

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS
OF REVS. EDWIN H. CHAPIN and HENRY WARD
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EDWIN H. CHAPIN
At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning.
May 22d, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY DUBB AND LORD.
TEXT:—For now we see through a glass darkly.—1 Cor.
XIII. 12.

In the first place let us endeavor to get the meaning of these words. They occur, as you are well aware, in one of the most glorious passages in the Bible; that passage where the apostle Paul, writing upon the troubles of the Corinthian church, its contentions and pretensions, its evils of Jewish literalism and of Greek license, pauses for a moment in the foaming tide of his argument, and melts away into that New Testament psalm of love, that wonderful description and eulogy of Christian charity. Having shown the Corinthian converts that this is a deep master principle of the soul, without which all gifts and all performances are vain, and having in times of noble brightness traced the features which it shows, amid the conflicts and sin and limitations of the world, all at once he rises into the assertion of its imperishableness, and with that thought breaks beyond all earthly barriers, and carries his readers away into that region, in view of which all material conditions dwindle away, and all mortal imperfections dissolve and vanish, while no boundary is set to future attainments, and nothing is suggested that harks the idea of endless progress. The excellence of that state compared with our loftiest possessions and powers in this, is as the completeness and freedom of manhood compared with the germinal qualities of the child. This earthly domain of facts and faculties is only the nursery of the soul; this little planet that goes swimming through space is but the cradle of the intellect. Our most regal thinkers think but as children yet; our guesses and prophecies are but as babes' wisdom; our most oracular utterances are but as the alphabet and fragments of truth. "When I was a child," said the apostle, "I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child." But even in that higher kingdom, where all the childishness of our mortality is put away, this principle of love—the mother's love, the martyr's love, the love of the Good Samaritan, the love of God and of man, the love of saintly sweetness and heroic sacrifice, this same love that throbs in weak human heart and amid all these uses and limitations—this principle of love goes forth to anoint, to bless, to endure all things, and to hope forever. This same love abides there and shows its native realm the Divine beauty which it has never lost before.

It is in delineating this contrast between here and hereafter that the apostle introduces the simile of the text, holding up in the fullness and brightness of that higher realm, "Now," he says, "now we see through a glass darkly." We must beware of a misconception on account of this word "glass," as it appears in our English version. It would more properly be rendered "mirror." And in meditating upon this figure, we should think upon the metallic mirror of the ancients, in which things would be obscurely or vaguely represented. So this universe, so this life of ours, so this object glass of being which blends the two-fold action of our thought and of the things upon which we think—so this is a mirror in which we now see but darkly, dimly, receiving only hints and shadows of reality. And this statement suggests the general current of my remarks at the present time.

"For now we see through a glass darkly." In the first place let me see that there is a literal significance in these words. It is a literal fact that here in our material state, with our physical organs of vision, we do not, in any instance, see essential realities; we behold only the images of things. I need not dwell upon this elementary law of optics. I only urge the suggestive-ness of the fact that as our sensuous vision is but a mirror upon which realities cast their shadows, we may expect a more direct and intimate perception of those realities when this material organism is shattered, and when this spiritual faculty within us, which is hidden beneath all this organism, really sees; when this is set free from its physical limitations, and goes forth into new and fresh conditions of action.

As to the most common and intimate objects in the world around us, we see only "through a glass darkly." It is in this way that we see our fellow-men, with double veils between ourselves and them; they are hid from us in a drapery of flesh, and we looking through the glazed windows of our own organism. How much do we actually apprehend, how much do we really know of them? They make themselves known to us only in shadows and outlines, only through the glass of expression, which, if it sometimes helps reveal them, sometimes conceals them all the more. It is the case with those with whom we are most familiar, who associate with us every day, who mingle with us in most of the ordinary transactions of life—it is the case even here that we do not fully see them, that we do not apprehend them; that there are depths of their nature, that there are features of their humanity that do not come out and stand before us. And there are many by whose side we have toiled year after year, with whom we have communed in joy and in sorrow, in sunshine and in storm—there are many who might say to us as Christ said in the closing hours of his ministry, to his disciples:—"Have I been so long time with you, and yet have I not known you?" This might be said in yet many instances, I repeat, by those with whom we are most intimate, and who are most familiar with us. And if this is the case in this comparatively limited and familiar circle, how much more is it the case in regard to the great humanity at large, those whom we encounter only occasionally or under peculiar aspects, whom we see only from this angle of vision, whom we meet only in this particular walk—how much more is it the case, I say, with those that we do not see, or if we see them it is only "through a glass darkly!" How little do we comprehend another's heart, or fathom the depths of another's mind!

And what is the lesson that occurs here by the way? Is it a lesson that we should think more meekly of our fellow-men; or that we should think more nobly, at least more tenderly, or more charitably? Surely this latter suggestion is the Christian suggestion, to feel, to know—for it is a knowledge under the hardest countenance, under the roughest exterior, there is some fountain of goodness, some element of tenderness, something of gentleness that shrinks from exposing itself to the world, and thus puts on this mask of roughness as an expedient of concealment; to think that the most careless and frivolous have their moments of deep thought and serious meditation, their devout ways and devout hours; not shown, perhaps, as we show our devotion, not manifested by the words we use for similar things, but still somewhere living in that heart, sanctifying it and bringing it nearer to God than we suppose. I do not deny, of course, the reality of human sin and wickedness. I do not deny that there are many men who walk in the world almost alienated from all high and holy things. But I say that, after all, so little do we know and see of that humanity with which we mingle, that we have no reason to question the existence, even under the most careless and frivolous exterior, of something like seriousness and devotedness in some corner of that heart.

Now the sadist, the man who presents us with what he calls delineations of life and character, is not the man who knows his fellow-men best, after all. He speaks of his knowledge of men as though he did know them clear from the circumference to the centre. But he knows them only under certain conventional forms. Yet it is his boast that he strips off their conventionalities, and that he shows them to us as they are. That

is a great mistake; he only shows them by standards that are just as conventional. There are certain hackneyed motives, certain fixed and set ideals of men that he has, by which he judges them under the categories in which he supposes them to fall. And yet, I repeat, the revelations in which he makes known and delineates all their motives and ideals, are only revelations of surface motives and ideals after all, and are just as conventional in their way as the conventionalities which he claims to strip off.

Humanity is most infinitely concentric. Fold after fold you may strip off from a man's heart, and yet not see the real man after all. Only God pierces through this outer rind of humanity and knows what is essentially and substantially there. You may be sure of this, that if ever one man is utterly revealed to another it is only by the agency of that great element which the apostle extols in this thirteenth chapter of Corinthians—the agency of love, and its kindred element, sympathy. The lightnings of the sadist do not read over the door of the deepest heart, do not reveal the sanctities that may lie almost dead and buried there, but are there, nevertheless. And man can only be comprehended and known, if it is possible to know him at all, as we approach him in the nearness, in the embrace, in the deep sympathy of a kindred love. In that way, sometimes, a man comes to unburden himself, to reveal his inward nature; and this only goes to show us, by its very rarity, the great truth of the fact that even our fellow-men "we see through a glass darkly."

And so it is with the forms and objects of the natural world. The chemist, the botanist, the physiologist, the men who are pursuing special sciences, pursuing them successfully into deep research, and bringing out marvelous results—after all, how far do they go? how much below the rind have they pierced? How soon are they balked the moment they touch upon essences. The moment they go below forms and positions to certain relations of things, that moment it is all dark and impenetrable to them. At that moment everything becomes as impenetrable as the shapes that pass over the surface of a mirror. Our science, with all it has achieved—and it has achieved a great deal for practical purposes that is glorious and useful—our science, so far as absolute knowledge is concerned, so far as the deep essence, the real significance, of things are concerned, is simply a catalogue of parts; its terminology is merely a set of equivalents—words masking the deep facts which we do not know.

Men come, by the aid of science, to do a great deal with the outside of the world; to make a great use of it. The chemist of the present day even boasts that, in his laboratory, he can almost reconstruct the original tissues of the human system; that he can bring into existence, out of the various elements, the form of humanity almost, with its curious organism, even with its sensitive flesh and muscles. What then? He cannot give life to humanity; he cannot create thought; he cannot make the image which he might thus curiously fashion, in his almost audacious attempt—he cannot make that to be a living thing. Life itself, the element which quickens all, which governs all, he cannot tell what it is; he does not know its deep mystery, which forever eludes every attempt at discovery. How mind acts upon its organism, who can tell that? What is the power, what is the process, by which I move my finger at will, and by which I utter spoken words? How does this impalpable power, be it what it may, act upon my whole organism? Familiar as the thing itself is, how does it act? One of the most recent authorities upon this subject tells us that the absolute connecting link between matter and mind—always remains as it is, insertable to scientific investigation.

Astronomy is called the most complete of all the sciences. In some respects, at least, there are fewer problems to be cleared up in that great science than in any other. It is the oldest of the sciences. The heavens have revealed themselves to the eyes of man from the earliest ages. This great book over his head he has been able to study in all quarters of the globe, even without apparatus, and without the advantages of our modern times. And, therefore, it is called the most complete of all the sciences. But yet, are not the questions in Job just as significant, just as applicable, to-day, as they were when they were written down? Are not the questions which came to him from out the whirlwind as deeply significant of our real ignorance in regard to that branch of knowledge as ever? The magnificent and the sublime of the moment stands itself before us. We see Orion and the Pleiades; we see Mazzaroth and Arcturus, with its suns. But what do we know of them? We see them all as "through a glass darkly." The voice from within the mystery speaks to us, as it did to the servant of old, "Declare, oh man, if thou knowest it all!" It is a singular fact, that objects that are the most remote from us do fall into the arrangements of the most complete science. It is a very suggestive fact, that the problems of astronomy, the objects of the study of astronomy, are the most remote from us, and therefore they are the most complete in scientific arrangement. The nearest objects are the least comprehended by us. The nearer we get to ourselves, the nearer we get to our personality, the more deep the problems become. This suggests the idea that astronomy is only so complete a science because we are not near enough to it to touch the real problems it presents.

And thus it is, the nearer a man gets to himself, instead of becoming more familiar with objects, they become more obscure. The earth opens deeper problems than the heavens; his own body is a deeper problem than the earth; and his own soul, within that body, is the deepest problem of all. But in all this, I say, he only sees "through a glass darkly." The most familiar objects—how the grass grows, how the fingers move—everything near us and about us, when we come to the essence of them, becomes inexplicable, and we see that our boasted knowledge is but a flickering form, is but the reflection; the substance and the reality we do not grasp, we do not even see them, we only behold their images in the reflecting surface of the mirror. If then, my friends, it is thus with the more common and familiar objects, if it is thus with objects which in some respects are made apparent to sight, how is it with such realities as those which are confessedly unknown in themselves, or which, at least, are known to us only by intermediate revelations?

But, to strike at once at what is the great object of all knowledge, to come to that one: how must it be with the very nature of things, with God even, if the creations of God, most familiar to us—if the forms of God's workings with which we are the most intimate—if these are mere shadows on the mirror, if even these are confessedly to us but shadows upon the surface of the mirror, how must it be with the Infinite God himself? Now we do apprehend God to some extent. It is one of the mysteries, one of the glories, of human nature, that an intuition of God, an idea of God, a thought of God, exists in the soul of man, and has moved his deepest life. But when we get beyond this, then we approach the bright revelation which streams full upon us from the face of Jesus Christ, how else is it but in "a glass darkly?" that we behold the Infinite? In his works I have shown you that we see only equivalents, we have only the terminology, only express our ignorance. If we do not see who controls the whirlwind, who directs the storm and speaks in the thunder, who weaves the banded harmonies of the heavens, who has worked from the creation until now—of him we see nothing; we behold him, even through his works, only as "through a glass darkly." So, in regard to his ways: not only his works, but his ways, his providential dealings with us; by that with which he disciplines us and works upon humanity as a whole and humanity in its individualities. Here, also, must we not, from the very nature of things, expect mysteries, shadows, tints, suggestions, nothing like full or comprehensive knowledge. Why, we cannot take in the vastness of God's

plans, surely, if we cannot take in the essence of the least of his works. Everything around us shows a plan and purpose; outward nature is orderly and harmonious, moves steadily to certain ends; and we cannot suppose that humanity, and all the spiritual relations with which humanity is involved, is any more disorderly; that in any department of God's working there is an aimlessness of purpose, of end, of plan; and if there is order and purpose in the material world, much more in the moral world and in the realm of human action.

Therefore, I say, there is a plan; and may we not expect that that plan, from the very nature of God himself, would be vast, and beyond our present comprehension? And the more especially if we take up the analogy, befalling as I have said just now, the objects most familiar only darkly, shall we say that this vast plan of life, and the universe in which God moves, and which he guides, must be beyond the grasp of our thought and our comprehension, not to say our perception? We behold the processes that are an exhibition of the mysteries of life. But I say that we are only the processes which are only parts of things, like a child who might come into the laboratory of his father, a chemist; yet he would not begin to comprehend, in the immediate action in which his father was engaged, the great work at which he aims, and which he designs to accomplish. And so we children, all of us, in a thousand years we see but one of the processes of God's almighty. And yet we talk and act very often as though we saw the whole, and begin to challenge the goodness of God because everything is not made clearly consistent with our ideas of his goodness. Now, because there are evils in the world, because there are wicked men, because there are misdeeds in national and individual matters, we say that God cannot be good, forgetting that they constitute but one step of a process, and that it is not to be expected that we can see the end, and apprehend the whole movement of the Infinite One. And, moreover, as on the surface of this earthly mirror of our earthly conception we see only the most glorious objects but enshrouded in shadows, the silver lining of the cloud turned from us, while the terrible darkness unrolls close before our eyes. So with all God's great beneficent agencies—they appear to us only in shadows at the best. The brightest gifts God bestows upon us come to us as shadows only, or with but little brightness. We see only the darkest side of them. The glories of God's love in this world, great as they are, are not to be compared with the glories that are to be revealed. The manifestations of his wisdom and his power, vast and stupendous as they are, are not to be compared with what is yet to be seen. So is it, my friends, that even the most beneficent of the agencies of God's love sometimes appear as ministers of destruction, as messengers of despair, while they are the best things that God is doing for us—perhaps his dearest work for us. So in this very fact that we see, as it were, only the reverse side of the cloud, the dark shadow of the great reality that is to be revealed—in this fact, I say, we may perceive that some of the brightest agencies that God sends from his love and wisdom may come to us veiled in darkness, and may seem to us terrible ministers of wrath and cruelty. We in the mirror see not the substance of things, only the transient aspect of things. The mirror catches the things as they fly, and for the moment, so to speak, dignifies and re-creates them before us. So our thought, our knowledge catches the transient aspect only; we do not see the substance, we do not see the whole of the thing. And thus how many things do we misinterpret from our momentary perceptions and feeling, not from the breadth of clear knowledge and sure apprehension. In the most common ways we sometimes sit in judgment thus upon God; not knowing, and not recognizing as we ought, in our littleness and weakness, that we are judging only from the transient aspects, and do not see the great realities.

I spoke to you sometime ago, and the remarks which I hear almost every day urge me to speak of it again, of the very common sin, as I call it, of murmuring about the weather for instance. When God Almighty, in his infinite workings of the springs of nature, draws over us a veil of cloud, we say that it bantals our trade, it spoils business, or it hinders a party of pleasure perhaps; and we begin to murmur at it as though it was some terrible evil, when we do not know how God is working to fill the springs of the hills, to supply the depths of the ocean, and feed the roots of the plants in his vast bosom. And we cannot comprehend the mystery in which his infinite wisdom is sending these moving curtains of clouds for a result that, by and by, will all appear in glory, and in manifestations of his goodness. What a sin and shame it is for us to murmur at these little temporary inconveniences, and say, because they appear to our limited vision to be harsh, that therefore they are harsh and bad; not realizing this great fact that I am urging, we can see only the transient aspect of things, and cannot take in the great relations of the whole.

And so it is in regard to sorrow, in regard to loss, in regard to disappointment. We ought to take this same ground of reasoning exactly; loss as it is, disappointment as it is, sorrow as it is, we ought to say—from what we do see of God—are transient, are but the temporary aspect of things—are not the whole, are not final. We do not grasp the entire substance of them.

Now this is not a theological expedient to get rid of difficulties in the government of God, and to explain mysteries. I do not pretend to explain them. I do not say we can get rid of all difficulties. I should not think we had an immortal nature, or that there was an Infinite God, if we could explain them all. The very fact that we could explain them, would prove to me that God is not infinite, and that man had not limitless faculty to give, and attain more and more knowledge. I do not know what kind of theology it is that comes up to a perplexity and says: "Oh, yes, this is all reconcilable; I can explain it;" when perhaps it cannot be explained. So I do not urge this as a mere temporary expedient to get rid of harshness in faith, but I urge it as a law of analogy that we are seeing through a glass darkly. Even the most familiar things we cannot penetrate to their essence and comprehend them; and therefore, when there comes a sorrow, a loss, a bereavement, I say it is but a transient aspect of the matter. We are not in a position to judge upon it; we are to catch what light comes to us, especially through Christ Jesus, of God's goodness, and test it by that, feeling that now we see through a glass darkly.

So it is with death; dark shadow as it is, is it not the shadow of a brighter phase in our existence? Does not even what we do know teach us this? Do we not see in the kingdom of nature, in the material world, how the process of death is but a transition process, a temporary adjustment, the termination but of one point of the orbit where the thing moves to some higher development? If death, then, is not a permanency in the natural world, can you suppose it to be a permanency in the spirit world—only a dark shadow, and not a bright unfolding? It would be well for us all if we could take up that faith which has been so beautifully uttered by a German philosopher. "Whilst," says he, "we mourn for a man here as in the dark realm of unconsciousness, there might be mourning when a man is to behold the light of the sun. So above there is rejoicing that a man is born into that world, as we citizens of earth receive with joy and welcome those who are born to us." How much truth there is in that. There is joy in the spirit world for those who come there, leaving the shadow and darkness for us behind, just as there is joy here when we welcome out of the realms of unconsciousness those who are born to us. We see but the transient aspect of death—but the shadow on the mirror—but the fitting phase of things; why should we judge as though we saw the whole?

Now this is a lesson for our faith in all the workings of God in this world, in these mysteries of life: that

we see through a glass darkly; and I infer that the conclusion is faith, and not skepticism. For it is possible for a man to say, "Yes, I do see through a glass darkly; it is very dark, and I therefore conclude there is nothing light." Now I say the legitimate conclusion from a demonstration of the fact that we see through a glass darkly, is not skepticism, but faith; for remember, although we do see darkly, we see. We see something; it is not a mere reflection, it is a reality behind the reflection. There are shadows, but there never is a shadow without something to cast it. These are not illusions, though they be but dim representations. It is not a ghostly, it is not a Godless universe, that lies behind the mirror of the present existence. We see something struggling beyond. Dimly, darkly, with weeping eyes, the poor troubled soul looks through the mirror of the present time, looks through the present changes and trials, and sees something. It is not a blank; there are dim, strange images, there realities that we cannot comprehend, but they are something. It is not negation that we pass into; it is faith in a reality behind the shadow; it is faith in something that casts this image upon the mirror.

"Dreams," says the skeptic, "shadows that we live among; here-to-day and gone-to-morrow; nothing certain, all an illusion, leaving us for a little while with the pleasing vision of hope, to break at last at the grave and leave us a nothingness." No, I reply, not dreams, not shadows, but realities, dimly apprehended, but none the less realities. Remember it is we who see darkly, not that the things themselves are dark. We see darkly through a glass; not that the objects themselves are vague and blank and nothingness. Suppose even this were a world of dream; suppose it were all a world of shadow; suppose every object we grasp should prove to be an illusion still, I say, who are we who dream—who have this strange faculty of dreaming? Dreams reveal a man, they tell us; the general current of his dreams shows us the general current of his nature and character; and here is man with his glorious dreams. Dreams are they—dreams, were they, that have inspired the faithful believers of the olden time? Dreams, that led them on through conflict and trial, through discipline to glory? Dreams, were they, that hovered before Paul in his dungeon, and the sacramental host of God's elect who led the early van of Christianity? Dreams are they, that heroes and martyrs and holy men and sainted women and the noblest of the earth have had? All dreams? Then what kind of beings are we who can dream so gloriously—who can have such dreams? What faculty is it within us that creates the illusion of dreams? The brute does not dream in this way. He may have before him for a moment the hovering sense of his day's action, of the little round of life in which he runs; but does he dream of heaven, does he dream of God, does he dream of Jesus Christ, does he dream of infinite love? It is only man who dreams so gloriously.

Ah, faith, I argue, is the legitimate conclusion from the capacity of seeing at all, even though we do see darkly. I know that there is something within and beyond, by the very power I have of conceiving something within or beyond the mirror. The capacity of seeing at all leads me, I say, to the conclusion of faith, and not of skepticism.

And then, what are you going to do with these instincts of something higher and better? For consider, not only is the external universe a mirror, though it be a dim and broken one, of realities beyond; not only is the material universe such a mirror, but here within man there is a mirror—a mirror of these instincts of something higher and better. These intuitions that have strangely prevailed in all ages of the world and in all souls, what do you make of them? Are all these the images of nothingness? Here, again, have we shadows without substance? Here, again, have we the forms of things mirrored before us that do not exist in reality? And then the affections, the great working of man's love—there is the thing the Apostle Paul fell back upon in this chapter—man's love, prophesying something higher and better, assuring him in the depths of that nature which God has implanted in him, that there must be something higher and better. The noblest part of man, the affections that have worked the grandest results in time—what do we make of the prophecies, of the revelations of these? For they are mirrors; they show us something higher and better; you cannot darken them with skepticism, you cannot cover them with the veil of materialism, you cannot make God's dealings in the world to be so dark and inexplicable, as that the mother's heart, the father's soul, or anybody that has loved, cannot mirror something higher and better, showing a dim shadow upon its surface.

My friends, I think there is, as I have often said, great grandeur and efficacy in the fact that Christianity has not made a full revelation of the things to come. I think there is a great deal of grandeur and originality in that idea. There is reason for it in the discipline that we need, in the gradual growth that is to develop us and make us what we should be, as spiritual beings, that Christianity should not reveal everything to us. I have no faith in those revelations that pretend to show us the hidden world turned inside out, so that we may read the names of the streets, see faces and touch hands, and not believe it. I know we do not need it. I know it is enough for us to be left in that gradually; therefore there is reason why Christianity has not shown us the details of the future life, as I dashed them upon our vision. But at the same time, as a religion of hope, hence, Christianity would have informed us if these great primary instincts had played us false. Jesus Christ would have told us if these affections of our nature prophesied falsely. He says to his disciples, in a remarkable passage, "In my father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you." Oh, I think a great deal of what Christ did not tell us, that lay in the primary instincts of man. Christ did not tell us there was a God. He went upon the idea that God was an admitted reality. He did not tell us of a future life. I hold that even the skeptic, who denies the supernatural origin of Christianity, or its miraculous character, but deems Christ to have been a good man—that even he, upon that principle alone of the benevolence of Jesus Christ, must concede that he was not a benevolent being, if he left these primary instincts unconquered and these deep affections to deceive our souls. Therefore, in the fact that he did not tell us these things, I shall argue from these instincts and affections of our nature something higher and better. Yes, we see darkly, but we do see, and in that fact there is an intimation; in the very condition of seeing, in the very faculty of seeing, there is proof that we shall see face to face.

Oh, desolate mourner, face to face shall you have recognition in heaven. Not face to face with your poor masks of clay, perhaps, with our voices of mortal weakness, subject to changes of time and sense, but face to face in a deeper and more intimate recognition than we can now even think of. Oh, you shall see and know those you have lost. I would speak of it had Christ never said a word of it. From the deep fountain of affection you shall see face to face, because—though dimly and darkly—you do see a little now.

My friends, the inference from superstition is not skepticism, as some foolishly and shallowly argue. They tell us that men have believed in these torturing doctrines, have had these dark and degrading ideas of God, and these blasting conceptions of the future life, and what do they infer? That it is all shadow, all nonsense—the priests' theory, the ministers' teaching—the doctrines of the Bible and all the sacred books of other nations all nonsense, all dreams! You might just as well tell me that all life is nonsense; that the pyramids of Egypt stand on nothing; that the very foundations of earth and heaven are shadows, as to tell me that deep, primal faith of the human heart in God, in a future life, in essential and spiritual relations, that has moved the world as nothing else has or could, that has changed dynasties, that has altered epochs, that has

continued on the fourth page.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Twelve Months of Married Life; OR, THE EXPERIENCES OF A YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER.

BY MARY MITCHELL.

I was just sixteen years old when I first made the acquaintance of Horace Walters, a well-known merchant of Boston, whose business had called to New York for a few days. Being somewhat of a stranger in the Empire city, my father, with his usual hospitality, had kindly invited the former to become his guest during the short period of his stay in town. My meeting with Mr. Walters was entirely a chance one; for, being an attendant at the Brooklyn Female Seminary, I rarely returned home oftener than once a week, and then only to spend the Sabbath with my relatives.

The youngest of a family of five children, whom death had cruelly deprived of an early age of that greatest of earthly blessings, a fond and loving mother, it is hardly to be wondered at, that I grew up to be what the world commonly terms "a spoiled child," and the pet of the entire household; over which my only sister, Margaret, a dignified and womanly girl of about twenty-five years, had presided for the past ten years, with all the accustomed ease of a person many years her senior, both in age and wisdom.

If a wild and romping girl of sixteen summers, with sunny curls, a fair complexion, bright blue eyes and moderately regular features be in the slightest degree suggestive of beauty to the mind of the reader, then I suppose Mary Ritchie might have been called pretty. In stature I was rather diminutive, thereby forming a marked contrast to my elder sister Margaret, whom I often heard my father say strangely resembled her mother, in her tall and majestic figure; and dark yet peculiarly expressive face.

Upon my return from school Saturday noon, I was quietly informed by sister Margaret, who met me at the hall door with her customary smile and kiss of welcome, that a Mr. Walters, of Boston, was at present the guest of my father, and that I must prepare my toilet with unusual care, as papa had told that gentleman at the breakfast-table that very morning, that he might expect to meet his youngest daughter Mary at dinner, upon her escape from school thrall-dom.

I laughed lightly as I glanced hastily towards the mirror in the tastefully-furnished sitting-room, which reflected a countenance beaming with health and happiness, and shaded by a wreath of golden curls, which the fresh air of morning had terribly ruffled and disordered, in my rapid walk, or rather run, from the ferry to my father's house. Without even interrogating my sister in regard to Mr. Walters, whom I had never seen and whose acquaintance I cared little to make, especially when I learned the fact of his being a widower—a representative of a class of men not particularly calculated to excite admiration in the hearts of romantic young school-girls, whose ideas of what a lover should be are mainly obtained from the perusal of the myriads of trashy novels which now flood the libraries of many persons of the present age.

Having carelessly thrown aside my hat and shawl, I seated myself at the piano and commenced running over some two or three new pieces which my sister, (who, by the way, was a fine musician,) had recently purchased. Finding them, however, rather difficult of execution to one who was as yet quite a novice in the study of music, I put them by, and commenced singing that old yet sweetly expressive English ballad, "Forget Not Me," in which the celebrated Mrs. Woods, of operatic recollection, achieved so much popularity in the concert-room during her American tour. I had nearly concluded the second and last stanza, when I became conscious of the approach of some one from behind me, as if on tip-toe. Stopping suddenly in the middle of my song, I turned my head quickly round, for the purpose of confirming my suspicion, that some one had stolen secretly into the room, and in doing so, received a fervent kiss upon my plump cheek from my dear father, who, after drawing me affectionately to his heart, (as I blushing rose from the piano stool and met the earnest gaze of a stranger bent fixedly upon me,) at once presented me to his friend and brother merchant, Mr. Walters. How very awkwardly I returned his kind yet formal salutation, I leave my readers to imagine, for conscious of my extreme imperfection, both as regards singing and personal appearance, I thought only of devising some plan by means of which I might unobtrusively effect an exit from the room, where my father had thoughtfully bade his companion to make himself quite at home for a half hour or so, while he hurriedly returned to the store again to give orders to one of his clerks concerning some goods that were to be shipped for Cuba that very afternoon; a circumstance which he had neglected to communicate to those in his employ before leaving the premises.

My father had hardly closed the hall door when Mr. Walters, a tall and noble-looking man of some thirty-five years, whose dark hair and eyes were in striking contrast to his pallid countenance, threw down the morning paper which he had caught up a moment before, and said in a deep yet respectful tone—

"Pardon me, Miss Mary, but may I ask the favor of a repetition of the ballad which you were singing at my entrance? It was a favorite song of my late

wife, whom, strange to say, you closely resemble in features."

Asbamed to undertake what I deemed myself so incompetent to perform in a satisfactory manner to myself, much less to a stranger, I replied that I rarely sang, and then only for my own especial amusement; but that if he would excuse me for a few moments I would call sister Margaret, who would doubtless be very happy to sing to him, and in a much more acceptable manner than I could ever hope to do.

I saw by the movement of Mr. Walters's lips that he was about to make some reply, perchance complimentary to myself; but as I had already placed one hand upon the knob of the door, which stood partially ajar, I was enabled to slip quickly out of the room, before Mr. Walters had time to do otherwise than bow his head in return to my last remark.

Margaret was of course entirely ignorant of the conversation which had passed between Mr. Walters and myself, and had not been apprised of the former's coming, until I breathlessly rushed into her presence and coolly informed her that Mr. Walters was waiting in the sitting-room below to hear her sing "Forget Not Me," a song which he much admired. My sister was too much of a lady to refuse her father's guest any favor which it laid in her power to grant; and so, hastily laying aside the delicate piece of needlework on which she had been engaged for the past half hour, Margaret descended to the sitting-room to meet Mr. Walters; while I, only too glad at having found an excuse to enable me to re-arrange my somewhat disordered toilette, beat a hasty retreat to my own little chamber.

At the dinner-table a seat was awarded Mr. Walters beside my sister Margaret; while I, as luck would have it, was seated on the right hand of my father, and directly opposite to Mr. Walters, whose deep and penetrating glance caused the color to burn in my cheeks more than once during our lengthy meal, as occasionally I lifted my large blue eyes from my plate for the purpose of stealing a sly look at a man whose very reserve of manner, united to a fine, commanding figure, had from the moment of our first meeting impressed me strangely in his favor.

My father—who considered me a mere child in years, compared to my sister Margaret—looked pleased and happy as he beheld his eldest daughter engaged in an animated conversation with his friend, who seemed to recognize my sister's great superiority of mind over my humble self, and accordingly directed his remarks principally to her. I saw, too, by the kindling light of her dark eye, that my quiet and lady-like sister was by no means insensible to the attentions bestowed upon her by my father's guest, whose every movement betrayed the well-bred gentleman.

That evening our little party attended the performance of Handel's "Messiah," by a sacred musical society of New York. Mr. Walters performed escort duty to Margaret, while my father kindly condescended to take that young rogue of a Mary—as he expressed himself at the tea-table—under "his especial protection."

I confess that the music which I listened to that evening but indifferently pleased my not over and above cultivated ear. It was too sublime for my appreciation, while Margaret, on the contrary, seemed fascinated and spell-bound by the divine melodies of that old composer. Even Mr. Walters seemed soothed by one of the soloist's exquisite rendering of that beautiful aria, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and at its conclusion turned toward my sister a face so flushed and radiant with real delight, that I half wished myself the deep lover of music that my sister Margaret was, for the time being, in order that I too might have been rewarded by the same look of intense admiration which Horace Walters bestowed upon Margaret, as he noticed her glowing countenance and almost breathless delight of manner.

I went home that night fully impressed with the belief that Mr. Walters was no ordinary man, and a rare exception to the class of widowers in general, against whom I had become so early and foolishly prejudiced.

My father was very proud of the attentions which his friend had lavished upon Margaret during his stay beneath our roof, and remarked to me, as we walked quickly home that evening, leaving the other two members of our party lagging far behind us in the pale moonlight, which flooded Broadway, "that he thought Mr. Walters and Margaret seemed mutually pleased with each other's society, and that I need not be surprised if at some future time I lost a sister and gained a brother; for, from remarks made by Mr. Walters since his arrival in New York, he inferred that the former was tired of living a widower, and seemed to think it highly necessary for the comfort and welfare of his two orphan boys, that they should experience a mother's love and care."

I could not help uniting with my father in the belief that Mr. Walters regarded my sister Margaret in a most favorable light, and that she who hitherto had never bestowed her pure and exalted affection upon any living man beside her father, would make him, in every sense of the word, a most excellent wife and congenial companion; although I could not bear to think for a moment of parting with one who had been to me the kindest and best of sisters, as well as the tenderest and most devoted of mothers.

Sunday morning came, and according to our usual custom, our little party repaired to the Episcopal Church, of which both my father and sister were worthy members—Mr. Walters, as on the evening previous, performing escort duty to Margaret, while I contented myself by accepting the proffered arm of my father.

There was no slight sensation noticeable among the various members of the large congregation there assembled, as Margaret Ritchie walked quietly up the broad aisle at the side of a tall and noble-looking stranger, who, having gracefully handed herself and sister to seats, placed herself beside Mr. Ritchie at the bottom of the pew; for Margaret Ritchie was the admired of a large circle of acquaintances in New York, and had not lived single until the mature age of twenty-five from necessity, or lack of good offers.

Sunday noon Mr. Walters was invited to dine at the Astor House with a gentleman friend, and as his return before evening was quite uncertain, my sister accompanied my father to church in the afternoon, while I remained at home alone, on the plea of indisposition—being troubled with a severe headache. About half past three o'clock I threw myself down upon the outside of my bed, with the hope of dissipating the pain in my head with an hour's rest. I had not lain there many minutes, however, before the door-bell rang.

Clad in wrapper and slippers, I descended to the door, and upon opening it was greeted by the sight of Mr. Walters, who expressed himself sorry that he

had not returned in season to accompany my father and sister to church—as he had seriously intended doing—but exceedingly happy in having found so agreeable a companion at home, with which to beguile the remainder of the afternoon, as myself.

I blushed deeply upon the receipt of so delicate a compliment, as I awkwardly replied that I was what most persons would call exceedingly poor company, even when in perfect health, and a hundred times more stupid when afflicted with a bad headache, as in the present instance.

Mr. Walters smiled incredulously, as, hanging his hat upon the stand in the hall, he quietly drew an arm of mine within his own, and led me on toward the parlor, now silent and untenanted. I did not return to my chamber again that afternoon, although Mr. Walters, with true fatherly tenderness, would insist upon bringing me a soft pillow from his room, upon which to rest my head on the damask-covered couch; and having at last arranged all things satisfactorily to my comfort, drew up a large easy-chair beside the couch upon which I reclined, in which he seated himself for the purpose of enjoying a sociable chat.

He talked to me long and earnestly of the beloved wife whom death had so cruelly torn from his embrace some two years previous; and whose dear image the sight of me had brought so vividly to mind upon the occasion of our first interview. He told me of the two orphan children which she had tenderly confided to his care and protection in dying, and of the terrible blank which the death-angel had made in his once happy household, now so sunless and drear.

So eloquently did he discourse on his misfortunes—that tears, unbidden, forced themselves to my eyes, as, childlike, I listened attentively to his and story. Our mournful yet interesting conversation was suddenly brought to a close, however, by the appearance of my father and sister, who both looked surprised at seeing Mr. Walters seated beside the couch of his youthful patient, as he called me.

I did not appear at the tea-table that night, for the severe crying fit which sympathy for Mr. Walters's affliction had induced, only tended to increase the violent pain in my head. Yielding to the tender entreaties of my sister, I reluctantly consented to retain my recumbent posture upon the couch, and receive from her hands a cup of tea and slice of toast for my supper. After a full hour spent at the supper table, my sister Margaret returned to the parlor, bearing in her hand a napkin containing a piece of ice, which being laid upon my brow, imparted a cooling sensation to my heated head, and gradually numbed all signs of pain. Upon my inquiry after Mr. Walters, I was told that he had requested a few moments' conversation with my father, in the library, directly after tea, on matters of business, as my sister supposed.

Minutes lengthened into hours, and the town clock was just striking the hour of nine before the two gentlemen emerged from their retreat, where they had been for so long a time closely closeted together, in low yet earnest conversation. When my father again entered the parlor where my sister Margaret and I were silently sitting, clasped in each other's embrace, he was alone. Upon Margaret's question as to what had become of Mr. Walters, he replied, with signs of visible nervousness, that Mr. Walters had retired to his chamber; and, in doing so, requested him to bid the young ladies good night. Both Margaret and myself looked at each other in surprise at such a singular movement upon the part of Mr. Walters, whose course hitherto had been a most gentlemanly one; but before either could frame a question or venture a reply to my father's last remark, he advanced quickly towards the couch upon which we were seated, and looking down into our faces, said—

"My dear children, I have something to communicate to you which will equally surprise, if not particularly interest you both."

"Well, what is it, papa?" we both exclaimed in one breath.

For a moment my father toyed nervously with the buttons on his coat, then perceiving that the earnest gaze of both Margaret and myself was keenly fixed upon him, he said, in a voice slightly tremulous with emotion—

"This night Mr. Walters has proposed for the hand of one of my daughters in marriage."

I saw the crimson tide diffusing itself over the dark cheek and brow of my sister, as my father, after a second's hesitation, continued:

"In obedience to my friend's desire, I have consented to perform for him what is to me rather of an unpleasant duty, namely, the avowal of his sudden but great love for—"

Here my father's breath seemed to momentarily fail him, but instantly recovering, he added, "for Mary Ritchie!"

At the sound of my own name I shrieked aloud, so unexpected and startling was such a denouement to my girlish heart; while Margaret, dear soul, with a countenance of almost pallid whiteness, hastily unwound her trembling arms from my waist, and without uttering a single word, rushed quickly out of the room, leaving my father and I to talk over the strange turn which had taken place in the tide of our affairs within the last few minutes.

"Well, Mary, this is our home!" said Horace Walters, as the carriage containing himself and newly-wedded wife drew up before the steps of an elegant dwelling on Beacon street, commanding a fine view of Boston's brightest ornament, the Common, clothed in its robe of emerald hue.

I ascended the high stone steps and entered the splendid house, which was to be henceforth my abode. I thought I observed a smile of contempt rather than of welcome visible upon the face of the Irish servant-girl, who opened the door to us, and, without speaking a word, hurried off to the basement below. By the time that my husband had seen our travelling trunks carefully deposited in the spacious hall, and paid the customary fee to the coachman, we were met at the door of the sitting-room by Mrs. Walters, the mother of my husband, an elderly lady of thoroughly English appearance, who upon being presented to me by her son as his wife, received me with a formal pressure of the hand, and a look of such extreme coldness, that my very heart fairly sunk within me as I thought of the warm and loving hearts I had so recently bade farewell to, amid smiles and tears, in my far-off New York home.

I think my husband must have noticed the cold apology for a welcome which his dignified mother bestowed upon his child-wife, for as if to break down the icy barrier which had so suddenly been raised up between youth and old age, he turned towards his mother and requested her to ring the bell for the

children, as he wished to present them to their new mamma.

With a slight toss of her head, and a curve of contempt wreathing her severely chiselled mouth, Mrs. Walters rose from her seat and touched a bell in one corner of the room, when forthwith, as if by magic, another servant appeared, half dragging, half coaxing two good looking boys of eight and ten years, who, upon being told by their father to come forward and kiss their new mamma, thrust the ends of their fingers into their mouths, and looking at each other, began to shy off from me, as if afraid that I was going to bite instead of kiss them.

Urged on by their determined papa, however, they at last managed to place their arms stiffly about my neck; but when they kissed me it was done so mechanically and unfeelingly, that I could almost have wished that they had not attempted what was, apparently, only a mere show of affection.

At a command from their grandmother, who had superintended her son's household since the death of his first wife, the boys now scampered out of the room, shouting and hallooing at the top of their rough voices, "Papa has got a new wife, with curly hair!"

At Horace's request, his brother now conducted me to my chamber, a large and well-lighted room, which my dear husband had recently had newly furnished for the reception of his young bride. As far as elegance and worldly surroundings were concerned, an observer would have said that the wife of Horace Walters, Esq., was luxuriantly situated, and could not fail to be happy in so splendid a home.

The supper-hour passed in almost funeral silence; undisturbed even by the rude voices of the children, who had had their supper furnished them in the nursery a half hour previous, and been sent immediately to bed by the express order of their grandmother. Our cheerless meal fairly over, of which I had partaken with but slight relish, I excused myself to Mrs. Walters, on the plea of great exhaustion after my day's journey by cars, and retired immediately to my chamber, when I was soon followed by my noble husband, who strove to dissipate the sense of utter desolation and homesickness which filled my aching heart, by words of love and tenderness, until at last, overcome by bodily fatigue, I sank sobbing to sleep upon his strong arm, which was henceforth to be my support and protection through life.

The next day my spirits began to assume somewhat of their former buoyancy, and my first task, (say rather pleasure,) after bidding my husband adieu upon his departure to his place of business, was to indite a long letter to sister Margaret, who still remained my father's housekeeper in New York. During the day my mother-in-law brought into my chamber the portrait of her son's first wife. It was a picture of a woman of great personal beauty, apparently about twenty-two years of age, and taken, as I was informed by Mrs. Walters, the first year of her marriage. With the exception of the waves of light golden hair and azure eyes, which the glowing canvas so faithfully depicted, I could not trace the slightest resemblance between the first wife of Horace Walters and my own humble self. Changing to mention the circumstance to my mother-in-law, in the presence of my husband one day at the dinner table, she replied in a tone deeply tinged with sarcasm, that the first Mrs. Walters was a very handsome woman, of varied accomplishments, and great dignity of manner, thus cruelly reflecting upon my personal appearance and childish simplicity. My husband's noble nature felt most keenly the sting of the arrow which a malicious hand had aimed at the sensitive heart of his youthful wife; but respect for her age prevented his administering the well-merited rebuke which rose to his lips.

Each succeeding day but served to increase the gulf of estrangement which rose between my mother-in-law and myself. My childish robes, to which I still clung with all the love of a school-girl, did not even escape her severe criticism. My golden curls, falling loosely over my shoulders, so constantly offended her good taste, as she expressed it, that she recommended to my husband the propriety of my either braiding up my flaxen hair, as she contemptuously called my sunny locks, which had ever been my father's pride, or having them closely cut off to the head, with the hope of straightening the growth of new hair.

So constantly did she preach this last idea into my ears, that I had thoroughly resolved to gratify her wicked desire, when my husband, suddenly entering my chamber one afternoon, found her, scissors in hand, just ready to commence the work of sacrifice, and with highly insulted air and flashing eyes, forbade her ever attempting such an operation.

The pride of my mother-in-law received a sharp wound upon that occasion, from which she did not recover for months. However hard I exerted myself to please her after this, was all to no avail. For both myself and husband, whom she declared was a fool to marry a seventeen-year stripling, she seemed to cherish a feeling of deadly hatred; and angry words were now not unfrequently heard between Horace and his envious and cruel-hearted mother.

Even the children refused to call me mother, as their father had desired them, influenced, as I well knew, by their grandmother, who constantly petted them, and won their favor by the large packages of candy which she daily purchased for them.

Whenever I attempted to sing or play for an hour or so in the evening, for my husband's gratification, whose desire it was that I should still pursue my musical studies, though married, and my mother-in-law was in the room, she would always signify her entire disapprobation of the thing, by making a hasty exit from the apartment, always taking particular care to slam the door most furiously after her whenever I was in the midst of a mournful and pathetic ballad.

At the end of the second week of my married life, which had only been made endurable by my husband's cheering and encouraging words, and the semi-weekly reception of a letter from sister Margaret, Mrs. Walters finally took her departure to her own home in Lenox, (where she herself owned a fine country seat;) a thing she had threatened to do since the second or third day of my arrival in Boston. I must confess that I was not sorry when the carriage drove up to convey my mother-in-law and her baggage to her future residence. The only thing that I regretted was, the fact of her parting with her son, perhaps for the last time, with such bitter and unkind feelings swelling her cold heart.

In vain I tried to conciliate them, and thus bring mother and child to terms of peace. My husband's pride was fairly aroused, while the heart of her who had sown the first seeds of discord in my young life, remained stubborn and unforbearing.

The boys, Henry and Clarence, screamed at the tops of their voices, because grandma was going to leave them, and nobody would buy them any more candles and sweetmeats, which proved very conclusively to my mind that the love which the children professed to feel for their grandmother, (whom in secret they epithetized as "old Granny Grout,") might be weighed in the balance, and found considerably wanting. To each of the servants Mrs. Walters had given parting presents, for which tokens of kindness they of course wiped their tear-stained eyes with the corner of their aprons, and, Erin-like, invoked the eternal blessings of nearly all the saints in the calendar upon the head of their venerable benefactor.

A day or two of calm now succeeded the storm which had so long raged throughout the length and breadth of the house, which I had tried to call by the endeared name of home. A stranger in a strange city, I could not but feel at times that I had been rash in accepting the love of even so noble-souled and kind-hearted man as Horace Walters; for in so doing, I had too early surrendered the ties which bound my heart to father, sister, home and school-mates; in short, all that I had once held necessary to my daily existence and happiness.

My third week of married life, alas! I brought not the domestic bliss and quiet joys for which my young heart had thus far sighed. A severe struggle now commenced between servants and mistress for mastery. My orders to the butcher, baker and even the laundress, were countermanded to a degree that both surprised and excited my indignation. The work of reformation which I had commenced with the children, and earnestly determined to persevere in, I soon found to be no easy affair to accomplish, inasmuch as the servants who had been prejudiced in regard to their new mistress previous to my coming, by Mrs. Walters, who opposed the idea of her son's marrying a second time, encouraged the boys in their rebelliousness of conduct towards me, whenever their father was out of sight. Advantage was taken by these domestics, (who had been for two years in the employ of my husband's mother, who, since the death of her son's first wife, had managed all in-door arrangements,) of my youth and total lack of knowledge in domestic affairs in every possible shape and form. Large bills at the grocers and provision-dealers were run up on their own account, and if, by chance, I visited any place of public amusement of an evening with my husband, I was sure to find them on my return, entertaining a party of their male and female friends in the dining-room below, with the finest delicacies which the market afforded, and which they boldly asserted to have bought and paid for with their own money, on being questioned by me on the morrow concerning the matter. My husband, roused to a state of indignation by the frequency of my complaints concerning the servants, who were sister accomplices in several species of wickedness, at last turned them both away. Left at the beginning of the fourth week of my married life alone, I knew not whither to turn or how to not. Girl after girl was sent me by my devoted husband from a well known intelligence office in the city, but hardly one of them remained over twenty-four hours at a time in the house, or left without having purloined some article of dress or jewelry. My own inexperience in culinary matters made me the most miserable of housewives. Everything that I undertook to make was either ill-seasoned or burned in the cooking of it, until heartily tired and discouraged at seeing Horace turn away in disgust from meals which I had labored to prepare properly for him, I at last fell to weeping, which brought on a severe headache, and, united to a cold which I had previously taken, soon confined me to my bed.

The third day of my illness I was agreeably surprised and not a little startled by the appearance of sister Margaret, (to whom my husband had telegraphed the news of his wife's indisposition, without my knowledge or consent, and with the request that she would visit us for a few weeks, if possible.) Dear, devoted and loving Margaret needed no second invitation to attend her sister in her illness; so, hastily packing a small trunk, she at once set out for Boston. How welcome her loved face was to my weary eyes, words cannot express; nor how much of a restorative her presence proved to the invalid.

While conversing with her one day, I learned the truth of what I had once suspected—namely, that Margaret Ritchie had loved Horace Walters. This fact was only communicated to a sister's ear, under pledge of my secrecy in the matter. Margaret remained with us a month, and under her gentle rule, the entire household became as it were metamorphosed for the better. Twelve months of married life have now passed over my youthful head, and I am now a tolerable housekeeper, a happy wife, and a beloved step-mother.

IMPROMPTU.

[Suggested by reading an incident in a visit to Moyamensing Prison, contained in a letter from Cora Wilburn, published in the BANNER OF APRIL 10.]

Poor, trembling, weeping, fallen child!
Estranged from father, mother, friends;
Who knows by whom thou wert beguiled,
And by what treacherous vows and ends
The perjured Art outwitted his coils

Around thine own, untried and pure—
Or by what base and specious tools
Thy fall was made, alas! secure?

Who knows the damning wiles and art,
Designed to crush thee to the earth—
To bind with chains of sin thy heart,
And make thee curse thy hour of birth?

Poor, stricken, wretched, weeping girl!
Oh, could we know those trial hours,
Which robbed thee of life's purest pearl,
And lured thee in the tempter's power—

Could we but know how true, how long,
How firm, heroic, pure and brave,
Thy heart fought on its virtue strong,
Without one helping hand to save!

One word of counsel, one of cheer,
One effort made to save thy tears,
We might not then condemn thee here,
A victim to the cold world's sneers.

Thank God! thou art not lost, ah! no,
Love's spark still glows within thy breast;
Thy tears of sympathy yet flow,
Amid thy throbbing heart's unrest.

One single loving, kindly word,
Fresh from a yearning, kindred soul,
Thy central depths of life hath stirred
With sympathy's divine control.

The name of sister, softly spoken,
Sweeps through thy soul with wondrous power;
And love's sweet tendrils, crushed and broken,
Respond amid life's darkest hour!

While penitential prayers arise,
And reformation's vows are heard,
And tears of hope the heart baptize,
As all its soulless depths are stirred,

Thunton, Mass.

O. R. A.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LOVE'S DISGUISE.

BY EMMA FRANCES TOTTER.

Alice Arnolt had been a coquette from childhood. She was the mistress of rare beauty, had a sparkling flow of spirits, and every qualification for the flirt, except heartlessness. Her mother was a haughty daughter of fashion, and sought to educate Alice in the same useless philosophy; and upon her death-bed enjoined it upon the bachelor uncle, into whose guardianship Alice was to pass, to spare nothing in qualifying her to enter into the fashionable world a true daughter of so fashionable a mother.

One can hardly wonder, therefore, that her mind, under such influences, should have an ambition to become superior and supreme over the lords of creation. And so Alice Arnolt flirted and laughed, and played the unmerciful despot. Her admirers became perplexed and disheartened at her arbitrary commands and alternate feeling and indifference.

Her playful pettishness would occasionally subside, and then break forth in a torrent of sparkling wit at the first appearance of sentiment, to disguise the sacred fullness of her own heart from those who might see but could not comprehend.

Among the numerous cavaliers who were dazzled by the beauty and wring by the coquetry of the fair Alice was a gentleman by the name of Bryan. He was of a genial, romantic disposition, and a *debonair* in manners, and had acquired, by much foreign travel, an artist's love of the beautiful, and with his pencil he beguiled the leisure intervals in his devotion to the *imperatrice*.

The long ramble, the twilight *tele-a-tele*, and the evening contemplation had accustomed Alice and Bryan to each other; and while the latter had allowed his tenderest aspirations to clothe her with love's gentlest and most beautiful halo, Alice, though spell-bound by his brilliant conversation and suavity of manners, denied both to herself and him anything other than kind regard.

It was in one of these evening strolls that we have mentioned that we particularly present Miss Arnolt. The walk had been extended amid the gentlest of sounds, shades, and hues, Alice leaning upon the arm of Bryan, whose dreamy, artist-like eye had been passionately seeking hers for the last half hour in vain. He had been pouring into her ear glowing descriptions of the olden days of chivalry, and in depicting the thoughts of others had artfully drawn forth his own. Alice had listened in silence, though all tremulous within, until their path ceased before the verge of a cliff, and she awoke from her own heart to her artificial life again; and to stop the nervous beating of her breast, and interrupt the burning words she yet longed to hear, she stepped forward to the edge of the cliff and said, hurriedly,

"Mr. Bryan, all this is very fine—the scenery, I mean, as well as your eloquence; but those knights were very foolish to venture so much for such a simple, silly thing as a lady's smile. Look half way down this frightful precipice, and you will see a few wild flowers glowing almost out of the very rocks. Now, if a cavalier were here, like those you have described, how gladly would he risk his neck and seize those flowers to wreath in some lady's hair!"

Bryan cast a deep glance into her beautiful face, and replied:

"Were such a one here he would rejoice in the opportunity to earn a boon that she could not refuse. He would place the wreath in her hand, and she would place her hand in his."

His words were impetuous, half inquiring, and the warm blood mounted to her cheeks. Her self-possession vanished, yet she spoke eagerly the first words of her heart:

"And she would keep the flowers forever!" Then she calmly added: "Come, Carl, let us leave this silly romance and return." And accordingly they walked back in silence. Bryan left Alice at her uncle's door, and as he retraced his path to his lodgings he meditated upon the circumstances of the previous evening. He saw that much of her coquetry was affected.

Several times he had endeavored to draw from her an answer to his ardent and undisguised avowals of love, yet hitherto she had avoided the subject with the full tact of woman, as he bitterly called her girlish, blushing timidity. Now she had almost challenged him to the proof of his devotion, and he vowed to appeal before her on the morning with a claim for an audience which she could not avoid. He determined to obtain the flowers that very night, when none were abroad to ridicule his attempts.

The chivalrous plan required some rather unromantic means, in the shape of an iron bar and a coil of rope; and with the former driven into the earth, and the rope knotted securely around it, he commenced his descent. The prize was at length in his grasp, but in the eagerness of success he loosened his hold of the rope, and it swung far out of his reach. Like the famous samphire gatherer, in a similar predicament, he knew that a bold leap might save him, and, at the worst, the deep flood was rolling only twenty feet below. Carefully securing the flowers in his bosom, he watched the oscillation of the rope, and at the critical moment sprang nimbly into the air. But his weight tore the cable from its moorings, and Bryan dropped into the stream. His first natural impulse was to swim for the nearest point, and the second to burst into a hearty laugh at this termination of his romance. Once on terra firma he hurried to his lodgings, and, like a true lover, first dried and arranged the flowers, and then, like a man of sense, exchanged his dripping clothes for a comfortable couch. But sense came too far behind folly, and on the morning after his immersion he awoke in a high fever.

Alice Arnolt was sitting alone, with blushing cheeks and a soft smile beaming from her deep blue eyes. It seemed to be from no outward appearances that she derived this pleasure, but from the thickening emotions that rose up from her heart, trembling in first love. A sweet, uncertain tumult of thoughts surrounded with enchantment the single idea that love really reigned within, and swayed the fairy-like sceptre over her who had hitherto prided herself on her queenly command over the hearts of others. At that moment she did not think of his feelings, for no doubts had ever arisen, but she trembled at the thought of her own deep passion. And then the delicious color fled from her cheeks, and she clasped her hands at the idea of her mocking challenge of the previous day. She feared that Bryan had not seen through her coquettish hypocrisy of the moment; that which she then feared was that he might perceive her heart. Suddenly she heard his step,

A face magnified in a concave mirror loses its expression. A little fact is worth a whole lot of dreams. Discovery in the heavens has waited for an achromatic lens—a lens which will not color or refract—discovery on earth. In waiting it, in like measure, I have no sympathy, said Mr. Emerson, with the young people who complain that the world, on acquaintance, loses its romance: I am content that my eyes should see the real world, geometrically finished, without blur or halo. In Nature there is no veil, no haze, no strain, but firm common sense. She encourages no looseness, passions no error, freezes punctually at 32°, boils at 212°, crystallizes in water at one invariable angle, in diamond at one, in granite at one. The like steadiness is in her dealing with us. Where we have begun in folly, we are brought quickly to plain dealing. Life cannot be carried on but by fidelity and true earnest, and she brings the most heartless triller to determined purpose. All great characters are marked by absence of pretension and by moderate statement. The more is taken away, the more real, inevitable wealth of being is made known to us. The positive degree in life is the mediocrity of condition, whose well-being the experience of ages and the analogies of nature instruct us to find in the avoidance of extremes, so that our definition of virtue is a mean between vicious extremes. The greatest men are those who keep the common, but inform it by the uncommon. A man shows greatness not in sallies, but in habitual action. It is a mark of all great action that it comes from necessity. A skillful juggler performs his tricks before your eyes in simple costume; a novice calls in the aid of bizarre costume and a band of music, to distract you from the clumsiness of his performance of the feat. The trying part of the dance is the walk. What more difficult model to draw than the hand? The great man needs not the stimulus of multitudes; the wash of the sea, the current of time, are enough for him.

All rests, at last, in our life, the simplicity of nature and real being; yet nothing is for the most part less esteemed. For the most part we live together in our common society, not by our characters, but by somewhat adventitious and external—our position, our required skill and profession, or by some temporary liking or external abilities; or, most of all, by custom. Few persons could afford to live together on their merits. But the firmest and noblest ground upon which people can live, is truth. The covenant which great souls make with one another is—Let there be truth between us two. Such appear best in solitude and poverty. One who was asked why he took so much pains in an act that could come to the knowledge of few persons, replied—"A few are enough with me; I have enough with one; I have enough with never a one."

It should, perhaps, be said, in regard to our right to the liberties and liberalities of speech, that the rule of the positive and superlative is this. As long as you deal with things from your common sense, so long call things by their right names. But every man may be raised to a platform whence he sees beyond sense, to moral and spiritual truth. This is the way prophets, this is the way poets use language; and in that exaltation small and great are as one; the mind stranges worlds like beads upon its thought, and size is a mere illusion. The success with which language is used can alone determine how genuine is the inspiration.

The East makes ecstasy an institution. But it cannot be doubted that of the two forms of life is essentially the stronger. The star of empire rolls West; the warm sons of the South East have bent the neck under the yoke of the cold temperance and exact understanding of the Western races. Perhaps this dominion of the positive degree is to proceed much further; that our life has, at present, too much inflation. European history is the age of wine; the age of water, the simpler and sublimer condition, when the wine is gone forward, or the constitution has powers of original chemistry, and can draw the wine of wine out of the country of the country, the *rus ruris*, the age of bread-eaters and water-drinkers—an age of the users of the positive degree—is yet in its coming.

NEW ENGLAND UNIVERSITY CONVENTION.

The subscribers to stock in the N. E. University assembled in person and by proxy in the town of Marlow, N. H., on the 25th of May, and continued in session two days. The call to this convention was signed by James Tower, Esq., Geo. W. Walker, Esq., Alanson Folsom, Esq., John W. Plummer, Esq., Hon. M. B. Kenney, and J. L. D. Otis.

It is, in brief, the design of this University to possess all the elements and facilities of education that shall aid the rising generation in doing well the work of life; to adopt the best and most natural course for a healthy development of the body, mind, and soul. All the useful and ornamental branches of knowledge that are now taught in our schools, academies and colleges will be taught in this University; and more particular attention will be given to practical agricultural education for boys and practical domestic education for girls, which branches are woefully neglected in our present system of education.

The University shall be free from sectarian bias. The pupils shall be free to think, free to speak, and free to act in accordance with their highest convictions of right. "Do right," shall be the rule of action.

Perfect equality of the sexes shall be maintained. The instruction shall be thorough; such as shall be practical and useful in everyday life, and ornamental to the soul. No attempt shall be made to alter, create, or instill opinions.

The pupils and teachers shall board in one family; shall recognize each other as brothers and sisters—all as members of one household; all shall be treated as equals; servants shall be dispensed with; each pupil shall have his or her domestic duties to do, and in the discharge of these duties shall have special and thorough education.

Government shall be without rewards and punishments. The deformities of the soul shall become beautiful by making the virtues of the same soul reflect thereon. Wrong actions shall be counted afflictions, shall be recognized as moral wounds, and shall be treated as we treat physical wounds—shall be treated with kindness, care, and attention, and be healed by the soothing and powerful influence of love.

The design of this institution is in the highest degree commendable, and it is confidently believed by those who have lent their aid and efforts in this noble enterprise for the benefit of the rising generation that its designs will be, shall be, executed.

The Convention proceeded to business, and elected the following OFFICERS OF THE CONVENTION:

Hon. M. B. Kenney, President.
Dr. H. Barron, Joseph N. Gage, Miss Emma Harrington, J. F. Towne, Mrs. C. Otis, Mrs. Flora W. Bowker, Vice Presidents.
A. B. Child, Secretary.

A full list of subscribers was presented to the Convention, a majority of which were represented in person or by proxy. The following is a list of members present, with the number of stock votes each was entitled to cast, including their own, and the votes entrusted to them by those who were unable to be present:

	No. of votes.
J. L. D. Otis	-
Hon. M. B. Kenney	- 281
M. Williamson	- 32
Riley Smith	- 330
Geo. Putney	- 26
Joseph N. Gage	- 60
Mrs. Eliza Shepley	- 25
Mrs. Laura L. Burdett	- 125
Mrs. Elizabeth Folsom	- 130
Alonso Folsom	- 75
Geo. Shepley	- 25
James Tower	- 75
A. P. Conant	- 205
Isabel Towne	- 25
Mrs. Lucinda Towne	- 5
Mrs. B. Steward	- 5
Geo. Steward	- 5
Mrs. Mary Foster	- 10
Mrs. Mary McIntire	- 1
Mrs. Mary A. Reed	- 1
Erasmus Nichols	- 25
Hiram Fletcher	- 25
Harvey Hutton	- 25
Mrs. Diantha B. Nichols	- 25
Simone A. Makepeace	- 25
Mrs. Eliza D. Davis	- 25
Mrs. Francis Blisbee	- 25
A. B. Child	- 200

A full list of subscribers will be published in the pamphlet containing the report of the proceedings of this Convention, and the Constitution, which will be issued in two or three weeks, and be for sale, at ten cents a copy, by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street.

The Constitution for the government of the University—which had been previously prepared by Mr. Otis—was referred to a committee of five, who recommended it to the Convention for adoption. It was carefully and critically read to the Convention and adopted by a unanimous vote. Our limits and its length prevent its publication in this place.

The Convention elected the following officers for the government of the association the ensuing year:

President.—Hon. Henry J. Kendall, Fitchburg, Mass.
Vice Presidents.—Hon. Virgil Chase, Goshen, N. H.; Dr. G. P. Thompson, Yarmouth, Me.; R. B. Nichols, Burlington,

Vt.; John M. Kenney, Esq., Warrham, Mass.; J. F. Underwood, Westbury, N. J.; and H. B. Storck, Hartford, Ct.
Trustees.—A. R. Olman, M. D., Bath, Me.; Israel F. Towne, Esq., Bradford, N. H.; Laura L. Burdett, Bradford, N. H.; Geo. Putney, Sutton, Mass.; E. Hill, Somersworth, N. H.; Mrs. E. Patch, Nashua, N. H.; James Towne, Lowell, Mass.; Wm. Bassett, Berlin, Mass.; J. C. Bowker, Lawrence, Mass.; J. R. Jassett, Marblehead, Mass.; Sarah A. Goodwin, Newburyport, Mass.; Martin Perry, Dover, Vt.; Wm. L. Johnson, Exeter, N. H.

Locating Committee.—Hon. M. B. Kenney, Lawrence, Mass.; Erasmus Nichols, Lancaster, Mass.; A. P. Conant, Loomisville, Mass.; Matthew Williamson, Sutton, N. H.; Alanson Folsom, Lowell, Mass.

Building Committee.—Harvey Hutton, Esq., Unity, N. H.; Lemuel W. Blake, Pepperell, Mass.; Franklin Hanchett, Natick, Mass.; Riley Smith, Berlin, Mass.; Joseph N. Gage, Lawrence, Mass.; Reuben Barron, Lancaster, Mass.; I. S. Colman, Somersworth, N. H.; Charles Wood, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Amos Hutchings, Medford, Mass.

Furnishing Committee.—Geo. Shepley, Marlow, N. H.; Alfred Perkins, Nashua, N. H.; J. M. Stewart, East Princeton, Mass.; Mrs. Martha B. Beaman, Clinton, Mass.; Mrs. Flora W. Bowker, Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. Sarah Bassett, Marblehead, Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth Folsom, Lowell, Mass.

Treasurer.—O. F. Bacheholder, South Danvers, Mass.

Secretary.—A. B. Child, Boston, Mass.

Corresponding Secretary.—O. H. Davis, Natick, Mass.

President and General Agent of the University.—J. L. D. Otis, Lowell, Mass.

All the above officers were elected by a unanimous vote of years.

The General Agent was instructed to furnish bonds to the Trustees, and collect one fourth the amount subscribed, within sixty days, and in balance in payments of one fourth of the whole amount in six, twelve, and eighteen months.

The amount of bonds to be furnished by the General Agent is specified by the constitution; and the bonds of the Treasurer were fixed by a vote of the Association at \$20,000, to be placed in the hands of the Trustees. The bank of deposit was left to be selected by the discretion of the Treasurer, he being a bank director.

The first meeting of the Trustees will be held in Boston on the first Monday in July, at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

An annual meeting of the Association will be held on the second Tuesday of May. The first will be held in Fitchburg, Mass.

A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Tower, Folsom, and Gage, was appointed to audit and adjust all accounts now existing against the Association; which committee will act as treasurer of the Association until the Treasurer assumes his office.

A. B. Child and J. L. D. Otis were appointed a committee to immediately publish the proceedings of this convention, and the constitution of the association, in pamphlet form; which pamphlet shall be furnished at ten cents each, and one dollar a dozen.

A cordial vote of thanks was passed to Mr. J. L. D. Otis and wife, for their indefatigable and arduous efforts in presenting the well planned and well laid foundation of this institution, which they have received from an unseen source, and given into the hands of this association. And also a vote of thanks was justly extended to the kind, good people of Marlow for entertaining in the most hospitable manner, free of all expense, all who attended the convention from abroad.

The traveling expenses of the Presidents and Vice Presidents, and from conventions, will hereafter be paid by the association.

The General Agent will call a convention for locating the institution so soon as the subscription list is full, to be held in Lowell, Mass.

The next issue of the BANNER will contain an extract of Mr. Otis's remarks before the convention, on the objects of the association, to be carried out under the constitution adopted.

The constitution will give a definite idea of what the university is to be.

I cannot close this report without an additional expression of gratitude for the kindness and generosity shown to the members of the convention by the people in Marlow, particularly the households of Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Shepley, and Mrs. Farley. And also I would speak of the universal harmony that pervaded the whole convention; it seemed as if every member tried to think and act as every other member thought and acted, and at the same time having a desire to act justly and be true and faithful in this important work.

A. B. CHILD, Secretary.

Banner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1859.

Publication Office, No. 143 Fulton Street.

S. T. Munson's

Bookstore, No. 5 Great Jones street, will accommodate our up town friends much better than our regular business office. The BANNER may be found for sale there and letters may be left there for us.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence at Dodworth Hall.

On Sunday morning, May 23d, Mrs. Spence lectured at Dodworth Hall, on her favorite theme, the Inner, or the Divine Life. She spoke in substance, as follows:

We hear thousands of voices trying to define the spiritual nature, and endeavoring to explain how the inner man shall be enabled to control the outer. What religious faith—what religious creed defines it most clearly? Notwithstanding there are many laborers in this field—many teachers in this department of man's nature, yet there are but few who understand it. As one of the number, without a faith and without a creed, an called as a teacher of the inner life. I come to you untrammelled, having no pope—no preacher to obey, and no people—no sect to restrain me—nothing human whose anathemas or criticisms I fear. Yet I belong to a host in the interior who have commissioned me, who see my most inner thoughts, and whose criticisms I fear.

The true teachers of the inner life should be like the true cultivators of external nature. The agriculturist and the horticulturist study not only the seed, but also the nature and properties of the soil into which it is to be planted, and the mode of cultivation which is best suited to perfect its nature; and see the vast improvement which has been made. The blither almond has become the delicious peach; the crab, with its craggy branches and its acid, diminutive fruit, has been transformed into a tree of graceful form, bearing its beautiful white flowers and its sweet, mellow fruit; the little insignificant vine, once trod beneath man's foot, now yields the luscious strawberry. Such are the changes which have been wrought in fruits and vegetation, not by preaching about it, nor by praying for it, but by laboring for it understandingly. In the same way beasts and fowls have been cultivated, and our State and County Fairs, all over the country, give us yearly, practical demonstrations of the vast and almost incredible improvement which patient and intelligent cultivators have made in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. But where, oh where are the cultivators of humanity? Among them all, from the Pope of Rome down to the most insignificant leader of the most obscure sect, or ism, where is there one who lives and practices the inner life? where is there one who can produce his improved specimens of humanity, as evidence of the efficacy of his labors?

We look in vain for them. Yet these failures do not prove that the doctrine of the inner life is false, but rather show that the cultivators do not understand it, and that the proper elements have not been applied to develop it. Was the corn transformed into the bell-flower, or the popple, without the proper elements and a suitable soil? Man is a part of creation, and, as such, needs to be studied and cultivated, else he cannot be expected to enter upon the divine life. There are occasional exceptions, it is true—noble specimens of divine humanity, who, without any intentional assistance, but merely from the favorable influences of accidental surroundings upon highly susceptible organizations, have attained a full spiritual development. Yet humanity feel that they have a better nature than that which appears upon the surface of society, and they yearn to realize it as a constant, indwelling life. Scientific theology believes that it would be realized by the depravity of man; and the doctors of divinity prescribe a variety of remedies for this moral disease. To some they administer free doses of brimstone, fresh from the Devil's apothecary shop; others they direct to the New Testament and the saving blood of Jesus. Yet how many thousands are there who have tried all the remedies of the theological doctors, and have poured out their aspirations in prayer, until the very atmosphere seemed impregnated with their fervent feelings, and the arch of heaven vibrated with their supplications; yet they got nothing but disappointment. There are some who consider that living the divine life consists simply in living honestly and uprightly. "It is a

mistake. There are even preachers of this Gospel—professed cultivators of man's spiritual nature, who deny that there is such a thing as a regeneration, or a new birth, and who consequently look upon all pretensions to either as hypocritical, or as the outgrowth of a dreamy, visionary state of mind. As a consequence of the general misunderstanding of the subject, the few who do really live the inner life are not appreciated.

There are those who are truly cultivators of humanity. They have been prepared and qualified by their experiences and their development to take the stand, and preach and teach the inner life. All true teachers must be thus specially prepared and qualified. They must pass through the ordeal of growth. Thus was Jesus qualified, and this special ordained and commissioned him to teach and exemplify the divinity of man. The horticulturist does not open the seed and put something in it; but neither can the germ of man's inner nature be thus mechanically cultivated; it must be placed in the midst of suitable elements and under proper conditions; and, when thus surrounded, it cannot do otherwise than grow.

Mankind generally are living in the human nature, and hence they are drawn out and energized by the loves and attractions of the outer and animal life, and such must continue to be the case until each shall have experienced the growth of which we speak—until they have realized the regeneration—the new birth which was spoken of eighteen hundred years ago.

Then where is the Messiah of the nineteenth century? The child is already born, not, however, of one father and one mother, but it is the spirit of the age, born of humanity. The youth is already disputing with, and confounding the lawyers and doctors. Protestantism and Catholicism are already plotting his destruction, and looking forward with exultation to the day of his crucifixion; yet the destruction of his body will not harm the spirit, which, though entombed in the sepulchre, will rise again.

We have said that conditions are necessary to develop the inner nature—to call forth the divine to lead and control the human. What are these conditions? Paul refers to some of them when he speaks of persons being "delivered over to Satan for the destruction of the flesh that the spirit may be saved." It is just so now; yet we look upon it as something terrible, when it is in reality one of the methods of cultivating man's superlative nature. The preachers are as far from understanding it as if the cultivation of the spirit was not a part of their business. They have only thought it necessary to apply water, blood, brimstone, exorcism, and the deaconism. All these, however, avail but little in bringing out the inner man.

The angel world are now, as of old, turning people over to Satan, (not a literal Devil, but undeveloped spirits), to destroy the flesh and thus save the spirit. Thus the lower classes of spirits are made the renovators of those who are susceptible, and who are ripe for the transition from the human to the divine life. Many whom I now see before me are thus being tried by being turned over to the renovators. Some of you I know are suffering agonies insupportable, to which death seems to them preferable, and to escape from which you at times pray for death. I rejoice at your condition. I am glad that you have been deceived and tormented, stripped of wealth, honor and worldly reputation, until you would fain believe that the Devil has been turned loose for a season. These trials and experiences you have not fully understood; yet, at times, when they have almost exceeded endurance, you have been sustained by a whispering voice, or a secret upwelling thought which told you that it was all for the best, and that the time would come when you would understand it all, and look back upon it all and rejoice. All this assures me that you are susceptible—that the interior cultivators can reach you. You are in the hands of the higher spirits, who operate through the instrumentality of the lower. Thus the higher are dependent upon the lower, the lower being the regenerators—the purifiers of those who are in a transition stage—passing out of the dominion of the human nature.

The most important of the experiences of Jesus were of a character similar to those of which we have spoken. It was his trials, sufferings and temptations which so brought out the divinity of his nature, and so disrobed him of the animal and the human, that when taken upon the mountain and offered all the kingdoms of the earth, the temptation reached no living element of his human nature, and his divine nature having no need of such things, could freely and truthfully say, "Get behind me, Satan."

The true life must be lived. Those of you who are having severe spiritual experiences and trials, and do not understand them, but attribute them to the Devil, may think that Spiritualism has proved a failure; and in order to escape from the mockery of the churches who rejoice that it is a failure, and to escape from your imaginary Devil, you may seek shelter, as many are now doing, in organizations of a mixed, mongrel, nondescript, semi-religious character. But be assured that you cannot escape from the powers in the interior. It will be organizations of men as well as single individuals; and therefore such organizations can hold together no longer than the spirit world sees proper. As soon as the temporary purposes of such organizations are accomplished, they will tumble to pieces. We need to be stripped of all earthly things—every thing to which we have been clinging with a blind, idolatrous affection, and which we love more than the truth—more than our own souls. Wealth, honor, occupation, friends, children, husbands, wives, organizations, must all be taken from us, if they bind our souls or stifle our utterance of the truth. All of these, if they overshadow our inner life, must go; and more than these, the lusts and appetites of the animal nature must go—must be renovated. The flesh must be destroyed that the spirit may be saved. Every man and woman who now stands before the public as a teacher in Spiritualism, who is not thus qualified, and who is not thus commissioned by this process of purification and regeneration, will, ere long, retro from public life. Therefore most of the first teachers of Spiritualism will leave the field, as some have already done. They have filled their mission, and will give way to those who will do the great work laid out by the powers in the interior before the first ray was made, and for which work the physical phenomena, and the intellectual teachings already given are only preparatory steps. I am moved to say that there is one in this audience who is being qualified as a true cultivator of the inner life; he is being ordained, but not by the laying on of hands; and he is receiving his commission, not, however, to teach you creeds, nor to tell you that Christ is God, but to explain the philosophy of the inner life, and to cultivate the divinity in humanity.

Notwithstanding Spiritualists are going through the trials of which we speak, and yet their attitude the agitation that is going on within them, yet they try to look cheerful; they try to be harmonious and united; they try to cling to things that are passing from them. They attend private circles, though they have lost all interest in the physical manifestations and the tests; and they go to hear the public lectures though they are no longer fed by the intellectual food which once satisfied their wants. As one commissioned, I say to you, that all this is essential, though neither the preacher nor the theologian understands it. It is all necessary in order that the germ of the inner life may bud, and blossom, and bear immortal fruit—that the slumbering spirit of man may be awakened to come up out of darkness into the light of nature's divine elements, and with pervading vision overstep the earth and the spheres, everywhere finding its kindred spirits, not by blood, but by regeneration, speaking one tongue and living one life, ever rejoicing in the happiness of others, ever laboring to raise the lower out of the dominion of the human, and transplant them into the divine.

First Independent Society,

Hope Chapel, Nos. 718 and 720 Broadway. Services every

Sunday, morning and evening, under the charge of

Rev. George F. Noyes.

The above movement has been commenced in this city, in conformity with what is believed to be a widely felt need.

It has for its basis a belief in the Divine presence in every human soul; and in the influence and universality of Universal Spirit. Above all books, all teachers, all churches, it places the authority of the eternal word of God in the soul of man, which is Truth.

It asserts the absolute right of every human soul to expand for itself the relations which exist between it and its God. It protests against the substitution of creed for character, and claims that the true test of a man's religion, is not what he believes or professes, but what he is and does.

It recognizes the Divinity of Truth, whether it be found in the inspiration of the individual soul, in the primary manifestations of Nature, the demonstrations of Science, or in the utterances of the Prophets and inspired teachers of humanity.

As an Association of Truth-seekers for sympathetic worship and honest inquiries, it tolerates all diversities of opinion and welcomes every earnest teaching based upon a genuine desire for human progress and practical reform.

Protesting against any divorce between religion and every day life, asserting that the normal development of every natural faculty, capacity and power is the great end of crea-

tion, it seeks to find its efforts, not upon theological dogmas, but upon the noble facts of human nature.

Its chief purpose is to inculcate the practical lessons of life growing out of the great primary fact of "THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD AND THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN."

All persons who sympathize with this movement are cordially invited to give it their aid and co-operation.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Mrs. Hyzer's Lecture.

DEAR BANNER.—Mrs. E. Hyzer addressed us again on the Sabbath morning, and to many there it was the noblest, most thought-provoking lecture ever given from that rostrum. She spoke of the great central fact of reproduction that pervaded all the universe; of its great and beautiful philosophy yet to be unfolded to human comprehension—for, as yet, its first faint glimmerings only appeared. She spoke of the individual as being the center of the universe, of the freedom and of the freedom that has hitherto kept them apart; of the freedom—beautiful, holy, and ennobling—that was to take the place of this restraint, and through woman's intuition, purity, and spirituality, was to lead man upwards, upon higher planes of thought and action, that would lead to blessed and elevate the race. The interchange of thought, the connection of brain, of soul and purpose in the great reproductive movements of the day, between the united intellects of man and woman, would bless the world with mind—productions of astounding power and beauty; and when the spirit had gathered to itself gain of knowledge of love, and ideal life—when, almost perfected, it stood at the very portals of celestial life—it would return to the practicalities of life, and work its glorious conceptions through the physical, thus and thus giving to the world a better race. It was necessary, for the growth and true understanding of these mighty truths, that the individual should harmonize himself, strive for the supremacy of the spiritual, the equal balance of the faculties; and, when harmonized within his own soul, truly wedded to himself, then, and then only, is he fitted for true marriage with another. The mind and soul of the individual are deemed to be an entity, an influence upon the nation; and these pure, untrammelled hearts, able and willing to accept these views, untrammelled by the misconceptions of the world, these are the true disciples of the pure Nazarene, and gladly wear his gentle yoke.

In the evening of our correspondence, that this lecture should be presented to our correspondents in letters of gold.

In the evening she spoke of Spiritualism as the religion of nature and reason, of the manifold blessings it had bestowed upon its advocates, who, as yet, were looked at and scoffed by the world. She spoke of the many blessings in disguise that came as assisting currents in the ordinary march of life, and her true position to her mission, and her brother man, her duties and obligations to the world. And Spiritualism it was that was guiding and educating her for this. The inspired speaker told us how, threatened with a violent attack of illness, she was relieved by the ministrations of her friend and inspired the poet laureate. She repeated a beautiful poem that spirit-guardian addressed her with, "I wish I could have retained it. It was expressive, loving, quaint with the peculiarities of the genial poet. In past ages this would have been termed a miracle, for the dread and feeling of illness departed, leaving her strengthened in mind and body, grateful, and contented with the intervention of spirit friends. And this and much more—the daily and hourly manifestations occurring—the thousand varied proofs of spirit-agency and influence—all brought about by God's unerring laws of progression—were spreading grandly and rapidly, despite of all that came as assisting currents in the ordinary march of life. Because of the deep beauty of language and sentiment, the power of truth, evoked in these discourses, only to be subdued in the language of her who lives and acts those sublime teachings of the highest and purest goodness, I find it impossible to convey to you the power and the grandeur of this part of her address, one of the finest and most perfect words of this unfolding era. May she awaken her sisters' hearts to the soul-glances of that celestial life and love, unfolding so radiantly her own aspiring, self-sacrificing, all-idealizing.

Our friend Mr. Mansfield is saying Philadelphia a short visit. From what I have heard, he is very successful in giving talks. Speaking from my own experience, I earnestly grasp the hand of brother Mansfield, and bid him an honest, earnest good-bye. In the great field of spiritual labor, while I live I shall be grateful to him for the advice and counsel awarded to me from spirit friends through his mediumship. He has given me what gold can never pay for—truth. Two of the communications I received were entirely of a private and personal nature. Were I permitted to publish them, I should be obliged to you to give the power and the ever-present watchfulness of angel friends. I addressed a few lines to my beloved friend and soul-sister, Felicia Hemans, Mr. Mansfield referring to the other end of the room while I wrote. I folded the writing up, and he then folded it several times, and then, in a short, expressive, loving message, signed Felicia Hemans. I did not go to him doubtingly, but I derived even more satisfaction than I expected. May he hereafter be shielded from the envy and detraction of the calumniators.

The progressive tendencies of our slow-marching Quaker city, stands prominently as woman's work, the Female Medical College. It numbers earnest-souled, lovely-minded women among its ranks, eager for the elevation of their sex, and men who are liberal and spiritual enough to rejoice in woman's advancement.

As the spring breeze, blowing on soft white clouds, the spring breezes, flowers of beauty and gleaming skies of inspiration are around the true Spiritualist's earth-home, as well as the prophecies of summer, glowing and eternal, are in the heart reaching to the angel-messengers, the call from spirit-land, "Come up, ye higher," is ever heard, and ever answered. "Erewhet, dear BANNER readers, far and near, for this week, Yours ever for Truth, CORA WILKINS, Philadelphia, May 24th, 1859.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT

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Maine.—MR. AMOS DRAKE, Union; H. F. RIPLEY, Canton Mills; H. A. MERRITT, Norway; DR. N. P. BARN, Seabrook; W. K. RICE, Paris; for that part of the country.

any of the manifestations, but have come to their belief from philosophy and intuition. We have ever believed that Spiritualism would stand on its own foundation; if not, let it fall. We have made debating a prominent part of our labors, keeping a hall expressly for that purpose. Our lectures have always been free, and speakers well paid. We have withheld our support from speakers who charge exorbitant prices, who make their terms prohibitive of their motives. We have aided all reforms that would liberate the mind from sectarian slavery, and have sought position as an active means of growth. Messrs. Hanchett, Elze, Farnes, Woods, Morse, Child, and others in this place, have been true workers in the cause. Added to this list is H. L. Barker, a man of peculiar powers, who has been tried in the furnace and come out one of the best advocates of the cause."

L. Miller's Lectures.

ORRIS DARNES, CLAY, N. Y.—"L. Miller is lecturing in this section with great success. He is doing more to awaken an interest in the cause of Spiritualism than any lecturer we have had. He has a life-sized portrait of a spirit sister, taken from her spirit by Edward Rogers, one year ago, at Chagrin Falls, Ohio. For some four or five years prior to this manifestation of his spirit sister, he lectured against Spiritualism; but the production of the picture through such an instrument as Rogers, arrested him in his opposition, and, like Paul, he began to preach the truth. He values the portrait above price, and always has it put in some conspicuous place in the room where he lectures. Either before or at the close of his lecture, he gives a history of its origin. Most assuredly it is a wonderful production. Rogers will now be appreciated; but when he was in the form he was looked upon with indifference. Bro. Miller gave us two lectures on the 18th inst. I subject of forensic discourse, 'Good and Evil.' It was the most profound and philosophical discourse ever delivered in this place. The subject in the afternoon was 'Inspiration.' It embraced a historical account of all the Bibles extant, with a more minute detail of ours, or the Christian's. It was interesting beyond description."

[Mr. Rogers, of Columbus, O., a tailor by trade, was suddenly developed, about three years ago, as a medium for drawing spirit portraits. He was so powerfully influenced in this direction, that he was compelled to follow it. He was a humble, artless, innocent young man. He had just taken up his residence at La Porte, where he died on the 6th of April.]

Test.

J. R. L. BALEM, MASS.—"I recently visited the rooms of Mrs. Delafolle, No. 11 Lagrange Place, Boston. I went to hear an entire stranger, as she was also to the spirit who communicated to me through her. She told me she saw the spirit of my mother about me in the act of praying. She repeated a part of the prayer for me in a foreign language, and asked me if I ever made a similar prayer in that language when I was young. I said yes. I asked her if she would tell her name, and she gave me her name in full. I then asked her if she would speak to me by my own name. She took me by the hand and pronounced my name in the same foreign language—with that endearing touch which no person can counterfeit. She told me a female who was once in a ship at sea with me, twenty-seven years ago, was present; which incident I had almost forgotten. She also told me my spirit-sister was present, and gave her name correctly. Mrs. D. said my wife was sick, and described her complaint correctly. She told me other things equally strange, which truly astonished me; for although I have been among advertised mediums in Boston who give seances, I never got anything to equal this before. Mrs. Delafolle is the most reliable medium I ever met."

Rational Spiritualism.

LORENZO MOODY, MILLYVILLE.—"I find that while Spiritualism is undergoing a sifting process, and much trash has been riddled out of it by these late attempts at 'exposure,' it has really lost none of its life and power. On the contrary, these few gusts of wind and muttering thunders have only made it strike its roots broader and deeper in the intellects and hearts of its friends. And while the great crowds who formerly thronged our meetings, to see marvels and gape, have 'struck off,' like a flock of scared birds, others, fewer in numbers it is true, but substantial thinkers, such as, when once convinced of any truth, can be relied on, are everywhere coming up, slowly but surely, to take their places. The mushroom state of the cause is giving place to something more solid and enduring. It is not yet time to talk of the fruit of Spiritualism. People are ready to speak of many offences against morality as the fruit of Spiritualism. I tell them plainly that the old theology has shaped and moulded all our institutions, and given what little direction we have to all our appetites and passions. Has Spiritualism as yet had time or power to do either? No! and hence all the evil existing in society is justly chargeable to these old theologies. Spiritualism will supersede and drive them all away together. Then, when it becomes such a power as to mould our outward institutions, and give the tone to public morality, will be time enough to teach of the 'plenty of Spiritualism.'"

Worshipping the Golden Calf.

H. L. CREER, OXONHOGA, N. Y.—"Much has been said in your paper in regard to mediums and their compensation. By Dr. Child and others. I have been interested in Spiritualism since 1851, and since the summer of 1852 have been a medium. I have watched the progress of Spiritualism, and have listened to the remarks of both its friends and opposers, and I find that so-called Spiritualists are as prone to worship the 'golden calf' as were the Israelites of old. I have often been staggered at the course pursued by the class of healing mediums who advertise that they will examine and prescribe for what seems to be an extravagant price—say from \$3 to \$10—always in advance."

Now it seems to me that if mediums of any kind really wished to do good, they would be willing to do so for a reasonable compensation, at most, and that they would be willing to do so sometimes without such fee, if the applicant was not able to raise it. Then, again, the fee is generally twice as large if the patient was ~~not~~ present. This is not right. I have several times, (a few years ago,) sent to healing mediums with a request for them to examine and send a prescription for my daughter, and that I would remit the fee as soon as I could obtain it, but have yet never had my request complied with, although I have stated my inability to meet the demand just then."

C. H. ALLAN, EASTPORT, ME.—"I enclose to you one dollar for the BANNER OF LIGHT. You may think it strange when I tell you I have been a believer in Spiritualism for about two years and never took a paper. To tell you the truth, I am a poor man, and have a sick wife; I have been obliged to spend all of my earnings in taking care of my family for the last ten years."

I was brought up an Orthodox; was a member of that church twenty-five years, but I could not find anything there to satisfy the cravings of my soul. When I found Spiritualism, (which was accidentally, for I never sought for it,) I found food that satisfied me; I might say I got a foundation to build upon that could not be overthrown; and I made up my mind at once that this was the faith I should live and die by. The ministers and deacons, with all the rest of the church, did their best to get me off from such a foolish notion, as they called it; but the more they importuned, the further I was from them—so I walked out."

I am still an earnest seeker for truth, and as earnest to impart it when found. Now I am a Spiritualist, I can say I am a happy man; life is sweet, and death has no terrors."

Queries.

L. FISK, SOUTH ROTALTON, VT.—"On reading the discourse of Rev. George B. Cheever, published in the BANNER OF APRIL 30th, I concluded that he must be a man of great faith, inasmuch that God will grant unto all good men whatever they may ask; but I confess that such a God is a being beyond my comprehension. Suppose that while Elias was praying for three years drought, some other, as good a man, was praying for three years rain? In such a case would not the God of Mr. Cheever find himself in a fix which prayer to answer?"

Clairvoyant.

M. E. TRAVIS, FAIRBANKS, MINN.—"My spirit from its early childhood has been a free wanderer about the mystic scenes of the universe, where the vision of the clairvoyant may wander at its pleasure. Many scenes have come under my clairvoyant observation before I knew anything of Spiritualism. Many of my life's pages have been unfolded to me in the form of warnings, which have always come to pass. Being a Methodist minister's daughter, and a Methodist myself, I strictly excluded myself from all but the orthodox world, and therefore knew nothing of the dawning light of Spiritualism. I had heard of it only as a debasing, demoralizing infidelity. It is now only two years since I accidentally became ac-

quainted with the subject, and I know but little of it as yet. I listened to a series of lectures delivered by Dr. Mayhew, in Fairbank, in February, 1854, having read the BANNER for the past year, and have had in my own life some experience. This is all I know of Spiritualism, yet my husband and myself are now firm believers in pure and unadorned Spiritualism, and we are almost alone in the cause here. There are but few in our vicinity who are brave enough to acknowledge themselves Spiritualists. There are some who believe, but fear the pulpits mislead them as being from the church to extinguish every ray of light that finds its way through the dark fog of bigotry."

Written for the Banner of Light.

THIS IS NO PLACE FOR TEARS.

In memory of Mr. Joseph Allen, who died in Providence, R. I., April 10th, aged 81 years.

BY LITA H. DARNES.

This is no place for tears,
By the side of the happy dead;
He hath lived out his portion of years,
And long have gray hairs crowned his head;
He hath bidden adieu to vexations and woes,
And slumbereth now in his quiet repose.

This is no place for tears;
Then hush, oh ye sorrowing band!
He hath passed from your anxious cares,
To his home in the bright spirit-land.
What beauty hath greeted his long-vanished sight!
What rapturous greetings, what scenes of delight!

This is no place for tears;
He stands in your presence to-day;
The mother, his bride of past years,
Comes gladly to bear him away.
Oh, how hath he wished for his cherishing care,
Unthinking how soon she should welcome him there.

This is no place for tears;
His prayer at last has been heard,
That he might, ignoring all fears,
Sleep sweet on the breast of his Lord.
He was tolled for your father, oh children, in love,
But ye cannot regret he is passing above.

This is no place for tears;
For angels are singing around—
Their joyous harp-music I hear
In melodious tunings resound.
Oh, high let their anthems exultingly swell,
And join ye the chorus, 'all's well, all's well!'

Providence, April 10th, 1850.

"HUMAN WILL."

DEAR BANNER—In your issue of April 30th, I find an article headed "Human Will," from the pen of LARRY SUNDLER, evidently designed as an answer to mine of April 18th; but whether he has fully answered my inquiries, it is for your readers to judge. I am rather inclined to think that Bro. S. may well claim to be a Yankee, for none would feel disposed to question the title after perusing his last communication. I have most ardently desired an answer to one particular question, and yet it is not forthcoming. And why he does not notice my question, the Yankees of New England can guess. Friend S. seems to have arrived at some unwarrantable conclusion when he speaks as follows:—

"As far as I am competent to judge she is about to own up. She cannot adduce any proof of the statements she has made; this she has confessed; and now, (woman-like) although she cannot make out her case proving her assertions, she still persists in repeating them, and this, too, while she declines to submit to any reasonable test!"

Now, may I not ask, in the name of justice, what have I got to own up to? and, as to the confession which I have made, what is there about it which would lead friend S. to think that my case is as weak as he supposes my case to be? I am willing to acknowledge that I confessed myself incapable of presenting proof concerning a matter which occurred more than ten years ago; but (woman-like) I never admitted that such proof did not exist. Friend S. and myself have taken the witness-stand, and each one has made statements concerning the Will Power, and the testimony which we bear is contradictory: let the readers of the BANNER decide whether I am about to own up.

In order to sustain the position which I had taken in the premises, I referred to Dr. Broadbent, of Boston, as an individual who demonstrated, ten years ago, what I claimed to be the truth in reference to friend S. Furthermore, I referred to circumstances which transpired in connection with his lectures as an additional proof. He explains the matter away simply by theorizing, whilst I enter the witness-stand with experience and fact, without which no person can be a safe testator. It appears that my reason for not submitting to a test is not at all satisfactory to friend S.; but I trust I may be able to make it plain to his understanding. I would appeal to the experience which my friend has in store, with regard to the susceptibility of a person's mind, whilst in the passive condition, to yield to the stronger influence. If this be the law of the human mind, then am I not right in refusing to submit myself to a test which he proposes, when the thing would be no test to me of the truth of his position, or the falsity of my own? Therefore, the preliminaries of which he speaks I must decline to enter into. Whilst in the positive condition in which my mind is, I think that a third person might be better suited than myself, and certainly would be more satisfactory to both.

The position which I have taken is this: that the positive controls the negative; but I never said that the positive could control a positive—therefore the Will Power of friend S. cannot affect me. Friend S. is positive, any so on I; therefore his *willing* can have no effect. Again, he does not know where to concentrate his will in order to test his power. Let me illustrate what I mean. Suppose friend S. is seated in his study at home, and it is desirable that he should appear in person at court? He goes to said court by forming the will to go there, and simply carrying out his intentions in connection therewith in harmony with the laws of locomotion. But if he did not concentrate his mind upon the court, he would never reach it by willing; but because he might not reach it, it would not disprove the Will Power. The effect of a person's Will Power may prove itself on some occasions, whilst under other circumstances it might not be so apparent. Again he says:—

"When I lectured in Salem, a few years ago, a woman came to me whom I had never seen before, and accused me of having controlled her by my Will Power, four years previously; and she said she had been bewitched by me ever since! Now what could I do in this case? For this poor, deluded woman was just as sure that I had willed her to do certain things, four years before I had any knowledge of her, as 'Inquirer' is now that she has been controlled by my mere will, independent of her external senses. This Salem woman attended my lectures and came on my platform with her eyes wide open, and acted with my other subjects—and all this she did while I willed with all my might against it. I did not want her there, and begged her to keep away; but she followed me to Lowell, and I had to apply to the mayor and the police to get rid of her."

Now what does friend S. wish to make out by introducing this case at Salem? It certainly does not disprove the exercise of Will Power; but clearly, to my mind, demonstrates that she was influenced by somebody's Will Power—either her own, or some one's else. If it was her own conscious will that she was exercising, that is one thing; and if she was in an unconscious condition and performed upon the stage in common with his other subjects, then it proves that she was influenced by some Will Power more positive, inasmuch as it appears that Mr. S. could not affect her except by calling upon the mayor and police. The woman in question might have owed as to the Will Power emanating from Mr. S., whilst at the same time it would not disprove what she might have been influenced by a spirit. It is very evident there was a cause for this singular conduct on her part; and if friend S. was not the cause of her conduct, why, some one else must have been, or else she was a self-willed woman, and (woman-like) bound to conquer.

I simply ask the readers of the BANNER to look at the results of this Salem case, and see if they do not find some "will" in the case which was so powerful as to require municipal interference of authority. That friend S. did place some reliance upon his will is very evident, from the fact of his having willed with all his might against this woman. How is it that friend S. thought about willing at all, if he was conscious that nothing could be accomplished thereby? Friend S. has acknowledged that the idea was prevalent that he exercised will power, when he declares, "I have known hundreds of persons to affirm that they were controlled by my will." To establish the position which I assume, friend S. discards the testimony of living witnesses, and is not content with anything short of my submitting myself to a test, and suggests a number among such as your 'spirit friends' will assent to, and I do not even ask to be present with you, nor even to know when it is performed. Let me have an opportunity of making known to your associate spirits what the test is, (and

it shall be one that you and they will agree to,) and then you may perform the test when I am not present, and when I could not possibly control you against your own wishes."

I acknowledge myself incapable of discovering wherein there would be a test in what friend S. has suggested, if I am to become acquainted with what the test shall be prior to its revelation. If I am to be about when this test of which he speaks is to be given, he must certainly place some confidence in my testimony. If friend S. will explain how the following incident occurred, he will oblige me by so doing:

One year ago I was on a journey through different parts of Long Island. I had arrived as far as Huntington, and was desirous of going to Northport in the afternoon of the day of my arrival. There being no conveyance, I started on foot. The distance was five miles. After proceeding two miles or more, I came to a place where the road branched off in three different directions. There were no guide-boards to direct the traveler which of these roads to take to go to Northport. There was no person near me that I could discover within sight. I got upon the fence and took a look to see if I could discover the approach of any person; but I failed to see any one. I took my seat upon a sign, and very soon I was entranced by a spirit friend; and when restored to consciousness, I found written upon a piece of paper which road to take, as well as the name of the spirit who professed to have written it. I pursued the course indicated by the spirit, and found that I had been directed truthfully. Now, this to me—knowing that whilst entranced I was unconscious—was a very convincing test of some will having been demonstrated other than my own. Although when I sat down upon the stone I did not expect a test of spirit power, yet I received the very best test; and these often appear when I am not contemplating it.

If friend S. feels like writing again upon the subject, will he be so kind as to show wherein *living witnesses* may not be used as evidence of a past fact, or truth having appeared, when the question at issue between us is in relation to the past?

Friend S. speaks of the witness which I introduced to sustain my position in language like the following:—"I happen to know the parties to whom she refers, and I am as confident that she was never controlled by the mere will of Mr. S., as I own that she has erred in what she has undertaken to say about me." I must certainly congratulate friend S. upon his positiveness in the matter. I leave Dr. Broadbent—the witness to whom I referred—to substantiate, if he desires, what he knows to be a fact of the past. I feel that to prolong this discussion no good will be accomplished, unless the points which are raised are cleared up in some sort of manner as we proceed. I hope, therefore, friend S. will confine himself to answering the questions as I propound them to him. Friend S. may count upon me as ever willing to examine the facts of the case to substantiate the truth of what I assert, feeling that a truth is as sacred when discovered in one age, or on one occasion, as it possibly could were it to be re-established and reproduced on a future occasion. If, therefore, he desires to test the truth of the Will Power upon past facts and past evidences, why, I am ready to meet him, without fear of the result; and I am somewhat inclined to think—and I hope to be pardoned for my egotism—that (woman-like) I shall be victorious.

Yours for truth,
Inquirer.

Boston, April 28th, 1850.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

MESSRS. EDITORS—During the last few years there has been an increased and increasing amount of trouble in social and married life in our country, resulting in separations and divorces, until they have, in some parts of the country, become nearly as frequent as marriages. Since the great religious revival and the awakening power of Spiritualism have increased, (as they both have), the passions, emotional, and aspirational powers and feelings of men and women, starting them often into new life and activity, these social eruptions and domestic volcanoes have greatly increased; and many superficial observers, or shallow reasoners, or prejudiced sectarians, have attributed these evils (if indeed, they can be called evils) to one or both of these causes; and some have at once and hastily condemned these, and especially Spiritualism, as evil, entirely overlooking the real causes in our wicked, oppressive and cruel laws of marriage, and the corrupt condition of social life arising therefrom. We might as well condemn the warm rays and gentle showers of spring, that bring out the tendrils on the dandelion and the docks and darnels of the kitchen-garden, as to charge religion or Spiritualism with these social fungi. Like all fungi they are evidences of the decay, decaying, and rotten state of the body on which they grow. No candid and intelligent mind can look at our marriage laws, and the debasing, if not degrading, restrictions they place on woman, if not on man, without perceiving their unfitness for the advanced and cultivated condition to which a majority of the people of our States, where free schools have been sustained, have attained. In a state of barbarism, where all of the women and most of the men were ignorant, bigoted, and uncultivated, and would not know enough to assert their personal rights, such laws as we have on the subject of marriage and parentage would do well enough. In such society it would not be asked why a child should be alienated, disinherited, stigmatized, and branded with the odious term *bastard*, for an act, in which it could have no part, of its parents before its conscious existence.

Now the question *why*—that eternal, never-ending *why*—is sounded, and it leads the intelligent and active mind to the investigation of the whole subject of legitimacy and illegitimacy, and it is brought out for discussion; and science declares that more than half of the children born under our present laws of marriage, and where the parents are the married partners, are more illegitimate than those born out of wedlock; that rape, adultery, assault, and battery, seduction, prostitution, abortion, abandonment, and nearly every crime known in the catalogue of criminal intercourse between the sexes, is almost hourly perpetrated with impunity under the laws regulating married life, and sustained by public opinion. That which is a horrible crime, deserving a decade in State Prison when found without the cover of a marriage certificate, is no crime under such cover, but one of the rights secured by marriage; and if a poor victim appears to the public, even to her sex, on other subjects so charitable, she is only treated with scorn, and told that it is good enough for her; the law would not protect her though her life were destroyed in a few months by the treatment which, if not covered by a marriage certificate, would send her murderer to prison or the gallows. When our marriage laws are such as to make slaves of wives—leaving cover, or sanction the worst of crimes—force upon poor, feeble women distressed and repulsive materiality—to pair and bind together persons whose moral, mental, and physical conditions render them unworthy and unfit to be companions or parents, and, through such, to fill the streets and alleys of our cities with deformed, diseased, and morally polluted children—and when the circles of wealth and fashion show an utter condition of dissipation and vice nearly as bad, with perhaps an advantage of lessened offspring by ruinous causes—is it not time for us to look into the causes, and change our laws so as to remove these evils, and not be charging them to religion or spirits?

We are too much like the lazy man, who, finding his garden full of weeds, curses the warm or wet season, or prays God to stop their growth. Would it not be wiser to go to work and remove the causes?

That our laws of marriage and divorce are fundamentally and radically wrong, no one can consistently deny; but many, who admit this, know not what to do, and dare not touch a subject on which there is so much sensitiveness. Like the sensitive surface of a deep laid road, the very show of the lance makes the flesh quiver, and the patient shrink. But it must be probed, and the offensive matter removed, to obtain a sound condition. Our laws of marriage must be changed, or society will rush to the other extreme, and destroy all laws on the subject, and place popular opinion or mob law at the head of the judiciary, as it has recently done in the Washington tragedy of last winter. Woman must be protected from and not by her husband; she must be known as a person and a party, after marriage, as well as before; and her rights to her person and property and children and earnings must be secured to her by law, after marriage, as they are before. She must be a person and not a thing, after marriage, or a case, (as the lawyer called Mrs. Stickle).

So long as a married woman has no honor to be tarnished by her husband, and no children of her own, and no right to refuse to have them for another owner, we may expect rebellious and social disorders, if she is educated and refined, especially when mated by law to a sensual or brutal husband. While public opinion sustains these most cruel and barbarous laws of marriage, parentage and divorce, and the laws bring out such social convulsions as we are now having, we may mourn over it, or pray over it, or scold about it, or call it Spiritualism, or religion, or God, or the Devil; it will all do no good—come out it will.

If we must have laws on the subject of marriage—and I believe we must—let us control the institution by them for the interest and welfare of society and individuals, and not legalize the worst form of prostitution by them. Rob woman

of her person and property both, with a pretence to protect her; while snatching her from an Aretic pylon, plunge her into Venusia. I am not sorry to see and hear of the social eruptions (except for the individual sufferers), for they will awaken our statesmen and statute makers to a sense of their duty, to which they can only be awakened by such effects of the present corrupt system. It were far better if all *ecclesiastical* laws on the subject were repealed, and marriage regulated under the general laws of parties in civil contract, with such amendments as would secure children and property to mothers; making all children legitimate heirs to the property of the father, &c.; punishing adultery in marriage as well as out, and making all crimes the same, when committed by persons in marriage on each other, as on others, or out of marriage.

WARREN CHASE.

Adrian, Mich., May 14th, 1850.

DIET.

[Given through the organism of Mary E. Frost, of Philadelphia, by G. Graham.] I shall confine my remarks at this time upon what constitutes an ordinary wholesome diet. Of course there are a great many things that will modify the application of these general rules—things that must be taken into consideration by each individual; for instance, the occupation, the established habits, the temperament, &c. I cannot adapt myself to individual organizations; but, in speaking in a general sense, I must necessarily be explicit enough, so that every one who will study themselves, and reflect for a moment, will know the relation they stand to it. It is a law of nature—and I have often spoken of it—that if man would in early life establish natural habits, and live naturally, he would need no one to tell him afterward what was needed to restore and retain health, for his own instincts and feelings would guide him. Then all he would have to do would be to follow his desires, and whatever he felt he needed would be evidence that his organization demanded something of the kind; but when the primary laws of health are disregarded, when beings are born into the physical world already diseased, with natural tendencies of character already established in the infant being, and then having them fostered by an erroneous education, this law cannot manifest itself properly, and cannot be followed.

But admitting—and the time will come when it will be so—that a perfectly sound, healthy child, after its birth into physical life, is easily trained in a natural manner, there will be an instinct as positive and true as the instinct of the lower animals, that would point out to every one what to take and what to avoid; but the children of earth are not in this natural condition—if they were, there probably would be no need of my writing the messages I am now writing; so I return to my subject again. After all, perhaps, there is a wisdom in all these human transgressions—there may be a wisdom gained in the struggle that will compensate for the suffering man's ignorance has entailed on the race—there is a wisdom in the suffering he has endured. It has not been sent either in wrath or as a punishment, but only as a warning voice, to lead him to avoid the errors of the past.

In reference, then, to an ordinary diet in the range of animal food, there is none I would recommend as equal to beef; none that imparts that strength and vitality; no one kind of food of animal containing the same amount of vitality and nutrition; but a great deal depends on the manner in which it is prepared. The most wholesome way is when boiled, and then not too much, as is generally the case. Any kind of food that is fried is more or less injurious, and the sooner this mode of cooking is dispensed with the better for health; and, as a general rule for any one, once a day is enough to use meat of any kind. There are some organizations that demand animal food; let such use it moderately. There are others to whom a strictly vegetable diet is infinitely better. Let each one study himself, and there is no higher object any one can have in the earth-life than to aim at perfect physical health. One engaged in any pursuit requiring strong physical exercise, demands a different and more stimulating diet than one whose brain alone is exerted. I do not think the liver of any animal fit for food. It is in itself more subject to disease than any other part; and if there is any affection of any part, it will be in the liver. Also pork I do not consider fit for food in any form, or for any person. It is altogether too coarse and gross for an article of food—corrupting the blood, producing humors and other phases of disease. Mutton, with the exception of pork, is the least useful, being more subject to disease than any other kind. But that we before named, except when perfectly fresh and very young, there is no meat perhaps more wholesome than venison. None, except beef, would I recommend as a general article of use. But I need not take up each article of food. These are, perhaps, those most prominent as a general rule. Fish is far preferable to meat.

But notwithstanding these things may be temperately used, without injury, and even to advantage, still I would prefer and advocate a strictly vegetable diet. I do not believe there are any but what could live on it, no matter what their organization or habits—and ninety in each hundred greatly to their advantage—containing, as the vegetable world does, the same elementary properties, but with less vital force. The potato is probably the coarsest vegetable, and yet contains about as much, if not more, nutrition than any other; and I would recommend it to all. In the summer season, the more you can confine your diet to fruit the better—always having it ripe and perfectly developed; and then use it in its simple, natural state—not cooked, if it can be used without.

There is more to be considered in reference to diet, than the mere temporary effect it has on your physical systems; but different kinds of food produce mental as well as physical characteristics; and your diet may have a greater influence than you think in moulding the tendencies of your character. Let all kinds of pastry be avoided; it is not necessary—only inventions to please a vitiated taste. I know of no two professions more nearly allied, than a French cook and an undertaker. Look at the animal kingdoms beneath you. There is not that amount of disease among them that there is among men, simply because they live naturally; and where you find disease among animals, it is chiefly among domesticated ones—not those which have been left free from man's control. Of course I discard all stimulating drinks—tea and coffee, altogether.

EVIL AND GOOD.

All evil is of earth, and earthly love. A spirit after death may still love earth, and still be evil; but the human soul works out itself in purity. Time is never measured by the soul; with the soul a thousand years are as one day. Ambition kills itself; it is of earth. Debauchery, robberies and murders belong to matter, not to spirit; they live and die with earthly love and earthly things; the spirit cannot be debauched or robbed; it cannot murder or be murdered. In matter evil is developed, and in the love of matter evil exists the same. The soul grows up through matter, and is unimpaired by it, for it is above matter in power and in duration; the weaker cannot control the stronger. The soul in its natural growth rises above matter and the love of it; and the evil that pertains thereto falls from it, and is lost to its perception as it moves onward. In the soul exists the means for its ends. The atmosphere in which the soul comes up may be redolent with deception, fraud, lies, temptation and accusation, and yet it grows unimpaired by them, fed and nurtured by the influx of spirit-power, one soul, the same as every other soul. The soul is foreign in its nature to the material; planted to grow for awhile in the soil of earth; then to be transplanted to gardens of spiritual existence.

I am not unmindful of the fact that many will oppose the views I have offered, published in foregoing articles, in connection with this. This opposition will be the natural result of past teachings. "If there is no evil; if there is nothing wrong," says one, "man may do what he pleases with impunity; however bad it may be—the murderer may murder; the robber may rob; the adulterer may be adulterous; the deceitful may deceive; the drunkard may be drunken; the dishonest and the opium-eater may revel in debauchery—all with impunity. Such doctrine would debase man and bring him on a level with the brutes; it would lead him down and make him a participator of every crime." No, my friend; I tell you that such is not the influence of views which tend to a practical faith in God; and the position which commands this faith, sees in nature cause that produces evil as well as good, and sees that no man can do wickedly without a cause existing in himself to make him do so. No man can commit a wrong, when he has past the boundary of that plane to which that wrong belongs. The clearer we see the workings of Nature's laws, the freer is the soul from the practice of wrong, for its confidence in the hidden power that moves all life is deeper and truer. It is contrary to the nature of man to voluntarily plunge into suffering. Man, with a clear perception of what lies before him, does not deliberately walk off a precipice; or, with naked feet tread on venomous serpents; he does not walk on thorns and sharp stones when he sees there is a pathway of evenness and beauty for him to walk in. All evil actions are the legitimate offspring of the plane of existence to which

they belong; and when a man has passed that plane, he no longer works therein; he has risen above it—he can see that everything that has been done here, however evil it may seem to us, has been in keeping with God's law. Then with him opposition ceases; he is peaceful and harmonious; he is faithful in the truest sense to every duty; he lives in trust, and is intrinsically trustworthy; pretensions and self-righteousness cease to be; distinctions among men cannot be recognized; professions become void; merit and demerit, reward and punishment, superiority and inferiority, evil and good, are known only as things of the past, to be forgotten forever. This is the first step in the eternal progression of the spirit of man—childlike humility, childlike passiveness, childlike innocence, and childlike trust.

A. B. CINTZ.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

REV. JOHN TIERNOT will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Address at West Medford, Mass.

Mrs. ANANDA M. SPENCE will respond to invitations to lecture addressed to Jamestown, N. Y., or to New York City, care of G. W. Westbrook.

Mrs. EMMA HARRINGTON will lecture in Worcester, Lowell, Portland, Oswego, and various adjacent places during June, Next Fall and Winter she designs to labor exclusively in the West and South. St. Louis, Memphis and many other places are already promised, and as she desires to complete her route via Pittsburgh, &c., before September, early applications will be still received, addressed to No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

WARREN CHASE announces that he will lecture in Grand Rapids, Mich., June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th; Grand Haven, June 9th and 10th; Milwaukee, Wis., June 12th; Chicago, Ill., June 13th and 14th; Berlin, Ohio, July 1st, 2d and 3d; Geneva, Ohio, July 10th; Cincinnati, July 13th and 14th; Buffalo, N. Y., July 17th and 18th.

DR. JOHN MAYHEW from the first of June to July 14th will attend to the wishes of various friends, on or near the La Crosse and Milwaukee route, including Shelbygan, Keenah, Appleton, and the region roundabout. From July 14th to August 1st, he will be on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will answer calls to lecture. Address Lowell: box 815. She will speak as follows:—Foxboro, June 5th and 12th; Springfield, June 18th and 25th; Putnam, Ct., July 3d and 10th. She will stop a few days in each of the above places, and will sit for tests of spirit-power, by trance, clairvoyant and physical manifestations.

Mrs. SARAH A. MACGOWAN will answer calls to lecture in the trance state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass. She will speak in East Princeton, May 26th.

LORENZO MOODY will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address Malden, Mass. His lectures are as follows:—Clinton, June 1st; Leominster, June 2d and 3d; Fitchburg, 5th; Lunenburg, 7th and 8th; Shirley Village, 9th and 10th; South Grafton, 12th; N. Chelmsford, 14th and 15th; Tyngsboro, 16th and 17th; Milford, N. H., 23rd.

Mrs. H. E. M. BROWN, of Cleveland, Ohio, Editor of the *Agitator*, may be addressed at Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass., will give lectures on Spiritualism, in which he will prove, from its proofs, for such compensation above expenses as generously may be granted.

F. L. WATSON speaks at Quincy, Mass., June 5th and 12th; Wareham, June 26th. Those desiring his services during the week in the vicinity of the above named places, can address him at the office of the Spiritualist Age.

Mrs. LIZZIE DORR will speak in New Bedford, June 5th; in New Bedford, June 12th

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Morning, May 22d, 1850.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. ELLIOTT, WOOD.

Text.—Give none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the Church of God. Even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved.—1 Cor. x. 32, 33.

My ye followers of the Lord, even as I also aim of Christ.—1 Cor. xi. 1.

It was an unfortunate separation that put into the eleventh chapter that first verse, which belongs to the tenth; for this argument and the application of it are divorced. But, when Paul commands men to become imitators of him, it is very important that that command should stand clear, and that it should be known by the context which limits and explains it, when he means by it. For nothing has been more thoroughly proved in this world, than that imitations of men are very poor and profitless things. There never was a man good enough to imitate, and Paul is not an exception to this. No man can imitate another except in externals; but, in every original life, external things are only the effects of some living, inward power, and cannot be reproduced fully except the power itself be possessed.

Imitations are, therefore, the world over, in all departments, weak and pitiable things; and as faults are more easily copied than sterling virtues, so we usually have, in the imitator, that part of a hero in which the human crops out through the divine. It is not in the things which men are great that they are imitators, but in the things which are little. There is no man built large enough for imitation. The disciples of Titian, of Raphael, of Michael Angelo, of the Carracci, very soon ran out into mediocrity. There never has arisen a great man in literature, in the State, in the arts, whose imitators did not very soon fringe him with abundant littleness. Therefore, an era of great men is usually followed by an era of miserable, pitiable imitators.

Now, Paul does not command imitation. It was a mistake when I said he did. He nowhere says, "Imitate me." He says, "Be ye followers of me," which is a very different thing. He asks only to point out Christ to men. His life and conduct are to be regarded as mere interpretations, and they are to be employed, not as the substitute for this higher model, but simply as the means of reaching it. Christ only may be our model; and while we may accept the help which holy men's examples afford, we must never build on their foundations.

Followers, not imitators. "Take my path," the apostle says; "aim at the same glorious end that I seek; but let each one take his own pace, and make his own footsteps." Let us, then, return to Paul's condensed statement of his own spirit and ambition:—

"Even as I please all men, in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved. Be ye followers of me, in this manner—as I also am of Christ."

And first, you must by no means confound this great heart of the apostle with the miserable, intriguing deceptions of cunning men, and so deal with a kind of servile compliance, with flatteries of men, humoring their weaknesses, and their petty vanities, and gaining their favor not by making them better, but by craftily turning their weaknesses and their faults to your own advantage. This flattery and sycophantic obedience to men, and to customs, and to things worldly in their nature, is utterly detestable, as well as degrading. It is found in courts, and in all the places where men and weak men desire to attach themselves as parasites to great men.

This flattery of selfishness has no countenance in the apostle's example. It cannot be too bitterly denounced. No words can make it appear meaner than it really is. But no words can make the servitude of love as grand and as noble as it really is. When a true and honest man applies his whole force upon another's good, self-forgetting, and conscious only of the happiness which comes from another's benefit, can there be any spectacle nobler than this? There is nothing meaner than serving another man from sinister motives; and there is nothing nobler than serving another man for that other man's sake, or for the sake of love. God has made the soul of man to be the giver of a royal bounty; and we grow by giving, not by taking. No man ever has joy of himself alone.

Men are not music boxes, which, when wound up, carry their own players inside of them; but they are harps, which must be touched from without. Each man's heart, therefore, must be touched by other men. We are to touch other men's hearts. Other men's hearts are harps, and they must ring out all our chords. And the New Testament makes the serving of one another to be the means of our growth and exaltation. We are not, however, to serve others for the sake of ourselves—that would be a sin; but we are to serve them in a spirit of love, for their sake. To serve others through love, and for their own sake, is to raise ourselves toward the nature of God himself. And, thus, the same act becomes intensely base, or unrespectable and beautiful and sublime, as it springs from self-interest or from pure love.

Imagine an old, miserable, decrepit, wretched miser; and then imagine some comely servant, some expectant housekeeper, hovering about him to supply all his wants; petting him and lauding him; hearing all his gross abuses, and executing, with fond docility, his meanest demands, in a servile, servile hope of heaven, and of legacies; giving up her honest life to this mean service, because she expects thereby to prosper in worldly things. The soul revolts from the thought; and if there can be a distinction, the young and lively nurse is the baser of the two; but both are but reptiles coiled in a common slime of selfishness.

But turn, and behold another nurse. Here is a nurse that gives to the helpless babe her own life and life's blood. Her bosom is its cradle. Her sweet voice is its music, that hushes it to sleep, and soothes it while it is awake. She shelters it from cold, saves it from harm, and surrounds it with all her own being. Its cry puts her sleep at an end, at any hour of the night; its sickness puts all her pleasure aside; its smiles are her joy; its sorrows weep at her eyes; and her great heart throbs its little throbs of pain. This is her circle of life. The circle of the world, to her, is the circle which surrounds this little child. Rest, food, company, work, all things, are relative, with her, to this little being.

How grand is such a thing! Is it sublime to see a weak and trembling being pouring out its needs, and its reverence, and its love, before the One who only is supremely great? Yet it is transcendently more sublime to behold the infinitely great being pouring himself out, in love, before a poor, trembling, yearning creature—to behold him coming down, in his goodness, to lift up his degraded children. The ascent from weakness to strength is marvelous; but the descent from greatness toward weakness is more marvelous. How weakness can climb will never exhibit God, but how grandeur can condescend will.

Now, this is Paul's very figure—this figure of the nurse, which I have read to you. He compares himself to a nurse, when, in writing to the Thessalonian Church, he says to them:—

"Our exhortation was not of deceit, nor of uncleanliness, nor of guile; but as we were allowed of God to put in trust with the Gospel, even so we speak; not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts. For neither at any time used we flattering words, as ye know, nor a cloak of covetousness, as the Jews. Nor of men sought we glory, neither of praise, nor yet of others, where we might have been burdensome as the apostles of Christ, that we were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children. So, being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you, not the Gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us. For ye remember, brethren, our labor and travail; for laboring night and day, because we would not be chargeable unto any of you, we preached unto you the Gospel of God. Ye are witnesses, and God also, how homily, and justly, and unblameably we behaved ourselves among you that believe; as ye know how we exhorted, and comforted, and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children, that ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto his kingdom and glory."

We must, secondly, also put away from this passage any suggestion which may come from philosophy, that Paul derogates from the law of individuality where he commands, as here he does, that men should follow him in that example which was self-sinking and self-renouncing for the benefit and for the sake of others. "Even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit." He does not mean by this that he had no such thing at heart as self-care. He does not mean that he felt that he had no rights as an individual being. It is not a question here of what is required for the formation of a man. The question is this: Shall we be formed by the law by which he shall use himself? It is this: Being made, how am I to use myself? In this regard Paul declares nothing that is inconsistent with the law that every man must be central in himself, and that he has certain rights and certain self-duties which are not only useful to him, but indispensable to his very power of being.

When William H. Webb wishes to build a ship, he has the block of the continent and the world. He may use whatever kind of timber he chooses, or he may use oak, or cedar, or chestnut, or pine, or larch. He may get his materials from the north, the south, the east, or the west; and they may be mountain-grown or grown in the valley. After having gathered them to gether he may make his model, and then build his ship, stick by stick and plank by plank. When at last his ship is built, and launched, and all her rigging is set up, the question is, What shall she do? He may make her of what material he pleases, and may make her as shapely and as strong as he pleases; but when she is completed, and launched, what shall she do? Shall she rot, swaying at anchor; or shall she go out upon the ocean as a private merchantman; or shall she go coasting up and down the sea in search of pelts; or shall she bear at her mast-head the flag of her country, and bear upon her deck her country's cannon, and sail around and around the world, to ward and protect her country's craft, carrying, wherever she goes, the silent thunder of authority in the name of her government? This is the question?

And so, when men are being built, in academies and colleges, or in the great school of human life, they may build themselves liberally with whatever timber they choose; but when they are formed, the question is, What will you do with yourselves? The spirit of the world says, "Make your voyages for your own profit." The spirit of the Gospel says, "Go forth with the authority of God Almighty, to take care of the poor and the weak; to help the unfriended." The assertion of this noble championship and guardianship of man for man does not touch the philosophical principle of man's independence and individuality.

He takes pains to make this passage, because I have oftentimes seen it perverted. I have heard men ridicule this apostle, the latches of whose doors they were not worthy to unloose, saying that he was a subtle, managing, crafty, contriving, pliant man, going about, twisting himself into men's favor, in order to carry out his own selfish purposes. When men say this of Paul, it is because they have not moral integrity enough to understand his noble character, which elevated him far up above such meanness; it is because they do not understand what is the nobility of love, which only can go with impunity among things impure—which only can, by going down, rise still higher.

Having cleared the text from all these misconceptions, let me now say, thirdly and affirmatively, that Paul had a higher idea of man-form than ever was manifested in any other human being. He took the highest model for self-formation that any human being ever presented in this world, in the great movement of the age, as more precious to me than anything else. In this life, I count it so precious that my own worldly prosperity, my own ease, my own reputation, are as nothing, compared with it.

Do you suppose that the Huguenots crept into caves and the fastnesses of the mountains because they foresaw the endless glory which they should heap upon their names? No; they had no conception of the bright future which was to surround their memories for centuries after they should pass away from earth. They did as they did, because it was sweeter to them to go with the oppressed into the caves and mountains, to endure the pangs of hunger, to feel the pangs of fear, and to meet the violence of the sword, than to see that which they conceived to be right and true go down unheralded and unsupported.

I believe there were men in the days of the Covenanters who, if you could have taken up their lives and placed them by the side of God's cause, and called upon them to decide which should be sacrificed for the other, would not have hesitated one moment in deciding to give up their lives, any more than Moses hesitated in obeying the command of God to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt.

As wealth increases in the world, a kind of carping philosophy increases, and a self-refinement increases, which tend to take away from men all natural susceptibility to higher principles, and to make them seem like polished iron, and as dead as marble, as far as the better feelings of the heart are concerned. There grows up among men a great contempt for this sort of self-renunciation of which I have been speaking. There are men who say of those who endeavor to practice this Christian virtue, "Oh, they are crazy fanatics, who are carried away with their peculiar fancies, and who are chasing after bubbles; but men that have true and broad wisdom know very well that they are to take care of themselves and their households." There are thousands of men who say of those who are laboring for the cause of truth and justice, "They really care no more for the cause they advocate than other men."

There is no gentleness in their pretended devotion to it. They are as cold as steel, and as hard as iron. They do not make the pretensions that they do. They say that they say to keep up a kind of enthusiasm; and they do manage to create a sort of heart-life among men; but after all, they do not believe what they teach."

By the majority of the world the idea of a man giving his time, and energies, and means, to any object, for any purpose except that of promoting his own self-interest, is not entertained; by many it is ridiculed. There are men in this world, by the ten million, that do not believe in manhood. And why should they? They never saw it. There are multitudes of men that call themselves Christians, who never have a whit more Christianity than is compatible with the strongest selfishness—and that is no Christianity at all. They give up except as a means to their own ends. They are not to be despised, but they are not to be trusted. Their charities are all performed with a view to building up, in some way, their own personal interests.

Religion has come to be surrounded by so many guards and proprieties, and there are now so many things connected with it which give the idea that whatever is done to advance it is to bring back remuneration, by giving position, or respectability, or social comfort, or some other worldly good, that people do not believe that there is such a thing as a man's so setting his heart upon the success of the truth, that he can sincerely say, "God is my witness, that I love the progress of truth in this world, better than I love my own worldly prosperity." If necessary to this success, I am willing to be disgraced, to be despised, to be reviled, to be cast out of the pulpit, and give up my position in life, if I knew that thereby the world would be benefited—and I knew that thereby the cause of truth would be advanced, and men would be made better and happier."

I think there are times when you experience such a feeling in a small way. I should be ashamed to think that there were any of you that are surrounded by a family of children, who do not know something of this renunciation of self for the sake of others. How we are taught in the family—that best of churches on earth—those sweet dispositions and sacrifices of love which goodness need to be practiced on a large scale, to make goodness and happiness instead of evil and wretchedness preminant throughout the world.

Is there a mother who would not give her own life, to save the life of that daughter, whose slender frame grows more and more gaunt, and is almost ready to fly away, it is so frail? Is there not many a mother that, under such circumstances, would say, "I would cheerfully lay down my withering body, if I could thus but give youth and strength and life to her?" And is there not many a father who, when a son for whom he has toiled through long years, that he might give him the advantages of learning, has, after his education is completed, come home, crowned with honors, but bent with disease, from college, only soon to die—is there not many a father who, at such a time, would say, "God knows that he might be spared to lead a life of usefulness, but I would give up my own life, if I could thus save the life of that son, whose frame grows more and more gaunt, and is almost ready to fly away, it is so frail?"

Let me read from the fourth chapter of second Corinthians, beginning with the seventh verse. The apostle Paul, who put in treasure in earthly vessels, says, "I do not know about the treasure, but I am sure about the vessels; that is earthly enough. You are very soon made to know that what little you have of this heroic impulse, this loving power, is in an earthly vessel. We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that our mortal flesh by death might be made manifest in our mortal flesh. So, then, death worketh in us, life in you." Such was the spirit of the apostle.

Secondly, in application, I remark upon the tremendous moral power which comes from this self-renunciation, where it is true and continuous. Where it is such a love of good that it manifests itself in

of himself; no journey did he take for his own sake; no theological school did he build up; his object was not to hand a great name down to future generations. Nothing of this sort was there in the heart of Paul while he was fulfilling his glorious mission. He was not to the work of Christ for the sake of other men, that, to his own seeking, he might have well-nigh annihilated. There never was a man who gave so much, and yet kept so much; there never was a man who made himself so little, and yet was so great; there never was a man who so absolutely sacrificed himself, without giving up one particle of his individuality.

And not only this, but ever since Paul's career on earth, he has maintained an individuality and a power in the world, which the utmost ambition and toil have never brought to other men. The things for which other men toll the hardest, and to obtain which they are willing to die, are a name, and influence, and power; and after they have toiled for a lifetime to secure these things, they at last have to die without them. But these were the very things for which Paul cared the least, and he was the least selfish man that ever lived, and yet, came to any other man. In him has been fulfilled the divine promise, "He that loveth his life for my sake, shall find it." Paul was willing to give up his life. He lost it; and kept it. He sacrificed himself, and thus became ten thousand times mightier in himself than he ever was before.

I suppose there never was a man equal to Paul—not even Moses. When I discourse about Moses I am sure that he is the greatest man that ever lived; and when I discourse about Paul, I know that he is the greatest man that ever lived. Let these two men stand side by side. They are fit brothers, the one as a representative of the new dispensation; the other as a representative of the new era; the one a leader in the reign of muscle; the other a leader in the reign of spirit. These two men stand head and shoulders above other men that ever lived since the time of Christ. Indeed, they are more than all the other men that have lived since that time, throwing in even the prophets.

In view of this exposition, let me say, first, there is such a thing as living for a principle; there is such a thing as living for a cause; there is such a thing as living for our fellow men, in such a way as not to connect or couple our own selfish individuality with what we do; there is such a thing as being so in sympathy with God, and with the cause of God, as represented in this world in the Church, or in the great movements of Divine Providence, that a man may look upon these things as his own, and count the success of this cause of God, as represented in this world, in the great movement of the age, as more precious to me than anything else.

Do you suppose that the Huguenots crept into caves and the fastnesses of the mountains because they foresaw the endless glory which they should heap upon their names? No; they had no conception of the bright future which was to surround their memories for centuries after they should pass away from earth. They did as they did, because it was sweeter to them to go with the oppressed into the caves and mountains, to endure the pangs of hunger, to feel the pangs of fear, and to meet the violence of the sword, than to see that which they conceived to be right and true go down unheralded and unsupported.

I believe there were men in the days of the Covenanters who, if you could have taken up their lives and placed them by the side of God's cause, and called upon them to decide which should be sacrificed for the other, would not have hesitated one moment in deciding to give up their lives, any more than Moses hesitated in obeying the command of God to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt.

As wealth increases in the world, a kind of carping philosophy increases, and a self-refinement increases, which tend to take away from men all natural susceptibility to higher principles, and to make them seem like polished iron, and as dead as marble, as far as the better feelings of the heart are concerned. There grows up among men a great contempt for this sort of self-renunciation of which I have been speaking. There are men who say of those who endeavor to practice this Christian virtue, "Oh, they are crazy fanatics, who are carried away with their peculiar fancies, and who are chasing after bubbles; but men that have true and broad wisdom know very well that they are to take care of themselves and their households." There are thousands of men who say of those who are laboring for the cause of truth and justice, "They really care no more for the cause they advocate than other men."

There is no gentleness in their pretended devotion to it. They are as cold as steel, and as hard as iron. They do not make the pretensions that they do. They say that they say to keep up a kind of enthusiasm; and they do manage to create a sort of heart-life among men; but after all, they do not believe what they teach."

By the majority of the world the idea of a man giving his time, and energies, and means, to any object, for any purpose except that of promoting his own self-interest, is not entertained; by many it is ridiculed. There are men in this world, by the ten million, that do not believe in manhood. And why should they? They never saw it. There are multitudes of men that call themselves Christians, who never have a whit more Christianity than is compatible with the strongest selfishness—and that is no Christianity at all. They give up except as a means to their own ends. They are not to be despised, but they are not to be trusted. Their charities are all performed with a view to building up, in some way, their own personal interests.

Religion has come to be surrounded by so many guards and proprieties, and there are now so many things connected with it which give the idea that whatever is done to advance it is to bring back remuneration, by giving position, or respectability, or social comfort, or some other worldly good, that people do not believe that there is such a thing as a man's so setting his heart upon the success of the truth, that he can sincerely say, "God is my witness, that I love the progress of truth in this world, better than I love my own worldly prosperity." If necessary to this success, I am willing to be disgraced, to be despised, to be reviled, to be cast out of the pulpit, and give up my position in life, if I knew that thereby the world would be benefited—and I knew that thereby the cause of truth would be advanced, and men would be made better and happier."

I think there are times when you experience such a feeling in a small way. I should be ashamed to think that there were any of you that are surrounded by a family of children, who do not know something of this renunciation of self for the sake of others. How we are taught in the family—that best of churches on earth—those sweet dispositions and sacrifices of love which goodness need to be practiced on a large scale, to make goodness and happiness instead of evil and wretchedness preminant throughout the world.

Is there a mother who would not give her own life, to save the life of that daughter, whose slender frame grows more and more gaunt, and is almost ready to fly away, it is so frail? Is there not many a mother that, under such circumstances, would say, "I would cheerfully lay down my withering body, if I could thus but give youth and strength and life to her?" And is there not many a father who, when a son for whom he has toiled through long years, that he might give him the advantages of learning, has, after his education is completed, come home, crowned with honors, but bent with disease, from college, only soon to die—is there not many a father who, at such a time, would say, "God knows that he might be spared to lead a life of usefulness, but I would give up my own life, if I could thus save the life of that son, whose slender frame grows more and more gaunt, and is almost ready to fly away, it is so frail?"

Let me read from the fourth chapter of second Corinthians, beginning with the seventh verse. The apostle Paul, who put in treasure in earthly vessels, says, "I do not know about the treasure, but I am sure about the vessels; that is earthly enough. You are very soon made to know that what little you have of this heroic impulse, this loving power, is in an earthly vessel. We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that our mortal flesh by death might be made manifest in our mortal flesh. So, then, death worketh in us, life in you." Such was the spirit of the apostle.

Secondly, in application, I remark upon the tremendous moral power which comes from this self-renunciation, where it is true and continuous. Where it is such a love of good that it manifests itself in

great selfishness, leading a man to yield himself up for the sake of that good, it is real. When a man is willing to become nothing in this higher realm of life, from that moment his power begins.

Let me read, in this connection, a few words from the tenth chapter of Matthew. They need an interpretation not only in every age, but in every hour of the day. They are these: "He that loveth father and mother, more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me. And he that taketh his life, shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it."

This may include actual death, but only in the extreme cases. The meaning of this passage is plainly this—that when a man sees a thing to be right, he shall take his stand in favor of it, and say, "I will not budge nor flinch." If, when a man takes such a stand, men say to him, "You are to abandon that position or we will crush you," he says, "Crush," if there is morality in his dying under such circumstances. If a man sees that a cause in this world which rich men hate, and powerful men despise, is a righteous cause, and he espouses it, and throws his life into it; if when he sends say to him, "You have lost, you have lost," he says, "I am glad to lose with Christ, and this is his cause, and though other men may not believe it to be such, yet I embrace it, and here I will stand; if when they say to him, 'If you do stand there you will walk out of refined society, and you will have no place, no influence, no power, among men,' he says, 'I will walk out; I will follow Christ, I will stand by him wherever he goes in this world, and I do not count myself worth a thought as compared with his cause, and it matters not if men roll my name about in slanderous reports, as a boy would roll a foot-ball down a dirty street, so long as the cause of God succeeds.'"

If a man takes this course under such circumstances, Christ says to him, "You never shall venture your life for that which is right and lose it."

For every man who sees a thing to be right, and stands up for it, and makes a stand, then, "I am a devil damned," and he will destroy more souls than any fiend in hell. When you see a thing to be right, and true, and noble, embrace it at once, and do not stop to ask, "What will be the consequences?" "Will it be prudent?" A man's life is gone the moment he undertakes to save it under such circumstances as that. Men hesitate to favor the right because they want to save their influence, and by that very act they lose their influence, because nobody will place confidence in a man after he has demeaned himself in such a way.

Do you not know that old Putnam need not have dashed down that rocky precipice on horseback, with sword and carbine, after him? He need not have crept into the cave where the wolf was hiding, and set with the wolf's eyes while he snared his gun at his head. He might have sat at home, and avoided risking his life in this manner; but would he have had so much confidence in his valor? It was because peril was sweeter to him than security, and wherever there was a danger to be met, he was the first to meet it. His daring exploits taught men to regard him as a stalwart old yeoman, fit to lead where men were to be led. But,

He that fights and runs away,
Shall live to run another day.

Thirdly—Let me speak more pointedly on the subject of the secret of influence among men. I think there are few persons in this world, with any degree of vigor and enthusiasm, who do not in the beginning of life, set out upon the right road; and there is probably not one in twenty of those that take the right road in the beginning, who knows how to keep it to the end. When a man begins in life, he has nothing—he has neither reputation, nor place, nor influence; but if he is right, he is right in good things, and under ordinary circumstances, moves along in the right direction, until he gains position and power; after which he is very liable to be more or less actuated by sinister motives.

We will imagine a case of the young minister, as I may be supposed to be more conversant with my own profession than with any other calling. When his tongue is set loose, by Synod or Council, and he begins to preach, his first thought usually is—and it always ought to be—"How shall I take the truth of the Gospel, and make the hearts of men tingle with it?" At the commencement of his public career, he has nothing to lose, but everything to gain; so he preaches with directness; and if he sets up opposition, he is rather pleased, for he thinks it a new situation. "Now I have come to a place of influence and power. Who would have thought that in so short a time I could have risen to such a position? I am scarcely twenty-five years of age, and there is not a better church in the whole country than this to which I have been called." And when he looks around the great building, and sees the fine congregation, and listens to the stately music, he says, "Now that I am brought to a place of such great responsibility, it is meet that I should be very humble." Men, you know, hold up their heads as high as a gibbon, when they are going to be humble. He is as proud as he can be; he would not have thought about being humble if it had not been for his pride. He says to himself, "I must not imperil what I have gained. I have an influence, and I must see to it that I do not lose it." So now when he preaches the Gospel, he preaches for the purpose of keeping his influence. His Gospel is turned around, and it is running into his own selfishness. His motto has become, Keep what you have got, and get more if you can. He writes less pointed sermons, and takes more counsel of worldly ways of doing things.

What gave him influence and power was the fact that his only care was to faithfully discharge the duties of his sacred office. The great object of his life was to advance the cause of Christ. It was his business to declare the whole counsel of God to men, and it was his business to look after the consequences. It was his business to lay the truth before them in such plain terms that they could not help comprehending it, and it was his business to receive it and practice it. It was his business to preach the Gospel without reserve, and if his congregation did not like it as he preached it, the door of the church was as large as it was to go out at as it was for them to come in, and it was as easy for them to go away as it was for them to come.

A minister's business is to love his people till he does not fear them, and to preach to them in such a way that they can have no more doubt about what he means, than the Swiss has about what is coming, when he hears the avalanche moving above his head. The truth should roll from his lips like the thunders from Mount Sinai, or like the message from Mount Calvary. The moment that a man loses his independence, so that before he utters a truth he must be sure that it will not hurt his back, or his arm, or his head, he is lost. He is no longer a minister; he is a man who preaches the Gospel without a side look, and never dares to say a bold thing without clothing it, and limiting it, and modifying it.

I would rather be a nobody, and have no character and no responsibility, than to be one of those miserable, truckling men in God's service, who are forever watching their influence, for fear they shall lose it. Suppose you should see a man going up and down some street, and you should ask him why he did it, and he should say, "God has committed to me the responsibility of a shadow, and I am taking care that I do not lose my shadow!" Every now and then, as he goes along, he catches it on the objects that lie in his path, and at last it fills a corner, and is gone. It is very plain to every man who looks at the object of their life to retain their influence. After they have taken a great deal of trouble to watch it, it leaves them altogether. A man's influence may be said to be the shadow which his mind casts, and you might as well look after your bodily shadow as your mental shadow.

If you have courage, and love, and zeal, and you are true to the right, you need not be afraid that you will not have a field to work in. As a general rule, the men who talk most about the Gospel, and prate most about the apostles, are the very men to do the cowardly things which I have just been denouncing.

How very few men there are who understand and exemplify this great law of self-renunciation for the sake of others; who see the law of loss to be the sure law of gain; who regard the law of dying as the inevitable law of living; and who think there are very few men who look at this subject in the light of philosophy, and say to themselves, that rashness is safety; oftentimes that courage is the best caution; that a positive, out-facing, fearless way of living, is the safest conceivable way of living. How many men in churches profess to stand

on this ground, saying, "This church is nothing compared with the cause of truth, and it would be better that it should be dashed into ten thousand pieces on account of upholding a principle, than that it should be made great and strong on account of denying Christ, even by the least act;" yet, how many ten thousand times, in your day and in mine, is "the peace of the Church" urged as an excuse for her not performing certain of her duties. As if the Church were of any account, except as an instrument; as if it were anything but a cannon-ball which had just fired out of the cannon, and whose business is to bound and rebound through the world, without regard to its own preservation, but in such a way as to do the most execution in the great battle against sin in which it is employed. "Think of a cannon-ball, whose only cure was that it might not get bruised! What kind of missile would that be? Churches, I repeat, are but instruments of God. They are swords in his hand for the accomplishment of his great purposes; and if, when he goes forth to wield them, they stick in the sheath, so that he cannot get them out, how much value do you suppose he places upon them? Nine out of ten of the churches in the world are not only swords that stick in the sheath, but they are so rusted that if you could get them out, they would be good for nothing. In the Church, then, this law of self-renunciation for the sake of others is far from being well understood."

If you look at the benevolent institutions in this world, you shall find that their idea of duty is limited to the preservation of their own organization. I have said some severe words in respect to some of them, because I felt that though they might not be infidel to the letter, yet they were infidel to the spirit of the Scriptures, and because I think the Church is in danger of being the greatest infidel. When I see benevolent institutions performing the wickedest deeds under the name of piety; when I see them putting in the place of love, selfishness; when I see them putting in the place of Christ, base policy; when I see them pervert the Gospel that they maintain their organization, and build themselves up, I cannot but feel that they are rotten with infidelity.

I think that if two or three churches in New York should set their face to the accomplishment of some moral end, and in doing it they should be broken all to shatters, on the rock of principle, they would exert a more powerful influence for good than would be exerted by any ten churches that should maintain their organization.

Do you not know that when Dudley Tyng died like Samson, he slew more than he had slain during all his life before? Do you not know that Christ achieved his greatest victory when he died upon the cross? Do you not know that the way for men to build themselves up is to be ground to powder? Do you not know that that association, or society, or church, that, instead of being guided by principle, seeks to do good, to save itself, cannot do good; while that association, or society, or church, that cherishes to principle, and shrinks from no danger, is sure to triumph in the end? We must begin at original principles. Men are more heathen now than they were before the Gospel came. There is no vandalism like that of willing corruption, or like that which arrays itself in refinements, and literature, and learning. Although men devour French novels and literature, and worldly reading in general, they themselves often exemplify a worse spirit than is inculcated in these things—namely, a want of fidelity to God, and of righteous dealing toward the poor, the weak, and the despised in this world.

But let us see what the issues of things have been. When I look back over the scenes enacted upon Calvary, I cannot but feel that I cannot see one general; I cannot see one imperial army; I cannot see one renowned statesman; I cannot see one wise diplomatist—these are all sunk down from view. And yet, I see many heads lifted up. They are heads of men that were condemned to hang upon the gallows, or to suffer in dungeons. They are the only heads I can see, except the heads of some despised preachers, who were cast out and rejected. These are the men that stand up monumental in the past.

When you take the measure of things, and draw deductions, you find to be true just what God teaches you in the Bible—that those who for the right will perish, shall be saved; while those who for the right refuse to serve God, but mean to serve themselves, shall go down and perish. Let us, then, judge the future by the past, and remember that they who stand up, shall stand; the fearless, faithful, and self-sacrificing, doing that which is right, and leaving to God the result of their conduct.

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