the wrath of God, but that he, as representing God, and as God, hating sin, was willing, nevertheless, to give himself for the sinner.

And now, with this exposition of his abhorrence of evil, untruth, injustice, impurity—of all that comes under the terrible name of sin; and with this revealation of the goodness and kindness with which his hatred of sin is administered, so as to rescue men from it, I ask, is there any man in this congregation who is afraid to trust himself in the hands of God, as represented by the Lord Jesus Christ. I well remember my childhood conceptions of God. Oh, how I well to long to be converted, so that I could find God. I had a thought such as a man might be suppos

On the great moral elements that have made society what it is, God Jehovah of the Old Testament stands peerless, without a cloud.

There is nothing in the revelation of the mercy of God in the New Testament, which takes away any of the purity, the wisdom, or the justice that is ascribed to him in the Old Testament. All the attributes which belong to the Old Testament idea of his character are maintained in, the New Testament Josus Christ did not come to make it appear to men that God looked with more complacency upon wicked-ness than they had supposed; he did not come to let down the tone of conscience; he did not come to make less binding the requisitions of the law; he did not come to make less binding the requisitions of the law; he did not come to make less binding the requisitions of the law; he did not come to make less binding the requisitions of the law; he did not come to make less binding the requisitions of the law; he did not come to make less binding the requisitions of the law; he did not come to make less binding the requisitions of the law; he did not come to make less binding the requisitions of the law; he did not come to make less binding the requisitions of the law; he did not come to the down the times must be compared to the whole did not come to the down the divergence in the distinct of the law; he did not come to the down the midst of whom he lived, by any comparisons drawn from the midst of whom he lived, by any comparisons drawn from the midst of whom he lived, by any comparisons drawn from the midst of whom he lived, by any comparisons drawn from the midst of whom he lived, by any comparisons drawn from the midst of whom he lived, by any comparisons drawn from the midst of whom he lived, by any comparisons drawn from the midst of whom he lived, by any comparisons drawn from the midst of whom he lived, by any comparisons drawn from the midst of whom he lived, by any comparisons drawn from the midst of whom he lived, by any comparisons drawn from the midst of the midst of the midst of In my childhood I used to think that God could not behold as well as eighteen hundred years ago, God was ready to save the lost; that it was his overlasting purpose, in his dispensation, to give himself as a remedy for sin; that the whole wealth of his nature was an omnipotent power to rescue men from lowness, and degradation, and care; and that man, in order to receive the benefit of this power, had only to say, "I am sick, cure me; I am wank, strongthen me; I am sinful and impure, cleanse me." If I had knewn these things before I learned them, I should not have been so long without the compute of religion.

the comforts of religion.

Now, are there any in this congregation who have been Now, are there any in this congregation who have been waiting, and waiting, till they can get rendy—till they can put on some sort of robe—till they can get some mode of procedure arranged in their mind, through which, somehow, to gain access to God, hoping that then, being regenerated, they will be able to lead a Christian life? You have all the condition you need in which to go to God—you are shiful. Why, think of a great, stalwart man, full of health, and strength, and jollity, going to a physician for medical aid! Such a man can't go to a dector, as a doctor. A doctor has got nothing for hin. Or if he is a little weak, but still has power to take care of himself, and has confidence that he can fix himself all right by and by, he can't go to a doctor. Even if he is so sick that he keeps his room, saying, "I am a little under the weather, but I shall be about again soon," and taking a little of this and a little of that, which he thinks will hasten his recovery, he can't apply to a doctor. But

out of doors, and wishes me to inquire whether you will accept him." "Who? the Lord?" "Yes, the Lord of Glory, Jesus Christ himself, stands at the door, and says, 'May I come in?" The man's blood mantles up, and he says, "fell him?" The man's blood mantles up, and he says, "fell him?" The man's blood mantles up, and he says, "fell him?" The man's blood mantles up, and he says, "fell him? I'm not worthy that he should come under my roof. I'm sinfal and I can't bear to see him; and yet I would rather he would come in than not. I go out and report to the Saylour, "He says he fast' worthy to receive you; that he is so sinful that he can't bear to see you." Before I have done speaking he is pressing me askie, and as he goes in he says, "This is the place." And when he cemes to where the man is, he says, "I have found a ransom for the lost. If you are poor I will make you rich, if you are weak, I will make you strong—I will be your Redeemer if you are willing to put yourself in my hands because you need me." So if I should go with my Lord and Master from house to house among you, the abodes of those of you who feel yourselves most worthy, he would not enter.

and Master from house to house among you, the abodieg of those of you who feel yourselves most worthy, he would not sonter.

Now if there is one here that feels, "My heart is wicked; if my life is wicked; my purposes are wicked; my good is little in—my had is much; yet I would that it were otherwise. Who shall help me? who shall deliver me from my slus?" I bring be to you the Lord Jesus Christ, who came to save the lost; who was the friend of sinners; who ate with publicans; who invited wicked men to sit with him—I bring him to you and it say, "Your salvation depends upon the completeness with which you give yourself up to him."

My dear Christian brethren, a feeling of self-rightcousness Jews and the first of the most of the most of the down to strength to have a feeling of self-rightcousness. Jews and the first of the most of the most of the down to have a feeling of self-rightcousness. Jews and the self-ship the most of the down to have a feeling of self-rightcousness. Jews and the most of the mo are about to plunge into the cleansing element; so do not you be airaid, when the bath is open for cleansing you from your sins, to recognize it—do not be afraid to accopt Christ as the

sha, to recognize it—do not be afraid to accept Christ as the Saylour of sinners.

After the benediction is pronounced, the members of this church will remain in sweet fellowship to unite in the celebration of the death of our Lord Jesus Christ. If there are any persons in this congregation who are members of other churches, and who love Christ, and wholly trust in him for their salvation, them I invite to remain with us, and to participate in these emblems. If there are those in this congregation who believe themselves to be Christians, but who have refused to unite themselves with the record of God in refused - to unito themselves with the people of God in church fellowship through carelessness, through beedlessness, church fellowship through carelessness, through heedlessness, through indifference, them I do not invite to sit with us, even though they are (Irristians. If, however, there are persons who are not members of the church, and who are kept from becoming such by conscientious reasons which are sufficient to themselves; who have had a history which has left them out of the church; or who find that there are conscientious beliefs which make it impossible for them to give their adhesion to any of the creeds, but who are, nevertheless, walking day by day in humble faith on the Lord Jesus Christ, and believe themselves to be truly his disclied; them do I invite to sit with us. I will not throw open this communion table so that it shall be a premium for carclessness in religious duties; nother will I shut it up so as to exclude those who are faithful followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. I leave it to your own consciences, as to who shall unite with us to-day in celebrating the supper of the Lamb. ting the supper of the Lamb.

PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR BANNER-We had the pleasure of hearing Miss Emma Hardinge on the bright Sabbath morn. The subject of her discourse was the "Religion of India and Egypt," on which, she said she had spoken before. Like all her discourses, it was masterly and eloquent, filled with deep historical research; going far back into the world's history, to the ancient religions that gave birth to the idea of a Trinity showing how they coincided with the leading ideas of the New Testament, and that the churches could not disprove these ancient records, that so long preceded their own. As this beautiful lecture has been given before, it has no doubt met the eyes of your readers, if it has not been heard by all. In the evening, Sansom street Hall was througed, crowded jammed! Extra benches were brought in, and patient groups stood by the door and windows, unable to find seats. The subject was the "Fire Worshipers." From the Zendavesta Miss Hardinge read a portion of the laws, proving the simple picty and high moral standard of those times. She spoke of man's first conception of the Deity as a living principle embodied in heat; of the worship given to fire as the reflection, the visible embodiment of God. The ancients recognized light as the absolute principle; they felt the all-predomina ting power of good, and rendered homage to its highes visible form, as represented in heat and flame. Thoroughly scientific, stored with knowledge and beautiful thoughts, wa this discourse. Like the preceding one of the morning, I think it has been given before; but to hundreds it was new and thought-awakening. The medium's address to Light was glowingly eloquent, and she answered questions with her usual promptness and ability. A well-pleased assemblage left the hall; it took them sometime to get out the crowded doors and stairway. Truly, I can see no signs of the dying out of Spiritualism.

Our worthy authorities, who deem it sin to allow a passer ger railway car to run on the Sabbath, deem it no desecration to have the repulsive-looking police van, with its bolts and padlocks turned upou poor creatures, to rattle over our strebts on Sunday morning. The poor prisoners are sent to their places on that day, for perhaps some slight offence, in them stigmatized as crime; passed over in silent charity if perpetrated by the rich. Perhaps the poor woman I saw crouched in a corner of the herrid wagon had stolen bread or her children. Perhaps, too, God and angels' pity, though man accuse and call her thief. So we go; but "a better time Yours for Truth, is coming."

CORA WILBURN. Philadelphia, March 7, 1859.

OBITUARIES.

OBITUARIES.

Died, February 18th, 1859, Charles II. Wilson, of Brunswick, Mo., whose earthly age was 36 years and 10 months. Thus hath a good, faithful and true friend of our glorious faith in this vicinity been called to lay aside the earth-form, and enter upon the beautiful realities of spirit-life. Bro. W. had been called to lad an earthly adicu to a father and five brothers and sisters within the short space of 11 years. Ho, together with his loved companion and fond mother, early yearned to know something more of the life beyond than is furnished by the provalent contradictory theories of the day, and they soon obtained a firm conviction that the dear departed could commune with their friends in the earth-life; and they have kindly assisted others to a belief in the like precious faith. Bro. W. was endowed with a kind, gentle and anniable disposition, which drew around him many friends. He adorned the cheering faith which he had espoused with a true and consistent life. He bore his last illness with patience and resignation, sustained by a belief that he should soon enter upon a plane where bodily pain and affiliction are known no more. In the light of Spiritual truth, death is but a serven twhe kindly opens the door of immortal life and bids us enter the home of the spirit, where, no doubt, he received a joyous welcome from the many loved ones gone before. May the beautiful faith which sustained him in his change, cheor his dear companion, fend mether, and the remaining relatives and friends; may they be consciented by the consciousness that their dear friend is not 1st, but only passed on to a brighter, happier home, where they will ere long meet him with gladness.

C. A. G.

Passed from this to the higher life, at Kendall's Mills, Me Oct. 20, 1898, Mrs. Rebecca P. wife of A. Pinkhan, aged 38. years. She died the calm and peaceful death of a Spiritualist, leaving a husband and four children, who are happy in know-ing that she lives and comes to them.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Miss Lizzie Doren will speak at the Melodeon, Washington street, next Sunday, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M. Admission ten cents.

A CIECLE for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunda norning, at 101-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Ad

mission 5 cents.

mission 5 cents.

MERTINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and eveningatt Guild Hall, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Seats free.
Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall.
Speaking, by mediums and others.

Newburnyront.—Spiritualists of this place hold regular
meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Essex Hall,
State street, at 2 and 7 o'clock. The best speakers engaged.
Lawrence.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular
meetings, on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

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MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Loring Moody will lecture in Byffeld, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 18th and 18th; in Georgetown, Thursday and Friday, March 18th; in Groveland, Bunday, March 20th, Danvers, March 22d and 23d; Bouth Danvers, March 24th and 25th; Lynn, March 27th. Will some friend in each place, who may see these notices, make all needful arrangements without further request.

N. Frank White will lecture in Hurr Oak, Michigan, Tuesday, March 16th; Sturgess, Wednesday, March 16th; Eikhart, Ind., Thursday and Friday, March 17th and 18th. All letters from north, west, or south of Chicago, addressed to him at Chicago, care of Higgins Brothers, before the 20th of March, will be considered.

March, will be considered.

Miss Munson, clairveyant physician, has, since the conclusion of her engagement to speak in Philadelphia and Baltimore during the last month, resumed the practice of her profession, in which she has hitherto been so successful. She has taken the rooms formerly occupied by her at No. 716 Banson street, where she may be found during ordinary business hours. She may be addressed, care of Dr. H. T. Child, 510 Arch street.

Mas Engage Marting will between Philadelphia and Sale.

Child, 510 Arch street,

Miss Emma Hardlings will lecture in Philadelphia and Baltimore during March; in New York, Willimantie and Naugatuck, during April; in Providence, Worcester, Lowell, and other places, during May, and in Portland and Oswego during June. In the Irall and Winter Miss Hardlinge designs to labor exclusively in the West and South, and requests letters of application for her services to be addressed to 194 Grand street, New York.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Oswego, March Arres. Entitle Distriction Will receive calls to seeke of Attach 20th and 27th. Mrs. Selton will receive calls to section in the vicinity of Oswego on week ovenlings, between March 20th and 27th. Address Willard Barnes Felton, Binghampton, N. Y., until March 18th; from 18th of March to 27th, Oswego, N. Y.

Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Cambridge, Sunday, March 20th, Foxboro', March 27th; Cambridgeport, March 13th; Marblehead, March 20th; Foxboro', March 27th; Worsester, April 3d; Cambridgeport, April 10th; Marblehead, April 17th; Foxboro', April 24th. She will answer calls for lectures, and attend funerals. Address No. 32 Allon street, Party of the Company of th

Mrs. Hyzer speaks at Cleveland, March 20th; Cincinnati, or Dayton, March 27th; St. Louis, 30th. She will, if required, speak two evenings in places between Buffallo and Claveland, and once in Richmond, Ind., or some other suitable place between Dayton and St. Louis.

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook (formerly Mrs. Henderson) will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., every Sunday in April; and in St. Louis during the month of May. Friends in the vicinity of Oswego, wishing to engage her services for week evenings, during her stay in that place, will address her, Box 422, Bridgeport Ct.

Bridgeport, Ct.

F. L. Wadsworth will speak at Utica, March, 20th; after which he will return to New England to spend the Spring and Summer. Persons desiring his services as a lecturer, will please address "Spiritual Age," Boston, Mass., until further notice.

Mrs. J. W. Currier will lecture in Norwich, Conn., April 10th and 17th; Putnam, Conn., April 24th. Evenings intervening she will speak in the vicinity of the above places, if desired. Address, Lowell, Mass.

desired. Address, Lowell, Mass.
E. V. Wilson, Foundain House, will answer calls to lecture
Sundays or week-day ovenings, upon the practical uses of
Spiritualism, and its truths, relating many wonderful incidents which have taken place, with name and place for
oroof.

J. C. Cluer will answer calls for lectures on Spiritualism or Temperance, and his daughter, Susio C. Cluer, will accompany him to give readings. Mr. C. will act as agent for the Bannen. Address at the Bannen office, or 12 Chapman st.

Warren Chase lectures in Richmond, Ind., March 17th; in St. Louis, Mo., March 20th and 27th. In Evansville, Ind., April 1st. 2d and 3d; In Cincinnati, Ohio, 10th—and may be addressed as above.

George Atkins will speak in Taunton, March 20th; East Taunton, Sunday, April 3d; Orleans, April 10th and 24th; and Taunton, April 17th. Dr. E. L. Lyon will speak in Auburn, N. Y., March 20th, and in Utica, 27th. Ho will solicit subscriptions for the Ban-ner in such towns as he may visit.

Miss Sarah A. Magoun will answer calls to lecture in the trance state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address care of George L. Cade, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mrs. M. M. Macomber, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture in any direction the friends of progress may desire. Address Olneyville, R. I. E. S. Wheeler, inspirational speaker, will be happy to answer calls to lecture from No. 13 La Grango Place, Boston,

swer calls to locture from No. 13 La Grango Piace, Boston, Mass., where he may be addressed. J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, will speak in Quincy, March 20th; Cambridgeport, March 27th; Concord, N. H., April 3d; Union Bridge, Sanborton, N. H., April 8th.

A. B. Whiting is engaged to lecture in Albion, Mich., every Sunday for two months. All letters for him should be ad-

Sunday for two months. All lutters for him should be addressed to that place till May 1st.

Mr. Charles W. Burgess will answer calls to lecture on the subject of Spiritualism wherever its friends may desire. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

Frot. V.E. Churchill, can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin street, near Race, Philadelphia, to lecture on Reform in Religion, Politics, and Socialism.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will in Lynn, March 20th; Quincy, March 27th; Cambridgeport, April 3d; Watertown, April 10th; Cambridgeport, April 17th and 24th.

C, T. Irish will answer calls to lecture in trance-state where the friends of truth may desire. Address Weir-village, Taunten, Mass.

Taunton, Mass.

Western New York friends wishing to engage George M. Jackson as a lecturer can do so by addressing him at Prattsburgh, N. Y., until the last of April, as he intends to spend the summer in the East.

Mrs. II. M. Miller will visit all places between Ashtabula and Cleveland, where lectures can be held. If the friends in vicinity of Cleveland desire her services they can address her at that post office.

Mrs. Charlotte F. Works, of this city, speaks in Waltham

on Sunday, the 20th inst.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will speak at Hartford, Ct., on Sun-day, April 3d, and at Springfield, Mass., on Sunday, April 10th. Sho will answer calls to speak on Sundays, and wock day evenings. Address, Hartford, Ct. R. P. Ambler will lecture on Sundays during March at

nings in that vicinity. T. W. Higginson, of Worcester, will speak in Newburypor on Sunday, March 20th.

H. A. Tucker, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed t Foxboro', Mass.

Miss Emma Houston, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, or week evenings. Address at Foun-ain House, Boston. ain House, Boston.

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

Alvin Pease, impressional medium, may be addressed at North Berwick, Me., until further notice.

Miss Susan M. Johnson will receive calls to speak on Sun-lays. Address, North Abington, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Spence will respond to invitations to lecture, addressed to Jamestown, New York. G. M. Jackson, Trance Speaker, Prattsburg, Steuben Co., N. Y., will receive calls to lecture.

Dr. C. C. York will answer calls to lecture in the trapect

Mrs. Alvira P. Thompson, trance-speaker on Bible subjects. Address West Brookfield, Vt.

Miss E. E. Gibson, impressional speaking medium, may be addressed at Augusta, Mo. Miss C. M. Tuttle will speak in Putnam, Conn., Sundays, March 20th and 27th.

The following lines were written on the walls of a maniac's

Could I with ink the ocean fill, Were the whole earth of parchment made; Were every spire of grass a quill, And every man a scribe by trade—
To write the love of God alone, Would drain the ocean dry; for would the scioll contain the whole, Though stretched from sky to sky.

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March 8

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