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

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Morning, June 19th, 1859.

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

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 heginning and earlier are attitle. 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

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 strong on 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 broth-

erhood: Honor the king. Honor all men.

As in the natural world not the things which the tolescope reveals, or the things which the eye easily beholds, are alone worthy of regard, but just as much, and with inexhaustible 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 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 misconceive 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. 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

tions, 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 these otherwise seemingly scattered and uncon nected 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 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, 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.

Scriptures, we are there taught to believe that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to live for interest world the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begot he later that he still find that he gave his only begotten Son to loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to loved We are taught—though we scarcely need to be taught that men of genius, men of eminent skill, men prodi-gal of wisdom, men of ample goodness, are noble speci-mens 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 mon people," unless it is pronounced common people. They are called the "vulgar crowd." They are called the "rabble." "common people." A grand term is this "com

Our text is in point upon this subject. The command is, "Honor all men." It does not of course. mand 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, not in the speciality of their earthly relations, 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 ques-tion. It is enough for me to know that God teaches tion. 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 and the country of the relation of my children and the country of the co 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 ences anything in the low, and mean, and mixed, and imperfect measure, in which we experience it. We know that that which we understand as parental 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 sublimest proportions, and in the greatest purity, in his Word. And if I understand 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 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 which 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, to equipment of faculties, rare and exquisite, as ling exalted infinitely above all creation beside on rth. 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. men by the example and habit of Christ in this respect,
The amount God put into him may never be educated ought to be deeply pendered. If there be one thing

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 bestown his gain, but according to his own greatness HENRY WARD BEECHER 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 neighbors know; but there is another life and your neighbors know; out 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 sum-mer in which they are planted.

This looking upon men who have not made any dis-

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 of preaching—a baseless humanitary notion;" but it is what all the world are doing in making heroes of dead men. Ten thousand men go flocking to Mount Vernon, and stand and look upon the exterior tomb that holds the remains of Washing. ton. 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 ing may have been bestowed upon him, do like faculties which have been bestowed upon him do you say I am making an abnormal use of any 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 deriv-

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 elect—of course I do. I believe that Christ died for the elect, because they were heart into this world into this world into this world into this world into this world. 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 life 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

loves a human being, should we not regard that human 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 within the understanding of men, by doing that which the world considered as an act indicative of 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

we are to weigh our fellow men; and when you wish to weigh a man, you must use those 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, will look upon his fellow men in this way. And, viewed in this way, from the sacrod 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 desting 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 caring 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 hi follow 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 folt 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 con

tempt for, all men except those who are fledged 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 would be impossible to any other faculty; and when I go on to speak of the things commanded to Christian men—of the things commanded in respect to their thoughts, and feelings, and treatment of 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 mand, 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 name less contempts which men feel for their fellow men. And the duties which I shall expound will seem beauti ful to love, but adious 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." At one blow, this demolishes the custom of the world. We are to separate men from their mere external and transient relations, and to be hold 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,

which is remarkable in the mere 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 confidence in the conditions of the conditions as they stood in their original and natural confidence in the other, mortising a hole in a stick of timestation. dition. He violated every one of the modes of proce-dure 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 sympalooked at them according to a different law of sympathy from that ordinarily employed. 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 vincible rather. They were destined to the same eternity to which he was destined. They were all weak, vincible 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 positive terms are the way of the same terms and positive terms. stitutions. They needed civil governments and po-litical economics; but he said. This is far in value transcending all civil governments and all political economics."

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. Haw 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 by 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 Christ forever looked at man in his spiritual origin And yet this is the way in which men are prone to judge of each other. Those qualities which ally the hu-man family to God, are ten thousand times more important than the trollis 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 f 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 I do not mean to say that there is no place in which we are to look at men in their scular 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 the fazecular 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 rea. condition, and is to be honored and respected condition, and is to be honored and respected by rea-son 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 recled with drunkenness, until my heart and soul meltrected with draintenness, and my near and sout met-ed 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 can-not carry this feeling all the time. I have an unripe nature, and I am so much under the influence of symthat, 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 trea-

sures inside of the box. I know it is hateful.

This teaching which I have read to you, presents man as a creature to be universally honored, regarded, loved. You are to honor, regard and love your fellowmen, whether they are near, or far off; whether they are from yours. You are to do this without respect to classifications of society. Every man is your fellow, is 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 best way to find out yourselves—you shall find that men seem to feel bound to be considerate, and just, and fair, and 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 neighbor hood; but if a man is a stranger, coming from 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 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 any thing more bitter than the hatred of churches. I need not tell you that in the ranks of political parties there 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 hating is the most consistent and universal trait in the human 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 es the 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 prudish if we did not. If we go among our fellow-men who stand on our level, who dress as we dress, who spread their board as we spread ours, and who occupy themselves with such things as engage our time and attention, we find no difficulty in bearing sympathetic relations to them. We honor a man who can drive a smart bargain, because we do such things ourselves, or try to de them. and plant, we feel as though we must lift ourselves up If a man understands how to build a splendid house.

ber. 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 black smith, blowing his bellows. and holding a piece of iron in the fire. As we pass by and holding a piece of iron in the fire. As we pass by him we say, "Poor fellow. I thank God that I am not doomed to follow that miserable employment."

And so it is with respect to all who are below us in and so it is with respect to an who are below as iffe, 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 bench two atomic apriling a printing. here are a million of blood-bought men, eternal spirits 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 at more piece of work that

he has performed for you—it may be the decoration of 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 a calling so low, there is not an occupation so menial in life, that 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 would 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 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 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 fidelity appear, nonor them for it. De sympatheme toward overy 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 crea tures.

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 them 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

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 diffi-culty, if the frost has not opened the burs. It is harder to open the burs and get at the chestnuts than loved. You are to honor, regard and love your fellowits it is to knock them down from the trees. And I think 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 gible; and when you have got them, it is harder to your own household, or are of nationalities different carry them into daily practice than it was 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, 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 carthly 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 nearliesit of it. It teaches at the behit 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

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 uncering 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 interest to you for the time below, rule you, is a sweet man below him is beautiful. The letting of one in-ferior 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 mitted. There the mother permits her dearly beloved child to push her head, or to draw her carls, 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 willing conversation child, answering its simple questions, and, as its little mind turns itself in every possible gyration, suiting his answers to its ten thousand whims and caprices. This is wondrous; 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 influence 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 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 de-sire to see others put forward instead of yourself—and how to invest money to a good advantage, how to get open and honest love of men which shall lead you to rich by dealing in stocks, how to enter into the hurly-burly of life and make his way through all difficulties, covets nothing from a son. That must be a poor moth-

er indeed that is fealous 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 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, that we are to desire the many happiness from scales they have heaved. graces. The command of Christis, that we are to de-rive 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 y as much as we are living below it.

But a still less considered duty is taught in the

soventeenth verse of the third chapter of James, in which the spirit of a man is like God's—a spirit reasy 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 influenced. The spirit of pride tends to fortily 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, decisions and 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 wicked for a man to unduly hold out when another where for a min to unduly noted 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

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 slauderous 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 impregnaas he directs his assaults upon me, I will be impregnahle to them. But let a man sully 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 death of my soul what that and I should know to the depth of my soul what that man deserved. The feeling of justice in a man is terri-ble 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 lone to others.

done to others.

It is not when men say, "God damn you,"—it is not when men uso profanities, though they are not less wicked than you 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 whom he looks upon those for whom he has checked. when he looks upon those for whom he has shed his blood, those whom he has builded in his own express image, those whom he is leading by the hand through the tribulations and trials of this world, and sees the the tribulations and trials of this world, and sees the ruthlessness, the disregard, the selfsh 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 hatcth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he Show me a man that is proud and over-reaching, who professes to be plous and I will tell you that his ploty is all flummery. 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 indiffer-ent to a fellow man. It is not only wickedness toward man, but wickedness right at the heart of God. You put your bow right against God's buckler when you attempt to wound your fellow men. Man is sacred before God, whether he is before you or not. My heart is bitter, my heart bends down as trees do when sur-charged with rain, when I think how men are treated, saniged with thin, when I talling how York. I'do not know that I should want to wear sackcloth and hair selts, as old saints used to, on account of these things; out 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 burden-

some 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 are you accustomed to rank cold-ness and simple indifference toward men, as among your shortcomings? It is not enough for you to say that you are not indifferent toward your dwn friends. When you walk the streets, are men mere shadows to you? Is there ever a yearning feeling of friendship in your heart toward your fellow men who are not your riends? 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 personal 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 So I understand that in the eternal world: he 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 od, 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 and before them, to keep their fellow men from coming near them, they are violating the spirit of the Gaspel. We do not need to go abroad to see this. I hink the feeling of exclusiveness and contempt on the part 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 hatchal.

All feelings of suspicion, all feelings that lead you CONTINUED ON THE BIGHTH PAGE.

Written for the Banner of Light. TO B. VIOTORIA B.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

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

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

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

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

' Love's perfumed torch they bear ! Bome heart-forms 'mid the radiance frowning stand-Some ope their gates, and lo I carth'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 I

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

Chelsea, June 18th. 1859.

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 wont 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 flung 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 tearful 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

"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 cance 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 sayage 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. Buccaniers 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 ther visits more perhaps than was prudent; she was ill of a fover, a strange nurse had just arrived, and, only a few moments previous to Captain Murray's appearance, Ida had undressed the babe, and hushed jit 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 shrowd 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 son flushing the cheek, the pearly teeth, and dark, in the entry arrested her attention, and springing to glossy hair, all combined, rendered her a perfect the door, she ejactulated, "Come up here, Ben; here's creature. Unlike her sister, her step was modulaa pretty fix we 're in; and it all comes of your wil- ted to a measure more in keeping with her stately linguess to accommodate everybody. Next time, I demeanor; her smile expressed even more than her guess, you'll listen to me!"

"Whew! what's the matter, Jenny?" came from the lips of a son of Neptune, whose good natured glance penetrated even more deeply. The light, cocountenance at the instant peered through the half- quettish grace of Edith would attract the many; the open door, and intuitively getting an insight of the affair; "has your pretty lodger flitted?"

"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 waif!" 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! 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 Georgie 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 were 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 Georgie for more than two years under the guidance of, not a weak, versatile 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. Georgie, the pet of the family, could do nothing wrong; and, it was not until others came to share

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 act, and meet punishment was sure rupted. He was pacing up and down the library to follow. A casual observer would have said there was less love in the father's heart for Georgie than of his solicitude stood before him. He held in his for the rest of the broad. "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, press of Spain, and purported to come from a brothcannot get rid of an undefined feeling whenever er, who with himself was joint owner of a merchant he comes near me. Can it be that there is no affinity between father and child?"

the love and parental favors, his qualifications be-

came 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.

And Mrs. Carrol would answer:

"Oh, Walter, do not allow prejudice to take root in your heart. Georgie 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-duplicity. 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 wont 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 1 '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, Gorgie was ringleader.

A few days more, and Master Georgie 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.

Georgie stayed just long enough to initiate some of ed. as might have been expected, took his departure. his teacher's quarterly advance, which helped trans-

Georgie was his mother's idol, and the shock occasioned by his desertion gave the finishing stroke to a constitution always delicate. She died almost im- having been, as it were, the means of inflicting so mediately.

Years sped on, and no tidings of Georgie. If Captain Carrol had spoken the honest truth, he would again entered the library of Captain Carrol—this have said he was glad of it. He had wedded anoth- time by special invitation. There was an air of aler-gentle, affectionate and beautiful; one who had most haughty coldness in the salutation of the latter kept her promise, and been a devoted mother to his as he received his visitor and bade him be seated. little orphan girls. With her fortune, added to his A feeling of distrust, gradually changing to dislike, own hard carned one, he had retired from service, had of late intruded upon his frank, friendly nature, built himself a handsome cottage, and promised him- which was imperceptibly gaining ground, and unself a large share of happiness.

gleesome creature, the pet of the household.

sister's gleesome demonstrations; her soft voice was even more musical, and her bright, impassioned 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 societyexclusive, 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 check, 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 interfloor, striving to arrange some plan, when the object hand a letter, which with much apparent reluctance he asked Captain Carrol to peruse. It bore the imship. The vessel had been captured by a pirate off Bavatavia, robbed and souttled, 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 halls 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 the younger lads into the mysteries of deception, to father one boon? Tis not for myself I ask. Thank play off some of his mad pranks upon his seniors, God, I am strong to endure, and, unnatural as it puzzle the brain of the systematical old master, and may appear, I suffer for them, not for myself; there when summary punishment could no longer be avoid-never was a feeling of consanguinity between that reprobate and myself; I have many a time doubted In some mysterious way he had gained possession of if he were indeed my son; but for my children, my gentle loving Edith, my high spirited, noble Kate, I form him into a handsome sailor boy, whose swage dread the blow. Young man! for their sakes, for gering gait and aptly chosen vernacular very soon God's sake, keep this secret; in the name of all you secured him a berth on board a brig bound for Brazil. 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 much misery, he took his leave.

It was perhaps two weeks later that De Basco wittingly it became paramount. The quick eye of Edith and Kate-for so they were always spoken the doting father had read the truth in the tell-tale of-shall I describe them, reader? Edith, the blush and downcast eye of either daughter, and, younger, with her large, azure eyes, pure alabaster though his tongue had uttered no word, his heart complexion, brown, clustering curls, and cherry lips, trembled for the future. With characteristic deciswhose light, merry laugh rang out like the trill of ion he had obeyed a momentary impulse, trustingly a sky lark, was scarcely yet sixteen—a gay, glad, believing he could crush ruin in the bud. "I have summoned you," he said, briefly, "to perform a Cathrin was a beauty; the resplendent light of promise; also to exact one in return. I will give you her glorious eyes constituted perhaps the greater the third of my hard-earned fortune, now, this very part; yet the finely-cut features, and the rich crim- hour, upon condition that you take your departure the boy so fondly loved, so almost idolized, were in loved and respected by all who knew him.

never to reveal the fatal scoret, and never, by any stornly to the only course they could pursue. means, to hold communication with any member of my family."

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 daughters. 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 later, and he had the intense satisfaction of reading it possible?" the name of De Basco among the passengers of an outward bound steamer, and hastened to communithe effect it might produce. The sudden start. averted eye, tremulous tone, and faltering footstep, 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' came to mind, each one tinged with mystery.

At times, the stranger had asked questions, and one who had never, as he averred, visited the States large a sum. The letter, after all, might have been a rascally forgery. In his anxiety he had overlooked too late. True, there had been a short paragraph in the papers, very similar; one of the renegadoes had been an American; the alias was the same, and the real name suppressed, it was stated, through delica-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 wont do to have any faded cheeks or broken hearts in consequence. Broken hearts I pshaw!" and the 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 aged, 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 flit before them and make, perhaps, a few important discoveries.

In a pretty cottage in the suburbs of London, surhad embellished both mind and body, and the busy, according to appearances; however \_\_" bustling woman of former times had quietly submerged into the lady of a jovial country squire, wor- raged Captain Carrol. Son! my son! Good God! thy 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 inflict the punishment you deserve." was just the man of all others to enjoy it. He kept understand, in his brusque, jovial way, that it was fer can be effected without much trouble." 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 vas at all pleased at the recognition, which, by the way, was all on her side. To tell the truth, I did n't want to believe I had ever seen her before, but it was of no use; she knew me, and I was obliged to suc-

"So much for adhering to old fashions. She'll find it harder 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 '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 fierce-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 dis closure; the healthful, florid check of Dame Blount faded to a pallid hue as she struggled with conflicting emotions; there was no hope, no palliation, if an ornament to society, the idel of his family, be-

immediately, binding yourself, by a solemn contract, truth the son of Captain Carrol. Justice pointed

It was a hard task, and worthy Damo Blount shrank from it; but it must be done, and without A scowl, almost demoniac in expression, stole over delay. Robert was summoned from college to listen the Spaniard's face as he listened; and he arose, to a recital so estrange as almost to overpower him, and, with a flashing eye and haughty ourl of the lip, and measures were about to be taken to inform Caphe confronted the man who dared so coolly make tain 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

"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 hated had been cheaply purchased. A few days of yours? Same name, but who would have thought

The scene that followed was made the most of: and, as the dreadful news must be communicated to cate the intelligence to his family, fain to witness 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 arms, each striving to sooth the other, alternately succeeded in doing away any impression they might wondering, blaming, and exusing the heartlessness have received of his delinquency; if the reasons he too truthfully apparent; and the father paced up gave for his abrupt departure had only been a tithe and down the library floor, with agony almost as in- of the truth, any one even more sceptical might tense, though haply less overpowering. Thoughts, have been satisfied, and it was not long before he bitter and repellant, came rushing in hot haste to had the satisfaction of finding himself fully reinhis brain. Now that he was gone, a thousand things stated. Even Mrs. Carrol was anxious to make amends for the coldness she had at first exhibited. and exerted herself to the utmost to please; (Capdisplayed a knowledge of past times truly wonderful. tain Carrol had of course kept his own counsel,) He spoke the mother tongue wonderfully well for and excepting that the gentle sisters were suffering secret grief for the terrible fate of an only brother, before. He had acted imprudently in sacrificing so 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 everything like doubt; like precaution, it had come 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, cy and respect, etc.; but what then? might not De 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 newlibrary door closed with a loud bang that startled 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 his gentle wife and levely daughters the realization said, in a calm, firm tone. "I am myself George of many long-promised hopes, and if rightly man- 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 rounded by all the comforts and many of the luxu- upon the group who had gathered simultaneously ries of life, are seated our old friend, Ben Blount, and to the side of the old gentleman. "I didn't find it his handsome wife; for society with its advantages half so hard to play the lover as I shall the brother.

"Leave, sir! instantly, too!" thundered the enthat such a villain should dare make such an assertion! Leave! or, by the God that made me. I'll

"Since you so positively decline the honor of callan establishment suited to his own moderate views ling me your son, 'tis no more than fair to inform of domestic happiness, and if any one hinted that it me where I am likely to find some one to supply was unsuited to his means, why, he gave them to your place; as far as filial affection goes, the trans-

> "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 belong. ing 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 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 villanous acts, sufficient was found to condemn him for many years to a felon's doom.

After some months Ida, 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 aggin to realize peace and prosperity. In time his blooming daughters became happy wives and mothers, and his son

Written for the Banner of Light. DETTER TIMES.

BY LITA H, BARNEY,

Hear yo the cry, oh men of earth f O'er sea and land 't is sounding ; Old formulae are breaking up, And new-born hopes are bounding; Bright dawning day shall strike away From tawny slave his fetter : Oh happy hour, oh glorious time-

The world is growing better ! Old musty churchmen cease to prate About long-faced profession, And seem inclined to own this truth. That better is possession. Oh, sure are we the day-star dawns On Error's clanking fetter: Then sound the chorus long and high. The world is growing better!

"T is said the world is growing old: 'T is rather growing youthful-Old fogylsm melts away Before a wisdom truthful. If Ignorance still frowns and scolds At coming times, why let her! Mankind shall no more own her sway, The world is growing better i Providence, R. I., 1850.

Written for the Banner of Light.

# LIFE A ROMANCE:

OR.

THE WIFE'S LESSON.

BY EMMA D. R. TUTTLE.

Mary Easton was what perhaps an old maid or business character would denominate a sentimental young lady. She loved to read stories and poetry, and sometimes even indulged herself in the luxury of writing little songs which embodied the simple but beautiful thoughts of her unpretending brain. Her Pegasus seldom flew so high as to make her head swim; but she enjoyed the little canters on her airy horse just as well as those do who ride him on a gallop all over the universe, into ocean caves, volcanic craters, to the moon, the stars, and where not, and write things so awfully sublime that nobody but cabbage leaves, its dangling proboscis, and great themselves can understand them.

Mary loved poetry. You could see it in her graceful dress, the manner of arranging her hair, the flowers with which she ornamented herself, and a thousand little things which revealed themselves in every day life.

You need not raise your great eyes, and look over your specks so wonderingly, Mr. Critic, as much as to say, "A strange way to manifest a taste for poetry!" Hold on! I'll bet "forty great apples' you can't tell what poetry is, even if you have got Shakspeare's complete works, and Byron's, and Burns's, and a constellation of stars of lesser magnitude shining upon the shelves of your library. But allow me to venture the opinion that there is a great deal of unwritten poetry, and that I suspect you have got your share, in your own way, though doubtless you'd turn pale at the idea of writing a single line; do n't you admire a handsome woman, her sweeping robes, the luxuriant arrangement of her rich shawl, or the sway of her wavy plumes, you old bachelor?. Or if you have no eye for such fiddle-dedees, do n't you really enjoy a nicely flavored cup of coffee, and an extra dinner? I thought so. Conclusive evidence.

Good novels are charming things. Mary thought 80. She was not yet eighteen, and, before that age, what girl knows much but romance? High aspirations after profound knowledge did not annoy her. She read and gathered the gems of sense which sparkled on the thread of romance, and was content without working with her brain among the skeletons of history excavating ideas, or searching among the dusky records of dry facts to accumulate instruction. .. . . .

She liked knowledge, facts; but she liked them decided she was intellectual, and she fed her intel- placed her in the realms of actuality. He had odge, an making them walk hand in hand. She served h her own way.

Whe Mary was eighteen, fate threw into her society aroung student, just released from a sectarian school where nothing but matter of fact can abide. and scence goes draped in sober drab, without any glance did not belong to his library. adornig. Such a school is an unfavorable place to acquir a love for romance; even poesy is chased from is precincts by the professors as soon as some of her young admirers give birth to a page of rhyme, and venture to introduce the bantling to notice by reading it in the form of a composition.

, Charles Holmes's tastes were moulded in the cast of the school, and in his own estimation he knew no more about poetry than a whale does of the waters of the Mediterranean, and esteemed works of romance as being diluted moonshine; but he had poetry enough in his organization to fall in love with Mary's graceful form, golden ringlets, bright nation needs food as well as other faculties of my eyes dainty mouth, and intellect even-and romance mind, and must I refuse to give it? Poetry and roenough to fancy that being married to her, and living in some quiet little cottage, would be the some of human happiness. He though how musical the fit us to meet the realities of life." patter of her little feet would sound as they flew from one care to another about the cottage, making will take all due pains to please your taste. You home cheerful and pleasant. He thought how much define romance and poetry as superfluity. You dismore interesting Paley would become if her silver like them; I will avoid them." voice would read him aloud to him; and Looke, he fancied, would become perfectly delightful. He did not stup to ask himself the question, whether the after her. She burst into tears, and throwing hernon-profound Mary would like them on not.

"You are fond of reading, Mary, are you not?" said Charles to her one evening, as the lovers sat to tinued she, "I'll be mad at him-and I'll stay mad, gether on the piazza of the lady's home, a short time before their intended marriage.

"Yes," she replied; "but I have never enjoyed the advantages of an extensive library."

"You will appreciate mine, then," he said. "Will it not be delightful to sit close beside each other, in a cozy little studio, and read and study together! You will be my companion in all my studies, will you not, dear?" he asked. "I have so long been solitary in my literary pursuits, that the halls of science will be re-illuminated with you by my side."

Charmingly Mary's curls fell around her face as she bowed her head in assent. Visions of beautiful stories, and volumes of poetry, floated goldenly be- little voice, in a very unamiable manner. fore her eyes; visions of stacks of scientific works. all read in her soft voice and discussed by her good sight, and both imagined they dwelt on the samethat which was to each dearest.

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such a one as you read of in pleasant tales, where flowers love to blessom, and shade trees grow luxuriantly, and song birds hold concerts in their tops. Time had passed so swiftly since their union, that neither had thought or cared much about study, but were occupied in enjoying the delights, and becoming acclimated to the new state into which they had entered. But once fairly settled in a home of their own, Charles mentioned the importance of a marked course of study for their evenings. Mary assented to the opinion.

It was evening. A bright fire burned in the grate in the little studio. Charles, in his dressing-gown and slippers, seated himself in a rocking chair, and Mrs. Holmes took a seat by the screened lamp to read aloud whatever her husband thought proper. The first volume of Gibbon's Rome lay before her. She took it up and commenced her task. She read-Charles smacked his lips, and called it good, and interesting. She read until her head, filled with such weightly materials, began to nod, which her wide-awake husband immediately perceived.

"Why, my love, I am surprised that you cannot keep awake. I am afraid your taste for reading is

The young student colored, but without replying read on. At length her head drooped lower and lower, and her long curls fell like a golden veil between her eyes and the lamp. She mentioned that she would like to suspend her reading in Gibbon for that evening, and read awhile in something else.

Charles pleasantly assented, and Mary went smiling to the library to select something interesting. She looked for a romance; not one work of that stamp could she find. She looked for poetry, but among that large collection of instructive works could find but one volume-Chaucer's tales. She had heard many people praise Chaucer's quaint imaginings; but, strange to say, had never seen his works. She opened the volume with delight, but laughed outright at the frontispiece-Sire Topas and ya gret Giaunt Oliphaunt.

"What a picture to ornament a poetical work with!" she exclaimed as she observed the elephant's head, with its great ears that looked like wilted tusks, set upon the shoulders of a human body. The body was of huge proportions, and the cloven feet were larger than even his Satanic Majesty himself would like to swing around. The hands looked large enough to crush one, and the right one grasped a huge shillalah, which, it appeared, was about to be applied to Sire Topas and his frightened steed.

"I wonder if a poet's brain ever conceived that horrid picture?" exclaimed Mary.

"Chaucer was a great poet, my dear. I am glad you have selected him."

"Mine was 'Hobson's choice,' " remarked the wife laughing, "I must choose Chaucer's poetry, or no poetry at all."

She turned over the leaves and commenced reading; but seeing it did not run on very smoothly, stopped suddenly.

"Why, Charles, is this the English language? What is the matter-I cannot understand it!"

"Yes, my dear; but it is the language which was used in England about four hundred years ago. You can learn from it how rude the people were in. tastes, ideas and language. The book will give you a true insight into English character at that age and will, in that respect, be invaluable."

"Not unless I get on better reading it." "You will find explanations on the margin."

Mary recommenced, but progressed so slowly that one idea fled the precincts of her brain before another was excavated from its mist of language, and so the poetry lost half its brilliancy. She felt discouraged.

Evening after evening passed in the same manner nearly, and Mr. Holmes began seriously to think that his wife was less talented than he had conceived her to be. He did not once reflect how he had taken adorned with beautiful associations. Her taste was her from the realins of romance and dreams, and lect afte her own manner, by associating her love turned her thoughts, and was endeavoring to turn of the buttiful, and pleasing with her love of knowl- her tastes into a channel unornamented by flowers, and forced them along by affording them no other liked sesse as well as any stoic; but she liked it course. If he had taken these things into consideration, no doubt but that his profound brain would have solved the mystery of his wife's stupidity.

One day the scientific husband came in suddenly and found Mary reading a book which he knew at a

"What book have you, dear," said he, seating himself by her side.

"Jane Eyro. I borrowed it of my friend Adalie, and am delighted with it."

"I am sorry, my love, that your mind can be filled by reading works of fiction. I would much rather have dropped in and found you reading Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, or Humboldt's Cosmos. I have thought all along you would outlive your love for romance and poetry, and such nonsense, and acquire a taste for solid reading."

"Solid reading is good in its place; but my imagimance are beauty, inspiration, luxury, exaltation!" "They are superfluity! Romance and poetry illy

"Very well, Mr. Holmes. I, like an obedient wife,

So saying, she left the room, and passing up stairs, entered her own apartment, which she locked self upon a bed, in real grief, sobbed:

"What shall I do! One thing is certain," contoo; I'll not be coaxed out of it, as I always am. I'll show him that I've brains enough to serve him a dish matter-of-fact enough to suit him, I guess!"

At this moment Charles rapped at the door. No response. He tried to open it: it would not yield.

"Mary," he said, "let me in, darling." Not a word came from within; no sound save the sobs of the weeping wife. He was alarmed.

"I did not mean to grieve you so, Mary; do let me come to you; I will kiss every tear away, and tell you how dear you are to me."

"That would be remantic, Mr. Holmes-superfluous. Pray, do avoid romance," piped Mary's shrill

His entreaties were all in vain; his offended wife would not admit him, and the lock was strong. At would not admit him, and the lock was strong. At length he was forced to leave her; but he hallooed through the key-hole, "Good by," and Mary chimed in, "Superfluity! romance!" She listened until she heard the sound of his retreating footsteps on the heard the sound of his retreating footsteps on the sidewalk-as he went, gloomy as an owl, to his office. Taskeful wife, and she, rejoicing over the victory she had. What distinguishes to master from the incompetent, is in using those materials be had. Another illusion is, that there is not time enough for our work. But, though all creatures cat from one dish, yet each assimilates it to himself; we all have the day, and each may turn to his uses. When some one said to the Indian Redisher that he had no time, the chief surilly replied, "Well, I suppose you have all there is."

Another illusion is, that a long duration, a year, a century, judgment, completely absorbed his organs of interior length he was forced to leave her; but he halloced Charles and Mary had been married two months, sidewalk as he went, gloomy as an owl, to his office. will serve you.

and were quietly settled in a little cottage; just | file drooped around for an hour or two, like a white morning glory on a summer afternoon. But thinking that would not pay very well, she aroused herself and went about following the course she had marked out to pursue.

"I will see," said slie, curtly, "whether my husband is as fund of real, prosy matter of fact as he imagines. If I am not mistaken, he will, in course of two weeks, petition for a little "superfluity," as he calls romance. I will be a perfect embodiment of matter-of-fact myself for a few days, and see if he will like it any better."

She descended the stairs, and in a few moments returned with a solution of sugar and water. She walked up to the mirror, loosened the bandeau which confined her golden ringlets, wet them with the sugar-water, and combed them as straight as a young Quakeress's, plainly confining her hair in a comb behind. Not one ornament did she put upon it, not one curl remained of the profuse mist which she always were. The little gold cross which hung around her neck, she took off and laid carefully away. Her finger-rings-one was his wedding gift, and had never been removed from her finger since the day he placed it there-fell jingling upon the bottom of her jewel box. The cameo which fastened her collar went ditto, and her car-rings followed suit. She exchanged the blue dress she wore-it had buttons and ornaments upon it-and replaced it by one of sober brown, made in the plainest possible manner.

When she had completed her transformation, and stood before her mirror to see if she suited self, she would have sworn herself ten years older than when she went up stairs to her room. She thought herself thoroughly divested of every romantic look-every superfluity-and a perfect embodiment of matter-offact. She must inevitably please Charles!

She went to a bonnet box and took out a drab vel vet hat—a beautiful thing—from which she took the plumes and flowers. "To morrow is Sunday," said she. "Charles will want me to go to church; of course I shall do so." And she laughed mischievously. From her dark cloak she took the tassels, and

quietly hung it again in its place. Having completed her work in the chamber, she went down to the kitchen and told the servant to serve only tea, bread and butter, and plain applesauce for tea. The girl looked wild as an owl, but bowed her head. She then returned to the parlor and seated herself at the piano to await her hushand's coming. She was in good spirits, and played flippantly until she heard her husband's footfall, when, with all solemnity, she struck the tune, " How vain are all things here below," etc.

He entered the door, and seeing Mary in her unaccustomed plight, stood still as a post:

"What in the name of goodness is the matter with you? You look like an old maid of thirty-five, only homelier and plainer still!"

"Oh, I guess not, Charles," said she, soberly. Mr. Holmes seated himself before the grate, and

Mary sat primly in a chair by his side, instead of on his knee, as she was accustomed to. She indulged in no playful conversation, but conversed on the real, substantial matters of life; inquired into the state of financial affairs, the market prices, and the political phases of the day. Charles had thought and talked of such things all day, and was weary of them. He would much more have enjoyed a dish of racy, thoughtless conversation with his wife, than to have talked them over.

The tea-bell rang. Mary led the way into the dining room, and they seated themselves at the table. Her husband looked surprised. She made no apologies. He probably divined the meaning, and wisely concluded to hold his peace.

Tea finished, they went back to the parlor, Holmes feeling decidedly uncomfortable, and his wife ditto. He felt a little inclined to conciliate, and called Mary to come and sit on his knee, and kiss him.

"Would n't it savor too much of romance?" said she, not moving an inch.

The stoic looked disconcerted. He said no more. and went for his dressing gown and slippers, but found them missing, and was obliged to ask his wife for them.

"I thought you would not want them-they are rather superfluous. But if you wish them, they hang in the dark closet."

Mary seated herself by the lamp, and commenced reading in a dry book, which even Mr. Holmes himself could hardly keep awake by hearing. She endured it bravely, and read until her husband thought he could digest no more, and proposed retiring. The next morning they were to go to church.

Mr. Holmes found the blacking all carefully washed off from his boots, and all the little appendages which always supplied his toilet table missing. However, he did the best he could, and sat waiting in the parlor, when Mary came inplumeless, flowerless, tasselless, ornamentless—and announced herself ready.

"Do you imagine that I will accompany you to church, looking as you do?"

"I look quite as well as yourself, I fancy," said she, glancing at his red boots, and unoiled hair and whiskers.

"This is too much-too much !"

"It is only living a life devoid of poetry and romance, luxury and superfluity-things you hate so much. Can 't you stand it ?"

"Not comfortably," said Holmes, coloring with shame. "Then you do really like to see me look beauti

" Yes." "And love to have me caress and love you, even

though it may be romantic?" " Yes." "Well, if you are thoroughly convinced that poe

Written for the Banner of Light. A PRAYER.

DY ORAHVILLE HARRIS.

Vather of Light and Life; God, all in all! 'T is not for blessings that I fain would call ! But that thou wilt accept the grateful praiso Which in faltering accents I do raise!

For health, kind Father, thy blest gift to man While he inhabits earth's contracted span, Accept my thanks, and not for me alone, But all thy children, wheresoe'er they roam.

For food and raiment, while I live on earth, The time allotted ere my higher birth, I thank thee, Father, for myself-and all Thy children here, on this terrestrial ball.

For light, kind Father, that celestial light Which ushers in thy day, and makes the night Of blind theology to pass away, Accept my grateful thanks. I humbly pray.

For love, kind Father, that celestial love Which angels teach us from thy spheres above Words are not mine to tell the thanks I feel: Accept the thanks my words cannot reveal i

For all thy children, throughout endless space. Whom thou alone hath power to know and trace, I thank thee for that falth which telleth me That they are drawing nearer unto thee.

And for those joys which thankfulness imparts To all thy children who have grateful hearts, Accept the thanks my words cannot express. And let me know thee more, thee more to bless !

[Reported for the Banner of Dight ] R. W. EMERSON AT MUSIC HALL.

WORKS AND DAYS.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered a lecture on "Works and Days," before the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society (Rev. Theodore Parker's,) at the Music Hall, Boston, on Sunlny, June 12th.

(Rev. Theodore Parker's,) at the Music Hall, Boston, on Bunday, June 12th.

The lecturer began by remarking on the extent to which the mechanical inventions of the age have been carried. Our fathers are twitted as slow and barbarous. We have so many inventions, that life seems almost made over new. As it was said of Newton, that if his achievements in science should be compared with those of all the natural philosophers who preceded him, his would be found to outwelgh them all; so one might say that the inventions of the last fifty years would counterpolse those of all the centuries before them. Iron ploughs were not made until this century—the loom, the gas-light, are things of yesterday. One franc's worth of coal, in Bingland or Belgium, will do the work of the laborer for twenty days. Why allude to what steam does for us?—yet, though steam is an apt scholar and a strong-shouldered follow, it has not yet done its work; it must irrigate our crops, it must calculate interest and logarithms. How excellent the mechanical aids we have applied to the human body—dentistry, other—and, beldest of all, the transfusion of the blood, which in Paris they say enables a man to change his blood as often as his linen.

India-rubber and guita-percha put every man on a footing with the beaver and the crocodile. Holland is below the level of the sea. In Egypt, where there had been no rain for thousands of years, from the judicious planting of forests it rains forty days in the year. The grand old Hebrew saint said, "Ho maketh the wrath of man to praise him;" but there is no argument of the limb better than the grandour of the ends wrought out by paltry means! What is Peter the Great, or Alfred, compared with the work of the selfish capitalists who have woven the web of our Western rullroads. There is a story of an old lady who was carried to see a new railroad, and, very grateful and a little confused, she said, "God's works are greater." There seems no limit to the spirit that made the elements at first, and now, through man, w

intercourse, embarrassing us with new solutions of the po-litical problem. Selfishness would held slaves, or exclude from a quarter of the continent all those who are not bern

litical problem. Schemers and those who are not born there. Our politics are disgusting. But what can they hinder, when the primary instincts of emigration are impressed upon masses of mankind, where nature is in flux? Nature loves to cross her stocks; and all races are putting out to sea—ships are built capacious enough to carry the people of a country.

But while vulgar progress is in extending yourself, true progress is in making the most of what you have. This introduces a new element into the State. When Malthus stated that mouths multiply geometrically, but food only arithmetically, he forget to say that the human mind is also a factor in political economy; that the augmenting wants of a factor in political economy; that the augmenting wants of society would be met by an augmenting power of invention. Man flatters himself that the command over nature must

society would be met by an augmenting power of invention. Man flatters himself that the command over nature must increase. We are to have the balloon, yet, and the next war is to be fought in the air. But Tantalus has been seen again, lately; he is in great spirits, thinks he shall bottle the wave. Things have an ugly look, still. No matter how many centuries of culture precede, the new man always finds himself standing on the brink of chaos, always in a crisis. Can anybedy remember when times were not hard? when the right sort of men and women were to be found? Tantalus begins to think steam a delusion, and galvanism no better than it should be. Many things show we must look to something better than those delusions, for our hope. Machinery is aggressive; the weaver becomes a web, and the machinist a machine. All tools are edge tools, and dangerous. And so the man who builds a house, is henceforth a slave to it; he must furnish it, he must keep it in repair; he who has a reputation is no longer free; he has thence a reputation to preserve. It is doubtful if all the mechanical inventions that ever existed have lightened the day's toil of one human being. Now, the machine is so perfect that the engineer is nobody. Once it took Archimedes; now it only needs a fireman and a boy; but when the machine breaks, he can do nothing. Again, the question will sometimes recur, But what have these excellent arts done for the worth of mankind? Morals have declined as the arts have mounted. We

man and a boy; but when the machine breaks, he can do nothing. Again, the question will sometimes recur, But what have these excellent arts done for the worth of mankind? Morals have declined as the arts have mounted. We cannot trace the triumphs of civilization to such benefactors as we wish. The greatest ameliorator is solfah, huckstering trade. The brand of infamy, political, social, personal, lies on our later years. What sickening details in the day's journal. They cease to publish the Newgate Calender and the Pirate's Own Book, since the family newspapers, the London Times and the New York Tribune, have quite succeeded them in the freshness, as well as the horrors or crime. Trade ends in shameful defautiting, in bubble and bankruptey, all to ear the world. And if, with all his arts, man is bankrupt, it will not do to assume these as the measure of worth. Let us, then, try another.

Mapoleon wheled to make the Mediterranean a French lake: Alexander sought to make the Pacilic a Russian sea. But if he had the earth for his pasture, and the sea for his pond, he would be a pauper still. He only is lich who owns the day. There is no fairy or demon that possesses such power as that. Days are of the least pretence, and of the greatest capacity, of anything that exists. They come and go like muffled figures sent from a distant and friendly power, and they say nothing; if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them silently away. How days clothe a mani Any holiday communicates to me its own hue. The very stars, in their courses, wink to the boys, on Christmas, of nuts and apples. The old Sabbath, white with the religions of unknown thousands of years, when this hallowed hour risos out of the deep, it gives us a clean page, which the wiso man covers with truth, while the savage deflies it with fetiones. There are days for all things. A man must look long before he finds the weather for Plate, the Timeus weather. Yet there are days when the greates to weather. iches. There are days for all things. A man must look long before he finds the weather for Plato, the Timeus weather. Yet there are days when the great are near us, when there is no frown on their brow, no condescension even, when they take us by the hand, and we share their thoughts. There are days which are the carnivals of, the year. The days are made, on a loom where the warp and woof are past and future time. It is pitiful, the things by which we are rich and poor. But the pleasures which Nature spent itself to amass, which the prior races existed to ripen, the surrounding plastic nature, the intellectual temperament in air, the sea with its invitation, the heaven deep with worlds, and the answering norvous structure, the cyc that looketh into the deeps, which again look up to the eye; this is not like the glass beads of the savage, or like coins and carpets—it is given immeasurably to all. If our best dream could come true, if we could see "millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth," and if we could behold the celestial atmosphere in which they might thickly walk, I believe it would be the same web of blue depth which weaves itself over me now as I trudge through the dusty streets. The earth is the cup, and the sky the cover, of the immense bounty of nature. er, of the immense bounty of nature.

But it is curious to see the delusions under which we live

"Well, if you are thoroughly convinced that poetry and romance contribute largely to happiness in life, I am very glad. Are you, Charles?"

"Yes, Mary; and if you will go to your room and invest yourself as beautifully as you usually do, I'll never rail against romance again. And moreover, Mollie dear, I will purchase you some good works of fiction and poetry, to give the imagination food and aid the gentler qualities of the mind. They are as necessary with our dry books, as a dessert is after a meat dinner. I never before knew what you would be, disrobed of your present tastes. I could not love you, Mary—I could not!"

At one o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holmes walked to church; he, proud of his beautiful and tasteful wife, and she, rejoicing over the victory she had won.

is valued. An old sentence says, flod works in moments. We ask for long life, but it is deep life, the grand moments, that signify. I am of the opinion of Vordsworth, that there is no real inapidness in life but in intellect and virtue; I am of the opinion of Glaukus, who said. The measure of life, oh Bocrates, is, to the wise, speaking and hearing such discoursces as yours." All families are in a hurry. Life is an army in rout. Every purposa is postponed, and at hat is put out of mind. Yet says the German poet, "The day is immeasurably long to him who knows how to use it." These past fifteen minutes, you say, are not time. They are time, but not eternity. Lot us not despise the present, for in it lies all that there is of great and noble in possibility. When our own day and our own country comes to know itself, it will take off its dusty shoes and travel-stained clothes, and sit at home with joy in its face. The world hasche such landscape; our future no second opportunity. Let posts sing now, let the wits unfold. This country has its proper glory, though now enstrouded. We will let it shine; we will set American Freewill against Aslatio fate—the American idealistic tendency against European routine. In my opinion, the best use of Europe is the warming it gives. We go to Europe to be Americanized.

Just to fill the hour, that is human happiness. What has

Just to fill the hour, that is human happiness. What has been best done cost nothing; it is the spontaneous, the flowing thought. Shakespeare makes his Hamlet as a bird makes his nest. Poems have been written between sleeping and waking. The masters painted for joy, and know not virtue had gone out of them. It is the depth at which we live, and not the surface we cover, that imparts. Character is the first of all powers, the greatest of all. It is this which is more than time in its capability of accomplishment. Phobus challenged the gods, and said, Who will outshoot the fardarting Apollo? Jove said, I will. Apollo seized his bow, and shot his arrow into the extreme west. Then Jove srose, and with one stride cleared the whole distance, and said, Where shall I shoot? for there is no space left. Be the bowman's prize was adjudged to him who drew no bow. This is the secret of great action,—character, that sublime quality which values one moment as another, which makes us great in all conditions. Just to fill the hour, that is human happiness. What has

Hewspaper Morld.

REPUBLICAN AND SENTINBL, Saratoga Syrings, N. Y .-Where the press is fettered, the people are slaves." This notto is true. No religion seems truer to us than the exercise of the freedom God has given us. Our heart pulsates with the motto of the Sentinel, and with Thomas Young, its ditor. In spirit we shake the hand of religious friendship. This is a good paper, fresh and useful. Published weekly at \$2.00 a year.

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PREBLE Co. DEMOURAT, Eaton, Preble Co., Ohio .- "Pledged but to truth, to liberty and law." Published weekly at \$1.50 year.

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Rhinebeck, N. Y.—"A family paper, devoted to literature, morality, science, agriculture and general intelligence." Published every week, at \$1.50 a year.

OXFORD TIMES, Oxford, Chenango Co., N. Y .- Edited by . B. Galpin; published weekly at \$1.25 a year.

UNCOMPORTABLE THEOLOGIANS .- At the annual Unitarian festival, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes presided. His introductory speech was in defence of the the theological "poisoning" which he had been accused of perpetrating as the Professor in the Atlantic Monthly. He said in concluding his speech:-

"There is so much good in all men, whatever creed they teach, that we must never forget to love them while we are constrained to differ from them. If any of them are violent against us, let us be patient as the meek and simple-minded animals which they drive into the stream to exhaust the batteries of the torpedo, or the cramp-fish, as he has been well called. When they have done this way they may be taken safely from the water. So with these uncomfortable theological crampwater. So with these uncomfortance theological cramp-fish whom we must sometimes deal with—let them once discharge their epithets, and you may handle them, ug-ly as they look, ever after with impunity. Be gentle with all that has been venerable in past beliefs, but which is now outworn and decaying. We need not be too forward with the ax where we hear the teredo boring day and night, and see the toadstools growing."

WHAT, IF IT DOES NOT TAKE?-A few weeks ago a baby was taken to church to be baptized, and his little brother was present during the ceremony. On the following Sunday, when the baby was undergoing ablutions and dressing, the little brother asked mamma if she was intending to carry little Willie to be christened.

"Why, no," said his mother; "don't you know, my son, people are not baptized twice?" "What I" returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment in his carnest face, "not if it don't

take the first time?" We opine that if little Charley's rule were in force, there would be a great many re-baptisms.

A man who calmly reviews his life, will not mistake vanity and unjustifiable self-importance forreal worth and meritorious conduct; but should others revile him, he will turn to his inner feelings, and decide for himself whether their accusations are just ornot, and act accordingly.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

### Written for the Banner of Light. MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY B. B. DILITTAN.

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 comports 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 resultswill 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 first 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 excessivelyor 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 suf-

fers from consequent enervation. Excessive alimentiveness, 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 heart, for its comrade is crime.

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 subtile influence of the polson. It has been demonstrated by post mortem examination, that the olfactories, the optic, dental, and pheumo-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 doubt ful 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 stimulante 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 nosterity. 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 corruntion, 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 bodyrapidly 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 ver, the diseases of this class a eral and fatal when the atmosphere is in a highly electrical state, as evinced by frequent and violent thuntions from individual peculiarities and local conditions: but it is presumed that the general correctness of our position will be confirmed by every careful observer, t

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 passional 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 livert 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 is lust 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 loctures, which were prepared about cleven years since, and delivered in many large towns and cities as early as the year 1849. 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 sphere or globe, and, as there is no end to space, there refresh; it is not like health, for it taints the breath; it would be iron enough, under such circumstances, to is not like wisdom, for it troubles the brain; is is not form a universe. We have in all nature but sixty-four like love, for it is impure; it is not like goodness of primaries, so far as yet discovered, and all other sub-

Written for the Banner of Light, THE HUMAN HEAVEN.-No. 4.0 BY GEORGE STEARNS.

The proffer of immediate Heaven on the casy terms of a voluntary repentance, as sometimes made from the pulpit to "wicked men." is with no warrant of Reason. Had is doubtless over 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 grope senenth 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.

dness fails to bless the guilty.

I query not if vice and erime may miss. Their cure on Earth, yet find it after death. For Penilence is not a thing of choice. In any sense: it is a beast of prey. Whose feet are velveted. 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, fluds a great work to do In Reformation, and a dobt to pay. Of Reparation. Conscience takes no bail: This paid and that achieved, and nothing else, Will pluck the sting of merciless Remorse, And shrive the guilty soul. Before him still Stretches the narrow way of Rectitude, And towers the gate of Heaven. What are tears To drown remembered wrong? Or how much grief Will counteract its would consequence?

When a poor prodigal comes to himself, his sorrow does not rodeem his wasted substance. When a drunkard repents and takes the pledge of abstinence, these acts do not immediately curo the delirium tremens, restore at once his reputation, nor in his life-time make him the man he might have been. Virtue is no schoolboy'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;
"T is 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 at fault.

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

What a disparagement 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 pout 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 sickful 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 terraqueous globe: I affirm that there is. But vain is our ambition to rise to that supernal 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" of this derangement may be estimated by observing his habitudes of error, his foibles and his faults, and if the perisystole as the electro-thermal currents rise and with "the new man" we have not put on a goodly relish 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. der storms. The results may admit of some modifica- That character which fits us for the largest 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, and this number has already appeared in the Spiritual Ago, but without its correlatives; and as revised for my present readers, it is as good as new. West Acton, Mass.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE OLD SPIRITUALIST.-No. 13.

In our last we promised to give the history of creation, as given in various communications to Phænix; 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

stances 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 no, the veriest 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 | 8 1-2 Brattle St., Boston: 143 Fulton St., New York inder 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 heat, 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

owest 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 crystaline, 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 easting 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 crystalizing. they will obtain a figure by which a crystalographical 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 me chanical force it exerts while crystalizing. 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 crystalization of the water during the process of freezing. And this is equally true of every other crystal ization 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 pow er of man to comprehend, prevents a continuation of rather are compelled to admit that infinity of wisdom a rotund 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 put more faith in such an one; we believe he ossesses which may be found equally active and in lesser de gree, in every particle thereof.

This flying comment may seem to want consecutive ness; but if we can remember Phœnix'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 Philadel-

phia 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 lest 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

comember 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 envelop, scaled it and put it into another yellow envelop, which was also scaled and directed to you. My letter was returned to me undisturbed—the seal perfect and the paper unrumpled. Your reply to my queries was as full and applicable as could possibly have been, had 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, and you are at liberty to use it in any manner you may see fit. I endeavor to use every means caution or prudence may dictate 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. ng boldly and unreservedly. In the cause of truth, I remain, very sincerely, your friend and brother. J. L. Price, M. D."

Knnner of Aight.

BATURDAY, JULY 2, 1850.

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#### TEMPERANCE.

To join a society, to wear a badge on the coat, to be able to give a scoret grip, and to utterly foreswear 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 na-

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 chaos. Order is its opponent; and we have yet to learn be discarded. We are not called upon to destroy God's that the mandate is given by a separate organism, but beautiful work, whether of the physical or the spiritual form, but to properly develop it in every part. To do and power is resident distinctly in every recognizable less than this, with the thought of becoming reformed, point of matter throughout the known universe. The point of matter throughout the known universe. The mighty cannot but regard such mistaken practices with sphere, is but a miniature likeness of that which forms alone, which should be superseded by spirital knowl, edge and light.

> There is likewise a mental as well as a bodiv temperance. Life is not all physical or all materi; and he who pays regard first of all to the mental and piritual, has less need to give himself trouble about the bodily. for it as naturally includes that as the greatelingludes the less. We all like to see a well-balanced pison; we more strength of character-at any rate, we seletly acknowledge the powers of his superior magnetist. Not that a hot and headlong impulse may not a times make a sally out from the nature, breaking and learing 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 siroccos and simeons of passion, no cavernous places of sullenness and despair; there may be seeming excresences, 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. Proselvtism 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 thingin 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 all those great souls, shining like fixed stars with steady light, their slience a thousand fold more elequent than any speech; nay, look at Nature herself, which is the outgrowth of God. Here are no loud voices; here is no confusion, no jungling, no discord; the spheres roll on in space without a jar, but rather choiring 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 utters volumes that no human tongue will ever know how to speak.

The temperate man, therefore—that is, the wellbalanced 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 customs 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 intemperate as the rest. Writers employ extravagant phrases and exaggerated expres sions. 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-Julys permeates every sort of action. Independence is supposed to have no meaning, if it cannot mean also inde pendence 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 hurran-boys sentiments, the knock-down arguments, and the grand crash of thrases and sentences.

Just the same way, too, with the popular preaching. Read the reports of Spurgeon. We speak of him, be cause 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, in a greater or less degree successful, to galvanize old degmas, 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 to enjoy themselves. 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 nowers work silent ly and in earnest harmony, and know that strength alone proceeds thence, exhaustless and without end. We need crucify 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 decry religion or diminish respect for it. But it is said that his writings tend to make men skep-tical, and on this point we have been censured for up-holding the Doctor's somewhat free style of suggestion and inquiry. To this we answer again that a creet belief which cannot stand the attacks of all doubters in Christendom, is weak in some essential

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 not 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 criticism; and when he has passed them all through the crucible, rejects what seems to him dross, retaining only the reflaced 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 criticise 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-hilled city the laughing stock of the outside barbarians. nothing, is a credulous fool. The honest and wise hilled city the laughing stock of the outside barbarians. But until we do discover this wrong spirit or purpose in the Autocrat's writings, we shall defend his notions with the same freedom that we use in criticising 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 decis. Look at his works and you can read his faith. Many tears has he 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 for ever. He has been a friend to the rebel, to the outcast, to the indiscreet young offender, and to all offenders who had no friends or money to meet in combat the ruthless, merciless executors 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 Visisor says:-

children. The Temperance Visisor says:—

"His philanthropy was exercised in what was considered at the time he commenced a somewhat eccentric way. Young offenders against the law were then, as now, being daily 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 lenthy visit to the public institutions provided for such alleged offenders, has not always been considered the best pisces for the formation of a good moral character. It was among this class 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 over 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 unskillfuiness 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 finesse and perfect mastership of the whole science of humbug, utterly scouted 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 commences his warlike career at the mature age of fifty-two. There have been much older generals, indeed, who have obtained a great reputation: Blucher, Suwarrow and Napler were septuagenarians; Radetzky was upwards of sixty; but they had all been brought up in the camp, and had served for years in subordinte 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 customhouse officer at Boulogne, and who has been living for the last ten years in all the splendor and enervating 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 "funcy" 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 ongaged in such a truly Christian work. we find, as we expected, the name of Henry Ward Beecherwho 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 happi-ness 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 Regatts, 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

#### Plumer's Case.

The condemned man, Cyrus W. Plumer, now lying in Boston Jail for mutiny and murder on shipboard, has been respited 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 o 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 fol-

lowing tribute:

"Mr. Hovev's death is a public calamity. To lose a man "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—oponing the eyes of the blind, and breaking off the fetters from the slave, and helping such as are ready to perish—that is a loss indeed. Had I been in Buston, 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 on 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 "Mesmeric Infirmary," where many wonderful cures are performed, simply by the laying on 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 Elliotson, 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' Picule is to be holden 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 countles of Cumberland, Androscoggin, and Oxford. Of course it is expected that all will bring provisions with them, so as to suit the place, circumstances and occasion. All iriends are invited; and we hope that all trance and normal speakers who can make it convenient, will attend and participate in the enjoyments of the day.

Committee: J. W. Foster, of West Danville; D. H. Hamil-

ton, of Lewiston; B. 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. Dailey, 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 Dodworth'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 "befooled." 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 Spir-

### 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 quackcry." 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

### Postponed.

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

The N.E. U. University Locating Convention Will be holden at Lowell on the fifth and sixth of July. A are interested in the education and welfare of the rising gen-

ber between five and six hundred. Railroad tickets for the Convention will be for sale at half price by Bela Marsh, Dr. Gardner, and at the BANNER or

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ESCHATOLOGY: OR. THE SCRIPTURE DOCTRING OF THE COMING OF THE LORD, THE JUDOMENT, AND THE RESURBECTION. By Samuel Lee. Boston: J. E. Tilton & 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 deuled; 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 Grange Place, Boston-a central, yet retired and quiet part 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 resuit 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 very many enemics, even among his own brethren in the ministry; yet it ought not If it is not sinful to preach about the delights of spirit-communion 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 perusal 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 aiready hungering and thirsting for that food and drink which comes down from Heaven alone. Every observant eader will learn more of the Bible, and its lofty teaching 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.

SERMON FOR MIDEUMNER DAY; Beauty in the World of Matter, Considered as a Revelation of God. By Theodore

The Twenty-cighth 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 de livered July 15th, 1855, and is widely different from Mr. Parker's usual efforts. The pamphlet also contains an intro ductory letter from Mr. P., written while at Santa Cruz, dated March 15th, 1859, setting forth in the first place his reason for writing such a discourse, and detailing in glowing term the beauties of Nature as she had then spread them before his eyes on the " Pride of the Barbadilloes," 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 midsummer's heat, but light and cheerful, serving to give buoy ancy to the soul's aspirations. H. W. Swett & Co., Publisher 128 Washington street, Boston.

We have received from Sheppard, Clark & Brown, "Sr RONAN'S WELL," the 16th No. of Waveley's Novels, by Sir Walter Scott; cheap edition—twenty-five cents each numbe

### 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.

BE JUST.

Were men but just-were Truth their aim and end. They'd raise the erring, and the poor befriend. 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 i What crowns immortal, reseate and grand, Shall grace their brows high in the Spirit-Land

We are proud of our New York Reporters-Messrs. ELLIN voon, Burn and Lonn-and can, with the fullest confidence in their abilities, recommend them to the public as master 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 re

Read the message of Jane Cary, a spirit, on our sixth page. school?" "A branch of birch, sir; the master has used alnost a whole tree."

THE PIKE'S PEAK HUMBUG .- We have just seen a returned Pike's Peak gold-secker, who says he has suffered everything hvelcally 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 Parishloner 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 in dividual had got a bad habit of swearing."

BRO. H. M. MILLER requests us to state that he will attenthe meeting to be holden at Conneaut, Ohio, July 13th and

THE NATIONAL House, Haymarket Square, is a convenien 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 tady; and that he will faithfully carry out the principles he has laid down. He has shown thus far a Napoleonic promptitude in his war movements; and the prayers of thousands go with him for the utter defeat of the Austrians, and their final expulsion from regenerated Italy.—Transcript.

Punch thinks if the marauding exploits that are reporte of the Austrians in Lombardy be true—paying for nothing and helping themselves to everything-that Austria car boast of the largest rifle corps in the world.

THE Chors.—The Cincinnati Times says, "Let the croaker croak; there is no damage of consequence to the great staple products. It will be found that the more tender and less in portant 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 riends is the mirror of good men. And in that glass we shall be beautiful enough, if we are good enough !- BERGHER An individual at Cornwall, England, has made himself a

complete suit from 670 rat skins!

last week in Phoenix, 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 falsely accused, refused to pay the fine, being determined to defen themselves in another way through legal process. They, therefore, permitted themselves to be taken to Oswego, and

An exchange states that the Davenport Boys were arrested

incarcerated in jail, where they now are and have been soy They have been playing farces at the theatre of war in Ite ly, 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, 1858, of murder in the second degree, having caused the death of their father, Joshua Heath, at Dracut, January 3d, was sentenced in the Supreme Court at Cambridge, June lations.

21st, before Judges Bigelow and Hoar, to imprisonment in the House of Correction at East Cambridge during life, with one large attendance is expected. All are invited to attend who day solitary imprisonment. Her brother is now serving out

a sontence for life in the State Prison. Wo are pleased to notice that our friend and often coreration. The stockholders in this institution already numrespondent, George S. Phillips, Esq.,-"January Searle "-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 lat 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 ruched sleeve.

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

#### INFIRMARY AT 22 LA GRANGE PLACE.

MESSES. 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 institute for the reception of the sick. This institution is at No. 22 La 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 easonable terms.

The house is now open for the reception of the public, whose attention we most cordially invite.

GRORGE ATKINE, Proprietor. Boston, June 28, 1859.

### PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SPIRITS IN PRISON. DEAR BANNER-Not having troubled your sanctum, nor intruded upon the dignity of the chair editorial of Spiritual

ournals 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

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 monitors 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 Sabbaths among both departments is given. This gentleman informed me that he freely allowed all orders of religionists-not excepting Carnolics-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 monents, when the controlling power pressed your 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 influ onces were thrown around them. But what can they do without help? No sooner are they free by "satisfying the demands of justlee," (?) 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 red 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 tyranta hat oppress our race. Yours for equity, love and truth, C. H. DE WOLFE. Philadelphia, June 19, 1859.

#### 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 News DEFOT in the towns 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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SON, 5 Great Jones street.

PHILADELI'HIA—SAMUEL BARRY, Southwest cor. of Chestnut and Fourth streets; F. A. DROVIN, 107 South Third street.

POUGHKEEPSIE—KENNORTHY'S NEWS-ROOM.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—T. B. HAWKES.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—J. L. Pool.

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MISSOUR!—ST. LOUIS—GRAY & CRAWFORD. 54 Fourth stroet,
west side.

west side,
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Haverhill; John H. Currier, 87 Jackson street, Lawrence, Maine—Mr. Amos Drake, Union; H. A. M. Braddury, Norway; Dr. N. P. Bran, Scatemont; W.M. K. Riteley, Paris, for that part of the country; Hamilton Martin, Healing Medium of South Livermore; J. N. Hoddes, Trance-Speaking and Healing Medium, of Monroe.

New Hampshire—A. Lindbay, M. D. Laconia, Vermont—H. W. Ballard, Burlington; N. H. Churchill, Brandon; Sanuel Brittain, for the Northern part of the State; Robert Pluyam, Chester.

Connecticut—H. B. Storer, Trance-Speaker, New Haven; H. H. Hastings, New Haven; W.M. Keith, Tollaud; Calvin Hall, Healing Medium.

Hall, Healing Medium.

New York-George W. Taylor, North Collins; S. S. Ben-HAM, Dundee; Orris Barnes, Clay; E. Quimir; White Plains; Adonijah Taogant, Western part of the State; S. B. Gartlord, O. Springville, Eric Co., speaking and sympathetic medium, for delineating diseases and for healing by manipu-

#### 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

A Gift with every Book, worth from 50 cents to \$1!

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Book House,
CATALOUSE MAILED BREE, on application, to all parts of e world. Commissions and inducements to clubs and to agents, who are willing to devote their time to our business; so that those

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Chatchaines,
Cents' Fob and Vest Chains,
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Rich Slik Dress Patterns,
Sliver and Gold Thimblos,
Gents' Pon and Pocket Knives,
Pearl and Morocco Portmonaics. 100 to 780 50 to 6 00 50 to 1 50 50 to 2 50 1 50 to 8 50 Pearl and Morocco Portmonales, Toothpicks, Watchkeys, Guard Slides, Toothpicks, Watchkeys, Guard Slides. 150 to 850
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Besides other gifts, comprising a large and valuable assortment of miscellaneous articles, varying from \$1 to \$40,
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New York City.

PROF. MAPES'S SUPER-PHOSPHATES OF LIME!

Superior to Peruvian guano for CORN, POTATOES, GRAIN, COTTON, TOBACCO, AND ALL OTHER CROPS. To be applied at any hoeing or plowing.

Testimonials from hundreds who have used it for len years. Made of Calcined Bones, Peruvian Guano, Sulphuric Acid,

Sulphate of Ammonia, and Dried Blood. No variation in quality. In strong, new sacks, 160 lbs. each. Per ton of One hundred pounds of the Nitrogenized Super-Phosphate will equal in effect and lasting power 185 lbs. of

THE BEST PERUVIAN GUANO.

Extract from Now England Farmer, April 16th, 1859.

Judge French, of Exeter, N. H., says:

"We have tried every variety of fertilizer, and have more faith in Mapes's Super-Phosphate than in any other manufactured article of the kind."

N. C. Planter copies from the Washington (N. C.) Dispatch, the following from a correspondent of Beanfort Co., March 4,

1859:—
"I have experimented some with guano upon grain crops, and found that its superabundance of ammonia gave a most luxuriant growth to the plant, but it did not supply the minerals equal to the demands of the grain. Honce my wheat crop grown upon guano weighed fity-three pounds, while that grown upon Mapes's phosphate of lime weighed fity-nine to exclusive rounds are highed.

that grown upon Mapse's phosphate of lime weighed fifty-nine to sixty-one pounds per bushel."

A can of the Nitrogenized Super-Phosphate for experiment, also circulars containing analysis, testimonials, &c., can be had, free of expense, on application to CHARLES V MAPES, 143 Fulton street, NY. Will remove June 1st to 132 and 134 Nassau, and 11 Beckman street, New York.

BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-VENDERS' AGENCY.

# ROSS & TOUSEY.

121 Nassau Street, New York, General Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT,

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line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptitude and
dispatch. All goods packed with the utmost care, and forwarded, in all instances, by the very carliest conceyance following the receipt of the orders, sending by special arrangement with Passenger Trains. Dealers will find it convenient
to have all their Orders packed at this Establishment, particularly with regard to Newspapers and Periodicals. Small
parcels from the Trade, back numbers of Serials, and single
numbers of Books, &c., also procured, promptly packed and
forwarded, with Papers and Magazines—thus saving time and
extra expense. Orders solicited.

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MUNSON'S BOOK STORE.

T. MUNSON, No. 5 GREAT JONES STREET, keeps of the sale all the Spiritual and Reform Publications of the day, as well as all the popular Magazines, Periodicals and Newspapers. Orders by mail attended to promptly. Henry Ward Beecher's Works; Theodore Parker's Works; A. J. Davis's Works; Judge Edmonds's Works, and Swedenborg's Works, constantly on hand, and sent by mail to those who order. Catalogues sent on application.

If july2

CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM. DR. C. C. YORK has taken rooms at No. 113 Merrimac street, Lowell, Mass., for the purpose of healing the affilied by the laying on of hands, and will furnish vegetable remedies, as prescribed by spirits through his clairvoyant powers. All services rendered at reasonable rates.

Lowell, June 24th, 1850. 1p july2

CHARLES H. DEMARAY, (formerly of J. S. Wilbur & Co.,)
Nows and Distributing Agent, 'Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau
street, New York; General Agent, Merchant's Record, &c.;
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Weekly Burger, Marginge, Chem. Published town for

Weekly Papers, Magazines, Cheap Publications, &c. june 4. MYSTIC HOURS; OR SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF DOCTOR G. A. REDMAN. OR SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF IVI DOCTOR G. A. REDMAN—Containing the more re-markable manifestations and communications that have been narkable mannecautious and communications that have been given through him, with names of witnesses, etc. Price \$1.25. Just published, and for sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, who will mail it to order, to any part of the United States within three thousand miles, free of postage. Orders solicited.

3t June 14

RESTORED: "How can it be well hop done?" done?"

"NERVOUS" AND "FEMALE COMPLAINTS," SORO FULOUS HUMORS. (Canker, Salt Rhoum.) and Dyspepsia with its attendant horrors, cuars without medicine; also, sores, and affections of the Eyes! Read my "Book of Information respecting the Nutritive Cure," (sent to you for one dime,) and learn how these things are done.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND, Boston, Mass.

3m June 18

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM; OR, JESUS AND

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM; OR JESUS AND
HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY.
By George Stearns. Bella Marsh, publisher. This book
demonstrates that the religion of the Church originated with
Paul, and not Jesus, who is found to have been a Rationslist,
and whose Gospel as deduced from the writings of Matthew,
Mark, Luke and John, is a perfect refutation of Christianity,
it contains 312 pages of good print, well bound, and will be
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GEORGE STEARNS,
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This GOSPEL BEFORE
West Acton, Mass.

DR. I. G. ATWOOD, MENTAL AND MAGNETIC PHY-sician. Rooms, No. 106 East 14th street, New York, tf my17

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST,

NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

# The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the Bannen, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Conant, Tranco Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as teats of spirit communion

account of literary merit, but as teats of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

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

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals. We ask the reader to receive no dectrine put forth by spirits, an those columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each ear speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted,-Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held every day, (except Bunday) at our office, commencing at HALY-PAST Two, after which there is no admittance; they are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until displaced.

#### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

April 29—Jacob Sanborn, Auburn, N. Y.; Thomas Wilton; Ebenezor Francis, Boston; Elizabeth Dixon, Boston.
April 29—Samuel Jacobs, (farmer); David Hathaway, Boston; Josephine Ready, Lucas street, Boston; "Christ's Mission."

April 30-John Enos, Halifax; Samuel Curtis, Albany, N.

April 30—John Enos, Halfax; Samuel Curtis, Albany, N. Y.; Joe (a slave); Patrick Murphy.

May 5—William Henry Harris, Princeton, Ill.; Louisa, to Helen Lawrence; William Sprague, Boston; Thomas Davis, Charlostown; Rev. Dr. Emmons.

May 6—Silas Crawden, Warcham, England; William Haskins, Boston; Mary Hoppen, Providence; Peter Kelley, Boston; Rev. John Brooks.

#### General Wayne.

How many visions cluster around the spirit at its first advent to earth, after it has been resurrected from the bonds of death I

There are bright visions, and again there are those of mid-

There are bright visions, and again there are those of midnight hue, where every shade carries unhappiness with it. What a vast variety, emblematic of nature as she is i. I fancy myself new standing upon the verge of two worlds, gazing with intense anxiety into the one, and holding fast to the other. But of all these mighty pictures, I see no spot so pleasant, so well decked with gens, as that of childhood—a state of innocence, where love and purity are walking hand in hand. Childhood! oh, blessed childhood! who cannot look back upon it with some degree of pleasure?

At this stage of the delivery, we admitted a friend. In taking a seat, this friend came in contact with the mediumwho started quickly, and the control was broken-an operation we never before saw. An effort was made to recover it but without success. Thomas Foster, the next spirit who controlled, gave the following concerning the spirit and his trouble:

Defore proceeding with my own story, I am requested to 'inform you that the spirit who was in control, was General Wayne. He was requested to commune through your medium. The control was suddenly broken, and it is uncertain when he will be able to control again. He therefore requests make dive his name. April 25.

#### Thomas Foster.

My name was Thomas Foster: I lived to be twenty-six years of age; was born in New York City. I died at sea, on the passage from New York to liavre, whither I was going for my health. I have friends in the city and vicinity to whom I wish to speak. I understand you are in the habit of receiving a variety of tests of the spirits who come to you. My disease was pronounced by the physician to be consumption; but I have ascertained, since I came here, that it was caused on the liver. The yease I was in was the Lan-

was cancer on the liver. The vessel I was in was the Lap-wing, a bark. I had entered upon no specific business. I was waiting until my health was restored. I should proba-bly have gone into trade; but was undecided upon that noint.

bly have gone into trate; but was undecided upon that point.

I have a mother and two sisters, now in Paris; I have an uncie in New York City, one half-brother, and also many friends and acquaintances. My mother and sister intend to return home very soon, so I have been informed. One of my sisters is sick with the same disease I passed on with. I wish particularly to commune with hor, if I can; for, should I be successful in opening communication with hor, I may be able, with the assistance of those who understand the human form, to effect a cure; if not, I can certainly assuage her sufferings; and, as I suffired so much, I desire to relieve all those who suffer as I did.

My friends are members of a Christian church, and I need not be told my task is a difficult one. But if one never tries, one can never succeed.

I have been told that there are many places where we can

not be told my task is a difficult one. But if one never tries, one can never succeed.

I have been told that there are many places where we can go to meet our friends; but as these localities are all in the material world, I shall be obliged to ask aid from those who once professed to love, and who, I hope now retain a degree of the love they once bere for me. If they will seek out a suitable medium, I shall be with them; and if I do not repay them for the trouble they may be at in meeting me, I will met ask a second meating.

them for the trouble they may be at in meeting me, I will not ask a second meeting.

Shall I give you the name of my mother and the sister I desire to speak with? My mother's name was Charlotte—my sister's, Clara. If any one of my friends or acquaintances should chance to see my message, I ask as a favor of them that they forward it to my mother, or to either of my sisters; and I shall be quite as grateful as I would have been on earth for such favor received.

April 25.

### Deacon John Norton.

"Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits!" says the Psalmist, and so say I. Now I lived night unto three-score years and ten on earth, and thus I had very good opportunities of seeing life in the primary school. But I, like many thousands, was cramped by old theological opinions; and thus I did not make much progress in the school. I tried very hard to live an honest upright life, and the people will tell you I did so; but the moment my senses were ple will tell you I did so; but the moment my senses were opened to the Spirit-world. I was aware I had made a great mistake in life. From early childhood, I had been taught to believe certain things. I regarded the Bible as a holy book—considered every word sacred—yet I could not understand a third part of it. I said, "It is one of the mysteries of God, which he has hidden from his children, and we must be content with it." That, I find, is a peer way to get along. God and our nature, I find, do not demand so much of us.

When I first awake to Spirit-life, I asked one who stood near me what place I was in? "The promised land" he re-

near me what place I was in? "The promised land," he re

plied.
"What!" said I; "is it possible I am in Heaven?"
"Are you happy?" said he.
"No, I am not. I wish to know of the future."
"Then you are not in Heaven," said he. "If you twould know of the future, you must seek for truth, and persevere toward the truth, being ready over to grasp another as it is presented to you."

toward the truth, being ready over to grasp another as it is presented to you."

I have been believing in and relying upon a false religion, when the true religion of my God was before me in everything. I have seen often, but have not believed, because education has tauget me not to believe it.

I can assure my friends on earth it is very hard for me to give up believing in the Bible; and I was obliged to touch upon fact after fact, and truth after truth, e're I was prepared to give up the good-for-nothing creed I clung to on earth. The Bible is a record of certain things that did take place, and certain things which did not occur. Imagination was quite as busy as to-day, and the writers were as likely to get a dangerous error for every truth, as people of your day are. But the Christian world will not believe this. I have dear friends who will not believe that I can come back to earth in this way. I do not blame them, for it is centrary to the education they have received:

A person here asked if there was not enough in the Bible

A person here asked if there was not enough in the Bibl to carry the soul to heaven?

to carry the soul to heaven?

Yes; one passage in the book is enough to guide every man to heaven, it they will only abide by it; but they will not abide by it. That is, "Do unto others as you would they should do to you." This is all that is needed to carry you all to heaven. There are many passages in the Bible containing bright, immortal truths; but there are many errors. Who, of all the children on earth, are guided by the precepts Jesus set forth? There is not one before me, not one in all the spheres of earth. There may be thousands who will tell you they endeavor to be guided by the precepts of Jesus; but it is a mere trial.

The Christian world will tell you that God is the author of that book—Is all-wise; that he is the very apex of goodness, wisdom, power; and yet that same book will tell you that that same all-wise and good being is capable of leading his children into temptation. "Lead us not into temptation:" that prayer was said to be direct from the Son of God, and directed to Jebovah. Christ teaches his disciples how to pray, and to pray that they may not be led into temptation. pray, and to pray that they may not be led into temptation. Just as though God was capable of leading one of his children into temptation! It better have been, "Leave us not in temptation:" but the Christian would say, you must not alter one word of that book.

into temptation! It better have been, "Leave us not in temptation;" but the Christian would say, you must not alter one word of that book.

I once believed thus, and I do not blame the people of your day for doing so; for the idle is mighty, and the multitude is boing borne that way. A few have stemmed the torrent, and are struggling against wind and water. When a majority of the souls shall perceive the new light, the tide will flow the other way; and the multitude that have been floating on amid error, will be forced toward a new star—a new life—which will give them to understand of themselves, the past, the present and the future.

I used to believe in the atonement; I honestly believed that Christ died to save the world, and that by and through his death all must be saved, if saved at all. Now I see that that is foily—it cannot be so. The light through Christ, the Holy One, shone in darkness; the darkness could not comprehend it; and thus it crucified the body, and Christ died a martyr. He was not called in that way, that by the shedding of his blood the vast multitude coming after him should find salvation. Everything in nature propes this false. They tell me here that Christ was the most perfect man of his time. I am told here, also, that he is worthy to be worshiped, because of his goodness; and where man finds goodness, he may worship. God's face is seen in the violet, and the man may worship. God's face is seen in the violet, and the man which has prayer for its clothing, and lifts the soul beyond mundane things, and gives it longings for that it has not seen. One says, "I love that individual;" sud this is wor-

worship.

But the worship God demands is, a continual yielding up
of self to obey the commands and will of God. The soul who
would receive truth, must live up to the demands of the holy
monitor within. If he does this, he will be without ain—will

would receive truth, must live up to the demands of the holy monitor within. If he does this, he will be without alm—will walk with flood daily.

My friend says, "If it he possible for you to go to such a place, tell us what you believed on earth, and what you believed on earth, and what you believed on earth, and what you believe now."

I do not expect to place belief in his mind by coming here at lave done, and striving in my poor way to attend to his call. I know they will say I have changed; but who would not, in the light of the life I live? The wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err on this side; but poor mortals I should wonder if they did not err.

The friend who has called upon me, did not desire me to give any personal facts, therefore I shall not do so, Now, as I leave for my happy spirit-life, I will leave a blessing for them; and when they call again, let them ask me for some proof, and I will endeaver to satisfy them.

April 25.

#### John Dix Fisher.

I visit you this afternoon for the purpose of correcting an erroneous impression that is floating around on earth among my friends in regard to myself.

I learn, from what I have heard, that some of my friends think I have been confined in spirit-life, and prevented from communing with my friends, in consequence of misdemean-community with the property of the spirit-life.

communing with my friends, in consequence of misdemeanors committed by me in spirit-life.

The impression is not only a very foolish one, but is devoid of truth, and was no doubt forced upon the material
world by one who does not look upon me with a very approving eye in spirit-life.

Too many of the people of carth—and too many of that portion of the people who call themselves Spiritualists—are disposed to believe only in these mysterious stories. They do
not care to take up the thoughts which have only truth for
their foundation. But it is not my purpose to return to canyeas the follies of Spiritualists.

not care to take up the moughts. The purpose to return to cantheir foundation. But it is not my purpose to return to cantass the follics of Spiritualists.

When I shall so far forget myself, and my duty to myself, humanity, and my God, as to be heard uttering unlawful language through my medlum, or any source through which I may be permitted to commune, then, and not till then, may my friends suppose I have degenerated in spirit-life.

April 25.

John Dix Fisher.

#### Charles Todd.

By heavens, I nover see such a set as you have here to-day!
My God, it would puzzle a Samson to hold control!
What's the reason you' did n't publish that communication
my friend gave you? Keep cool? Might as well keep cool in
hell! Friend, what is the matter here? By heavens, I
would n't want to control a medium under such conditions
as such here iteday. as rule here t<u>d</u>-day. 🤈

A series of accidents seemed to attend our session to day. This spirit was annoyed by it, and as he was somewhat rough on earth, he expresses himself accordingly. This manifesta tion is characteristic of the man. When excited, he used to stutter very badly, and even this peculiarity was manifested. It will be seen he is actuated by an intense desire to avenge some wrongs sustained on earth by an individual to whom he

I told you the case should go against him, and I meant it

I told you the case should go against him, and I meant it should. I tell you I am not dead any more than I ever was; and If I can't speak as loudly as I once could, I have will power enough to effect my purpose.

Friend, I wish you'd tell — for me, that I 'll swing him ten feet high yet, if he aint careful. By heavens! it aint revenge—it's my just due. He may carry up the case on all the exceptions he can get from everything about him, and he can't succeed. If he pays his ball, I 'll cut his wind before he gets ten miles. The more I am here, the more I see to make me carry him, where he ought to be. He tried hard to send my soul to hell, and I'll pay him for it.

Friend, I'm excited. If I had my own body exactly, I think a glass of brandy would quiet my nerves, and I think I'd talk better.

### The first jury were part mine and part his-the last were

#### Zebadiah Tinkham.

You want to know who I am first of all, ch? Well, I was born in Barre, Vermont. My name is the handsomest one you over know. Zebadiah is the first—now for the other. I was n't a finker by trade, but I was by name. Now you know my name. I was just as handsome as my name was. My eyes were blue—mighty light, toe; my hair was red—mighty red, toe; I was just five feet tall, and about as thick through as a pine slab. Now you've got a pretty good description of Zeb. I was n't born such a foel that some folks think I was; and I'm mant enough to come back here and talk, spite of all your fire and water.

My mother died when I was little; my finher married a second time; the lady was a widow and she had a daughter, and she says if I'll come back and be myself, she'll believe in Spiritualism.

Now I suppose you want to know when I died, and what I

second time; the lady was a widow and she had a daughter, and she says if I'll come back and be myself, she 'll believe in Spiritualism.

Now I suppose you want to know when I died, and what I died of—and I'm just the chap to give it to you.

I was free in one sense, and not in another. I was n't twenty-one; but nobody ever cared to interfere with me—so I was free. I had a difficulty in my stomach that nobody knew anything about.

When I was a shaver, about thirteen years old, I went along with a woman who came to our place, to New York, to go to the door when the bell rings. After I was there a short time, I said, "If there's any worse devil, I want to meet with him;" and so I went away. Why, she'd as lives throw a plate at a fellow's head as not. The old brute is alive now, and I want her to get this.

I was in the kitchen a good deal, and so when I left I wont into a place where they sold victuals. Here they treated me well, and I liked so much, that I stayed three years. The man's name was Gastle; he's dead, and his son has got the place now. The shop was on Walker street.

That half sister of mine, she's married, and is living here in Boston. Now if I was round on earth, and should meet her, she would n't speak to me; but, you see, she'd like to have me come back, to satisfy her curlosity. She's the most curlous thing you ever see. If anything turned up she didn't ask me anything about the old man or her mother, so I she n't tell her about them. I want here to come here, and I'll not let felks know I know her; but I'll let her Monw I'm about.

You write some, don't you? By hekey, I'll learn to write. I never could write a line.

The dovil is going to have that old woman—she's devil onough—no worse one. An idea pops into my head, and I guess it better pop out. I went up to her room one day to

The devil is going to have that old woman—she's devil onough—no werse one. An idea pops into my head, and I guess it better pop out. I went up to her room one day to carry a keerd [card] somebody gave me at the door. She was standing before the glass rigging herself. Seems she had been to meeting a day or two before, and she was saying a prayer that her beautiful self need n't go to the warm region. [Here some one interrupted him.] I fix it up to suit niyself in my own language. Well, I said, "Guess, old woman, you'll never get to a worsedevil than you are." Oh, you ought to have seen the hencenly artillery she let fly at me at that. She said nobedy could only religion when I was round. That thing has a darter coming up the same as herself. If she do n't get there before the old woman does, I miss it.

was round. That thing has a darter confing up the same as herself. If she don't get there before the old woman does, I miss it.

I didn't live here long; but I seen a mighty heap of things while I was here. I at n't been here quite three years yet. What a chap that last fellow was that speke. Ho's as flery as a steam engine. I like here very well—don't have anybody to cut you here 'cause you hain't got fine clothes. Oh, I wan't a fool, nohow!

Do folks go out themselves, or do you help them out, when they leave this machine?

Well, good by, whoever you are, postmaster general, or seribe—you're semething, I 'spose.

April 25.

Samuel Leighton, Rockingham, N. H I feel sad at coming here to-day. I've no pleasant story to tell. I was a poor old man—a pauper. I felt my dependence most bitterly before I dled, and I feel it now. Although much time has passed away since I left the people of earth—although many have come here that I was dependent upon, yet, on coming back to earth I feel my dependence. It tells me that what few I have living here will hardly accept me—will hardly welcome me. They will tell you I spent all I had for my worst enemy; and when sickness came upon me I was without a friend, and only cared for by those who felt themselves obliged to do so.

Yet, notwithstanding all this gloom, I have been desirous of communing with some one on earth for a long time, but

of communing with some one on earth for a long time, but have never been able to do so until this day. My name was Sanuel Leighton. I died in the Rockingham County Poor House in 1834, in the month of August, of con-

uniption.

"Is true I've got a son on earth. Will he hear me? That juestion I can't answer. He must. Have I done right to ell you what I have? Shall I not close more fully the door if welcome? That son is on earth, but I have no access to itm. He descrited me before I was sick; did not attend my hearth, be will not all the well to me, and he was vertex. funeral—he paid no attention to me—and he was not to blame. I do not come to blame him now. God forbid it! But I come, that I may have some one to comfort me—that I

stay from him now. Maybe he has found many friends wh do not know that his poor old father died in the poor house and will think that I had better not trouble him.

do not know that his poor old father died in the poor house, and will think that I had better not trouble him.

I was sixty-seven years of age. Will you publish for me as you would for any other one? Then God bless you. I will not trespass any longer.

April 20.

To William Campbell.

I do not see what good I can do by coming here for the purpose I have te-day. A friend of mine said if I'd come back and speak to him when he was n't present, he should believe I did come, and no mistake; but I guess I might as well have stayed away. I can't do anything. I'm thinking too much shout what happened just before I died, where I died, and I shout what happened just before I died, where I died, and I shout what happened just before I died, where I died, and I shout what happened just before I died, where I died, and I shout what happened just before I died, where I died, and I shout what happened just before I died, where I died, and I shout what happened just before I died, where I died, and I shout with him who has called upon us, will he not come forth honestly, and confess that we have

ship. One exclaims, "Oh, is not that beautiful!" This is firel had. I communicated once when I first died, but not to

him.]
The fact is, I did not expect to meet any one here who knew me, or whom I knew. I fived in floaton. My friend's name is William Catupbell. I guess he is left the business he used to work at; he used to polish planes—that's his trade—he is a planefred maker, but he used to do that branch of the hustiness.

#### Wallace Bliss.

It's a long time since I happened round to see you. W. W. Bliss is my name. Now I suppose you know me. Somebody says, "Will young Bliss go there? and if he is lucky enough to get there, will he tell me something I'd like to know?" Perhaps I might be in better business than coming here to gratify curiosity; but they say carlosity is one of the stepping-stones to wisdom, and I may as well help a friend in that line as not.

hat line as not.
This friend of mine belongs in Manchester, N. H.; but he's all round—in Boston, New York—wherever he can made a trude. He's a protty fast boy, and if he don't look out he'll come up with as short a turn as I did. His name is George Hartley. I believe there is a middle name, but I am not

sure.

It seems he has just found out that I have come. I guess he do n't take the papers, or read the almanacs. I'll suggest something more in his case—that is, to hall up, drive slower, and read the papers; I do n't care whether it's the Investigator, the Christian Watchman, or the Banner of Light—so long as he reads. I don't see how it is he has n't heard more of Spiritualism than he has. For my part, I read the

Now he wants me to tell him where I saw him last. I Now he wants me to tell him where I saw him last. I suppose I saw him at the Fair in Manchester, just before I was taken sick—well, two or three weeks before. He tried to trade horses with me, but I wouldn't trade. His horse died a little while after, so I came out lucky. I give these facts, because they are of service to him; and, if he wants to help him; but I shan't help him drink whiskey. By the way, he was slightly under the influence of "that gentleman" when he called for me; but he was n't so tight but he will remember the call. will remember the call.

Now ho can take his choice—drive a fast horse on earth

Now ho can take his choice—drive a fast horse on carta and a slow one where I live; or drive a little slower team on carth and a fast one hore. For my part, I'd rather drive a slow team on earth, than plod on so slow as I have to here. Look here—my friend do n't know me by the name of W. W. Bliss, so I'll tell you the name he does know me by, and that is Wallace Bliss. Good by. April 26, is Wallace Bliss. Good by.

#### Jane Cary.

Jane Cary.

In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I do come hack to earth to speak to those I love. Your years have passed since I left my children—since I committed them to the care of the Father of all. And now, by the will of that Holy One, I return to bleas them—to speak with them—to tell them to avoid the many quicksands of life, and struggle nobly for the high attainments in the spirit-world.

My children—my two dear children! they have shed many tears while walking in the weary paths of life. They have found few friends—few friends I and while I speak here today, my little ones are walking your streets, begging for bread. Yes, they ask the multitude for enough only to sustain life. They receive it, and I come here to thank the kind souls who have ministered, from time to time, to the wants of finy little ones. My oldest child is a medium. I watch over her and guard her carefully through her own medium powers, yet she knows it not; and when I visit her bod of straw at night, I oftlimes arouse her from her alumber, and she says: "I dreamed mother was here, and she told me to be a good child, notwithstanding my path is a hard one."

A few days ago, that little girl received one of your papers. She can read, and she can write; I taught her to do so before I left her. While reading the messages, she said: Oh, I wish motter would come!" Poor child! she knew not even then that I was preparing her to know of these things. Oh, I beseech her to care for that little one—to be to her all I would have been had I been spured; and when strangers look harshly upon her, I wish her to know that her mother is beside her, and that though her fot be hard in this life, I have a hone prepared for her here, where I shall fold her in my arms, and wipe away her tears. And the little one, who cannot comprehend these things, has a hard lot; but the kind Father who sends me here to-day, will aid me in controlling that child.

Oh, I would have them content; and when they kneel that child.

Father who sends me here to-day, will aid me in controlling that child.

Oh, I would have them content; and when they kneel to say their prayers. I would have them to know that though I am in heaven, I am watching over them. My dear child often murmurs at those who could and should aid her; I would not have it so. God, in his infinite goodness, has marked out a rough path for her, and I would not have her complain. When she sits down in poverty at night, when she can no longer bog on the pathway, may she feel that her home in spirit-life is beautiful, and that the kind Father who has marked out so rough a path for her, has given me power to provide for her a mansion of Joy. Yes, she suffers here—she shall be blessed hereafter. Oh, my child! pray carnestly that God may over continue to send hely angels to guard you; and when sin is in your pathway, oh, lift your thoughts to him who permits a multher to watch over you—who never the sumbers nor sleeps—but watches with an auxiety more intense than that of earth.

My little Emma, poor child! I wish to meet her at some phase where I can speak to her—when I can explain many things about her mediumship, that she may not be alarmed as hould I manifest to her at any time.

ibings about her mediumship, that she may not be alarmed should I manifest to her at any time.

My name was Jane Cary; my children's, Emma and Nelly Cary. I was not always poor in this world's goods; but I passed away in abject poverty.

I shall influence my child in such a way that she will obtain your paper containing this communication.

May the Lord in his infinite mercy and goodness smile upon my little ones—and not only mine, but all such as mine. May He send a guardian angel to watch over every little form that is driven hither and thither by the cold winds of life; and, while the angel watcheth over them, may they of life; and, while the angel watcheth over them, may they feel His power, bow to His guidance, and be warmed by His

# George Wilson.

I was born at Kennebunkport, Mo., and died at San Diego, Nevada Co., Cal. Born in 1818, died in 1862, or dysentery. I had been in California about one year. I have relations in Kennebunkport, but no near ones, except a brother in Bos-

The above was written-the party, after having controlled the medium, being unable to speak.

### Jerry Gordon.

Jerry Gordon.

I'm a strange place of humanity. I lived to be an old man in the body, but I was very young in the spirit. When I was a small boy, I met with an accident, and that caused me to have what you call fits. They now tell me I used to have twenty or thirty fits a day. Yet I lived to be an old man; and when I came to the spirit-world, I had no recollection of anything that had happened since I was ten years old, when I was taken sick. So I commonced to progress in spirit-life from the time I was ten years old, and all the years I passed seemed to be a troubled dream—nothing bright or vivid in it. Some of the folks will not be satisfied until I come back to them; but they will not believe me. I have been taught what to say.

They want to know if my spirit was diseased. I guess not. They want to know if my spirit was affected by my disease. Yes, whille it was in the body; it was shut up, in a prison, as it were; but I have not been troubled since it was free from the body.

the body.

They want me to tell you that I am now progressed as far

They want me to tell you that I am new progressed as far as a boy on your earth would be at fourteen or fifteen years of age. I might as well have died, then—better—for I should have got along faster. I was blindfolded all that time.

Somebody who lives in Deering, N. H., has brought me here. My mother's name was Mehitable Gordon; mine was Jerry Gordon. My nephew's name? I do n't know. I never saw him on earth, but I 'll ask him his name. I said I never knew him—that's a lie; but I did not know him much. Ho says his name was Jacob Stewart.

They did n't tell me to say anything about the year I died in. I did n't know anything about it when I died, at all. I woke up in a long dream, and a hard one, and I don't know nothing about the years while I was sick. Died I 've been dead since I was ten years old—that's my theory; but when I parted from the body I don't know. I know new I'm a spirit, and am here.

### John H. Lawrence.

blame. I do not come to blame him now. God forbid it!
But I come, that I may have some one to comfort me—that I have not had for many a long year. I am told there are many beautiful places here, and that there is joy for me; but I cannot accept this comfort, because it comes not from one whom I knew and who knew my faults.

Clothing I do not need, for I have no use for it. Bread and meat I do not need, for I have no use for them; but I want a kind word from one who knew me. Oh, you do not know how many poor wretches there are here, who go mourning all their days, because they did wrong on earth. Oh, this is worse than the hell I used to hear of. Had I been cast into a hell of fire and brimstone, I think I could have borne that. I suffer more than I did on earth—yes, I do. The anxious feeling has been growing more intense ever shoe I came here. I should be happy could I be understood, but I feel all alone. No one cares for me; and they who say they care for me I never knew, and I cannot accept what they give me.

I thought perhaps I might ask my son to aid me in coming and speaking to him. Others here find their friends by coming to this place, and why should not I? Maybe my son itsy from him now. Maybe he has found many friends who do not know that his poor old father died in the poor house, and will think that I had better not trouble him.

I was sixt-seven vears of age. Will you publish for mo

told the truth in spite of all the obstacles he has thrown in our way? Until he does acknowledge this, we have nothing further to give him. He who fears to acknowledge, openly and beliefly, the truth, is a coward, and unwerthy the name of son of the Most High God.

John H. Lawannea.

A college, if richly endowed, insures a fat living to its pro-

LIGHT

### Charlotte Copeland.

I thought my mother was to come here. Oh, dear, it's a funny way to tall; to you. Is it beat?

Well, I want to tell my mother about my books and clothes; I want her to give them away; I want her to give them to Nancy's little girl—Nancy cooks for my mother. Blo hasn't got many clothes, and her mother hasn't got any money to

got many clothes, and her mother hasn't got any money to buy any with.

Nancy's husband brought me here to-day, and shows me how to talk—but I thought my mother would be here. His name is William Harris.

My name was Charlotte Copeland. I lived in New York, on West 33th street. I was eight years—most nine years—old. I had the measles, and got cold, and died. My mother's name is Charlotte.

I want Nancy's little girl to have my clothes, my books and my chain. Mother said she was n't big endugh to be of any service to her, when Nancy come, and so she pays a dollar a week for her board. She boards out in Williamsburgh with Nancy's sister.

week for her board. Sho boards out in whimansourge was Nancy's sister.

There are a good many little girls where I am, and I wouldn't come back here to live. I have a good lady to teach me—I never knew her, nor my mother didn't, nor any of my folks; but she's here waiting for me—If I don't do what I ought to do, I punish myself. Nancy's husband wants her to go to a medium; he wants to talk to her. She was very good to me. Mother and the folks wouldn't give me any water to drink, and when they were out of the room she would.

I went to Mrs. Cayland's—a private school—when I was living with mother.

living with mother.

My father is here, but he does n't live with me; I saw him when I first came here. He cut his throat. He says I ought not to have told that, but he don't care now. I don't remember it; it was when I was too small. Can I go now?

#### THE PRESS.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

God said, " Let there be light!" God said, "Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt bls might
And fled away.
The startled seas, and mountains bold,
Bhone forth all bright in blue and gold,
And cried, "'T is day, 't is day!" 'Hail, holy light!" exclaimed

The thunderous cloud, that flamed
O'er daistes white;
And lo, the rose, in crimson dress'd, Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast,
And, blushing, murmur'd "Light!" Then was the skylark born;

Then rose the embattled corn;
Then streams of praise
Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And when night came, the pullid moon
Pour'd forth her pensive lays.

Loi heaven's bright bow is glad!
Loi trees and flowers all clad
In glory, bloom!
And shall the mortal sons of God
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darker than the tomb? No. by the mind of man I By God, our Sire I
Our souls have boly light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.

By earth, and hell, and heaven, The shroud of souls is riven;
The shroud of souls is riven;
Mind, mind alone
Is light, and hope, and life, and power;
Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,
The night of mind, is gene!

The second Ark we bring:
The Press all nations sing;
What can they less?
Oh! pallid want; oh! labor stark;
Behold we bring the second Ark—
The Press! the Press! the Press!

# Correspondence.

### To Correspondents.

We still continue to receive private letters, and letter intended for publication, dealing out blame and bitterness to others; also words of caution in regard to the danger of the influence of such persons. In answer to our correspondents who write thus, we would say, that we have the least possible interest in hearing the faults of any one related. This is an 'old-fashioned" business, running out as self-reform runs in. Repeating and recording the faults of others is the meanest business of human life. As to the fear of any danger from those who are held up to us as bad men and bad women, we frankly say that we have none; but if we were afraid at all, we should sooner fear the man who judges, than the man who

J. FRAZER, ROSEBANK P. O., CANADA WEST .- Your favor of June the 8th is received. You have our thanks for your efforts in behalf of the BANNER.

JNO. LANGDON, MONNOUTH, ILL .- We thank you for your efforts in our favor. The Monmouth Review is now on our exchange list.

### American Colleges:

Their Character-Horace Mann's Opinion-Their Deficiencies - Their Tendencies.

No one familiar with the admirable talent displayed by the Hon, Hornce Mann, in remodeling and improving the com mon schools of Massachusetts, and his disinterested and indefatigable labors in behalf of literary and scientific educa tion-embracing the continent of Europe in his thorough investigation of every system of instruction from which use ful facts might be gleaned-can fail to respect his opinion upon all questions which relate to public instruction.

He has recently given a lecture on the "Relation of Col leges to the People," in which he states that nine-tenths of the posts of honor and distinction throughout the country, were filled by collegians-that the college is the fountain o influence. If a few men who were not collegians rose to high positions, they were the rare exceptions. It were they who wrote the books, and who made the scientific discoveries. The brilliant mentin all stations were the fruit, in effect, or colleges.

Horace Mann is an enthusiast; so it may, and so perhap it should be, with every distinguished benefactor of his race Himself the President of a College, it is quite natural, if no necessary, that he should have a full apprehension of all the advantages that may be derived from these time-honored in stitutions. His candor and magnanimity will, however prompt him to listen with patience to some modification o he views he has so recently expressed upon this subject Without confining ourselves to the accuracy, such as it may be, of statistical records, one man may guess at facts relating to this subject as well as another. In the old thirteen State of the confederacy, it may be that a very respectable propor tion of the "posts of honor and distinction" are filled by co logians—say one-fourth. After leaving the old States, instead of ten to one, certainly not more than one in ten of the so called posts of honor and distinction are filled by collegians We need not dwell on the fact that posts of honor and dis tinction are not invariably the reward of merit, nor of scien tific or literary attainment.

President Mann tells us that the brilliant men in all sta tions are the fruit in effect of colleges. Our Washington and Franklin he might not have called brilliant men; and what too, would be say of the illustrious, no less than illiterate, Shakespeare, or of Burns, or of our own Patrick Henry? o even of the "Mill-boy of the sinshes?" who were all equal! and alike strangers to college discipline and academic lore. The utility of colleges is not denied; but that they are the

ource of all valuable knowledge, and the fountain of nower are declarations which may be received with some modification. There are one hundred or more institutions in the United States that are dignified by this appellation, which turn out altogether some few thousand graduates annually. To a large portion of these the college exercises are literally task if not a bore and in those instances where some de cent knowledge of the languages and of useful science is equired, unless put to immediate use, a few years spent is He active duties of life, or, as we too often witness, in idleness and dissipation, effectually rust it out. The more richly indowed institutions are, very possibly, for all practical purcoses, the least useful. The professor's chair is not always secured by merit, or ripe scholarship, nor is the incumbent specially alive to the moral and intellectual improvement of the young men committed to his care. The fact should b generally understood, although to its friends and alumnic natter both of surprise and of unmitigated mortification, that the most ancient and richly endowed of cis-Atlantic colleges has been recently and publicly exposed by individuals of its the most important and useful branches of education. From the Latin Professorship it is announced that the scholar of he last twenty years has produced. From the Chair of His- laying before your readers a plain, unvarished tale of past

fessors, and so far as ease and respectability is enjoyed by the teacher, a very large proportion of the young men who graduate at such institutions are satisfied with its discipline. Whilst, such ains! is human nature, where valuable acquisttions are made, both teacher and pupil are quickened, if not encouraged in their task, by the never-failing spur of physical necessity.

With entire respect for the opinion of President Mann. whilst desirous to correct any probable misapprehension that may grow out of his cloquent remarks, it may not be uninstructive to quote a few brief sentences from a strong English writer:

"Genius, which the French lady declared to be of no sex, is much more certainly of no rank; neither when 'the spark of Nature's fire' has been imparted, should 'Education' take high airs in her artificial light, which is but too often phosphorescence.-How were it, if we surmised that for a man gifted with natural vigor, with the character of a man to be developed in him, more especially in the way of Literature, as Thinker and Writer? It is actually in these days no especial misfortune to be trained up among the uneducated classes, rather than the educated; but, of the two misfortunes, the smaller .- True, also, where there is a will, there is a way; where genius has been given, a possibility and a certainty of its growing is also given .- But what, after all, is meant by uneducated, in a time when books have come to be household furniture in every habitation of the civilized world? In the poorest cottage are books; as if it were by universities and libraries and lecture-rooms, that man's education-what we choose to call education-were accomplished.—The life of man is a school, wherein the naturally foolish will continue foolish, though you bray him in a mortar; but the naturally wise will gather wisdom under every disadvantage. - But here are two men of talent; put the one into a printer's chapel, full of lampblack, tyrannous usage, hard toll-the other into Oxford Universities, with lexicons and libraries, and hired expositors and sumptuous endowments; the former shall come out a Dr. Franklin, the latter

Further quotations might be made from this same English writer, did our limits permit. May not, however, the remark be deemed correct, that these sentiments are even more pertinent and applicable to the subject of education under our free

still, though you bray him in a mortar," it is no less true that the fire of genius will not be quenched, although it may be cribbed and dwarfed by the straight-jacket of college discipline.

A lamentable and well known fact, is the practical unfitness of college studies and college life to the majority of our young men, if not to all. Institutions to educate females are perhaps still more unfortunate; and after a few years spent with more or less success in the studies assigned them, they come out into the every-day world, proud of their acquirements, whilst thoroughly unfitted, either by mental or physical discipline to walk in the path designed for them by Providence, or to discharge in a worthy manner the all-important duties of an American wife and mother.

The books, the studies, the government, and the entire discipline of colleges, are antiquated, arbitrary and impracticable. Unfitted for the present generation-however they might have been adapted to the men of past ages-unfitted not more on account of time wasted in studies ill chosen, than because the morals and the cultivation of manly and benevolent sentiments are rendered subservient to the acquisition of literary or scientific knowledge. The social distinction supposed to be secured by the pupil of a college, and the aristocratic atmosphere which pervales the institution and its entire surroundings, engender feelings that are no less hostile to republican equality than latal to the culture of those social and benevolent affections which are essential to human happiness, and without which scientific attainments may prove a curse rather than a blessing, both to the possessor and to the public.

American colleges are not always liberally sustained; and

well-known facts may justify the declaration, that the more richly endowed the less usoful. Where native talent exists, this mode of culture is frequently sought; yet self-culture produces eminent men, to whom college routine and discipline would have proved a mere stumbling-block. The importance generally ascribed to literary attainments, and their assumed superiority to the useful knowledge and skill acquired in the successful accomplishment of the various duties required in agricultural or mechanical employments, or in the pursuit of any and every avocation which is necessary to the well-being and comfort of man, is a pernicious misappreficusion. Its injustice to useful labor may not be denied. But the greatest suffering under this false estimation of what is requsite to prepare them for the duties of life, are the young men who enjoy the supposed advantages of college training. Bodily exorcise is indispensable to the complete development of men-tal capacity—not simply the exercise of the limbs, but the habit of employing them in useful or productive labor. Such employment gives a manly stability to the character; a just consideration of the duty and necessity which demand of every citizen an equivalent for the bread that he cats, which is due alike from him and every other individual, whether male or female, to the common woulth. Without this correct physical and mental training, there can be no true independence of character, no just claim to a "finished" education. How small a portion of those parents that are now heedlessly training their children in luxurious habits, who reflect that the chances are not less than ten to one, under the usual contingencies of American life, that their earthly career will terminate in poverty. Injustice is done to society, in the first place, by taxing the public industry to encourage and sustain luxurious indulgence; but when the career terminates, as it too often must, in poverty and comparative destitution, the greatest sufferer is the unlucky individual who commenced life in

the lan of wealth and indelence. That a college education unfits a man for the practical duties of life, many graduates have the good sense to perceive and lament in after life, even when successful in some professional avocation. True, there are found amongst college alumni many eminent men, who both merit and command universal respect. Yet of the untold thousands who after graduating with collegiate honors, have sunk into obscurity or disgrace, no obtrusive record is shown.

We seldom advert to the obvious fact, that colleges were originally instituted not solely for the promotion of useful science, but to give the few who were to receive the benefit of such instruction that advantage over the mass of the pecple which is secured by the attainment of what is deemed superlor knowledge-a knowledge, however, not of useful facts altogether, but of words, forms, and harren technicalities, The predominating character of these institutions, which its professors usually succeed in the effort of indelibly impressing upon the heart of the public is thoroughly aristogratic. It is true, also, that the civil administration of justice throughout our country is essentially aristocratic, having been adopted entire, and with no essential modification, from that of the mother country. The revolution which separated us from Great Britain was the commencement of a grand political reformation, which has improved and elevated the national character; yet much remains to be done, not only to improve our national and State administrations of government, but to ecomplish that social reform, without which political rights are a mockery.

However paradoxical the declaration may seem, no position more capable of demonstration than the fact that social equality is no less essential to the safety and happiness of the rich, the well-nurtured and, best educated portion of society than to the poor, the ignorant, and the destitute.

Perhaps no subject of reform stands out more prominently upon the surface of society than our literary institutions. For useful instruction they are equally unsuitable and unavailable to the mass of the people; whilst they foster an exclusive spirit which is fatal to that social intercourse which should make a community of freemen a band of brothers.

I care not how benevolent, how wise, how magnanimous that individual may be-the man who has been educated and graduated at an American college, has acquired, in spite of his better judgment and benevolence, a false pride, a conscious superiority in social position and general estimation, which is hostile to that sentiment of perfect equality which is the true basis of free institutions. This projudice is inveterate-a prejudice which no subsequent culture, experience, or rigid self-discipline can eradicate.

### Experiences of an Investigator .- No. 1.

Messas Epirons—During a late conversation I held with you on the subject of Spiritualism, you were pleased to request that I would favor you, in writing, with a sketch of my own faculty, as deficient in the means of teaching several of 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-18;8 will seek in vain for the various philological, linguistic, ing that some portion of my investigation may prove useful an l archeological works, which the unremitting activity of to others, I am solely actuated by the desire to do good, in

strong and rashly into an unknown path," but will carefully reflect, ere they enter upon the investigation of so intricate and marvelous a subject as modern Spiritualism,

I may preface my statement by intimating that I am past the meridian of life on earth, and according to the laws of nature rapidly approaching that exit from this sphere that awaits every one; consequently I can have no selfish desire to deceive, or ambition to become noted. This fact has furnished me with sufficient evidence of what is the standard value of man's opinion, and, in the performance of a truthful duty, I fear no man, but wish to extend to every member of the human family that forbearance and candor that from a few only I have received. I claim the right that I freely extend to every one, viz., the privilege to worship my Creator according to the light that is in me, preferring the private prayer of the closet to the forms of sectarian display, admitting at the same time that I firmly believe that there is good in all forms and practices of religious worship, relatively speaking; that the Universal Father can alone comprehend his child, the work of his rower, and that he alone is the true iudge of that child's requirements; he is ever ready to answer and reward openly the secret prayer of sincerity.

By education I am a member of the Episcopalian, or Estab lished Church of England-with which my family connections are united in faith-and for upwards of thirty years of my life I have regarded it as the church, observed its forms, sub scribed to its tenets, and loved its beautiful liturgy, though at numerous times sadly annoyed with the inconsistencies and corruptions manifested in its government and the actions of many of its clergy. The rule of life, as laid down by our Saviour, by precept and example, is not followed by its supporters and teachers. The great distinction existing in the condition of the bishops, deans, rectors, and other superior officers, with that of the hard-working curate, is painful to be-The pride I experienced from these dignitaries, when I presumed to question their authority, or views and interpretations, convinced me that there existed considerable influence from Mammon in this anciest edifice or fabric of man's invention; that like unto its Roman rival, its aim in practice was temporal; it wished to rule-not to explain, guide and teach, exemplifying in practice its truth and faithfulness for so sacred and important a duty as a teacher sent from God.

I therefore determined to examine for myself the various sects of religious worship professed in this country, ere I united myself with any creed of man; and in the course of this investigation I came in contact with Spiritualism, and for several years gave it a patient, searching examination, undeterred by the jeers of scoffers, uninfluenced by the pleadings of my family, or discouraged by the admonitions of my commercial connections. An irresistible desire to know and judge for myself alone influenced me. I was urged onward by this unsatisfied craving, stop by step, until I had learned from personal experience the knowledge I sought regarding it: and it is the incidents of this examination, with its attend ing reflections, that you have desired me to give you. In pen ning the same, I will

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." "A plain, unvarnished tale I will unfold."

And I shall consider myself amply repaid, if I can influence one individual so to act in these investigations, as not to approach an electric circle in order to gratify an idle currosity by haning a bit of fun, or seek the aid of a professional medium, to make it subservient to a worldly ambition; but approach the circle of influence only after deep reflection and earnest private prayer, that according to the anxious desire for truth, light may be given you, and strength to avoid the rocks and shoals that I experienced in my investigation of Yours truly, modern Spiritualism.

New York, April, 1859.

#### Suffering.-W. S. Ripley.

F. S. Robbins, Waterbury, Cr.-"As the spirit's eye goes forth to behold the various conditions of human life, it cannot fall to detect in every heart a greater or less degree of suffering, the true causes of which cannot be fully understood in the present condition and development of society. While, then, we are waiting for the natural growth and unfoldings of high intelligences, that shall elevate man to that position where he can understand the so-called mysterious of hiscreation, we feel that there can be an intermediate influence exerted that will to some extent alleviate the sufferings which seem so generally to afflict the human family. The deepest sympathy and compassion of those in a higher life goes out for all; and while there are countless numbers who stand aloof from their influence and teachings, who have no faith in spirit power, there are also those who are under the direct influence and control of a power beyond themselves. who are called upon to pass through the deepest suffering, both of body and spirit; to suffer the loss of health and of earthly possessions; of all that they have held most dear. And the thought often comes to their minds, 'Oh, that we could find some way to lessen our sorrows and afflictions, and enhance our loys and happiness.' But before we can find means whereby suffering can be lessoned, we must understand that it is often needful in self-purification, and to prepare the individual for a higher state of usefulness, either in this, or spirit-life. For evidence of this, we refer you to Jesus, the young man of Nazareth, who was the highest embodiment of purity and perfection; yet he was a man of deepest afflictions and heart-rending trials that he was enand submissive in the hands of those who were moulding and fushioning his spirit for an example to rising generations. If, then, this being so superiorly organized and harmoniously adapted to spirit influence, must of necessity pass through all these earthly struggles, should not we, who are of a lower order, expect to pass through like experiences, inasmuch as we bear a likeness to him? Taking him, then, as a pattern after which we should seek to make our lives and characters, let us consider his relations to physical and spiritual life.

Upon the first plane of existence we behold him endowed with all the faculties, propensities and desires which men possess at the present time-his corporeal system being composed the same as ours; thus far he was alike exposed to all the evils and temptations of external life. The sequel to his mastery over trials, temptations and griefs, may easily be explained. His staid adherence to the principles of right and truth led him forth a more than conquerer over wrongs and superstitions; and in doing this he tasted the very dregs of the cup, and still possessed his soul in peace; because the deep conviction of the righteous course which he was pursulng made him triumph over every enemy-even death Itself. And when there was a victory to be won, he feared not to fight the battle. His soul glorled in exterminating error, because he knew it to be the fulfilling of the divine law, though it cost him the most excruciating tortures of body and soul: yet he had the consciousness of a power divine, that could and would sustain him. Terrible and deep as his sufferings might be, his soul could, amid all afflictions Boar up to heaven, and gather from the Father's love peace and strength. Thus in the litter hour he could feel upheld by a power which man could not subdue. He shrank not inflictions which caused his spirit to writhe in anguish, when he was falsely accused of men, and the world heaped upon him reproach and cruci abuse-when his path seemed obstructed and darkened-when his eyes could behold naught but cruel despotisms, distortions and crimes, and his ear could catch no sound but the angry voices of those who thirsted for his life's blood. Even his professed friends having left him, he stood tranquil amid all these trials, and, turning within, he found there, upon his own heart's altar, a spark that seemed to be kindling into a flame of sacred fire, as he poured out his soul in pleadings for Divine aid. As his prayer went up to heaven, he felt a response from the most high God; and there beamed forth from his countenance a radiant and a dazzling light, and the wild-furied, and tempest-tossed waters of his soul were lulled, and his own sweet voice whispered, Peace, be still I'

And thus, from time to time, as he journeyed through the earth-life, performing his God-given mission-confounding the wise, and filling with consternation and fear those who were in authority-did the higher interposition rescue him from his pursuers, and supplied his needs; until at last the finale came, which gave him that release so much longed for. And now, he who was once so much despised and rejected of men, is worshiped as a God.

These thoughts came to us after reading, in the BANNER of May 28th, the letter from Winfield S. Ripley, of Paris, Oxford Co., Me. And to you, Brother Ripley, we would say, that our friend, the editor of this paper was right when he said that the sympathy from a thousand hearts would be given to you In your suffering condition. We, better perhaps than many others, can realize your situation, having had like experiences. We know what it is to be prostrated by an half hour's labor, (which required much exertion,) so as to be unable to do anything else during the remainder of the day; and the sympathy of friends and relations was withheld from us, simply because we acknowledged our belief in spiritual inter-

experiences and sufferings, in the humble hope that there course. But, brother, let us remember that it has been may be some among the throng of present inquirers who will said, 'The first shall be last, and the last shall be first; and take heed from the lessons of another, and not rush head- to him that overcometh shall be given a white stone, and upon that stone a new name shall be written, which no man knoweth save him that receiveth it.' No one can know our experiences but ourselves, or, as you say, the spiritual good which may be derived from it."

### Perverted Worship.

Some of our religious teachers are over appealing to that part of our nature which makes us long for some sympathetic being who will love us, and whom we can love-whom we can rely upon as never failing us in our utmost need, as well as being the soluce of the leisure moments of our lives. These desires of the heart are universal-occupying much space in the inner and secret being of every son and daughter of man-so it is no wonder that such preachers as have a knowledge of human emotions, should seek to excite these longings, and try to fill the vacuum in the hearts of their hearers with that form of God-worship which they believe to be most potent and satisfactory.

There is no discrimination made between those wants of our nature which have their beginning, and should have their end, in our humanity. The wish we have for communion with one of our own sex-a foreshadowing of that nobler and more ardent love for the opposite-is perverted from its natural ultimation-which we are in some instances told is sinful-and made to lead our hearts to display themselves in some one of the forms in which God is worshiped.

This great error will be perhaps most readily seen in the lives of those men and women who have, in the espousal and service of their church, quite trodden under foot their natural instincts-deeming sanctity cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of the best part of themselves. But it needs no keen scrutiny to detect the same perversion of the instincts of man in the popular religion of the present time. Our churches are three-quarters filled with wemen-either too young to know themselves, or if older, with sad and sorrowful faces—an index of their suffering hearts. They love their religion, because they must love something—they go into the church for peace; but how few of them find it! The Roman church is as near the truth in that matter as any large organization has over been. She receives with open arms the stricken children of the world, finds them employment—that surest balm to a wounded spirit—and perhaps, more than any other church, adds to their happiness. That form of religion is most thorough in furnishing the natural appetites of man's religious nature with a spurious food. The worship of the Virgin Mary gives, most deceitfully, great scope for the development of that main feature in the male character-adoration of woman. There is no doubt but that the contemplation of the character and office of the Virgin affords a more delightful religious exaltation than any portion of any "established" religion-and approaches so nearly to the truth, as to have satisfied men until their dying hour.

In that portion of the Roman system which maintains the propriety of the confessional, is recognized the universal need we have of some one in whom we have faith, to whom we can confide our troubles and sorrows, and from whom we can receive unprejudiced advice. These two features make the Church of Rome what it is-being founded on two universal attributes of man-the love of woman and the love of friends. The numerical superiority of females over males in the

New England churches, is not due to any difference in the sexes in religious feeling, but to the peculiar manner in which religion is presented in ordinary pulpits. God is represented in the masculine gender—in the form of a man; such doctrine appeals to the female heart in a manner almost irresistible. It is notorious that those women who disbelieve where "Christ is preached," are of a stern and masculine cast of mind, while the majority of "believers" of the other sex are quite effeminate.

Christians deceive themselves when they are persuaded that they have peace in their belief alone. No human soul can find rest except in the satisfaction of its natural appetites.

#### "Testing a Spirit."

As my friend Thayer wishes to "elicit the truth," in publishing his article in the BANNER of June 4th, under the head of "Testing a Spirit," I join him in this laudible endeavor, and offer the following remarks :-

1. "A spirit" responds to friend Thayer through Mr. Mansfield, purporting to be "William Billings, musician;" and here is one of the questions which Mr. Thayer put to the spirit, and the spirit's answer :-

"Q. 7.—Are any of your descendants now living in the United States? United States? A = I am not able to say as to that—we determine by the attractions we have."

Now, if you examine the Saturday Evening Gazette of June 4, 1850, you will find an article written by the Hon. J. T. Buckingham, respecting this same "William Billings, musician," who died in this city in 1800, and from which we learn that he left three daughters, two of whom are still living; and one of them is an invalid! Is it not a significant fact, that this "spirit," purporting to be William Billings, was "not able to say as to that," when questioned as to his own children ?

2. And this is precisely as I have always found it with all the responses made through Mr. Mansfield. When the questions are specific, and of such matters as neither Mr. Mansfield, nor his own associate or "familiar spirit" can tell about, sorrows and acquainted with grief. It was through the the answer is like the above-"I am not able to tell about that;" whereas, had that spirit been the one it purported to abled to perform his glorious mission. His soul was subdued be, he would have been able to tell something in respect to his own daughters, now living, and one of them an invalid

3. Rev. W. M. Fernald, of this city, tested Mr. Mansfield in the manner following: He enclosed ten questions, which any one might answer, to the spirit of Emanuel Swedenborg. Mr. Fornald is of opinion that his letter was not opened, and he received appropriate answers to each question. He then addressed another scaled letter to Swedenborg with such questions in it as no one but Swedenborg could answer; but o these questions the response was, like that to Mr. Thaver. 'I am not able to say as to that,"

4. I have tested the spirits through Mr. Mansfield, and have always found that they could not answer; they could "say as to that." My first test was perfectly voluntary on the part of Mr. M. I happened to take tea in Ohelsea, near by where Mr. M. lived, and where I had some conversation in respect to my deceased children. Well, in a few days after, Mr. M., then a perfect stranger, called on me with a long communication, purporting to come from a child I never had I

Some five years ago a friend of mine died, who made me a most sacred promise before death, that she would certainly communicate with me if these so-called "spiritual communications" were what they purported to be. And when I addresped this dear friend through Mr. M., with questions which no one could answer but my friend, Mr. M. sent mo my letter back, saying, "I am not able to say as to that." This same experiment I tried twice with Mr. M., and both times it was a failure.

I know, indeed, some persons who have received responses through Mr. M., which, to them, for the time being, seemed quite satisfactory. But I have never known a successful case where the questions were numerous, and such as neither Mr. M. nor his own "familiar spirit" could answer. And hence it is, that I do not see that, having the letters sealed, which Mr. M. answers, amounts to much, while they contain questions which any one might answer. If Mr. M. does sometimes read himself the questions, why, of course, he can give the answer; if his own associate spirit reads the question, then the answers correspond only to those questions which any one could answer; and, to the other, the response is, "I am not able to say as to that," they demons trating that it is not the spirit which it purports to be.
5. If Mr. Mansfield were waited by the "spirit friends" of

each one whose letter he answers, it is easy to see how soon this vexed question of identity would be settled satisfactorily. I do not say demonstrated, but it might be rendered quite probable. Thus, if I were to call on my spirit friend, A. B., and get through Mr. M. numerous statements, names, persons, places, and date, which no one could tell but the spirit of my friend; or, if a similar communication of facts, known to no mortal, were to be made to me, unasked, it would be interesting and far more satisfactory than the method now pursued, I am sure. L R. S.

## Boston, June 9, 1859. -

MR. N., EAST STOUGHTON, MASS -"During the week that Mrs. Currier stopped in this place, she visited my residence one evening, and while there we formed a family circle. We were not long waiting ere the medium was entranced by a spirit purporting to be Deacon S. Alden, who left the mundane sphere some twenty-five years since. No one had asked or even thought of him, though he was well known here when living in the earth-form-and I must say that he gave ample proof of his identity.

Physical Manifestations.

I will note one manifestation through Mrs. C.'s mediumship that had not before been my lot to witness; and that

was, having heard it said that objects, such as stones and shells, would, in Mrs. C.'s presence, be conveyed from outthe the building into the room while sitting for the manifestations, the thought came to me that I would test the truth of the statement. I accordingly selected, in the afternoon of that evening, from a number of stones, one that was so sin-gularly marked by a white vein running its entire length, I are from the pen of a highly gifted lady in Cambridge—a placed it under my door-step, taking care to secrete it from friend of whom communicates them for publication in the view, and also that no individual should know my object in Register.] placing it there. My reason for so doing was for a double test—first, it would be evidence to me that spirits would know my most secret thoughts'; second, if moved, it would be good evidence that some power higher than man accomplished the leed. I had said nothing during the evening about the stone. Finally Mrs. C. requested that a window be raised, she remarking at the same time that she was so impressed to speak. And as sooners it was raised, a stone came into the room. I took it up, and, upon examination, found it to be the one I had secreted, and then explained the matter to those comprising the circle. Not only that particular stone, but several other stones and sprigs of arborvite and cypress were thrown into the room—all occurring in the light,"

#### Mr. Mansfield at the South.

W. A. DANSKIN, BALTIMORE, MD., June 18th .-- Mr. Mans field, the test medium, has been with us during the past week, and many who have previously ridiculed or denounced Spirit intercourse,' now frankly acknowledge that all of neaven and earth was not embraced in their philosephy.

The tests presented through the mediumship of Mr. Mans field are varied as well as wonderful. Some of his visitors, in answer te their unseen questions, received the names of their Spirit friends, and also statements of the circumstances surrounding them when on earth. Others obtained communica tions written in the unmistakable chirography of the individual who purported to be in communion with them. In one instance, a Spirit who had been recently and unexpectedly called from external life, wrote to a gentleman with whom he had held business relations, and referred in his communication to several unsettled accounts, etc., stating exact sum in dollars and cents. His time while here was constantly occupied; and I am not aware of any instance in which an inquirer falled to receive evidence of the presence of some unseen intelligence.

On Saturday evening last I was in social converse with a few friends, when the Spirit of a recently deceased clergyman entranced a medium who was present and requested that ne of our party should call on Mr. Mansfield, and he would indeavor to write through him an article for publication which would attract the attention of his congregation to the ubject,

You will understand that Mr. Mansfield was not present or this occasion, and did not learn of the circumstance until the next day, when to one of our friends a lengthy communica ion was given through him, in accordance with the promise of the provious evening.

Mr. Mansfield has made many friends in Baltimore by his uniform kindness and courteous demeanor to all who sought hls services."

#### Oswego Matters.

VERITAS, OSWEGO, N. Y .- "We have been particularly sucessful in our endeavors to sustain free public meetings, and the attendance has increased from some sixty or seventy to six or seven hundred since last fall, and there is an in creasing anxiety among even skeptics, to know more of thi eautiful philosophy.

At first, Orthodoxy took a bold stand, resolving to mak war upon us, and entered into an agreement among the diferent churches to expel all who dared to even go and listen. But in spite of their threats of excommunication, some of he most liberal and daring ventured beyond the precints of he sanctuary. The consequence was, they were summoned before the church tribunal, and, as a matter of course, summarily cast out.

The Davenport boys have been with us for the last four vecks, during which time there has been some powerful physical mediums developed among us, whose circles are crowded, and many a skeptic has had the foundations of hi kopticism shaken.

We have been favored of late with some of the best speak ers, I venture to say, who are engaged in the cause, and wh nave left a good impression behind them. Bro. R. P. Ambler has just left, after spending some five Sabbaths with us, and whose soul-thrilling and heart-cheering words seemed to some from the spirit-spheres and strengthen us in our efforts against error, bigotry and superstition."

### N. E. University Convention.

WM. S. WAIT, GREENVILLE, BOND Co., ILL.—"I was much gratified with the account in the BANNER of the 4th, of the New England University Convention.' The institution, as proposed, meets a great educational want. After leaving the primary schools, there is no means afforded our children of advanced literary attainment but through schools which inculcate a spirit that is utterly hostile to republican equalityor which do not have the immediate and perceptible effect of un-fitting both males and females for discharging in a suitable manner the great duties of American citizens.

I have frequently doubted whether our more advanced schools and colleges do not produce a demoralizing influence upon the community, which is but indifferently compensated by a too frequently ill-chosen and ill-digested acquisition in literary and scientific knowledge."

[Accompanying the above is an article on American Col-

### Complimentary,

J. O. CAREY, FLORENCE .- "Your most excellent visitor came to me in due time, and is very punctual in its late calls considering the long distance and the very slack mail regula tions. I am deeply interested in reading the many fine articles in the BANNER. I consider myself richly paid for my subscription fee; and, should I receive no more papers, the only regret I should have would be the loss of so interesting a friend. There are many parts which I read with peculiar easure—and those are the lectures of trance speakers, and the spirit messages, so-called. For these I cannot divine a source or account a cause. Certainly they cannot be deception; for you would not place before thousands what you believed to be error; and the lecturers would not, nay, could not, advocate what they knew to be wholesale falsehood. No, I cannot credit these thoughls, and all I can say is, it is

MISS SUSAN M., SOMERVILLE, MASS .- "The character your paper is so powerful, and yet so peaceful, that no one can be its enemy, if they would. And that peculiar and novel cature of religious liberality manifested in publishing the best discourses of different religious sects, will be the means of carrying glad tidings to a thousand hearths-of spreading the light and truth of this developing age of freedom broadcast to all religious denominations. How beautiful is charity! God speed and spread your very charitable BANNER."

### L. K. Coonley.

WILLIAM E. HALLOCK, EVANSVILLE, IND .- "Sunday, June , we had the pleasure of listening to three highly intellectual ectures, given through the mediumship of L. K. Coonley. The lectures gave universal satisfaction. The believers here in the New Truth are comparatively

low, but we are slowly and steadily increasing in strength and numbers. Old theology has a strong hold on the people but it must give way, ere long, to the new. We had the pleasure, some eight weeks ago, of listening t

the truths that fell from the lips of Bro. Warren Chase. He delivered an able course of lectures to large, intellectual audiences. We expect soon to hear Miss Hulet, a young trance-speaking medium, who is now lecturing in Torre

BEMISS, Boston .- "One of your correspondents last week in speaking of the atheists, says, they 'are content with Nature, or, at most, a blind principle, for their God.' I would ask, who can see more of God than the man who looks deep est into Nature? Tell me where or how I can see, recognize and know God, except it be in the work of his hands, which work is Nature? Everywhere, except in Nature, God to us is a phantom, a great vacuum, an infinite nothing.

G. L. BURNEIDE, LEROY. O .- "I have come to the conclu sion that it is best to let everybody think just as they please.

PROFESSION VS. PRACTICE .- Until "genteel tippling" be omes less popular among the more intelligent and influential classes of society, dram-shops in cities can never be closed by legal enactments. Many who pass for good temperance men on the streets, keep ardent spirits on their sideboards at

Especially should we be suspicious of those whose tongue are always eloquent in trumpeting their own praises. Time is a portion of eternity let down to earth.

### THE PRISONER'S DREAM.

[The South Boston Register, in alluding to Plummor, under sentence of death for piracy, says the following lines, embodying the substance of a dream that came upon the alleged

> 'T was night—the gentle stars looked down Upon the slumbering earth, With light as pure and sweet as when They sang to hall its birth
> In joy for us. Our sins sud woes
> Unknown in their bright spheres.
> Leave them an undimmed pledge from God,
> To gladden all our years.

Down through the window-grating grim or a tone prisoner's ceit,
Like pitying angels looking in,
That gentlo starlight fell;
And gleamed upon the tear-dimmed eye,
And o'er his forehead crept,
'Till, soothed and comforted, he lay,
And like an infant slept.

Me dramed—the stars shone on him still—And, watching, in his dreams
His wondering eyes with joy beheld
One, whose increasing beams
Seemed deeply bent in love on him;
While from the sky afar
A soft voice whispered, "Look in Faith—
Behold I the Bethlehem Star!"

His weary eyes dwelt on it long; While tender memories rushed, Of hours, when at his mother's knee He sat, in wonder hushed, To hear that heavenly story told, How here upon the earth, n manger low, at Bothlehem The Saviour had his birth!

He looked along the line of light Still streaming from the star, And saw a beauteous child-like form Descend its glittering bar, Until it came and stood within That lonely prison cell,
And shed a glory round the place,
And joy, no words can tell.

He gazed in wonder—when the child Reclined upon his breast, And said. "I am the Son of God, And come to give thee rest;

I've seen thy penitential tears—
Have heard thy prayer so meek:"
Then, turning to the hopeless one,
He breathed upon his check.

Thus gently fell the Holy Ghost Upon an erring soul, That spirit cleansed from every sin, And made it "white as wool!" The morning dawned—the prisoner rose With comfort in his breast; His guilt was changed to sweet repose— His doubts to heavenly rest i

From the New York Tribune. JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER SIX.

TEST MEDIUMSHIP. To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Sir.—Lord Bacon, in speaking of Jesus of Nazareth, says:
"All his miracles were consummate about man's body as his doctrine respected the soul of man," "No miracle of his is to be found to have been of judgment or revenge, but all of goodness and mercy, and respecting man's body."

These remarks are equally true of the manifestations of to-day. No harm is done, though the power to do it is present, for its restrained by an overruling intelligence and directed for our wolfare; and that welfare the elevation of our moral nature.

One portion, however, of Bacon's remarks, is not strictly true of what is before us. The marrels of the present day are not "consummate about man's body." Alming still at his moral elevation, they go further than a mere appeal to his senses. They address his emotions and his reason as means of his regeneration, and this may properly be termed mental proof of Spiritual Intercourse.

Foremost in this class is Test-Mediumship, showing at once the presence of the power and the identity of the communing intelligence.

It must not, however, be understood that this testing pro-

intelligence.

It must not, however, be understood that this testing process is confined to the mental manifestations, for it is apparent in all kinds of mediumship. And there has sprung up among us a class known as Test Mediums—a class sui generis—and I have frequently heard it said, "We cannot answer that question through this instrument; you must go to a test medium."

I do not understand, and cannot explain, why this is so. I

I do not understand, and cannot explain, why this is so. I

test medium."

I do not understand, and cannot explain, why this is so. I only know the fact, that through some mediums tests are easily given, while through some they are given only incidentally.

It is through this testing process that the objections to the reality of intercourse between us and the spirits of the departed have been met and overcome. And it has come to us in such a variety of forms, that it will be difficult to give anything like an enumeration. The utmost of my effort must be to give a general idea.

First: Even in the sounds and the table-tippings, irrespective of the words spelled out, there will often be observed the characteristics of the individual. Thus, a strong man will be loud and vehement, a child soft and light—a calm man will be slow and deliberate, an impatient one quick and hurried. Sometimes they will be bold and dashing, and sometimes serrowful or joyous, in accordance with the emotions of the moment.

The feeling against this subject is so strong in many minds, that I cannot give names without inflicting pain. If it were otherwise, I could mention several persons well known is this vicinity, whose manifestations would be recognized at once as characteristic. Two I can mention without danger of wounding any one, and that will illustrate my meaning. My wife comes gentle and joyous; Isaac T. Hopper, prompt, clear and decided.

Second: Names, ages, dates and places are given; sometimes by writing several words on silus of caner, and so fully the several words on silus of caner, and so fully the several words on silus of caner, and so fully the several words on silus of caner, and so fully the several words on silus of caner, and so fully the several words on silus of caner, and so fully the several words on silus of caner, and so fully the several words on silus of caner, and so fully the several words on silus of caner, and so fully the several words on silus of caner, and so fully the several words on silus of caner, and so fully the several words on silus of caner, and so full

Second: Kames, ages, dates and places are given; some-times by writing several words on silps of paper, and so fold-ing them as to hide the writing, and the right one be picked out; sometimes by pointing in succession to several names, and receiving the manifestation at the right word; some-times by speaking or writing the word; and sometimes sym-

occasionally, however, mistakes are made, and it may be a more reflex of the mind or the product of clairvogance. But it is most frequently correct, and often the word given is unknown to the medium, and not recognized by the inquirer. One instance of this is where the inquirer at the moment insists the word is wrong, but afterward finds it to be right. Another is when the word given is unknown to any one present.

present.

Third: Letters carefully sealed and inclosed in envelopes present.

Third: Letters carefully sealed and inclosed in envolopes are returned unopened and correctly answered. A medium in Boston, by the name of Mansfield, has answered hundreds of such letters; thus showing that there is a power at work which can read what is inside the sealed envelop, and, by the character of the answer, that it must be the spirit it professes to be. Sometimes this is tested by the answers also containing a copy of the letter thus concealed.

Fourth: Another phase is exemplified in the Banner or Light. Another phase is exemplified in the Banner or Light. Another phase is exemplified in the Banner or existence and names were allso unknown to the medium, but who have been recognized, not merely by the names, but also by incidents told and traits of character displayed.

Fifth: Seeing mediums have described the spirits present so that they have been recognized. This has been common at my house for several years, and hundreds have witnessed it. I have myself occasionally that power; and I mention as an illustration, that a young man, unknown to me, was once at my house, and I saw the spirits present, and from my description he recognized one whom I had never soon or heard of before.

Sizit: Through speaking and writing mediums the char-

of before.

Sixth: Through speaking and writing mediums the characteristics of the spirit are at times unmistakably displayed. Sometimes this will be in the language used, being in a brogue or broken English, or some peculiar idiom; sometimes by peculiarity of thought, and sometimes by the tone of feel-

Seventh: Incidents are related or alluded to, which are known only to the inquirer and some one who has died, instance, not long since I received a letter from Maine porting to be a communication from Professor Hare.

porting to be a communication from Professor Hare. It referred to interviews between us, known only to us.

Eighth: Another instance, which is a test rather of the presence of power than of individuilty, is where thoughts concealed from every one are openly revealed. Often have I beheld this, and observed how the inquirer has been startled at thus realizing the truth—often proclaimed, but seldom believed—that every thought is indeed known to the intelligence which is ayer around us, and carried—where it

liered—that every thought is indeed known to the intelligence which is over around us, and carried—where?

I have not space to enter init the details of these things.
They would fill many pages of your paper. I must content myself with appealing to the experience of the many who have availed themselves, as I have, of the opportunities afforded them, and with adding that all may witness them if they wish. They have but to seek and they will find.

If they so seek, one thing will strike them as it has me, and that is, that while all history, sacred and profane, is full of the evidence of spiritual intercourse in all ages and conditions of mankind, it has not been till now that it has come in the definite form of identifying the spirit.

There is surpassing wisdom in this, come from what source it may.

If the spirit that comes is one whom I have never known If the spirit that comes is one whom I have never known, how can I be certain that it is him? But if he comes as one whom I have known intimately when on earth, whose form and features appear to me as of old, or are accurately described to me, who speaks of incidents known only to us, who displays his peculiarities of character, who gives correctly names, dates, ages and places connected with his earth-life; who evinces the emotions natural to him, and all this unknown to the instrument through whom it comes—how can the sane mind resist the conclusion that it is a departed friend who is thus communing with me? and the still weightier conclusion that, if he thus lives beyond the grave, I must to?

Already have many inveterate disbelievers in a future life been convinced by this argument. And yet we are told it is all devillsh

Will it be thought strange that this feature should now be first known? Such are not uncommon occurrences in the

history of man. We are in the habit of speaking of the art of printing as being discovered within the last few centuries. Yet we read that among the ancient Greeks and Romans they knew the art of stamping letters on their medals and vases, and at other perfois the ancients practiced the art. But they were not sufficiently advanced to appreciate the value of their discovery, and it slumbered for ages. So the leading principle of the Copernican system of the planetary world was announced two thousand years before it was finally demonstrated by Galileo and Tycho Braho and received by mankind.

mankind.

And now with this feature of spiritual intercourse—it is but the legitimate result of human progress. Instead of worshiping the spirits, as did the Pagans of old, and calling them our Gods; instead of saying, as did the Pharisces, it is of Beolzobub; instead of being frightened at it, as the world was in the days of witcheraft, we, in this day, have had the good sense to inquire what it is; and we have learned that, like overything connected with humanity, it is capable of improvement by cultivation, and of contributing to our advancement.

vancement.

And thus, out of apparently incongruous elements has grown up a system of Test-Mediumship, by which the long mooted question of our immortality is settled, and is demonstrated to the simplest as well as the brightest mind by irresistible appeals to the senses, to the emotions, and to the reason. Yet with many it is true now as it was of old—they will not believe, though one rise from the dead.

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, June 13, 1850.

P. S.—Permit me, in this form, to answer some of my correspondents, and particularly one who calls himself "Knox." The consent which gives birth to these papers, confines their main scope to the phenomena, rather than to the theological questions they may give rise to. But if "Knox" will inform me how he can be reached, I can send him a paper which I think even he will admit to be something of an answer to the Rev. Dr. Hutton's fatanic theory. Rev. Dr. Hutton's Satanic theory.

#### MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will conclude her Summer engagements at Oswego, Buffalo, Owego, Schenectady, etc. In Sep-lember she starts for the West, North and South; speak-ing in October at St. Louis; in November at Memphis; and lu December at New Orleans. Sho will return to Philadelphia in March, 1800. Address till October to No. 8 Fourth Avenue

Mas. H. M. Miller is to speak at Monroe Centre, Ohio, July 3d; Conneaut, Ohio, July 10th; Ashtabula, Ohio, July 17th. Post-office address, Ashtabula, Ohio.

BENJ. DANFORTH will answer calls to preach on ancient and modern Spiritualism synonymous with the Gospel of Christ, as he understands it. Address Boston, Mass.

Christ, as he understands it. Address Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence will lecture at Providence, R. I., on the 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st of July, and at Willimantic, Conn., on the 7th and 14th of August. Invitations for her to lecture in the towns adjoining Providence and Willimantic during the week days, may be directed to her at either of of those places during her stay there.

Warren Chase announces that he will lecture in Berlin, Ohio, July 1st, 2d and 3d; Geneva, Ohio, July 10th; Conneaut, July 13th and 14th; Buffalo, N. Y., July 17th and 24th; Rochester, N. Y., July 31st.

Dr. E. L. Lyon will attend to calls to lecture, Sundays, on all subjects connected with the Spiritual Philosophy; and those desiring his services in this capacity will address him at Providence, R. I.

at Providence, R. I. DR. JOHN MAYNEW, to July 14th, will attend to the wishes

of various friends, on or near the La Cross and Milwaukee route, including Sheboygan, Neenah, Appleton, and the region roundabout. From July 14th to August 31st he will be on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit. MES. J. W. CURRIER will answer calls to lecture. Address, Lowell; box 815. She will speak as follows: Putnism, Ot, July 3d and 10th; Milford, N. H., July 17th; East Stoughton, Mass., July 24th; Foxboro', July 3lst. She will stop a few days in each of the above places, and will sit for tests of spirit-power, by trance, clairvoyant and physical manifestations.

PROF. J. L. D. Oris having about completed the subscription list to the New England University, is now prepared to address the friends of reform upon other subjects connected with Spiritualism. His addresses are mainly in the trance or impressional state. He will examine the sick free of charge. He will also receive subscription and form clubs for the Danner. Address, Lowell, Mass.

the Banker. Address, Lowell, Mass.

Loeing Moody will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address Maiden, Mass. He will speak as follows: —Waltham, Mass., Sunday, July 7th and 8th; North Bridgewater, Sunday, July 10th; Joppa Village, Monday, July 11th; East Bridgewater, Tnesday, July 12th; Raynham, Thursday and Friday, July 13th and 14th.

Mr. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Milford, N. H., Sunday, July 3d; in Portland, Me., Sunday, July 10th. He expects to spend the month of August in Maine. Friends in that State wishing to eugage his services, will address him early at Greenwich Village; Mass.

MRs. H. F. M. BROWN, of Cleveland, Ohio, Editress of the agitator, may be addressed at Buston, care of Bela Marsh. Miss Lizzie Doren will speak in Taunton, July 8d. The remaining Sundays in July and the month of August she will be in Plymouth, Mass.

Miss A. W. Spragus, through the months of July and August, will be in Oswego, N. Y.

Mrs. Alvina P. Thompson, trance-speaker on Bible subjects. Address West Brookfield, Vt. George Atkins, trance speaker, will receive calls to lecture on the Sabbath. Address No. 22 La Grange Place, Bos-

B. L. WADSWORTH speaks in Providence, R. I., July 3d; Willimantic, Conn., July 10th and 17th; Northampton, Mass., July 24th; Springfield, July 31st and August 7th; Utica, N. Y., August 21st; Synconse, August 28th; Oswego, Sept. 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th. All persons desiring his services on week evenings, can address him at the above named places at the time designated.

A. B. Whiting is engaged to lecture in Lyons, Mich., every Sunday till August 15th. All letters for him should be addressed there until that date.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON WIll lecture in Norwich, Conn., on Sundays, July 3d, 10th, 17th and 24th. Address Willard Barnes Felton, Norwich, Conn.

I H Cuppier will speak in Insurance Cambridgeport, Sunday, July 17th. Miss Emma Houston, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, or week evenings. Address at Foun-tain House, Boston.

Miss Rosa T. Ameder will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Friends desiring her services are requested to address her as speedily as possible at No. 32 Allen street, Boston, Mass. She will speak in Salem, Mass., Sunday, July 34; Cambridgeport, Mass., Sunday, July 10th; Quincy, Mass., Sunday, July 17th; Foxboro', Mass., Sunday, July 24th; Laconia, N. H., July 31st.

Mr. CHARLES W. Bundess will answer calls to lecture on the abject of Spiritualism wherever its friends may desire, address, West Killingly, Conn.

LOVELL BEELE, trauce speaker, will answer calls to lecture wherever the friends of spiritual reform may require his serices. Address North Ridgeville, Ohio. C. T. Inish, trance-speaking medium, wishes to travel West this summer, and those Western friends who desire his ser-vices as a lecturer may address him at Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT Will answer calls to lecture on Spiritinlism. Address at West Medford, Mass. GEO. M. JACKSON would inform his friends in the East that, should they desire his services, they will address him till fur-ther notice at Prattsburgh, N. Y., as all communications will reach hun from this point.

MISS SARAH A. MAGOUN Will answer calls to locture in the rance state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass. MISS A. F. PEASE has engagements to lecture till the first

H. A. Tuckes, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed th Foxboro', Mass. He will speak in Foxboro', July 10th; Randolph, July 17th; Stoughton, July 24th; Norton, July list; East Stoughton, Mass., August 7th.

Prov. J. E. Chunchill, can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin treet, near Race, Philadelphia, to lecture on Reform in Re-igion, Politics, and Socialism.

Mrs. M. M. Macomben, trance speaking medium, will anwer calls to lecture in any direction the friends of progress nay desire. Address Olneyville, R. I. MRS. BERTHA B. CHASE will answer calls to speak in the

rance state. Address, West Harwich, Mass. E. R. Young, trance medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath. Address box 85, Quincy, Mass.

H. L. Bowken, Natick, Mass., will give lectures on Spirit-lalism and its proofs, from Intuition, for such compensation, showe expenses, as generosity may prompt. He will lecture in Randolph, Mass., July 24th. Mns. J. B. Smith, clairvoyant, test, and trance-speaking nedium, may be addressed at Concord, N. H., for the present, Mns. Ada L. Coan may be addressed at Boston, Mass.

Dr. C. C. Your will answer calls to lecture in the trance late. Address Boston, Mass

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer may be addressed, in care of J. H. Blood, 30x 346, P. O., St. Louis, Mo. Miss Susan M. Joinson will receive calls to speak on Sun-lays. Address, North Abington, Mass.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH Will discourse on the "Spiritual philoophy, history unfolded, as written in symbolic narratives, ex pressed through the personification of words and names in the Hebrew and Christian oracles." He may be addressed at Leslie. Mich., till further notice.

J. C. HALL, Buffalo, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Mr. Hall is one of the first apostles of Spirit-E. V. Wilson, Fountain House, Boston, will answer calls to lecture Sundaysor week-day evenings, upon the practical uses of Spiritualism, and its truths, relating many wonderful inci-dents which have taken place, with name and place for

WILLIAM E. RICE, Trance Speaker. Address at 7 Davis

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

Mns. Amanda M. Brence will respond to invitations to lecture addressed to her at No. 534 Broadway, New York City.

CONTINUED FROM THE PIRST PAGE.

to look upon men with revulsion and dislike when in their presence, are unregenerate feelings, and they belong to the natural and not to the spiritual man. All those states of mind that lead you to regard men All those states of mind that lead you to regard men chiefly with some idea of selfish benefit—as so many powers which you can employ for the accomplishment of your own selfish ends—are unchristian, and belong to the natural, and not to the spiritual man. All feelings which lead you to regard men with an evil eye, an eye that sees only evil, that looks to criticize, that watches for mistakes, that hards only seeks for mistakes. an eye that sees only evil, that looks to criticize, that watches for mistakes, that lurks and seeks for failures, that is not happy except when it beholds some imperfection in men, that delights in evil—all feelings which lead you to regard men in this unkind, uncharitable way, are not of the spirit, but of the flesh. All that obstinacy, unsusceptibility to the influence of others, which makes your presence among men a pain to them—all that carriage which makes your presence among men chilling, and hardening, and repressing, so that it is like a flerce wind, for chill, where you come, and like a lull, for joy, when you go—all that is against the spirit and law of Christianity.

Thirdly; this view of the sacredness of man, and of the Christian duties of each man toward his fellow men, may interpret Christ's terrible severity toward

men, may interpret Christ's terrible severity toward the Scribes and Pharisees. As a body of men they the Scribes and Pharisecs. As a body of men they were not men of bad morals, more than are many were not men of bad morals, more than are many church members of the present day. Neither were they men who wanted fidelity to the religious principles in which they were educated. The Pharisees were the Puritans of their time. They were not half Pharisees and half something else. They were that portion of the Jews who stood up for absolute Jewish worship. They brought back the faith of Moses, and strictly adhered to it. They were the old Puritans of the Jews. They were men, however, who preferred the Church to the people, the state to the people, the temple to the people, their denomination to the people; and their guilt was simply this: a contempt for human nature; a heartlessness about the common people—that was their crime. And because they put burdens upon other men which they would not bear themselves; because they were without humanity, and themselves; because they were without humanity, and mercy, and sympathy, notwithstanding they had personal power, and were faithful to their theologic faith, and lived in the light of those times, Christ crushed them with mountains of denunciation. There is no such invective as came from the lips of Christ Jesus against men who were utterly empty of sympathy toward their fellow men at large; and their want of sympathy for others was counted to them as damna-

There was but one more point of application of which I wished to speak, and that was, that the tendency of our times is in the direction of Pharisaism. There is nothing more marked, in the State, than that societies, institutions, laws, and the like, are becoming more and more respectable and estimable, while men, simply as men, are becoming less and less so. And the old spirit of the beginning, unless this state of things is remedied, will die out of us, and we shall be as worthy of condemnation on account of this sin, as any nation on the earth. At a later period, and in a better light, our sin will be more august, and less

If it is possible for a nation to carry on wholesale transgression—to drink up men as leviathans drink up the sea—unrebuked, then it is nonsense for us to preach about God and a judgment. If there is to be preach about God and a judgment. If there is to be no retribution for men's wrongs; if there is to be no pennily attached to the grossest of all crimes; if the Church may stand by and give her consent when God's creatures are trampled dpon; if the State may stone men, and the Church may hold the clothes which the State throws off to do it; if Christ may be despised and trodden down in the persons of millions of men; and if, when these outrages are committed, there is no and if, when these outrages are committed, there is no protest, and no resistance, then there is Pharisaism or hypocrisy in religion, or else there is a noble infidelity. And when I am called upon to take my stand with those that go for, or those that go against the Bible, if I find that, when truly interpreted, it allows religious men to dishonor their fellow men, and tread them under their feet; if I find that the State interprets it right, and the Church interprets it right; if I find that right, and the Church interprets it right; if I find that the Bible teaches that man is nothing, then I shall stand out of it for the sake of being a Christian—for the sake of having religion. If I find that the Bible is naught but a sepulchre full of dust, and not a place for living men to dwell in, I shall discard it forever.

But ah I they abominably pervert the Bible, who so teach. It is God's royal magazine, where poor men find their monuments and instruments of defence; and it is because the monuments and in these propers.

and it is because the money changers, and those that buy and sell oxen and sheep, are in the temple, and because the church refuses to so much as make a whip of cords and clear them out, so that the old tem-ple may be once more purified, that the Word of God is so little understood. For if the Bible was given to the world for any purpose, 48 main object was to make man sacred, to make man's rights sacred, to make the heart of every man tender toward his fellow-men, to make those who stand high in life sympathize with those beneath them, and to teach men that a service

me to a fellow being is a service done to God. And that is the democracy of the Old and the New Testament. These are the two arms of God, by which the world is brought to his bosom. And wherever you see hard churches, with hard ministers and harder members, you may be sure that the Bible is made a quarry for perversion. But they are the true children of Abram who have the spirit of Abram. It is not those who make the most pretences to religion that are the best Christians. The man that is humane; the man that is merciful; the man that reveres God in man; the man that serves others; the man that lays down his life, as Christ did, for the sake of his fellow-men—that man is a baptized Christian, though there has never a drop of water touched him. He is baptized in the blood of Christ; and the blood of Christ is better than

#### EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, June 19th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURE AND LORD.

TEXT:—"For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."
—2 CORINTHIANS IV. 6.

The first epistle of Paul to the Corinthians has been called the most systematic of all his writings; but this, the second epistle, is the least so. It is all alive with an intense personality, now vibrating with gratitude, now with indignation, mingling the emotions of joy and of grief, and passages of practical business, with bursts of the greatest eloquence and the loftiest visions of spiritual truth. One of the special objects of the spistle is the vindication of Paul's mission and authorepistle is the vindication of Paul's mission and authority against the opposing claims set up by other teachers. Of this vindication the text forms a part. The commendation of the apostle's teaching was in the manifestation of the truth. He had not "Handled the word of God deceltfully." He had not preached from any base or secondary motives. All that he had to claim and fall back upon was the manifestation of the truth which he had made, or, in other words, the revelation of Jesus as the image of God; "for God," says he, "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

This none of those passages in the Bible which, perhaps, had better be left to speak for itself, without any attempt at comment or paraphrase; so sublime in its suggestiveness, in its association of the material with the spiritual creation, so magnetic in its very utterance that I shall not attempt any explanation of its meaning, or try to unfold it in detail; but I propose to dwell a little upon the central truth which it contains—the revelation of the Divine glory in the face of the Redeemer. This, I may say, constitutes the special truth of the gospel, and makes it a gospel. It is the peculiarity of Christianity, apart from all other systems of morals and religion. It is this that makes it, in a peculiarity of Christianity, apart from all other systems of morals and religion. It is this that makes it, in a distinctive and exceptional sense, a revelation. The prime characteristic of Christianity is not its teachings. There are many of these, no doubt, that we may find in other places. It is not in its miracles. The prime characteristic of the gospel is the personality of Jesus himself. And thus, when Paul refers to his labors as making manifest the truth, he does not speak merely of a formal statement of dectrine, but of truth as an of a formal statement of doctrine, but of truth as an essential reality and substance,—the truth, truth in the sense in which Christ spoke when he said, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." The peculiar truth of Christianity, that which marks its claim as standing by itself, alone, original and distinct, is the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. God in the face of Jesus Christ

Furthermore, I observe, that the perception of this truth involves a new creation. Shining in upon our hearts, upon the chaos of our doubts and fears and sinful passions, it creates a world of order, and peace, and beauty; even as when of old at the divine mandate, light shining out of darkness revealed the glory of a new heaven and a new earth. Thus the language of the text involves a twofold result: the revelation of the divine glory in the face of Jesus Christ, and the perception of that glory upon the part of man. With this twofold result kept in view, let us now endeavor

to ascertain what, in some respects at least, the divine glory in the face of Christ is. We shall find that it is

sparkers in the irrinament; the light that lies behind an other light; the substance out of which all forms of being proceed. In Christ, man is awakened to a consciousness of spiritual reality. The aspects of matter grow dim before that supreme glory, and the solid framework of our worldly existence becomes a thin and transcient film of phenomena. The Cosmos which Humboldt saw, is only a veil, or symbol of that eternal truth which Paul beheld in the face of Jesus Christ. truth which Paul beheld in the face of Jesus Christ. (and the provented through Christ in the heart of man. It awakens it to the consciousness of spiritual reality.)

And so when it comes to the ends of life, men set up the means instead of the ends, when they are blinded by the god of this world to the superiority of higher It breaks the thradom of the senses. It delivers from the delusion of worldliness and abject devotion to the things; and they think they make a great gain when they think so distincted in the progress when they have made new vehicles of progress. They call that civilization which, after all, Christianty and distinguished distinguished distinguished distinguished from that other newards! the start spring of unworthness which characteristic Christianity, as distinguished from that other unworld-liness which prevails in the conceit of a spurious religion; for worldliness or unworldliness is not a thing of time or space, but of essence. The unworldly man is not the man whose thoughts are fixed upon the future rather than the present, or upon some other region in God's universe rather than this. We entertain this conception very often when we speak of un-worldly men. We have in view men who reflect and worldly men. We have in view men who reflect and meditate all the while upon a distant heaven, and the state beyond the grave; and this we call unworldiness. I repeat that this is not the essential characteristic of unworldiness. A man's affections may be just as groveling, his metives just as mercenary, in this process, as in the scenes, oftentimes, of the most ordinary earthly state. He may think of heaven as of Wall treat a Precedure. carting state. He may think of heaven as of wain street or Broadway. His conceptions of another life may be like his conceptions of going to Europe or Australia, where, although the skies may change and local sceneries shift, he will entertain the same desires and live in the same plane of thought and emotion. Unworldliness and worldliness, in the Christian sense of the terms included different planes of desires and of the terms, indicate different planes of desire and effort, different principles of conduct, different estimates and ends. That is the distinction Christianity draws; not any material or local line between men, but

engaged with the business of this life in one sense of the word. Down to the lowest details of tent-making, up to the highest effort of apostolic teaching, mindful of the least details of business among his Christian converts, as of their highest spiritual state, he was in-tensely engaged with the world in one sense, feeling its tensely engaged with the world in one sense, feeling its pressure upon every side, suffering from it as well as being shipwrecked, beaten, exposed; rejoicing, sorrowing, teeling all the varied emotions that come through the large, whole-souled man, the man many-sided, the man who touches the world at all points. Paul was one of these. He was not an ascetic. He did not retire from the world in the local material sense, and shut himself up; but he felt the things of the world beating against him, and his great heart beat back again, so that the spray of it is felt even now all over the world. Yet Paul was an unworldly man, for he lived as seeing him who is invisible, and fastened his eye upon the things that are not seen, but eternal. His unworldliness was not in his creed or his belief in a future state, or in meditating upon a future state; but in the spirituality and fills it with living light. It spins worlds of his vision, and the plane from which he thought and and cultivated minds of this day. They cannot be satisfied with the old materials of the last century. It is too gross and too inconsistent with facts. The skepticism, unbelief, and I may say, the irreligion of this day, lie in another direction altogether—in an extreme spirituality, the form of which is pantheism. They are as far asunder as the poles. It is a kind of mysticism, and it is a splendid mysticism. It does give some explanation of things. It asserts a divine cause, in one sense. It surrounds man with a mysterious force, which springs from one centre and radiates through myriad forms. It clothes the universe with leadty, and fills it with living light. It spins worlds is the crystal, shimmers in the Aurora, descends oted. It is not unworldliness, then, to hold the present state

It is not unworldliness, then, to hold the present state with the snow-flake, and breaks out in the thunder. As a doctrine of divine omnipresence, it has a hallow-the divine reality involved in the present state. There is true regeneration when a man is awakened, not to a belief in immortality especially, not to a belief in the world beyond the grave; but when he is awakened to recognize the divine and spiritual reality that exists in things around about him, when all life becomes transfiguered in its manifestations of God, and every duty becomes sublime, as bearing the moral sanction of God, still at work—ht work in the natural world. When we figuered in its manifestations of God, and every duty becomes sublime, as bearing the moral sanction of God. When the most common object is thus glorified, and all life thus transfiguered, then is the first process, so to speak, of regeneration. One of the earliest steps is to shake men out of their worldliness, to bring them to a realizing sense of spiritual interests and spiritual things; a change, not in matters of space or time, but in matters of vision, of apprehension, of conception. Hence, a great deal of preaching, if it should be of that advanced sort which some peculiarly call evangelical preaching, if it should dwell a great deal upon Christian experience, or saintly emotions, would be out of large. It would be large and the same and the tian experience, or saintly emotions, would be out of place. It would be in advance of the condition of a great many. Some of the most primitive truths of religion need to be preached a great deal—some of the first arguments and steps in religion. Men have to it is materialised, that it shuts out in reality the believe that they have a soul, in the first place. They must take a step in the very vestitule before they can go further. The first process is to become cognizant of the light which streams from the face of Jesus the light which streams from the face of Jesus trine, with the true doctrine of all things in God. All Christ—to become cognizant of spiritual and divine the light which streams the functional fact which the light was not be the fact of the light which the light was not be the light wa Christ—to become cognizant of spiritual and divine reality. This was the immediate effect which the teachings of Christ had upon the early disciples. The heathen, speaking generally, were bound in the despotism of sense, and even the Jews looked to the form rather than the substance of the thing. There is a great deal of spirituality in Judaism. There is a great deal of stiftuality in Judaism. There is a great deal of it in the Old Testament. The Psalms match the New Testament, parallel with and as spiritual as the gospel, you may say. But still, while in the real essence and divine substance of Judaism there was this amount of spirituality, the Jews, especially in the time of Christ, were not spiritual. They were bound to types and symbols, things of form and sense. And especially was this true of the heathen, who made their very gods the transmission of their own conceptions, the representation of their own conceits, and surrounded them by a Pantheon of worldliness, even in their highest heathen conceptions. I speak of course of the many for we must always speak of the many in speaking of the practical workings of a remaining of phenomena, with spiritual forces, so to speak. many in speaking of the practical workings of a re-ligion. And there were but few who reached the subligion. And there were but few who reached the sub-line heights of philosophy, and were able to climb to a better conception of things; and even they were feel-ing for God, if haply they might find him. Christ first made spiritual things real to the mass of man, so that the humblest believer, yes, the man partially instruct-ed in the elements of Christianity, has a clearer appre-hension of spiritual things now, than the heathen philosophers of old.

That is one remerbable effect which has been pre-

ality in those early Curistian men, and the produced.

Now, a great many, as the apostle says in the verse preceding the text, the god of this world blinds to the sense of spiritual things. They do not see, they do not apprehend these spiritual realities—they do not apprehend them. This is the great distinction. It is a spiritual for wanta become so subservient to the senses, apprehend them. This is the great distinction. It is possible for men to become so subservient to the senses, so bound up in worldliness, as to make no spiritual estimates at all. The peculiarity of it appears in various ways. It appears in their moral estimates. Men ous ways. It appears in their moral estimates. Men blinded by the god of this world do not reckon from the eternal sanctions of right, but from that which is expedient, that which pays, that which saves present profit. The entire argument against some great abstract truth is, that it is impracticable. How impractitruckly? Why it expense worldly proposity; it butts!

personality.

The entire argument against some great abstract truth is, that it is impracticable. How impracticable is worldly prosperity; it butts against profit; it prevents the accumulation of gain. That is an argument, if you take the worldly standard as the final test. It is no argument to the man who is awakened to the divine glory in the face of Christ Jesus, who recognizes hpiritual interests as real and suppreme, and God's law superior to all other laws.

So men come merely to see the beauty of creation in an esthetic sense, without penetrating to the glory of the Creator. Men behold the whole of nature as a mere artistic display. Their senses are gratified; the esthetic faculties of their souls are gratified; the esthetic faculties of their souls are gratified; they go no deeper than this; because the god of this world, though in this beautiful form, has blinded them to the spiritual reality out of which all beauty buds and blossoms and flowers forever. So in science; men reach but the formal facts; they get up a dry catalogue of items; they do not penetrate to the divine significance of the truts they examine or handle. Philosophers are apt to let a scientific conception stand for the profoundest truth.

Laws of nature are deemed ultimate. We hardly to ascertain what, in some respects at least, the divine laws or nature are deemed ultimate. We shall find that it is not merely a revelation, or object of vision, but that, shining into the human heart, it wakes up or creates, one by one, the steps or grades of religious life.

First, then, the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is spiritual glory; the glory of the moral world as distinguished from the material creation; a brightness clearer than that which sleeps upon the hills, or a distinguished from the material its spiritual glory; the glory of the moral world and the light that lies behind all other light; the substance out of which all forms of a subsent from it. If ever God touched its surings, is a subsent from it. If ever God touched its surings, is a subsent from it. was absent from it. If ever God touched its springs, it was in the twilight of some nebulous epoch, or some primitive era, long ago. We see the prints of his hand, but the breath of his presence is not here. Men grasp the dissecting knife, tear from nature those beautiful garments of inspiration, and leave it bare, ghastly organism, whose beating heart is the manifes-

tation of unintelligent and causeless force.

And so when it comes to the ends of life, men set up
the means instead of the ends, when they are blinded is a summing up and accumulation of worldly good. What makes civilization? It would be difficult to tell what makes it. It does not consist at all in its essence in the advance of the means of life upon earth. It does not consist in better houses, better machinery. in improved conditions, railways and telegraphs. Men may think so, because the god of this world has blind-ed them, so that they make worldly estimates. But the moment they comprehend the spiritual reality of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus, they will make other estimates than those. They will look for gain to the human soul and the living spirit for the great signs of progress and civilization, and not to those outward of progress and civilization, and not to those outward and material things. So when men are awakened to the divine glory in the face of Jesus Christ, they come to conceive the deep substance of all being, the spiritual reality of all being. And conversion, in its first stage, is elevating men up to that conception, shaking off the worldly scales, even as they fell from the eyes of Paul on his way to Damascus. So worldly estimates fall off, if we stand in the spiritual region, and make spiritual estimates of things. This is the and make spiritual estimates of things. This is the first result. This is the first sense in which we see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. It is spiritual

effort, different principles of conduct, different estimates and ends. That is the distinction Christianity draws; not any material or local line between men, but a spiritual line. Those who stand upon this plane of thought and conception, belong down here; and those who stand upon that plane of thought and emotion, belong yonder. The one is worldly; the other unbelong yonder of the thing.

So a man may be very unworldly and exist here. Paul was an unworldly man, and yet no man was more engaged with the business of this life in one sense of the word. Down to the lowest details of tent-making, up to the highest effort of apostolic teaching, mindful of the least details of business among his Christian tions, all ending, after all, in vague and unproductive sentiments. Their views run generally into a pantheistic diffuseness. I suppose that is the tendency of a shines in the crystal, shimmers in the Aurora, descends with the snow-flake, and breaks out in the thunder.

ing of phenomena, with spiritual forces, so to speak mixed up with them, but it is the symbol of persona interest in the Creator. Mere spirit may be conceived as a diffused intelligence, working blindly, yet, at the same time, in one sense, an intelligent, and certainly a spiritual substance. But the Christian conception gives us not only spirit implicated with matter, but

personal interest streaming through matter, and by matter working out its own personal ends. It does not leave the great truth of being as a mere definition of a God. We cannot have a definition of philosophers of old.

That is one remarkable effect which has been produced in the world; account for it as you will—the conception of spiritual realities, although they lie dim and diffused in the mind until some grand breathing of God's spirit, or some divine influence wakes men up to the apprehension of them. The early disciples, therefore, went forth with the whole spiritual world open to their vision. They stood no longer in time and sense, but stood in the substance of life, so to speak. They were surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses. They felt God and Christ looking upon them, mand the whole of this transient state melted away.

It does not leave the great truth of being as a mere definition of a God. We cannot have a definition of anything truly and sense in the give a mere definition of a God. We cannot have a definition of a God. We cannot prove a mere definition of anything. Take the most graphic book ever written about any country, or any portion of the globe, and how far the falls of the reality, after all. There is something in walking its od, in looking upon its mountains, in beholding its observation, that we cannot get from the most graphic book. Who can describe even a man perfectly—a great messes. They felt God and Christ looking upon them or a good man? Who can give us such a description of a God. We cannot have a definition of a God. We cannot have a definition of anything. Take the most graphic book ever written about any country, or any portion of the globe, and how far thing. Take the most graphic book over written about any country, or any portion of the globe, and how far the graphic book ever written about any country, or any portion of the globe, and how far the graphic book over written about any country, or any portion of the globe, and how far the graphic book ever written about any country, or any portion of the globe, and how far the graphic book ever written about any country, or any portion of the globe, and how far the graphic book ever written about any country, or any p nesses. They felt God and Christ looking upon them, and the whole of this transient state melted away. The archway of consuming fire, the jaws of wild beasts, were but the transient portals through which they passed into that state which they already apprehended and saw, which was eternal in the heavens. It was wonderful, this waking up to the sense of spiritual reality in those early Christian men, and the practical effect which it produced. by presenting it to us, bringing it before us in a personality. That is the only possibility of a revelation. And we claim that the need of man for such a revelation is a priori proof of it. Man's want of some conception of God better than he can get from the outlines of nature, better than he can get from mere definitions, is in itself an argument for such a revelation and presentation of God as comes to us through Jesus Christ.

True, even here, in one sense, there must be imperfection. The infinite cannot be even shown to the

in nature.

lation from God, but he has come to us in the human form, sanctifying, and glorifying, and exalting humanity, as well as revealing God. Now let science say what it will; let the doctrine of the plurality of worlds be true or not. Suppose that all these spheres around us are barren and desolate. Suppose that there are no there beings in other worlds than ours. The supposition is almost too unnatural to be tolerated, to be sure, but yet it is one that has been broached. We stand in have?

Becauser triends, we want to know who we are and what is he who deals thus strangely with us, and thanks be to God for the glory of his love in the face of Jesus Christ. Were it not for that, we should stagger, fall, and die under the pressure of the dark mysterial in the face of Jesus Christ that overwhelm and crush us. That revelation of a father—is not there a glory in the face of Jesus that overwhelm and crush us. That revelation to the face of Jesus Christ that we cannot dispense with—that we must have?

Becauser triends, we want to know who we are and what is he who deals thus strangely with us, and what is he who deals thus strangely with us, and thanks be to God for the glory of his love in the face of Jesus Christ. Were it not for that, we should stagger, fall, and die under the pressure of the dark mysteries that overwhelm and crush us. That revelation the face of Jesus Christ that overwhelm and crush us. That revelation have a supposition to the face of Jesus Christ that the cannot dispense with—that we must have?

Because the condition of the plurality of worlds thanks be to God for the glory of his love in the face of Jesus Christ that we cannot dispense with us and the face of Jesus Christ that we cannot describe the face of Jesus Christ that we cannot describe the face of Jesus Christ that we cannot describe the face of Jesus Christ that we want to know the face of Jesus Christ that we cannot describe the face of Jesus Christ that we want to know the face of Jesus Christ the face of Jesus Christ that we cannot des but yet it is one that has been broached. We stand in peculiar relations to God, in a peculiar nearmost to him, and lie has manifested it to us through his revelation in Jesus Christ. We get in this the conception of the worth of humanity. That is what Christianlty gives us—the worth, not of the planets that roll in glory, not of worlds thundering through space, not of the vast laws and forces which sustain and develop the material creation of God, but the worth of the soul that can to in Christ. So the makers of creeds, the constructions of God, but the worth of the soul that can to in Christ. So the makers of creeds, the constructions of God, but the worth of the soul that can to in Christ. So the makers of creeds, the constructions of God, but the worth of the soul that can to in Christ. So the makers of creeds, the constructions of God, but the worth of the soul that can the jumps of God; don't you make any bon't you build of worlds thundering through.

Isws and forces which sustain and develop the management of the soul that can comprehend him, and can draw near to him, hunger and thirst for him. That is the peculiar revealation through Jesus—it reveals the personality of God. And God's consummate work is, after all, the perfection of the human soul; and the revelation of God, on the other hand, is clearest in humanity. How could God show is could through a human being? How was a Christ's long suffering; his patience with us is Christ's patience with us; his action is Christ's action; so that every beneficent and beautiful thing that goes that every beneficent and beautiful thing that goes is the working of God's and human hearts. it possible for us to get a conception of such a being as God, through anything except a soul, intelligent, living, possessing the attributes of humanity? All that nature tells us of God is emblematic, symbolical. We walk as we would, perhaps, through some old Egyptian world, with all its hieroglyphics, and all its strange scenes, convincing us that there is intelligence somewhere; that here thought has been at work, here emotion has prevailed. But after all it is symbolical; it does not let us into the fact. But from such a soul as

things. The second is to come to a conception of God. In the first is vague—awaking, shaking off the bonds of error, bursting the fetters of the senses. But now comes Christ, with spiritual light revealing to us the personality of God; and we come into the conception of that, and it is a great advance in the divine life. It is a great advance in general as well as in particular. All great epochs come with the conception, the vivid conception of God. Thus they commonce, for they all have a Genesis like the old Bible. All great men who have lived have shown a sense of a personal God. I do not suppose that Pantheism ever made a hero, ever led to an advance in the rights of men, ever made a mar-

to an advance in the rights of men, ever made a martyr. Men who know that God sympathizes with them. hears their prayers, listens to them, touches them, loves them, these are the men that shake the world and make epochs. And so it is in individual instances. Men. as they come into full personal relations with God, rise in a true religious life; for it is an essential step in personal religion to know, beyond all possible statements of logic, beyond all cavits of philosophy, in the depths and recesses of my own soul, that I have personal relations with God, that he hears my prayers, little and the present in the present in the personal relations with God, that he hears my prayers, little and the present in the pre

blended, and they are so blended as to present us with the conception of God, just as the evangelist John tells us it is, that...God is love." God is spiritual; God is personal; but deeper than that, as the source of all, and the proportional power of it all by which it is adjusted and made into God, if I may use the term of the infinite and the uncreated, the source of all is, that "God is love." That is what Christ shows us. That is a still higher expression of the glory of God, is the face of Jesus Christ, the love of God in Jesus Christ. Oh, my friends, here is something we could not be told. Nobody could tell us the love of God. We cannot tell it now. When we want to know what the love of God is, where do we go. We go to Jesus Christ to that love unmatched upon earth, to that kindness that never failed, to that goodness that was never expectations. to that love unmatched upon earth, to that kindness that never failed, to that goodness that was never exhausted, to that tender mercy that pitied all sorrow, to that compassion that passed no want or weakness by. We can only get a conception of God's love, as we go to the love of Jesus Christ. It cannot be told us. It must be shown us. It is in the face of Christ. It is not in any terms of explanation or definition.

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Need I urge the necessity of these elements, of this true life of religion, of pure, genuine religion? Why, my friends, what should we be without this conviction? We should get a conception of God as a spiritual being, the conception of God as a personal being; but we should ask what are his dispositions toward us. And oh, what a difference, according as that question is answered. Nature—oh, it is beautiful, it is inspiring upon such a day as this, in which we look abroad. It is a temple filled with the glory of God. And where-fore, after all? Conceive it to be the temple of infinite malignity, the vestibule and fabric of selfishness infinitely extended. Would it be beautiful then? Would the light in the dewdrop be really pleasant, or would the glory of the stars attract you? Take away the goodness and love of God, and the sun and stars are only orbs of light, created by an arbitrary will, and wheeling by an arbitrary and omnipotent force. Re-store the goodness and love of God to its central place in the great economy, and they become glittering choirs of life and joy. Remove this fact of God's love, and still the universe stands a magnificent spectacle, the pomp of an almighty king; but the human sources of the pomp of an almighty king; but the wondrous comes in poor and cold, and kneels in the wondrous vestibule, like a beggar and a slave. "What am I," it says. There is an infinite majesty round about me. The Psalmist cannot begin to describe the majesty of Gold. All this majesty are it compared to the majesty of the control of the contro God. All this majesty appals me, it oppresses me, it reduces me to nothing. Where can I creep before it? Where can I bow down?" The love of God is absent. Restore that fact and all things become beautiful again, and man goes like a rejoicing child to his Father's

traction, and taught men to love it. It is a very different thing from merely having a conception of it. It has become an object of attraction. Jesus Christ has become an object of attraction. Jesus Christ has goodness of God. to a certain extent, in nature; but made virtue loveable. He has moved not only the intellect, but the heart. And here was a necessity for a personal revelation through Jesus Christ.

Further, in the personal revelation that comes through Jesus Christ, man appears something distinct from nature, something different from nature. If we say that God is good in the pantheistic and natural sense, we may say that he is good—and so he is—to the butterfly that flits upon embroidered wings, to the little clump of clover as it waves in the June breezes. God is good to all. But there is a sense in which we feel that man, with his deep consclousness of soul, claims the sympathy of God, which the butterfly does not need, and which the clover does not require. And Christ, in his revelation of God, shows us the distinctive relation of man to God, apart from other things in nature.

It is the tendency of selecce in unany cases as it tree. our affections, dashes down our love, and breaks our It is the tendency of science, in many cases, as it pre-valls in the mind of men; to absorb all things in general through Jesus that God is love. How often as we halt valls in the mind of men; to absorb all things in general laws. In broad, comprehensive movements. Stand up in the light of science merely, and you may ask, in the light of science merely, and you may ask, with bleeding feet and look up to the starry immension of the mind of the starry immension. What am I, in all this great array of things, in these splendid unfolding divine works? I am but an inditional being, a personal atom, a spark, the dust upon the flying wheel of the universe." This is the conception, if you take merely the scientific view of it. But Christ has revealed to us the nearness which we have God who cared for us, and who loved us. With our the kisses to God, as human beings. He has done this by coming eyes brimful of tears, with our lips pale from the kisses to us as man. Christ has not only come to us as a revlation from God, but he has come to us in the human own dearest friends, we want to know who we are and

ing, possessing the attributes of humanity? All that nature tells us of God is emblematic, symbolical. We walk as we would, perhaps, through some old Egyptian world, with all its hieroglyphics, and all its strange scenes, convincing us that there is intelligence somewhere; that here thought has been at work, here emotion has prevailed. But after all it is symbolical; it does not let us into the facts. But from such a soul as that of Jesus Christ, alive with hope, with fear, with prayer, with aspiration, with love, you get such a conception of the reality and substance of God as you cannot get from the emblematic forms of nature. And therefore in presenting us, through Jesus Christ, the revelation of his personality, he hus shown us the consummated work of his grace by a perfected humanity.

It was one work to say, when the seething materials formed our globe, "Let there be light." And the light came, and it rose in order and wheeled in beauty. It is a still higher work, by the revelation of his own personality through Jesus Christ, to awaken personality in us, to create and reform a perfect humanity.

Here, then, we have the second step of religious life. The first was to be awakened to a sense of spiritual things. The second is to come to a conception of God. The first is vague—awaking, shaking oil the bonds of error, burstling the fitters of the senses. But now

Jesus Christ.

Many of you perhaps try to worship, and think you do worship. Suppose that you do worship, what do you worship? Is your worship one of spontaneous love, or is it constrained? Do you say virtually I must be religious? I must be solemn? It is time to pray, and I must be in a religious mood? Is it all put on by constraint in this way, or is your worship one of outflowing love, of willing obedience, of fond desire, of glad seeking and willing and doing his purposes? What a conception of the glory of God, when a man says, I must live to the glory of God. What ideas of his glory have prevailed with you? Is it your idea of that it is an infinite majesty before which angels bow down, of a God seated after off upon a lofty throne, in the subardes and glory of his etheliutes? pities my infirmities, soothes me in my sorrows, is near ine in my loneliness. That is one great element of religious life; and the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is the glory of the divine personality.

Finally, the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ in the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ in the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ in the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ in the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ in the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ in the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ in the glory of the divine personality.

Christ is the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is the supreme glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is the supreme glory of love. Nature has well been termed the scale of God. Of course we cannot, as everybody knows, comprehend infinity in any way. We cannot see it. The very term renders it impossible that finite faculties should take it in. But the best scale by which we can get an approximate idea is mature, and nature as it is revealed in science, as it appears before the telescope, spread beyond the furthest imaginings of human thought. That gives us some little, dim, partial conception of what an infinite God must be, away boyond all worlds, beyond all systems—still God. Wander through the depths of space—still God. Wander through the depths of space—still God is there. And thus we get an approximate shown you how Christ reveals the essence of God, his spiritual reality, and how he reveals to usthe nature of God in his personality.

One thing more: he gives us, so to speak, the proportions of God. Here you have in the first place the conception of the man is: what is the balancing force; what prevails in his mind, as a distinct personality. Is he good or bad? What elements control him? What disposition guides him? Do we not want to know that of God more than of man? Christ shows us the proportion in which the attributes of God are source of the conception of galacs and a stributes of God are blended; and they are so blended as to present us with the conception of God, just as the evangelist John tells us it is, that "God is love." God is spiritual; God is personal; but deeper than that, as the source of all, look up and feel that the universe, your soul, my soul, and wave soul is been gauged and every soul is been forward our description.

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