VOL. V.

BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY, ? Publishers.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, Payable in Advance.

NO. 11.

THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS Of Revs. EDWIN H. CHAPIN and HENRY WARD BEECHER are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.

#### EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning. May 29th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE DANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURR AND LOND

Text:-And when he came to himself he said, how many hird servants of my Father's have bread enough and to spare and I perish with hunger.—Luke xx, 17.

Recalling your attention from time to time to this suggestive purable of the prodigal son, for I can never exhaust it, I ask you in this discourse to consider the truth especially presented in these words—"and when he came to himself." How wonderful is the condensahe came to himself." How wonderful is the condensa-tion of these New Testament narratives. What im-mense realities are contained in the few brief sentences. The poor prodigal! It is a short story; and yet with what a pregnant suggestion is it pointed. We have no rags, and husks and swine, do not in themselves furnish the special suggestion to which I allude. They are merely accessories and symbols. But we find that suggestion in the words of the text—and when he came to himself." Now, whatever may have been the immediate application of this parable, as it fell from and a more primal goodness.
the lips of the Saviour, we cannot doubt that in its People do not know themselves. I spokemere last primary significance it relates to all men, to you and to me. It is useless to give it any narrower interpre-tation than this. It applies to all mon, not in any general sense, but in their individual relations and characteristics. Undoubtedly it well illustrates the relative positions of the Jew and the Gentile in the time of Christ. But it illustrates much more than this. It illustrates the general fact of which they were only special instances. To in st upon this limitation would involve many incongruities. In short, as has been said by another. The parable grasps central truths of which the Jew and Gentile were, in their retruins of which the Jew and Gentile were, in their relations, illustrations." Among which central truths, my friends, I say once more, let us consider the application to men in our day, and let us consider the application to ourselves, of these words of the text—and when he came to himself."

These words indicate the spiritual condition of every man who turns from a life of sin to repentance and to God. And the first thing which I wish to say concerning them is, that they furnish testimony respecting our nature; they furnish testimony respecting human nature. On the one hand you will observe that this crisis in the state of the prodigal does not support a more development theory. It does not support the a mere development theory. It does not support the idea that men grow steadily up into holiness and righteousness, without a break and without a reversion. To be sure, we may say that the extreme debasement and violent sin of the younger son in the parable do not strictly represent the moral situation of every man. All men are not unnatural sons; all men are not dissipated, profane, licentious, riotous livers, breaking away from paternal restraints, going off into a far country, and coming at last to the abject wretchedness of the husks and the swine. Some men seem to grow up moral; to be religious from the very outset. And it may be difficult to find the precise point in their lives where, by any marked change, they turned from the downward career of evil to the upward course of good. I do not dispute this statement. I believe there are many men who have no single, sharp, tremendous crisis in their lives, no conscious shock of supernatural influences, instantaneously impelling them from a state it is called. I do not of sin to a state of grace, as it is called. I do not know that any man has a right to look for any such know that any man has a right to look for any such crisis, or to demand it of others as an evidence of their Christian character. I am sure of one thing; I am sure we have no right to limit the working of the spirit of God Almighty, or the methods of his communication with the human soul. But yet this is done, and it is the great fault I flut with the common theaters. it is the great fault I find with the common theology. that it is to be presumed that God can come in contact with the human soul only in one way and in no other. And the free spirit of an infinite God is to be limited

things.

I repeat, if that contact of God with man has really taken place, who has a right to deny it because it has not taken place in his preconceived way, and cannot be described in the terms of his theological vocabulary? This is that substitution of theology for religion which is the bane of the Christian world, and is the occasion of incalculable evil. Nor is any man justified in wait ing for any such sharp, conscious crists. He knows the condition of his own soul. He knows whether he is hungering and thirsting after righteousness. He knows whether his heart is crying out after the living God whether his heart is crying out after the living God. That hunger, that thirst, that carnest desire, are they not in themselves evidences of a divino Inspiration? And what is he to do but simply to follow the impulse And what is he to do but simply to follow the impulse which they give? And so you, my friend, desiring to be righteous, wishing to be a Christian, yet waiting for some most remarkable change before you enter into that state—are you desirous for righteousness? Then that state—are you desirous for rightcousness? Then go on after rightcousness. Do you want the living God? Then go on seeking the living God, not waiting for anything. Proceed: move forward; that is the Christian life; not waiting for this sharp, great, peculiar change. And I say that some, perhaps, have no consciousness of any other condition but this; have no consciousness but that they have always striven for what seemed to them best and purest; have always cuwhat seemed to them best and purest; have always en

to these little theological conduits. By thus doing, by

shutting up this divine operation to a definite procedure, and especially by enfolding it in mysterious, technical phraseology, who can tell the harm that is

about the entire subject of religion, hindering the substance by adherence to forms, and setting words before

Who can measure the unreality that gathers

deavored to rise higher and higher in the Divine life, to meet the demands of the Divine law. And yet is it the case that any man, however smooth his life may have run, so to speak, however correct his moral example may have been, and whatever may have been the depth of his religious feelings—is it the case with any man that his growth in the Divine life has been a steady growth, just as the plants and flowers are growing to-day by the influence of the dew and the rain and the sunshine? Has he grown up, I ask, with-out a break, with no retrograde movement in his life. with no retrograde influence at all, no baulk and no struggle? Has there been no time when the world be-came real to him, so to speak; when God and Heaven and truth and duty became great realities to him; when that at though he had lived in a kind of maze or that will respond to moral appeals. dream, which had suddenly broken away, and left him man so far gone in any vice, we never standing face to face with immense facts? Has there been no such time in his life? Has there never been a and downward course, struggling and panting for the and downward course, struggling and paneling for the depths of that man's nature that would respond to great poward tendency and the right course? There is nothing supernatural in that, according to his idea, though I believe the Divine influences are working upon us continually, and are supernatural. But having ho conscious shock in his nature, but knowing that at such a time he did deliberately turn from the cvil and strive supernatural time he did deliberately turn from the cvil and strive supposes man to be capable of judging of right and story the great was all the inventous therein we have not used the transfer the appeals. after the good. I think this is the case with everybody. wrong.

And therefore I say that it is not a mere development theory which is supported by the language in the toxt. Our nature does not steadily grow np without a break, without an interruption. In every man, in one way or another, more or less marked, there is something that is akin to that experience in the life of the prodi-

gal. This on the one hand.

Then I say, on the other hand, that the illustration in the text renders no support to the doctrine of total deprayity. You see this is a self-recovering which is depravity. You see this is a self-recovering which is described by Christ in the chapter before us—a self-recovering; it is a "coming to himself" that marks the peculiarity of the prodigal's career here. Now can we suppose that when he "came to himself" he came back to a condition of total depravity? Just look at the matter a moment. I dwell upon this doctrine because I think it is a paralyzing doctrine in all spiritual progress, and in all real religious life. And I ask you to take the matter up independent of all theologies and of all prejudices, and ask yourself—did the prodigal come back to total depravity "when he came to himself?" As I said in the commencement, this is an illustration of the moral condition of every man, not of tion of these New Testament narratives. What immense realities are contained in the few brief sentences. The poor prodigal I It is a short story; and yet with what a pregnant suggestion is it pointed. We bave no details of that wasteful and simul career. We are simply told that he went into a far country and spent all he had in rictous living. We catch only an imaginary glimpse of him in that round of dissipation. The transient light of sensuous enjoyment flickers upon him through those circling wine cups, and those mazes of temptation; and then he appears before us a poor descrted creature, clothed in rags, and glad to share the food of swine. How changed from the flushed and willful boy who demanded his partimony, and in his Impatience to see the world hardly waited for the Impatience to see the world hardly waited for the as well as a primal evil. I say that good is primal, father's blessings that fell with the father's tears upon and is deeper than the evil; just as goodness lies his head. But all this outward wretchedness, all these around all the phenomena of nature and all the realities of the universe. Whatever may be their forms or substances, cvil is euclosed by broader and more comprehensive goodness. Inasmuch as the Infinite God is in himself good, so in human nature in all its forms, and with all the substances of evil, there is p-deeper

> People do not know themselves. I spokemere inst Sunday of the ignorance which we have in regard to other people, of the difficulty of knowing other people, of the difficulty of stripping off this concentric, this many-folded humanity, and finding the real essence and substance of that humanity in individual hearts. I say now that people do not know what is in them-selves, much less what is in other men. I say that there are hundreds and thousands living without knowing what they are it for and what they are placed in the world for; living in a maze of ignorance, in a strange lack of self-consciousness, drifting about here and there, pursuing this thing and that thing, not knowing themselves. My friends, it is but a trite thing to say; but it is also an impressive and suggestive thing, to say that we are capable of more good and more evil than we may suppose until it is called out by

some emergency.

There are veins of good and evil that lie unexplored in the nature of any man, until their latent force is clicited by some shock of circumstances. Let no man in this uncertain and trying life dare to say what he will not or what he cannot do. He cannot tell what some sudden pressure may call forth. Temptation—remember it well—will not come at the point where you expect it, where you are armed for it, and prepared to meet it. Then it would not be temptation. But it meet it. Then it would not be temptation. But it will come where we are vulnerable, and with a force that we cannot calculate beforehand. We know not what capacity there is in us for evil. That ought to make a man tremble. But it is better and more encouraging to know also that we do not know what en-pacity there is in us for good. Underlying the evil, I repeat, deeper and more primal than the evil, there is ome spring in our nature that may be quickened to the some spring in our nature that may be quiescened to core noblest issues. In seasons of sorrow, in hours of sacri-fice, how often has some great thing been done which has greatly astonished the world and those who did it. Woman, gentle and thind, seemingly fitted only for the soft air of prosperity and the sanctities of home, when affliction has darkened around her, and when the deep love in her bosom is aroused, how has she arisen and gone forth, daring all perils, making all sacrifices, clinging to the last shattered hope, shaming the intrepidity of heroes, and emulating the fortitude of mar-How often, too, in some rough, ill-trained spirit, have we been surprised by some manifestation of a bright humanity. How often from some unexpected corner has some great virtue sparkled forth, shedding light upon the surrounding wickedness and wo. Yes, this is a common expression. When we fall into a misanthropic mood, and begin to be suspicious of humanity—very often only because they happen to rub against ourselves rather roughly—something of that kind breaks out, and we sny, Well, there is something good in human nature after all." And so there is, and the doctrine that says there is not, is not based upon God's truth or upon facts. This mysterious human nature, we do not know its depths, its springs. Its hidden and far-reaching relations, until we turn from these superficial dealings of life, these externals of life, and come to ourselves. Then the very point by which you can affect a man, the very point by which you can bring him to a sense of his real condition, is to show him that in him there is a better nature to which he is doing violence and shame. Now does this foster the pride of human nature, or as some people call it, foster the dignity of human nature? Some people have found great fault with Channing's doctrine of human

nature, that it makes too much of man, makes him too much of a demigod. I do not think you can make too much of a man's abilities when you consider the corelative fact of his responsibilities. I do not think you can make too much of a man's gifts when you consider the other fact of the uses which he makes of his gifts. As I have often said, a man need feel no fear, need have no care, if the doctrine of total depravity is true, for he cannot help himself; he is locked up, he is fastened down, he has no ability to do better. Why should he care about re-sponsibilities? Why should be care about uses? But a deep sense of guilt is excited when a man teers that he has wasted powers, that he has misused gifts, that he has had the ability to do this and has done exactly otherwise. There is the incitement to repentance; there is the pang and the sting of guilt. There is no evangelical power in the doctrine of total depravity when you bring it down to its clear logical results. The prodigal in all his misery did not accuse somebody else; he did not accuse his father; he did not accuse the devil; but he accuse thinself. He saw that he had brought that misery upon himself. He had known better; but he had taken his patrimony, and had gone of his own free will among the husks and the swine. All the could say was, "I have sinned; I have sinned; I deep sense of guilt is excited when a man feels that he could say was, "I have sinned; I have sinned; I have musted powers; I have abused opportunities; but I will arise and go to my father." He had brought his miscries upon himself. Men may theorise as they please; yet practically they acknowledge this truth—that there is in human nature something deeper and better than sin, or, than the mere mask of evil with which our faculties are often covered up. There is something in human nature—and we all acknowledge it spontaneously, we all acknowledge it practically man so far gone in any vice, we never see a man so far gone in any crime, that we do not at least hope that we could reach him, and believe that we might reach him. when his soul has turned from the evil tendency that we did not believe that there is some pulse in the depths of that man's nature that would respond to great

We may get up all the ingenious theories we

constantly address something in man that apprehends and sympathizes with truth and with goodness, which with it. But a great many things show that it goes will find out if you will come to yourself, right against our nature. It liks us out of it and puts And finally, my friends, from the parable before us I us upon a new track, and driver us to a new end. And draw this point, that when a man comes to himself he draw this point, that when a man comes to himself he yet it is none the less true we will find something in our nature to respond to it; some elemental goodness that has never died out. And this itself is a refutation of the idea that man stands before you a mere mass of total depravity. Religion finds something, Christ finds and deep that is worth saving. Oh! jewel of God Almighty, trampled in the mire, but still worth finding. Oh! scarred coin, with the divine image and superscription, blasted by the fin and among the lost, yet worth finding. Oh! lost predigal amid the hasks and the swine. Oh! poor, degraded, corrupted and sinful human nature; not totally corrupted, not totally depraved, still worth finding, worth saving; this is the testimony which the parable gives concerning human in proportion as they did so, he came to himself. And lepraved, still worth linding, worth saving; this is the testimony which the parable gives concerning human

The next point which I gather from the text, is the great evil of sin. It comes to us in the guise of a kind of good, and we think it is good, but we get miserably deceived by it. Considered in relation to our true capacity, considered in relation to our highest welfare, considered in relation to what we should be, and what we essentially are, all sin, even the most stupendous sin, is nothing but husks and swine. It has impressed upon us the monstrous fallacy that there is something good in it, while it is intrinsically bad. There is the wonderful work of sin in the world, that men look upon that as good which is intrinsically bad.

is evil, and no law makes it more so. Good is good as essentially as the nature of God. Could we escape from the clear and awful light that burns forever around the tables of the decalogue; could we stray beyond the utterances of Christ's moral precepts; could we fly to the twilight confines of the universe, unless we could get outside of our own spiritual nature, unless we could get beyond our own humanity, unless we could quench all its aspirations, and stiffe its demands, we cannot get beyond the intrinsic ovil of sin; forever from these aspirations and these demands, the divine law would e-enact itself. For it is not an arbitrary, but a necesre-enact itself. For it is not an arbitrary, but a necessary law. But to suppose that there is any real good in sin, there is the greatest of deceptions. And yet I say, could we analyze the character of sinfulness, could we radically get at the solution of the problem—why do men sin?—why do they act as they do?—we should find them acting under this mistaken idea that there is good in sin, and we should find that the basis of that idea was ignorance of their own nature. All sin, remember—I am speaking of it in its relation to men, not of the sinfulness of sin exactly, but of the clusivenot of the sinteness of sin exactly, but of the emisters of sin—and I say that all sin is a mighty delusion; it is the insanity of the moral universe. And yet we hug it to our hearts, and cherish it in our bosoms, and we are entangled in its deciful allurements—and we wander abroad, the poorest and basest of us, with some sorrow has this effect; it brings men to see themselves Death, the awful mystery in which we look when a friend has vanished, makes us ask if there is not something higher and better, something nobler within our-selves, something beyond the evanescent troubles of dim consciousness of better things. . There is something in man that protests against that which he does, that speaks out feebly, like the voice of reason in the lucid intervals of the insane. He has a sense of its incongruity, which wakes up at times; and that is the most terrible of the things in an evil man's life, that waking up for a moment to a sense of the highest good that has gone forever from him in the hour of tempta-

tion and in his degradation.

I remember hearing a gentleman tell of meeting, under very sad circumstances, an old college compa-nion, a man of bright talents and of great promise when he was a young man. He lay upon a cellar door in the city of Baltimore almost dead drunk. And, as he looked at him, the poor inebriate began to recognize him, and with that recognition, this very kind of lucid interval of which I have spoken came upon him, that you have something yet to boast of, something to waking him up to a sense of better things, and he turned to him and said: "Ah, Tom; sic transit gloria mundi." This might have sounded ludicrous to a mere stranger, to a mere passer-by, but it was very mourful to him, this "passing away of the glories of Christianity has this effect; it brings humanity to ithe word." To something to the word the word, to the least, to the lowest, to the meanest, to the most debased, and says, "This is a meanest to the most debased, and says, "This is a brother, this is worth something." To one who could get into the very heart and soul of that man, it was very melancholy to see how the glory of the world had passed away from him

please about human capacity to comprehend the infi-nite, or to pass in judgment upon the manifestations of God. Yet Christianity acknowledges that capacity. Christ appeals to his works as an evidence of his divine truth and authenticity: "The works I do," he says, "they bear witness of him that sont me." He and Paul God's law, and of man's law, sometimes begins to feel are wandering in a strange illusion. The poor drunk-ard felt it. The profligate, with all his boastfulness, with his hard effrontery, with his daring breaking of God's law, and of man's law, sometimes begins to feel what a mean condition he is in. The young man feels it; he spurned all restraint just as the prodigal did; but the west it a good thin to have high life for leave and sympathizes with truth and with goodness, which they set forth. Not by any means that I hold the idea that religion is simply that which is in accordance with our nature;—that is another thing. I say that the Christian religion addresses our nature, flads a response to its claims, finds some sympathy within us for its truth and goodness. But it is not in accordance with our nature; for upon this ground is based the skeptic's doctrine that religion is simply the effect of human dispositions and constitutions. They tell us that place man in one set of circumstances and he will have one kind of religion; put him in another set of circumstances and you will find another kind of religion corresponding to those circumstances. They say you will find the religion of the Scandinavian a very different thing from the religion of the Hottentot; and just as men are placed upon the globe you will see them great circumstances which may produce some-effect. But the fact of it is, when you consider the real work. great circumstances which may produce some-effect. subout finding the lost. There is nothing in the New But the fact of it is, when you consider the real workings of religion, you will find it going not according to the tendencies of human nature, but going against the grain of man's nature. And so the Apostle Paul, whom we know as a charitable man, was he a large, liberal-minded, comprehensive man originally, when he twist as a Pharisee of the Pharisees, leading the persecuting hosts at the heels of the Christians clear to Damas, cus? Not at all. He was originally as harsh and cus? Not at all. He was originally as harsh and sharp a bigot as you will find in any Christian church of the present day. But look at the change! Christianity came to him, and the sharp, bigoted man became the loving apostle. He who was so zealous for persecution, breathes now that beadtiful chapter upon charity from which I prenched last Sunday morning. The entire current and tone of his nature was changed. Something has gone against it, and not with it. No, there is no support in the deep sense of the idea that Something has gone against if, and not with it. No. It is none the less the fact. Oh, man, whatever the there is no support in the deep sense of the idea that sin you hug up, whatever the sin you delight in and religion is molded by our nature, and is in accordance glory in now, that it is a tremendous delusion, as you

in proportion as they did so, he came to himself. And then it was when the hand of affliction had stripped The next point which I gather from the text, is the clusiveness of sin. I speak, of course, of sin in one uspect now, not as against God, but as existing in mories began to steal over his soul like fresh breathaspect now, not as against God, but as existing in man. I do not speak of it in the character which it presents to us as that which alienates us from infinite goodness—although, when you view it in this aspect, it is dark and malignant enough. I do not speak of that character which relates to our acting against in finite goodness. I speak of it in another character. I speak of it in its relation to ourselves. And here I say that all sin is illusion. It is not merely alienation from God, but alienation from our own etter selves. It is to our better selves I have referred under another head. And here is anothef point that shows me that man is not entirely out of the way. No man loves sin merely because it is sin—merely because he knows it is opposition to God's law. No man sees God in his character, and sin in its character, and says, 'I will take sin in preference, just because it is sin, intrinsically and for itself." No; men prefer sin, men love sin, because in some way or another they have entertained the delusion that it is good. They love it as pleasure: they love it as self-gratification; they love it as power. And here is the great mistake; here is the great evil of sin. It comes to us in the guise of a kind great and which the great point to be reached and what here is one great point. People seem to think that the great point to be reached and and when the form the consequences of his kin. And there is one great point. People seem to think that the great point to be reached in a religious life is to be freed from the consequences of our sin, and the claim made for the popular religion is, that it makes such a tremendous stir about the con sequences of sin, and shows the sinner the terribl results of what is going to come to him on account of his sin. But that is not what the man who really comes to himself most feels; he knows that he mus suffer; that suffering and sin are linked together by the inevitable laws of cause and effect. It is not the consequences of his sin that he is most afraid of; but it is How do men look upon these matters in relation to this primal point? Why, they view God's law against sin as an arbitrary law. They think that the law of God alone, the uttered law of God, creates good and evil, creates them by enactment. They say here are the consequences of sin! As though that were the evil, creates them by enactment. They say here are two courses of conduct; if there was no law in regard to them, they would be indifferent courses of conduct. But one is made good, and another is made evil by the enactment itself. Whereas the law grows out of the intrinsic difference between these two principles. Evil is evil, and no law makes it more so. Good is good as essentially as the nature of God. the vast, spacious ether, seeing all these glories of God's universe, says, "What am I in all this great universe? whither am I bound?" This thought may move him to a change, and it is just as authentic and this result. Great blessings produce this same result with some men. A man is rescued from a great danger, is raised up from a bed of sickness, and his life is spared to him. Sometimes such a fling drives a man think—who am I that am thus taken care of? is this providence that surrounds me alll my life long? Because, say what you will, men will believe in a providence. Such a belief is deeper than mere reasoning. It is the feeling of instinct. Men say, "Who am I, that have been thus cared for and preserved?" Afflictions were affect will about a contract the same and the same affect will about a contract the same affect will about a same affect will be a same a tions very often will change a man. But sometimes they also harden him; sometimes they will find a man like a rock, who braces himself against the thunder-

> into himself, and brings him to a realization of what And now consider here the power and efficacy of Christianity—its power and efficacy in two simple things. First, it reveals man to himself; Christianity reveals man to himself. It was truly said of Jesus Christ, that in him the thoughts of many hearts were revealed. He knew man, and he knew men. His truth searches us, and he finds out the moral and spiritual life within us; he makes us feel that we are almost divine. Christianity has this effect; it does not make a man feel that he is degraded, that he is an animal. It does not reduce man in the scale of being but lifts him up. Read the New Testament, and you will feel grander, you will feel nobler, you will feel that you have something yet to boast of, something to do and to be. Christianity has this noble effect; it self. His example is a revelation of humanity. Christ did not come to show what .God is, but to show what

CONTINUED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.

bolt, and it roots him deeper in sin. But very often

this world. No matter what it may be, it drives a man

Written for the Banner of Light.

### My Mother's Prayer-Book: A HEART'S REVELATION.

BY ADBIANNA LESTER.

If there is anything in the wide world that casts blight upon the heart of childhood, it is the consciousness of being unloved. Nor is this feeling a natural one, since observation has proved to us that love is not only a divine attribute, but an instinctive element of the human breast, as well as a distinguishing characteristic among the various orders of the brute creation. Whenever, therefore, the knowledge of the existence of such an idea in the mind of a child becomes manifest to us, we may safely infer that such a belief is either the result of long-continued solitude, or cruelty and neglect, upon the part of those persons whose duty it is to mould the heart of the youthful creature committed by God to their care and keeping for awhile, into perfect goodness and true affection, as well as to promote the cultivation of the intellect. But to return to my "text," as ministers say, I have promised my readers that what I write to-day shall be "A Heart's Revelation." To speak plainly, then, I too, have known what it is to be unloved, although, thank God, the season of suffering, induced by the knowledge of that bitter, crushing truth is now fairly over. I have passed through the fiery ordeal, perchance a little heart scarred, but otherwise unscathed; and the pure and unsullied happiness which I am now permitted to enjoy, is sufficient recompense for all the misery endured in years gone by.

At eight years of age I had the misfortune to lose my mother. Sorrow leaves but a slight impress upon the childish heart, and in my great love for my father, who in his deep affliction clung more fondly than ever to his only and motherless girl, I soon forgot the memory of one, whose descent to the tomb had been as peaceful as the ten years of her married life had been marked with calm and holy enjoyment. A few weeks after my mother's decease, my father broke up house-keeping; rented his fine house in Union Park, and after having placed me in the convent at Manhattan Island, for educational purposes, at once took up his abode at the Astor House, at that time the hotel of the Empire City.

It was while boarding there that my father made the acquaintance of Mrs. Cameron, a dashing young widow of thirty years, whose husband, an English sea captain, had suddenly sickened and died at the Astor House, where himself, wife and child were stopping, while in port, some two months previous to my father's taking up his residence there.

The similarity of their bereavements at once established a strong bond of sympathy between Mrs. Cameron and my father, and as the former was the possessor of no small degree of physical beauty, and soon succeeded in ingratiating herself into the particular favor of my father. Men are at the best but short-sighted oreatures; whose eyes are too often blinded to the deceptions practiced upon them by members of the fair sex, while revelling in their seductive charms and studied graces.

Agnes Cameron was, strictly speaking, a woman of the world. Married at an early age to Captain Cameron, who had been fascinated by the dark and brunette style of beauty of the only daughter of his patronizing landlady, on the occasion of his first visit to this country, the young wife at once embarked upon that sea of perpetual excitement, whereon her life-boat had fearlessly glided from wave to wave of pleasure and adventure, with little or no cessation, up to the time of her husband's sickness and consequent death.

Proud of his lovely wife, whose rich dark beauty was in such perfect contrast to the blonde complexion and sunny hair of his own countrywomen. Captain Cameron, (a generous hearted and goodnatured bachelor of about thirty five years,) bore his newly-wedded treasure, as he esteemed Agnes, to England's great metropolis-London-where he at once introduced his child bride to his numerous relatives there, who, strange to say, seemed exceedingly well pleased with the hitherto fastidious sailor's choice.

From one extremity of Europe to the other Agnes Cameron roamed untiringly; for her husband, being sole proprietor of his own ship, of course regulated his voyages entirely by his own will and pleasure. It was in Paris-that world of gayety and fashionthat Agnes Cameron, after nearly three years of married life, first became a mother. To the warmand loving heart of Captain Cameron, the beauteous girl-baby was a most welcome visitor; while to its pleasure-loving mother its birth was regarded as anything but an agreeable and interesting event.

As soon as Mrs. Cameron had fully recovered her usual health she sailed for Southern Italy, togother with her devoted husband, child and nurse-From thence she went to Spain and Portugal, and returning to Paris, for a brief season, crossed the channel to England, where she remained in London and its vicinity for a year or two; after which she resumed her travels through Europe and Asia, stopping at nearly all the principal cities on both Continents, and leading, as it were, a life of reckless dissipation and extravagance, to which even the tender and growing claims of a mother afforded no

After an absence of nearly eleven years from the land of her birth, Agnes Cameron returned once again to New York, to find the mother who had layishly expended all the fruits of her yearly income upon her beauteous daughter before marriage, (and

whom she had left at the time of the consummation of that, to her all-important event, the unenviable proprietoress of a fashiounble New York boardinghouse,) ains I quietly sleeping in her grave; her old heart no longer tortured by the thought so long endured while living, that Agnes, in her new relationship of wife and mother, had entirely outgrown all remembrances of parental claims and obligations.

In the death of Captain Cameron, Agnes had lost one of the most noble protectors and affectionate of husbands. So great, indeed, was the former's love for his beautiful wife, that it was with great difficulty that he could bring his mind to the belief that the object of his tender care and solicitude was but a woman, and as such, subject to the frailties and imperfections common to her sex.

"The unexpected and dangerous illness of Captain Cameron, on his arrival in New York, after years of absence, at once arrested his wife in the midst of her career of pleasure, and excited no slight degree of alarm in the breast of one who had heretofore lived almost entirely for herself. Days and nights of constant watching, and the best medical aid which the country afforded could not stay the progress of disease, or shut out from the sick man's chamber the stern and dreaded presence of the spectre Death.

Agnes Cameron was a widow, with no one to turn to in the house of her affliction for comfort and sympathy, but the single child which God had kindly lent to her care and protection. It is said that violent grief is more speedily quenched than that of a colmer and less demonstrative nature. For a month after the decease of her husband Agnes Cameron confined herself entirely to her chamber, which she paced to and fro in a state of mental excitement bordering upon insanity. During this period of mourning she partock of but slight nourishment, refusing admittance to all the boarders in the house. many of whom manifested no small degree of pity and sympathy for the bereaved woman, and even repelling the embraces of her little daughter Blanche. who, in her total ignorance of death, could not thoroughly comprehend the cause of her mother's excessive sorrow.

By degrees, however, the tumult of emotion which had so fiercely raged in the widow's breast, began perceptibly to abate, until one day the permanent boarders at the Astor House were surprised at the appearance of Mrs. Cameron at the dinner-table: her dark face rendered, if possible, still more beautiful than ever, by its uniform pallor and melancholy expression, and her tall and well-proportioned form draped in deepest mourning.

It was soon after this that my father took up his residence at the above mentioned hotel, where his chance acquaintance with Mrs. Cameron in a few months ripened into warmest friendship. If I have spoken somewhat at length of a personage whom I have thus early introduced into my narrative, I trust that the reader will pardon me, for in so doing I have endeavored to give the public eye some slight insight into the real character of a woman whose fate was destined to be so closely connected with my own in after years—years which cost my sensitive nature more heart-writhing moments of exquisite torture, than I have either time or inclination to transcribe upon cold white paper!

To return, then, to the period of my school days. For nearly two years I had been a happy and contented pupil of the Ursuline Convent, still standing on Manhattan Island. The natural quietness and seclusion of the place fascinated rather than oppressed my youthful heart, which even at that early age seemed to court solitude, in preference to the numerous sports and pleasures which, commonly speaking, constitute the sole delight of childhood.

During the first year of my life within the Convent walls, my father was in the habit of visiting me semi-monthly, at which times he usually spent a half an hour or more in earnest conversation with the Lady Superior, and the Sisters, whose particular duty it was to impart instruction to the junior members of the establishment. I need not tell you, dear render, that such reunions between father and child were equally productive of happiness to all parties concerned; for my natural love for study, united to a tender and affectionate disposition, had won for the motherless girl the love and esteem of the several nuns connected with the institution, who never failed to submit to my father, at each visit, a good report of the previous behavior and studiousness of their favorite pupil.

At the commencement of the second year of my monastic existence, my father's visits began to grow less frequent. I was now rarely rewarded with a sight of his handsome and pleasant face oftener than once a month. As weeks rolled on, I became in a degree accustomed to this species of parental neglect upon the part of one who had hitherto guarded the earthly welfare and happiness of his child as dearly as that of his own.

An occasional missive from my father was now my only consolation during the long winter months which succeeded his well-remembered visit to the Convent, in the latter part of October. Even his monthly letters to the Lady Superior, enclosing my customary pin money, (as my father always laughingly termed the few dollars allowed each pupil of the institution, for spending-money,) were exceedingly brief and matter of fact-like in their contents, besides being dashed off in a hurried and careless style of chirography, which seemed to imply that the mind of the writer of said document was thoroughly engrossed with business affairs; so much so as to render him totally oblivious to even the nearest and fondest claims of relationship. At that time my childish heart accepted the excuse before hinted at, as a just one, and which the Lady Superior, (the particular confidante of all my youthful sorrows,) in her ignorance of mankind fully believed; but maturer years have lifted the mystic veil from my once clouded vision, and I now look back upon the past and wonder how a child of ordinary perceptions could have been so blinded to the common frailties of human nature, even in the case of a dearly-loved U 0 0

"Adrianna, there is a gentleman and lady waiting below to see you," said Sister Agnes, (a nun who had recently entered the Convent as a teacher, after a five years' residence in a similar institution situated at Emmetsburg, Maryland,) suddenly entering the infirmary, one fine May morning, where I had spent the most part of my time the past three or four weeks, on account of ill health, induced, as the physician of the establishment believed, by excessive mental labor in my ardent pursuit after

The words had scarcely escaped the lips of my teacher, before I sprang up from the couch upon which I had been reclining in a state of extreme

father!" I hurried from the room with a velocity of costume elegant in its very simplicity, while upon speed acquired by excitement, rather than real bodily neck and arms sparkled diamonds of remarkable strength. Before I had proceeded far, however, I be size and brilliancy—the bridal gift of the enamored came conscious of a slight sense of dizziness. On bridegroom. reaching the staircase, I hastily prepared to descend, As I heard the varied exclamations of surprise and but at the second step which I took, my feet bent delight which fell from the lips of the dense crowd under me like a reed, and with a sudden movement that pressed against us upon all sides as we entered I was precipitated into the hall below.

sofa in the spacious and gloomy parlor of the Con- and queenly dignity of manner were the admiration vent, with my father and a tall and handsome look of the vast throng that filled almost to overflowing ing woman, dressed in deepest black, auxiously so fashionable a place of worship, was to fill that sabending over me, with a degree of tenderness that cred and endearing office of mother to one who had was quite refreshing to my sad and weary heart. been for two years a stranger to all maternal caress-My first impulse was to twine my arms fondly about es and precepts. my father's neck; but at that moment Mrs. Cameron, the bride elect of my dear parent, darted upon | Falls occupied the next three or four weeks of our me a glance of such deep anger, that I uttered a time, after which our little party returned to the faint shrick and shudderingly fell back upon my more lasting engagements of home, in one of the most pillow again.

My father, perceiving the extreme agitation of his child, pressed a fervent kiss upon the pale brow before him, and placing his lips close to my ear, inquired softly the cause of my sudden emotion.

Opening my large blue eyes, which had been momentarily closed to shut out the sight of the dark face which had so frowned upon my first exhibition of childish affection toward my father, I said, in trembling tones, which, low as they were, did not escape the ready ear of Mrs. Cameron:

you! I'm afraid of her; for she just now scowled nes Lester aspired to be what the world properly at me when I was going to kiss you."

bridle upon your little tongue, if you are not more by bringing crowds of flatterers about a shrine which careful of your words. In regard to Mrs. Cameron's should have been dedicated only to the pure and unscowling upon you, I am sure you must have been fading enjoyments of conjugal love. mistaken; for see! she is smiling as good-naturedly at you this very moment, as if my little daughter votion to one who was all unworthy his noble affechad not allowed a naughty remark to pass her lips."

his handsome companion. She had thrown aside thoughtlessness and cruelty of his wife, in silence; her morning hat and silken veil, and now sat quiet but when scandal, with its venomous tongue, began ly before us in her dark and voluptuous style of to circulate reports relative to the inconstancy and beauty. The black eyes no longer glittered with a purity of his wife, my poor sensitive hearted father fierce light, but seemed melting with love and ten- could no longer bear his domestic troubles uncomderness. Masses of purple black hair were carefully plainingly. laid back from a brow of remarkable clearness and It was then, when goaded to madness at the breadth, that now were an air of placidness quite in thought of the disgrace which, like a dark and harmony with the general beauty of her face; while ominous shadow, brooded over his household altar, around the ripe and dewy lips played a smile of rare | Charles Lester essayed to rebuke his wife for her sweetness, and revealing to the best possible advan- neglect and imprudence, that the storm of anger tage two rows of large and pearly teeth.

shame engendered by the thought of the seemingly learned to forget, as ever distorting the handsome unjust remark which had so carelessly escaped my features of my step-mother, now frequently rested lips a few seconds before. Whether the lady noticed upon the face of one shose mobile and ever-varying my confusion, I am unable to state; but taking a expression of countenance eemed like Shakspeare's hand of mine gently within one of her own, she Richard III. to say, "I can smile, and murder while said, smilingly, in a voice of rich melody that thrilled | I smile." my childish heart:

Ada, concerning her father's friend, was of so unpleasant a nature; but I trust that time will efface an idea which is doubtless the result of imagination return from school. in her present weak and nervous state, rather than the decision of a warm and loving heart."

I saw the forgiveness which I had earnestly craved, visible upon Mrs. Cameron's face; but I was mortification and discomfiture. For a time she altoo deeply ashamed of my past folly, to vouchsafe a most succeeded in setting the hearts of nearly all reply; and so I only looked the thanks I had not my school mates against mo, by circulating a series

My father stayed but a half hour longer; but before baseness was at last discovered by one of the teachhe left, he had the satisfaction of knowing that I had ers, and which resulted in Blanche Cameron's expulsustained no bodily injury from my recent fall, al- sion from school. though at first completely stunned by the shock which I had experienced in being precipitated so great a distance. I fancied that my father looked unerring head. When at home, I was now treated pale and worried, when, on the point of leaving me, with the utmost contempt by both Blanche and her he was accosted in the hall by my kind friend, the evil-hearted mother, who perceiving the love which Lady Superior, who informed him of the miserable my father bore toward his innocent child, declared health under which I had labored far the past that she would flirt more than ever with men of the month.

casting a tender, yet half sorrowful glance at my was the example, my kind friends, which Agnes thin and almost colorless face; "she is as frail as Lester boldly set forth before two young hearts just her dear mother was before her." And with a fervent verging into womanhood. embrace, my loved parent bade me farewell, and Large sums of money were now lavished upon after imparting a few words in confidence to the Blanche for dress by her showy and heartless moth-Mrs. Cameron, who kissed me so affectionately at ing the simplest materials of my by no means eleparting, that I felt the love which I had at first so gant attire. The excess to which my step mother cruelly denied her, welling up deep and strong with carried her flirtations with other men, caused Charles in my heart.

former, announcing the news of his approaching mar- the several male admirers of Mrs. Lester and her riage, and expressing a desire that I should be at daughter, (who had already taken her stand among order that preparations might be made to further my father as a jealous and narrow-minded man, who, attendance at the nuptial ceremony.

It was with a somewhat saddened heart that I bade adicu to my numerous friends and teachers at happiness in the society which constituted her parthe Convent, which had, since the death of my poor | ticular realm. mother-a period of two years-afforded a quiet and comfortable asylum to the orphan girl. A few hours who had once professed the warmest friendship for brought me to my place of destination—the Astor Charles Lester. So passed four years of my father's House. Here I was warmly welcomed by my father married life with Agnes Lester-\(^1\)e woman whom he and his intended wife, Mrs. Cameron, who received would not have hesitated to divorce himself from me with extreme tenderness of manner, presenting two years after he had proudly led ber to the altar, me at the same time to her daughter Blanche, a had it not been for the publicity of the thing, and pretty, dark-eyed girl of twelve summers, who, the disgrace which such an act would have cast though but two years my senior, had already begun upon the young life of his darling Ada, as he called to ape the airs of a fine lady.

A week later and there was a grand wedding at | At last the hand of disease was laid upon my Trinity Church, the bridegroom, Charles Lester, Esq., father's brow, and Charles Lester was confined to and the brilliant-looking bride none other than the his bed with what the physician pronounced to be a charming widow of the late Captain Cameron. It slow fever. Even her husband's sudden illness did was a dashing affair, the papers said, and the opinion not for a moment arrest Mrs. Lester and her frivolof the press ought to be worth something in this land ous minded daughter in the midst of their career of of "the brave and the free," as the poets have styled gayety and dissipation; and I, who had long been America. If beauty, attire and riches are the insig stigmatized by them as "papa's baby," was left nia of splendor and greatness, then this wedding of to watch alone beside the sick man's couch. my father's must have been, in every sense of the word, a glorious one. Blanche and I were the only father died. It was the anniversary of my sixteenth bridesmaids on the occasion, the former being birth-night, and instead of the brilliant party which dressed in a showy frock of pink silk, contrast but a few nights previous had assembled within ing finely with her olive complexion and dark curls; Mrs. Lester's drawing-room to congratulate the peerwhile I, pale almost to marble whiteness, was dressed less Blanche upon her eighteenth birth-night, I sat simply, yet tastefully, in a double-skirted robe of silently keeping watch over the invalid, who had blue silk. A more beautiful creature than the bride fallen into what seemed to me a most refreshing I could not well conceive of. A dress of heavy white slumber. The doctor had just gone out, after inmoire antique fell in rich folds about her tall and forming me that the fever had evidently gained its finely-rounded form, and swept in its great length climax, and that the morrow would, without doubt, the richly-carpeted aisle, as, leaning upon my noble- find my father much better. looking father's arm, she moved gracefully along to-

weariness, and with the Joyful cry of "It is my Honiton lace constituted the bridal trimmings of a

the church door, I could not help feeling a degree of When I awoke to my senses, I was lying upon the pride in the thought that the woman whose beauty

> A bridal tour to Saratoga Springs and Niagara elegant residences which then adorned Fifth Avenue.

> From this time, dear reader, I may safely begin to date my own miseries, as well as those of my beloved father. During the period commonly known as the honeymoon, Agnes Lester was all that could be desired, by even the most fastidious and exacting of husbands, in her double capacity of wife and mother.

As time were on, however, my handsome stepmother began to exhibit certain traits of character, which, as months sped by, served to sow the seeds of dissension and strife in a household upon which the "Papa, I don't like that lady you brought with sun of happiness had once dawned so brightly. Agcalls "a married belle." Her great personal beauty, My father must have felt mortified at my very and the high position which she occupied in society, plain language, for he prevented me from speaking as the wife of the wealthy merchant, Charles Lester, more extendedly upon the subject, by hastily saying: Esq., at once furnished her ample opportunity for "Tut-tut! Ada! I shall be obliged to put a gratifying this one darling wish of her base heart,

For a time my indulgent father, in his great detion, bore all the petty annoyances and little heart-I glanced simultaneously with my father toward slights to which he was daily subjected by the

burst unrestrainedly upon the head of my father For a moment I became conscious of a feeling of and innocent self. In secret, the frown which I had

Perceiving that I clung to my father in his sorrow "I am very sorry that the impression formed by of mind, Agnes Lester did not hesitate to accuse me of treachery and decoit, whenever my father's absence gave her an opportunity to rate me on my

Even Blanche Cameron, (for she still proudly bore her father's name,) consented to be an accomplice of her mother's, in devising numberless plans for my of fulsehoods throughout the academy, whose utter

This last act seemed to call forth the particular and lasting vengeance of my step-mother upon my world, and that, too, in the face and eyes of Charles "Poor child!" he murmured, at the same time Lester, whom she no longer loved or cared for. Such

Lady Superior, left the Convent, accompanied by er, while I was denied the privilege of even select-Lester to isolate himself almost entirely from the A few days subsequent to my father's visit to the society of which he had once been the chief ornaconvent, the Lady Superior received a letter from the ment. The world, crediting the false statements of once released from school, and return to the city, in the first season belles,) were led to look upon my having lost all enjoyment for the pleasures of the world, was too selfish to allow his wife to seek her

Thus was my dear father misrepresented to those

I shall never forget the night upon which my dear

Of a sudden the door bell rang, and a moment or wards the altar. A beautiful veil and bertha of two after a servant entered the room, bringing me a

face had most favorably impressed me upon the Lester. occasion of our first introduction, and I was not surtion, he modestly revealed to me the fact of his being by profession a lawyer.

descended to the library into which he had been settled in cities far distant from New York. Having ushered, to meet Mr. Effingham, whom I well knew expressed my intention to return to mounstie life, in Blanche Cameron proudly boasted as being a par- the presence of Blanche and my step-mother, I was ticular admirer of hers. As I had anticipated, Mr. surprised to find that, far from opposing such a Effingham's first inquiries, after an exchange of course of procedure upon my part, that they most civilities between us, were after my half sister heartily approved a plan which would, without Blanche. He seemed surprised when I told him that doubt, rid them forevermore of my presence. Vain she had accompanied her mother to the opera, for hope of their selfish hearts ! destined alas, never to she had herself invited him to call upon her that be fulfilled according to their cruel desires ! evening, previous to his departure for Washington, the following day, on business. Not wishing to course I had best pursue, now that I occupied the lower even one, (who had for the past two years proved herself-more and nearer than friend to me,) eye was attracted one evening to an advertisement in the eyes of her professed admirer, I sought to in one of the papers of a Philadelphia gentleman, make some excuse to Mr. Effingham for Blanche's for a governess to his two children. The chance breach of courtesy, but I saw by the silent work- offered seemed to my inexperienced mind an excelings of his expressive face, that though I had exerted my energies to the utmost in behalf of Blanche favorable reply was immediately returned to me, Cameron, I had most signally failed to convince him expressing the hope that I would exercise as little that such rudeness was attributable to thoughtlessness upon the part of the lady in question, rather than to any premeditated slight or purpose. When I chanced to speak of my father's severe illness. Paul Effingham seemed more surprised than ever at the absence of Mrs. Lester and her daughter, and I Island. half fancied that I saw the young man shrug his shoulders, as if not crediting the truth of my remark, when I ventured to say that Blanche Cameron of one of the leading Philadelphia journals, when

who feels that he has been wronged and insulted by a person whom he had heretofore looked upon as a name he had forgotten, was to lecture the coming lady, determined to wait until the arrival of Blanche evening before the Young Men's Library Association, and her mother, for the purpose of showing the former that Paul Effingham at least had been true to his engagement.

Excusing myself from Mr. Effingham's presence. on the plea of my services being needed in the sick room, I hastened up stairs and was met at the door master was either possessed wid a divil, or ravin' crazy !"

With a single bound I reached the couch whereon turns upon his poor lost wife to let him in at the gates of heaven, and for Ada, his dear child, to save | years of age. Advancing to the front of the plathim from the clutches of that beauteous serpent form the president announced the speaker of the Agnes, who was fast dragging him down to the evening as Paul Effingham, Esq., of New York! A delirious at times during his sickness, but had never | this sudden yet pleasurable intelligence. seen him in so excited a state as on that night.

With a woman's fears, I bade the servant to ask Mr. Effingham to run for Dr. Farley, our physician. who lived only some two or three blocks distant. settling upon his noble brow.

I saw the change which a few seconds had wrought upon my father's countenance, and a sudden conviction that I was about to lose all that was dear to me on earth flashed quickly across my mind. At that moment Dr. Farley moved to my side, and whispered in my ear, "Speak to him, Miss Ada, while he is yet conscious, for all hope is past!" I did not faint at so terrible an announcement, neither did I give vent to my sorrow in tears, but clasping my arms firmly about the dying man's neck, I murmured, "Father! dear father! have you nothing to lark and glassy eye upon me, as if striving to read in that one glance the inward workings of my soul; fearful that some rude hand would snatch me from him, he said, in low and husky tones, "From the anxious faces of all present, I know that you believe me dying. I had hoped to live a few years longer, for your sake, Ada, but God has decreed that it me often when I am gone, for a heart like yours, my dear child, will not easily forget the dead, even when in the midst of the living. Your mother's prayerbook, Ada," he said, "where is it?" Without speaking I drew it out from beneath his pillow. The dying man raised the volume slowly to his lips, and then handing it to me, said, "Take this, my dear child; it was my engagement present to your mother, and as such, cannot fail to be held sacred in the eyes of her only daughter. Ada, my beloved, this is all that I have to bequeath you in dying, and object of so much sacredness from the bottom of my may God bless and protect the fatherless, when I am trunk, where it had lain untouched for months. no more."

The last words had hardly died away upon his lips, before the painful death-rattle vibrated loudly upon my ear. A faint gasp, and the darkly-fringed of velvet, but were now both faded and worn. At lids dropped like a curtain over eyes that would no sight of it I could not restrain my tears, for I relonger beam with love and tenderness; the hands fell powerless at his side, and then I knew that the fierce warrior, Death, had at last slain his greatest enemy, Life, against whom he had so long and un appeared to have been pasted closely down to the successfully battled. I well remember seeing Blanche and her mother enter the chamber of death, in their opera costumes; and of Dr. Farley and Mr. Effiugham's bearing me in their arms away from the motionless body of the beloved dead, to whom I still wildly clung in the anguish of my deep grief, and nothing more. When I at last awoke to a state of consciousness, some three days after, during which time I had lain as it were entranced, I was quietly told by the nurse in attendance, that myfather had been laid in his grave, beside the body of his first wife, the day previous. On hearing this forged will was a great blow to the pride of Mrs. intelligence, I wept passionately. The fountains of my grief-stricken heart were now unscaled, and the to the black-hearted lawyer who had been her accomflood of tears that followed brought relief to my plice in guilt, when I suddenly asserted my claim as aching soul.

Some three or four weeks after my father's funeral was summoned to the library by my step mother, to hear the reading of a paper, in which my deceased niless, they knew not where else to look for a home father had settled his entire property upon Agnes Cameron and her child, on the occasion of that lady's marriage with Charles Lester. Not the slightest provision was made for me in the will, except so far as Mrs. Lester was disposed to exercise a charitable spirit toward the only child of her second husband. In the presence of a lawyer and two or three wit-

card bearing the name of Paul Effingham. I had nesses, I was told to examine my father's signature. seen the latter gentleman but two or three times, I recognized the clear and familiar handwriting as and then only for the space of a few minutes, when that of Charles Lester's, and was then told that my I chanced to be spending an hour or so in the draw- presence in the room was no longer necessary, as the ing-room below. His fine and singularly intellectual lawyer's business was particularly with the widow

My first thought, upon finding myself dependent prised when, in the course of our limited conversa- upon the bounty of my step mother, was to return to the Convent, and there end my days, so thoroughly did I realize at that time the utter friendlessness of Now, however, my heart beat high, as I rapidly my situation, what few living relatives I had being

Just at this time, when undecided as to what position of a beggar even in my father's house, my lent one, and I at once set about answering it. A delay as possible in the matter. Without informing my step-mother and Bianche of the new change which I had made in regard to my future prospects, I packed my trunks, and took my departure, as my overjoyed relations firmly believed, for Manhattan

I had filled to satisfaction the post of governess in the family of Mr. Dinsmore, at that time the editor was quite an enthusiast upon the subject of music. | the aforesaid gentleman one day quietly informed Mr. Effingham, with the natural spirit of a man the family assembled at the dinner table, that a young gentleman from New York, a lawyer, whose at their lecture room in Girard College, and that if favorably impressed with him as a man, he should undoubtedly extend to him the hospitalities of his house during the lecturer's stay in town.

Evening arrived, and Mrs. Dinsmore being troubled with a severe headcahe, I was requested by that lady of my father's chamber by the Irish servant, whom to bear her husband company to the lecture, which I had left watching for a few minutes at the invalid's was on the "Commercial Prosperity of our Country." bedside, with the alarming intelligence that, "The A large audience thronged the spacious lecture room of Girard College. The moment for the lecturer to make his appearance was at hand. All eyes were turned towards the door of an ante-room, out of my father was tossing to and fro, and calling by which the president slowly advanced, followed by a tall and intellectual looking man of some thirty bottomless pit. I had known my father to be a little thrill of strange delight shot through my frame at

At near midnight two persons might have been seen conversing earnestly together in the drawingroom of Mr. Dinsmore's residence, on Chestnut street. I have not told you their names, for my readers When Paul Effingham returned a few minutes later, must have already divined that said couple were accompanied by the somewhat alarmed doctor, all none other than Paul Effingham and myself. The traces of delirium had subsided upon the part of the | young lawyer on being presented to me at the close sick man, but the cold moisture of death was fast of the lecture, had at once recognized the daughter of Charles Lester, even in her new position of governess. He listened with peculiar interest to my story, and could not think that my father had ever rationally and intelligently affixed his signature to a paper which cut off his child from any share in his property, except so far as a step mother might be disposed to exercise her charity towards the only child of her late husband. I told him I had never known of his making a will, but that the one which I had been invited to examine by Mrs. Lester and her lawyer bore the date of the eve of her marriage with Charles Lester. From Mr. Effingham, who had say to your child?" For a moment he fixed his left for Washington, (where he remained for a month.) the morning after my father's learned that Mrs. Lester and Blanche were still livthen drawing me convulsively to his heart, as if ing in their former splendor at the house of my late father in Fifth Avenuo. Upon his calling there upon his return from Washington, to inquire after my humble self, he had been received with great coldness upon the part of Blanche, who sneeringly informed him that his friend Miss Lester was in all should be otherwise. I need not tell you to think of probability a shaven headed nun, and a sojourner in the Convent at Manhattan Island, where she had been partially educated when a child. My blood boiled when I listened to this remark, which no other heart but Blanche Cameron's could have prompted; but I tried to entertain towards her a feeling of pity rather than of anger.

During our lengthy conversation, Mr. Effingham chanced to refer to the prayer-book, which my father had bequeathed to me as a dying gift. At the former's request I went to my room and extracted an My friend unclasped the golden fastening which bore upon its somewhat dingy surface the beloved names of both father and mother. The covers were membered how constantly my father had perused its contents during the last two years of his life. Upon opening it Mr. Effingham discovered that the fly leaf cover, as if to conceal something beneath the serface. With my permission Paul Effingham ran the blade of his knife along the edge of the book, when lo! out fell a paper, which, upon examination, proved to be my father's will, made while visiting his two brothers in Baltimore, some eight months previous to his death, and which made his daughter Adrianna Lester sole heiress to his large property.

Another month found the tide of affairs strangely turned in the favor of one who had been for months an exile from her father's roof. The discovery of the Lester, who was just upon the point of being married

heiress of my late father's estates. Blanche and her mother have accepted the bounty of Adrianna Lester, now the happy wife of Paul Effingham, because, finding themselves suddenly pen-

> "Our girls they are pretty,
> And gentle and witty,
> As any the world ever knew.
> Talk not about Spanish,
> Oircassian or Danish, Or Grocks near their summer skies blue, But give me our lasses,
> As free as the grass is
> When sprinkled with roses and dow."

#### Written for the flanner of Light. MY HOME.

BY HENRIETTA.

Beyond those distant hills. Beyond the deep blue rea-There, when " the Father " wills, My happy home shall be, Oh! beautiful, and fair, and free!

Beyond the purple West, ... Beyond the setting sun— In fideless verdure drest, There, when life's tolls are done, Shall be my home of rest!

My mother waiteth there To welcome back her child! Her gentle brow such smile doth wear heart with ecstacy grows wild, To think of love that I shall share Beyond! beyond! beyond compare!

Written for the Banner of Light.

## FIEND'S

BY KATE KEITH.

A wild tract of country is that which lies round about, and, in fact, forms the Wrekin; and well did the little dreary, desolate, and isolated hamlet of Wrekinswold merit its appellation. The few scattered buildings of which it consisted, stood on ground whose gradual swell assumed in some places the appearance of hills, but which are absurdly misnamed, when magnified, in school "geography books" into mountains.

These hills, like many others, were, as well as the country for miles around them, at the period of which we write, a vast expanse of sterile, treeless heath, generally uncultivated; but were attempted to be turned into arable land, ill repaying the labors of the agriculturist, and far too arid to be converted into pasturage. The inhabitants of Wrekinswold were consequently a poor and idle race; and hand in hand with their poverty and idleness, went ignorance and superstition.

Among the proprietors and cultivators of land, residing in the vicinity of Wrekinswold, was a man named Powell, who had, it was supposed, amassed a considerable fortune by successful experiments upon the unpromising district where his house stood. But Powell possessed another treasure—a lovely and beloved daughter, for whom he/had toiled incessantly, and who, it was well known, was destined to inherit the fruits of his labors.

This motive had undoubtedly, at first, stimulated the fortunate farmer to those bold agricultural speculations, in which the risk was exceedingly great, but the success, if achieved, splendid; yet. after awhile, losing sight of his original incentive to exertion, the love of lucre for itself only, took complete possession of his soul, and he became a hardhearted, selfish, and penurious man. The poor have generally, except where they happen to be personally concerned, a great idea that Divine retribution will almost immediately overtake the evil-doer; and the neighbors of Powell, who had readily attributed his uncommon prosperity to the peculiar favor of heaven, upon this lamentable change in his disposition, expeoted nothing less than to witness some terrible manifestation of its wrath; it may even be surmised that their "wish was father to the thought."

At length their evil anticipations were destined to be gratified; and not one, but many successive bad sensons caused the farmer's crops to fail, and his cattle to be seized with an infectious disease. Powell was straitened but not ruined; and while his avaricious heart was filled with grief to find that he had lost the fruits of many years' toil, a sudden and happy thought struck him, that his daughter should, at any rate, become the rich lady he had always intended her to be; the only difficulty was how to effect it.

At Wrekinswold a young fellow lived, styled Tony Ryecroft, of whom nobody knew anything but that he was a very disorderly personage, considered himself a gentleman, dressed like a lounging, slatternly country squire-suffered his neighbors to underordinary was his idleness); but whence he and his money came, or the means whereby he made it, was a mystery-for that make it he must, seemed ovident to the boors of Wrekinswold, who could not comprehend that heaven showered blessings upon vice and indolence hardly to be obtained by the frugal, virtuous, and industrious. Accordingly some fancied that he must be engaged in the smuggling trade; others, more wisely, considering the inland situation of Shropshire, imagined him a shareholder in a mine, or generalissimo of a company of highwaymen; some, again, pronounced him to be "a limb of the law," and others "a limb of Satan." a distinction, be it observed, however, without a difference in the apprehension of wiser people than the inhabitants of Wrekinswold.

Tony Rycoroft was an old and ardent admirer of Madge Powell; but the poor girl, by no means captivated with his ruffianly demeanor, slovenly attire, lax principles, and the mystery attached to his birth, connections, and mode of life, had not only received his addresses with the contumely they merited, but had obtained her father's consent to a union with George Bennett, to whom she had long been tacitly engaged, and they were to be married as soon as gold should be added to the good and noble gifts which nature had lavished on him.

Powell, with his affairs in an unprosperous condition, now only became anxious to get his daughter off his hands as quickly as possible, and recollecting that Tony Ryecroft was a husband for her at any time, (and, as he had always protested, at any price,) he scrupled not to declare, null and void, all stipu-, lations and promises between himself, his daughter and poor George; vowing that he would disinherit her if she did not immediately accept the proposal of Tony Ryecroft.

In vain Madge wept, pleaded, reasoned, and remonstrated; her father (as fathers frequently are) was inexorable. Poor Madge! to her such severity was new; and sad was, the lesson she had now to upon me in the form of my most familiar friends: learn, that adversity could steel the heart of a and had you, sir, happened to have been other than hitherto fond parent, though an irreligious man, against a faithful and loving child.

It was a blustering evening in Autumn: the winds mouned fearfully about the Wrekin, and dark, heavy clouds scudded across the sky. Ryccroft was sitting as much magic in the art of making gold as there is by a roaring coal-fire in the ancient dilapidated in the shining metal itself when it is made, I can onmansion which he called his own, and which had ly undertake the employment under certain conjuncformerly belonged to the Lord of the Wrekin, whose family had let it to Tony, upon his first appearance tal shadows cross the heavenly houses, the dominant in the hamlet, at a rent little superior to that by spirits are offended, and my power lost for the space which from time immemorial bats, birds, vermin. and reptiles, had tenanted the ruined edifice.

Tony, we say, was sitting by a large pit-coat fire

-not dreaming, like the poet who listens to the flerce, wild music of the rushing blast, while he conjures up an Arcadia in the glowing carbon-but busily engaged in watching a large nondescript vessel upon it, in which an apparently metallic composition of saffron hue was bubbling and steaming.

At no great distance from him stood a table, strewn with lumps of various metals, and a strange assortment of moulds, sand, screws, gimlets, files, gravers, instruments, and combinations of the mechanical powers, for which it would have been difficult for the uninitiated to have found a name or use. Tony, however, was Rosicrucian enough to know very well what he was about; his door was bolted and doubly locked, and he expected no interruption to his pursuits on such a forbidding evening.

But a violent ringing at the great gate of his fortalice announced a visitor, and though he had given a strict charge to the old woman who officiated for him in every male and female capacity, to admit no one, and though he heard her pertinaciously protesting that he was " not at home." yet, to his extreme dismay, he also heard the intruder exclaim, as with heavy strides he approached the door of his sanctum-

"Do n't tell me about 'not at home,' I know that he is, and I must and will see him."

The intruder now reached Ryecroft's apartment, on the door of which he bestowed many a hearty knock, exclaiming at intervals—

"Why, Tony-Tony Ryecroft-let me in, I say." At last Ryecroft, from within, replied in a solemn tone :

"Bubasticon itheologysticus / which, being interpreted, good neighbor, means, Demon, avaunt!"

"I say, Tony," oried the stranger. " please to be putting no tricks upon me. I am neither a demon nor a good neighboro; but as you may know by my voice, if you have half an ear left, your old friend Powell."

" Passpara iconathem dentemasticon!" answered Ryeeroft," which is, being interpreted, Welcome, for I know thee! and here you shall enter if you fear not." Then, unfastening the door, Tony said, in his usual manner:

"As you have spoiled all my philosophical work for to-night, and I fear, too, for many succeeding nights, I cannot bid you so cordially welcome as— "Ay, but you will, though, when you know what I've come to say. Ugh! what an odor of burnt tin, or copper, or brimstone, perhaps. Why, Tony, what have you there, simmering on the fire? And what do you mean to do with these queer instruments? And, above all, what is come over your tongue, that you talk so outlandish?"

Ryccroft replied only with a most mysterious look, and re-fastening the door, stole again on tiptoe to his seat.

Powell took the chair opposite, and as he held his large, tanned hands within an inch of the fire, while his curious grey eyes roved stealthily over the apartment and person of its owner-whose linen trousers, waistcoat opened at the breast, and uncovered arms, on so cold an evening, excited no small surprise-he ventured to ask him whether the warm work in which he seemed to be occupied were magic?

"Even so," replied Ryccroft, with all the gravity he could command; "but, my excellent friend, start not: the branch of magic in which you now behold me engaged, does not belong to the black art, but is natural magic-the white, or golden one, which has no kind of connection with the others. Golden, indeed, may I well term it, since it teaches by the science of divine sublimations and transmutations, how to compound—that is, how to make—gold !"

"Whew!" whistled the astonished and delighted lover of wealth, starting up and seizing our alchemist's hand, which he almost wrung off in the fervor of his transport. "There's some sense in that kind of magic! Ah, Master Rycoroft, I once fancied that I too had made, though in a different way, and with huge toil and trouble, a little of that same gold;

Here poor Powell bent his head over the molten metal until his nose almost touched it; and whether its deletorious fumes, or the overwhelming consideration of Tony's extraordinary power for the accumulation of wealth deprived him of articulation, is uncertain; but decidedly he found himself unable to conclude his observation.

Tony was kind enough to partially relieve him from his embarrassment:

"My good friend, you mean to say that you find gold of late neither so easy to obtain, nor, when once lost to recover."

Powell sighed deeply and looked perplexed. Tony continued:

"A man can't help bad seasons. Even with me all is not fair weather; for instance, your visit this evening renders vain all the long labors of an entire day. The contents of that vessel are useless now." Constarnation and horror were depicted on Pow-

ell's countenance at this avowal; he managed to stammer out a few apologies for his unlucky intrusion, and tremulously inquire the cause of so strange a fatality.

"Why, you see, my dear sir," said Ryccroft, drawing his chair close to Powell's, and assuming one of his best aspects of mystery- "Hist! what was that?" looking cautiously round the room. "I hope that no one is present but ourselves."

"I hope-I believe so too," replied his terrified listener, not daring to look behind him, lest his eyes should encounter the apparition of a wicked lord of the Wrekin, who was particularly believed to haunt the deserted mansion-house.

"I fancy, Master Ryccroft, it was only the wind which shricks to night."

"Well, sir, it might have been; but as I was about to remark-when engaged in this little business, I am obliged to be extremely careful, since the White Art has determined enemies in those wicked spirits who are sole agents in the Black Art, and who are sure to trouble me whenever they discover that I am employed in the transmutation of metals. Nay, such is their boldness, that they sometimes intrude you seemed by your voice, you could not have withstood Bubasticon itheologysticus. But it is not interruption from the spiritual world only which I have tions and influences of the planets; and should morof seventy hours."

This absurd jargon, which was relished by Powell

Good neighbor—a respectful term for the fairles.

Tony in his credulous hearer's estimation, that after dedicated to St. Hubert, the hunter's patron, and gazing at him for some minutes in silent awe, he thence termed Hubb's House on the Hill; some and sound cattle in future.

"To say the truth, sir," replied Ryccroft, "I have conjecture. haps I might dread the charge of impertinent inter- to effect so important a discovery. ference in family affairs, which did not concern me : interestness of my heart."

"Conditions! You mean my daughter's hand! Powell, in ecstacy; "and to tell the truth, Tony, it that added to his trepidation. was this very matter which brought me here to- Terror and fatigue, occasioned by the pace at night!"

"Indeed!" answered the wily Ryccroft; "why, to decease, to him who shall then be her husband."

"It shall be done!" cried Powell, in raptures. What nowt ?" "If you can certainly assure me of the perform-

ance of this condition -" "I can-1 do."

"Then listen to what I am going to communicate: | was — "Demon, avaunt!" You are aware," he continued, "that Satan, (Bubasticon itheologysticus !) as Princo of the Air, is enwinds, frosts, blights, &c., which, falling upon the earth, injure its fruits and cuttle. This power, then, ought, as far as is allowable, to be conciliated; and, the very blood at his heart, exclaimed: if he is not, his vengeance is fearful upon the presumptuous mortal who insults him by disregarding would'st say. Wherefore am I summoned?" his supremacy. In Scotland, therefore, it has been, from time immemorial, a sensible custom to set apart a small portion, as a rood or two, or half an acre of whom, for fear of offending, they designate by some the roofless tower, as through an ample chimney, friendly title, as good man, good fellow, &c.; this now rose majestically upwards in a dense, white portion, which is left uncultivated, and, with certain you, consecrated to the demon, is termed the 'Goodman's Croft;' in plain English, 'Fiend's Field.' extraordinary losses of a man hitherto so thriving as yourself, can only be referred to your want of respect towards the dark power, who, perceiving you adding acre to acre, purchasing this field, and en- ance to the lesson he had studied. closing that portion of stony, sterile, waste land. without setting apart so much as half an inch for thee, in order to crave for the future fruitful crops himself, has resented the neglect you best know and sound cattle; is my sacrifice accepted?" how."

"Nothing more likely," answered Powell.

The advice consequent upon this communication servant, Anthony Ryecroft?" was, that Howison should enclose a fresh portion of common-not the old worn ground-and that there should be an annual sacrifice of a black hen and a night. The ceremonies of the consecration Master Rycoroft was to arrange at his leisure.

Powell then took his departure, sincerely thankful night next year, we shall-" and marvelously enlightened; repeating incessantly. during his dreary homeward walk, (as far as he tion to which the alchemist had attached so magical

Madge Powell and George Bennett now saw with lespair that their hopes were to be frustrated by avarice on one side, and craftiness on the other; and, while they felt themselves the victims of Ryecroft, they knew that Powell was his dupe. Madge, sordid feelings, some little influence over his hard heart, gained, by tears, entreaties, and other allprevailing female arguments, the respite of one entire year before her dreaded union with Rycoroft; for, as Powell could not help acknowledging, there was some reason in her observation, that he would have an opportunity by that time of proving for himself whether Tony had actually ensured to him the promised prosperity.

0 It was the evening of the 31st of October, the celebrated vigil of All Saint's Day-more familiarly known, perhaps, as the Scottish and Irish Hallowe'en when Powell, after frequent conferences with Tony Ryccroft, proceeded to act for, and by himself. according to the adept's instructions. He had lately enclosed a considerable portion of the Wrekinswold. lying at a distance of about three miles from his home, and behind some of the highest of the hills. The Fiend's Field, a full and fair acre of this acquisition, was situated at its extremity, and was upon this auspicious evening to be consecrated.

Powell, who had invited a party of his daughter's young friends, George Bennett and Ryecroft among them, to burn nuts, and try charms with her, drank deep potations of strong ale; and, at a signal given by Ryccroft, soon after the clock had struck eleven. wrapped himself in his great frieze coat, took down his mossy, oaken cudgel, and sallied forth-joked, of was going to dip his shirt-sleeves in the fairy spring beyond the hills.

Heedless of their jests, Powell went on his way, but with an exceedingly heavy heart, thus to quit a warm fire-side, blythe company, and excellent cheer, for a long, dreary, and cold walk over the Wrekinwolds-the wind howling, the rain falling in sullen. heavy drops, the night dark as death, and such a night, too! the witching one of all the year, and its which he knew, at twelve o'clock, all the gay youths and maidens at the Grange would be engaged.

Thus alternately a prey to the smitings of concience, and the sophistries which were to heal them, and frequently, whistling, singing, and repeating place at eight o'clook, she needed repose. aloud the efficacious scrap of magical lore taught him by Tony, Powell contrived to find his way across stood in the portion fenced off for the Fiend's Field. nothing stirred to interrupt the awful stillness which Figure!"

in exact proportion to its unintelligibility, so exalted Some believed it to have been a Catholic chapel, ventured to inquire whether so wise a man could not thought it an ancient watch tower, while others, teach him some secret whereby to insure good crops referring its origin to the Romans, thought they displayed an extraordinary share of erudition by the

long been thinking of you in this very matter; for, All, however, agreed that it had been for ages the admiring Madge Powell as I do, I cannot unmoved resort of fairles, apparitions, and witches, who held behold adversity overtake her father; and if I have an annual festival on the Wrekin, though on what hitherto, when I knew the means of assisting you lay inight of the year no one could positively say, since n my power, held my peace, attribute such conduct no person had ever yet been found sufficiently courto any motives but indifference and unkindness. Per-lageous to watch in and about Hubb's House in order

The recollection of these traditions by no means or perhaps I might be aware of certain conditions, tended to raise the sinking spirits of Powell, whose which of necessity I must impose upon him whose teeth fairly chattered with affright, and whose limbs fallen fortunes I desired to raise, and which would almost failed him as he groped his way into the unhappily seem, in his eyes, to compromise the dis-building, where Rycoroft had assured him he must offer the propitiatory sacrifice. The slightest degree of fear was to be deprecated, as liable to incense the By all that's hely, she shall be yours!" exclaimed being whom he came to conciliate: a circumstance

which he had walked to reach the ruin ere the stroke of midnight, caused him to sink almost exbe candid in return with you. I am not now so anx. hausted upon the ground; but, recovering, he took ious about Madge, after her decided rejection of me. from his pocket a tinder box and marches, struck a But come-my conditions are simply these: that you light, and set fire to a previously prepared pile of make over all your property to her whom I once furze, sticks, and faggets, mingled with turf, damp loved: or rather draw up an instrument which shall earth, and stones, in order to prevent its immediate cause the revenue of your farm to revert, upon your combustion. Then, taking from a niche in the ruined wall, the black hen and the heart, brought for this sacrifice during the day by Tony and himself, he cast them upon the blazing altar, meaning to utter an invocation taught him for the occasion, when, unluckily, out slipped by mistake the more familiar phrase, whose signification, according to Ryccroft,

Immediately a burst of wild, deriding laughter, so loud that it shook the walls of the crazy building, trusted with the sole command of all temposts, and seemed cohoed and re-echoed by every stone, saluted the ears of Powell, and this had no sooner subsided, than a voice, whose tone seemed to freeze "Fool! Passpara iconathem dentemasticon, thou

The white, curling smoke which had, upon the firing of the combustible altar, rolled in gross, suffocating volumes, around the narrow area enclosed arable ground, as an offering to the evil spirit, by the ruined walls, having found a vent through column, mingled with bright streams of ascending ccremonies in which I am competent to instruct flame: so that Powell was clearly enabled to discern, standing before him, a black and gigantic apparition, whose dusky countenance was stern and sor-Now. Mr. Powell, it has struck me that the late rowful and whose glittering eyes, illumized by the reflection of the burning materials, glowed like living

> At length, in faltering tones, Powell gave utter-"I, a poor fortune-fallen mortal, have summoned

"Art thou ready," interrupted the power, gloom-

ily, "to fulfill the terms agreed upon by our trusty

The mortal bowed his assent, for terror had sealed his tongue.

"Thy sacrifice is accepted then," pronounced the sheep's heart pierced with pins, in the croft at mid-demon; "see that thou fail not in thy compact, lest when we meet again—for we shall meet again—" "I know it!" grouned Powell ; " upon this same

At this moment the distant church clock slowly

chimed twelve; the blazing altar suddenly became could count the syllables,) the mysterious exclama. extinct; a hollow, rushing sound echoed through the ruin, and Powell, half frenzied, darted from its shelter. Wild, wet, and haggard, at about ten minutes to

one, he entered the Grange; his guests were gone, and Madge, beside a cheerful fire, was awaiting her father's return in a mood as cheerful, ready to jest with him upon his secret expedition; but when he rushed in with the wildness of a maniac, and sat with staring eyes fixed on the fire, without uttering a syllable, the poor alarmed girl could only ask him in broken accents, what he had done, and what he had seen.

At length she placed in his damp, cold hand a glass of mulled ale; and, a little refreshed, he reulied to her remonstrances:

"Go to bed, child-to bed, I say; but remember your father in your prayers, for he may never pray again."

And, so saying, he left his terrified daughter to muse upon and mourn over the dreadful meaning of his words.

During the ensuing year it was singular that Powall had not the slightest occasion to complain of a bad season, scanty, damaged crops, or diseased cattle. He and Ryecroft lived upon terms of extreme intimacy, while George Bennett and Madge still continued, though more covertly than heretofore, their affectionate intercourse; but some rumors getting affont that Powell, having entered into a compact with the evil power, had consecrated to him that acre of his estate in which stood the old haunted chapel of St. Hubert, the inhabitants of Wrekinswold.

though not, as was hinted at the commencement of this tale, the most virtuous peasantry in existence, looked coldly and askance upon him, taking credit to themselves for superior sanctity, because they had not fallen so deeply into the gulph of perdition.

The marriage of Ryecroft and Madge was fixed for course, by his juvenile guests, who asserted that he the first of November succeeding that in which the sacrifice was consummated; consequently the anniversary of the event, which was to be observed with similar ceremonies, fell upon the vigil of All Hallows, and of her bridal. A larger party than that which had assembled at the Grange the year preceding was now met for the double purpose of celebrating the rites of the "spritely" Hallowe'en, and the approaching marriage of so universal a favorite.

When Madge beheld her father depart, as he had witching hour so near! And what was he going to done exactly a twelvemouth before, on his mysterious do? unto whom to offer sacrifice? To be sure he nocturnal errand, she strove to detain the guests, did it but as a mere piece of foolish formality, to conjecturing that his second ramble would not be please Ryccroft: there could be nothing sinful in longer than the first. One o'clock, however, struck, such a frolic, more than in those simple charms in and the rustic company rose to depart; the rival lovers, only, perceiving her anxiety for her father, would not quit her. Ryecroft pressed her much to retire to rest, urging that as she must rise early in order to prepare for a ceremony, which was to take

His entreaties were replied to in a tone of bitterness which with Madge was very unusual; and, after hilly, arable, and waste lands, to his new territory. an apology from Ryccroft, for having offended unin-The walls of an old stone building, of which the tentionally the trio maintained a gloomy silence, country people could give no satisfactory account, anxiously listening for the steps of Powell. But

began to oppress the hearts of the waiting party like a weight, save the dropping embers and the unwearying click of the clock.

The hour of two at length struck, louder, each fanoled, than it ever had done before; and Madge, bursting into tears, exclaimed:

"I will wait one hour longer for my father, and if he does not come then he shall be sought, for I am sure harm has come to him!"

She described his agitation upon his return—the Hallowe'en past-from his nocturnal expedition, which she now declared was undertaken for unholy purposes, adding :

"And now that we are on the subject, do tell me. Master Ryecroft, what my poor father meant by purchasing a piece of land which still lies fallow, and which it seems he never intends to cultivate?"

Tony refused to afford her the slightest information, and his companions witnessed with surprise the ashy paleness of his countenance, and a perplexity, perturbation and terror, which all his efforts at ease and self-possession were insufficient to conceal. He had frequent recourse to some brandy, which, with the remains of the All-Hallowmass supper, still stood on the table; and, at last, overcome by the frequency of the application, he fell into a profound slumber.

"Were it not," said Madge, "for my uneasiness respecting my father, I could laugh at the unloverlike figure of that reprobate, and at the trick we have played him. Ah, George! how strangely surprised he will be to-morrow when I declare in church-Hark! did you not hear a noise?"

Nothing, in fact, was stirring, yet Madge unfastened the door of the house nearest the road by which she knew her father must return, and looked out.

It was a clear, frosty, moonlight night, but no Powell appeared; and as the hour passed without his arrival, Bennett began, like poor Madge, to forebode the worst. So insisting that she should retire, and suffering Ryccroft to remain where he was and sleep off the effects of the brandy, he set forth alone in quest of the unhappy Powell.

Madge threw herself upon her bed in her clothes. and having for another hour prayed as fervently as she had wept bitterly, sunk exhausted into a kind of doze, that might be termed stupefaction rather than repose. From this state she was aroused by a violent rapping at her chamber door. It was now full daylight, though the morning was cold and cloudy.

"Madge, my dear girl, for heaven's sake come iere!" exclaimed George, as he still knocked and lifted in vain the latch of the bolted door. This was followed by a low, deep hum, as of the mingling of voices in consternation and sorrow. With trembling hand Madge unfastened the door, and drawing her gently from the chamber, George endeavored, in a tender and soothing tone, to prepare her mind for the fatal tidings. .

"Oh Heavens!" cried the distracted girl, "my father-my poor father-is then no more! Speak! is it not so? And Ryecroft is his murderer!"

" Hush, dear Madge, hush! we may not without cause thus put any man's life in jeopardy. Ryecroft, suspicious as is his flight from Wrekinswold, was, as you know, sitting with us when this lamen. table accident befel your father, whose body I found at some distance from here, bearing, as you will perceive when you have sufficient firmness to look upon it, every indication of having been destroyed by gunpowder, or something like it."

A neighbor now entered, panting for breath. He brought tidings that Hubb's House was totally demolished-not one stone being left upon another ! that fragments of the building were strewn about Goodman's Croft, and the fields near it, and that all were blackened and burnt, as if the place had been destroyed by an explosion.

"How singular it is," observed Madge, looking up through her tears, after an hour or two had elapsed, that neither my unhappy parent nor Anthony Ryeproft should be here on this eventful morning to earn that I became your wife three months ago!"

The opinion now entertained was, that Ryccroft had endeavored to secure immediately that wealth for which alone he desired the heiress of the infatu. ated Powell; and that only a few hours previous to the marriage, when she might fancy that nothing could delay it, luring his luckless dupe, under superstitious pretences, to a lonely and shunned ruin, in the middle of the night he there accomplished his destruction; having instigated him to light a pile of combustible materials which contained, unknown to his victim, a quantity of gulppowder.

The rustics of Wrekinswold, however, tenacious of the superstitions of their day and country, affirmed that as Powell failed to perform the promise, his daughter being already married, the evil one had thought proper to carry off the soul of the unfortunate man in a tempest of fire and sulphur, leaving behind, to ensure the destruction of Rycoraft, the blackened and mangled corpse.

Ryccroft was, in the course of a few days, apprehended and securely lodged in Shrewsbury Jail. Being convicted upon another serious and singular charge, he was sentenced to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. An execution having been levied upon the rich Tony for debt, among his other property were found certain instruments, engines, utensils. moulds and metals, which clearly proved him to belong to a gang of coiners, for whose apprehension the magistrates of Shropshire had long been on the alert. He refused to betray his accomplices in " the divine art of transmutation;" and to the last persisted in denying, with the most solemn asseverations. any implication in the murder of Powell, save that which had unhappily accrued to him by the fatal termination of a mere youthful frolic, got up, he affirmed, for the purpose of obtaining a wealthy alliance, and of creating a profound idea of his own knowledge and power.

Leaving this mysterious subject still in darkness, thus died the crafty Ryccroft. But for some years after the catastrophe of our story, it was a tradition current among the inhabitants of Wrekinswold that annually, upon the eve of All Saints Day, those who happened to cross the site of Hubb's House at midnight, would behold the apparition of Powell; an elderly man, who appears with useless labor to be gathering and piling up visionary stones, which sink down and disperse as soon as collected. Should the startled wanderer on the Wrekin take courage to ask the phantom who he is, and what he is doing, he will civilly and sadly reply:

"Friend, go thy way, and heap not up riches which thou knowest not who shall inherit. Beware, I say, of the chaff which flitteth away at the breath of the least wind, even as thou perceivest these stones do, wherewith I strive forever and forever to erect an altar to the Goodman of the Croft, and from which I labor through everlasting years-but in vain-to clear the field of my great master-the CONTINUED FROM THE PRIST PAGE.

continted from the fight possible capacity of man, to show his highest point of attainment. He stands before every man and says, "liere is what you may be, here is a type of that complete submission to the divine will which that requires of you." And in the very ideal he holds up before us, he shows us our worth as well as our worth. We felends, that is, the way to make man he holds up before us, he shows us our worth as well as our need. My friends, that is the way to make men better! to show them something higher to which they may attain, not something lower to which they can fall. You come to a drunkard, "That is of no use; he knows that as well as you do. You come to the poor harlot in the street, and say, "You are a wretched daughter of shame; go away from me, I am holler than you." She knows that now. But say to the poorest and to the basest, "There is a spark of divinity within you; there is a nossible goodness within you; look at you; there is a possible goodness within you; look at that divine ideal which, nearly nineteen hundred years ago walked upon the earth, and was crucified upon Calvary. Even you, poor, lost, abandoned creature, may rise to the attainment of that excellence." Was not that a grand thing which the grand English admiral said, at the battle of the Nile, to the men under him—"England expects every man to do his duty?" Do you suppose there was a man on board ship there, who would not have poured out his life's blood for his country, feeling that he was worth something! And do you suppose that there is a man so base, that when do you suppose that there is a man so base, that when Christ looks upon him, and says, "I love you, I care for you, there is something within you worth saying"—that does not feel an impulse, an encouragement within him; an inspiration to rise? Christianity is mighty,

in him; an inspiration to rise? Christianity is mighty, because it reveals man to himself.

And then Christianity is mighty, because it reveals to us the Father. Ah, when we come to ourselves we feel our need; we are weak; we are ashamed; we are corrupted, and we are degnaded. Where shall we go? who will help us? But infinite love waits for you. Do you suppose the prodigal would have had courage to have staggered to his feet, and returned home, if he had reflected and said, "No—my father is a stern man; he is a despot; the sentence which he has pronounced against me is inexorable; I have forfeited his love; oh! against me is inexorable; I have forfeited his love; oh it is of no use to go back again; I have gone away."

He would have turned back among the swine again, and perished there. No—no; he felt humble; he felt that he was nothing more than a servant, not a son But he felt that his father was a father, after all; and all the sin in the world could not cancel that relation, could not quench that love. That was the magnet that draw him back—a father's love! And that is the magnet that draws the sinner to God. Now you may call it what you please: evangelical preaching, or hereti-cal preaching. But all the theologies in the world will not convert men. These two facts will—a sense in man of his worth and need, and a sense of the divine love. Get that into the hearts of men, and you may build up as many theologies as you please. But evan build up as many theologies as you please. But evan-gelical truth, religious truth, the head of theology, is man's worth, man's need, the father's long-suffering, inexhaustible love; that is the story of the prodigal son. I set it up and defy all the refutation of all theol-

son. I set it up and dely all the rejutation of all theologies against it; and, in so far as they are against it, I deny their power and their efficacy.

Now, you who hear me, this is not a story of nineteen hundred years ago. It is not a theory brought before your minds for discussion. It is a truth which I want you to take to your hearts. Have you come to yourselves? Is, life real to you? Is God's truth and his goodness your aim? Do you feel your need for Christ's example? Are you striving to follow that oxymple? Answer it in the silence of your own Christ's example? Are you striving to follow that example? Answer it in the silence of your own souls. If you do, press on. Do not be afraid of discouragements. You will stumble at times; you will slip back; but go forward. If you have come to a sense of yourself, of your need, and of God's love, strive to live up to that sense, and press on. But if you have never felt it, if you say—'No, I have never realized what I am, or why I am here; I have never realized what I am, or why I am here; I have never realized what I am, or why I am here; I have never thought. come to myself, never thought of my relation to God'"—oh, man, in sin, in any course of vice, absorbed in the world's business, engrossed in its pleasures, thinking of anything else but your own true life and God—if you have never come to yourself, strive, and God—in you have never come to yourself, strive, pray that you may, until in that very strife and with that very prayer you will find involved the crisis of the prodigal's restoration, and the fullness of the prodigal's joy.

THE WAR IN ITALY .- The very latest news from the seat of war is to May 24th. The first battle between the Austrians and Allies took place on the 21st, at Montebello. We give the following telegraphic synopsis:--

"French accounts say the Austrian force was 15,000 strong, under the command of Gen. Stadion. They made an attack upon the advanced posts of Marshal Bariguay de Hilliers, but were driven back by Gen. Forris's division, after a flerce combat of four hours' duration. The force of the Allies in this engagement included some Piedmontese cavalry. The Allies carried Montebello, but did not pursue the Austrians in their retreat. The loss of the Austrians in this engagement is estated by the French at from 1500 to 2000. ment is stated by the French at from 600 to 700, with many officers.

Two hundred Austrians, including one Colonef, were taken prisoners. The Austrian account simply states that Gen. Stadion pushed forward a reconnoisance by a forced march towards Siglio and Montebello, but after a hot fight with a French force of superior strength, retreated behind the Po in perfect order. The actual strength of the French force is not stated. Report says from 6000 to 7000, besides a regiment of Sardinian cavalry. The Sardinian Bulletin also announces that the extreme left wing of the Sardinian army under Gen. Cialdino, forced a passage work the Sardinian army under Gen. The actual strength of the French force is not over the Susa river, putting the Austrians to flight. Other trifling engagements are reported."

A general meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company is called, to senction the heads of agreement with the government, and the issue of preference shares of £600,000 new capital.

The Paris Moniteur announces that France will address a note to the Powers in favor of the abolition of privateering, and the principle that a neutral flag cov-

Prince Napoleon, with a small French force, had arrived at Leghorn. It is rumored that six English men-of-war had en-

tered the Adriatic Sea. The King of Naples is dead, and Francis II. has taken

the reins of government. England and France are about to send a representative to Naples.

Political differences have arisen between Lords Palmerston and Russell.

It is confidently anticipated that the Derbyltes will be defeated on the meeting of the English Parliament. The British admiralty formally invites tenders for the monthly Australian mail service via Panama.

### LECTURERS.

E. T. Wherler, inspirational speaker, may be addressed antil June 15th at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. LEVELL BEEBE, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture

wherever the friends of spiritual reform may require his serwices. Address North Ridgeville, Ohlo. LORING MOODY will speak in Milford, N. H., June 19th

Nashua, N. H., Sunday, June 26th; Waltham, Mass., Sunday, GEORGE ATELES Will speak at Orleans, Mass., on Sunday,

June 12th and 13th; at Plymouth, June 20th. H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in North Brookfield, Mass., June

[For a fuller list of Movements of Lecturers, see seventh page.]

### NEW BOOKS.

We have received from Messrs. Shepard, Clark & Brown, three of the cheap series of Sir Walter Scott's nevels, now being issued by Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. They are "Fortunes of Nigel," "Old Mortality," "Heart of Mid Lothian." Price of each 25 cts., or the whole set of Scott's celebrated novels, TWENTY-SIX in number, at the low rate of

### TO OUR READERS.

We now propose to furnish new subscribers with both the BANNER OF LIGHT and the WORKING FARMER for Two Dollars per annum. The Working Farmen is strictly an Agricultural paper, edited by Prof. Jas. J. Mapes and assistants. Ita advertisement in our present number will furnish particulars. By this arrangement our friends in agricultural districts may save one dollar in the cost of the two papers. If

### A CARD.

E. S. WHEELER begs leave to say to all those who have written him during May, as well as others desiring his presence, that because of the enfeebled state of his health-being much in need of rest, from the work of the past two yearshe is compelled to forego the pleasure of answering any calls for the present, except in those places he may visit. His address may be found in the BANNER and Aon, and if friends those points desire he will be happy to meet them; but thanking many friends for their kindnesses, past and present, most respectfully declines any engagements at a distance from his address.

Written for the Danner of Light,

### MAN AND HIS RELATIONS. By S. B. Brittan.

PREFATORY.
Many persons receive new ideas with great caution. to which I make no objection. Others obstinately reject ideas merely because they are new. Against this unreasonable conduct the writer records his informal but emphatic protest. At the same time it must be confessed, that this course possesses the merit of convenience when one is found wanting in the ability and industry to undertake and prosecute a rational investigation. A stupid assent to the prevailing modes of thought, and a blind attachment to established systems and customs, may save a vast amount of labor to indolent and unscrupulous souls who prefer the hazard of yielding to Error the homage that is only due to the

TRUTH. Too often the creations of the Present-forms of beauty, instinct with life, and sense, and thoughtforms quickened with vital fire-in which TRUTH is a divine incarnation-awaken no emotion but fear; while for the lifeless forms of the Past; even for the old Error—cold, passionless and pulseless in its eternal death-men manifest an unwavering and an unreason ing devotion. But Error is not to be venerated for the number of its years; nor is Truth less worthy of repeet and love, because the passing hour marks the eginning of its revealed existence.

With these preliminary observations the writer sub mits what he has to say (in this connection) of MAN AND HIS RELATIONS, to the judgment of the candid reader. While he offers no apology for a free expression of his thoughts, he asks one favor and concedes one right-a careful examination of his views and the liberty to accept or reject them.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE TENANT AND THE HOUSE.

The first attempt to look into the Arcana of our own being usually results in the discovery that Human Nature is at least two-fold. The student just entering on this course of investigation may be wholly incapable of making a critical analysis, either of mind or body, and unequal to the task of a scientific classification of vital and mental phenomena; but he can hardly fail to observe the duality comprehended and exhibited in the spirit and the form. That the conscious intelligence and the corporeal instrument are, in a most essential sense, distinct, while, at the same time, they are intimately united in the phenomenal illustrations of life sensation, thought and action, is a truth sanctioned not alone by the philosopher's reason, but by familian experience and universal consciousness.

In the treatment of my subject I shall regard the dis tinctions of the metaphysicians, ancient and modern only so far as they appear to accord with the laws o Nature and the light of a scientific philosophy. It were better to lose our way, obcasionally, in the great Un known, and to take some useless steps in our explorations, than with unquestioning faith and mechanica precision, to follow every blind guide. It will be con eded that the importance of the present inquiry is in no degree diminished by the obscurity that overshadows the ultimate springs of life and thought. Rather is this an element in the strange and peculiar interest that belongs to the theme. Moreover, the mysteries of human nature are not all inscrutable, and we may yet learn far more of ourselves than is contained in the catechism or taught in the schools of modern science And while I shall not attempt a nice anatomical dissection of the human soul-with a view to those subtile and technical distinctions which the learned and deeply metaphysical inquirer might be pleased to recognizeshall, on the contrary-without descending to the lower level of the uneducated mind-aim to present my subject in a clear light to the common comprehen

Our Individuality essentially belongs to the interne constitution-to the SPIRIT; and hence the lines that mark and determine the same are not obliterated by the physical changes occurring in the external economy of human existence. While, therefore, the simple ele ments that enter into chemical and organic combina tions in the body are being perpetually displaced and thrown off, by the assimilation of other particles, our identity is preserved through all material transformations. In his indestructible constitution Man presents on organic and beautiful union of many noble faculties and affections, all having a common center in the indicorresponding to the several faculties of the mind or spirit, each organ being adapted to specific functions of being. Through this complex organism the intelligent Soul sustains intimate and vital relations to the elements and forms of the Physical World. Thus the immortal powers of our spiritual being all meet, unite and center in the Consciousness; at the same time, their mundane instruments belong to the body, and have their organic center in the brain; while the movements of the Spirit, as revealed by its action on and through the Body, may be appropriately denominated the organic functions.

It is not my purpose to discuss the simple anatomy and physiology of the human body, for the reason that those of my readers who may be in need of information in this department will find what they require in the numerous scientific treatises already extant. But it will be proper in this place to speak briefly of the connecting medium between the Body and the Spirit. The sublimated aura that pervades the brain and nervous system, and which is doubtless the proximate cause of all vital and voluntary motion and sensation, is electrical in its nature. While Animal Electricity is the immediate agent in the production of all chemical changes that occur in living bodies, it is no less true that the agent itself is generated in all the processes of vital chemistry. The same subtile agent is disengaged in all muscular motion, as has been demonstrated by a variety of scientific experiments, some of which I will briefly notice, as they will aid in the further elucidation of my sub-

The experiments of Galvani and others, in causing muscular centractions by electricity, artificially generated and applied to the limbs of frogs and the muscles of other lifeless animals, seemed to afford significant suggestions respecting the homogeneous properties and effects of electricity and the nervous fluid. But the credit of having made the first really demonstrative experiments in this department, is given to Prof. Matteucci, author of a work on the "Physical Phenomena of Living Beings," and to M. Du Bois Reymond, of the Berlin School. The former forced the points of small needles into the muscles of living animals, and then connected their opposite ends with the poles of a very sensitive galvanometer. When the animal moved the muscle, it was observed that the needle of the instrument was deflected; thus showing the presence and passage of an electric current simultaneously with the mus

cular contraction. Reymond's mode of conducting the experiments in Vital Electricity was somewhat different, and he, more over, employed human subjects. Taking two homogeneous pieces of platina, he immersed one end of each in a solution of common salt, contained in two cups, and then connected the opposite ends of the platina strips with the needle of his galvanometer. Having arranged his apparatus, he plunged the index finger of each hand and without money; they have come to us as unexinto the solution contained in the two vessels, wherenpon he observed a slight deviation of the needle of his lafter the costly and troublesome gratifications have instrument. By alternately concentrating the will on taken their leave. In these things the heart refuses to the two arms, and thus timing the muscular contract be interfered with, but insists on having its own way : tions, the most decided oscillations were produced. and it is vicious to try to interfere with its longings.

Hamboldt reseated Reymond's experiment, and con firmed (in fact and in the judgment of the scientific world) the result, by his success and the weight of his powerful testimony. Subsequently Prof. Buff of Olessen experimented with still more extraordinary results. Having joined the hands of sixteen persons, he caused the individuals at the extremities of the line to complete the circuit by each dipping the hand that was disengaged into the contents of one of the cups. The cuticle-on the hands of the persons employed in the experiment-having been previously moistened, opposed no resistance to a free circulation of the subtile element. Accordingly, when-at a word-all the persons in the circuit-in regular alternation-contracted the muscles of the right and left arm, the galvanic needle was powerfully moved, in opposite directions, and to the extent of not less than fifty degrees.

The discovery of the homogeneousness of the nervous and the electric power is one of great importance to science, and especially to the physiological inquirer. It lights up the outward temple of our being; it will aid in in solving the problem involved in the circulation of the animal fluids: it suggests a rational philosophy of sensation, and opens, the way to a clearer and more comprehensive knowledge of the laws of organic action and vital harmony. In the light of this discovery we shall hereafter survey the outer courts, of the temple, and then do what we may to guide the mind of the thoughtful and reverent inquirer toward the inner sanctuary of his being.

# Banner of Night.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

PUBLICATION OFFICES: 3 1-2 Brattle St., Boston: 143 Fulton St., New York.

All letters must be addressed, BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

-EDITORS: WILLIAM BERRY, LUTHER COLBY, J. R. M. SQUIRE.

THOS. GALES FORSTER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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#### A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

Every man's life is a history which, if he knew it, is as well worth reading as the history of the world. Our superficial modes of education have led us generally to suppose that anything lying outside of ourselves is better, than what lies within us, and hence that any other man's life, or action, must be infinitely richer than our own. It is a creeping, cringing way to go into life, and operates to the moral dwarfing of all who follow it. At Sunday school, from the pulpit, in all sorts of public addresses from clergy and laity, from father and mother, at all times and in all places, from our youth up we are enjoined to imitate somebody or another; to do as they do; to affect even their external neculiarities, if so be that we might thus catch the flavor of their virtues. In this way people unconsciously fall into the habit, early in life, of copying where they should create, and blindly imitating where they should develop as individuals.

No more efficient way could be devised than this to sap the strength of the forming character, and make it almost worthless as a new power either to its possessor or to the world. For, in order to develop, one must first be taught to exercise his own clear perceptions, and, next, to follow them out. If a man is forever chasing about to see how somebody else does, or is vidual Consciousness; while the body is a delicate corporeal machine of instrument, with particular organs could perfo even himself that he has a nature at all distinct from some other nature, or that his existence is ever going to pay for the trouble of his creation? Must be not be blind, indeed, not to see that just as far as he travels out of his way to meet another, just so far he surrenders his power to the person after whom he goes?

But casuists and timid persons step in at this point, and ask with an air of logical superiority- .. Aha! if you are so very willing, then, to trust yourself, where do you think these perceptions will take you? Supnose your vision happened to be awry, and you can see nothing but wrong things and wicked causes; would it be safe for you to trust such a vision as that?" Emerson says, in one of his Essays, that he was once asked a similar question, in his youth, by a strict professor of the Orthodox faith: "Suppose"-said the individual to the Concord philosopher-" suppose you are the child of the Devil, and are still determined to follow out your individual perceptions!" "If I am the child of the Devil," was the correct and thoroughly sound answer, "then I will live to the Devil. I will not be untrue to my nature!" Perverted from the only meaning this can possibly have, it may seem to the superficial partialist to be a powerful weapon in his hand; but, in fact, it is the overthrow itself of the dogma he labors to defend. If God gave us these natures of ours, the central and controlling principle in them-if left to itself, and not dwarfed and thwarted by false education-must be GODLIKE; if it is not so, then it manifestly follows either that we are the children and creation of the Devil outright, or that we were made to swing, like pendulums, between virtue and vice, forever undecided which of the two is the better.

Such grim notions are false, and utterly destitute of foundation. In this age we are to witness, and we are daily witnessing, their complete popular overthrow. Men begin to think it is time to put these childish bugaboos behind their backs, to shut their ears to the old nursery stories that have so long inspired them with fear, and to enter upon the possession of a new life, even in this world, which they had been taught could not be realized till they reached another sphere.

A beautiful life, therefore, can be no other than a true life. A man must learn to trust his own secret and silent inspirations. When, too, he is thinking least about himself, and has the slightest concern for the reputation his action will earn for him, he is most open to the impression of pure and lofty thoughts. Simplicity is the key to the whole secret; if that lies imbedded in the nature, it will shoot out in the shane of tastes, it will flower in the form of manners and looks and expressions, and it will bear rich fruit in the form of actions. The most enduring pleasures are always those which we have got without calculation pected experiences, and linger in the memory long

After all, there is nothing so beautiful as nature, whether in a man or in the manifestations of the external world. If we were really true to that, we should be true indeed. There is no use in heeding the dull nature, for all that has spent its force; men no longer liarity of circumstances and the force of education. Nature, in the abstract, is holiness and purity; in the concrete, as in man, it is more or less mixed with the influences of events and individuals, and therefore needs perpetual purification. To doubt this, therefore, is to question God; and rather than that, we would toss all the theological theories with a joyful heart out of the

upon themselves the gaze of the multitude, and never vaunted an act that came from their hands, for whom it was just an easy and natural to do a good and sweet deed, as it is for others to do mean and wicked ones, and whose lived blossoming unseen in their own little privacy, remind)you of the violet that breathes out its sweetness in the shade; and lives like these are worth study and familiarity, for they put to shame the pretentious untruth that gets the car and wins the applause of the crowd. We must not suffer ourselves to disfigured or distorted from its native shape, because it may not yet be popular.

No life can be kept sweet and whole, except it be of the light dulls the most perfect vision. The dust and heat of the public street are sure, in time, to begrim the cleanliest apparel. Action must needs alternate with rest. There must be pauses even in the song of the nightingale. The glory of sunrise is heightened by the shadows of the night just gone. And the soul must retire within itself, must seem to go off apart and alone, to brood in quiet over the great thoughts that are sent by the angels, and to assimilate them to the spiritual nature. Only through this process can forcible and efficient action be obtained, for thus do all the spiritual energies gather themselves together for their impulsive efforts. The hours of solitary thought, therefore, are the richest of all the other hours of life, for upon these do we draw as upon resources when we are summoned to active and efficient exertion.

#### JUNE.

We are in a paradise of sweets and glories. This is the most delightful of the twelve months in the year. Poets have sung it in their finest verse, prose-writers have made their phrases dance to harmonious measures vhen alluding to its many beauties, and the whole world of men and women who know nothing of what it is to be literary, have felt a fresh gladness in their hearts when looking up and around at the compacted reasures of this lovely month.

The very word June is fresh and beautiful. It is sed to express youth, love, a glowing heart, sensuous delights, and all that is harmonious on the face of the earth. We compare maidenhood with it; we speak of roses and June together; the sweet odors of grass, and leaves, and flowers we associate with its name; and the flush of the morning and evening is such as no other month in the calendar is able to afford.

The June of this particular year is attractive beyond all others. It is a luxury to live in a season like this. It may, to be sure, be "as brief as woman's love," but it is all love, and intense love at that. Never do we remember to have seen so much beauty-so rich and so profuse—as unrolls to every movement of the eye at this present time, in the country. Around Boston, nature is a garden. Trees and grass lure one's feet away from the town, and among trees and grass the soul loses itself in dreams more enticing than any that ever enchanted Orientals. The birds seem to be in eestasy over the fresh and joyous heritage which may all be called theirs. Cattle call to one another from distant hill-sides and far-reaching meadows, and their voices add still new attractions, by the force o ssociation, to the landscape itself.

You may see the angler, equipped in long boots, with od and creel, threading his cautious way down through the alder dingles, now plunging into the heart of a jungle of birch and again emerging on the broad and open meadow, watching narrowly for the dancing of is fly, and insensibly drinking in the very sweetest and freshest influences to be found in the entire realm of created things; one is forced to think-and he loves the fancy more and more—that they have souls like! ourselves, and that their songs and liquid chatter are the expression of that spiritual life which is their endowment at the hand of a loving Creator. The green everywhere is not to be described for its deliciousness; it is only to be alluded to. The earth is a carpet of greenest of grass. The round backs of the hills-those nost companionable and endeared objects in natureinvite the feet at every turn. The dense woods offer aisles and archways of living green, through which one may wander at will and never grow weary or

We envy not the man, or woman, whose heart does not catch the tune of this lovely month; the tune sung by the soft winds and running waters, by ecstasy-filled birds and animals warmed anew with joy. If earth has no delights to offer the human soul at a time like this, then it never has had and never will have in all its history. Life is fuller of real spiritual meaning now than at any other season of the year. We should all of us get up to greet the sunrising now, with as much eagerness as the cattle themselves go from their pent yards up to the pastures that are half-leg deep in

### SPIRIT BELIEF NOT NEW.

What we are pleased to style the superstition of the incients, is nothing more nor less than their belief in the communion of spirits. This belief is no new thing, as many people suppose. The early Romans believed themselves to be haunted and distressed by the souls of the dead, which returned in darkness to the scenes of their living joys and sorrows. They were called lemures lamice, ghosts, spectres, and a ceremony called lemuria, cmuralia, or remuria was observed on the nights of the 9th, 11th and 13th of May, in order to persuade or orce them to retire to the place of shades.

About midnight the head of the family rose without noise, and went with bare feet to a fountain, snapping his fingers the while as a protection from his disembodied persecutors. He washed his hands as silently as possible, and returning, took some beans in his mouth. These were black, in allusion to the time selected for ghostly visitation. Without looking around. the pater familias threw these nine times over his head, repeating each time the words, "These I send; with these beans I redeem me and mine." A second time he washed his hands, and while striking a hollow copper vessel, cried nine times in a voice of humble supplication, "Ye souls of my ancestors, depart." He then looked about him and retired; after which, as it was thought, the spirits gathered the beans and carried them carefully away.

### NORTHERN OHIO.

The Annual Jubilee Meeting of the Spiritualists of Northern Ohio, will be holden at Newton Falls, on the Saturday and Sunday preceding the 4th of July. The usual facilities and accommodations will be provided. Newton Falls is about three miles from the Braceville Station of the Cleveland and Mahoney Railroad.

#### PUBLIC DRINKING HYDRANTS.

There is much discussion going forward in the papers of the different Atlantic cities, in reference to the necessity of having public drinking hydrants staand droning talk about the ineradicable sinfulness of tioned thickly along the streets of all cities that are supplied with water by aqueducts; and the main arpay serious heed to it, but set it down to the pecu- gument-which, in our opinion, is an unanswerable one—is that the establishment of such conveniences would promote the public morals. It does seem, now, as if the rulers of cities labored in concert with rumsellers to drive-not entice-men of all grades of character into public drinking places, dram shops and saloons. Intemperance is as often the result of accidental causes as of any regular design; and, so far as the individual is concerned, it is incontestable that it The unknown are generally best worth knowing. is almost always against his will, and in obedience to In many a shaded nook and secret place in the world the most trivial influences. The removal of the oldthere are true and simple hearts that have never drawn fashioned pumps from the sidewalks in many a town has doubtless been productive of much worse habits than the people of those towns would be willing to

admit.

Look at it for a moment. It is a hot, sultry, oppressive day. The passer is panting for a drink of cool water, and would be willing to walk half a mile, at least, to obtain it. But though the city is running with water, pipes and mains intersecting each other at every street corner, all gushing with living water, still a man cannot get a drink anywhere, and is absolutely think that truth is any the less truth, because it is not | driven to a bar-room to obtain, at the cost of a sixpence in everybody's mouth; or that beauty is in the least or a shilling, what he otherwise would have been glad to take in preference, and what could have done bim no harm whatever. Now this leads directly to the deplorable vice of intemperance. It should be remeleavened with occasional solitude. The constant glare died without delay, and we hope soon to see the authorities of all our cities, that are supplied with aqueducts, making provision for the thirsty ones whom they have heretofore driven into bar-rooms and dram-shops.

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Instead of copyrighting separate articles, stories and reports, we shall hereafter enter each number of the Bannen as it is ready for issuing. Every week, reports and articles, and sometimes novelettes, are published by us, the right to issue which in book form, the authors reserve for their especial benefit, and to protect them we take this course. Otherwise, publishers, deeming them public property, might feel it no wrong to appropriate them to their own use. This will not debar.our friends of the press from copying from us. giving due credit, to the extent customary in cases of copyrighted publications.

#### TO OUR AGENTS.

We have made arrangements with MESSRS. Ross & Tousey, of New York, to pack all our Southern and Western orders, instead of sending them from this office. They will furnish the BANNER OF LIGHT at the same prices that we have been furnishing them. We do this in order that our agents may receive their papers earlier than they can from the Boston Post Office. Not that there is any fault on the part of our Office, but that the difference in the mail routes from the New York office facilitate business.

MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS. We shall publish an account of the proceedings at this yearly meeting of The Friends in our next issue.

## The Busy Morld.

Extracts from the proof-sheets of George A. Redman's new book, "Mystic Hours," will be found on our seventh

We are obliged to postpone the publication of Prof. Otis's speech at the Convention at Marlow last week. Yes, with pleasure, friend Capron. A Good Move-The post-office to its old quarters in State

street. It was opened to the public on Saturday afternoon "Honest Tom Comen" takes a behofit at the Boston Thea-

tre on Saturday evening, 11th inst. A photograph of the delegates of the National Printers Union, as they appeared at the base of Franklin's statue, on the day of their departure from Boston, has been executed by J. L. Heywood, which is a credit to him and a compliment

to the society he depicts. Going .- We are happy to hear that the Boston Courier "still has its readers" and is increasing in circulation.

The heavens above and the earth beneath have been explored, and the laws by which the Eternal created and govof nature. And the brooks themselves are the happiest erns the Universe explained to the understanding of the people; but man has been loth to look into himself and comprehend the complications of his own physical and spiritual

> Loquacious mouths are like badly managed banks. They make large issues on no solid capital.

Friend CLARION, we thank you for your clever notice of us; it shows that your heart is in the right place. We, too, hope that "Spiritualists will not forget to sustain those humemerald. Green boughs swing in the tempered winds, ble periodicals which do not aim to encompass all the stars, and their dreamy shadows play to and fro on the but which seek to present a distinctive, humane and progressive Spiritualism.

ENTERPRISE.—The publisher of the Buffalo Sunneam has a news-room attached to his office, where Spiritualists and others may find all the late publications, and the New York daily papers on the same day they are issued.

WHEAT .- Winter Wheat never looked better in this county than at the present time. If no untoward over the county to injure the growing crop, we shall have more than double as much winter wheat raised in this county the present over any past year.—Appleton, (Wis.) Crescent.

This will do very well to say now; but a three days' blight just before harvest time would dampen the wheat and the hopes of the people also.

"LEGEND OF THE WATERFALL"-a poem, by "Cosmos," will appear in our next issue.

NAHANT HOUSE .- The Lynn Reporter states that the Nahant House is to be opened this season by Messrs. Rand & Son of the Sagamore House of that city,

HENRY WARD BEECHER is not only one of the most attractive orators of the country, but also one of the most popular writers of the age. This fact is proved by the wide circulation of his contributions to the Independent, and the large sale of the different folumes from his pen. Derby & Jackson have this day published two new books by Mr. Beecher, that are upon themes of general and permanent interest. Brown, Taggard & Chase are the New England publishers of both ooks.—Transcript, June 4.

In consequence of the late disastrous fire, the Spiritual Mass Meeting, announced to take place at Watertown, N. Y., has been indefinitely postponed.

A bill is pending in one of the Western legislatures to empower women to make contracts. They should by all means be authorized to contract—they have been expanding too much. Dr. Dyonsius Lardner, whose death has been announced,

was born at Wexford, Ireland, in 1790. His career as a man of science was highly successful, and the common people of England and America are greatly indebted to him for the effort to popularize and cheapen scientific works, by which they have been brought within the reach of all who can read.

"Why is it that a miser always wears a wry face?" asked Brown of his friend Brad, the other day. "Don't know," replied Brad, "unless it is because he lives on brown bread." All good thoughts, words, or actions, are the productions of the celestial world,—Zoroaster.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light. The accounts of atrocities committed by the Austrians are

fully confirmed. They have acted more like fiends than soldlers. They rob, steal and pollute without a pretext. As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the levely. The Canada for Liverpool took out 122 passengers, and

\$1,868,544 in specie. A convention of boot and shoe makers has been held in this city during the past week, at which the formation of protective leagues and associations was strongly urged.

The beautiful brick church recently crected at a cost of over three thousand dollars, by the Spiritualists of Burgis and vicinity, is soon to be opened for regular service. They celebrate the opening of this Harmonial Temple the 17th, 18th and 19th of June, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. It is a

spleadid brick structure, in Gothic style—tower eighty feet, with dome, the main building being sixty-five by thirty-eight. Is will comfortably seat six hundred persons, being the fluest and largest church-cuidee in the village. All normal and trance-speakers, North, South, East and West, are most cordially invited to come up to the "feast of the dedication."—Welcome Guest, Cobligator, Mich.

The late C. F. Hovey left by will \$1000 each to Wm. Lloyd Garrison and his wife, Stephen S. Foster, and Abby Kelly Foster, and \$2000 each to Henry C. Wright and Parker Pilsbury. The widow receives \$41,000, two of his sons \$17,000 each, and two \$15,000 each. The rest of the estate, estimated at from \$30,000 to \$40,000, is to be used for the promotion of the anti-slavery cause and other reforms.

Mr. William Foster has given the Massachusetts School of Agriculture ten acres of iand at Wyoming, in Stoneham, adjoining the lot last year given to the Franklin Institute.

NEW Mode or Conveyance.—The Amesbury Villager says -"Mr. J. H. Towne of this village has purchased the stage line between Newburyport and Exeter, through Ameabury Salisbury and Kensington. Persons traveling on this route can have the assurance that they are in the hands of a careful driver, and one from whom they will receive kind and gentlemanly treatment."

"How does real estate sell in your town i" "Oh, it's choap

The man who had one of his legs cut off, thinks he has

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

### ROSA T. AMEDEY AT HARMONY HALL

Wednesday Evening, May 25th, 1859. The lecturess announced as the subject of the evening's

address. "The Free Moral Agency of Man." Are we free moral agents? As Nature is governed by immutable laws, so must man be. . In fact we are but a bundle of laws. But, it is asked, are we therefore nothing but antomatons? To a certain extent we are; yet the immortal principle within us gives us the power to act, to act for ourselves, though always subordinate to the great laws of creation. Almost the first impulse of the child is a desire to govern itself; It is the instinct of free-will, and, acting on that instinct, the child, subjected as it is to the restricting influences of natural laws, still within the limits of those laws works out its own destiny. Intuition demands liberty as the essential right of the soul, accorded to it even as one of those laws by which it is controlled.

Man lives in a law-school every moment of his existence Governed, as he is, by law, the only condition upon which he can ever attain to a genuine freedom is by the knowledge of the laws which control him. Then will he find his freedom in voluntary submission to the laws of God. Until that time he is not a freeman, but a rebel. In his strife to break the bonds which those laws impose upon him, he fetters himself with chains of his own forging.

The lecturess illustrated this principle by remarking on the present yearning of man for spiritual truth-the law of needs. Thus far, indeed, this law has operated upon the human mind-man has craved for meat, but from the moral dyspep sia under which he has labored, he has failed to digest what he has eaten. Now, under more perfect conformity to the laws of the intellectual and moral nature, a healthier state of his spiritual system has given more ample scope to the working of this law of spiritual needs; and as the soul has craved for, and received, and assimilated its proper nourishment, the result has been a development of intellectual and moral freedom such as was never before known.

To be true to ourselves is the sum and height of mora freedom. A freedom which refuses to allow another to eat our spiritual food, as we would laugh at the offer of another to eat our breakfast for us, is the foundation of a knowledge of the laws of our nature, of a willing conformity to them, and of perfect freedom. If you would be free as the flowers, you must make your own soul a flower-garden. Self-knowledge is the first step to freedom-truth to our own souls is freedor

The lecture closed with the improvisition of a poem, en

# Banner of Light ..

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859

Publication Office, No. 143 Fulton Street.

The Old Spiritualist.-No. 11.

MRS. HATCH.

In our last we promised to give Phonix's recollections Mrs. Hatch. He first saw her in Buffulo when she was hur thirteen years of age, and then known as Cora Scott. He met her at the house of a friend with whom she had resided for sometime, and after careful inquiry as to her surroundings, etc., became convinced that her opportunities for education had been extremely limited, and certainly did not include any such studies as would have enabled her to have discussed the subjects in which she has since been so justly celebrated. In her normal condition she was simple, childlike and unaffected, and when in the trance state seemed to become precisely equal to the parties she was representing.

His first inquiries were directed to ascertaining whether this tranco were real or assumed, and he satisfied himself perfectly, that she was entirely unconscious to all surroundings, and that after passing from the tranco state she had no memory of what she had said. Her claims, unlike those of most trance speakers, were extremely moderate. Then, as left there for us. now, she did not assume that she could be influenced by spirits far beyond her normal condition; that her organism and its aptitudes was the limit of the quality of what could be communicated through her; that although the spirits could not use her brain far beyond its normal capacity, yet they could, at all times, equal its highest capacity, because she was abstracted from all subjects except the one in relation to which she was under influence. In other words: suppose a question to be asked of her in the normal state which she could not answer, and to the answere of which she was nearly equal, when in the trance state, some change in her organism could occur, such as the increase in either of a granual of brain, or, of its susceptibility, or of the balance of its power as compared with other portions, and therefore, with such assistance she might answer a question which she was unable to answer in her normal condition; but, forever after her organism having become competent to a higher purpose, she could answer the same question when in her normal state, not from memory of what had occurred while in the trance, but from an increased physical ability. Thus at each entrancement she was gradually developing physically beyond her previous status, and that, therefore, the effect was to continually increase her mental capacity. She certainly, at that time, had been progressed, if the quality of her discourses, when in the trance, should be taken as the measure of her progression, far beyond what could be anticipated at her age.

Phoenix found that after talking with her in her normal condition and posting her up even with his own knowledge in any particular subject, that when next entranced she could answer questions connected with that subject, beyond his ability, and as equally beyond her own in her previous normal state. But he never could discover, in after conversations, that she showed the slightest ignorance on any point in which she had appeared learned, when previously entranced; but in many cases in the entranced state exhibited perceptive powers beyond those of her previous normal condition. He states that he had stored during a series of years many questions of a scientific character, which he had been mable to solve, and that these were readily answered by Oora when entranced, provided that he gradually approached tinued force," but not until he had asked a series of questions connected with the same subject. The direct question however, had never been clearly answered; our books were silent upon it; this question she answered with the greatest clearness, accompanied by explantions which rendered her replies perfectly intelligible to all present. He visited her at Buffalo many times, and on every occasion found her materially improved in her general knowledge, and to a far greater extent than could have been achieved by any amount of study during the same space of time. Hundreds of questions were asked of her in relation to different points connected with theology, and in every case her reply was such as to be apparent, correct and conclusive. Soon after Abner Lane invented the gyroscope, and before it had been generally seen in New York, he placed, this philosophical toy in her hands when entranced, and her explanation of this instrument was, and still is, the only clear description which has ever been printed in relation to this invention.

Phoenix asserts that no public speaker in this country can equal her in oratory, purity of language, or depth of thought; ing to each brother and sister to come up higher still.

enabled to treat the subject of which shospeaks, and which in many cases is presented to her without previous notice, more fully than it has been before treated.

Those who would dispute the fact of Mrs. Hatch's unconscious condition, when speaking, and the source of her inspiration, must at least admit that no other imitator has ever been found who could caugh her efforts in excellence.

Phoenix is certain that she left school at ten years of ago; that her education up to that time was of the most comm place character, and her improvement not at all extraordinary; that from that time to the present she has not been positioned so as to be able to be a student; and that her habit is not to read, but to trust altogether to the influence (which she supposes to be from spirits) for instruction and improvement; that at this time she is more generally and more highly educated than any other person he has ever met. Her present age is about nineteen years; and we believe that no college can present a senior pupil who is her equal, even in classical attainment—unless this term is to be strictly construed to be a knowledge, abstractly, of the dead languages. In the close analysis of words she is not surpassed, and her knowledge of natural law seems to be an intuition, amounting almost to a certainty.

The exact balance of Mrs. Hatch has enabled her to meet a eries of troubles and difficulties in a manner which would have done credit even to Plato. At no time has she lost that evenness of disposition which renders her at all times agreeable to her hearers, wille her high-toned moral character has at all times defied the tongue of calumny. In metaphysics she shows a degree of erudition before unknown. She renders the most abstruse points perfectly understandable to the common auditor. To give her replies in detail would be unfair to herself and to the powers controlling her, unless a memory of every word, and an ability to imitate the precise manner, could accompany such details. Her addresses which have been published have seldem been exact, and many of them have been so villanously modified in their preparation for the press, by unskillful hands, and, occasionally, even badly reported, as to cause them to lose the precite excellence which they ordinarily contained.

Phenix states that he has spent many evenings in listening to her replies to his questions when in the trance state: that these questions have embraced every point which his ingenuity could suggest, in relation not only to theology but to the history of creation, the application of natural laws to every subject which would tend to elucidate the mysteries of nature, and principally to the examination of such portions of the sciences as are in an unsatisfactory state of progression. That, after being an industrious student of natural law for thirty years or more, he is compelled to admit freely, that her replies have given an extension to his observations, more important than all he had gained by previous study; and that her ability to comprehend propositions of a scientific character, is greater than that of any other individual he has ever met. In future numbers of this series we shall attenue to reseat what she has said in relation to the history of creation; the progression in nature; the creation of man as a consequence; the existence of the spirit of man as a natural necessity, and a variety of rationale, from which he arrives at the conclusion that a strict study of natural law alone, apart and distinct from revelation, will clearly sustain most of the truths now claimed as known only by revelation; and that for much the larger portion of those truths had indebted to the teachings derived from addresses and instructions of Mrs. Hatch. That she is seen frequently to anticipate all those new lines of thought which were necessary to direct his investigations to higher fields, and to elucidate and settle his prior hypotheses. That whatever may be the truth of the present results of his reflections founded on these teachings, they are at least consecutive, and in the absence of newer and better truths, satisfactorily and clearly estabishing the immortality of man, the necessity of that immortality, its cause, and the relations of man to nature, the relations of nature to God, the existence of a God without a personality, the necessity and use of a Christ, and the cause of the presentation, as founded in Jesus of Nazareth. Some of the current errors of the day, which are generally received as truths from the respectability of the sources from whence they have emanated, have been clearly defined by Mrs Hatch and others, all of which will be fairly set forth in the future numbers of this series,

Some of the savans of Cambridge have admitted, after hearing Mrs. Hatch, that, while they did not believe in the source claimed for her inspiration, that her efforts were at least equal to any they had ever heard; and that the moral influence of her lectures could not be doubted; at the same time appealing to her to throw off the assumption of the entrancement, and thus to render herself doubly useful to mankind. If these gentlemen could find another individual of her age, or even of a greator age, capable of the same mental effort, it might be fair for them to doubt that she was inspired; but until they can do this, and until they can efface from the record the testimony of those from whom Phonix has gained his information, that she has never read on these subjects in which she seems to be most learned, they will have at least to admit that she has a means of education patent to herself —at least not known to them.

### 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

DESK-ROOM TO LET.-Apply at our office, 143 Fulton street,

# Philadelphia Correspondence.

Lectures by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.

DEAR BANNER: -Our much-loved and eloquent teacher, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, delivered her parting discourses on the Sabbath. She spoke in the morning, on "the education of children-the new and natural mode of training mind and body, that was to supersede the old." Much of this was to be effected by the freedom of intercourse that should subsist between the sexes, as was by nature from the first designed. The opposito course had hitherto been taken from the very cradle. The little girl was taught that to laugh loudly, to join in the bolsterous sport of her little brothers, was an unbecoming thing; the mother chided her when she acted naturally. And in the school-room the same system was carried out. The highest and most disgraceful mode of punishment consisted in placing the little girl between two boys, thus arousing in that pure, childish mind, the first ideas of an existing wrong, the first impure thought, that but for this had never entered the forming soul. Boys were taught that it was weak and unscemly to exhibit any womanly qualities, and thus they learnt to shrink from their sisters, to view them as inferior beings. This restraint, unnecessary and wrong, was cast around them for life, and girls were taught to look with distrust and fear upon their brother man. Into all the minutest concerns of life, even, this restraint was carried. Fashionable indies all talked in the same tone of voice, as fashion imperatively demanded, and laughed in a modulated key. They dressed as Mrs. Grundy dictated, without regard to harmony of colors or fitness; and all this by the dictates of fashionable authority. On woman depended, principally, the removal of all these fulse restraints, these binding conventionalities that cramp the soul and deaden the heart's best emotions. Woman by her spirituality was the teacher of man, though intellectually he was the greater. United in true soul-purposes they would do infinite good, when man had learnt to reverence woman, the difficult points didactically. On one occasion he asked and acknowledge her fitting place in God's universe; when her the difference between absolute momentum and conly formulas, the frivolous pursuits, the fear and distrust of her brother that now so sadly characterized her.

Much more the eloquent speaker said on the education of the individual, grown to man's and woman's stature, as well as of the training of the youthful mind; recommending self-culture and investigation, a steady growth in that purity of soul and purpose that is the guiding star of a true man and roman's life.

Mrs. Hyzer's improvisations, and the sweet music of the accompanying instrument on which she plays, comes to the hearts of her audience like poetical breathings from Elysian comes of love and beauty. It is truly the music of heaven. In the evening, the choir sang the good old hymn, "Joyfully,

joyfully i" and Mrs. Hyzer said that none but Spiritualists could so well appreciate the beauty and meaning of that hymn, for they most joyfully receive the light, and by it journeyed home, leaving the door open for others to come-closing not the portals of hope and immortality upon any one, but calling unto all to partake of the glories of progression, call-

indeed he believes her to be more generally educated than In her inimitable manner, Mrs. Hyzer related the incident

of the louse that was found ercepling on the fashionable tady's but firstergulring treatment with the lime and sait mixture, connet in church; sho saw not berself as others saw her; we have so often described, to neutralize taunic acid and to but oh, how soon she would have noted and criticised the oc- disintegrate the fibre so as to render the manure fine for discurrence in another. This gift of seeing ourselves as others tribution. We have often seen woods-earth of three times see us, if we strove for its attainment, would soon divest us the value per cord of the best barn-yard manure. Diled leaves of all censoriousness, and we would learn that charity and may be used as an absorbent for urine in stables in the place forbearance with each other's failings, which are the attri- of straw, and they may be gathered up through the woods. butes of the angels.

She spoke elequently of our duties to each other; woman's purifying and cloyating power, through the poetry and ideality of her nature, awakening man's latent powers, and leading him to the highest summits of moral purity and spiritual grandeur; of man's mission of strength and aid to woman and of the great results to be obtained in every department of life by their united efforts in love and wisdom. She spoke most feelingly of the perverted state of public opinion that manifested itself in the recent and occurrence in Washington city. Philip Barton Key, the adulterer by the laws of the land and the law of higher morals, when laid in his coffin was covered with flowers, and wept over by friends, bewailed by virtuous maldens and matrons; a large concourse followed him to the grave; while not a word of sympathy, not a tone of sisterly interest or of brotherly feeling was awarded to the sad and desolate heart of his victim; but overwhelming and furious, from all parts, poured in upon her the vituperation the decrees of condemnation, from the Christian communitles. He was hailed and honored even in death; she despised and cast out from the cold, heartless society that had made her what she was, for life. In another city, a poor girl, one of the Magdalens of the day, departed this life, and her sisters in crime, with that remnant of the angel nature ye burning brightly in their souls, with human sympathy, proceeded to regain her body which had been stolen from the grave, and then they sought a minister of the gospel to say for her the consecrating prayer. In a Christian city, where the name of Jesus is revered, and his hely law of love proclaimed, the entreaty of those poor girls was scorned; the expounders of God's word would not profane their sacred mission by attending the funeral of the outcast, though their Muster had taken the erring and the fallen by the hand, bidding her go forth and sin no more! But one man was found a true disciple of the loving Nazarene, and he said the prayers above the outcast's grave, who was committed to the earth with no ostentatious pomp, no numerous followers—who was accompanied only by her weeping companions in sin, in whose bosoms yet dwelt the holy warmth of human sympathy.

Woman, in the present, forgetful of her power, her mighty influence, her weight of example, while she casts out with scorn and bitter loathing the fallen sister, that should claim all her sympathy and guidance, will yet give her hand in legal marriage to the seducer, who should stand abashed before the just rebukes of her womanhood, spoken in behalf of the wronged and suffering victim. While woman smiles upon the libertine, he will pursue his course unchecked; while she with one hand closes the gates of sympathy and redemption upon her fallen sister, while she extends the tinues will society be regenerated, woman hold her fitting the Center Table. place in the affections and esteem of man, nor man be cleve ed and sanctified by the example of justice, truth and purity it is her especial province to present.

As thrillingly eloquent and appealing as was the lecture deep feeling she expressed her heartfelt gratitude for their appreciation of her labors, their kindness, hospitality and friendship so warmly extended to her. Then she sang a weet poem, in which the angel intelligences promised the return of their "Green Mountain dove," with words of truth

Success, happiness and heaven attend her, where'er sh go, is the uttered and silent prayer of her many friends.

My next letter will be from the country, giving you an ac ount of the meeting of Progressive Friends at Longwood. Yours for truth. CORA WILDURY.

Philadelphia, May 31, 1859.

## AGRICULTURAL.

BY PROF. J. MAPES.

How Much Manure Should We Use?

What a common question! and still more usual, How Should not the question be, "How much manure can 1 use for my crop with increased profit?" In our opinion the reatest quantity of manure that can possibly be used with nereased profit, is the very least that should be used.

As an example: let us suppose the produce of an acre in corn at 75 cents per bushel to be as follows: No. 1 with \$10 worth of manuro 40 bus., worth 75c. - \$30.00

41.25 51.75 Let us now suppose that the rent of soil, taxes, cost of cultivation, etc., costs \$15 per acre, so that with No. 1 the costs of

nanure and other expeness would be \$25, leaving a profit of \$5, besides the value of the stalks, which will range throughout in a fair ratio with the yield of corn-thon the profit would stand thus:-No. 1, \$5; No. 2, \$6.25; No. 3, \$6.75; No. 4, \$7.25; No. 5, \$7.75. Thus, then, if our estimates of relative amount of crop are right, the larger outlay will pay the best profit, even the very year in which the manure is used. But let us now estimate what will be the probable result the next year from another corn crop on the same soil with no manure air F. G., Auburns.-The lowest mill we can afford to furnish the plied-the expenses, other than manure, being as before, \$15 per acre. No. 1 having had but \$10 worth of manure, will probably have used it all up in the first crop, and therefore the second year would produce less. We do not advocate repeating the same crop the second year, but the relations of profit would be the same if the crop were changed.

No. 1 would yield 30 bushels, worth \$22.50 . profit \$7.50 No. 2 " " 45 " " 33.75 . " 18.75 No. 3 " 50 " " 44.25 . " 29.25 No. 4 " 73 " " 54.75 . " 39.75 No. 5 " 87 " " 63.25 . " 50.25

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that we are so much in in the ratio of increase of quantity of crop, as compared with the amount or cost of manure used, as to decrease the last item half, and we call the profit \$25.12 instead of \$50,25. Still the larger outlay for manure pays more than three and a half times the profit, beside leaving the land capable of yielding larger profits for many years. If the same kind of calculation be made in relation to crops of a larger value per acre, such as cabbages, carrots beets etc. and particularly with seeds, the ratio of profit in favor of the heavier manuring would be still greater. What is true of manures is equally true of thorough culture, by deep and sub-soil plowing, and frequent stirring of the surface. There is a limit of course to the amount of manure which may be used with increased profit, but that limit is far ahead of what is generally supposed. With market gardening the ratio is mmensely in favor of the liberal outlay. We have raised ten thousand merchantable cabbages on an acre with six hundred pounds of Nitrogenized Super-phosphate of Lime, rarying in value from two to five cents each, and averaging probably three cents each, being three hundred dollars per acre gross receipts, with an outlay for the phosphate of fifteen iollars. Other expenses probably fifty dollars, including exvenses of sale. Suppose we had used eighteen hundred ounds of phosphate instead of six dundred, and at a cost of forty-five dollars, would not the average quality have been raised to four cents each? We say yes, beyond a doubt and this would give us one hundred dollars more receipts for an extra outlay of thirty dollars, beside leaving the soil in much ligher heart for the next ten years to come. Look at the practice of the market gardeners at Harsimus and elsewhere: they bring a dollar's worth of stable manure home for every wagon load of vegetables they send to market, using frequently one hundred dollars worth per acre each year, and still they find it to their profit to continue the practice, rather than to invest less in manures. Their crops being more va-luable per acre, their limit is higher than with farmers, but the principle is the same, and therefore those who have the neans should experiment to ascertain "How much manure they can use with increased profit?" and not loan out their surplus capital on mortgage at seven per cent, when they ould use it at home at a higher rate.

What farmer does not know that to feed his horses well and work them hard, is more profitable than more horses to do his work, with less food? Why not treat his acres as he does his horses?

### Leaves as Manure.

In many parts of our country woodlands have deposits of eaves, until the amount contained on the surface is entirely greater than is required for any benefit they can furnish to he growing forests. In such cases the leaves may be renoved to the manure shed with great profit. Having parted before their fall, or soon after, with all their aqueous portion. hey become a progressed representative of large amounts of norganic matter, and when properly composted and decayed, form a manure of great value. Woods-earth, to be found in many localities in large deposits, is very valuable as manuro,

The best mode of collecting leaves, particularly where the ground is not level, is to brush them down bill with a birch broom. As soon as the windrow is formed, the pushing or rolling over of this windrow will cause it to pick up all the leaves in its wake, and at the foot of the hill it may be loaded into carts. In the making of hot-bed earth, and borders fo grape vines, etc., gardeners prize woods-earth very highly. Black mould from the woods is extremely rich in all the inorganic materials; all of which are ready for re-assimilation

#### Lime-Its Abuse.

Lime, as a food for plants, is required in very small quantitles, and for this purpose should be applied in very minute doses, and frequently. Shell lime is at all times better than stone lime when wanted as manure. When required not to feed plants, but to decompose other materials in the soil, such as inert organic matter, then larger doses may be given, and this should never be mixed with any manure of a nitrogenous kind-such as night-soil, phosphates, guano or barn-yard manure. Lime may be mixed with salt in the manner wo have so often recommended, or with sour muck, or any other organic matter not readily decomposible. Nover apply lime to the soil within a day or two of the time when manure has been applied. When barn-yard manures have been deeply buried in the soil, a light top-dressing of lime may be used after the plowing. This will gradually sink, and when it meets with and assists in decomposing the 'manure, the gases in rising will be absorbed by the incumbent soil.

#### Insect Powders.

All the effective insect powders now offered for sale, owo their efficiency to red camomile. It is sold by some of the druggists. Rub it to a fine dust, mix it with some cheap divisor, and it is the best insect powder known. When dusted into cracks about the corners of cellings, etc., out walks the cockronches and all other intruders without fall. Dust affected plants and you may keep rid of insects.

#### SPIRITUAL ANNUAL.

EDITED BY B. B. BRITTAN.

Having been frequently solicited by literary friends and many intelligent Spiritualists, in all parts of the country, to prepare

AN ELEGANT GIFT BOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

I have at length made arrangements for the publication of the same, in a style that will not suffer in comparison with ther to the seducer,—never while this state of things con-

The Editor feels assured that the announcement of this enterprise will not fail to secure the warm sympathy and active o-operation of all who desire to improve the literature of Solritualism. It is, therefore, with no little confidence that his was Mrs. Hyzer's farewell address to her audience. With literary friends-and others whose esthetic acquirements qualify them for such labors-are invited to forward their contributions to the pages of the new Annual.

Without desiring to circumscribe the range of thought, or to check the free utterance of a single generous sentiment or living idea, it may be observed that the field we propose to occupy is not the appropriate arena for a broadsword exercise, nor just the place for the man who-instead of a polished and jeweled rapier-wields a rusty tomanawk, in his mental and moral conflict with the world. In such a work as e propose to issue, anything like dogmatism would be unbecoming and offensive; and it is moreover desirable to avoid a controversial spirit, as exhibited in the characreristics of violent partizanship. Nevertheless, our sympathics are all with the Progressive Spirit of the Age; and contributions-in prose and verse-that shed a new light on human nature and its relations, or that serve to illustrate the Mysterious Phenome na of the times, and the principles of our own beautiful Phisophy, will be most acceptable.

The Annual will be embellished by several original designs, mall a quantity of manure will answer for my crop ! by the best living artists and by arrars, all of which will soon be in the hands of the most skillful engravers. Drawing Mediums and others who may have specimens of Spirit Art that possess real merit, are cordially invited to forward the same, without delay, for examination, with full and authentic information respecting their spiritual origin. Those whose contributions are selected to embellish the work, may each depend on receiving an elegantly bound copy of the Annual, as a reciprocation of their kindness, together with the safe return of the original-unless the contributor should be pleased to add the same to the editor's permanent collection.

Literary and Art-offerings intended for the Spiritual Annual should be addressed to the editor, Newark, N. J.; or, if more convenient, they may be left at the office of the BANNER S. B. BRITTAN. or LIGHT.

All manuscript contributions must be in the editor's hands before the first day of August, and those of an artistic character should be forwarded immediately.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BANNER to clubs is at the rates as published-\$1.50 for each yearly subscriber. Our paper is large and expensive and we have established as low rates as we can afford and

. H. B., EAST PAW PAW, ILL.—THE VANGUARD is printed at Cleveland, Obio.

J. L. LOVELL, YARMOUTH.—What state?

give the variety of matter we publish.

To George E. Lockwood—You are wanted at the Annual Jubilee Meeting to be held at Newton Falls, on the Saturday and Sunday preceding the 4th of July.

II. Banam,
II. G. Calender Newton Falls, Ohio, May 30th, 1859.

OBITUARIES.

Died in Lebanon, N. II., 16th ult., Alice F., wife of J. G. Ticknor, aged 35 years.

She had, for a number of years, been a firm believer in spiritual communion, and when at last she heard the call to

spiritual communion, and when at last she heard the call to "come up higher," and felt the hand of change upon her mortal form, she shrank not from the buch, and willingly deyed the voice. Her companion is a firm believer, and breathes forth in his quiet calmness, "Thy will, oh God, be I went from Marlboro', Mass., to attend the funeral, and

felt repaid for my wearisome journey when I saw how much the friends seemed comforted with what the kind spirits said to them through my humble organism. So, we have a religion that will serve us to die by, as well as to live by. If we make it n practical faith in earth-life, it will prove a living faith at the spirit's change.

M. S. Towngend.

Died in Saxonville, May 8th, Mr. Noah Parmenter, aged 82

years.

A firm and true friend of liberty, justice and truth has passed away, and many will miss his cheerful countenance.

but living and dying with the fullest confidence that the great Power that hath care for the sparrow is mindful of man. To him all Nature's works were always beautiful—all was well. Should any one ask if he loved the Lord, like Abou Ben Adhem, his answer would have been— "Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

J. W. P. Died, May 24th, at Brooklyn, Mich., Albert Whiting, aged

Though prostrated by disease in one of its most terrible forms, (cancer.) he bore his sufferings with remarkable fortitude. About a week before his departure he saw and recognized his spirit friends. Death was to him an anigel of mercy—a messenger of love—to bear the immortal spirit from its diseased and pain-stricken tenement; and in the truth of spirit-communion his afflicted family find a consolation which is real and soul-sustaining—in his transit a new tie to bind them to the spirit-world and a living gospel. Deceased was the father of A. B. Whiting, the poet medium.

Departed this life, on Saturday, the 21st ult., Elizabeth Munson, in the 81st year of her age,

### NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

HARMONY HALL, 410 Washington street, will be open every day through the week as a Spiritual Reading Room, and for the reception of friends and investigators from abroad. Mediums will be present, and others are invited. Circles will be held evenings, when the hall is not otherwise engaged, to aid investigators and the development of mediums.

A Check for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday merning, at 101-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents.

MERTINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Guild Hall, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Scatsfree.

NEWNURTIOR...The Spiritualists of Nowburyport have a fine Hall, which they will furnish free to any speaker on reformatory subjects, said locturer to have for his or her services the whole of the collection which will be taken up in each meeting. Any letters addressed to R. Sherman, No. 5 Charles steet, will receive immediate attention.

8. T. MUNSON'S CATALOGUE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S WORKS.

Life Thoughts, \$1.00; Star Papers, \$1.00; Gems from Plymouth Church, \$1.25.

PARKER'S WORKS. PARKER'S WORKS.

Introduction to the Old Testament Translation of DeWitte, 2 vols., including postage, \$4.41; Discourses of Religion, \$1.25—postage, 30 cts.; Additional Speeches, 2 vols., \$2.50—postage, 44 cts.; Ten Sermons, \$1.00—postage, 20 cts.; Miscellaneous Writings, \$1.00—postage, 20 cts.; Hermons of Theism, \$1.25—postage, 25 cts.; Parker's Defence, \$1.00—postage, 18 cts. Also, all his pamphlets, &c., &c., &c. Progress of Religious Ideas, by L. Maria Child, 3 vols., \$4—postage, 75 cts.

SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS. FIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

Healing of the Nations, through Charles Linton, with appendix by Judge Edmonds, \$1.60—postage, 35 cts.; Spiritualism by Judge Edmonds. 2 vols., \$2.50—postage, 60 cts.; Oral Discussion between Brittan and Hanson, bound, 63 cts.; pamphlet, 38 cts.; Cora Hatch's Lectures, 1st volume, \$1.00; Spirit Manifestations, by Prof. Robert Harc, \$1.75—postage, 30 cts.; Epic of Starry Heavens, by T. L. Harris—plain 75 cts., glt., \$1.00—postage, 10 cts.; Lyric of Morning Land—plain, 75 cts.; glt., \$1.00; Lyric of Golden Age—glt., \$2.00, plain, \$1.50—postage, 20 cts.; Arcana of Christianity, \$1.50—postage, 30 cts.

WORK OF A. J. DAYIS.

WORK OF A. J. DAVIS. WORK OF A. J. DAVIS.

Naturo's Divine Revelation, \$2.00—postage, 43 cts.; The Great Harmonia, vols. 1, 2, 3 and 4, \$1.00 each—postage, 20 cts. each; Davis's Chart, \$1.00; Presont Age, \$1.00—postage, 12 cts.; Penetralia, \$1.00; Magle Staff, \$1.25—postage, 23 cts.; pamphilets, &c.

SWEDENBORG'S THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

Compendium, \$2.00—postage, 45 cts.; The Arcana Celestia, 10 vols., including postage, \$10; Apocalypse Unvolled, \$1.50; Heaven and Hell, \$1.00; True Christian Religion, \$1.50; Divine Providence, 50 cts.; Conjugal Love, 75 cts. Also, all other works of the above character, not herein enumerated.

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N. C. Planter govern from the Weaklenter Ch. O. N.

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1830:—

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I june 4.

If June 4.

MRS. EWELL would take this method of informing her friends and the public, who desire to investigate aplrit-communion, that she has taken house No. 11 Dix Place. Persons wishing teachings, tests, or healing, can have sittings by making engagements beforehand. 1p° June 11

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## The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the Hanner, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they n more than First's beings.

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive acdectrine put forth by spirits, a those columns, that does not comport with his reason, Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives,—no more, Each can Speak of his own conditions; it truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held every day, (except Sunnay,) at our office, commenting at HALF-FAST TWO, after which there is no admittance; they are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until

Our circles are suspended until further notice.

#### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

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

April 18—Laura Davis, Troy, N. Y.; Abby Ann, to a visitor.

April 16—John Eckhart, N. York; Lemuel Mason, Springfield, Mass.; Samuel Tompleton, to Mother in Troy.

April 18—Charles Jones, Chespeake City; Martin Jarvis,
Boston; Benjamin Harlem, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dan. Gibbens,
New York; Timothy Glie, preacher.

April 19—Calvin Somers, seaman; Mahala Davis, Ashland;
Joshua Caldwell, Boston; Patrick Murphy, Dover; James
G. Hammond, to Margaret Hammond.

April 20—Dr. George U. Stone, Dracut; Nathaniel Hadley;
Richard Levens, Troy; George Washington Furbush, to William.

m. April 21—Ben Johnson, New York; Samuel Hodgdon, Bos-

April 21—Ben Johnson, New York; Samuel Hedgdon, Roston, to his son Wm. Henry; Henry Hall, New York; Capt. Thomas Geyer, to his wife; Joseph Lathrop, Brocklyn; To John Caryl.

April 25—Gen. Wayne; Thomas Foster, died at sea; Dea. John Nortón; John Dix Fisher; Charles Todd, Boston; Zobadlah Tinker, Barre, Vt.

April 26—Samuel Leighton, Rockingham, N. H.; To William Campboll, Boston; Wallace Bliss, to Geo. Hartley, Manchester, N. H.; Jane Cary, to her children.

April 27—George Wilton, Kennebunkport, Me.; Jerry Gordon; Charlotte Copeland, New York; John H. Lawrence, to his friend Page.

his friend Page.
April 28—Jacob Sanborn, Auburn, N. Y.; Tom Wilton; April 29—Snood Sandori, Adom, N. 17, 1016 Vinchi, Ebenezer Francis, Boston; Elizabeth Dixon, Boston, April 29—Samuel Jacobs, (farmer); David Hathaway, Bos-ton; Josephine Ready, Lucas street, Boston; "Christ's Mis-

April 30—John Enos, Halifax; Samuel Curtis, Albany, N. Y.; Joe (a slave); Patrick Murphy. May 5—William Henry Harris, Princeton, Ill.; Louisa, to Holon Lawrence; William Sprague, Boston; Thomas Davis,

May 6—Silas Crawden, Warcham, England; William Has-kins, Boston; Mary Hoppen, Providence; Peter Койсу, Bos-ton; Rev. John Brooks. Charlestown: Rev. Dr. Emmons.

#### Mrs. C. Hemans, to Helen Vandoult.

Home, sweet home! How much melody is embodied in the word home! The earth is the mother of all souls, the home of all who return to commune with you; and as it is their home, who can wonder that the spirit is willing to leave for awhile the joys of its new country, to go home again, to bear some message of love to the dear ones at home? Who, in the spirit-life, has not some one at home who will be glad to hear form that spirit? Many years may have passed since the on that spirit? Many years may have passed since the irit may have left its earthly home, and yet there is always me one who will be glad to hear from the spirit as it wanspirit may have left its earthly home, and yet there is always some one who will be glad to hear from the spirit as it wanders home again. Spring bringeth its fresh leaves and buds to greet the senses of mankind; and those who visit your earth from spirit-life, come to water the tender plants growing in human breasts—otherwise they might die; for home would not be home—there would be no melody in the word it would have lost its charm, if it were not connected with this, a far-off world, which is like a twin-sister to earth-life. One who was bound to me by these of allection say, "Come to me and tell me of some of the realities of your new-found state of life." It gives me joy to know that that dear friend has beekened me home again; true joy to know that her spirit has left the confines, the prison of public opinion, and has boldly and nobly come forth and called upon one who has passed the Jordan of death to come with some bleasing, some hope, some star that shall guide her over the rough sea of life, that shall beeken her to a new existence.

The church has long thrust its shadow over the pathway of the dear sister; but now she has ventured away, unaided and alone, to seek for truth; and as she has called for me, is it strange I should hasten to return? As the subseam comes down to kiss the new-born flower of life, so do I come to kiss nway the tears of sorrow that are coursing down the sister's check, as she calls along from from suiti-life.

down to kisk the new-nout nover of new sold or tooled to are away the tears of sorrow that are coursing down the sister's check, as she calls about for food from spirit-life. Soon that dear one will be called upon to realize the beauties of spirit-life. She may lay aside all fear, for even now there are loving arms about her, waiting to bear her to her called beautiest beauties.

there are loving arms about her, warring so the birth of a spirit-home.

In the spirit-life there is no mourning over the birth of a late.

We all welcome a new comer as one welcomes a star walls the way through

In the spirit-life there is no mourning over the birth of a child. We all welcome a new comer as one welcomes a star in the dark night, or a sunbeam that points the way through darkness. There is some love for all, and all may rest upon the soft bank of spirit-love.

My sister says, "Come and tell me if my passing to the new life will be easy and calm." Yes, like the passing of the summor breeze; sweet as the warbling of a bird, and brilliant as the evening star that twinkles in the distance and betokens given in the fil glory in itself.
"Shall I fear to cross the river of death?" savs my sister.

"Shall I fear to cross the river of death?" says my sister.
When standing upon the outskirts of the shore, all fear will
pass away; strength and hope, fresh from the immortal
shores, shall be girded around my sister, and she will bid fare
well to the juys and sorrows of earth without a sigh or one
regret, but with shouts of thanksgiving to the God of love.
Mrs. C. Hemans, to Helen Vandoult, of Richmond, Va.

nd, Va. April 13.

### Waupekesuch.

Waupekesuch.

So the Indian receives a call from one of his own people. When the clouds rising from the valley of civilized life close around Kahgegahgahbowh he calls upon his own, and wonders why the Great Spirit wanders so far from his people; why the Great Spirit gives light and warmth to the paie face, and withholds it from the red man.

So when the sun is low and the moon is high in the heavens, Kahgegahgahbowh calls upon the Indian in the far-off land of his spirit-home, and he says, "Come to the hunting-ground of earth, where so many come to answer the calls of brothers who would have them come.

Twenty-two suns ago the red man called for his red brother; but he came not till this hour, for the Great Spirit gave him no strength.

The red man would tell Kabgegahgahbowh to throw aside the ways of civilized life and return to the home of his fathers, and turn his thoughts to the Great Spirit—now he wanders far from them, and the Great Spirit calls, and he has no ears.

Behold the Great Spirit bath given him gifts; he knows it

Behold the Great Spirit hath given him gills: he knows it not—he says it comes from the white man. The Indian tells him it comes from the red man's God, and the Great Spirit calls for his own, and Kaligegaligalibowh has it not to give; he has spread it before pale faces, who have no salt for him when placed him in the walls of the prison-house; and then he turns to the Great Spirit, and says, "Come, come to me, and tell me where I shall find the love that belongs alone to the Great Spirit."

the Great Spirit."

When Kaligegahgahhowh slept with his fathers, and wielded the tomahawk in the wigwam of his fathers, he worshiped the Great Spirit, and heard his voice. Now he sleeps in the red wigwam of the pale face—he hears him not. The Indian comes to tell him he should leave the wigwam of the

Indian comes to tell him he should leave the wigwam of the pale face, and go to the wigwam of his fathers.

Kahgegahgahbowh will look for word from the shadowy hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit; this word he will look for in the mighty speaking paper of the Great Spirit. Tell him to sin no more, but to depart from the wigwams of the pale face, and go to his father, and he will find peace, and the winds will whisper a welcome home again.

When the Indian takes council from the Indian who comes from the more institute of the pale face, and the winds will whisper a welcome home again.

from the upper hunting-ground, he may call again; but until he heeds the voice which the Great Spirit sends to him, he need not look for more council from the upper hunting-ground. Tell him Waupekeauch answers his call. He will be the transfer of the proof of the p look for the word in your mighty speaking sheet.

### W. R. Goodall.

W. R. Goodall.

It is so long since I influenced your medium, that I hardly know how to go to work. A friend of mine, now in Philadelphia, has called upon me—that is to say, he desired me to come hore and prove myself to him, if I could, by telling him what took flace two years previous to my death, that he and I were both interested in very strongly. My friend has asked me a very civil question, and I suppose it demands a civil, straightforward answer. He no doubt refers to our night with the spirits. I will take occasion to say I have never regretted that night, notwithstanding I was a little tricked myself. It has afforded me much pleasure since I left earth. I learned one thing—one should not place too much confidence in disembodied spirits, any more than in embodied ones. You must be sure you are pretty good yourself, and then the mirror will reflect back the truth.

My friend is about to investigate Spiritualism, and he de-

ones. For must be sure you are pretty good yourself, and then the mirror will reflect back the truth.

My friend is about to investigate Spiritualism, and he declares he will believe if I return to him. He will be foolish to take my word for a belief—better ask some one he has known longer, and has more confidence in. However, if I can do him any good, I shall be happy to come whenever I can get an opportunity so to do.

It is a very good idea of his, going to the medium he has chosen. I think if he does well, he will get along right smart, and accomplish much.

Tell him I am very happy, and as progression is the order here, I am rolling on getting a little better to-day, and a little better to-morrow. Every spirit has to stand upon his own merits here; cannot get to heaven on another's ticket, but must have your own.

must have your own.

Another hint I will throw out. Let my friend go nlone, in-Another nint I will throw out. Let my incine go nione, instead of with friends. He is liable to be swayed to and fro by others; and if he goes alone, he will be more secure in the foundation he builds. This building a foundation upon others' experience is not the thing. Let him lend a willing ear to anything, but weigh it carefully before he moves. If he does not believe I come here to day, let him prove me,

#### To Thomas Ellenwood.—Riches. One Thomas Ellenwood, at New York city, sends us the

"How much property or earthly goods can any individual consistently chim as his own, to be appropriated to his individual uso?"

ndividual uso?"
This question is one that has been discussed before, but not you us; and as our friend is desirous of obtaining information upon the subject, we are equally desirious of giving whatever light we may be permitted to.
Now no one should claim any more, of this world's goods

than simply enough to satisfy the debrands of the spirit, in its inciplent state of life. It requires a certain amount to as-sist in its development here; and he or she who claims more will disobey the law of God, and be condemned thereby.

will disobey the law of God, and be condemned thereby.
Twenty years ago the friend who calls upon us declared he should be perfectly happy in the possession of \$10,000. At the time we speak he has five times that amount, and yet he is not satisfied—not satisfied! But Conscience—that dutiful monitor which is ever pointing man to right—has commenced her work, and he is beginning to find that he is helding too much.

The law of the Almighty hath reached him, and he is be The law of the Almighty hath reached him, and he is begluning to condemn himself, and it is well. It will be well
for him if he will hest the voice that is speaking to him, and
not only ficed, but olay. He who looketh forth upon his
many cros, and says these are mine, and I may rest in quiet,
disoleys the law of Nature, and thus demands punishment.
The spirit does not require so much—it demands what it
needs to-day, and no more; while he who graspa at the things
of to-morrow grasps at what is not his own. He who closes
his collers against him who calls for bread, will again crucify
Jeaus of Nazareth.

Jesus of Nazareth. Our friend is sinning against himself, if he closes his ears and shots his heart against the voice that is calling to him. "How much can I hold," he asks, "and not outrage conscience, and call happiness to myself?" Just enough to answer the wants of the spirit, we answer, and no more. The laws of Jehovah are not the laws of man. They may uphold him, but God will condemn him; and he who leaves much gold upon the earth, heaps up damnation which many years of time will only suffice to roll from his soul.

It has shortened the lives of thousands—he has drawn tears from the eyes of the widow and orphan—he has plunged many a soul lute an abyss of woe—because of his own sin; and every sin brings its own punishment.

Mortals who have heaped to themselves the good things of earth, will find, when they pass from the mundane sphere, that the dross of earth has proved a moral and spiritual curse, that many years of time will be required to erase.

Now if our friend will do his whole duty, let him give up his acres of broad lands, and his many jewels, and cast them into the treasury of the Lord, which is the mouth of the laws on the same counseled one who came to him to sall all he had. Our friend is similing against himself, if he closes his ears

oor. Jesus counseled one who came to him, to sell all he had and give to the poor, and he turned away sorrowful. Gold was his idel, and he bewed before it. For fifteen years our friend has sought to find peace in the church, but the ever-

Friend has sought to find peace in the church, but the ever-present angel, Conscience, would nover give him rest there, so he has stepped from the portals of the temple, and has called upon the lubabitants of the spirit life to give him light upon that which has caused him so many unhappy hours. Friend and brother, open your hand, throw off your fine garments, open your heart, and bid the lowly of earth to come in and be welcome. Then shall you be reckoned among the holy of life—then shall you pass beyond that which is a thorn in the flesh—then shall you have no need to call upon those who have passed beyond you for light, for you, shall have a light within yoursels. light within yourself.
You wish for a name, stranger. None is necessary here.

#### Josiah Graham.

Well, I don't know but what his words are true; I suppos

Well, I don't know but what his words are true; I suppose they are. I have been wondering why it is I have not got along better while here. He says the spirit who leaves too much of the earth's goods will get along very slowly here. I believe this must be the reason why I am so backward. I was a Christian, belonged to the church, paid my dues regularly, and I don't know as I ever turned away anyhody from my door who called upon me for aid; but it seems I ought not to have held any more than was necessary for the. That is true—all nature tells me so! The tree occupies so much ground—just enough to support itself—no more. No other unimal is so avaricious as man. When the horse, or dog, or cow has enough to cut, they are satisfied, but man is never satisfied, never—constantly wanting more, and always thinking his neighbor is better off than he.

I wish I had done different; but I have passed through earth, and now I have come back again, to talk to one of my children, if I can.

indren, it i can. You require the name and certain facts from all who come

You require the name and certain mass from in Spring byon. My name was Josiah Graham. I was born in Spring eld, New York State, and I died in Illinois seven years again inst. about the same as I was seven years ago—can I am just about the sume as I was seven years ago—can't get along a particle. It seems as if I owed a debt to all man-kind, and that I shall never be able to pay it. According to the law of man I did not owe anybody; but God says I owed everybody. I think I will begin now and pay up the debt; and as charity

I think I will begin now and pay up the debt; and as charity begins at home, I will come first to my own family. But if I were to come back and tell them to give up all their property, they would say it is not me, and then they will not be willing to part with it. But I will say I am terrible sorry they have any, and I am doubly sorry I left them anything. I was sorry for that before I had been here a year, but I did not know it was going to hinder my progress any, but it seems it has. I was seventy-two years old. My disease might be called a general decay of the physical form—growing weak gradually until the Lord called me to spirit-life. No one knew what alled me, and I have had no derire to know since I came here, so I have not gained any knowledge on that point.

on that point.

Now, my oldest son, Josiah, is capable of doing a great deal of good if he has a mind to, and he is capable of doing a great deal of evil. This is because he has money, and if I advise him to keep it. I must tell him to do good with it. He was a duiful son, was kind to his parents, but he is not kind to himself. I do not censure him for not subscribing to any religious creed; oh, no. He is as well off as others who have. He did not believe in Christianity, because he did not see enough of good coming from it. But I will advise him to investigate Spiritualism, and if he loves me with him.

I have two other sons, but I do not expect to commune with him.

I have two other sons, but I do not expect to commune with them at present. One of my sons is in England, and thought the present. One of my sons is in England, and currents of life—gold—Australia. But my son Josiah is in Cining and I think he will be myst practive prefer to the other has gone where you go for one of the greatest currents of life—gold—Australia. But my son Josiah is in Cining and I think he will be myst practive to the son and the content of the co

I have two other sons, but I do not expect to commune with them at present. One of my sons is in England, and the other has gone where you go for one of the greatest curses of life—gold—Australia. But my son Josiah is in Cincinnatt, and I think he will be most ready to receive me. I know he is in business, and he is n't a very tillo boy.

Now, to prove I am his father, I'll tell him what I gave him the day before I died, or the same day, I'm not sure which

I gave him our family Bible; it was covered with green

I gave him our family Bible; it was covered with green balze. In it was a letter! wrote two years before I died, when I expected to be called home. We were alone when I gave it to him. I do not know why I gave it to him, except to have him read it. He answered, with tears in his eyes, the would read it, and try to believe it. I can't see that to have him read it. He answered, with tears in his vyes, that he would read it, and try to believe it. I can't see that he believes it any more now than he did then, but that is all right—I have nothing to complain of in that.

In the letter was some advice respecting business matters, and advice respecting his mother, who died subsequently to

me. My other son's names are William Gray and George Allick

but I never used these middle names. The Allick was for some of my wife's relations,

1 believe I have given you all I desire to, and will leave.

April 14.

### Evelyn Lewis.

Evelyn Lewis.

I wish I had not come. My name was Evelyn Lewis. I lived in New York six months before I died. I was a native of Boston. I lived there most all the time, but I had been to New York three or four times to live.

I should not have come here if I had not promised to. I have been dead since Janury, 1859. I was sick a month.

I want to commune with the folks where I died—the woman's name is Clark, on Jefferson street. She is French, or German, or some foreign nation, I do not know what.

My father and mother are dead. I have a sister; she hain't spoken to me for four years; she is married and lives in Boston. I was twenty years old, and I'm just as miscrabjet's lean be, anyway. I don't see what I came here for, but had to come. Tell them I don't care anything for them, had I don't want them to call for me. I should n't have been here, if it was not for them. They needn't go to that medium to call for me, for I wont come; and they needn't think it was me that made the noise in the house the day after I was burled, for it was not.

They want to know if I am happy or not. Tell them I am just as happy as they will be, any of them, when they get

ied, for it was not.

They want to know if I am happy or not. Tell them I am just as happy as they will be, any of them, when they get here. I was glad when they told me I was going to die; but it aint no die, after all. I am in just such a place as I was in when I was on earth, and that is why I want to die. The folks I am with are just like them, and I don't like them. I am no better than they are, I suppose.

What do you want to call for me to come here for?

There aint any death—you can't die if you want to!
I should never have been as I was if people had treated me well. Everything about me is just as bad as it was on earth. I thought I should see my mother, but I haven 't. When she died, I lost everything I had. My sister took all the furniture, and I had to look out for myself, and I went to New York. I always went by my right name. I don't know where God is. I never saw him.

No: I do n't want to say anything to my sister; she did n't speak to me when I was alone. I went to her house onte, and is she that the door in my face. I haven 't forgot that, and I should think my sister would feel bad about it. I was sick then, and If she had taken me home, I should have done different—so sho has got a part of my sins to answer for. I went to Hancock School, and the last time I was here I lived on Endicott street. My sister took all my mother's things, and I did n't care what became of me.

Oh dear, I do n't see what I live for. Mo do good! Everybody knows me, and nobody will think I can do good.

My father left my mother before I knew much about him. There was an old fool of a minister come in to pray with mothed all before I died. Why did he not help me before? The man's name was Harris. How he came to speak to me first was, he met me on the street, and I was swearing. Then he came to see mo, and wanted me to go to meeting, but I would n't. He gave uio a mess of tracts to read, that I didu't want.

There's a good many nice folks here, but they would n't the any notice of the my the they have the street would n

There's a good many nice folks here, but they would n't take any notice of me mere than they did on earth. How am I to do any good! There is no chance for me to do it.

test me, as hard as he pleases. If I cannot stand the test, it is my fault, not his; and I shall not complain because he cannot receive me, if I do not prove myself to blin.

I do not remember his middle name, if he had one, then I do not remember his middle name, if he had one, the success for me to give you any of the little facts you are in the habit of receiving from spirits, for I have given you them before, but my name you want.

W. B. Goodald.

Yes, I'll forgive my sister, and I hope she'll have a good time while she is here; but I don't believe it.

I don't see why they should call for me. I heard something of somebody who died there three years go, going there think of somebody who died there three years go, going there had one, thing of somebody who died there three years go, going there had one, thing of somebody who died there three years go, going there who had him who made the sounds after I died. I knew something of pirits who had not receive me, and was always talking about going to a medium; but then I believed it was spirits who had lived thousands of years before, and not our friends. Good-

#### John Howard.

Oh, thou Source of love and wisdom—thou Spirit of all spirits, we would offer homage anto thee for the bleasings thou art constantly bestowing upon thy children. Thou, oh our Father, hast kindly prepared the way for all who mourn and who dwell in despair, for thy love hath marked out a pathway for each child, and mone shall fail entering therein, in thine own time, and thine own way. We, oh our Father, will not ask of thee to bless thy children Individually or collectively, for thy loving arms, enericle the vats concourse of souls that hunbiteth overy spiners of life.

One who has passed away, through death to eternal life, calls laudly to be annihilated; but the call is begotten in ignorance, because the child understands not the Father.

We praise thee for the ignorance thereof, for it will bring forth a bud of eternal brightness, shining forever in the glory of thy love.

of thy love.
We think thee, oh Divine Spirit, that thou art beckening thy children away, calling them home from the dark scenes of morfality—from the sorrows of the mortal sphere. Home is heaven, and heaven is love, and thou hast pre-

Home is neaven, and heaven is love, and thou must prepared a home for all.

Some men descend to the lower sphere to enjoy thee—some to the higher to bless thee, for thy love is ever enduring. We thank thee, oh God, that the judgment of man is not thy judgment, that the love of man is not thy love, that the cold, selfish love found among thy children is not thy love, for their is not thy love.

cold, selfish love found among thy children is not thy love, for theirs is ending, theirs is narrow—thine is warm—thine is strong. They love to-day and hate to-morrow, because they are far from thee. But we praise thee, oh God, in their behalf, for we know that in time all shall come unto thee, and thy thought shall be as a star leading them to love. We would offer praises for the child who hath wandered here to-day. We thank thee for the sorrow she has passed through, for it hath east her at length on the shores of thy love, where angels will welcome her home.

The carth is growing in love; yea, the angel of love is hovering over it to dispense her gifts to all. We thank thee for the darkness, for it bringeth forth light. Night betokeneth morning; darkness and sorrow bring forth thy love.

for the darkness, for it bringeth forth light. Night betokeneth morning: darkness and sorrow bring forth thy love. We will not ask thee to shower blessings upon the sorrowing earth; but we will ask thee to aid us in dispensing thy blessings to man. We are weak, as are the sons and daughters of earth, and we will repose upon thee for strength—rely upon thy arms for all we may need.

God of all hearts, Father of all souls, we cast this child upon thy altar, knowing that in time this benighted bud of earth shall bloom with eternal fragrance in thy own spiritual garden in the upper spheres of life.

April 14.

#### Alexander Tibbetts.

Since I got here I have found out this is Boston, and my folks don't live here. My folks live in Rhode Island. Well, my name was Alexander Tibbetts. I didn't know as I was going to die till I waked up dead. The amount of it is, I got drunk, laid down, and waked up dead. It was in 1850—that's when it was. I have a daughter, and I don't want her to know how I came to be where I died. I don't know bow I happened to come here; but they told me folks came here to talk to their friends, and so I am here. My daughter's name was Anna Maria—I used to call her Maria. s nb.eteen years old. Yes, I am sure of dates—if I aint you

is ablacten years old. Yes, I am sure of dates—if I aint you aint.

I can tell the truth, if I did die drunk. I always did think I should die so, and I thought right for once.

I aint going to say anything how I like her, or what I see—that's my business, and nobody's clso. I wonder if she knows anything about this—of people coming back to talk to their folks? I was forty-nine years old. I'd be a trille more than that, if I was here.

Of course I want you to say I want to talk to her. I would n't give two coppers to talk to any of you—that's the way you'll feel when you are here. If you happen to have anybody you want to talk to, you'd want to come to them, wouldn't you? I was a carpenter by trade. My wife died when that gal was a buby, and her folks took the gal away from me. She always liked ne, but she was infuenced by her mother's folks, and I hated them, and I hate them now. Oh, there's a long story to tell. I have got something to do, though I am not going to do wrong, as I once did. They Oh, there's a long story to ten. I have got sometaing to me, though I am not going to do wrong, as I once did. They said I wasn't fit to take care of her, and perhaps I wasn't; but I might have been, if they had done different by me, Perhaps, though, I'll come round, on their side, if I see them to take to them. I said I hate them, and so I do, but I may

to talk to them. I said I hate them, and so I do, but I may think better of it, if they treat use right. How is it you have such loafers as me come here? They used to call me a loafer, and I suppose I was. I guess this is a church were all classes of people go, is n't it? If you have nothing further to say to me, I 'Il go. April 15.

#### Robert Earle.

I have seen you before, but suppose you don't remember me, as you can't see me. I knew your last communicant on earth. I assisted him to come here. As the foolish fellow omitted the best part of his story, I have come here to tell it. My name was Robert Earle. I kept the Earle House, and suppose I sold that man as much liquor as any one.

suppose I sold that man as much injury as any one.

His daughter is a medium, and she is in a position to be readily developed, if she understands it. The girl knows me, and I know her well; and I just take occasion to say here, if and I know her well; and I just take occasion to say here, if she will sit after the manner of mediums, she may get something to benefit herself, and assist her old father.

My wife, and all my friends—the biggest part of them—will not believe I can commune; but I 'm going to make them. I have worked quietly long enough, and now I am going to work hard, and give thrul knocks.

Perhaps it will be well for me to tell you that I am getting along well, finely; and I have learned one thing—it is best for a way not to and anything it his health to steel may be a be

for a man not to put anything in his mouth to steal away his brains. My God! if I was on earth again, I'd live a different life. One has to live one life in order to know h

spirit.
I don't know as I have anything more to say. I suppose it is all right that I came here to-day. April 15.

### Joel Nason.

I come here to-day for the purpose of defending myself. I I come here to-day for the purpose of defending myself. I was a believer in spirit manifestations before I changed worlds. I resided in Boston, and was nearly severely years of age. My name was Joel Nason. I have visited a circle, which is held at the north part of the city, for the purpose of communing occasionally. Last night I was there, and was told it was my daty to come back here and publicly confess some of my sins. He that confesseth to God, maketh a true confession; but he that confesseth to the world, maketh a false confession, in my estimation of things.

To be sure, I did not do exactly right when I was here, for which I feel very sorry sometimes; but I think I have made all the confession it is necessary for me to make. A settlement has been drawn up between myself and my God, and that's enough, quite enough; and I should like to have the gentleman understand I am capable of working out my own salvation, and I ask the aid of no one, save some one who is higher than I.

saivation, and I ask the and of moone, save some one who is higher than Is.

I am not offended at what he has seen fit to say to me; but I feel I owe a duty to myself, and that is, to come here and make such a communication as shall give him to understand that I do not wish to walk by any light he may see fit to hold out before me out before me. — Speaking of a debt he owed me about ten years previous to

my death, he says I wronged him. If I did, I am sorry; but I do not think I did. He owed me and was able to pay, and I sued II, and he has been out of sorts ever stnee. He thinks I cannot go to heaven without confessing to the world that I wronged him

wronged him.

I suppose he was induced to make the remark by my writing through a medium, "I am getting along very well—progressing quite fast." He said, "I should not think you could progress at all;" and from that arose quite a discussion between him and myself.

The circle was held at a private house near where I used to live, in Hanover street, close to the station house. I was in no particular business.

n no particular husiness.
Yes, I remember old Father Fillebrown. Where did I see You has ? Yes, I did belong to the Fire Society. Did you know me when I kept store under the house?

Here followed a conversation between the spirit and a visit or, which the former requested us not to publish. In this communication he fully identified himself, both by conversation and style of speech. He concluded as follows :-

If I ever feel it my duty to return to earth and confess all If I ever neer it my duty to return to carria and concess an inj little sins, I shall do so; but if I go to heaven it will be on my own responsibility, and so it will be with every man, If I never get to Heaven it will not be his fault; put that down, wil, you? I think when a man confesses his sins to his God, and feels satisfied in his own mind that he has been forgiven, it is nobody's business to say aught against him.

Auril 15.

### THE LITTLE SPRING.

A little spring had lost its way Amid the grass and fern; A passing stranger scooped a well Where weary men might turn. He walled it in, and hung with care . A ladie at its brink-He thought not of the deed he did.

But judged that toll might drink.

He passed again, and, lol the well. By summers never dried. Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues And saved a life beside,

### Written for the Hanner of Light. VICTORIA'S PRAYER!

BY JOHN W. DAT.

Bright o'er old Albion wave-washed strand Bent low the Sabbath air ! Soft on the breeze the chiming vand Sent forth the call to prayer! Where Scotland lifts her northern hills. Or strends the southern sky, Blends in one stream, like rippling fills, ... The solemn harmony!

Brittania's children hear the tone With fancy's quick'ning ear-Through desert oceans wild and lone, And diff'ring hemisphere. Though 'neath the Indian sun they parch, Or faint 'mid northern cold-Or view Sahara's pillars march With Simoon-fing unrolled i

Within a Scottish house of prayer Camo England's stainless Queen-Toll's weary children gathered there. To view that brow serene; But ere the pastor's word had trod Beyond time's freezing zone. Her face she velled-before her God Her spirit stood-slone!

Oh! woman's heart-thou art the same In hut or palace hall! Pure as Jehovah's cloud and flame Thy guiding precepts fall ! Man, like a wood stream greets the sun. Then seeks the darker shade-But oft in fight thy power hath won The "Day-star's" shivering blade!

Our human forms are fortress towers That brave sin's bristling line; Forth peers the soul through life's long hours To catch the arm divine! Around us spreads a region fair, Seen by no mortal eye-Its breeze wakes Faith's wollan prayer-

Earth fades as heaven draws nigh! How sweet to stand 'mid time's decay And mark the fadeless flowers That cheer the pilgrim's thorny way To Salem's peerless bowers! Oblivion may our names efface. Like footprints on the sand, But prayerful hearts his court shall grace Who rules the Better Land!

OA clorgyman relates that, during her majesty's into visit to Scotland, she entered on Sunday a small, rough church, used for the worship of the Presbyterian sect, and taking her seat, bowed her head in her hands, seeking, as was her cuson, silent communion with a higher world Chelsea, Mass., May 28th, 1850.

## Correspondence.

#### To Correspondents.

We would urge upon our correspondents the necessity o writing a distinct and legible hand, particularly names of sersons, towns and States. It often happens that the State s omitted; this sometimes causes serious inconvenience, as towns of the same name are often in many different States. In our issue of May 21st, a notice of an adjourned Convention at South Reading was published. Our correspondent, in vriting this notice, omitted the State, which should have ead "Ohlo," but was understood by our readers to be in South Reading, Mass.

Ink should invariably be used for correspondence, as pencil writing often gets badly defaced by the friction of the mails and it is always hard to read by gas-light.

The names of correspondents we always desire in full, and prefer so to publish, if there is no reasonable objection. If lowever, there be objections to publishing the true names, let it be stated under the head of "private," and whatever

signature is requested, we will publish instead, We do not wish our many and generous correspondents to understand us to ask for elegant penmanship, elegant die tion and sentences of high sounding words; no-we simply ask for plain writing-simple, every-day, spontaneous expression of thought, and an undisguised expression of everyday facts, that we may make a record of life as it is. The crowded state of our paper obliges us to condense as much as

ossible. DR. J. B. CAMPBELL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.-We have received the account of spiritual manifestations published in the Cincinnati Daily Times. We have not room for its, republication.

### Spiritualism in Vermont.

"PHILO," SOUTH DORSET, VT .- "JASON F. Walker, ou pastor, retains his situation in the galaxy of noble and selfacrificing men, laboring for the good of mankind. Through his ministrations, Spiritualism has taken deep root, and as a a tree, there are many beautiful branches to shelter the end and fan the cheek of the way-worn traveler in search of rest and substantial food whereon to feed his nearly famished soul. We discover germs of much promise, that seem affected by a law existing among men very much like this—' I will wait for others to unfold,' or for the time when Spiritualism shall be more popular than now; but we take no vain glory for the cause, when we say the time is nigh at hand when the fire of truth will destroy this undergrowth of

noxious weeds, leaving the light so intense that all may see, The people of our quiet town are a very intellectual and well cultivated people; and with the exception of the truly 'Church Orthodox,' every one reads, reasons and investigated for themselves, and are truly a moral, intelligent community. Our opponents are not the rank, troublesome persons we find in many places where Spiritualism prevails, but are

in all thing cise friends and brothers. We have been favored with a visit from Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, of Sudbury, Vt., a trance speaker of much merit. We have listened to very deep, as well as lucid and eloquent disourses through her organism. She is a lady of propossessing appearance in her normal state, of bright intellect and highly deasing; seems possessed of great goodness of heart, and we think we are not mistaken, as our opportunity of knowing her is not limited. The skeptic, the rigid disciplinarian and Christian people, acknowledge her as a true Christian, beautifully adorned with meekness and humility; her every not speaks 'good will to man.' Her ministrations are highly beneficial, and she is truly a wonderful woman. She seems and peace surround her. We feel when she leaves that a sunbeam has been upon our path; unlike the meteor's flash, it leaves an illumination after it has departed, enabling us to gather roses where we supposed only thorns to grow.

I would not omit to mention the delight and interest with which your excellent paper is rend and re-read in this place. No part of it is uninteresting or unworthy a careful perusal, it is so abundantly filled with words of wisdom and instruction. The sermons of a Chapin or a Beecher are worth the whole subscription. Long may it continue to wave, carrying light to the dark corners of earth, until the inhabitants thereof shall exclaim, 'All hall! truly Light is botter than

### A Free Hall.

V. P. SLOCUM, SAMUEL THOMAS, STEPHEN WING, R. D. WING. CHARLES II, BULL, MIDDLE GRANVILLE, N. Y .- "There will be a meeting in this place, commencing on the 13th of June. and continue two days, for the purpose of dedicating a free hall to the use of Spiritualists and reformers. We are poor in purse, but in spirit love we are strong. We ask the lovers of truth, and speakers, to give us their sympathy and support by their presence."

[Accompanying the above we received a letter from Mr. Slocum, in answer to which we repent, in the most friendly manner, that as much as possible we desire to avoid publish ing severe words spoken against the church or against individuals. We can see no good that will come from them. Let us pick flowers and present them to one another, instead of thorns. We accept all creeds and off men on our platform.

### J. V. Mansfield.

HENRY T. CRILD, M. D., PHILADELPHIA.—"I am happy to inform you and your readers that Mr. J. V, Mansfield's visit to our city has been a most decided success. Huridreds of our citizens have availed themselves of the opportunity of witnessing his wonderful powers as a medium, and as far as my observation has extended (which has been very considerable,) he has given entire satisfaction.

walked down to the Union Hotel, where Mr. M. is stopping, we passed by the spot where the remains of Henjamin Franklin were deposited. I asked him if he felt any impression. It was dark in the yard. He replied that he saw a stout man, apparently dressed in Quaker costume, with white hair, and asked if it was a relative of mine. I said no. After we had bassed on to the hotel his hand was moved, first to telegraph by dots the number of letters in the name, and then commencing at the last letter the name of Benjamin Franklin

was spelled out. I have been highly delighted with Mr. Mansfield, and from the great liberality which he has manifested in his intercourse with our citizens, I am convinced that he has been most shamefully libelled in the charge that he's either exherbitant or avaricious.

As a writing test medium he stands very high, and I have no doubt that his visit to our city and to Baltimore will nwaken a new interest in many minds in reference to the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, and I trust will make many warm friends for Mr. M., and enable the spirits to respond more freely hereafter to letters from this section.

Wherever Mr. Manafield goes, he will receive a cordial greeting from the true-hearted."

#### Messages Verified.

M. SEABURY, BINGHAMPTON, N. Y .- "We are doing all we can in this region to circulate your interesting paper. The list I have sent you are sound Spiritualists, except a Methodist brother, who is a good man and friend, and he cannot but anpreciate the excellent character of your paper.

The message from the spirit of George Weston, the actor, was recognized here as true. He was known here by the name of 'Big Weston.' At the time of his death, which was about two years since, much respect was shown for him by the people of this town. I write this to let a friend of Mr. Weston, whose letter was published in the BANNER, know where he died.

L. W. Morse, WAUKESHA, WIS .- " Mrs. Mary Ann Morso a lady from the city of Portland, Me., is now at my house, and whilst looking over the Banner or Liont, recognized a communication purporting to emanate from the spirit of an old acquaintance, known by the name of old 'Crazy Larkin Moore.' She says he graduated at college and studied for the ministry when young, but became insane, as was supposed; consequently his ministerial qualifications availed him nothing. He was an itinerant—going from place to place, making his home wherever night overtook him. He would preach and pray in the streets, &c., &c. Mrs. Morse says the communication is perfectly characteristic of him, as she was personally acquainted with him in Portland, and she says sho has also seen him in Boston. It is some eight or nine years since she has seen 'Crazy Larkin.'"

#### Ordination. D. T., NATICE, MASS.—" An Ecclesiastical Council was held

in this town, on Thursday forenoon, to examine the Rey, C. M. Tyler, previous to ordination in the afternoon. Six of the old-fashioned True Blue Reverends, and each with a righthand man, to see of what mettle the candidate was made. took their self-appointed stations in the vestry of the church. and the trial commenced. The usual questions, such as total deprayity, infant damnation, etc., were put by the True Blues, at which the candidate kicked. The True Blues insisted, and finally the candidate told them he came there to preach as he thought best, and if they saw fit to ordain him they might, or not, just as they pleased; but he should not set there and be questioned at any more. The True Blues finally had to succumb, and he was ordained in the afternoon. Some say that the reverend gentleman is a Unitarian, some a Universalist, and some intimate that he is a Spiritualist; but one thing is certain, that the old Orthodoxy has stepped out, and liberal sentiments have stepped in. The old apostle, Ellot, would probably be lost in astonishment if ho should call round here now and see the changes that have taken place since his ministry here. Sunday, 15th ult., we had Ralph W. Emerson, who astonished the natives with his appeal."

#### Obituary.

Lewis Huonson .- "On Wednesday, Jan. 12th, our little Arthur's spirit burst the bonds that bound him to the earthly form, and fled away in freedom to join his waiting mother in spirit-life-aged ten years.

We would not weep where willows wave. Although we lay the body there; The spirit is not in the grave-'T is free as birds that fly in air.

His little form goes back to earth; It bids farewell to sin and sorrow; His soirit's passed the heavenly birth-

#### 'T will come to us again to-morrow." Hearing Spirit Voices.

HANNAH H. PHYSICK .- "It has been given to me to hear most distinctly and externally the voices of disembodied spirits hundreds of times. This hearing commenced in the venr 1838, and has continued with me in some measure up to the present time. Having never read but very little on spiritual subjects previous to hearing spirits speaking to me. I was very much astonished at first, and wondered what it could possibly mean; but became more reconciled as the spirits assured me many times that nothing should harm me, that God had sent them to me, and that I must see them and hear them. So, having a certain degree of curiosity myself to know something about another life, I made up my mind, knowing that I could not get away from it, to go through it quietly, and say but little or nothing to others about it; particularly, as I knew of no one at that time who would believe word in it; and this also the spirits said to me."

A Firm Believer. D. S. FRACKER, BROCKPORT, N. Y .- "The BANNER comes to me each week, laden with its treasures of truth and light. I have never witnessed a spiritual communication of any kind. neither have I ever received one communication from the spirit world, or seen one received; yet without these proofs I am a firm believer in the truth and reality of the spiritual philosophy. There is something within me that has carried me forward to an unwavering faith in the philosophy of spirit

### Buffalo.

communion."

J. C. Hall, Buffalo, N. Y .-- "I perceive by a remark in the Sundeau, made by the editor of that paper, that he is somewhat skeptical with regard to cortain physical manifestations said to have come through a certain medium in Buffalo, and published in the BANNER of LIGHT. This is undoubtedly caused by the medium and myself being quiet persons, rather of the retiring stamp, and not wishing to make ever attended by the angels of harmony, consequently love any public display. If the editor of the Sunban wishes to satisfy himself, he can do so by calling at my rooms almost any time when the medium is present."

#### Test Medium Wanted. A SPIRITUALIST, UPTON, MASS .- "We want test mediums

here to prove to the people the immortality of the soul. We want good trance-speakers, also, to tell the people how to start on the Journey of eternal progress. When old Upton is once aroused, it will sweep everything before it. Let those who care for bigoted people come this way and break the ice." Sutton. N. H.

### M. WILLIAMSON, SUTTON, N. H .- "In reading and reflecting

upon the article in your paper on "Obsession," by Dr. Child-I must say that the principles therein inculcated, to me are truthful and beautiful. However much they may conflict with the teachings of the so-called Christian Church, they are the nearest in keeping with the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth of anything I over read in my life. May God and spirits speed Dr. C. in the dissemination of such truths."

### Correction.

DEAR BANNER-In your issue of June 4th, your correspondent, "Veritas," conveys a wrong Impression in reference to our progress, and does injustice to some of the speakers who have addressed us. We have had but three speakers since adopting our present system-Messrs. Sunderland, Robinson of Charlestown, and E. V. Wilson, of Boston. Mr. Robinson was listened to with marked attention, and gave entire satisfaction; and we can say of Mr. Wilson, that no speaker has afforded us more pleasure or profit, and that we shall deem ourselves fortunate if we can induce him to visit us again. R. SHERMAN,

By request of Committee. Newburyport, June 1st, 1859.

Every human creature is sensible to some infirmities of emper, says Biair, which it should be his care to correct and On the day after his arrival he called at my office, and as I subdue, particularly in the early period of life.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. SPEAK NOT UNKINDLY.

BY MINNIR MART MAY. The unkind word, oh, speak it not f But stay the potenting dart; We may not know how heavily 'T will fall upon the heart. That heart with sorrow's deepest griefs May now be running o'er; Then add not to the crushing weight One single sorrow more. We may not know the trials sore Our brother has to bear; Some grief, perchance to him so deep, No other one may share. They fill the heart with woe, And o'er the sunniest, happlest brow,

Oh, speak not words so harsh and chill ! A shade of sadness throw. But to the heart, already crushed. A greater gloom they bring: Then speak them not, but o'er that soul Some gentle influence fling. Speak kindly always, for each heart Some grief and sadness knows; Then add not by the unkind word Another to its wees. Speak kindly always-we may lift A shade from off some heart; And by our kindness, and our love,

May strongth and good impart. Then stay the cruel, unkind word. Whene'er we feel it rise, And let us pray for strength of him

Who dwells above the skies. Bast Medway, 1859.

#### OBSESSION.

MESSES. EDITORS—This much-misunderstood phenome it seems to me, has been too much overlooked by Spiritualists hitherto, and I am glad to find your intelligent correspondent, Dr. CHILD, of Boston, has called attention to the subject. Several of my own friends have had to encounter difficulties of a similar character to those referred to in the case of Mrs. Catlin's daughter with members of their own family, whose mediatorial powers were being unfolded, and great distress has been occasioned through a want of knowledge in the proper treatment of these interesting cases.

The old custom of rebuking the spirits-the first resort of the inexperienced-is known to only make matters werse, and I have more than once been called in to try the power of kindness upon a turbulent spirit, all other means having failed, and the spirit having become so flerco and unmanageable that alarm and consternation had taken the place of curiosity in the members of the circle. Love, sympathy and centle words of counsel were the only means I ever employed on such occasions, and never, except in one instance, without

As some of my experiences may be of interest to you readers, and perhaps of service to such as may unexpectedly be called upon to minister to the relief of a medium, or the instruction of an undeveloped brother, I will briefly relate one of the most memorable of those experiences and the main incidents connected therewith,

It has been my good fortune to have frequently been brought in contact with those unfortunates who, while on earth, had few if any opportunities of learning the object of blossoms of humanity cannot be prematurely unfolded, save their existence or their relation to their fellows; who, hav ing been surrounded on all sides by unfavorable conditions. passed into the next sphere of life ignorant and unprogressed. Many of the most valuable and instructive lessons I have re ceived were taught me while laboring in this sphere of duty, and though much through which I have passed has been exceedingly unpleasant, it has nevertheless been more than equalized by the joy and delight experienced in beholding the progress of scores of sin-stained spirits from a condition of deep degradation and suffering, to one of comparative peace and happiness.

In the early part of the summer of 1854, while residing in Baltimore, I made some experiments in magnetism with a nophew—a lad about fourteen years old, of slender frame but good general health. I found him very susceptible to the magnetic influence, and after a few sittings I could readily induce the clairvoyant state. This soon ripened into Independent clairvoyance and direct rapport with the spirit world, rendering my manipulations now unnecessary. Many and interesting were the manifestations for more than a month, and great was our delight that a channel had been found through which our relatives and friends could now so satisfactorily commune with us. An Indian, with the soubriquet of "Young Fawn," assumed his guardianship, and claimed to be his spirit magnetizer. His entrancements were frequent and instantaneous; indeed, he seemed to be more in the other world than in this.

A change, however, took place in the character of the manifestations. The Indian informed us that he was directed to bring for instruction certain undeveloped spirits, who would come regularly, one or two at a time, until the purpose for which they came should be accomplished. I therefore appropriated several hours throughout the day to have interviews its innumerable and world-o'erspread phenomena. with them, and had the satisfaction of feeling that I was perthe true path. These undeveloped spirits, seeking light, were often followed by groups of dark ones, who would endeavor to dissuade them from their purpose, and every imaginable subterfuge would be resorted to, and even threats and force would be employed to deter them from leaving the society of those who claimed them as companions. Unbounded seemed the gratitude of such as were benefitted by this intercourse, and often would they come to greet and cheer me, and tell how much they had advanced since last we met. After the first or second interview, or as soon as I had won their confidence. I would obtain from them a short parrative of their earth career, and many of these accounts were full and highly interesting. Each incident connected with the immediate cause of their departure from earth would be minutely related, and not unfrequently would they trace their lives far back to scenes of early childhood. Suicides, robbers murderers and pirates would give their histories, and the diverse character of these biographies alone would yield convincing proof to those present that the lad had no ability to frame or fulricate them of himself

It was now that, one more incorrigible than the rest, obtained control and would not withdraw; he seemed to be in stigated by bands of dark forms who were bent upon thwarting our well-meant endeavors, even though the medium's life paid the forfeit. This leader, for so he claimed to be, backed by his desperate crew, seemed bent on nought but evil. No means which I could bring to bear-sympathy kindness, or entreaty-were of the least avail. Having pos session, he defied and laughed at us, and I was forced to se the poor boy, day by day, suffer the most excruciating torture of body and agony of mind conceiveble, without power to aid or relieve him. While this spirit retained possession, the medium would be conscious; not so when others had con-trol. The sensation (as described by the lad) occasioned by this possession was like some one getting inside of his per son, drawing him on like a glove, until his flesh and skin would feel like bursting. At one time the head alone would be the sent of operations; then the chest; again the whole trunk would be covulsed with agony; then the limbs would be terribly contorted, and the whole system made to writhe with anguish. And thus, day after day, an unseen but intelligent power was racking and torturing this slender and delicate frame.

These obsessions became so alarming that, fearful the boy' shricks would be heard by the neighbors, and knowing the prejudice that prevailed at that time against Spiritualism upon the first intimation of their recurrence I would close the windows, fasten the doors, and, shutting myself up with the sufferer, in agony of soul await their termination. The tears and cries and supplications of the poor boy, to be spared from undergoing the horrid ordeal he knew he had to pass were enough to melt the most obdurate heart, and like a child in utter helplessness, I have wept in soul-felt sympathy with his sufferings.

This condition also changed, and another phase of obsession was presented. The medium was again rendered unconscious by entrancement, and troops of the most disorderly dark and riotous spirits would congregate around and obsess him. His face would assume the most demoniacal expression: his teeth would grind and gnash; he would rage and foam at the mouth, strike furlously at my face, and endeavor to draw my hand into his mouth to bite it. These obsessions would often occur while walking along the street; and as it was unsafe to leave him alone, they became so annoying to the harmonial philosophy is the second floor, including the my nepliew and myself, that I was forced to resort to any jus tifiable means to free him, if but temporarily, from the influonce. In vain I reasoned and appealed to the better qualities wisdom to purify, refine, and spiritualiss the individual. It

of these spirits' nature; but reason and appeal were as used less now as sympathy and kindness. I could by a series of reverse passes dispossess them for a time, when the lad's father would come and condole with us, regretting his inability to aid us; but with a shout of exultation his torturer would again obtain possession and retain it until forced to leave by iny manipulations. These reverse passes seen lost their potency and were discontinued. Bending over the boy, I discovered by accident that my breath appeared greatly to disturb his tormentors. I then found, that by breathing into his mouth and nostrils I could drive them off quite readily. Sometimes they would declare I had covered them with ice: at other times that I had scorched them with fire; but they would soon return again, and always reinforced. These means, too, falled, and I was obliged to be with the lad night and day to afford what relief I might, as the control was never so violent while I was near him as at other times; when, being worn out by fatigue, loss of rest and undue mental excitement, I was about to give up my charge in utter despair, relief came to us both, as opportunely as unexpectedly.

I shall relate each incident precisely as it occurred, as far as I can recollect, however the skeptic may speer, or the philesopher pronounce the word, "impossible!" I am stating facts-facts as incomprehensible to me as to others, perhaps, but which, nevertheless, are as true and real as any of the ordinary phenomena we daily witness.

On the morning of August 15th, 1854, I was standing at my desk, my mind engrossed with the strange events of the last few months, thinking of the probable fate of my poor nephew, left to the mercy, as it seemed, of those misguided spirits, (incarnate devils our Christian clergy would style them.) when he was suddenly entranced by his guardian, and coming up to me, his face wreathed in smiles, a spirit purporting to be his father informed me that it was the wish of his guardians and mine that I should without delay send him to Philadelphia, the residence of his mother; also that I should place in his possession a bottle which I would find in an apartment of my desk, with a strict injunction to keep it continually about his person. The spirit then withdrew.

The object of this singular request I could not comprehend; but looking in the place indicated I found a small scent-bottle, which I examined for an instant to ascertain whether there was anything peculiar about it, then handed it to my nephew, who appeared entirely ignorant of what had been said through him. He thanked me, and put the bettle in his pocket. I confess my suspicions began to be now awakened that the lad was attempting to practice upon my credulity, and I determined to watch most narrowly his proceedings, without appearing to be on my guard.

My attention was now arrested by his obsession. The dark ones came as before, howling and shouting, but to my surprise the howls immediately softened down into an inarticulate murmur, and the spirits were gone. Again and again they came and struggled to retain control, but without success. Several times they essayed to take the amulet away with my hand, which they grasped with his and thrust into his pocket, but could not retain control long enough to effect their purpose. Gradually, with each successive effort, they lost their power, and ere the day closed he was completely relieved of their unpleasant influence. Notwithstanding his tears and entreaties to be permitted to remain with us-for he had become strongly attached to Baltimore-I felt it my duty to part with him, and the next day he was on his way to Philadelphia. Nearly five years have elapsed, and he has never felt the influence of spirits, nor exhibited externally the slightest susceptibility to their control.

I have never, since these experiences were mine, witnessed an auxiety for the mediatorial development of a child in any one, but I have thought it extremely unwise. These budding at the expense and sacrifice of the flower. I attribute the obsession of my nephew mainly to his immature condition—his unestablished physique and unformed mind-and his relief to some potent magnetism projected into or thrown around the bottle by wise intelligences, aided, unquestionably, by a change of residence. I think it would be well in all cases to allow both mind and body to mature, ere we place the young in such conditions as will bring them into a more intimate rapport with the spirit-world. W. M. LANING. Philadelphia, May 26th, 1859.

#### SPIRITISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

The province of spiritism is a positive and external one viz., that of demonstrating the immortality of the human soul in a phenomenal, scientific, and philosophic way. However much we may feel that we are immortal, we can only know it through the demonstrations of past or present Spiritualism, or both. Logicians, who prove immortality from intuitional evidences alone, are thus met by the man of fact: You say "man universally has a desire for eternal life-God would never have given him so deeply-seated a desire, without giving also the appropriate means for its full gratification." I will give you a parallel case: "Man uniersully has a desire" to obtain and acquiremore and more of this world's goods-"God would never have given him so deeply-scated a desire without giving also the appropriate means for its full gratification." The difference between the two cases consists in the result being hid in the hoping trust of mystery in the one case, and in its being known and daily exposed in the other. If we are immortal, we must know it; and this knowledge can only be obtained by philosophic in vestigation in the science of spiritism, through the fact of

Spiritualism embraces spiritism as above defined, and also forming a labor of love, and knew by the results that I was the religion it teaches through the counsels of the earthdirecting in the right way many who had stepped aside from born who have had the advantages of the experiences of both arth-life and spirit-life.

> Through earth brooding darkness, hurled by angel hands, come in beauteous spiender, bright triangular stars, whose three sides are love, wisdom, purity; these are the lessons from the angel-world to-day.

> Spiritualism's first lesson is that of soul-elevating, Godaspiring, heaven-born charity. It has one creed not written in words, but written deep in the yielding tablet of every human heart. Were it written in words, it would mean simply-God, our Father-man, our brother! It begs pleadingly with us to love God in His image, the noblest work of his hands, and asks us in his love not to treat other than sympathetically and lovingly the darkest spirits in this or the ther world with whom we may chance to meet. It teaches us that the more victous and degraded humanity is, the greater claim it has on our kindness and love. It commands us to "eat and drink" with the "publicans and sinners" of our time; to not be afraid of being seen with the very Magdalens and Judases of society, if by such social intercourse we can be the means of doing them good. The highest enjoyments of the mere pleasure seeker are but gilded hells compared with the supernal heaven there is in the consciousness of doing good through self-sacrifice. Christ's utterance was a beautiful one-"It is more blessed to give than to recelvel" "But it costs a great deal to brave public opinion !" says the fear-stricken worshiper of the what-will-people-say lespot. Friend, did Jesus, Howard, or Hopper, ask what it ost when duty showed the love-lighted way? Are their noble examples to do nothing for you or me? Oh, if we could out once realize the power of the Omnipotent in the use of his love in the practicality of daily life, we could never again, with Pharisaical piety, say insultingly to our erring brother,

> Thou sinner !" Spiritism is but the stepping-stone to Spiritualism, and is oo often found mingled with and surrounded by the murky atmosphere of earth's bad conditions-hate, distrust, and solfishness. It is too often found drifting in life's ocean, cold as an iceberg; but we find Spiritualism, like a tropical islealways invitingly warm with the light, life, and love of heaven. To promulgate the former costs many a lightning pang to the latter, as the on-rushing heaven-chariots of love

> and duty meet. In its wisdom-lesson, Spiritualism teaches that human reason is paramount to revelation of all other kinds. In this position it has the company of a few Protestants, and of Deists, Pantheists, Atheists, and Infidels, and sceptics of every class and grade. The opposite ground is held by the mass of Protestants, and by Catholics, Latter Day Saints, Mussulmen, worshipers of Fo, Brahma and the sun, and believers in all other so-called Pagan religious. In appealing thus to the God-within, the reason-principle, and in not accepting any external standard of authority in men, books or actions, it opens the way for the harmonial philosophy in detail of which, in this article, I do not propose to treat. Spiritualism's teachings in this department tend to beget changes of opinion in matters theological—in matters held by men with such tenacity, as to blind them to the great truth, that with the scentic and believer, Pagan and Christian, religion is one and the same, and in theology alone do they all differ. Its practicality consists in making action, and not bellef, the one thing needful for the soul's present and future salvation.

> In naturo's religious system, spiritism is the passage-way Spiritualism is the first floor, and includes the former, while chambers, attic, and entire structural

But the great work of Spiritualism is through its love and

does this by-commencing in the physical organism—crehewing all unhealthy stimulants in food and drink, and all un lean, debasing, and degrading habits. A clear mentality magnificent temple.

your neighbor alone I go to work in the field of your own

spirit. "Your theory is pretty enough," says an ear-poisoned reader, "but do the facts sustain it?" My friend, I can only tell you what I know. Notwithstanding the class called Spiritualists number more than that of any one other religious belief in the United States, yet an examination into our court records reveals a much smaller proportion of crime among the former than among the latter. Go into the most intelligent and moral portions of the Union, and you find them very numerous, and vice versa. I know, too, that I them very numerous, and vice versa. I know, too, that I
The friends having harmonized, the manifestations by tablehave nover had the good fortune to personally meet with as
high an average standard of morality in theory and practice,
among those of any other religious belief, as I have personally met with among those called Spiritualists. How can a
man plunge into vice and dishonor when he knows his own
mother, father, sister, brother, companion, child, or dearest
friend, is not only watching his action, but may be reading
overy thought of his heart. Yet an unprincipled spiritist is
a possibility, but an unprincipled Spiritualist, never!

The friends having harmonized, the manifestations by tabletipping were very strong, all hands were withdrawn, and I
stood at a distance from it, but this produced no change.
Such independent motion was especially gratifying to all just
mow, as an article had been published by Faraday, asserting
"That tables moved only by an involuntary muscular motion
of the manifestations by tabletipping were very strong, all hands were withdrawn, and I
stood at a distance from it, but this produced no change.

Such independent motion was especially gratifying to all just
mow, as an article had been published by Faraday, asserting
"That tables moved only by an involuntary muscular motion
of the medium's hands."

I must not only mentioning here, that, at one of the circles
at the above-mentioned residence, a small music-stand, full
of books, was taken up and placed upon the table, and to
crown that evening's demonstration, Mrs. Shephord herself
was raised, chair and all, from the floor, and deposited likewas raised, chair and all, from the floor, and deposited likewas raised, chair and all, from the floor, and deposited likewas raised, chair and all, from the floor, and deposited likewas raised, chair and all, from the floor, and deposited like-

possibility, but an unprincipled Spiritualist, never ! Spiritualism promotes longevity, health and happiness, in annihilating all fear, and substituting in its place a calm, resigned, satisfied and trusting spirit. All becaved ones know what terrible ordeals are these separations by death. It is is useless to say that Spiritualism takes away all pain from these, as to say that the New England mother feels no pain in parting with the youngest daughter, the pet of the household, newly married, and just starting for a new home in the fur west. But it is a satisfaction to know they are still with s, and not separated beyond reach of communication-to be able to say to the dead one who has just passed on-

"Still in thy love 1 trust— Supreme o'er death, since deathless is its essence; For putting off the dust, Thou hast but blest me with a nearer presence. And so for this, for all, And so for this, for an,
I breathe no selfish plaint—no faithless murmur;
On me yet snow-flakes fall,
But thou hast gained a more abiding summer. Striking a plaintive string Like some poor harper at a palace portal,
I wait without and sing, While those I love glide in and dwell immortal. I bloss God that the dawn
Of heaven's peace hath closed earth's night of sorrow;
My feet are journeying on, I shall o'ertake thee on some sweet to-morrow!"

H. W. Boozer,

#### WISDOM.

To some minds it may appear inconsistent, but nevertheless I am impressed to openly acknowledge my belief in the existence of a Saviour, whose divine and directing power has shone brighter and brighter, through the thoughts and deeds of men on their upward way, ever since the first man lived. I believe that he existed before the world was made; that he was, and is, co-essential and co-eternal with the Father; that he is an incarnated essence, possessing in a finite degree the attributes of the Infinite. I believe that he was promised, or rather, that his presence and spiritual influence were in-

the attributes of the infinite. I believe that he was promised, or rather, that his presence and spiritual influence were fudeated in the morning period of human existence—in the infant or Eden stage, when Reason awoke from the long night of creation, and declared its might and power.

When I gaze abroad over the inharmoniously situated multitudes that people the earth, and perceive the vast amount of ignorance, war, slavery and sufficing that exists, then my belief in this Saviour is the only source of hope and consolition. Then I feel that, although I cannot render my sufficing brethren external assistance, I can preach the gospiel of ultimate amelioration from error and discord, and reconcile them to their temporary afflictions.

It is the prevailing belief in Christendom that the Father of spirits predestined a saviour for our earth; that he came,

of spirits predestined a saviour for our earth; that he came, and that through his Instrumentality it is readered possible and that through his Instrumentality It is rendered possible for all men to be saved with an everlasting salvation. This is a clear statement of my intuitive belief—a belief justified by reason and sound philosophy. But the glorious Saviour of which I speak, is only known by the good and intelligent who dearly love his precepts and principles, and devoutly practice them; but the uncellucated and prejudiced are skeptical concerning his ability to save and elevate. These want, or think that mankind require, something more potent—something strange and supernatural—to refine their sensibilities, and lead them from error and discord into harmony and happiness.

and happiness.

But the Saviour's superior influence, when it gains an expression—his beautiful deeds and unequalled spirituality—clicit, even from the ignorant and faithless, respect, admiration and praise. His saving power and noble spirit are manifested in the simplest invention of art, and in the awakening and reformatory movements of the age. I know that his spirit is immanent in man. In every exertion which men make to banish evil and discord from the earth—to do away with durighteousness, and advance the general intersection which the control of the age of the properties of the age of the properties of the properties of the general intersection worked—an agreement of ways. for such are the works which he came to perform on the for such are the works which he came to perform on the acarth. I believe that, by him and through him, exclusively, will men escape the evils of social disunity, and be refined and elevated into spiritual communion with higher and holier truths; and that, by the sphere of attraction constantly minunating from his interior presence, all men will be brought into immediate conjunction with the high, the pure, and the beautiful of the base wistence.

into immediate conjunction with the high, the pure, and the beautiful of the inner existence.

Heretofore, men have repowed confidence in the saving and preserving power of individual men, like themselves, and in images of men, which misguided minds have defiled, and attorward worshiped; but it is not so with the spiritually enlightened—that is, with those who turn within to find the righteous and the legaliful—fac there intuitively know who can, and will, save the people from isoprance, error, sin and discord.

HISOOTA.

There are many, very many, evils from which we need salvation. We need to be saved from physical disease, from war, fauline, pestilence, indigence, servitude, injustice, prejudee and uncharitableness. We need to be saved from the war, famine, pestitence, indigence, servitude, injustice, prejudice and uncharitableness. We need to be saved from the evils of present society, and from every obstacle that tends to retard social, scientific and spirital development. From all these evils I know we will be ultimately free. The life and talents of good men are devoted to the dissemination of those principles which flow up from their philanthropic spirits into speech, and thence into universal improvement. At all times I am made thoroughly conscious that some minds are free, and do inhale the sweet schoosphere of truth, which develops their native magnanistry, and enables them to manifest how good is goodness, and how true is truth.

It is by such minds only that the gospel of the true Saviour—ho who is co-essential and co-eternal with the Creator of all things, and who is incarnated and represented more or less in every correct movement that has been made since the world began—is Wishom, the embediment and image of universal Harmony, and the ever-blooming flower of the Divino Mind. That Wisdom which our Father exhibits in the harmonious society of universal worlds, and which preserves and distinguishes them from chaos, is, in a finite degree, the resident, and the bright and protecting angel of

serves and distinguishes them from chaos, is, in a finite degree, the resident, and the bright and protecting angel of the human soul; and I believe that that power which preserves the world of matter from confusion, will also save the world of mind everywhere, from evil and discord. Its exercise in all places will be inevitably followed by identical and corresponding results. The full development and application of Wisdom, will alone save the world of men from their manifold evils. Theologians should be willing to acknowledge, what the world is fast finding out, that every attempt at reformation upon other grounds has falled; that they have fought and struggled with sin, and warned the ignorant to avoid its blighting touch, and yet the people sin, and sin exists. Thus preaching has falled to perform its appropriate mission; but this cannot be said of Wisdom. Wisdom, though yet in infancy, has removed and now preserves us from many yet in infancy, has removed and now preserves us from many cise in all places will be inevitably followed by identical and corresponding results. The fail development and application of Wisdom, will alone save the world of men from their manifold cylls. Theologians should be willing to acknowledge, what the world is fast finding out, that every attempt at reformation upon other grounds has failed; that they have fought and struggled with sin, and warned the ignorant ho avoid its blighting touch, and yet the people sin, and sin exists. Thus preaching has failed to perform its appropriate to avoid its blighting touch, and yet the people sin, and sin exists. Thus preaching has failed to perform the appropriate on the failed perform its appropriate on the failed perform its appropriate only the failed with sin and warned the ignorant lot avoid its blighting touch, and yet the preach set from many evil is and vicissitudes of life. Where once the farest waved, and pestlential marshes breathed forth their deadly vapor, Wisdom has created magnificent and opulent cities; thus it has saved us from inclement weather, and the privations of a forest life. Even so Wisdom has constructed splendid vessels which ride the occar's wave with a noble mein and proud attire. Thus we enjoy national intercourse, and all the advantages thereof. Thus the inventions of Wisdom save us from poverty and extlement, both of which are evils much to be dreaded. Wisdom has descended to every artand science. The soil is tilled, and labor is rendered less laborious by Wisdom's inventions, and thousands are fed with wholesome food, from the opposite of which we are happily saved, Everything sparkies with the hyperhyspirit of Wisdom. It was breathed into man through the fen housand avenues of material and spirluan existence, by his Maker, that by it man might be saved with an everlasting salvation; saved from all the inhammolies which grow out of human ignorance and middretelom. Let all be well educated and well circumstanced while in this sphere, and our highest conceptions of the millennium will be fulfill

### MYSTIC HOURS.

tico. A. Renyan announces a book with the above title, to and a pure soul requires a clean, healthy body, or casket, to be ready the first of this month. It is a statement of incicontain it. The spiritual controls the material; reason, the dents in his spiritual experience. Mr. Redman is a medium appetites, and the inner, the outer man. This spiritualization for what are termed physical manifestation; and probably rocess is the preparation for the real-life-the life to come; he has been the instrument of as major and as wonderful thus making each, thought, word and deed, in every depart- performances of this unseen power, which so puzzles the ment of life, count in the laying up of eternal treasures, wise ones of the world, as any of the "witches" of the nine-The radimental life is thus but the threshold at which we teenth century. Myeric Houns is to be made up of relaclean the feet of our being before entering into eternity's tions of some of the most startling of the phenomena performed in his presence, and, judging from proof sheets which Spiritism says to its disciple, "Go into all the world and have been sent to us, the book will be a very entertaining preach your newly received gospel to every creature!" But one. Those who have experience in these wonderful mani-Spiritualism says to me, its disciple, "Henry W. Boozer, let festations will find much to interest them, particularly those who are still investigating the rudimentary stage of spiritual soul, and pluck out the nexious weeds and poisonous plants truths. The skeptic will enjoy the book, because it will be which carth's rank, gross, and bad conditions, have sown mirth-provoking, and one may as well laugh at the "Mun-broadcast with the seeds which the hand of the Divine has chausenisms" of to-day—if he chooses to call these marvels planted, and thus be ever purifying and beautifying your own such—as at those of the past. There is one thing, however, neart for the dwelling place of God's love, wisdom and purity! which must arrest even his attention; and this is the fact There is no power in the universe to make us better and that the manifestations are not such as an ingentous mind. purer, which can equal a positive knowledge and consequent striving to entertain and amuse and excite the elements of belief in the guardianship of our dearly level who have wonder and marveloueness would concect, either for profit or passed over death's river. This is a true leve and fear of renown. A few extracts from the proof sheets before us will God as manifested through his greatest work—the human interest our readers. The incident below occurred at Albany.

The next day I sought and found Mrs. Shepherd, by whom The next day I sought and found Mrs. Shepherd, by whom I was cordially welcomed; a mutual recapitulation next ensued of various experiences since her visit to Pleasant Square; then we seated ourselves at a table, and Mrs. Shepherd was favored with a communication from a little spirit daughter, named Frances, who sent many cheering words to different members of the family. Afterwards I strolled forth to view the city, and anuse myself as best I could; but when the shades of evening gathered over me, I once more seated myself at a table to pursue my accustomed vocation. The friends having harmonized, the manifestations by table-tupping were very strong, all hands were withdrawn, and I

wise upon the table, and while occupying her elevated posi-tion was entranced, and addressed the circle in her usual

eloquent manner.

One evening we met at the house of Benj. Lodge, Esq., where were present about fifteen persons, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Ambler; soon after harmonizing, and winding up a musical box, which had been brought for the purpose of contributing its quota to the evening's entertainment, the table slowly tipped to an angle of 45 degrees, and then kept time by its undulatory motions to a tune played by the box. The alphabet was next called for, and Mrs. Ambler was told to "sit on the table." In obedience to the wishes of the invisibles she placed a chair, as she was onjoined, and seated herself in it. The table began moving and tipping in perfect time to the sounds of the musical box. A light was then placed on the floor, and all drew back from the table; the only contact with it boing Mrs. A. and the chair. It still, however, continued its fantastic exhibition. This was another nut for the learned Faraday to crack.

Circles were next arranged to be held at the house of Mrs. Halght. Here much that was surprising resulted, and a few

Haight. Here much that was surprising resulted, and a few out of the many wonders I will relate. We gathered around the table, selections from the Spirit Minstrel were sung, and out of the many wonders I will relate. We gathered around the table, selections from the Spirit Minstrel were sung, and a very subdued light kept in the room; the influence that pervaled the circle was calm and beautiful, giving evidence that high and progressed spirits were present. So perfectly harmonious were we, it seemed as though actual converse might be held with our loved ones. I was raised in a half-stupified state from the chair, conveyed to the ceiling of the room, which was some ten feet from the floor, and I floated alone in the air for a few moments. I was then joined by Mrs. Shepherd, and soon after by her daughter. Here were three of us, all suspended in the atmosphere, in no contact with any material object, but uplied by an unseen power, and wafted by it over the heads of some duzen individuals all wide awake, and in the perfect possession of their reasoning faculties. "Why do n't you go higher?" "Why do n't you go higher?" "Why do n't you go higher?" was loudly veciferated by Miss Shepherd; but this was impossible, unless we could have passed through the celling. We were kept in this aerial locality some few mincetes, when the two ladles were gradually lowered to their sents, and I very unceremoniously brought down invertedly. I soon, however, resumed that upright position, which

sites, when the two ladles were gradually lowered to their seats, and I very ugceremonously brought down invertedly. I soon, however, resumed that upright position, which through life I ever maintain, and reseated myself.

The spirit's next humesement was that of stopping the musical box in the midst of a tune. Mrs. Huight thought it had worked down, but on trying to wind it up found this was not the case. Loud raps were given, and we were told that our celestial visitants would stop the music, and then resume it whenever we expressed wish to that effect, which they actually did.

For closing my account of this night's marvels, I will relate one more occurrence, which is too ludicrous to be passed over in silence. The lights were lowered by spiritual command; a slight rustling noise was heard, after which, by celestial behest, they were made to spread their rays on us again, when, lo! I was found seated on the table, with my coat turned inside out, and buttoned down my back. Of this? I think I hear some cavaller say. It consisted in the connection it carried to the minds of those among us, who were yet doubters, of the super-mundane origin of the act, for all present knew that no individual could have performed this feat without the assistance of a second party, and they were fully satisfied that no human being had approached me.

The coat was righted, after which four raps, as the appropriate letters were named, indicated the word "Done;" and "Good Night" being spelt out by the table tipping, we reciprocated the politeness to our kind companions of the solit-'Good Night" being spelt out by the table tipping, we reci-procated the politeness to our kind companions of the spirit

one evening took ten at the house of Mr. Chaffield, whose wife and some other members of the family, were partially developed as mediums. We had been seated at the ten-table but a few minutes, when a tremulous motion was apparent. the very later than the first hard as the constraint of the transition of the windles, when a tremulous motion was apparent all over it. Mr. Chatfield asked, "If I raise my side of the table, will our spirit friends raise the other? Three sounds announced their compliance. Mr. C. elevated the side nearest to him, and a corresponding movement took place on the opposite side; the table was next lifted to a level with our heads. Mr. C. then said, "Come, let us put it on Mr. Redman's head," which was no sooner uttered than done, and my cranium was made the axio for the ten-table, laden with dislices, lamps, cups filled with ten, ac, all of which retained their places; and the table itself, while resting on my head, seemed as light as a common shingle. It was after a little while raised sufficiently high to allow me to extricate myself, and then it slowly sank to the floor, when the spirits expressed their joy by rapping long and loudly, to which we responded, "Thank you a thousand times." An account of the above was published in an Albany journal by Mr. Chaffield.

Tea was scarcely over when we were joined by invited guests, among whom were some literary gentlemen. The editor of the State Register was the first selected, and reeditor of the State Register was the first selected, and re-ceived a written communication from a spirit purporting to be his father; after questions and responses having passed between these parties, Mrs. Toby's mother presented herself, communicating on past troubles, and although the expres-sion, "Pooh I my mother!" had been uttered, when the spirit first came, so peculiarly characteristic was that which was given and signed with the spirit's name, that Mrs. Toby wept and exclaimed, that that communication could have wept and exclaimed, that that communication could have emanated from no other except her maternal parent. A few questions put by Mr. and Mrs. Toby were next answered by the table tippling, when suddenly all manifestations ceased, "What does this mean?" inquired Mr. Shepherd. "It is certainly very singular," remarked Mr. Toby. We remained in our seats brying to be patient; at hast we once more heard the raps and a call for the alphabet, and we received the following; "We do not Wish to lift the legs and the table too, Mr. Hammond." Silence ensued, which was broken by Mr. Hammond saying, "That is pretty good; I have been trying to keep the table down with my legs; when it tried to tip I put my weight on it, and endeavored to retain it in its place; this caused the cessation of the manifestations. I am confident none knew it, and the communication is an undisputed test." The laughter produced by this admission having est." The laughter produced by this admission having cased, all went on smoothly and satisfactorily till a late ceased, all went on smoothly and satisfactority till a labour, when we parted; and here terminated my visit to the Capital of the Empire State. It had been attended with beneficial results to the public at large as well as to myself or I had gained much in development. Truly grateful was to my spirit guardians for my advancement, and fully determined to yield implicitly to their guidance and instruction.

totally foreign to my spirit; circumstances told through mo of which I had not the slightest knowledge, still I was beset by locking misglyings, which harassed my very soul. My wretherd feelings, at this time, would oft vent themselves in words, which outbursts were invariably followed by gentlo childings and rebukes from my guardian spirit mother. About this time I was holding a circle at Mrs. Green's, when the guardian spirit of Miles Brown came, and expressed a desire to write a small volume, entitled, "The Philosophy of Man's Physical and Spiritoal Nature." The first chapter was written that evening, and we were told that I was the chosen instrument for the conveyance of his ideas; that we were to

to write a small volume, entitled, "The Philosophy of Man's Physical and Spiritual Nature." The first chapter was written that evening, and we were took that I was the chosen instrument for the conveyance of his ideas; that we were to alt one hour every morning, immediately on rising from our heds, and that he would communicate a chapter at each sitting. In accordance with this arrangement, Mr. Brown and myself met every morning. Punctually editions spirit attend, and transmit his ideas on the proposed subject.

While this work was being communicated, my former doubts and perplexities reassumed their sway over me; so haunted was I by them, that one morning I threw down the pencil and refused to continue writing, at the same time declaring it to be my conviction that the whole was the involuntary action of my own mind. Isaac, (the name of the communicating intelligence,) having no intention of being thus cheated out of his work, instantaneously selzed my hand, with superhuman force, and impelled it from right to left, till about three sheets of paper were covered with writing; he then quietly controlled my hand to turn the blank side of the paper towards myself, and thus holding it up to the light to peruse the mysterious protection. This was certainly interesting to me at such a skeptical crisis; I immediately exhibited the strange scrawl to the friends, who were not a little amused at the method adopted by the celestial being to bring my mind into harmony with truth. Time passed on, and every communication was written in the same manner; becoming quite wearied with transcribing every document given, I remonstrated with the spirits, but unavailingly. I plead; they remained unmoved; they were resolved I should nover again ascribe their productions to my own brain, and from that all communications of any character or longth have been given in reversed writing. Annoyed as I was at first at having to copy off the communication, I soon became reconciled; by degrees I instructed my sitters how to read what they recei

The following incidents occurred at Glenn's Falls, New York State:-

One lovely evening, while a circle was holding sweet commune with their angel friends, at the house of Mr. McDonald, a request was made by a spirit to open the door, in order to allow another spirit to enter. We compiled, and were immediately greeted by the announced visitor, who gave the information that an additional spirit guest was on his way and would join us in about ten minutes. We asked if we should (at the expiration of that time) open the door. The spirit answered.

"No. When he comes, he will cause the dog, that is lying on the steps, to bark."

on the steps, to bark.

on the steps, to bark."

We here opened the door, and found the dog (a noble-looking animal) stretched at his case, on the spot designated. Returning to the table, we were a vored by some physical manifestations, in the midst of which our canino watch gave three or four quick barks. We instantly looked at our time-pieces and found that the ten minutes had Just expired. The expected visitant saluted us and gave his name. Here was an instance in which the question, "Can spirits influence animals?" was us clearly demonstrated as in the good old stery of Balaam and his ass.

liere our proof sheets are exhausted, and, like our friends of the New York Ledger, we must refer to the book for the onclusion of the incidents, unless the reader chooses to supply a dire, eventful tragedy for his own amusement.

Our friend, S. T. Munson, at No. 5 Great Jones street, will end this work by mail to persons South and West. Bela Marsh is the agent for Boston and vicinity.

#### MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Worcester, Lowell, Portland, Oswego, and various adjacent places during June, Next Pall 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 Pittsburg, &c., before September, early applications will be still received, addressed to No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York. Ivenue, New York.

Warnen Chase announces that he will lecture in Grand Haven, Mich., June 9th and 10th; Milwaukie, Wis., June 12th; Chicago, Ill., June 19th and 20th; Berlin, Ohio, July 1st, 2d and 3d; Geneva, Ohio, July 10th; Conneaut, July 13th and 14th; Buffalo, N. Y., July 17th and 24th.

DR. JOHN MAYIEW from the first of June to July 14th will attend to the wishes of various friends, on or near the La Cross and Milwauker route, lictuding Sheboygan, Neenah, Appleton, and the region roundationt. From July 14th to August 31st he will be on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit.

Mas. J. W. Curnier will answer calls to locture. Address, Lowell: box 815. She will speak as follows: Foxboro', Mass., June 12th; Springfield, June 19th and 20th; Putnam, Ct., July 3d and 10th. She will stop a few dhys in each of the above places, and will sit for tests of sprit-power, by trance, clairvoyant and physical manifestations.

PROF. J. L. D. OTIS having about completed the subscrip-tion list to the New England University, is now prepared to address the friends of reform upon other subjects connected with Spiritualism. His addresses are mainly in the trance or impressional state. He will examine the sick free of charge. He will speak at Sutton, N. H., June 19th; Laconia, He will also receive subscription and form clubs June 26th.

LORING MOODY will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address Maiden, Mass. He will lecture as follows:—Lunchburg, June 7th and 8th; Shirley Village, 9th and 10th; South Groten, 12th; N. Chelmsford, 14th and 15th; Tyngsbore, 16th and 17th; Mil-

Mas. H. F. M. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio, Editress of the Agitator, may be addressed at Boston, care of Bela Marsh. Sho will lecture in Providence, R. I., the second and third Sundays in June, and in Buffido, N. Y., the fourth Sunday.

V. L. Wadsworth speaks at Quincy, Mass., June 12th; Marlboro, June 26th. Thoso desiring his services during the week in the vicinity of the above named places, can address him at the office of the Spiritual Age.

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Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Fitchburg, June 12th
Thunton, June 26th and July 3d. The remaining Sundays in
July and the month of August she will be in Plymouth, Mass. Miss A. W. Sprague, through the month of June, will be in Plymouth, Vt., and in July and August she will speak in Oswego, N. Y.

Oswego, N. Y.

Mrs. Fannie Berbank Felton will lecture in Philadelphia, on Sundays, June 12th; in New York, on Sundays, June 19th, and in Norwich, Conn., on Sundays, June 26th, July 3d, 10th, 17th and 24th. Address until June 15th, Willard Barnes Felton, No. 813 Lombard street, Philadelphia, Penn.—from June 15th to July 24th, Norwich, Conn.

J. H. Curanum will speak, June 12th, at Laconia, N. H.; June 13th and 14th, at Franklin, N. H.; June 19th, at Erving and Orange, Mass.; June 22d, at North Dana; June 26th, at Warwick; July 3d, at Lawrence, Mass.

Miss Sanan A. Magoun will speak in Marlbore', Mass., Sunday, June 12th; at Quincy, 10th. George M. Jackson will speak, June 12th, at Utica, N. Y.; 13th, at Deansyllie: 14th, at Bridgewater; 15th, at West Win-field; and 16th, at Cedarville.

A. C. Romisson, will speak in Fall River, Mass., June 12th; Randolph, June 19th. Address, Fall River, until further Mrs. L. S. Nickenson will speak in the trance state at bouth Lancaster, June 12th. Her address is Worcester, Mass.,

Miss, Rosa T. Amerer will speak in Cambridgeport, Sunday, June 12th; Foxboro', Sunday, June 19th; Providence, Sunday, June 20th.

REY. JOHN PIERPONT WIll answer calls to lecture on Spiritralism. Address at West Medford, Mass.

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE will respond to invitations to ecture addressed to Jamestown, N. Y., or to Now York City, are of G. W. Westbrook.

Miss Sarah A. Magoun will answer calls to lecture in the rance state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address to 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass. H. A. Tucker will speak in Stoughton, Sunday, June 11th.

C. T. IRISH, trance-speaking medium, wishes to travel West this summer, and those Western triends who desire his ser-vices as a lecturer may address him at Weir Village, Taun-

Miss A. F. Pease will lecture in Northampton and vicinity null the first of July, and has engagements till the first of

II. P. FAIRFIELD, tranco speaking medium, may be ad-iressed at Greenwich Village, Mass.

H. A. TUCKER, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at Foxboro', Mass.

N. Frank White will lecture through the month of June nt St. Louis; from there to Cincinnal; then east. Any calls for week evenings, in the vicinity of St. Louis, can be addressed to him there; calls east of Cincinnati should be addressed to him at St. Louis, to give time for the appoint-E. S. WHEELER, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at

the Fountain House, Boston, Mass. Miss EMMA Houston, trance-speaking medium, will answer

calls to lecture Sundays, or week evenings. Address at Fountain House, Boston.

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

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

Text:—Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he night destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the deall; and deliver them, who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage. For verily he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the sactor of angels; but he took on him the section had things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethien; that he might be a mereiful and faithful light friest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself had suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted—Him, it, 14-18.

When Chalet came, the world may, he said to have

When Christ came, the world may be said to have When Christ came, the world may be said to have been divided into two parts—the Jew and the Gentile, both of them seeking religion, but having very different objects of search. All men have a religious nature. All men are compelled by that nature to seek some kind of gratification for their moral feelings. If they are intelligent and rightly directed, this moral nature will develop a true religion; if they are ignorant and wrongly directed, it will develop a superstition. Our meaning develops the root idea of heathen worship word recipion, is a neathern word, and its etymological meaning develops the root idea of heathern worship—namely, compulsion; for the word signifies to bind, or bind again, to constrain, to the up. Religion was, according to the ideas of the heathern nations, a process of tying up the mind. It was compulsion, and that, oftentimes, compulsion as the offspring of feelings the most torganting. Four and a superstitute seatestage. most tormonting. Fear, and a superstitions conscience, indeed, are the chief instruments of religion, as developed without the law of inspiration. What is called

veloped without the law of inspiration. What is called heathenism is fear and superstition.

The Jow had received a system of worship which contemplated both a nobler divinity in Jehovah, and a higher ideal of character in man. This was not known in any other part of the world, but being adapted to the carliest forms of society and national life, it employed the senses as the auxiliaries of the moral sense; and through the senses religious was first tought to and through the senses religion was first taught to mankind. The whole ritual of the Jew addressed the sonses. The object sought then, and the object sought now, are the same. That object was then approached through a worship which addressed itself primarily to a man's bodily senses. The effect of all systems which deal largely in visible things, and sensual instrumentalities, is, first, to help the weak, and then, to entangle the strong. Physical, material, ritualistic, and ceremonial systems of religion, carry men up certainly a certain way-carry them up to a greater height than they would otherwise reach—but after having done that, they are a cumbrance. As the sepal or covering of a flower bud, which has protected it through all its earlier growth, sometimes glues itself tightly together, and refuses to bend, or become reflex, in order that the bud can blossom; so the ceremonial of the Jews carried them up to a certain degree of spiritual advancement. and then it stuck to them so closely that they could not get out of it, and therefore it retarded their inward growth.

In the time of our Saviour men were floundering in this system. The good were burdened with it: the had were relying merely upon its external duties, without deriving any higher interior life from it. Our Saviour therefore announced that men were at liberty to worship God in any way, so that they only worshiped. This is the primary declaration of Christ as to liberty in this matter of religion. His distinct teaching was that neither at Jerusalem, nor at Samaria, nor in the temple, nor by the altar, nor in any other place, were men bound to worship, as if that particular place was necessary to their worship: but that whenever a man worshiped God in spirit and in truth, his worship was acceptable to the Most High. Not only was this the teaching of Christ, but it was the teaching of his apostles after him. This was a great stride; it was a tride which carried the truth over mountain-high pre-

While Christ proposed a more attractive view of God, and a higher idea of manhood than had been held by the Jews, he revealed a way to them which was easier, and pleasanter, and freer, than that way which had been so burdensome to them. And the apostles, fully imbued with this inspiring view of Christian life as a liberty, a joy, an emancipation, never enough could set forth its beauty and attractiveness. And the New Testament is a pean all the way through; it is a song of emancipation, and of ever-rolling joy, from begin ning to end. You would scarrely expect it, from the songs of many who inherit the name of Christians, but tenching of Christ is all a broad blaze of light; in the hands of the apostles the Gospel was one prolonged proclamation of emancipation, giving to en a more adequate view of the goodness and love of God, and a more blessed hope of a heritage beyond this

We may, therefore, say that no view of religion can be right which logically leads to the narrowing of hu-man religious liberty, and which leads to a circumscribing, or to an extinguishment, of human joy. We may declare, also, that the want of spiritual life and freedom is prima facir evidence of the want of true notions of religion. Where any order of religious worships, where any scheme of doctrine, where any church organization, where any Christian denomination—in short, where any system, which has for its object the developing of man's interior nature, succeeds in making him less and less free in conscience, less and less free in hope, and less and less joyful, you may be sure that that is not a right system, or else that it fails to accomplish its own appropriate end; for the character-Christian faith is to give to the soul of man, in all its range of affections, in its moral senti-ments, and in its reason, a greater development, and a greater liberty, than it could attain through any other

instrumentality.

A Christian is not a man that may do less than he did before he became a Christian. A Christian is not a man from whom has been taken away a great deal that the world calls precious, for the sake of limiting his power, and freedom, and joy. A Christian is a man who, from the day of his birth into Christ, marches with greater and greater nower, and freedom, and joy, and low, and joy. with greater and greater power, and freedom, and joy. all the way home to heaven. The very genius of Christianity is this—that men are best governed by development, not by restraint. The old heathen nations veropment, not by restraint. The out neather nations looked upon religion as a cord of God which he had put into the hands of religious teachers, that he might bind [religo], tie up, men—that he might lay them on the altar, as lambs, and calves, and other sacrifices, were had upon the consequenting altar. The Chesting were laid upon the consecrating altar. The Christian idea is that religion, instead of being a binding cord. given by Deity to religious teachers, with which to tie up men in respect to their power and liberty, is a golden thread which he has let down from heaven. Into a wilderness where men are unable to direct their course aright, that, taking hold of it, they may find their way out into a broader path, an opener field, and larger lib erty. It is to make more, not less, of them. The cant of largeness of liberty is the cause of error; and he cure for defect, according to the genius of Christianity, is not less, but more freedom. But it is the m and the power of the upper range of faculties and not of the lower, that are to make a man a Chris We are to control that part of the mind which works for the body, and with the body, by giving more power to that part of the mind which works upward and outward toward qualities and invisible truths-to-

ward God himself.

Now there is, in our day, a great deal of religious activity. I think we may say that there never before was so much religious activity in the world as there is at the present time. This activity develops itself in every conceivable way, and produces every conceivable result; and there is no man that is conversant with the interior experiences of Christian churches, who does not know that there are vast numbers of Christians who does not know that there are vast numbers of Christians who are not made happy by their faith. There are thou-sands of men that could fly, and sing, and rejoice, be-fore they became Christians, who, after they became Christians, never flew again, or sang a note. Religion has been a bondage to them ever since they came into the Church. There are a great many persons who wear the Church. There are a great many carry it as a duty, their faith as a yoke. A great many carry it as a duty.

A great many are led by it as by a fear. Not a few are their fatth as a yoke. A great many early it as a unity.

A great many are led by it as by a fear. Not a few are driven by it, as they would be driven by a torment.

And it is true that to this day there are thousands and f thousands of men that are subject to bondage through fear of death; and every wise pastor, wh draws his ideas as to man's needs, not from books, but from a sympathetic contact with actual want in human life, will feel himself impelled to open up the true na-ture of Christianity over against this tendency of the human mind to yeld to the bondage of doubt and fear.

I propose to open up, to some extent, the causes of I propose to open up, to some extent, the causes of bondage which are active in our time, which have come under my own notice, and which are living influences now. My remarks will be rather a discussion of what I have seen, than an abstract discussion. What, then, are some of the causes which act to produce religious distress and spiritual bondage among men? There are several of these causes which come under the general head of Palse Conceptions as to what Religion 1s.

First, a great mistake as to what religion is in the

First, a great mistake as to what religion is, is the occasion of stumbling and distress, and of spiritual bondage. There are some men who teach, and many dorstand, that religion is a sudden, an instantaneous, distinctive experience of moral power-a kind

I would not undervalue, or in the slightest degree lead you to ridicule the idea of sudden conversion; but I would have you understand that sudden conversion loes not constitute religion, and is not essential to it. Although men oftentimes experience a very sudden change in their moral nature, and although, frequently, the first dawnings of spiritual light are accompanied by an overflowing tide of happy feeling, yet these are mere collateral circumstances, and are not at all important elements of religion. Religion is simply this: portant elements of religion. Religion is simply this: tell exactly what that time is.

Now there are many persons who are in doubt as to whole soul of man before God. It is not a quality derived from outside of us. It is not a thing put into us. It is simply the right, voluntary action of the faculties they are unable to tell when they were converted. They thought that when a man was called from death of man's nature. Religion is only another word to describe a man acting right, in contradistinction to a man acting wrong. It is, as applied to the soul, what our word health is, as applied to the body.

What if men should and believe that there was, external, are diamonds and pearls, and that when a man is born

gather together in meetings, and, ranged on anxious seats, pray that health might come down upon them. ng. But suppose men had an impression that the Lord could and would send down from heaven the blessing of health upon those who sought it at his hand, and that they should pray and wait for it to be sent down upon them. Suppose that men, by the thousand, should cluster about a hospital, believing that health was kept there, and that they could obtain it by asking for it, and they should say, "Oh, for health! Send us out some health." I go to one of them, and say, "What some health." I go to one of them, and say, "What do you understand by health?" He replies, "I have no distinct idea of what it is; I only know that it is something that makes a man feel well and strong," So something that makes a man feet wen and strong. So a I reason with him, and say, "Health is this: the normal state of every nerve, and artery, and muscle, and tissue, and bone, and organ, of the whole body. Where these are all in a right condition, and perform their functions harmoniously, there is health. Health does not mean an external quality which can be given to a man: It means the right action of what God put into man when he made him." And when a man says, "I want religion." I say to him. What do you mean by religion? Is it some influence outside of man that is thrown upon him? or is it an influence that is exerted on a man simply to enable him to exalt his faculties so is to give him thought power, and moral power, and affectional power, in-order that he can control all the lower instincts of his nature, and cause them to act as God meant they should act?" If he has a right conception of what the word religion means, he will say, 11 understand it to mean the use of the whole mind through

life, according to its own prorer and original laws.''
Religion, then, is a word which includes in it the
voluntary right action of a man's whole soul, not a divine stroke, although it comes from divine influence; not a sudden suffusion, although there is, unquestionably, in some cases, just as God pleases to administer it, a very sudden, and sometimes overwhelming flood-ing of conviction: and there is, oftentimes, an instantareous setting a man free from sin, and making him joy; I not only do not doubt these facts, but I rejoice em. What I argue is this: you should not take a in them. What I argue is this: you should not take a certain kind of experience in conversion, and erect it into a standard, and demand that every man shall go through just that same kind of experience, and that in the same results shall flow from it.

There are a great many that meet with a sudden change, as Paul did, who was instantaneously over-whelmed with a gleam of brightness, and who received a sudden impression that shocked him, and almost took away, for the moment, it seems, all his power, so that he fell headlong to the ground. But while Paul received such a shock, John is not recorded to have had a very sudden conversion. Neither Peter, nor James, nor Matthew had such an experience as Paul had. The phenomenon of conversion in the cases of all the twelve riginal apostles, was not at all like that in the case of Paul. And yet thousands of persons think, because the facts connected with Paul's conversion are more impressive to the mind, and more attractive to the imagination than those of any other conversion on record, that that instance is the type of the mode in which religion begins in all souls, where it begins right, which is not the case. Indeed, the New Testament says much

word; sometimes he touched them, and said. "I will; very suspicious with them. Religion, in their view, is be thou clean;" sometimes, spitting on the ground, he an elegant morality, and Christians are men who are made a kind of clay, and anointed their eyes with it, well-educated, well-bred, and who do kindness accordthat they might see—this he did twice; sometimes he sent them to a pool, saying, "Go wash," and they be-came clean, and were healed; sometimes he asked them what they would have him do, and then healed the and sometimes he anticipated their wants, and healed and sometimes he anticipated their wants, and healed them; sometimes he asked them first, and then pardoned their sin, and sometimes he pardoned their sin without asking them. In other words, he executed the sovereignty of God as the nature of the individual cases and the purposes he had in view required. Just as circumstances dictated, so he proceeded. And the mode of Christ's administration to the body, is a fair index of the mode of God's administration to the soul. One man receives the Divine influence in one way, another man receives the Divine influence in one way, another man in another way, and another man in still another way. In the cases of some, this influence is accompan-ied by an overt and out-bursting experience, and in the cases of others it is accompanied by a quiet, calm experience. The Bible, therefore, says very little with reference to those romantic kinds of experience in the beginnings of religion, which are so disclosive and im pressive to the senses, and about which sectaries say

Whenever a man's soul has freed itself from the bondage of selfishness, and begun to love according to the law of benevolence, that man has entered upon a Christian life, whether he can tell the precise time when he became a Christian or not. Sometimes men can tell you the year, the day in the year, even the hour in the day, and almost the instant, when they met with a change of heart. Now a man's ability to give the date when he became a Christian is nothing against him; and yet, when a man says to me, "I was in the great revival of 1856, and oh, for more than a week. I was like a man hung over perdition; and one night 1 prayed, and prayed, and prayed, and was in such distress of mind that 1 could get no sleep; and just as the clock struck twelve, there suddenly came a divine light to my soul, which deluged it with very joy, and I have been a Chhistian ever since,"—when a man says this to me, and I find, on inquiry, that he is very selfish, and very passionate, and very niggardly and very worldly. I do not believe that he is a Chriian, just because he can put his finger on twelve clock at night, in the month of June, in a certain year, and say, "That is the time when I was converted." The giving of the date, and the saliency of the facts, do not have one whit of effect on my mind, if the man is selfish and mean in his dealings with his fellow-

If, on the other hand, when I inquire concerning the If, on the other hand, when I inquire concerning the daily life of a man, people say of him, "If there ever an an an who tried to govern himself by a law of kindness, and who revered God, and loyed men, I think he is one;" and if, when I ask the man himself, "When were you converted?" he says "I do not know that I ever was converted. Sir. I never was aware of any transition point between my old darkness and unbelief, and my present hope and faith. I did not used to feel as I do now. I do not know what change has been wrought in me. It seems as though the thing had been developed in me in such a way as to be imperhad been developed in me in such a way as to be imperceptible to my own recognition. I do not think I have been converted, for I have not passed through any remarkable experience, by which I am embled to fix upon the day or the hour when I met with a change in my feelings."—if, when I inquire concerning a man's daily life. I receive such accounts of his character from others, and it, when I ask him about his own conversion, he makes such a statement respecting his experiences which I have had, if the fruits of his ence, I believe him to be a Christian, although he is one. God is a sovereign, and converts me in different ways. If J ask a man, unable to give the date when he became one. Let a "How did God convert you?" I accept his statement man feel every day and hour that his life is governed by a spirit of benevolence, and he need not trouble bimself to be able to give the time when he got religion. The date is of no account, if the life is only right.

of healthful divine sunstroke. They seem to have an Over in Flushing 4s in Large oak free, beneath which bled respecting religion which I can liken to nothing. Fox, the Quaker, preached, No man can tell whence except the imagination the ancients had respecting came the acord from which It giew, or when it was lightning, which represented Jupiter as having a store planted, or who planted it, or when it because to splint all about him, so that when he wished to strike but I do not think that anybody that bods upon this of holts all about hint so that when he wished to stike but I do not think that any body that looks upon this anything, with power, he had but to select a bolt, and I tree will doubt that it is an oak tree, because he cannot the five man, as the case might be. So these men seem to suppose that flood has about him a store of bolts in the soul. His ability to tell the day and the moment when shape of blessings; that when the proper time comes it was planted there has nothing to do with the evible has strack, the man is deluged with religion; —for they are nothing but hypocrites—but there are thousands of bundle Chesteins, who cannot tall you the bolt has struck, the man is deluged with religion; —for they are nothing but hypocrites—but there are and that from that instant he is pervaled with the Holy thousands of humble. Christians who cannot tell you

when they became Christians,
You say, 41s there not an instantaneous change in a of say. "Is there not an instantaneous change in a person when he gets religion?" Yes, there necessarily is; but the fact that there is such a change, is one thing, and the power to recognize the precise time when that change takes place, is another thing. There is a moment, a second, when the sun begins to come north, but you may not perhaps be able to tell when that moment or second is. There is, too, a time when it begins to recede from us, but you may not be able to tell exactly what that time is.

of man's nature. Religion is only another of man's nature. Religion is only another of man's nature. Religion is only another of seribe a man acting right, in contradistinction to a man acting wrong. It is, as applied to the soul, what our word health is, as applied to the body.

What if men should believe that there was, externally, a quality called health, as many believe that there is, externally, an element called religion; and what if they should seek for it, and pray for it, and wait for it they should seek for it, and pray for it, and wait for it they should seek for it, and pray for it, and wait for it they should seek for it, and pray for it, and wait for it they should seek for it, and pray for it, and wait for it that conversion is a golden tomb, that Christian graces again, he should come forth so overwhelmed with the beauty and splendor of these things, that he cannot but exclaim. "Glory be to God for such treasures and wonders of grace;" and when a man comes out and says, "I did not see anything; I do not know that I ever had any startling religious experience; I long to be like Christ; but if I was ever converted, I do not know when it was,"—in other words, if a man can senger may be poured down upon them—all of which, as far as religion is concerned, is right and proper, if those who do it have a true notion of what they are doing. But suppose men had an impression that the Lord could and would send down from bostons that the lord could and would send down from bostons that the lorsing of both. person can tell when his aspirations commenced or not.
The second cause of doubt and bondage, with many persons, may be found in the discordant teaching which prevail in the church, as to what is evidence of religion. The Bible says simply that it is the begin-ning in the soul of true love. That constitutes religion. The life of the soul in love is religion; and the evidence of it, the Bible says, is the fruit in life. I read that passage to you, this morning, where Christ gives, over and over again, the figure illustrating the truth that good cannot produce evil, and evil cannot produce good; and that we are to know men by their fruits. The evidence of religion, therefore, is in the fruit which the life brings forth. It a man lives a Christian life, he is a Christian; and if he does not live a Christian life, he is not a Christian, no matter that he are a constant of the control of the what his experiences may have been. There is a great matter made of evidence of religion, and I shall have

to criticise this point pretty severely.

The sects, while in terms they all recognize this great central fact that love is religion, go on and add a great many collateral things as indispensable evi-dences of it; and it may almost be understood that in the administration of the churches there is not only religion, but also a great second evidence of religion both of which a man must have in order to be a Chris tian. It would seem from the teachings of many, that y regard this evidence of religion as no less essen I than religion itself. Now I teach, on the other hand, that God's sovereignty, in all cases of men'. conversion, proceeds as it will; that there is no such thing as evidence preceding active Christian life; and that, according to the teachings of God himself, the only evidence of religion we have a right to require, or look for, is the fact that a man is living a godly life that he is in the exercise of Christian dispositions—in a word, that he is living as a Christian man should live. Such is the evidence of religion in a man according to Scripture; but men have their theories on this

subject. One school have their theory of the doctrine of conversion, and they describe their way in which a man comes up to religion, saying, . . He begins down in such a state; and then his puth runs in such a direction; and then he passes through such a class of experiences; and when he arrives at a certain gate, he is obliged to ring or knock; and at last he is admitted by a porter. Af-ter he has gone through all this, he is converted, and there is evidence of his conversion." There is over against this school, another, and they describe their way by which a man comes up to religion. They tell how he goes through the Slough of Despond; how he encounters dangers and achieves victories on the road. enumerating all the experiences he has, from first to last. And so there are ten or twenty different theo-ries, more or less modified, in respect to the mode by which a man may obtain religion, and the evidences

by which he may determine whether he has it or not. One church restricts all soaring and enthusiastic emotional experiences, and looks with doubt upon the religion of any man who has a susceptible nature, and whose feelings are so strong that at times they run is not the case. Indeed, the xew restainent says much less about the circumstances of the beginning of religion, than of the effects of Christian life after it is begun; and it insists more upon right dispositions, right true piety that he cannot restrain his feelings, and he feelings, right emotions, than upon any particular way of beginning them. When Christ was upon earth, and men were brought propiety, they at once say, "That man is an enthusito him to be healed sometimes he healed them by a ast"—and anything which sayors of enthusiasm is ing to rule. They have a kind of decorous and proud worship. This is the case with not a few of the sects. worship. This is the case with not a few of the sects, I think it would not be difficult to point out many hurches, to which belong good Christians, that would churches, to which belong good Christiaus, that would be shocked by nothing more than to have a stranger, or any other person, who had the power of God resting on him, who had large imagination, and was touched in his experiences—I think it would not be difficult, I say, to point out many churches, with good Christian in them, that would be shocked by nothing more than to have such a person get up in one of their social meetings, unasked by minister or deacon or officer, and pour out his emotions, overflowing, perhaps, the king's English with his feelings. They would say of him, "Poor, deluded man! he is an enthusiast;" and the act on his part would really stand against him in their estimation. It would be supposed by them that the evidence of Christianity in him was not as good as it would have been if he had been more formal, if he had been more proper, if he had restrained his feelings.

Such is the evidence of religion, according to the

teachings of a portion of the Christian denomination Over against these are other Christian denomination who go to the opposite extreme; and they demand just that kind of evidence which those religionists of whom we have just been speaking reject. They say, "A man need not talk to us about piety, if he does not manifest it. When the grace of God is in a man, it is like showers upon a mountain, which send the rain down its sides, swelling all the streams, and causing them to run over. Unless a man can say Glory to God' and 'Halleluiah,' and clap his hands, there is no evidence of Christianity in him. He may be a poor, drawling slave in the kingdom, but nothing more. A man who is an earnest Christian will have this feelings high up, so that they will gush forth."
There are good Christians, too, among the churches that take this view of the evidence of religion; but they grow despotic, and having had a certain kind of experience, they say, "All men must feel as we feel, or else they cannot be Christians."

or else they cannot be Christians."

Suppose a man ignorant as to what a river is, should say to the Amazon, "What is a river?" The Amazon would say, "It is a body of water thirty-two hundred miles in length, seven inless wide at its mouth, and twenty fathoms deep in the shallowest place." The Amazon is such a river, but there is not another such river in the world. Suppose a man should say to the Mississippi. What is a river?" The Mississippi Mississippi. What is a river?" The Mississippi would say, "It is a body of water which rises in the North, into which empties the Missouri on one side, and the Ohio on the other, and which pours out into the Gulf of Mexico through endless mud." There is perience that I had. Those who do not conform to that experience, I will not acknowledge to be Christians."

I do not deny the right of a man to be converted in

just the way that is best adapted to his nature. Every man has that right. God has a right to make seed sprout as he pleases. I will acknowledge a man to be

worthip. Veneration—awe—it to them the heart of religion. If they silt in judgment upon a man, and find this veneration that to the lack degree, and private in this. There are many person that the theorem is the many person that the theorem is the many person that the theorem is the many person that the heart of the matter in the religion. In every go into a cloud the matter the worthipers are of this class, for I have no venerate the worthipers are of this class, for I have no venerate the worthipers are of this class, for I have no venerate the worthipers are of this class, for I have no venerate the worthipers are of this class, for I have no venerate the worthipers are of this class, for I have no venerate the worthipers are of this class, for I have no venerate the worthipers are of this class, the first of the person in the second of the control of the contr

sider to be the true Church, and observe its ordinances. They hold that if a man has been haptized into this church, and lives in obedience to its outward requirements, he has evidence of Christianity, and has the promise of salvation resting upon him. I would not hurt the feelings of any that believe this to be the right test of religion, though I think they are mistaken. There is enough truth in the teachings of the Episcopal Church, to make any man who belongs to it inexcussible if he is not a Christian. But that portion of this church of which I am now speaking, hold that the communion of the Lord's Supper, and baptism, are indispensable to one's being in unity with Christ. So firmly do they hold to this view, that if you ask them. "Suppose a man thinks he is a Christian, but refuses to be baptized, refuses to join the church, and refuses to partake of the Lord's Supper, but yet lives so that every one who sees him is impressed that he is a good man—that he is kind, benevolent, and unselfish—is he a Christian?" the only reply that you can get out of them is this: "All things are possible with God, but we are not at liberty to say that any man is a Christian who has not been baptized, and who does not conform to the ordinances of the church."

Now I do not hesitate to say that a man is a Christian and shall be saved, although he never was baptized, although he never touched the Lord's Supper, and although he never touched to the subject to the continuous lates of the desired the

do not believe a man, when he dischains to dischelieve in fitted up with cars, with station-houses, with all manner of appliances, to make our journey there easier. But Christ says to us, "That you come hither is your main duty." If a man prefers to travel on foot, he cannot travel so well as he could by taking the cars, but his going on foot does not alter the fact that he is a traveler, and that he may reach his destination. And if he travels by himself, his journey is a lonesome one, but he is nevertheless a traveler, and may arrive at the place to which he wishes to go. And I say to the young. You will find the church a help to you in your Christian course;" but if you say to me. (1s the church a belp to you in your Christian course;" but if you say to me. (1s the church a belp to you in your Christian course;" but if you say to me. (1s the church as sential. No outward thing whatever is essential. The ordinances of the church are useful. If a man does not want to walk, there are the cars which he can take. Some, however, get to sleep in the cars; but to those that keep ayake, and to those that need help, they are helps. But remember that while they are morn helps merely, they do not belong to the category of moral qualities at all.

When Joseph found that his father was living, and sent his brethren with camels, and wagons, and all manner of comforts, to bring him down to Egypt, and the old patriarch rejoiced, saying, "Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die."—if then his brethren with camels, and wagons, and all manner of comforts, to bring him down to Egypt, and the old patriarch rejoiced, saying, "Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die."—if then his provided for him.

Now God has sent us wagons and chariots—he has provided ous with various and chariots—he has provided ous with

Now God has sent us wagons and chariots—he has provided us with various instrumentalities, such as

sider to be the true Church, and observe its ordinances. Certain systems of religious faith, as far as the masses of They hold that if a man has been baptized into this mankind are concerned, one of two cylls will follow. When

of any church, if he yet loves the Lord his God and his fellow-men, and by his life evidences the reality of that love; for the evidence of piety is not in any outward form, but in the inward experience. It is the working of the inward experience in the daily life that makes you Christians—that makes you like Christ, who is your Pattern.

Well but, "you will ask, "do you mean to say that a man may throw the church have been more tyraunic? And yet, the religious world has had Augustine, and Cavin, and Wesley, and Edwards, and Holkins, and a thousand others, that would have seened from the church. But although I think that the church, and the Ordinances of the church, such as liaptism and the Communion of the Lord's Supperare important, and are to be urged, properly, upon men, yet I do not think they are so important that have a right to say that if a man will not belong to the church, nor observe its ordinances, even for conscientious reasons, he is no Christian. Christianity does not consist in the observance of ordinances, but ordinances are servants and helps of your Christianity.

If a man walts to go to New Haven, there are three or four ways that he can go. First, he can take a horse and wagon, and doing; secondly, he can take a horse and wagon, and thy he can get into the cars, and go there in about two hours; and lastly, he can go by water. You can go to New Haven in either of these four ways, but some of them are easier and more expeditions than the others. Now I think it is very much so in respect to the way of getting to heaven. The church is read.

go to New Haven in either of these four ways, but some of them are easier and more expeditions than the others. Now I think it is very much so in respect to the ways of getting to heaven. The church is a road fitted up with cars, with station-houses, with all manifitted up with cars, with station-houses, with a road of continuous to make our iourney there easier.

Now Gold has sent us wagons and chariots—he has provided us with various instrumentalities, such as church organizations and ordinances; and he says, 'You may help your faith by these things.'' But here and there is a man who, owing to the force of ducation, or some peculiarity of temperament, or some freak of moral sense, or some queer mode of reasoning, has come to the conclusion that he does not need the church and its ordinances, and he feels that they would be a burden to him. Now it is not for me to say to that man, 'You cannot give evidence of Christianity, except by conformity to these things,'' I should deny the Gospel which I profess to teach if I did. I am bound to declare that the way for a man to prove himself to be a Christian, is to manifest right dispositions, and right conduct, toward God and toward his fellow men; and that a man whose life is characterized by tenderness, kindness, patience, and a self-sacrificing spirit, and yields continually the ever-varying fruits of benovelence, gives unmistakable evidence that he is a Christian, whether he is in the church or out of it, whether he has been a habitant partaker of the Lord's Supper, or has never tasted of conservated bread or wine.

The next thing you will read in the papers, will be that I have declared that the Lord's Supper and Bapitism are good for nothing. I used to think that a strange expression of Christs which says, "He that hath cars to hear, lot him hear;" but I have since learned that theter is only now and then one—not more than one in twenty—who has cars to hear, lot him hear;" but I have since learned that the tere is only now and then one—not more than one in twenty—who has cars to hear, lot him hear;" but I have since learned that theter is only now and then one—not more than one in twenty—who has cars to hear, lot him hear; but I have since learned that the tere is only now and then one—not more than one in twenty—who has cars to hear, lot him hear; but I have since learned that the covery—who has cars to hear, lot him hea plety in them.

The union prayer-meetings of 1856-7, did more, I think, to

partaker of the Lord's Supper, or has nover tasted of consocrated bread or wine.

The next thing you will read in the papers, will be that I
have declared that the Lord's Supper and Baptism are good
for nothing. I used to think that a strange expression of
Christians would have become Congregationalists. There is
on an Episcopal bishop who would not be glad to see a union
of the churches if all would become Episcopalians. The Baplast would not have the slightest objection to a union of the
for nothing. I used to think that a strange expression of
Christian would have become Congregationalists. There is
on an Episcopal bishop who would not be glad to see a union
of the churches if all would become Baptists.

When a church was about to be built in a certain town, the
become were divided with reference to where it should stand,
and the milister had to preach a very strong sermon on the
subject. This sermon had the desired effect. I tovon brought
tears to the eyes of the deacons—and it is a good sign when
and the milister had to preach a very strong sermon on the
subject. This sermon had the desired effect. I tovon brought
tears to the eyes of the deacons—and it is a good sign when
deacons cry. The next morning one deacon called on anothcars to the eyes of the deacons—and it is a good sign when
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deacons cry. The next morning one deacon called on anothtears to the eyes of the deacons—and it is a good sign when
deacons cry. The next morning one deacon called on anothtears to the eyes of the deacons—and it is a good sign when
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deacons cry. The next morning one deacon called on anothtears to the eyes of the deacons—and it is
a good is a founcier.

The peach received

Christian. A certain inventory of doctrines is made a condilion of Christian recognition.

Now I hold, first, that there ought to be a body of truth to
be taught to our children, to members of our church, and to
the community. I do not object to a body of divinity—if it
other toward bringing about unity in the world.