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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS
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HENRY WARD BEECHER

AT
PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Morning, June 19th, 1859.

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

TEXT—"Honor all men."—1 Peter II, 17.

It would seem as though it was the most impossible of things to obey this command. It is not difficult to honor some men; but to honor all men would seem a task beyond performance. And yet, there stands the injunction without qualification, full, stern, imperative; and that there may be no mistake, the verse is so constructed that the beginning and ending are antithetical in some respects. The measure of the command at the beginning is to be estimated by the character of the sense of the ending. I will read, therefore, the whole verse: "Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God; Honor the king."

Now everybody understands, at least by the imagination, what it is to honor a king, and how, from the beginning of the world, the honoring of kings has been supposed to be natural and easy; and the Apostle here says, "Do the same thing to all men." And the other duties that were thought fit to be strung on the same string, as if they were alike pearls, are, "Love the brotherhood"—the Christian brotherhood—and "Fear God."

And here stand these four great commands together: Fear God. Love the Christian brotherhood. Honor the king. Honor all men. At the natural world not the things which the telescope reveals, or the things which the eye easily beholds, are alone worthy of regard, but just as much, and with inexpressible interest, the things which the microscope reveals; so in the Word of God there are many minute, and almost hidden teachings, which excite in us full as much wonder and admiration when drawn out, and studied, as the larger and the grander truths of the present and of the future. We think of the Bible, usually, as a book of God—a great book; as revealing the truths of eternity; as teaching men the great ends of life; as teaching men their great moral duties—and so it does. We do not misapprehend the Book when we study it in this light. But many fail to study, and to realize, how exquisitely the finer shades of goodness are depicted, and with what a delicacy of stroke the Christian character and duty is pointed out. The filling up of the Bible is just as wonderful as the filling up of the outer world; and the details by which God has made the world rich with infinitesimal creations, are as worthy of study as the grandest stellar features of the universe.

I propose, this morning, to group together several teachings which have hidden affinities, for the purpose of manifesting God's will in respect to certain parts of our lives that are not usually enough considered. And that these otherwise seemingly scattered and unconnected passages may be united, and stand in your regard in their true relations to cause and effect, I must preface two things:

First, the spirit of the New Testament recognizes man as the highest, the noblest, and the most-to-be-regarded work of God. We are to make a distinction between man as he is created and endowed by God, and looking upon him as a divine workmanship, and the conduct of men, and the actions which they perform. What a man's conduct is, is one thing; what a man is himself, is another thing. Looking at man in the largest light, as a depository of divine powers, as a creature coming from the hand of God, and going back again whence he came, the Bible teaches us to regard him as the chief work of God. Indeed, we all know that some men are noble, and highly to be esteemed. We are taught—though we scarcely need to be taught—that men of genius, men of eminent skill, men prodigal of wisdom, men of ample goodness, are noble specimens of God's work. But we compensate for the admiration which we experience of these, by a kind of contempt of common persons. Even Christian gentlemen, and those too, who are speculatively most advanced in right principles, often speak of men, in the mass, in terms of the greatest contempt. There is an ignominious contempt in the hearts of all men, regenerate and unregenerate, toward mankind. There is not a thing that is so much despised, there is not a thing that has furnished so many words of obloquy, and so many expressions of the most ineffable pride, as man. There is a silent measuring of men by the rule of wealth, by the rule of position, by the rule of secular excellence, by the rule of intelligence, by the rule of polite and refined manners; and all men beneath a given line are called the "masses"—a very good word when it is emphasized rightly. They are called the "common people." A grand term is this "common people," unless it is pronounced common people. They are called the "vulgar crowd." They are called the "rabble."

Our text is in point upon this subject. The command is, "Honor all men." It does not, of course, put all men upon a level, either socially or morally. It does not meddle with questions of rank, at all; it lets them come to settlement by other principles. Neither does it confound moral distinctions. But it does look down on the whole question, from an infinite height, and it sees men, not in the speciality of their faults, but in their greater relations—in their origin, in the nature of their faculties, in their relation to Christ, and in their relation to their destiny and to eternity. Consider then these things:

All men are taught, in the Word of God, to be the children of God, and that life comes to us from him directly. I do not meddle with the question of the derivation of the soul. I do not choose to make myself so much of a fool as that man makes himself, who undertakes to solve the problems relating to this question. It is enough for me to know that God teaches me that I came directly from him; it is enough for me to know that God teaches the sublime truth that men receive their soul directly from him. Further than this I do not care to trace my derivation. It is enough for me that God says I am his son. When he says this, I take it that I am to understand my relation to him by the relation of my children to me. That is enough. But far be it from me to suppose that God ever experiences anything in the low, and mean, and mixed, and imperfect measure, in which we experience it. We know that that which we understand as nearest feeling, founded upon the relation of the parent to the child, is the lowest and rudimentary form of the feeling which lifted itself up in the heart of God, and at last flames abroad in the sublime proportions, and in the greatest purity, in his Word. And if I understand the teaching of Scripture on this point, every man in the world stands as a member of the family of God—as a child of God—however unworthy he may be of his divine parentage. It is enough for men to know that they are children of God. If you say that this thought furnishes a field in the imagination may revel; even so. But the circuits of the imagination are too narrow, and its fruits are too inadequate, to take in or represent the whole relation which exists between God and his creatures.

The lowest of men are regarded in the Word of God, as to equipment of faculties, rare and exquisite, as being exalted infinitely above all creation beside on earth. Though rude, though unused, these faculties are given to every man. It does not follow that a man is great or little, from the amount he makes of himself. The amount God put into him may never be educated

and developed; but once placed in him, it never will be taken out of him. And as much of that which God has placed in you as you do not evolve in this life, you will have a chance to evolve in the life to come. No man, not even the lowest man among you, possesses a faculty which he does not really need. When God puts capital in a man, he does not do it as a miser bestows his gain, but according to his own greatness and wealth.

I love to look upon men that make no display in life, and to think, however poor they may be. My friend, there is a chance for you yet. All that is in you, you yourself do not know, nor do your friends or your neighbors know; but there is another life and another planting for you. Any person who is acquainted with gardening, or agriculture, knows that some things require two or three seasons before they blossom and bear fruit; and that it is not always the best things that blossom and bear fruit the same summer in which they are planted.

This looking upon men who have not made any display of what they are, and estimating them according to the royalty of their faculties, seems, perhaps, to some, to be impossible; and they may say, "This is a pretty conceit, preaching a baseless humanitarian notion;" but it is what all the world are doing, making heroes of dead men. Ten thousand men are flocking to Mount Vernon, and stand and look upon the exterior tomb that holds the remains of Washington. They see nothing of him, but their imagination can bring him back from the past. They will stand and look upon his coffin; and clothe the skeleton and dust in it with all his remembered traits and qualities. Men will travel abroad, and stand over the dust of Napoleon, and various other heroes, in their sepulchral solitudes; and bending over their coffins they can imagine traits of great excellence as belonging to them. And when I look with admiration upon a living man who does not show to the world all the god-like faculties which have been bestowed upon him, do you say I am making an abnormal use of my imagination? It is not because I conceive of them by the power of imagination, that I love to think upon human faculties which are not developed, but because my own life is so rich when I conceive that every man I meet is really endowed with lofty powers, though he does not manifest them; and that all my uncultivated fellow men are princes, kings and priests to be. It does my soul good to think these things of men, though I may not see any particular indications in them that they think the same of themselves.

Nor are we merely to look upon men as being derived from God, and as carrying royal endowments in their nature, without regard to the development, and action, and use of their faculties; but we are to remember that every man has a historic value in his connection with God, through the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe that Christ died for the sake of every man. I believe that Christ died for the elect, because they were born into this world just like anybody else who had human nature—just like the universal family of man. I believe that Christ died in such a way that his death illustrated what was in man—what was in every human creature; and the elect are good enough to belong to the whole human family. It is not their fault, however, that they are so. I believe that the Lord Jesus Christ, by his death, have given a testimony to the world of what God thinks of men, which all philosophizings can never destroy, which creeds can never smother, and which men can never estimate and measure. If there is anything taught in the Scriptures, we are there taught to believe that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to die for it. If that is true, how important is the testimony it furnishes in respect to the grandeur of the nature of every human being!

There is scarcely a traveler that goes to Europe, who would not start with curiosity if he were to see that Italian Countess whom Byron loved. On beholding her, almost any one would say, "Is that the one whom the poet loved?" Here is a fact of mind being placed upon mind, with great affection, which excites interest in all who are familiar with it. Now when it is not a man—and a miscreant man—but the mighty God, who loves a human being, should we not regard that human being as worthy of our esteem? The testimony is, that he loved every human being, and manifested his love by giving up life itself, in the form of human life. Thus he symbolized, as it were, his word, and came with the understanding of men, by doing that which the world considered as an act of indifference, the strongest love—namely, by giving up life for the sake of others. Christ died to bear witness as to what we are to God. He has furnished us the scales by which we are to weigh our fellow men; and when you wish to weigh a man, you must use these scales.

Beyond this, the Bible regards man in his relations to his coming state; and in forming our estimation of a man, we are not to be governed by questions of quantity and quality; we are not to judge of him merely by what we find him to be—by what he has made himself; but we are to regard him in prospective. All that he is, and all that he is to be, must be taken into the account. Every true Christian philosopher will look upon his fellow men in this way. And, viewed in this way, from the sacred heights, by one who has lifted himself up from all low and vulgar passions, from selfishness, and from the meanness of pride—for pride is always mean—how grand a creature is man, and how sacred; not by reason of his excellent conduct, not from what his character is; but by reason of what God has done in making him, by reason of what God means to do in his re-creation, on account of what God's feelings toward him are, and on account of what his destiny is.

There is, therefore, nothing more a violation of the spirit of the Bible, of the law of God, and of the feeling of Christ; there is nothing more an affront, more an offence, before heaven, than any feeling of contempt, of hatred, of bitterness, or of coldness and indifference even, toward men. A man that is simply a harmless man, who goes through life just experiencing nothing about his fellow men, is a miscreant. There is scarcely anything more deserving of condemnation in a man than this form of contempt and neglect of his fellow men. It is here that qualities of guilt mount up in terrible proportion, and in a fearful ratio. A thing which is little understood, but which is a great evil; a thing which is felt to be a small sin, but which is a great offence against God and man, is a kind of universal railing out against a kind of universal contempt for all men except those who are singled in certain golden-winged qualities.

The other thing to be premised is this: Love, in the Christian heart, is to be the source of conduct which should be impossible to any other faculty; and Christian men, of the things commanded in respect to their thoughts, and feelings, toward their fellow men—you are to understand that these things are simply impossible except through the spirit of love; but that not one shade of duty, not one ethical command, is unnatural, which is studied in that spirit. Pride, and its various forms of conceit and selfishness, are the fruitful cause of all those numberless and nameless contempt which men feel for their fellow men. And the duties which I shall expound will seem beautiful to love, but odious and contemptible to pride.

The spirit and letter of Christianity requires us habitually to regard man in his essentials, and not in his accidental relations. "Be of the same mind, one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate." As one blow, this demolishes the custom of the world. We are to separate men from their mere external and transient relations, and to behold them in the things in which all men are alike. Our brethren are not above us. Our brethren are not only on a level with us, but below us, just as much. The impression which is made upon the minds of men by the example and habit of Christ in this respect, ought to be deeply pondered. If there be one thing

which is remarkable in the more secular conduct of Christ, it is his carriage toward all men; not as they stood in societies, not as they stood in their customs, not as they stood in their moral relations, even, but simply as they stood in their original and natural condition. He violated every one of the modes of procedure which belonged to the time in which he lived. He approached men from a different point of view from that from which they were ordinarily approached. He looked at them according to a different law of sympathy from that of ordinary sympathy. He taught us that when we come to men, our thought is not to be: Is he educated? Does he stand high in life? Is he strong? Is he acute? Is he skillful? There is no evidence that these questions ever arose in the mind of Christ with reference to any human being. He looked at men in their holier relations. They were the children of his Father. They were, destined, to the same eternity to which he was destined. They were all weak, vulnerable by temptation, and in need of help in the way of instruction and moral stimulus. They needed laws and institutions; but Christ said, "This divine nature of theirs is high in value above all laws, and above all institutions." They needed civil governments and political economies; but he said, "This is far in value transcending all civil governments and all political economies."

Christ forever looked at man in his spiritual origin, in his spiritual nature, and in his spiritual destiny. Not so do we. And yet, how foolish it would be for a man to go into a nursery and judge of plants as we judge of men. How foolish, for instance, it would be for him, in selecting grapes, to judge of their value by the trellis on which the vines were fastened, or by the character of the timber composing the stakes by which they were supported, or by the quality of the bands which they were tied to the stakes in order that the wind might not shake them down, instead of asking, "What is the nature of the fruit?" How foolish it would be for a man in making choice of fruits, to go through a nursery surveying trees, and vines, and plants, with his eye fixed upon their external fastenings and conditions. And yet this is the way in which men are prone to judge of each other. These qualities which all the human family to God, are ten thousand times more important than the trellis or the stake by which they are supported—the external man.

This great Christian command cleanses mankind from all trades and avocations, from their positions in society, from the garb and dress, from all ranks and classes, from all questions of wealth or intelligence. It is no longer, to the Christian: Is this man a mechanic? Is he a day laborer? Is he a rude swain? It is simply this: Is this a man? Is this a creature that God made? Is this body a ship, the passenger in which is a child-soul of God? Is this one of my companions in the eternal world?

I do not mean to say that there is no place in which we are to look at men in their present relations. There is such a place; but I need not teach you about that. I do mean, however, to say that there is something in men which is higher than their secular relations; that a man is not to be made low by his exterior, by his clothes, by a want of bodily refinement, or by the nature of his vocation, which may be attributable partly to his own misconduct, and partly to his infelicities; but that every man is to be looked upon in his primary condition, and is to be honored and respected by reason of what he is in his manhood—by reason of the things which God gave him.

I wish I could feel always, as I do sometimes. I have seen the time when I stood looking upon men that reeled with drunkenness, and with their heart and soul melted within me. I have trembled in the presence of a man drunk, with a sense of the augustness and grandeur of his nature, as I never did while beholding the vast cathedrals in Europe. They did not impress me with a sense of what man was, as did this exhibition of his degradation. I measured him, not by what he was, but by what he ought to be, and I trembled in his presence as I never did before any work of art. But I cannot carry this feeling all the time. I have an unripe nature, and I am so much under the influence of sympathetic feelings, which throw and play with society, that, knowing better, every day I look at a man's clothes, at his position, at his knowledge. I am prone to look at a man by the letter. I am inclined to look on the outside of the box, instead of at the vast treasure inside of the box. I know it is hateful.

This teaching which I have and to you, presents man as a creature to be universally honored, regarded, loved. You are to honor, regard and love your fellow men, whether they are near, or far off; whether they are strangers to you, or are in near relations to you; whether they are your kindred, whether they are members of your own household, or are of nationalities different from yours. You are to do this without respect to classifications of society. Every man is your fellow, your brother, and is deserving of honor, of regard, and of instant and prolonged sympathy.

This teaching hits that almost universal feeling that our duties are chiefly owed to those connected with us, but do not extend to strangers and to those socially below us in life. I think that if you analyze your own feelings, or if you observe your neighbors—which is the better way—you shall find that the feeling that we seem to feel bound to consider, and shall find that you are affectionate toward people who live in their own family. They seem to think that all that can be expected of a man is, that he shall honor and love those of his own household. They think they ought to show a cold, formal respect toward those in their neighborhood; but if a man is a stranger, coming from where they know not where, and going they know not where, of whom they know nothing, they think that the greatest claim that he has on them, is that they shall do him no harm. Anything like a warm sympathy for, or a real honoring of a man who is a stranger to them, scarcely comes into the imagination of duty of most Christians; even.

And in respect to those of a different name and lineage, I need not tell you that hell has not anything that is more bitter than the hatred of races. I need not tell you that even among Christian men earth has not anything more bitter than the hatred of churches. I need not tell you that in the ranks of political parties there is not anything worse than the jealousies and endless repugnances which exist there. And if it be true that in the universal church, in the very house of God, there is not only a want of sympathy, but the bitterest hatred, between those of different faiths and orders, can we wonder that there are these bitter hatreds of race and parties in the outward world? I think that hatred is the most consistent and universal trait in the human nature. There is nothing in the world so consistent as the power of man to hate men.

But there is also a special meaning here to be considered in the honor and condescension commanded. "Honor all men." Condescend to men of low estate." I think there are reasons why we should obey these commands; that ought to appeal to the compassion and tenderness of all men. We are prone to seek pleasure in the things above us, instead of in the things beneath us. If we visit Humboldt, and he takes us into his library, and shows us the maps and works he has consulted and written, and he spreads out before us the specimens of his cabinet, consisting of rock, and earth, and plant, we feel as though we must lift ourselves up so as to take a sympathetic interest in these high things; and we should think ourselves proudish if we did not.

he is such a man as we are ambitious to become; if we are not like him already, and consequently we understand him, and sympathize with him.

But here is a man with a chisel in one hand, and a mallet in the other, mortising a hole in a stick of timber. As we pass by him, we pity him, in view of his hard lot, and congratulate ourselves that we are not in his place. Here is a blacksmith, blowing his bellows, and holding a piece of iron in the fire. As we pass by him we say, "Poor fellow. I think God that I am not doomed to follow this miserable employment." And so it is with respect to all who are below us in life, from those who are obliged to resort to day labor, all the way down to those whom you find in the kitchen, in the scullery, or in the ditch—all the way down to those who are on a level with the soil, where thousands of men are. Where there is one man engaged in the things in which you take an interest, there are a million of blood-bought men, eternal spirits, that are groping, and wallowing, and yearning, and longing, below you. And what is the command of God to you with reference to those who are beneath you? "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate;" and there, "honor all men."

If a man comes to you with some piece of work that he has performed for you—it may be the decoration of your saddle, it may be the extra burnishing of some tool, it may be some new latch or fastening for the door, it may be some seemingly poor and contemptible thing—if a man comes to you with such a piece of work, on which he has bestowed much care, do not simply say, "All right," and cast it from you, as though it were unworthy of your notice. Say, rather, "Here is my brother, and he deserves my respect." Honor him in that thing. His life ran into it. There is not a thing that a man does, or tries to do, well, that does not deserve your consideration, thoughtful estimation, and honor; and you should honor every man in the things where God has put his life. If a man is serving you at your table, at the range, or in the ditch, honor him in what he does. Take lessons of respect from those below you, as well as from those above you. There is not calling so low, there is not an occupation so menial in life, that there is not a reason why you should not honor those engaged in it, when they do what they do according to the best light they have, and according to the best fidelity they can muster.

It could do you good to go down to those beneath you, as well as up to those above you. You think you have great privileges, because you can afford your children the opportunity of reading libraries and of seeing the world; but there is as much of the world below you as there is above you; and that which is below you is, generally speaking, of a better kind than that which is above you, if you only know how to take it. This lordliness of pride, this feeling of pitying contempt, which men feel for those beneath them, is unworthy of any man, and especially of a man that professes to be a follower of Christ, who regarded and loved all men, without reference to their position or condition in life. When men below you try to do the best they can, when they try to make their manly fidelity appear, honor them for it. Be sympathetic toward every tendency of this kind in men, wherever you find it, even in black men—for I think the Bible recognizes negroes as men, though the Constitution does not. Feel that in bowing before a fellow-man, even though he may be beneath you, you are bowing before a monarch. You cannot honor yourselves more than by honoring the lowest and least of God's creatures.

Do not criticize men's callings. Do not measure between one and another. Especially disarm yourselves of that infernal tendency to make men discontent with their various callings, by comparing yourselves unfavorably with your own. Avoid carrying yourselves in such a way that people shall feel hurt by the shadow you throw across them, by chilling pride and indifference. Honor everything that is honorable; and do not regard those things only as honorable which custom had made so—do not regard those things only as honorable which the notions of men, beginning in selfishness and baptized in corruption, have called honorable.

This is rather a hard gospel when you come to practice it. It is one thing to knock down chestnuts from the branches of the trees; but when you have knocked them down, you have not overcome your worst enemy, call it. If the first has not opened the bars, it is harder to open the bars and get at the chestnuts than it is to knock them down from the trees. And I think it is just so in regard to getting instruction from the divine Word. It is hard enough to get truths from the Bible; and when you have got them, it is harder to carry them into daily practice than it is to get them. If you were obliged to ask God's forgiveness for every violation of his commands while going from this church to your dwellings, you would have to ask his forgiveness at every single step; for you are continually violating his commands, either consciously or unconsciously, unless you are rich and mellowed in the very life of love.

But now listen to a thing even more difficult than that of which I have been speaking; namely, the command of God, recorded in the twenty-first verse of the fifth chapter of Ephesians: "Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God." I have, in the name of God, commanded you to go down to men below you, and to honor all men, without regard to earthly distinctions; but the Word of God goes further, and commands you to submit yourselves to them. Of course this includes the relations of society in which men are accustomed to make relative submissions; but that is not the peculiarity of it. It teaches us the habit of always yielding ourselves to the influence of other men's minds, without compulsion, and as a voluntary tribute of affection toward them—as a part of that free-will offering which love is to inspire between man and man. Let a man not in your station influence you. Let an ignorant man instruct you. Let men who are socially under you lead you, and have their way as you have your way. Do you submit to them, and follow them sometimes, as they are obliged to submit to you and follow you. You are not always to submit to them and follow them, nor are you to submit to them and follow them in all things. The scope of this command cannot be precisely interpreted by words. Love alone can make it plain how much we are to yield to one another. Love is philosopher-in-chief, and knows all things with unerring wisdom.

But there is great meaning in this command, "Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God." The act of a man's submitting himself, in love, to a man below him, is beautiful. The letting of one inferior to you, for the time being, rule you, is a sweet thing between man and man, as well as in the nursery, where one of the divinest of all things on earth is permitted. There the mother permits her dearly beloved child to push her head, or to draw her curls, or to take her by the willing hand, and lead her, as though the child were a giant, and the mother were a pigmy; and there the father holds the willing conversation with the child, answering its simple questions, and, as its little mind turns itself in every possible gratification, eulging his answers to its ten thousand whims and caprices. This is wonderful; but it is only an illustration of our duty toward men below us. We are to carry ourselves in that state in which we are easily influenced; not to do wrong, not to change our opinions; but to do such things as they wish us to do in regard to things that are right. As Paul says we are to do things that edify one another. We are to do one another good. But there is a still more difficult command yet to come: "In honor preferring one another." This command is contained in the tenth verse of the twelfth chapter of Romans. It enjoins a calm and honest desire to see others put forward instead of yourself—and open and honest love of men which shall lead you to enjoy their advancement. We know how a father covets nothing from a son. That must be a poor moth-

er indeed that is jealous of a daughter. There is a glow of triumph in the mother's heart as beauty rises on one side to take the place of the beauty that sinks on the other; and the father's heart is filled with joy at the success of the son. And when fathers' and mothers' hearts do these glorious things in respect to their children, they are God's symbols and methods by which he teaches us these more recondite Christian graces. The command of Christ is, then, we are to derive more happiness from seeing others honored, than from being honored ourselves. How far this is from life in the family, in the store, in the shop, or in the Church itself, I need not tell you. And yet, this is the spirit of Christ, and we are living in a state of sin by as much as we are living below it.

But a still less considered duty is taught in the seventeenth verse of the third chapter of James, in which the spirit of a man is like God's—a spirit easy to be entreated." We are to allow men to have influence with us not only, but we are to grow easy to be influenced. The spirit of pride tends to fortify a man's opinions, and to make him inaccessible. We approach proud men only for submission. The spirit of pride tends to make men tenacious of their opinions, obstinate in customs. The spirit of love is exactly the reverse of the spirit of pride. It makes it a pleasure for a man who possesses it to yield to other men. There is an exquisite grace in the act on the part of one man, of easily yielding to another. God makes it wicked for a man to unduly hold out when another endeavors to persuade him with reference to things that are right and true. To see a wise and good man, in gentleness, yielding cheerfully to another, is written down as sublime, in the Word of God—though I think we are not yet ready to admire the sublimity of such a scene.

I have one or two points further, of application, in reference to these thoughts. First, while men are very fearful of offending God by some displeasing act, or neglect toward him, they have a great deal more need to be afraid of displeasing him by their conduct toward men. There is where you strike God—in the way you treat men.

A man may go by my house, and rail at me so that I cannot but hear him through my open window, and all I shall do will be to look out upon him with pity, and say to myself, "Oh! the poor fool." A man may undertake to injure my reputation, and he may circulate defamatory paragraphs about me up and down through the whole black literature of the world, and I will scarcely give them a thought. It is stupid to read these things after a little while. A man may meet me in the market-place, and say all sorts of slanderous things about me in my hearing, and heap upon me all the opprobrious epithets he can think of, and as long as he directs his assaults upon me, I will be impregnable to them. But when a man sulks the name of my child, let me know that her fair name is tarnished in the community, and all the globe, if it were a ball of fire, would not be hot or vast enough to express the indignation I should feel. The man has touched me, now that he has touched my daughter. And let my little babe come crying and bleeding from the sidewalk because some wanton bully had struck it to the ground, and I should know to the depth of my soul what that man deserved. The feeling of justice in a man is terrible when he is stirred up for another. I never knew what anger or indignation was for myself, but I have shook like volcanic mountains on account of wrong done to others.

It is not when men say, "God damn you,"—it is not when men use profanities, though they are not less wicked than when they think they are, and though they are direct affronts toward the majesty of Heaven—it is not when men do this that God is most offended; for when he looks upon those for whom he has shed his blood, those whom he has built in his own express image, those whom he is leading by the hand through the tribulations and trials of this world, and sees the ruthlessness, the disregard, the selfish cruelty, with which they are treated by their fellow men, then it is that he feels struck. And I think God's patience is more wonderfully displayed, in the way in which he bears the ill-treatment that his children receive, than it is in the way in which he bears the impiety and neglect that are shown toward himself.

And you shall understand by this the meaning of that passage in the fourth chapter of John's first epistle, where he writes, "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar." What a coarse book this Bible is. It has never been to school to get refined; so we have to take it just as we find it. These are plain words: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" Show me a man that is proud and over-reaching, who professes to be pious, and I will tell you that his piety is all humbug. There is not a bit of piety in such a man.

It is a terrible thing for a man to hurt his fellow men. It is a terrible thing for one even to be indifferent to a fellow man. It is not only wickedness toward man, but wickedness right at the heart of God. You may, by bowing right against God, buckle when you attack your fellow men. You may, by your sin, be before God, whether he is before you or not. My heart is bitter, my heart bends down as trees do when surcharged with rain, when I think how men are treated, as shown by the police reports of New York. I do not know that I should want to wear sackcloth and hair belts, as old salts used to, on account of these things; but they are a torment, a sadness, a pain and a burden to me. I cannot bear to look at the way in which men live in society; and the problems relating to this are more burdensome to me than those relating to moral government, and the like, as reality is more burdensome than fiction.

Secondly, this truth of our duty toward men will bring to light, in our conduct, a great deal of sin not usually put into the category of sin, and with reference to which men do not examine themselves. When examining your conduct as you accustomed to rank coldness and simple indifference toward men, among your shortcomings. It is not enough for you to say that you are not indifferent toward your shadow friends. When you walk the streets, are men more shadows to you? Is there ever a yearning feeling of friendship in your heart toward your fellow men who are not your friends? I think every man ought to strike some note of music in us. Men were made so that, when their hearts are right, the coming of one to where another is naturally excites a feeling of sympathy between them. And by and by, when we come to that higher spiritual state which we hope to attain, we shall make melody in the hearts of each other by our very presence. Even now, we know that the coming of a friend into our presence causes our hearts to swell with a feeling of joy, before a word is spoken, or an act is performed. So I understand that in the eternal world, the presence of our fellow beings shall make us joyful forever more. Now are there any beginnings of this feeling in you, not toward those you love best and most, but toward every man, because he is a child of God, and a human being?

If, then, indifference toward men is a sin, how much more so are exclusiveness and contempt in respect to men. If indifference is registered as a sin, how much more is contempt registered as a sin! When men employ classifications of society as so many bulwarks, behind which they hide, to keep their fellow men from coming near them, they are violating the spirit of the Gospel. We do not need to go abroad to see this. I think the feeling of exclusiveness and contempt on the part of circles and classes, is more bitter, perhaps, in this country, than anywhere else. Abroad, exclusiveness is an acknowledged part of the framework of society, and men are taught that there is a privilege and a duty attached to it; but here, it is a prerogative, without duties, and is, therefore, more hateful.

All feelings of suspicion, all feelings that lead you

CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO S. VICTORIA B.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

Faintly the dying day
Points his shade-finger from the dark'ning West!
Flow o'er the still lake's calm and pulseless breast
His life-blood ebb away!

The Priestess Twilight stands,
With shadowy vest, in Nature's temple old;
Her hand unbars the star-world gates of gold—
Forth through the Seraph bands!

Down through the vaulted sky
Glorious they march, as when in morning's flame
Proud Israel saw at hallowed Mahanaim
Jehovah's ensign fly!

Their music thrills the air,
While by each soul their glittering squadrons wait,
As olden minstrel at the castle gate
Bung for admittance there!

Love's perfumed torch they bear!
Some heart-fires 'mid the radiance frowning stand—
Some ope their gates, and to earth's weary land
Smiles like an Eden fair.

Though far o'er earth we stray,
Or view time's sunshine on the homestead wall,
That power shall nerve the heart to duty's call,
Till shuts the closing day!

And when the life-light dies,
Far o'er the stormy Jordan's ebon flow
Love's charmed hymn shall float in cadence low,
Bidding the soul arise!

Chelsea, June 18th, 1889.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SCOURGE.

BY MRS. C. A. HAYDEN.

"I must be off, Ida, and at short notice; my craft is suspected, and it won't do to run the risk of being overhauled."

"Take me with you; take us both;" and a young, delicate woman sprang from the couch of a sleeping infant, and fung her arms around the neck of him who made the unceremonious announcement.

"Absurd!" was the scornful reply. "What do you think you could do with a troublesome brat, provided I were fool enough to listen to such an insane idea? Besides," he added, in a softened tone, as her fearful eye caught his restless glance, "there is no time; my vessel is already in the stream; she only waits for me; some contraband goods are now under examination at the Custom House, and that's a small item to what it will be if they get on board. No, Ida, no! I'm sorry, but there's no help for it; go I must, and that without delay; and yet"—there was a slight quiver of the scornful lip, a contraction of the lofty, polished brow—"and yet, Ida, were it not for this incumbrance, I'd run the risk and take you with me; could n't you manage to leave the boy?"

A shiver of convulsive agony passed over the face of the young mother, as between a shriek and a sob she asked, "Is there no alternative? Must I desert my innocent, helpless babe? Oh, God! is there no alternative?"

"There is not, Ida," and a stern, relentless, almost savage look came over the softened features. "Tell your landlady you are going out for an hour, and ask her to look to the bantling; she'll do it; be hasty—time and tide waits for none."

"And make no provision, Robert? She is cold and harsh; sometimes I fancy she deems me frail, and as such scorns me. Only yesterday she asked how long I had been married, and was impertinent enough to say she would like to see the certificate, if there was one; also Captain Murray's commission."

"The devil she did! So much the more need of our taking French leave, then. Come, Ida, make up your mind—I tell you I at least must go. If you love the boy more than you do me, why, stay and take care of him; there is no time for hesitation; none for trifling; now or never! my vessel must go out with the ebb tide; one hour more and it will be too late! Ida, if I linger here, mine will be a felon's doom."

"I will go," she said, in a low husky voice, and taking the child from the cradle, she darted from the room.

"Thunder and lightning! what is she going to do?" burst from the lips of the astonished renegade. "Why didn't she let the brat stay where it was? Fool that I am! I swear I'll leave her to her fate if she keeps me another moment."

Ere the sentence had died upon his lips Ida had reappeared, placed the sleeping infant again upon its pillows, huddled together a few articles of clothing, and without another word or look taken the arm of her companion, thus significantly expressing her readiness for flight.

A few moments, and a canoe shot out from a neighboring wharf and was soon along side of the Brigantine. Before day dawned she was far on her outward course, and if suspicion had rested upon her or her savage-looking crew, it was too late for investigation or elucidation. Captain Murray might be what he called himself—simply a smuggler; if more, none knew, for, like Jonah's gourd, he generally came and went in a night. Buccaneers were plenty, pirates also, and certainly he who could so coolly and carelessly desert his offspring was by nature cruel; but with him or his history we have naught to do.

In an adjoining tenement resided the wife of a sea captain, who, about the same time as Ida, had given birth to a boy, and as fate or ill luck would have it, there was a striking resemblance to each other. The lady had manifested an unusual amount of sympathy for the young stranger, encouraging her visits more perhaps than was prudent; she was, ill of a fever, a strange nurse had just arrived, and, only a few moments previous to Captain Murray's appearance, Ida had undressed the babe, and hushed it to sleep. It was but the work of a moment to exchange the sleeping infants, and half wild with excitement, she had obeyed the impulse of her distracted soul, and placed her child where she was sure it would be well cared for, even were she whom she had so basely imposed upon to be taken away. Of the hapless one left to frail chance, she paused not to think. She had said to the lady of whom she rented the pretty suit of rooms—"Please look to my babe if he should wake, Mrs. Blount; my husband wishes me to make a call with him," and had departed as naturally as if she were speaking the simple truth.

Poor Mrs. Blount! although shrewd and cautious how she dispensed her charities, or civilities, from the suddenness of the movement had been completely taken in. Ida had been gone an hour before the babe awoke, and hastening to attend it, at one glance her startled perception took in the whole. Snatching the child from its cradle, she crossed the threshold of an inner chamber, and finding the same traces of desertion,

she gave way to a torrent of angry passion. A step in the entry arrested her attention, and springing to the door, she ejaculated, "Come up here, Ben; here's a pretty fix we're in; and it all comes of your willingness to accommodate everybody. Next time, I guess, you'll listen to me!"

"Whew! what's the matter, Jenny?" came from the lips of a son of Neptune, whose good-natured countenance at the instant peered through the half-open door, and intuitively getting an insight of the affair; "has your pretty lodger dined?"

"Flitted? yes, I guess so! and what else do you think she has done?"

"Left you the baby to hold, by Jove! ha, ha, ha!"

"Quit laughing, Ben, and tell me what is to be done with the little screech-owl!"

"Take care of it, wife, and thank God for the gift, seeing we've none of our own. Poor little wail!" he said, taking the sobbing babe and pressing his lips to its velvet cheek; "does not its forlorn condition plead loudly enough?"

"But children are so troublesome, Ben."

"Get some one to assist you, Jenny! I trust me you'll never repent;" and from that hour the hapless babe became a household idol.

"What ails my babe?" asked Mrs. Carrol of the nurse; "it does not know me at all."

"If I were you I'd take advantage of its oddity and wean it."

"Perhaps," suggested her husband, "it would be better out at nurse; we'll find a good healthy woman to take it, and I'll take you with me this voyage." The arrangement was accordingly executed, and little George was transferred to the care of a hireling, who, for a stipulated sum, promised all that was required. The main point had been overlooked. It would require a volume to delineate the true character of Jerusha Hardwick; a rare combination of opposite qualities; her soft, languishing black eyes, that wore such a pleading look generally, could flash fire, or fasten upon you a basilisk's glance, and her voice, so mild and gentle, so very soft and persuasive, could rail in no very moderate tones. She was in very truth the personification of dissimulation; the essence of deceit and hypocrisy; an adept in art and falsehood. It might, or it might not, influence the whole life of the unconscious babe; as it was, the protracted voyage of Captain Carrol left the hapless George for more than two years under the guidance of, not a weak, venal mind altogether, though such an ingredient had its place among others, but to a strong, imperious will—not the less imperious that it did not demonstrate itself in the usual way, but by soft, insinuating words, always overcoming the most knotty points. The boy early exhibited corresponding traits, and only the excessive joy of the parents in the happy family reunion could have hidden them even for a short period. George, the pet of the family, could do nothing wrong; and it was not until others came to share the love and parental favors, his qualifications became apparent. Like his nurse he possessed the wonderful faculty of glossing over glaring faults, and the good mother's patience fortified itself with double armor with every softly-spoken entreaty of pardon, even while pursuing the offence.

Not so with the sturdy captain. He was seldom at home; but when he was, he exercised all the functions of a severe disciplinarian. His eagle eye would detect the covert nod, and meet punishment was sure to follow. A casual observer would have said there was less love in the father's heart for George than for the rest of the brood. "How unlike the rest," he would say. "God forbid that I should foster a feeling of partiality; but, wife, if I were to die for it, I cannot get rid of an undefined feeling whenever he comes near me. Can it be that there is no affinity between father and child?"

And Mrs. Carrol would answer:

"Oh, Walter, do not allow prejudice to take root in your heart. George has faults; but do not overrate them; he will improve."

"Improve! Yes, he does that every day. One would take him for his patron saint. See him day by day practicing what I so much abhor—duplicité. You may call it boyish pranks; I call it downright rascality—leading the little ones into all sorts of mischief, and when reproof or punishment is to be administered, he is among the missing. You never catch him off his guard; and already they exhibit symptoms of fear. I won't have it, positively. If you can't manage him better, he must be sent from home. I'll find some one competent to root out the old Adam from his nature, or I'll know the reason why."

And Mrs. Carrol, knowing remonstrance vain, checked the gushing tear, and hurried from the room to hush a little squabble which her quick ear detected in a distant room, where, as usual, George was ringleader.

A few days more, and Master George was placed under the care of a man whose will was law, and who practiced to its extent all the authority allowed his order; who not only kept the mind, but the hands, equally busy. And satisfied that he had performed only his duty, Captain Carrol entered upon another voyage with a lighter heart.

George stayed just long enough to initiate some of the younger lads into the mysteries of deception, to play off some of his mad pranks upon his seniors, puzzle the brain of the systematical old master, and when summary punishment could no longer be avoided, as might have been expected, took his departure. In some mysterious way he had gained possession of his teacher's quarterly advance, which helped transform him into a handsome sailor boy, whose swaggering gait and aptly-chosen vernacular very soon secured him a berth on board a brig bound for Brazil.

George was his mother's idol, and the shock occasioned by his desertion gave the finishing stroke to a constitution always delicate. She died almost immediately.

Years sped on, and no tidings of George. If Captain Carrol had spoken the honest truth, he would have said he was glad of it. He had wedded another—gentle, affectionate and beautiful; one who had kept her promise, and been a devoted mother to his little orphan girls. With her fortune, added to his own hard-earned one, he had retired from service, built himself a handsome cottage, and promised himself a large share of happiness.

Edith and Kate—for so they were always spoken of—shall I describe them, reader? Edith, the younger, with her large, azure eyes, pure alabaster complexion, brown, clustering curls, and cherry lips, whose light, merry laugh rang out like the trill of a sky-lark, was scarcely yet sixteen—a gay, glad, gleesome creature, the pet of the household.

Cathrin was a beauty; the resplendent light of her glorious eyes constituted perhaps the greater part; yet the finely-cut features, and the rich crim-

son flushing the cheek, the pearly teeth, and dark, glossy hair, all combined, rendered her a perfect creature. Unlike her sister, her step was modulated to a measure more in keeping with her stately demeanor; her smile expressed even more than her sister's gleesome demonstrations; her soft voice was even more musical, and her bright, impassioned glance penetrated even more deeply. The light, coquettish grace of Edith would attract the many; the lofty, queenlike Cathrin only one. Hitherto, the secluded life they led had been their protection against the flattery and adulation which is sure to be offered at beauty's shrine. Their father's knowledge of the world had given them a better estimate of society than if they had mingled in it freely.

When Captain Carrol first purchased the site upon which he built his aristocratic looking residence, the village was in its infancy. He had selected a spot on the brow of a shelving declivity, wild, picturesque and beautiful; few cared to toil up hill, unless, as the captain expressed it, they could rest upon their oars. But as time rolled on, a mighty change was manifest. Two or three, even more aspiring than he, had been and pitched their tents above him. Cottages, upon which whole fortunes were expended, were peeping through the interstices of the forest boundary, and their localities precluded all possibility of ignoring their presence. Captain Carrol never intended to become a hermit, if he did own a hermitage. A call was indispensable; and so it came to pass that Kate and Edith, as near neighbors to the wealthy and aristocratic Mortons, Putnams, Villiers, and so on, passed quietly from the seclusion of Hermitage Rock into the hotbed of fashionable society—exclusive, very, but not so very limited as one might suppose.

Among the many visitors at Captain Carrol's was one whose manly beauty and pleasing address had won more than a common share of esteem from every member of the family. The current report at his introduction was, that he was a gentleman of birth and fortune—a Spaniard; his name, Antonio De Basco. From the very first he had been assiduously attentive to both the fair sisters; and with so much tact and grace did he manage, that it would have been impossible for the strictest scrutiny to detect an effort to win the love of either. Captain Carrol, quick to observe and far-seeing as he was, never dreamed that such a thing was possible; and yet, almost unconsciously, both were strangely fascinated. Each, as sisters will, had whispered to the other her treasured hopes, and each had carefully guarded the secret from her parent's eyes. They had shed tears of agony over the wayward fate that had so blindly led them into error, and then, with a devotion rarely to be met with, each had offered to forego her claim as soon as fate decided who was the chosen one. Month after month wore away, and still De Basco lingered, attentive and agreeable as ever, yet never by the lightest word betraying a preference. The rich, varying color on Edith's cheek, that came and went with every emotion, had faded almost entirely, and Cathrin's speaking smile seemed like a wintry sunbeam, until at last the father's eyes were in a manner opened. With the discovery came an unaccountable feeling of aversion toward the handsome but heartless De Basco, and the determination to be at once rid of one who might perhaps unintentionally cause unspeakable suffering, was singularly interrupted. He was peeping up and down the library floor, striving to arrange some plan, when the object of his solicitude stood before him. He held in his hand a letter, which with much apparent reluctance he asked Captain Carrol to peruse. It bore the impress of Spain, and purported to come from a brother, who with himself was joint owner of a merchant ship. The vessel had been captured by a pirate off Davantavia, robbed and scuttled, and as nearly all they possessed was invested in the vessel and cargo, it had left them almost penniless. The pirate had been captured immediately after, and her lawless crew tried and condemned. A list of names was subjoined, among which was one that struck like the bolt of death upon the old man's heart.

"George Carrol, alias Peter Griffin, alias Billy Ringleader, one of the most consummate villains that ever trod the deck of an outlaw's craft. He hails from Massachusetts," was the unwelcome assertion, "and must be the son of the gentleman you speak of."

Was it any wonder that the groan that issued from the father's heart almost rent it in twain? His stout frame quivered, and the veins in his forehead stood out like cords. Oh, the untold agony of that high, proud heart! It came nigh breaking. To be hung as a felon—nay, worse—as a pirate? Was there no way? Great God, was there no way to avert such doom?

De Basco paced the floor with rapid strides. If there were any way, it was not for him to name it. Perhaps it would be better for both to be alone. And suiting the action to the thought, he approached the door. With a sudden motion Captain Carrol intercepted him.

"One word, De Basco! You can never know the agony that is crushing me into the very earth; your loss is nothing; I can and will make restitution. There has no degradation fallen upon your head, no misery upon your heart; will you grant a stricken father one boon? 'Tis not for myself I ask. Thank God, I am strong to endure, and, unnatural as it may appear, I suffer for them, not for myself; there never was a feeling of consanguinity between that reprobate and myself; I have many a time doubted if he were indeed my son; but for my children, my gentle loving Edith, my high-spirited, noble Kate, I dread the blow. Young man! for their sakes, for God's sake, keep this secret; in the name of all you love and venerate, never breathe it to mortal ear!"

In few but well chosen words the young man responded; and with every appearance of regret for having been, as it were, the means of inflicting so much misery, he took his leave.

It was perhaps two weeks later that De Basco again entered the library of Captain Carrol—this time by special invitation. There was an air of almost haughty coldness in the salutation of the latter as he received his visitor and bade him be seated. A feeling of distrust, gradually changing to dislike, had of late intruded upon his frank, friendly nature, which was imperceptibly gaining ground, and unwittingly it became paramount. The quick eye of the doting father had read the truth in the tell-tale blush and downcast eye of either daughter, and, though his tongue had uttered no word, his heart trembled for the future. With characteristic decision he had obeyed a momentary impulse, trustingly believing he could crush ruin in the bud. "I have summoned you," he said, briefly, "to perform a promise; also to exact one in return. I will give you the third of my hard-earned fortune, now, this very hour, upon condition that you take your departure

immediately, binding yourself, by a solemn contract, never to reveal the fatal secret, and never, by any means, to hold communication with any member of my family."

A scornful, almost demoniac expression, stole over the Spaniard's face as he listened; and he arose, and, with a flashing eye and haughty curl of the lip, he confronted the man who dared so coolly make him such a proposition. So sudden, so unexpected it had come, that for a moment he lost the power of utterance.

"You understand me, I presume, Mr. De Basco?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly," was uttered in a low tone; was it indicative of defiance or submission?

"You agree to my proposition?"

"I do, sir!"

"You see, of course, the dire necessity which compels—"

He was out short by a haughty, repellant gesture, and a "Spare yourself the trouble of apology or explanation. I accept your proposition upon your own terms; enough for you that I do so. Please be as expeditious as possible."

A check for ten thousand dollars was laid before him, and with his hand upon a large bible, De Basco took the oath, signed a contract, and, coolly pocketing his good fortune, politely took his leave; while Captain Carrol drew a long breath of intense satisfaction, feeling as if the absence of one he almost hated had been cheaply purchased. A few days later, and he had the intense satisfaction of reading the name of De Basco among the passengers of an outward bound steamer, and hastened to communicate the intelligence to his family, vain to witness the effect it might produce. The sudden start, averted eye, tremulous tone, and faltering footsteps, all told enough to satisfy him that the course he had adopted was wisest as well as best.

That night, in the solitude of their own chamber, the sisters wept for hours, clasped in each others' arms, each striving to soothe the other, alternately wondering, blaming, and excusing the heartlessness too truthfully apparent; and the father paced up and down the library floor, with agony almost as intense, though happily less overpowering. Thoughts, bitter and repellant, came rushing in hot haste to his brain. Now that he was gone, a thousand things came to mind, each one tinged with mystery.

At times, the stranger had asked questions, and displayed a knowledge of past times truly wonderful. He spoke the mother tongue wonderfully well for one who had never, as he averred, visited the States before. He had acted imprudently in sacrificing so large a sum. The letter, after all, might have been a rascally forgery. In his anxiety he had overlooked everything like doubt; like precaution, it had come too late. True, there had been a short paragraph in the papers, very similar; one of the renegades had been an American; the alias was the same, and the real name suppressed, it was stated, through delinquency and respect, etc.; but what then? Might not De Basco have inserted that same item? It was passing strange; but no one knew what had transpired, and no one should, was the firm resolve of Captain Carrol. "If I have foolishly squandered ten thousand dollars," he said, mentally, "I will pocket the folly and call myself fortunate. And now to the task of undoing at least a part of the mischief the fascinating young scape grace has accomplished; it won't do to have any faded cheeks or broken hearts in consequence. Broken hearts! pshaw!" and the library door closed with a loud bang that startled the nerves of the weeping sisters, and dissipated, for the time, their grief.

A proposition upon the morrow startled them still more effectually. A trip to old England would give his gentle wife and lovely daughters the realization of many long-promised hopes, and if rightly managed, cost little more than staying quietly at home, with an expenditure suited to the society they mingled in. And so while their preparation and embarkation are going on, we'll fit before them and make, perhaps, a few important discoveries.

In a pretty cottage in the suburbs of London, surrounded by all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, are seated our old friend, Ben Blount, and his handsome wife; for society with its advantages had embellished both mind and body, and the busy, bustling woman of former times had quietly submerged into the lady of a jovial country squire, worthy the admiration if not the envy of her clique.

Ben, or rather Squire Blount, had come in possession (no matter how) of a handsome fortune, and he was just the man of all others to enjoy it. He kept an establishment suited to his own moderate views of domestic happiness, and if any one hinted that it was unsuited to his means, why, he gave them to understand, in his brusque, jovial way, that it was his business, not theirs, etc. We have broken in upon their tete-a-tete; we may as well listen to their colloquy; it will save both time and trouble.

"Mrs. Murray! Mrs. Murray! did you say, Squire?" (Mrs. Blount had long since concluded that Ben was vulgar, and husband quite too common place.)

"Yes, my dear, I said Mrs. Murray. Can't say I was at all pleased at the recognition, which, by the way, was all on her side. To tell the truth, I didn't want to believe I had ever seen her before, but it was of no use; she knew me, and I was obliged to succumb."

"So much for adhering to old fashions. She'll find it hard work to compel any such recognition on my part, I'll assure her."

"Oh, well, it's always best to—"

"There, never mind, Squire—I can imagine, and I'll excuse it all, if you'll answer one question: will she claim her boy?—ours I should have said—for certainly, after all these years, he is ours by right."

"The boy, as you call him, Jennie, is none of hers; would to God he were; I might easily buy her off in that case."

"Not hers? Good heavens! why do you try to mystify me? If you have really seen Ida Murray, what question can there be that Robert is her son? Oh, he is too good and high-minded to call such a creature mother! Where has she been all these years? and where is her force-looking husband?"

"I did n't ask, Jennie. I was too much annoyed to ask needless questions. A few words sufficed to solve what has always been a mystery. We have often wondered how Robert came by his sensitive, noble nature, considering his parentage; the amount is just this, she took advantage of a chain of circumstances, and changed her child for another; that other was the son of Captain Carrol!"

A deathlike silence succeeded the astounding disclosure; the healthful, florid cheek of Dame Blount faded to a pallid hue as she struggled with conflicting emotions; there was no hope, no palliation, if the boy so fondly loved, so almost idolized, were in

truth the son of Captain Carrol. Justice pointed sternly to the only course they could pursue.

It was a hard task, and worthy Dame Blount shrank from it; but it must be done, and without delay. Robert was summoned from college to listen to a recital so strange as almost to overpower him, and measures were about to be taken to inform Captain Carrol, when providentially he made his appearance. Business had led him to seek his old friend, Blount, and the son was restored to the father with tears almost of agony.

Edith and Kate had been left with their mother at a hotel, during the father's absence, and De Basco, who had arrived some time previous, soon became aware of their proximity. For reasons best known to himself he kept himself secluded, and, after a few days devoted to the accomplishment of a villainous scheme, proceeded to put it in practice. In the disguise of a dashing guardsman he managed to get an introduction to the sisters, and, in his agreeable, fascinating manner, gained their attention to a recital of wild, romantic adventures, where he of course bore a prominent part; and ere he concluded, the story he had told, the father was repeated to the daughters.

"Was he executed?" asked a listener.

"Who—George Carrol? Yes, and hanging was too good for him. Good God! what is the matter, young ladies? Can it be possible he was a relative of yours? Same name, but who would have thought it possible?"

The scene that followed was made the most of; and, as the dreadful news must be communicated to Captain Carrol, the young gentleman took upon himself the painful task.

When, an hour after, Kate and Edith took their seats at table, they were electrified by the sudden appearance of De Basco. The sudden paling of the cheek, though it lasted but an instant, was enough; and after a few moments of doubtful hesitancy, he succeeded in doing away any impression they might have received of his delinquency; if the reasons he gave for his abrupt departure had only been a tittle of the truth, any one even more sceptical might have been satisfied, and it was not long before he had the satisfaction of finding himself fully reinstated. Even Mrs. Carrol was anxious to make amends for the coldness she had at first exhibited, and exerted herself to the utmost to please; (Captain Carrol had of course kept his own counsel,) and, excepting that the gentle sisters were suffering secret grief for the terrible fate of an only brother, the reunion was a very happy one. Whatever might be his motive in thus again striving to trifle with affection, only to crush and destroy it, (for, be he who he might, he knew Captain Carrol well enough to be well convinced he at least was not to be trifled with,) it was hard to define; whatever it was, however, the sudden appearance of Captain Carrol frustrated. He brought with him his son, a handsome, noble looking youth, one of whom any father might be proud, and whose striking resemblance to himself none could dispute. The astonishment of the fair sisters was only equaled by their happiness—the lost was found, the dead alive again, and, ere they had found time to repeat what had so grieved and wounded them, the door opened, and De Basco, who usually dispensed with ceremony, abruptly entered. Captain Carrol looked the astonishment he felt; the cool, determined villain, for a moment was thrown off his guard. Kate hastened to introduce her new-found brother, wondering all the time at her father's cool reception of an old friend. De Basco coolly surveyed the young gentleman a moment, then, without responding to the salutation, turned to Captain Carrol. "There is a great mistake somewhere," he said, in a calm, firm tone. "I am myself George Carrol, your own and only son, sir; how or where you found such a substitute, remains to be proved. It was my wish to remain incog, a while longer; but circumstances alter cases; here I am, and, not choosing to be supplanted in any such off-hand manner, I must insist on being acknowledged. You seem electrified, all of you," glancing scornfully upon the group who had gathered simultaneously to the side of the old gentleman. "I didn't find it half so hard to play the lover as I shall the brother, according to appearances; however—"

"Leave, sir! instantly, too!" thundered the enraged Captain Carrol. Son! my son! Good God! that such a villain should dare make such an assertion! Leave! or, by the God that 'made' me, I'll inflict the punishment you deserve."

"Since you so positively decline the honor of calling me your son, 'tis no more than fair to inform me where I am likely to find some one to supply your place; as far as filial affection goes, the transfer can be effected without much trouble."

"Your father, young man, called himself Robert Murray, and was the chief of a pirate crew, as wild and savage as ever desecrated the name of man! Your mother was Ida Granville, one of his many victims. He met the doom he deserved; she lives now a secluded, and apparently a repentant life, not far from London. As your mother, she will receive you with open arms, and with you, villain that you are, her just punishment for all the misery she inflicted upon me in the base imposition she practiced. Here is her address, and now begone."

De Basco hesitated a moment, struggling to quell the torrent of angry passion he dared not give utterance to, glanced defiantly from one to the other, and without a word left the room. When the excitement had subsided, and a few hours of calm had succeeded, the family sought their repose, trusting that, by taking their early departure for home, they would escape further annoyance. They did, with the exception of finding every particle of jewelry belonging to the sisters had been taken from their room in their brief absence. After some little delay Captain Carrol, with his family, arrived at the Hermitage; it was still standing, but a smouldering fire was burning yet, the work of an incendiary without doubt; and who proved to be none other than De Basco, or rather Robert Murray, who had preceded them by a few days, hoping to effect utter ruin as far as possible. Not a thought had pointed to him as the perpetrator, until the description of a person seen lurking in the vicinity, gave rise to suspicions which proved correct. He was taken, and, while awaiting trial, committed to prison; the charge of arson could not be fully proved, but the stolen property was found in his possession, and, with other villainous acts, sufficient was found to condemn him for many years to a felon's doom.

After some months Idith, learning the facts, came to the city, and visited the prison, but all her efforts were vain to discover her son; even had she been familiar with his features, in the convict's garb she would never recognize him. The scourge removed, Captain Carrol and his family began again to realize peace and prosperity. In time his blooming daughters became happy wives and mothers, and his son an ornament to society, the idol of his family, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY E. D. BRITTON.

CHAPTER IV.

PHYSICAL CAUSES OF VITAL DERANGEMENT.

We are now prepared to inquire into the physical causes and conditions which dispose the human frame to disease. Here a theme of inconceivable moment is suggested; one that it might be profitable to discuss at far greater length than commends with my present plan. Nothing can be more essential to the temporal well-being of the race than reliable information on this subject; for if we well understand the general causes of disease, we may often shun or resist the evil by a prudent regard to our physical states and relations.

It has already been observed that the vital functions directly depend on positive and negative conditions and forces. Now the general states most likely to produce disease—those which comprehend all other conditions and circumstances tending to similar results—will be found to originate in an excess, or from an inadequate supply of this electric medium—in short, from the too positive and negative conditions of the human body, and the surrounding elements of the earth and atmosphere. The preponderance of this vital motor disposes the system to fevers and inflammations; while a want of animal electricity will naturally result in such forms of disease as are attended with coldness of the body and imperfect sensation, together with a want of vital power and organic activity.

It is worthy of observation, that Nature—when undisturbed in the exercise of her functions—provides a supply equal to the necessities of every occasion; and whenever a deficiency occurs, we may be sure she has been taxed unlawfully. The vital forces and fluids are unnecessarily expended and the system rapidly exhausted by a variety of ways and means; but I will point out the general consequences of intense and protracted physical exercise, and the fearful results of immoderate gratification of the appetites and passions. It often happens with persons who are laboriously employed, that the weight of the body is gradually diminished. This is a very certain indication that the vital fluids are not produced or generated as rapidly as they are dissipated in the various processes of the body. This condition is unfavorable to health, and such a decline of the recuperative energies of the system cannot long continue without causing more aggravated forms of vital derangement. If the conservative powers of the body are unequal to the task of supplying whatever is demanded to repair the ordinary waste, it requires no prophet's vision to enable the rational mind to perceive that—sooner or later—the system must inevitably suspend its operations. Those who understand the laws of trade will perhaps see the point more clearly in the light of a single illustration.

Suppose that your neighbor has been engaged—during the past year—in some business with which he is but imperfectly acquainted. From an examination of his books, it is made to appear that there has been an excess in the current expenses over the gross receipts. The consequence is, he is involved; and a fair inventory of his assets awakens a suspicion of his insolvency. If he resolves to continue business under such circumstances, and you have learned to reason from cause to effect, you may infallibly predict the disaster that awaits him.

Analogous causes inevitably produce similar results in the case under consideration. Unless the production of vitality be equal to the demand in conducting the several operations of the physical system, the man will surely fail, and a final settlement of his affairs will be demanded. Or, to drop the figure, disease will ensue and death may abruptly close the business of life.

The forces of the living body are expended as they are generated in the performance of the vital and voluntary functions. The proportion employed in voluntary effort is greater or less according to the perfection of the organic structure, combination of the temperaments, the temporal necessities and incidental circumstances of the individual. So long as physical exercise is regulated, as to the seasons and the modes, by an enlightened judgment, and graduated, in respect to degree, by the normal capabilities of the constitution, it serves to strengthen respiration, to accelerate the processes of vital chemistry, to increase the measure of animal electricity, and thus to promote a free, natural and vigorous action of all the organs. But it is no less true that excessive toil diminishes the latent powers of life, enervates the organs, and restrains their appropriate functions until, by degrees, the recuperative energies are fairly exhausted, and the whole system sinks under the weight of its unnatural burden.

The intelligent reader will perceive the reasons why too much exercise of the body is liable to interrupt the organic harmony. Whenever we labor excessively—or beyond the limitations which Nature has prescribed for the government of the individual—we make perpetual and unreasonable demands on such springs and resources of vital power as legitimately belong to the involuntary organs and their functions. These drafts are only honored at the expense of health, and, it may be, at the sacrifice of life. When once we reach the proper limit of our powers of endurance, every additional hour spent in physical exertion extracts some portion of the life-principle from each separate organ in the vital system, or it diverts the same from its appropriate channel. The pulsation becomes labored, digestion is impaired, the liver is rendered inert, the powers of thought languish, the will relaxes its purpose and resigns its object, while the whole man suffers from consequent enervation.

Excessive alimentations, with rapid and imperfect mastication, is liable to disturb the balance of nervous power and to derange the functions. It imposes an unnatural burden on a particular organ, and hence calls the vital electricity from other portions of the system to the stomach, in an undue degree, to the end that the process of digestion may be accelerated. Several times a day an avalanche descends with fearful momentum—elements gross and ponderable—while mingling torrents, hot and cold, follow in rapid succession. For awhile the work goes on without any perceptible interruption. Nature applies all her forces to clear the way and make room for whatever may come next. The secretions are all increased beyond the normal limit, and the whole system is required to perform extra labor, which soon indisposes the individual to voluntary effort. A sluggish state of mind and body succeeds with a tendency to indolent habits. Indolence in turn aggravates the difficulty. At length the oppressed and overburdened organs, so long restrained and obstructed in their functions, lose their vigor and the reaction prostrates the whole system. The man is ill, and a wise providence destroys his appetite that nature may have time for the elimination of the superfluous matter in the body.

Such men resemble mills that are employed night and day to crack, grind and bolt the grain of the neighborhood; or, they may be regarded as vast receptacles of decaying vegetation and respectable locomotive sepulchers for the rest of the animal creation! Omnivorous mortals! your greatest triumphs among the elements and forms of matter have been achieved through the concentrated powers of the gastric juice! Unlike Bunyan's pilgrim, who had the good sense to shoulder the bundle of his iniquities, you impose upon the stomach the enormous and crushing weight of your manifold transgressions.

The appetite for narcotics and stimulants, when it exercises an irresistible influence, becomes a prolific source of disease or vital derangement. It is well

known that the appetite for food is diminished, and the digestive functions impaired, by the use of tobacco. The peristaltic action of the intestines may be quite suspended, sensation temporarily destroyed, and the faculties benumbed, by the use of powerful narcotics. Moreover, those who are accustomed to the free use of tobacco—no matter in what form—exhibit unnatural restlessness and a morbid irritability when not under the influence of that agent. They may be speedily quieted again by the narcotic spell; and if their fears have been excited, they are allayed by the subtle influence of the poison. It has been demonstrated by post-mortem examination, that the olfactory, the optic, dental, and pneumo-gastric nerves become inflamed and otherwise impaired by the use of tobacco. Indeed such agents are all intrinsically at war with the vital principle, and when administered professionally, the practitioner aims to diminish pain and allay the tumultuous action of the nervous system by the very doubtful expedient of destroying nervous impressibility, and hence by a partial suspension of the forces and functions of life.

It was once a favorite hypothesis that all disease originated in debility, and therefore excitants or stimulants became the most important remedial agents. This notion has been received with great favor by persons of intemperate habits. Such people generally feel weak early in the morning, and frequently through the day; and as often as they experience this debility, whether in the stomach, the knees, or in the resolution to reform, they resort to the treatment by taking brandy, or some other positive stimulant. This frequent and unnatural excitement of the vital energies is followed by a reaction, when the life-forces sink as far below the standard of normal activity as they had been raised above the vital equilibrium. At length the organic harmony is permanently interrupted; the nervous system is unstrung; the blood on fire; and fortune, reputation, character and manhood—all wrecked and lost in scenes of wild delirium—are engulfed in a burning sea.

Thousands, by an inordinate indulgence of their passions—whether sanctioned or condemned by the statute—do not scruple to lower the tone of the mind and the character, while they lay the foundations of shame, disease and death for themselves and their posterity. The sexual attraction, when not restrained by reason, leads to fathomless perdition. When not refined and spiritualized by the higher law that forever unites congenial souls, it becomes immoral and adulterous, in spite of all legal enactments and definitions. Lust has a perpetual injunction on the faculties of such people, while their children after them are mortgaged to corruption, and death holds a quit-claim on their mortal bodies. They transgress and repent in regular alternation; they cry, call on the Lord and the doctor—go to meeting and take physic—and then—sin again.

The conditions of the human body are liable to be materially influenced by the existing electrical state of the earth and atmosphere. When thunder-storms are of rare occurrence, in the summer months, indicating an unusual absence of atmospheric electricity, this agent passes imperceptibly from the living body—rapidly if the atmosphere be in a humid state—until the electro-vital power is so far reduced, that negative forms of diseases everywhere prevail. Cholera is well known to be a cold or negative state of the system. In this leading characteristic it is the opposite state to a fever. It is attended with a slow, feeble pulse, general lassitude, and a rapid decline and suspension of all the vital functions. It is a well known fact that the year 1832—in the summer of which the cholera raged so fearfully in this country—was distinguished for an almost total absence of electrical phenomena. Nor is it less a matter of fact and of history that during that season there were no fevers, or at least the cases were of rare occurrence. About the first of September there were violent electrical storms in different parts of the country, and the cholera speedily disappeared.

That opposite electrical conditions produce fevers and inflammatory states of the body, is doubtless true, and might be illustrated at length—did our limits permit—by the citation of numerous facts and reasons. I will, however, observe, in this connection, that those phases of vital derangement, which I denominate the positive forms of disease, are wholly different in their symptomatic aspects from the class previously described and characterized as negative diseases. The disorders which result from an excess of vital electricity in the body, as a whole, or from an undue concentration of this agent on some particular organ, are accompanied with a higher temperature, an accelerated pulse, and a general irregularity in the organic action. The extent of this derangement may be estimated by observing the peristalsis of the electro-thermal currents rise and fall. Moreover, the diseases of this class are most general and fatal when the atmosphere is in a highly electrical state, as evinced by frequent and violent thunder-storms. The results may admit of some modifications from individual peculiarities and local conditions; but it is presumed that the general correctness of our position will be confirmed by every careful observer.

How shall we prevent the occurrence or effect the removal of the disorders already described? My answer must necessarily be brief and general. Whenever the first of the several causes of vital derangement, indicated in the foregoing specification, does actually exist, or is likely to transpire—when vitality is or may be expended more rapidly than it is generated—measures should be taken to augment the vital resources, or, what may be easier of accomplishment, to lessen their expenditure. If the individual has been accustomed to severe and protracted physical labor, it will be necessary to diminish the time and intensity of his efforts. If the derangement be caused by the excessive indulgence of the appetites, the subject should seriously engage in an investigation of the laws of health, and in the contemplation of such exalted subjects as will set him free from their foul dominion. If inordinate sexual indulgence be the cause of vital inharmony, the individual must learn to discipline his passionate nature, and subdue his erratic and delirious impulses by the exercise of his reason. And, finally, if the organic harmony be interrupted by intense and continual mental application, he must leave the study and wander in the fields, that a variety of objects may divert the mind from any laborious process.

It becomes all who would guard against unnatural weakness and deformity, premature decay of the faculties and an untimely departure from the sphere of their earthly relations, to be careful that the physical energies are not wasted in unlawful pleasures and pursuits. Every violation of the laws of vital and organic harmony, is a blow aimed at the root of the tree of life; and when at last by repeated blows we have interrupted its connection with earth and time, no power can arrest its fall.

While morphia, belladonna and stramonium produce similar general effects, physicians have observed that each has a specific action on particular portions of the system, which need not be described in this connection.

As a popular author of philosophical and spiritual books—who has long been familiar with the writer's views respecting the relations of certain diseases to the positive and negative conditions of the human body and the surrounding atmosphere—may have expressed similar opinions, I deem it just and proper to observe, that the present writer long since developed his whole theory of the essential causes of vital derangement, and the positive and negative forms of disease, in a course of lectures, which were prepared about eleven years since, and delivered in many large towns and cities as early as the year 1849.

DRUNKENNESS.—Drunkenness is not like the pure air, for it enervates; it is not like water, for it does not refresh; it is not like health, for it taints the breath; it is not like wisdom, for it troubles the brain; it is not like love, for it is impure; it is not like goodness of heart, for its comrade is crime.

THE HUMAN HEAVEN.—No. 4.

BY GEORGE STRAINE.

The proffer of immediate Heaven on the easy terms of a voluntary repentance, as sometimes made from the pulpit to "wicked men," is with no warrant of Reason. God is doubtless ever ready to forgive his erring children, if this were possible, or really what we need; but his benignity does not necessarily effect our happiness. We suffer variously, not for lack of Divine Favor, but for want of individual receptivity. The blind gropes beneath the Sun, only for defect of eyes; so, because of intellectual and moral deficiencies, many can neither perceive nor appropriate "the grace of God." The Holy Spirit is as free as the air we breathe and the water we drink; and if all mankind had the mind of Jesus—had as good a brain as he—they would share as largely in the powers of the Highest. The prayer sent up from the Cross of Calvary has moved all hearts in Heaven, but it wrought nothing for the bloody men for whom it was ejaculated. It is for our own sake mainly that we should love our enemies; for hate will never kill them, and only love can cure them. Infinite Goodness fails to bless the guilty.

I query not if vice and crime may mislead their cure on Earth, yet find it after death. For Heaven is not a thing of shreds. In any sense, it is a state of joy. Whose feet are elevated. With stealthy tread, A lion's might and tiger's cruelty, It pounces on a knave when least he thinks. It is a certain sense of nearing Hell. Who comes to this, a great work to do. In Reformation, and a duty to pay. Of Reparation. Conscience takes no ball: This paid and that achieved, and nothing else, Will pluck the sting of merciless Remorse, And shrive the guilty soul, before him still. Strive, then, the noblest work of Rectitude, And lower the gate of Heaven. What are tears To drown remembered wrong? or how much grief Will counteract its woful consequences?

When a poor prodigal comes to himself, his sorrow does not redeem his wasted substance. When a drunkard repents and takes the pledge of abstinence, these acts do not immediately cure the *delirium tremens*, restore at once his reputation, nor in his life-time make him the man he might have been. Virtue is no school-boy's lesson to be learned in a day. Who thinks of becoming an artist or a good mechanic without training and practice? The noblest of all arts is that of Rectitude, and experience is its sole teacher. If God could transform wretched men into happy angels in a twinkling, why not also baboons? Wherefore, then, this earthly process of development? Why make erring men at all, if fitness for Heaven is the Creator's immediate endowment, and character not a thing of human growth?

"Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere; 'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere." This sentiment of Pope is clearly true so far as enjoyment depends on selfhood; and if to this we add that of Milton—"the mind is its own place,"—we see that Heaven is neither here nor there till found within the soul. Then it is everywhere. The Universe is fraught with good, which mortals cannot see. Man has overlooked the means of a present felicity, and pious people talk about "a better world," as if the Earth itself were foul.

We look above and pray for bliss, Unknowing how the boon we miss. 'Tis lightly discontent that sighs For *El Dorado* in the skies.

What a dispensation of Divine Justice, to suppose the Creator has placed Man out of his element! We ought to be aware that we have not yet improved all the means of happiness within our reach. While like thankless children we put the lip over God's earthly bounty, how impudent we seem to ask for more! And what of all the heart's desire might not be had on Earth? Come, repining souls, recount the unenjoyed delights of saintly or sin sick anticipation—all you have ever thought or dreamed that angels find in the land of Hope, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;" where there is "no more sin, nor sorrow, nor sighing, and no more curse;" where war and tyranny and discord are no more, but Freedom and Harmony and Universal Joy forever triumph; and say what worthy wish were not an earthly verity, if—what? this world were a suitable place for human blessedness? no, but—if Man himself were a fit receptacle of Heaven.

I do not say there is no fairer clime than this torrid globe: I affirm that there is. But vain is our ambition to rise to that ethereal sphere, till first we grow. If we go to the Spirit-world undeveloped and untaught—if we have not put off with "the old man" his bad habits of error, his foibles and his faults, and if with "the new man" we have not put on a goodly raiment for the pleasures of "the inner life," we shall even there look up and pine for Heaven, or else grow homesick and hanker for the sordid flesh-pots of Earth. That character which fits us for the highest and purest enjoyment here, and tends to make this life agreeable, will serve us best hereafter.

These serial papers were born in manuscript a good while ago, but this number has already appeared in the Spiritual Age, but without its correlatives; and as revised for my present readers, it is as good as new.

THE OLD SPIRITUALIST.—No. 13.

In our last we promised to give the history of creation, as given in various communications to Phenix; but as there are some general principles requiring to be understood, also contained in those communications, we shall endeavor first to elucidate these. For the clearer understanding of the supposed processes consequent upon natural law, it is necessary to comprehend with clearness the extreme divisibility of matter, as found in well attested phenomena, for even the chaotic period cannot be clearly understood without it. Where spirit leaves off and matter begins has not been defined, for matter can be traced by its effect far beyond that point where either the chemist or the microscope can recognize it. The odor of the rose is acknowledged, but that which is given off during its growth cannot be collected. If the cellar of a tall building be filled with pig lead, and its garret be used as a dormitory, the inmates will soon suffer by that disease called lead colic—sometimes known as Derbyshire colic, painters' colic, etc.—and one of the accompaniments of which is paralysis. Now, lead is supposed not to be volatile, and still it cannot be doubted that particles of the lead, so finely divided as not to be recognized in their travel, do actually enter the bodies of men under the circumstances we have named, and thus causing the disease. If the brake be suddenly thrown on the wheel of a railroad car, a peculiar odor is immediately observable throughout the train, and this odor is to be known as that of iron, and often continues for half an hour, notwithstanding the fact that the train may pass, during that half hour, through fifteen miles of space, receiving and discharging millions of cubic feet of atmosphere. What must be the state of the division of small portions of iron separated from the wheel, scarcely producing a visible mark or scratch upon its face? The term impalpable is gross when used to describe this state of division. Now, if it be admitted that one grain of iron may exist in a million cubic miles of space, and that every cubic mile throughout space is so charged with iron, then the well known law of attraction would be capable, with time as an element, to aggregate this quantity, and form a sphere or globe, and, as there is no end to space, there would be iron enough, under such circumstances, to form a universe. We have in all nature but sixty-four primaries, so far as yet discovered, and all other substances are but proximate conditions and aggregations

of these sixty-four. In the chaotic period this might have been divided through space, just as we have supposed for the iron or the lead, and if so, the voracious tyro in natural philosophy must perceive that they would be eventually aggregated by attraction toward each other; and this might have went on for millions of years, before a rolling globe would have become sufficiently dense to have exhibited one particle, even under examination of the most powerful microscope. There is no difficulty in apprehending a period when matter was just as impalpable as spirit; and, inasmuch as we cannot prove its existence at all, but that we find the law of attraction constant and ever-abiding in all matter, as a resident law therein, and not as an actor outside or beyond it, it is fair to infer that the law was the greater reality, and that the matter is but a function of that law; for we not only find attraction, but we find light, electricity, and every other natural law, as belonging to matter, and these, in their combined action, producing proximate conditions, every one of which is a real creation as compared with the former status. These natural laws, instead of arising from matter, produce matter—at least we can recognize, by familiar analogies, that they collated matter, and were thus the greater reality of the two. This has given rise to the opinion, on the part of many philosophers, that the *Law*, the *Word*, the *Logos*, the *God*, was the totality of these forces, and that nature was its demonstration. Others have tried to frame a Supreme Being, behind this point; but, so long as that point is so far beyond human comprehension as only to be metaphysically arrived at, we may infer that everything observable, either as cause or effect, beyond the period of greatest dilation before referred to, includes the whole, and that the peculiar development of new functions and new powers at every stage, is that power known as creative. In opposition to our verb, to make, that these laws, together with their functions and all proximate results, collectively, is God acting as a totality, and not losing its individual action in any one particle.

Trace any one of these primaries, as we may from the lowest state in nature in which we find it, either as it exists in the rock, or as we sometimes find it diffused in atmosphere, and follow its course up to its highest appointment in nature, and no amount of mechanical force can overcome its inherent, indwelling law of progression or increased adaptability. A piece of cast iron—for iron is a simple substance, and one of these primaries—which lays apparently in a state of rest for a century, is undergoing changes; continuous in every one of its particles, increasing with an inherent law, which no surrounding circumstances will arrest. And thus we find that a fresh casting, when broken, is but a grey mass. If broken when a century old, it is beautifully crystalline, like speculum metal, and every crystal bearing a definite figure, like that of its fellows, which, under the severest scrutiny of the goniometer, shows no difference of figure. This is true, whether the casting obtained its age in one part of the world or another, irrespective of surrounding temperature or circumstances of any kind. There is no amount of static force which will prevent this change of position of particles and assuming a new figure. When we combine any two substances in nature capable of crystallizing, they will obtain a figure by which a crystallographical chemist can ascertain their composition. When sulphur and lead are combined together, whether in the mines of Siberia or in the furnace of the smelter, they always assume the cubical form, and no other. Each salt in nature has its figure, from which it never varies; and its purity can be ascertained definitely by the shape of its crystal. The inherent law, then, by which this occurs, is resident in itself; while at the same time, that peculiar property, attraction, belonging to it in common with all matter, is active. The amount of mechanical force it exerts while crystallizing, is beyond the power of any known control. A thread of water the size of a human hair, present in the centre of a block of cast steel of any size, will rend the steel apart by the mere crystallization of the water during the process of freezing. And this is equally true of every other crystallization in nature. Unless the surroundings be in degree elastic, they must part. The power is infinite; and a close examination of the operation of any one of nature's laws will show it to be infinite; and nothing but the compensatory wisdom of the laws themselves, in their relation to each other, and far beyond the power of man to comprehend, prevents a continuation of chaos. Order is its opponent; and we have yet to learn that the mandate is given by a separate organism, but rather are compelled to admit that infinity of wisdom and power is resident distinctly in every recognizable point of matter throughout the known universe. The very law that causes a drop of water to be a perfect sphere, is but a miniature likeness of that which forms a round world; and the relative distance of all our planets from the sun, is a result precisely equal to that which would be arrived at by any mathematician who can calculate their centrifugal and centripetal forces, clearly showing that they are not in an accidental position; they are not the results of exceptional law; but the same law which governs every particle of iron in arranging itself, or every particle in a drop of water, is that which renders a universe as a totality of result, and which may be found equally active and in lesser degree, in every particle thereof.

This flying comment may seem to want consecutive-ness; but if we can remember Phenix's descriptions sufficiently close, we think our future numbers will dispel any ambiguity. Our next number will be devoted to that branch of our subject which will describe the causes of new properties, developed in combinations of matter not existing in their separate components, and many of which are greater realities in nature's economy than the components themselves. These we will class under the head of "New Functions," to which our next paper will be devoted. The ground will be found fairly laid to take up the probable history of creation in its consecutive order.

ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.

Under date of June 8th, a gentleman residing in Philadelphia wrote the following to J. V. Mansfield:—"You will probably be surprised at receiving a note from me at this time; but I cannot refrain from writing to express to you the gratification the last test communication, received through you just before you left our city, afforded me. You will recollect it was handed to me on Sunday evening, and I had no opportunity of opening it until you were probably on your way to 'home, sweet home,' on Monday morning. I then found it was as complete and satisfactory a reply to my questions, as the former communication had been to the four queries then propounded. I will now state to you the circumstances under which I was induced to trouble you with the last communication."

Your reply to my former communication, which you will remember contained four distinct questions, was so very full, embracing not only the *sentiment*, but even the *words* of each question, that some of our prominent Spiritualists felt apprehensive that you might have become acquainted with the substance of my queries, without my knowledge of your means of doing so. They therefore requested me "to try again," under circumstances that would preclude all possibility of error. I therefore wrote a question, or rather two questions, on thick paper, folded and cross folded the paper, put it into a thick, white envelope, sealed it and put it into another yellow envelope, which was also sealed and directed to you. My letter was returned to me undisturbed—the seal perfect and the paper unopened. Your reply to my queries was as full and applicable as could possibly have been, and you with your physical eyes have seen my communication, and have studied upon an answer for a week.

I feel as if justice to you required that I should make this statement to you, so that you are at liberty to use it in any manner you may see fit. I endeavor to use every means to cause no prudent man to mistake in coming to a conclusion respecting any investigation I may undertake; but, when my mind is fully made up, the fear of man cannot deter me from speaking boldly and unreservedly. In the cause of truth, I remain, very sincerely, your friend and brother, J. L. FETTER, M. D."

Banner of Light.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1850.

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EDITORS:

WILLIAM BERRY, LUTHER COLBY, J. R. M. SQUIRE.

THOS. GALE FORTNER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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TEMPERANCE.

To join a society, to wear a badge on the coat, to be able to give a secret grip, and to utterly forswear the use of alcoholic drinks, is not the whole of temperance, by any means. Men harm themselves more by becoming slaves to their passions than by merely getting drunk. Gluttony is the most disgusting of all outward manifestations of intemperance. A man at the mercy of his passions is quite as worthy of pity as one at the mercy of the swine, while lying unconscious in the gutter. Mechanical and one-sided temperance is not the genuine temperance, though it may be made to pass for that in the public eye, and on ordinary occasions. This getting up the morals into multiplication-table shape, set, and square, and precise, to go by a certain rule, and only by a certain rule, is a contrivance merely for facilitating reforms of the individual, that can have no real life except they have root in nature.

It may be very well, so far as it goes, to pack the memory with verbal rules about propriety and morals; to tie the hands and feet of all the passions with the cords of injunction, and protest, and social threats, and to clap the free nature into a mechanical strait-jacket, lest it may manifest itself at times improperly; but such, after all, is but a poor substitute for genuine reform. A man who is only a made up bundle of rhetorical moral sentiments and holy quotations, whose soul is only a quiver out of which he draws, from time to time, a moral-pointed arrow, which he cannot finally fire from his bow, after all—such a man may be thought reformed and regenerated by those whose insight can go no deeper than appearances; but he is a new man in no true sense of the word. His purity is but verbal and professional, though he may not even know it himself; it has not its original existence in the heart of his being.

True temperance is a saving from waste, whether of body or spirit; it necessarily involves, therefore, a harmony of all the qualities and elements. It is not secured, either, so much by keeping one quality down as by giving its opposite quality a chance to go up. Thus there are no unnatural depressions of character, no gaps and hollows that require to be filled in order to give spherical proportions to the whole, but each element is so trained to preserve its proper place and power as to furnish harmony for the entire nature. The world has not thrown off asceticism yet; we still believe in the same sort of spiritual scourgings and macerations which monks and sorrowful saints used to practice upon their bodies, and, like them, we vainly think we are doing God honor, and by some inexplicable, vicarious process are helping ourselves. But it is a mistaken idea, an old superstition, that deserves to be discarded. We are not called upon to destroy God's beautiful work, whether of the physical or the spiritual form, but to properly develop it in every part. To do less than this, with the thought of becoming reformed, is only to become cruelly maimed instead; and the Almighty cannot but regard such mistaken practices with infinite pity. They proceed from spiritual ignorance alone, which should be superseded by spiritual knowledge and light.

There is likewise a mental as well as a bodily temperance. Life is not all physical or all material; and he who pays regard first of all to the mental and spiritual, has less need to give himself trouble about the bodily, for it as naturally includes that as the greater includes the less. We all like to see a well-balanced person; we put more faith in such an one; we believe he possesses more strength of character—at any rate, we secretly acknowledge the powers of his superior magnetism. Not that a hot and headlong impulse may not at times make a sailly out from the nature, breaking and tearing down all obstacles, in order to insert the instinctive greatness and nobility of the individual; this is quite compatible, as an exception, with a well-balanced character, and, like some other exceptions, only goes to prove, instead of to weaken the rule. But the general tenor and temper of the life ought certainly to be even and self-restrained; there should be no periodic revulsions, no regular irregularities, no swoons and swoons of passion, no cavernous places of silliness and despair; there may be seeming excrescences, as on the earth's surface, yet they should all wear the even appearance of a curved line at a distance, and round themselves in, obediently to the central law of the individual being.

We are not temperate when we speak to the prejudice of another, whether we know he deserves it or not. What is it to us that he has lost his balance? Are we responsible for it to our consciences? or can we do penance for mistakes wrought by his own ignorance? Therefore it does not belong to us to traduce or denounce; let him, when he comes to the discovery of his error, perform that part for himself; he can do it much better than we. Most of our judgments of others are born of intemperance. We have no business to be meddling with the secret motives and unseen experience of others; and when we do so, it is because we have, by some means, at some particular point, become inflamed and excited, when we should have remained impassive and calm. Proselytism of all sorts is intemperance, because we seek thus to destroy the balance of others' natures by over-exciting some one or more of their faculties. All appeals to selfishness and mere interest, rather than to the real principles of the being, are born of intemperance, because they only signify zeal and heat, and a hasty disposition to make out a point or a case. Nature is thus interrupted in the course of her operations, and a bias is given where only harmony should exist.

But we are asked if, under such a theory, a truly harmonious character would not be the very tamest, thing-in-creation. Not at all; but, on the contrary, just the strongest and most intensely energetic. It is the fault of our poor education that we confound noise and racket with power, and that we suppose energy to be a synonym with raving and passionateness; on the other hand, the things are nowise related. A silent man is not of necessity a lump of indolence and dreaming inefficiency; look at William the Silent, who

saved England from intestine feuds; look at both of the Napoleons; look at those great souls, shining like fixed stars with steady light, their silence a thousand fold more eloquent than any speech; nay, look at Nature herself, which is the outgrowth of God. Here are no loud voices; here is no confusion, no jangling, no discord; the spheres roll on in space without a jar, but rather chording their songs as they roll, and showing forth the boundless power, and endless energy, that is resident in their creation. In silence there is always the profoundest expression; speech tells all it can, but perfect silence implies; and so utter volumes that no human tongue will ever know how to speak.

The temperate man, therefore—that is, the well-balanced man—never wastes his power, and so is never spent. By virtue of the moral and spiritual economy that governs his life, he is always fresh and new. Age does not wither him, nor does custom stale his infinite variety. He is not one-sided, simply because he is all-sided. He is ever self-possessed, and his own master. He seeks to gain no ends by trickery or fraud, because by nature he is plain, direct, open, and serene. The intense man will tire himself out in a short time; but the calm and steady character, that is temperate and full of real wisdom at the centre, will outlast a generation of such, and be fresh and new when the others have fallen down with weariness.

Our literature is as temperate as the rest. Writers employ extravagant phrases and exaggerated expressions. They seem to think nothing is said, unless it goes off with the fizz of a rocket or the snap of a bottle of ginger-pop. Adjectives ruin everything; there is no end to the use of them. And the spirit of spread-eagles, and flying stars-and-stripes, and Fourth-of-July's, permeates every sort of action. Independence is supposed to have no meaning; if it cannot mean also independence of self-restraint and grammar. We all want to go with such a dash and rattle, that our literature essays the same race-course, shell-road speed, too. Expletives abound. Passion is worked up morbidly and magnificently. There is no limit or measure to the buncombe practices, the hurrah-boys sentiments, the knock-down arguments, and the grand crash of phrases and sentences.

Just the same way, too, with the popular preaching. Read the reports of Spurgeon. We speak of him, because his style is truly representative of this thing. Spurgeon well illustrates the boys' frolic, on Fourth of July mornings, with a bunch of Chinese crackers under an inverted flour barrel. He is pyrotechnic, with more of a powder smell than brilliancy of blaze. Or better, there is more sulphur than fire about his head. He is called a new institution, in these times; but it is a mistake. There is nothing new in his preaching, with all its extravagance and exaggeration; it is only an attempt, it is greater or less degree successful, to galvanize old dogmas, so that they shall seem to be endowed with a new life. And it is so with all the sensation preaching that is performed on other than a genuinely spiritual plane; it is forced to make up with intemperance, which is mere exaggeration, the lack of spiritual vitality from which it is so large a sufferer.

Why may we not, all of us, prove ourselves just as true and noble men and women, if we are content to be plain and simple; if we eschew the contagious tricks of ill-developed and superficial teachers, and resolve to rely more upon ourselves? Surely, there is great need of more of this simplicity and directness in our business, and likewise in our ordinary social relations. Superlatives have been exhausted, both in language and action; we may fall back now on the great centres of our nature, where all the native powers work silently and in earnest harmony, and know that strength alone proceeds thence, exhaustless and without end. We need chiefly no faculty because it has hitherto controlled us; we only need to give it fair adjustment in the nature, and seek to maintain, by patient and steady development, that perfect proportion and harmony which can be the only result even of our present irregular exertions. So we shall be strong indeed, and our strength will be always fresh and renewed.

Dr. Holmes and Religion.

Some of the over-anxious Orthodox secular papers—those dogs that sit on the steps and bark for the Church that employs them with its patronage—have been assailing the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" of late, on account of his articles, or one article at least,—in the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly." We have seen several replies, on this side and that, and the last is from the columns of the Boston Atlas and Bee. The spirit of the whole article shows that Religion is a something about which everybody can write and talk—laymen as well as clergy—and that the man whose experiences are deepest and freshest will be certain to secure the largest number of readers. The following sentiments occur in the course of the article, in the Atlas and Bee:

"Of the 'Autocrat's' personal belief we have no knowledge whatever, nor have we anything to do with his notions uttered in his speeches, like that at the Unitarian festival, but in his articles in the Atlantic Monthly we certainly do not discover any purpose to sneer at or deride religion or diminish respect for it. But it is said that his writings tend to make men skeptical, and on this point we have been censured for upholding the Doctor's somewhat free style of suggestion and inquiry. To this we answer again that a creed or belief which cannot stand the attacks of all the doubters in Christendom, is weak in some essential point.

No religious faith should be adopted without inquiry; nay, more, it should stand the ordeal of individual and collective skepticism. He who believes what he has dared to doubt, or dares not believe lest he should doubt, is a coward; he who doubts everything without ever deciding, is a skeptical fool; and he who doubts nothing, is a credulous fool. The honest and wise seeker after truth welcomes all inquiry, all doubts and all criticisms; and when he has passed them all through the crucible, rejects what seems to him dross, retaining only the refined gold, the residuum of truth which the fire cannot destroy. If we could find in Dr. Holmes's papers any signs of unreasonable, captious fault-finding with religion, or any evidence of hostility to Christianity, we should criticize him for it as freely as we have his apparent deference to the social and literary snobbery of the Mutual Admiration Society, which occasionally, by its airs and antics, makes our three-billed city the laughing stock of the outside barbarians. But until we do reason to the contrary, we will accept of the 'Autocrat's' writings, we shall defend his notions with the same freedom that we use in criticizing some of his companionships and social delusions."

John Augustus.

This well-known philanthropist departed this life on the 21st ult. Mr. Augustus's religion is written in his noble deeds. Look at his works and you can read his faith. Many tears have been wiped away—many an aching heart has been made glad by his individual efforts—a multitude of down-trodden human beings are his grateful friends, now and forever. He has been a friend to the rebel, to the outcast, to the indolent young offender, and to all offenders who had no friends or money to meet in combat the ruthless, merciless exorcutors of human laws. Mr. Augustus has given a cup of water in the name of Christ many a time; he has been a friend indeed, whenever and wherever a friend was needed. He has in his unselfish work appealed to the deeper and truer faculties of the human soul in raising young men and women from the sloughs of crime, suffering and misery, to the even, universal platform for all humanity, which humanity is the household of God, who is the Father of all his children. The Temperance Visitor says:

"His philanthropy was exercised in what was considered at the time a somewhat eccentric way. Young offenders against the law were then, as now, being brought into Court. Without friends or parents to be responsible for their good behavior or appearance, they often had to suffer imprisonment while awaiting examination, and a lonely visit to the public institutions provided for such alleged offenders, has not always been considered the best places for the formation of a good moral character. It was among the ideas that Mr. Augustus commenced his career as a philanthropist about twenty years ago. During that time he has been responsible in bonds for such persons to the amount in the aggregate, of about \$250,000, and in very few cases has he ever suffered any loss."

Louis Napoleon.

Public opinion respecting Louis Napoleon is fast changing in Europe. It is certain that he has never refused cheerfully to bear the burden laid on his shoulders, whether in the midst of high or humble circumstances. He always has shown himself quite equal to the occasion, let it be what it may. The Berlin correspondent of the New York Herald writes of the man—at present drawing the eyes of the civilized world upon him—

"If the Austrians have surprised every one by their unskillfulness and ill-luck, Louis Napoleon has surpassed all expectation, or rather he has given the lie to those who, while acknowledging his talent for political intrigue, his unparalleled fluency and perfect mastery of the whole science of bluffing, utterly scorned the idea of his possessing that military genius which distinguished his renowned uncle, and which, in fact, could hardly be anticipated in a man who commenced his warlike career at the mature age of fifty-two. There have been much older generals, indeed, who have obtained a great reputation. Blücher, Suvoroff and Napoleon were superlatively great; but Napoleon was upwards of sixty; they had all been brought up in the camp, and had served for years in subordinate capacities before they attained the chief command. Louis Napoleon, on the contrary, who has never headed so much as a corporal's guard in real warfare, who has never smelt powder except when he shot the custom-house officer at Boulogne, and who has been living for the last ten years in all the splendor and encircling luxury of presidential and imperial grandeur, is suddenly placed in command of an army of two hundred thousand men, the leading of which his uncle declared to be the most arduous effort the human mind was capable of."

"Awful Gardner."

The People's Coffee Room was opened in New York on Thursday night, 23d ult.; not a remarkable occurrence at all in itself, but attended with somewhat interesting circumstances. The Coffee Room is to be under the supervision of Orville Gardner, better known to the "fancy" and fighting men under the title of "Awful Gardner," who was a convert during the revival in New York, more than a year ago. It is said that Mr. Gardner has been a changed man, ever since his seriousness on religion, and that his way of life bears evidence in plenty to his improvement. Friends set him up in business, and kind men lend a helping hand. Among the ministers who are engaged in such a truly Christian work, we find, as we expected, the name of Henry Ward Beecher, who never shrinks or hesitates, whenever good is to be done. Mr. Gardner made a speech, humorously sketching his past life, thanking God for the change which religion had produced in him, and promising to all who would, as he did, quit forever the intoxicating bowl, more solid joy and happiness than they had ever before felt. At the close of his remarks, his eyes filled with tears, and amid the applause of the audience, Mr. Beecher stepped up and warmly grasped his hand.

Celebration of the Fourth.

The City Government have made ample arrangements for the celebration of the National Anniversary. Not an hour from early morning till late at night is left without its attraction. The Concert in the morning, the Regatta, the Balloon Ascension, and Fireworks, with the attractions at the Public Garden, are well arranged, and Mr. Sumner's oration will be a production of rare excellence.

At the Public Garden, the Children's Celebration will be under the charge of the Teachers of the Warren Street Chapel. All children will be admitted free. Tents for dancing, a gymnasium, slight-of-hand performances, fire balloon ascensions, etc., etc., will give the little ones full opportunity to enjoy themselves.

Plumer's Case.

The condemned man, Cyrus W. Plumer, now lying in Boston Jail for mutiny and murder on shipboard, has been reprieved by the President for two weeks from the day appointed for his execution; so that he will probably be hanged on the 8th of July. The President intimated, in his communication to the Marshal, that the prisoner need not hope for pardon, as it would in no case be granted. There is a petition in town for a postponement of his execution for a twelvemonth, if not longer, in order that additional evidence may be obtained from Australia in his favor; but, according to appearances, there is very little chance of its meeting with favor at Washington. Some of the most prominent men of Boston, who have examined his case with care and closeness, are of opinion that he is not guilty of the crime of murder, and that he took command of the ship solely from motives of humanity.

Theodore Parker in England.

Mr. Parker has arrived in England from Santa Cruz. In a letter to Francis Jackson, Esq., dated London, June 8, he says in reference to his health:

"I hope I am better, but the bad air of London makes me cough more than at Santa Cruz. But this may come from a cold, which all people have when they leave a ship after a considerable voyage." Referring to the death of Mr. Hovey, he pays him the following tribute: "Mr. Hovey's death is a public calamity. To lose a man upright before God, and downright before men, whose religion was to do justly, love mercy, and walk manfully through the world—opening the eyes of the blind, and breaking off the fetters from the servo, and helping such as are ready to perish—that is a loss indeed. Had I been in Boston, I should have said a word or two at his funeral; for I have known him since June, 1841—known him intimately. But if W. L. G. and W. P. opened their lips, it was needless for another to attempt to speak."—*Liberator*.

Laying out of Hands in London.

We learn from G. S. Burgess, a correspondent of the Portland Pleasure Boat, that there is an institution in London, called the "Memorial Infirmary," where many wonderful cures are performed, simply by the laying out of hands, without the aid of medicines, and no remedial agent is used except the magnetism of the human hand; it being claimed that every person possesses the power of healing, in some degree, and that this power should be used for the benefit of the suffering. Dr. John Elliottson, whose name ranks among the first, if not the first, in the medical profession in England, is the founder and chief supporter of this Infirmary.

Picnic.

A Spiritualists' Picnic is to be held in a beautiful grove, near West Railroad Station, in Danville, Maine, called the Hotel Road, on Monday, the 4th of July next. It being a central place, will accommodate our friends in the counties of Cumberland, Androscoggin, and Oxford. Of course it is expected that all will bring provisions with them, so as to sit the place, circumstances and occasion. All friends are invited; and we hope that all trance and normal speakers who can make it convenient, will attend and participate in the enjoyments of this day.

Committee: J. W. Foster, of West Danville; D. H. Hamilton, of Lewiston; J. B. Murray, of Turner; Jefferson Owen, of North Turner; H. A. M. Bradbury, of Norway; J. C. Shaw, of Buckfield; Josiah Littlefield, of Auburn, and Capt. Isaac S. Bailey, of Livermore.

The Daily Dispatch and Judge Edmonds.

The editor of the Dispatch, published at Richmond, Va., makes commentaries on a lecture delivered by Judge Edmonds at Doddworth's Hall, New York. He accepts the fundamental principles of the lecture, supplies what he deems the Judge's defects, and concludes by saying that it seems strange that a learned lawyer should be so "bofofoled." He measures Spiritualism by a narrow standard of materialism—thinks that Spiritualism has high priests—and talks of Miss Catherine Fox as one of the inventors of Spiritual manifestations. Our brother has not yet read the title page of the book of Spiritualism.

The Newburyport Herald.

This paper keeps pace with time and progress. Under date of June 17th its leader is an able and scientific production; its logic is reason and common sense. Here is one sentence: "We do not seek to have an effect without a cause. The cause of all things is spiritual, the effects that we see are natural; the same as thought is spiritual and speech natural—emotions are spiritual and action is natural. The cause is the great Divine cause that first created the world."

Theological Criticism.

The Christian Register makes very reasonable and just animadversions upon the criticism of the Independent on Mr. Holmes's "Breakfast Table Religion." The Independent calls this religion "Theological quackery." Why should it not? There is no creed that goes before the creed of the Independent in preparing its followers to call naughty words back, and return a blow for a blow.

Postponed.

The Convention that was announced to be held at Seymour, Conn., on Thursday of this week, has been postponed.

The N. E. U. University Locating Convention.

Will be held at Lowell on the fifth and sixth of July. A large attendance is expected. All are invited to attend who are interested in the education and welfare of the rising generation. The stockholders in this institution already number between five and six hundred.

Railroad tickets for the Convention will be for sale at half price by Dea Marsh, Dr. Gardner, and at the BANNER OF LIGHT office.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ESCHATOLOGY; OR, THE SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF THE COMING OF THE LORD, THE JUDGMENT, AND THE RESURRECTION. By Samuel Lee. Boston: J. E. Mott & Co.

This is but one more of the symptoms of what is close at hand. Here the reader gets a view of the topics above recited from the pen of a professed Orthodox; but a view so thoroughly fresh and truly spiritual, embodying doctrines so liberal and so full of Christian love, and of such general application to the human race, whether in the Church or out of it, that we cannot but rejoice exceedingly to have an opportunity to chronicle so timely and useful a manifestation. The times are changing, and that is no longer to be decried; when these important changes cannot be concealed, it is idle to seek to deny them.

The motto chosen by the author for his book is from Paul, as follows:—"Let God be true, but every man a liar." He then goes on to explain to the reader the motives that led to the preparation of the present volume, which naturally include much of his profoundest experiences. He states that, "early in his ministry, the writer attempted to gain some definite views on the subject presented in this volume. He consulted authors, and especially commentators. The effect was 'confusion worse confounded.' He then, as the only hope, went directly and alone to the volume of Inspiration, and attempted to study the Scriptures scripturally—to make the Bible its own interpreter." And this volume is the result of his studies. The central and controlling idea of it all is, "that one of the conditions of a more spiritual religion, and of a fuller development of Christian character, is, bringing the realities of the unseen world very much nearer." This statement will, of course, make him many enemies, even among his own brethren in the ministry; yet it ought not. If it is not sinful to preach about the delights of spirit-communication out of the form, or after death, it certainly cannot be so to discourse of the same things for us in the form.

We can commend this book written by a truly Christian pen, to the earnest pursuit of every believer in Bible inspiration. It will awaken thoughts that, till now, they have been bidden to keep down. It will revive and refresh the spirit already hungering and thirsting for that food and drink which comes down from Heaven alone. Every observant reader will learn more of the Bible, and its lofty teachings and truths, than he knew before, or at least, will see old things newly. It will be equal to a new lease of spiritual life to all believers.

A SERMON FOR MIDSUMMER DAY: Beauty in the World of Matter, Considered as a Revelation of God. By Theodore Parker.

The Twenty-eighth Congregational Church, whose beloved pastor is now endeavoring to regain his health by travel in foreign lands, have issued a pamphlet of twenty-four pages, with the above title page. The sermon it contains was delivered July 16th, 1855, and is widely different from Mr. Parker's usual efforts. The pamphlet also contains an introductory letter from Mr. P., written while at Santa Cruz, dated March 15th, 1855, setting forth in the first place his reasons for writing such a discourse, and detailing in glowing terms the beauties of Nature as she had then spread them before his eyes on the "Fride of the Barbadoes," the island of the "Holy Cross." The sermon is not metaphysical or profound as is usual with Mr. Parker's efforts—not taxing the mind with deep argument, in addition to the burden of mid-summer's heat, but light and cheerful, serving to give buoyancy to the soul's aspirations. H. W. Swett & Co., Publishers, 128 Washington street, Boston.

We have received from Sheppard, Clark & Brown, "St. ROMAN'S WELL," the 10th No. of Waverley's Novels, by Sir Walter Scott; cheap edition—Twenty-five cents each number.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Mrs. HATCH'S LECTURES.—Number three of the series of Ten Discourses by Mrs. Hatch, on "The Sciences and their Philosophy," did not reach us in season to print in the present issue. It will appear in our next. These lectures are reported with great care, and will repay a careful perusal.

NE JURY.

Were men but just—were Truth their aim and end, They'd raise the erring, and the poor befriended. Such, when their souls pass on to realms above, Millions shall greet with sweetest songs of love. Oh, happy day! when all the earth can know The heavenly wealth of doing right below! What crowns immortal, roseate and grand, Shall grace their brows high in the Spirit-Land.

We are proud of our New York Reporters—Messrs. ELLIWOOD, BURN and LOMB—and can, with the fullest confidence in their abilities, recommend them to the public as masters of the phonographic art. Consequently, it is almost needless to add, the matter which passes through their hands for the press gives entire satisfaction to the speakers whom they report.

Read the message of Jane Cary, a spirit, on our sixth page. "What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" "A branch of birch, sir; the master has used almost a whole tree."

THE PIKE'S PEAK HUMBUG.—We have just seen a returned Pike's Peak dog-seeker, who says he has suffered everything physically a mortal could, and live. He tells an awful story of human suffering and pronounces the Pike's Peak affair an unmitigated humbug. He says those who went there well prepared for mining operations, after working five weeks, collected about thirty-five cents worth of the precious metal per day. That was the extent of the yield.

God works his mightiest ends by the feeblest instruments. The purest angels come forth from the meanest material developments. The richest fruit often grows on the roughest wall.

A Parahitioner inquired of his pastor the meaning of this line in Scripture—"He was clothed with curses as with a garment." "It signifies," replied the divine, "that the individual had got a bad habit of swearing."

Bro. H. M. MILLER requests us to state that he will attend the meeting to be held at Conneaut, Ohio, July 13th and 14th.

THE NATIONAL HOUSE, Haymarket Square, is a convenient stopping-place for travelers who arrive in Boston on business from the east, as it is located in near proximity to the Boston and Maine Railway Depot, and yet "up town" far enough for the accommodation of its patrons.

We believe with Kossuth that Louis Napoleon knows that his interest as well as his glory lies in a liberal policy toward Italy; and that he will faithfully carry out the principles he has laid down. He has shown that far a Napoleonic promptitude in his war movements, and the progress of thousands go with him for the utter defeat of the Austrians, and their final expulsion from regenerated Italy.—*Transcript*.

Punch thinks if the 'marring expletives that are reported of the Austrians in Lombardy be true—paying for nothing, and helping themselves to everything—that Austria can boast of the largest rifle corps in the world.

The Crops.—The Cincinnati Times says, "Let the croakers croak; there is no damage of consequence to the great staple products. It will be found that the more tender and less important vegetation has been only slightly injured, and the wheat and corn scarcely harmed. The crops are as yet safe."

The looking-glass may say what it pleases. The heart of friends is the mirror of good men. And in that glass we shall be beautiful enough, if we are good enough.—*Brethren*.

An individual at Cornwall, England, has made himself a complete suit from 670 rat skins!

An exchange states that the Davenport Boys were arrested last week in Plunkin, Oswego county, N. Y., on a charge of exhibiting jugglery without a license. They were tried before a justice there, convicted and fined ten dollars and costs. The friends of the boys offered to pay the fine. This the boys objected to, and maintained that they were *jailed* arrested, refused to pay the fine, being determined to defend themselves in another way through legal process. They, therefore, permitted themselves to be taken to Oswego, and incarcerated in jail, where they now are and have been several days.

They have been playing farces at the theatre of war in Italy, mixed in with a very little tragedy, for variety.

The young woman, Miriam Y. Heath, who, together with her brother, Francis E. Heath, was convicted at Lowell in June, 1855, of murder in the second degree, having caused the death of their father, Joshua Heath, at Braintree, January 3d, was sentenced in the Supreme Court at Cambridge, June

21st, before Judges Bigelow and Hoar, to imprisonment in the House of Correction at East Cambridge during life, with one day solitary imprisonment. Her brother is now serving out a sentence for life in the State Prison.

We are pleased to notice that our friend and often correspondent, George S. Phillips, Esq., "January Scare!" has associated himself with the "Olive Branch," published in this city. Mr. Phillips is one of the most vigorous writers of the present age. His reputation was made in Europe long before he came to our country.

War bulletins take up most of the Empress Eugenie's time, but the mantua makers are not entirely neglected. It is said that a new sleeve of her invention, which has obtained great favor in Paris, is called the Francis 1st sleeve; it is long and wide, gathered by a band of the stuff or ribbon which extends its whole length, and it is terminated by a round loose wristband under which passes a graceful puffed or ruffled sleeve!

We have n't "been happy to acknowledge" a single box of strawberries yet!

INFIRMARY AT 22 LA GRANGE PLACE.

MEANS. EDITORS.—Owing to an increase of practice and the desire of patients to have personal attendance while under my care, I have been induced to open an infirmary for the reception of the sick. This institution is at No. 22 La Grange Place, Boston—a central, yet retired and quiet part of the city. Here the sick will find everything adapted to their necessities and conducive to comfort and health. The undersigned will make clairvoyant examinations and prescribe for patients, present and absent, and heal by laying on of hands, in which capacities he has been before the public for the last eight years with marked success.

An eminent surgeon will attend to the surgical department; while the house will be under the supervision of an experienced man and his wife, who are well acquainted with all that pertains to the sick room and culinary department of such an establishment.

An experienced electrician of each sex will be in attendance to apply electricity to those who require it; and an excellent test medium will be constantly at this house for the accommodation of the public who desire to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Patients will be received under treatment, with board, upon reasonable terms. The house is now open for the reception of the public, whose attention we most cordially invite.

GEORGE ATKINS, Proprietor.

Boston, June 23, 1855.

PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.

DEAR BANNER.—Not having troubled your sanctum, nor intruded upon the dignity of the chair editorial of Spiritual journals for nearly two years, I hope to be pardoned if I now attempt, *pro bono publico*, to fill the niche made vacant by the absence of our mutual friend, Cora Wilburn, by recording an item of "passing events" in our city of "brotherly love."

In company with Mrs. Barnes, healing and trance-speaking medium, now located at the southwest corner of Morgan and Tenth streets, and by invitation from John Adams, John Howard and Isaac Hopper, who had solicited Mrs. B. repeatedly so to do, I visited Moyamensing Prison—located in the southern part of Philadelphia—Sunday afternoon, for the purpose of giving Mrs. B. an opportunity to obey her spirit prompts by addressing the convicts. At the hour of 3 o'clock P. M. we arrived at the prison and found access to the female department, religious services having been performed among the males in the morning. We were kindly and courteously received by the lady matron, and Mr. Mullen, sub-superintendent, to whom the sole control of teachings of Sabbath among both departments is given. This gentleman informed me that he freely allowed all orders of religionists—not excepting Catholics—to visit and address the convicts. This speaks highly for his good sense, as well as liberality. A table, with Bible, hymn-book, etc., were provided, and placed in the centre of the aisle on the second floor, so as to be conveniently heard by all the prisoners above and below, but not conveniently seen by them, as they were confined to their rooms, and had but a small aperture to look out from. There is no chapel-room in this institution to assemble its inmates together in. After singing an appropriate hymn, Mrs. Barnes was entranced, and pronounced what a zealous Christian would call a beautiful invocation. She then spoke a few moments, when the controlling power pressed her humble servant to "improve the time, after which the sister will finish her present duties." So I obeyed by reading a portion of the Sermon on the Mount, and followed with such comments thereon, and such advice as was given to my mind to speak. Then we sang another hymn, and Mrs. B. was controlled to speak individually and separately to some twenty-five of the females, who were deeply affected, even to floods of tears. The scene was alike thrilling to the heart and convincing to the judgment, that hearts of convicts are accessible to words of love and hope, and that many of these poor unfortunate creatures are nearer the kingdom than the sordid worldlings (in many cases) who sent them there. A majority of these persons could be easily saved, I have no doubt, if proper influences were thrown around them. But what can they do without help? No sooner are they free by "satisfying the demands of justice," (I) than the eye of distrust, the curled lip, the harsh epithet, the finger of scorn, all combine to drive these victims of circumstances and corrupt society into a repetition of offences, and back they return. No homes, no friends! In the name of God and humanity, who, having a thimble-full of brains, or a heart as big as a ground-nut, could think of cursing, or otherwise than deeply sympathizing with this class of Fashion's thrown-off garments? Allow me a suggestion to record, which came from John Howard, after our return from the prison:—"Oh, when will mankind learn to be wise? How long must the unfortunate continue to be crushed beneath the iron rule of selfishness, and be beaten with the tyrant's rod of ignorance? Oh that man could see that if the time and means expended in and upon prisons, were applied to *homesteads*, and means to bless and assist the poor, prisons would not be needed, and this world might be blessed indeed." Ignorance and poverty are the twin tyrants that oppress our race. Yours for equity, love and truth,

C. H. DE WOLFE.

Philadelphia, June 10, 1855.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT

May be purchased of the following

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Books & Newspapers.

Our friends will confer a favor on us by purchasing the BANNER at the New Depot in a town where they reside, if one is kept there, thereby encouraging the Paper Dealer to keep the BANNER OF LIGHT on his counter.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at the following rates:—First insertion, fifteen cents per line; second, and all subsequent, ten cents per line. No departure will be made from this rule until further notice.

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REMEMBER That we take all risk in the mail, so

John: One exclamation, "Oh, is not that beautiful!" This is I feel lost. I communicated once when I first died but not to

you on the subject of Spiritualism, you were pleased to request that I would favor you, in writing, with a sketch of my experiences as an Investigator. In complying therewith, I wish it to be understood that it is not my intention or desire to enter into any controversy upon the subject; but imagin-

[illegible]

Miss E. E. GIBSON, impressional speaking medium, may be addressed for the present at 142 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCE will respond to invitations to lecture addressed to her at No. 534 Broadway, New York City.

HENRY WADE BEECHER.
DERBY & JACKSON, 110 Nassau street, New York, have
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 21 June 14

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