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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS
OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H.
CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of
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HENRY WARD BEECHER
AT
PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Morning, June 26th, 1859.

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

TEXT.—"But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."
MATTHEW, vi, 27. "Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have
put off the old man with his deeds, and have put on the new
man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him
that created him."—Col. iii, 9-10.

The motive here given why we should maintain simplicity and truthfulness is, that we are aspiring to form and to wear a character that shall be like God's. The thought is, that it is unbecoming in us that are the children of God, and that are like him, to indulge in those habits which belong to the natural man—to the secular man. "Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man"—the ordinary notions of what is right and what is wrong; the worldly conception of what is upright and pure—"seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds, and have put on the new man"—and have formed a conception of humanity and life very different from that which the world holds—"which is renewed in knowledge"—built and established upon principles—"after the image of him that created him"—principles that are such as are derived from the Lord Jesus Christ, the creator of moral purity in every man.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to the ethics of deception, of lying, of falsity, and of truth-speaking. The bounds between the true and the false have been surveyed anxiously, and mapped down in places varying one from another, almost beyond belief. All men agree, substantially, as to the general claims of truth and the evil of falsehood; but the moment you come from general views to special views—the moment you come from the discussion of principles to the application of principles to actual conduct—men have differed almost endlessly. There is a very great variety of belief as to the occasional use of deception, not only among common men, but men of distinction in the moral world. The most profound ethical writers are at disagreement on this subject; and religious teachers are not at one with reference to it. I scarcely know of another topic in morals around about which there are so many discrepancies as there are around about this one of truth-speaking. Nor is there another topic more important in the education of the young. Its importance never runs out or becomes old. There is not another element that is more essential to the formation of sound character than that of truth. There is not another element that is more central, more absolutely central, to one's life, than this one of truth. And it ought not to be that the practical disclosures of this subject, in the ethics of the world, should be at variance and confusion. It is so important that I shall devote this discourse to it. In order, however, to reach some satisfactory results, we must ascertain, before all other things, what is the right ground from which to start, what are the right moral tests to be guided by, and with reference to what we must measure, on this subject of the speaking of truth—the subject of veracity and falsehood.

This subject has been discussed, in the first place, by many, from the ground of nice distinctions as to what is and what is not falsehood. Men have begun with the universal belief that falsehood is criminal; but then they have proceeded to distinguish between falsehood and justifiable deception; and so, changing the name, they have made falsehood permissible. By casuistical pleas, by very acute, nice, dissection reasoning, they have graded off a certain place for justifiable deceptions, and another for false speaking; they have drawn a line between them, saying, "All above this line is wicked, but all below this line is variously permissible."

Now the method itself is a very bad and a corrupting one. Whatever may be its truth in parts, its seeming truth, the method is exceedingly unsatisfactory; because it not only leads to endless niceties, but to the mind of man to employ casuistry instead of moral integrity. It leads a man to flatter away his conscience, to flit up his moral sense, and rely merely upon the foundations of understanding. And I never met a man that was fertile, and ingenious, and evasive, on the subject of right and wrong, and that stood on this ground, in whom I did not feel that there was a want of manliness. Such a man has substituted the agility of the athlete for the simple strength of a true manhood. The method, I repeat, is not a true one.

Secondly, this subject has been discussed from the side of practical necessity. Men have gone down into life to see how men are placed; and then, when they have found truth in exigencies which seemed to require that they should tell a falsehood, they have themselves fallen into great mischief, they have attempted to justify them merely on the ground that they could not help it! Now if that may be a justification for any degree of falsehood; if, because you are afraid that there is an evil impending which is greater than you can bear, you have a right to be delinquent, in the slightest degree; in veracity, that right is enough to set aside all morals. It holds good when applied to anything else, as much as it does when applied to falsehood. It holds good on the subject of stealing, as much as it does on the subject of truth. Men have been fond, therefore, of what is called *putting cases*, in which the temptation to deceive is very great, in which the result of deceiving is supposed to be very beneficial; and in which it is supposed that the lie, because thus benefited, is relatively harmless. They say, "Now let us suppose a case"; and, of course, if they suppose a case, they can dress it up to suit the circumstances; and so they will press you with very strong supposed cases. I shall attend to this point further along. The temptation for men to deceive themselves by this way of looking at the subject, is so strong that it is never safe to adventure upon it.

This method is most dangerous, because it takes away from men all ideal of duty. It takes away from us a conception of living according to some higher standard than that which we see in life. It teaches us to go to the exigencies of human hours, and draw from them our rules of duty. We are taught by it to derive our rules of duty from the hours in which our secular impulses are strongest, instead of from our noblest and best hours. If there is one conception among men which is false, it is this: that we have a right to draw our rules of duty from the weak places in our experience—from the circumstances of temptation in which we are placed. We must go upon the Mount, and stand, as Christ did, and be transfigured, when we form our ideas of right and wrong; and then, having formed right ideas, we must take them into life, and battle with them, as best we may. It is not every man that can keep his best resolutions, but it is not every man that can follow his highest ideal, but he is to hold it as an ideal, and judge himself by it. We are not to take what we can do when we are vanquished, and say, "That is the rule of duty." The only true method, it seems to me, is to ascertain, if it be revealed, what is God's idea of a true and manly character, and what are the moral qualities that belong to that character which God expects us to form in this world; and then, when we have ascertained what that character is to be, the whole question is simply this: Is any kind of deception consistent with the formation or the conduct of such a character as God expects at our hands? We are

to begin on the inside, and reason and work toward the outside.

The first passage in our text sets forth the Divine idea of character as to simplicity and transparency. "Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay." Let it be simply, Yea, it is; or, No, it is not. There are no gradations between them. It is a perpendicular Yea, or a perpendicular No—one or the other. The special application of the passage, to be sure, was to oaths-speaking. We have no right to grade either way. As I understand the New Testament, the idea of manhood is expressed in the person of Christ Jesus—that is, Purity, Justice, Love, Truth, and all of them absolute. And this truth consists not simply, or mainly, in the philosophic idea of truth as a wisdom or as a thought, or as a series and system of thoughts, but truth as a disposition, as a part of conduct. It is called truth in the inward parts.

And this idea of truth implies a moral nature exquisitely susceptible to things as they really are—that is, to the truth of things. A Christian must have a mind, every faculty of which reports truth with accuracy. If a man's eye is a good one, whatever objects are reflected upon its retina are supposed to appear to him just as they are. The reflections upon that eye are expected to answer to the actual nature of the things about him. And what a man's eye is in its sphere, when it is perfect, that all of his moral and social faculties should be in their respective spheres. Each one should be an eye, receiving impressions of truth, in some sort or other, and faithfully reporting those impressions. It is required that each faculty of the mind shall be susceptible to the truth, and make a report of the things brought to it as they are.

Moreover, this truth in Christ implies a state of mind in which all the faculties reflect the truths which they receive, and reflect them just as they are, without distorting them, without perverting them. Not only are facts and things to come upon the mind purely and truly, but they are to go from it as they came upon it. There is to be a moral sense or relish which shall oblige the mind to be what is a good mirror is—a pure reflector of the things which fall upon it.

Now, with such a disposition, the Christian is placed in a boisterous world, and is commanded to be wise, but innocent; he is to be simple, honest, open, truthful. He is commanded, for instance, in such language as this: "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin; but yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God." Now my ideal of character is this: My character should not be formed for the purpose of being employed for untruth, or for selfish ends; but it should be formed so that it shall represent in its impressions what is true around me. In so far as I use my mind, it is to produce upon others impressions of truth as they are produced upon me; and no man has a right to employ his mind in such a way as to make it an instrument of untruth, upon the imagination, the affection, the reason, or the life of other men.

It is not implied, nor required, that a man should, of course, lay himself open to the inspection of every one. We are not obliged to sit in our minds with all the doors open, nor with all the windows open. We have a right of reserve, of self-inclosure, of refusing to let men know what we are, what we think, and what we do. We have a right to defend ourselves from the curiosity of men, from their impertinence, from their inquisitiveness. That is a question that does not belong to the question of truth-speaking. I have a right to be silent. If I have words of truth, I must use my own judgment and discretion with reference to the dissemination of that truth. I must be the one to decide how much of what I know I will disclose, and when and where I will disclose it. I am not obliged to recount all my feelings to men; I am not obliged to tell men my history, though they may seek to know it. God has benevolently given us a curtain of secretiveness, and we can drop it between the knowledge we possess and men's desire to know; and we have a right to do it. So that when I choose, I can refrain from communicating my thoughts to others. It does not follow, because I am to speak nothing but the truth, that I am bound to speak all the truth I know, or that I am bound to bespeak truth all the time. Christ himself set us an example in this respect. He withheld from those who accompanied him things which he knew, and the fact is not offensive to our moral feelings. He knew many things which he did not speak. Nay, he avowed that this was so. He told his disciples there were many things which he did not speak, because they were not yet sufficiently ripe to comprehend them. The highest conception of purity we have—that of a mother's instruction of a daughter—is not offended when she refuses to teach the daughter on topics beyond her years, saying, "You are not old enough to understand these things yet." We are not to confound our silence, or a not speaking of the truths we know, with a wrong speaking of these truths. Men may be reserved, and they must be; and no one thinks that taciturnity and reticence are unmanly or unchristian. But whenever a Christian man does employ his mind, he is obliged to employ it so that the impressions he makes on other minds shall be true to his own convictions. If you do not think it wise or necessary to reveal what you know, you are not bound to reveal it. You can use your own discretion about imparting the truths that belong to you. But if you do undertake to say anything, you have no right to swerve in the slightest degree from real truth. And you are, in speaking or acting, not to measure what is true merely by what you think, or merely by the words with which it can be expressed; but you are, with a knowledge of other men's understandings, to employ your mind so that what you say shall be as true to him to whom you say it, as it is to you.

A Christian is meant to be pure and true not only, but he is set to be characteristically, and professionally, a *truth-reflector*. You are not merely to keep yourselves, but God says you are set up into the world to keep other people. You are not merely to be pure and true yourselves, but God says you are the *light of the world*. You are put into this world to set other men an example as to what is true and right living. In your intercourse with your fellow-men, you are not only to think the truth, and be susceptible to it in all its forms, but in so far as you employ your minds in speaking of truth, you are to employ it so that men shall take truth from you. We have no right, therefore, to understate nor overstate. We have a right to refrain from speaking at all of what we know, but if we commence to speak, we are obliged, from that instant, to speak so that every word we utter shall convey a true impression of the things of which we are speaking. We are to make the impression upon the world that the mind of a Christian always will make a true report, a real reflection.

A Christian must set up, as a part of his nature, just such a standard as we set up for mirrors. A mirror is good for nothing that is wrinkled, that is discolored, in any part. A mirror that in any way distorts the objects which it reflects, is not a good mirror. The consequence is, there are very few good mirrors in the world. And the Christian ideal of character is what a good mirror is. Our minds are to be in such a state that they will reflect truth without distorting it. Whenever we use our thoughts, or our physical representing powers, we are to use them for the sake of others, as well as for our own sakes. We are to be truth-expositors in our time, as Christ was in his time.

We are not bound to always speak; we are not bound to answer as we are questioned. It is proper for us to exercise our judgment in such matters; but if we do speak, we must, like Christ, speak with simplicity, and with fidelity to the exactness of truth. We are not bound to act, in this or that exigency; but if we do consent to act, we must act with a crystalline transparency.

The world permits men to use their faculties for purposes of guile and deception; but not so with the Christian ideal. That ideal requires us to use our faculties for purposes of truth. Let any other supposition be allowed, and applied to Christ, it would instantly appear shocking to our moral sense. And when I have heard any discussion on this subject, and the permissions extended, by teachers, even, to men in the ways of wickedness and temptation, my own refuge has been, instead of endeavoring to twist the fibres of their specious reasonings, to apply the course of conduct maintained by them to Christ; and a course of conduct which, applied to the Saviour, would make him less to our moral sense, it can never be right for us to follow.

A man pursued by an enemy whose sword, having just slain one victim, thirsts for more blood, seeks protection under your roof, and when that enemy comes to you and asks, "Is he here?" you, for the sake of saving the life of the poor, terrified man, say, "No; he ran out at the back door." Now suppose Christ, when on earth, had, under similar circumstances, been asked, "Is he here?" and he had falsified, and said, "No; he is not here; he is there;" what would be your conception of Christ as representing God to the world? What would be your conception of Christ, if, standing in any of the ten thousand emergencies by which men are tried in this life, he had departed, in the least degree, from the strictest truth? The question is not what a man may be excused for doing when his life is imperiled, and he is paralyzed by fear. The question is, What may a perfect character do? What may a hero do? What may a God do? For that which is not right for God, is not right for you. And that which is not right for you at all, at any time, and anywhere, is not right for you at all—not even in the hour of extremest trial. The only way in which we can get permission to indulge in equivocations, and evasions, and deceptions which we refuse to baptize *veritas*, as they ought to be baptized, is by running our moral character down to the heel, by regarding ourselves at the lowest point as religious beings, and by looking at this subject from the side of temptations and trials, instead of from the side of Christian character. For no man who has a true conception of a Christian character, as it is set forth in the New Testament, can for a moment justify indulgence in anything short of absolute truth.

In all our reasonings, then, upon the subject of truth and falsehood, we must reject that delusive idea that right or wrong is to be judged by the real or probable results of truth upon our outward life, or by the effects which it will immediately produce upon others. And we are to judge it by the higher standard which God has appointed, namely: What is the effect of right or wrong in its relation to simplicity of heart, manliness of character, and transparency of life? It is not my business to inquire what will come upon me if I tell a lie, or if I am dishonest. It is not my business to inquire what will become of me if I maintain fidelity and truthfulness.

God has given me one thing; and said to me, "Never do anything that will put that in peril." What is that one thing? Is it money? I find nothing in the Scriptures about looking after money. Is it influence? I cannot find a word about influence in the whole Bible. Does God say, putting me into life, amidst all the temptations of the world, "Take your powers; take your character; take your influence; take your well-being; take your wealth and pleasure, and the various luxuries of life,—take these and carry them through life, preserving them from harm as much as possible; and save yourself everywhere?" Does God say this to you? Does he not, rather, give you the standard of "virginal purity of character?" Putting me into the world, he says to me, "Give up everything before you give up that. So that you maintain the inward man wherever you are. Be at peace with your conscience. Never part from your integrity. Take the highest conception of right, and never seek to lower them. Do not seek to bring down, but always seek to lift up your standard of virtue in man. Your supreme aim in this life is not to get pleasure, or to avoid pleasure, but, in all your gettings, to get moral understanding—moral purity. If you save that, you cannot be harmed, though you lose everything else; and if you lose that, you cannot be secure, though you get everything else." The chief concern of man in this world, then, is, How shall I build myself up in this purity and nobility of character? His thought should not be, Shall I get into this trouble? Shall I get into this difficulty? Shall I be outwitted here? Shall I be the object of this or that course of action upon my manliness, upon my integrity, and upon my honor? You must judge of things, not from the effects they produce outside of you, but from the effects they produce inside of you, upon your character, and upon your nature.

We are forbidden to be the children of darkness. That is, we are forbidden to be instruments for distorting the truth, or for hiding it from the world. We are commanded to be children of light. And the very nature of light is to reveal. It cannot suppress, or hide, or distort. It opens up, discloses, makes apparent. We are to be the children of light, and not the children of darkness.

Now then, judged from this higher plane, and this nobler ideal, how may a Christian man deceive? how much may he equivocate? how much may he use his imagination, and reason, and memory, to trip up men—to convey to them wrong ideas and conceptions? The answer to all these questions is: He must use every faculty of his nature so that it shall be a perfect reflector of truths. And what may he do in the midst of the ten thousand temptations of selfishness and avarice by which he is beset? How far may he, on account of these, turn to the right hand or to the left? The very question answers itself. I think that when this question is put on the higher ground which I have presented, every child sees what the issue must be. I think that half the perplexities which arise from discussions as to the justifiableness of evasion, grow out of the fact that men do not base their reasonings upon the right moral test. Remember that the true idea of a Christian man is, that he shall be pure in heart; and that we are to judge of things by their effects upon our own nature.

I remark then, first, in view of these statements, that all direct and intended untruth, for our own selfish ends, is wicked and unchristian. I suppose all will agree to that. This is common ground to both sides in this discussion—that all direct and intended untruth, for our own selfish ends, is wicked and unchristian.

But, secondly: All direct and intended untruth for the sake of others' good, or for the avoidance of evil to yourselves or others, is just as wicked, and just as unchristian. You have no right to employ untruth for any selfish ends whatever; neither have you a right to employ untruth, under any circumstances, for benevolent reasons. You have no right to employ falsities, evasions, or equivocations, for your own sake, or for the sake of your friends. These things are as really wicked in the one case as in the other. The motive in the two cases may be a little different, but the act is the same in both cases. The moral character of the act is as bad in the latter instance as in the former. We have no right to employ any such means as falsehood and deception as instruments of good. We have no right to sacrifice the purity of our own minds, the integrity of our own thoughts, for the sake of any possible benefit that can be brought about by such means. No advantage to the world produced by any falsehood, however ingeniously argued, can possibly be as great, on the whole, as the disadvantage which accrues to the moral character of the man who utters the falsehood.

I have heard endless questions such as these: What may we do with children that are too young to reason with? What may we do with sick persons, for the sake of promoting their recovery? What may we do with those whose ignorance renders it difficult to get along with them? What may we do in exigencies where a man's life hangs on a word, a look, or a move? Now there is but one answer to questions of this

sort, and that is this: Whatever may be the appearance of things, a system of teaching that permits a man to violate the truth, will, in a long run, turn up by the roots the human character and society. It is never safe to do that which it would not be safe to teach others to do. You should never do that of which you would not be willing your children or your townspeople should know, or which it would be improper for them to do. A thing which it would not be right for everybody to do, it is not right for you to do.

If a man may say, deliberately, "Lying selfishly, deceiving for selfish purposes, is wrong, but deceiving for a man's good is not wrong," why may he not say with regard to chastity, honesty and fidelity, "If a man is not without temptation he must not violate these moral virtues; but if a man is in the midst of temptations, or his life is at stake, he may violate them?" This doctrine of the justifiableness of wrong conduct under certain circumstances, holds just as good in respect to chastity as in respect to truth-speaking; and it has, apparently, more force when applied to honesty, than when applied to either of these moral virtues. Now what would be the effect of such teaching as this: "You have no right to steal, my young man, unless you find that if you do not, you are going to be ruined. If you find that stealing is going to save you from serious trouble or disaster, you have a right to steal. Or, if you see by stealing you can set somebody else on his feet, then it is right for you to steal?" Who would choose to teach to his children, or have taught in the community, such a doctrine of honesty as that? It is curious that the ideas of men in regard to the justifiableness of stealing are so different from their ideas in regard to the justifiableness of lying. I suppose there is nothing more offensive to men than stealing, where the rights of property are involved. Our ideas of stealing are perpendicular, and a thousand feet high. There is nothing like stealing to us. It is enough to doom a man to perdition. But lying is not supposed to be so very bad; and these men who would not let a person vary a hair from rectitude on the subject of property, when it comes to his word, when it comes to his use of deception, means of getting property, do not think he need be over-scrupulous. They say, "We must be moderate in our ideas of veracity when we are engaged in commercial matters. When we are among Romans, we must do as Romans do;" and all that kind of devil-talk.

Now if it is right to vary our conduct in regard to one moral quality, it is right to vary it in respect to another, and another. The question is not whether a man may lie about property; it is not whether a man may do wrong in this or that direction, in the midst of temptation. I take the ground that there is no safety for a man who does not make his rule to do, under all circumstances, what he supposes to be right and true; and that his life is not half so valuable to him as purity of character. I believe in the logic that has never been controverted, which God has given to the world. I hear him saying, "If your right eye offend you, pluck it out; it is better for you to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes, to be cast into hell-fire." I hear him saying, "If your right hand offend you, cut it off; it is better for you to enter into life maimed, than having two hands, to go into hell." I hear him say, "If you shall maintain a good character, and a pure moral nature, it will be far better for you in the end, than if you neglect these for the sake of gaining anything which the world can afford." And when men argue in favor of the slightest deviations from rectitude in respect to truth, it seems to me that they are, though they do not know it, opening the double-gated gates to all immoralities. That which will justify a deviation from rectitude in respect to one moral principle, will furnish an excuse for indulgence in the whole round of vices.

It is, likewise, to be remembered that no man has a right to prophecy good as a consequence of deception. It is generally believed that we have a right to indulge in some degree of equivocation, to make use of partially deceiving statements, to tell ornamental lies, when we do these things that good may come. It is generally believed that it is benevolent and humane to use deception, where it is done with a belief that good will result therefrom. Now, I remark, no man is a prophet; and if he wants to prophecy, he had better not prophecy up stream—he had better not prophecy against God's nature. If you will prophecy, prophecy in the direction that God's nature takes. If, in your prophecy, you take God's commandments, and turn them out for you, you will find yourself prophecy lies. This prophesying, on the part of men, that good will result from deception, is the assumption of a spirit of foreknowledge, for the sake of a permission to do a wrong thing, which vitiates the very elements of character.

I do not believe that an accurate measuring of results would show that deceit, lying, equivocation, ever does, in the end, bring about good, or prevent evil. It may seem to, at the first moment; and why should it not? I will place twelve poisonous plants by the side of twelve sweet and refreshing ones. When I sow the seed, you cannot tell the difference between them. There is no uproot in the soil, occasioned by the seeds of the poisonous plants, when they are sown, than there is in the seeds of the other. And during all the early stages of their growth, the poisonous plants will appear as succulent and as wholesome as the others.

So, in human life, moral deeds are seeds; and it is oftentimes the case that when they are performed, they have the appearance of being good, although they are evil. But I say that deceptions, and all kinds of indirectness, although they have a beneficial appearance, will always, in their history, in their final results, prove to be mischievous. I do not believe a lie ever made a man fat in his moral part. I do not think deceptions are good to build the soul upon. I think they are trumpets that give an uncertain sound. They produce mischief in the moral character; and not a whit more do they produce mischief there, than they do in men's secular affairs. Half the troubles of men are the results of old lies just fermenting in late affairs. I do not think there is a thing about which men sin more than they do in this matter of lying. They lie from their birth. From the womb they go spreading lies. David said, in his haste, that all men were liars; and an old Scotch preacher very shrewdly remarked that he never took it back when he got leisure.

My own observation has gone to show that men who love truth for truth's sake, who have unbounded faith in the efficacy of truth in its simplicity, who never deceive you unless they themselves are deceived, whose gesture you can take as equivalent to their idea of truth—my own observation has gone to show that such men stand highest in the confidence and respect of the community. And the longer I live, the more insight I get into the moral condition of men, the more I find that they are shaken, and flawed, and cracked, in respect to veracity; and that there is nothing which they need so much as that kind of purity which will enable them to tell the truth always—in little things and in great things.

We are not, however, to judge by specific instances, or by immediate results, of what is the advantage or the disadvantage of false speaking. We must judge of it on this broad ground: What course taught as ethics, and acted upon as a method of education, will produce the noblest characters—ones that make openness and immaculate truth the invariable and unqualified rule, or one which permits men to use their minds as instruments of intentional deceptions in special cases? This is the point. This inquiry is to settle the whole question.

Here are two schools, both alike to all outward appearance, except that the inscriptions over the doors are different. Over the door of one school it reads, "Under no circumstances—under none in this world—has a man a right to equivocate, or to deviate in the slightest degree, from the most rigid truth." Such are the ethics that are taught in that school. Over the door of the other school is inscribed, in blazing char-

acters, "Thou shalt not lie, except in special cases." Such are the ethics that are taught in that school. Now, suppose you were seeking for a school to which to send your children, and suppose you wished them to receive the best possible moral training, which one of these schools would you prefer in preference to the other?

People say, "When you are nursing a man that is sick, you may tell him a thing is not what it is, if occasion requires it. When a child's life depends upon its being deceived, you may deceive it. You are never to lie in a large way, but it is right and necessary, at times, to lie in these little inoffensive ways." Now when you come to judge of this question by a single case of this kind, you have the best of the argument; but erect this habit of teaching into a system of public instruction, let our children be taught, as a part of their code of morals, that the duty of telling the truth depends upon circumstances, and I ask, what kind of a community would spring up around us? I ask, on the other hand, what kind of a community would not spring up around us, as a result of the teaching of the opposite theory? My theory is this: Whatever we ourselves may think, there is but one safe ground of teaching, and that is, that a man is never, never to deceive, under any circumstances. Truth—the most absolute, the most rigorous truth—always, everywhere, under all circumstances: truth, and only truth—that is my scheme. Do you not suppose that a community, educated according to this scheme, would be composed of men of moral character, conscientious men, men having right notions of honor, and integrity, and manliness?

But men do not adopt this scheme. They hold that truth is important. They say, "Truth is the foundation of God's government; it is indispensable to human life; and it is unquestionably a Christian man's duty to speak the truth; and yet, when emergencies arise which require deception, we must not call deceptions falsehoods." There is where they switch off; and change the name of lies. They think that they change their quality also, but they are mistaken. According to their theory you must not call a suppression a falsehood; you must not call an equivocation a falsehood. But when a man sees that another person is looking for a certain thing, and wishing to deceive him, looks in the direction that it is not so, so that that person, by following his eye, is misled—when a man, does this, he is lying as effectually as he could lie in any other manner. It would be said by many persons, "He did not lie, for he did not say anything." Many persons seem to think that a lie is not told till you have given expression to false words; but every truth of your heart, every motion of your finger, every wish of your mind, that misleads another person as to the accuracy of a thing as you see it, is a lie.

There are different sizes of feathers on an eagle; there are wing feathers, and tail feathers, and downy feathers, and feathers of the neck, and tail-feather like, and downy like. You can lie without opening your mouth, as well as by opening it. Your little finger can lie as well as your tongue. In so far as this doctrine is taught in a community, that truth may be spoken or not, according to the circumstances, so far are the morals of that community corrupted at their very fountain and source. In so far as you imbibe this doctrine, so far do you disqualify yourselves to reason correctly about everything else. There specially comes to me no stability and no humanity, where any such theory as this is admitted.

I will here indulge in one or two collateral remarks. These men who are educated in this theory, themselves find that their own reasonings, let a man who justifies another kind of duplicity—as men are more inclined to do if it is adroit, and slightly mischievous; for it makes a great difference whether a sin is amusing or not about its being tolerated—laughable lies and wickednesses go along smoothly, when everybody kicks sober ones, and condemns the moral qualities which spring from them—let a man, I say, who justifies duplicity in another, be asked, "Will you yourself, do that which you approve in him?" and he would shrink from the thought of doing such a thing himself. For there are a great many men who talk worse than they act. There are a great many men who work out courses of conduct in their books which they do not follow in their lives. I hope that many men live better than they write. There are, for instance, good presidents of colleges, that write promises for good conditions, from strict rectitude, under certain conditions, who, when they are asked, "Will you yourself do the things which you justify in others?" say, "Well—people have their tastes about these matters; I should not wish to do them." What! do you shrink from putting into practice your own teachings? And can you believe a thing to be right in others, when your own moral sense revolts from it?

Or, take another test. You permit men, in your stores, in your offices, in your shops, or in the street, amidst the thousand and one temptations of life, to prevaricate, to diverge from the truth, and you say, when you are questioned on the subject, "Ethical teachers allow such things, and we do." Now suppose I should fall into a controversy with a man, and should finally decide him, and suppose, after having done it, I should come before you, and say, "I told an exquisite lie yesterday. I did not tell it selfishly, however; I told it for a wise purpose, and it injured to the benefit of the truth." How many of you would admire me for owning that I had told a permissible lie? These men who uphold deception and equivocation, are never willing to get up in a congregation of their brethren, and say, "I indulge in these things." There is this feeling in every man, I do not care how bad he is, that a Christian character requires simplicity and unreserved truthfulness; that a Christian man ought to have a reputation as pure as a crystal; that it ought to be so clear and true that there is not a flaw or a wrinkle in it. If, when the light glances through a man, and should finally be changed, everybody says, "Ah! that man is not a Christian." It is astonishing to me, when I consider how much lying there is in the world, that there is so much conscience as there is about lying. There is nothing, I think, with respect to which men are examined so much as they are in respect to their truthfulness. And I notice that men in the church are not in the best repute as regards this matter. I have heard business men say that, so far from trusting a man because he was a church member, they were inclined to be rather more suspicious of him on that account, because they thought he was apt to use his righteousness as a garment under which to practice dishonesties. I have observed that on no other point so much as on that of veracity, is there a sharp, probe-like watching of men. Men will flinch from the truth in making statements about bargains, and settlements, and other business transactions, and I find that they are more sharp upon each other with reference to the matter of lying from really meant truth, than with reference to anything else. And yet, the men who are most exacting on this point, do not themselves hesitate to fly from the truth. And this is the result of these last remarks: I think that the public sentiment, and the public feeling is repugnant to the bad ethics which teach that it is permissible to deceive a man under certain circumstances.

All the temptations of the world are toward lying; and everything in society, all the weaknesses in the human soul, tend toward a relaxation of conscience. Now Christians are not to make this state of things yet worse, by giving moral permissions, by erecting sins into virtues. We must take ground as high as the nature of God; and whatever would tarnish our conception of Christ, it is wrong for us to touch and do. On this subject, I think we stand in the midst of commercial transactions are especially liable to sin; and, therefore, we must be strong in our integrity, and be careful of our doctrine.

It is important, next, that we should stop this great evil by brushing down all the infinite cobwebs woven

CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.

Written for the Banner of Light.
BEAUTIFUL BELIEF.

BY FRANK LEE.

It is a beautiful belief,
That God is ever nigh,
Dispelling gloomy doubts and fears,
That round our pathway lie.

It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our wing,
Are hovering, on noiseless wing,
The spirits of the dead.

It is a beautiful belief,
When ended our career,
That it will be our ministry
To watch o'er others here;

To bid the mourner cease to mourn—
The trembling be forgiven,
To bear away from ill the day
The weary to their heaven.

Norway, Me., 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LILY VANE;

OR,

HEART-LINKS BETWEEN BOTH WORLDS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER I.

Honora Vane lay on her couch of suffering, with the heated glow upon her cheek, her eye enkindled with unnatural brilliancy; and, as her weeping daughter deemed, her mind was wandering in unreal realms. For she uttered strange words, described beautiful and heavenly scenes; stretched forth her arms in recognition to loved forms long since departed, and sang sweet melodies she said attendant angels brought from Heaven. All this was attributed to the weakening of her intellect by disease; all the inspired and beautiful sentiments she uttered named as the ravings of the fever that consumed her. But when, with the loving accents of forgiveness she murmured, sweet and low, the name of the departed husband, the fair brow of the watching girl contracted in a darkening frown.

He had been her childhood's terror, her girlhood's fixed aversion, even he, her father! For the mists of intemperance had obscured his better vision; demons in place of angels had dwelt within the desecrated home; his face had been a terror and a haunting dread to the shrinking and sensitive girl—his only child—and in the silent watches of the night, as she sat, by her fading mother's bedside, tenacious memory recalled his taunts and coarse revellings, his utter degradation and his death of shame. For he died a shameful death, although no legal mockery denounced and judged him as unfit to live; although the hangman's fingers adjusted not the rope around the victim's neck. But step by step he had yielded to the baser influences, to the whisperings of tempting and alluring evil, until it seemed to mortal vision that the spark of divinity was extinguished, and the force of brutal passions usurped its place. From the maniac howlings and destructive anguish of disease, he fell into a lethargy so deep, no effort and no sound could waken him; and thus he remained for weeks, by his breathing only proving the life that yet lingered. And thus, bereft of sense, and thought and feeling, without a sign of recognition, without one parting word, the spirit of the drunkard passed—oh, whither?

Honora Vane, the long-suffering wife, knew not of the opening of the spirit realms to man. Lily, the young, imaginative girl, brank from the suggestions of thought that promised communion with the departed. Both knew but of the stationary and glittering Heaven of which theology taught; of the realm of endless torture where the sinner groined in late repentance that bore no compensating fruit. Therefore, was there bitterness and dread in Lily's breast, for she knew that her father had by his reckless life bowed to the very dust the once blithe, hopeful spirit of her mother—that days of sorrow, nights of fearful watching, had wasted her frame, and accelerated the fatal malady that was to bear her from the daughter's longing sight. With overwhelming sorrow, mingled bitter accusation in that girlish heart. Alas! untaught, undisciplined, there was no love, no pity for the fallen in her soul!

No guiding touch of sorrow had uplifted with clairvoyant power the material veil, and revealed to the untutored heart the inner truths and mighty laws of spirit-life. Between this world and the realm beyond the confines of the narrow grave, all was darkness, or else dazzling and uncomprehended glory; she knew not of the subtle links, the "electric chains," the myriad golden threads ever binding soul to soul in the sacred, reciprocal duties of sympathy and love. She knew not that from the golden and roseate portals of the celestial land flowed living streams of inspiration, that, passing from world to world, reached in diminished glory, yet with healing and with saving power, the lowest spheres of life and suffering; enkindling there a ray of hope, a glimpse of future joy, a prompting of repentance, a sigh of prayer; perchance, a dream of home and love.

She knew it not; for the forgiving angel had not led her forth; the voice of her elder brother had not whispered to her soul of the beauty of submission—the heavenliness of becoming "as a little child." So, when Honora, loving and forgiving, with clear, seeing vision and fondly outstretched hands, said, sweet and prayerfully, "Oh, Paul, come nearer! I forgive—I love thee still!" young Lily veiled her face, and said her mother raved.

But those fond eyes, unclosing to the beauties of the soul-land, beheld the realities of life; she saw the husband of her youth before her; alas! his face was gaunt and haggard still; there was a wildness in his eye, a stupor in his mein; but encircled with shifting, brilliant, ever-varying floods of light, a radiant figure, white and azure-robed, a female form of unimaginable beauty stood by the darkened spirit's side, and spoke for him the words he had not strength to utter.

"Through thee, the loving and the faithful; through her, the tried and disciplined, shall his redemption be wrought," said, musically sweet and clear, the attending angel of compassion and purity, and Honora understanding smiled and bowed her head in acquiescence.

In broken words, in inarticulate murmurs, she prayed her stubborn child to love and forgive the erring and departed father. In vain! the memory of her mother's wrongs and sufferings, of her own humiliation, was too fresh and vivid. Wildly, almost fiercely, she exclaimed—

"He was not human! he was a fiend incarnate—he brought you to this bed of pain—the marks of his cruel fingers are yet visible upon my arms and neck! He robs me of my mother's life, and I shall say I

love him? Oh, mother! mother! arouse from this cruel fancy! He is not here; this is a phantom of your fevered brain; no one is here, but poor Lily, your Lily, soon to be left alone on earth!"

"Hush, hush, my child!" spoke low and reverently the maternal lips. "See, see, he folds his hands in prayer, as the guiding angel bids him do; he did not understand your words, for the fog of earth yet heavily enshrouds, and the weight of sin lies on his holy, conscious being. See! over his dark and tattered garment flit rainbow hues of light; vivid flashes of soul-intelligence, that penetrate his brain and illumine his heart with a momentary consciousness of power and love. Yes, angel, yes, I see, I comprehend! the love of God is in all; I cannot, may not be with him, but I can call him upward; lead, attract, guide and bless him, from my mansion in the skies. At my own heart's highest bidding, at thy behest, oh glorious messenger! I repeat the redeeming words: Paul, my erring husband, I fully forgive thy trespasses against me! I will aid thee, I love thee still! See, see! a golden cloud rests lovingly upon his drooping, prematurely whitened head! Soft airs, balmy and fragrant as the breezes of Heaven, play around him. He smiles, he seems to recognize the place, to behold me, his advancing wife! Hark! a strain of heavenly music—angels sing! they say it is a soul's redemption song; that soul is to be led by human love to God!"

"Mother! for the sweet Saviour's love, desist!—You are delirious! would that the nurse were back! Dear mother, there is no one here but me, your child, your Lily!"

The lustrous eyes turned full upon her a glance replete with love; there was no wildness in that softened gaze; the smile was earnest and tender. "I am not dreaming, not crazed, my child," she said, and her thin, white hand fondly caressed the young girl's upturned brow.

"To-morrow, at this hour, come hither Paul! Sweet angel, guide me to my mother's arms, to my dear father's presence! Must you return to earth, poor darkened one? Earth, the scene of thy transgressions, must that be the field of expiation? I have not been taught so; but thou, oh glorious messenger, must know and speak the truth. Farewell, farewell, dear Paul!" And falling back wearily, yet with a smile upon her face, Honora, sank into a deep, calm sleep, while with tears and riven heart her sorrowing daughter watched beside her.

Of course the nurse pronounced the lady's words the ravings of delirium, and even loudly accused the departed of hastening to the grave on so good and gentle. "If it had not been for your father, Miss Vane, she would live for many years to come; his brutality has brought her to her bed of death; he has been killing her for years; she always so good and pious, and he such an awful infidel! it was like watching Lucifer with an angel!"

Thus fed, the uncharitable fires, the flames of resentment, flashed still higher in the young girl's breast and destroyed the uprisings of pity there. In her coming bereavement, whither could she turn for solace, with that bitter, unforgiving heart?

Not to the dreaded, far-off, incomprehensible God of theology, for his attributes of inexorable judge, of dazzling majesty, and capricious power, were not calculated to soothe and comfort the mourning heart. Not to the gentle, all-forgiving Jesus, she had been taught to worship as the very Deity, could she turn with the scorn and bitterness and rebellion that surged within; for he had spoken mildly of his tormentors, saying they knew not what they did. Not to the world could the aching spirit turn, for its gayeties repelled, and among its millions not one could take the place of the fond and ever faithful mother. Lily knew not of the God within; strengthening and refining, guiding and elevating, through the course of earthly discipline, to the observance of laws great, divine and immutable as eternity itself. She knew not of the God beneath as well as above; of principles and influences scattered broadcast over the myriad universes of that God. She deemed him dwelling in some vague and undiscovered realm, an enthroned monarch, mighty and terrible, visibly revealed in semblance of the human form; yet she had not recognized him in his children; she had not looked for the attributes of Deity within the human soul.

Wearily passed away the lone hours of the watching night; and the sick woman had slept, and smiled in her dreams, and with outstretched arms breathed prayer and entreaty for the darkened spirit of the fallen Paul. She returned to the consciousness of pain with the dawning morn, and throughout the day, poor Lily watched and wept and struggled with her mighty grief, knowing well that her mother's hours on earth were numbered.

When the last gleams of sunset lingered on the fading splendors of the western sky; when the bright-hued clouds changed their roseate, purple and azure garb for the more sombre vestment of the evening time; as the line of gold peeled from its snowy bed, and the waters reposed in the reflected calm of heaven, from a neighboring thicket issued sweet and clear the plaintive and suggestive song of some strange and unseen bird. Like a farewell melody, it lingered and was renewed, while the dying woman prayed, and recognized, amid the twilight shadows, the spirit forms of loved ones gone before, awaiting in the softly swaying soul bark, to carry thence her willing and unfeared spirit.

The hand that clasped her child's relaxed; as if to gentlest slumber, the eyelids drooped and closed above the weary eyes; a rosy flush o'erspread the pallid face. "My Lily—love—forgive—" she whispered. "I come to aid thee, Paul! My foot is on the bank—that leads to spirit-land. Home, love—God!" these were her parting words.

The bird's song ceased; and marble whiteness and rigidity settled on the calm, sweet face. There was silence, solemn and unbroken, in the room awhile; then loud, wild and despairing, arose the rebellious cry from out the orphan's heart; Lily clasping in her arms her mother's lifeless form, madly entreating her to return to life!

There was darkness unlighted by one guiding star in the unlearned heart of the child.

CHAPTER II.

"I would rest, forget—I would sleep, not strive; why urge me thus incessantly? I care not to return to earth. You tell me that I am a spirit,—that I must toil for my redemption; that earth is yet my sphere, for I have wasted the precious hours of its existence; oh, let me rest, rest! I never denied my immortality; but this is a life of torture. I find not the material hell that theologians teach of; but oh, far worse, a thousand times more horrible is this! I am as yet bewildered. I see not, feel not clearly. Thou dimly viewed form, what art thou? How long have I been here?"

As if from a distance, yet distinct and alluring, came the plying angel's soft reply:

"We count not by days or years in spirit-life. Thou hast been here long; for thou hast lain enwrapped in lethargy; and yet the time was short, for endless progress awaits thee and all!"

"I recollect—I feel the return of scattered memory; my wife, my child, oh God! where are they?"

The deep tone of anguish with which these words were uttered, seemed for awhile to scatter the encircling darkness, through which, like a faint gleam of shrouded moonlight, waved and glistened the pure white raiment of the celestial visitant. He saw the wasted form of his dying Ignora; the bending, drooping figure of his child; and as he looked he read and groaned aloud in agony so deep, the watching angel felt the diamond-dew-drops of her pity steal down her face. He read, in the wife's heart, the unextinguished love, that was more of heaven than of earth; the pity, and the prayer for her redemption, lighting up her soul with fervor. He read, too, in his daughter's heart, the repulsion, fear and terror that accompanied his memory. Her youthful brow was cold to him as marble; hard as the flinty rock, her determined lips denying the utterance of forgiveness; her eyes looked upon his spirit form and earthly memory with a like horror; she denied him in her soul!

Then he beheld the spirit of Honora wafted upward by her soul's attraction; he saw the awaiting and the accompanying band of pure, freed spirits; the opening portals of her heavenly home; and as with reverentially bowed head, and prayerfully folded arms she entered there, she paused and turned to cast a look of love beneath, to where he stood, in the dark, cold region; he knew the angel-wife would not forget him.

A faint vision of the home awaiting her, a glimpse of its sun-lighted beauty, a wafted breath of lilled fragrance from its chosen bowers, a transient uplifting of his sin-bowed heart, a flash of truth athwart his darkened intellect, and the scene was swept aside; and terror undefined, remorse unsated, trembling expectations lay heavily upon his soul with all their retributive weight.

"Now go to earth, to suffer and to learn, to feel and to endure, to expiate and to be purified; such is the law that reigns forever. Go learn of life and duty; ministering spirits of the earth shall lead thee, influenced by spirits from the realms of love and knowledge. At the bidding of the higher ones I come to thee; all linked together in the universal chain we labor ever for each other's good. Go now!"

The abject spirit felt that compliance was necessary; he felt the soft touch of a benignant hand, and for a while his burning brain was calmed; and while the peaceful influence lasted, the gloom-clouds dispelled from around him, the rugged landscape faded, and the moaning waters ceased their discord; from the heavens above beamed lustroously the silver star of hope. In momentary invocation, with an attempt at prayerful utterance, the spirit stood enshrouded in better thoughts; then, upon the passing winds, swift, voiceless, and unknowing whither, he was borne along.

For awhile he looked around bewildered, then recollection came, and he knew the familiar room, and the slight figure in the mourning garb. Sudden and overwhelming, a flood of tenderness swept o'er his heart; a deep sigh, "wring" from the remorseful depths of soul, passed from the quivering lips; in sorrow and repentant tenderness he whispered, "Lily!"

With a start and a shudder, the young girl raised her head and looked around. "I thought I heard some one call my name," she said; "it was but fancy."

Again, low, soft and tenderly, she heard the word. She grew pale with superstitious terror; she arose to fly from the room.

"Oh, fear me not!" Dreamily, yet familiar, as a voice from afar, imbued with tears and tenderness, she heard the words. Incapable of speech, trembling, yet bound in some strange spell, the daughter listened with drooping head, clasped hands, and wildly throbbing heart.

Memories vague and beautiful, of early good, of household joy, of sweet home pleasures, were presented as in a swiftly changing panoramic view. She saw her father, good and true and loving, led on by outside influences, from the love-garlanded portals of his peaceful home; from the patient, enduring wife to the haunts of dissipation; from the blessings of contentment, to the vile desire for gold. That thirst unquenched, sought for oblivion in the drunkard's cup, and became a blight to heart and hearth. As Lily gazed, she pitied, for the softer influences had power when those of the world were absent; and, as she pitied, the watching spirit's tear-drops fell—his soul implored his child's forgiveness. But the heart of Lily Vane was not yet strong; nor was the trembling guilty spirit's trial past. Sudden and recurring, the full tide of memory swept back, disclosing the sorrows, humiliations, wrongs of years; with lips set firmly, with uplifted hand, she cried aloud:

"I cannot forget his cruelty—I cannot forgive!"

A long-drawn sigh of pain, a look of mingled reproach and entreaty, and the sorrowing spirit was led forth from the presence of his wronged and unforgiving child.

The city lamps illumined the crowded streets; smiling and happy faces; wrinkled and care worn faces; brows of innocence and trust; modestly veiled eyes, and bold, defying glances; forms arrayed with elegance, and beggars in tattered garb; happy and watched-for children, houseless and toll-worn little ones; lowly pride and high-born humility; seeming and reality, masks and soul revelations—a busy, jostling, motley crowd, they passed before him, the wanderer from another sphere.

He listened intently for a word, a look, a tone of encouragement. They spoke so enthusiastically of life, misinterpreting so fatally its meaning. The grand public banquet engrossed the politician's thoughts; and the ball of the coming week dwelt in the mind of the beauty and the belle. Not for patriotism or social joy, but for self-aggrandizement, for vain triumph, for paltry vanity, both sought the glare of banquet hall and festival. Young, fresh and bounding hearts, that should have been free as God designed, were bound in conventional chains that galled and marred the spirit's beauty. There, beautiful and aspiring, a lady walked beside her grey-haired owner; he had bought her unwilling hand with gold. Beneath her jeweled bodice her woman's heart beat wearily; beneath the proud lustre of her envied diamonds the love-light of her eye was extinguished in bitter tears. There, flaunting in the rainbow's hues, one suddenly elevated by fortune's pranks displayed the wonders of her

changed position to the world's sarcastic and ob-servant eye. The man of business, immersed in golden schemes, beheld not the beauty of the starry night, dwelt not upon the varying crowd, mid which he wandered, an alien in thought. The miser frowned fearfully upon the trembling little child that importuned him for alms; the belle swept by most haughtily; the politician saw her not; some gave indifferently, others with marked reluctance; some looked around for the approving looks of friends.

The watching spirit sighed. "I am sent to earth to progress," he murmured; "what can I learn of these worldlings, so hard, so soulless?"

A tall, gaunt, awkward looking woman, shabbily attired, approached the begging child; and as she passed her glance over the pinched features, tattered dress and naked feet of the little girl, she drew a long sigh of sympathy, and her dark eyes overflowed with tears. Her usually rough voice, her abrupt manner, changed to gentleness and benevolent hesitation, as she addressed her.

Paul listened; words of divinest comfort, heart tones of sympathy, truthful assurances, sweetest blessings, fell from the untutored teller's lips. It was heart eloquence, winning confidence and fullest response; for the child of privation looked up to her with love, and told her of the suffering family at home, of the drunken father, the dying mother, and the neglected, starving children, until her listener sobbed at the recital, and taking the child aside, where no prying eye could behold, no busy tongue relate to an admiring crowd the act of holy self-denial, she gave of what she possessed, half of her week's hard earnings, for the alleviation of misery far greater than her own.

As she hastened away, her homely face illumined by the joy bestowed upon another, it was transfigured with divinity; all the harsh, rugged lines worn off, the roseate glow of love and beauty dwelt on the lip and cheek; its glory beamed from eye and brow in majesty. And the darkened spirit saw and read, and learnt the life-lesson, that charity is beautiful and self-denial enriching to the soul.

Led on by the invisible yet felt influences, he sped to the scenes of his past earth life; to the convivial meeting, the midnight assembly, the noisy revel. But the charm that once there had enchained him was wanting. He saw the veil withdrawn, and wrong in all its hideousness. Arising from the fumes of the intoxicating cup, he beheld disguised and deadly foes beleaguering the human soul; and once admitted there, erecting the frowning strongholds of their power. From the sparkling ruby tide, so inviting and beautiful, arose temptations dread and horrible; hatreds and blasphemies, lusts and murders, grew out of its flowing and accursed stream. Swelled with the orphan's sighs, the widow's tears, freighted with accusing demons, laden with destroying power, the manifold and lesser streams of its allurements rolled amid the earth, and waited to erst peaceful homes the dread blight of its phantom call. Beneath its influence faded, one by one, the guiding stars of life, in palace and in humblest cot; the vestal flame upon love's consecrated shrine grew dim and waned, until it sank extinguished 'neath its baneful breath, or was by plying angels transplanted to a better clime. The once welcome aspect of home and desolate, and monstrous shapes of evil grew dark brooded by the hearth. Children, branded and despoiled, passed through a life of sin and sorrow, marked with the impress of its fatal dower. Young maidens veiled their loving eyes in the transition sleep, and with broken hearts passed to the worlds beyond; wives, mothers, old and young, covered and trembled at the mighty fiend's approach. Ruined hopes and wasted lives, innocent sufferers, shattered fortunes, wrecked aspirations, and lost hope and love and truth and virtue, attested to the demon influence; the crowned, enthroned, mocked, worshiped power of Intemperance!

Removed from the power of earthly contamination by guarding, guiding spirit influences, feeling now clearly the misery and the sin entailed, Paul looked upon the boon companions with a shudder, and a new repentance thrilled through soul and brain. Then, as a low, sweet, musical prompting from the forfeited worlds of bliss and purity, came the angelic whisper: "Teach these, thou, who hast sinned and suffered; by thy spirit's uprising power for good, restrain, and lead, and teach these lower ones."

He strove to obey—to reach the heart, the memory, the spiritual senses of those men. In vain! They saw him not, heard him not. With a mocking laugh they drained their glasses, and shouted in uproarious glee. The striving spirit sighed in utter hopelessness.

"Alas, alas! I cannot rise, except by earth's agencies; and these are so steeped in forgetfulness, so shrouded in materialism, what shall, what can I do?"

"Strive ever, pray unceasingly—not with the lips only, but with heart, in deed and aspiration. See there—that youth so beautiful with the spirit impress on his brow, with the memory of a long-lost mother not wholly extinguished by the clouding mists of wrong. Go, erring spirit, approach, and do each other mutual good."

"Another glass, Albert! Fill up to the brim, my boy!" shouted the unscrupulous band.

The young man smiled, held out his glass. A sudden chord of thought vibrated, for Paul Vane stood close beside him, though he saw him not. He had known him while yet a child; he remembered him reeling home one frosty winter's night, and something whispered, low and warningly: "Beware of the tempting cup, or such will be thy doom!"

"No more to-night," he said, and placed the empty glass upon the table.

"Think of the drunkard's end, the wife's broken heart, the orphan's desolation! Remember thy angel mother, thy awaiting sisters in a foreign land!"

The heart of Albert Delorme throbbed with sorrowing regret.

"Think of thy father, proud of his untarnished name; of the lofty and laudable position awaiting thee in the future. Oh, guard sacredly the holy gifts of health and purity. Be strong, be noble; overcome this growing evil, that is but new to thee. Think of the love, and fame, and greatness thou wouldst madly, wickedly thwart with thy own hand."

Inspired by a higher wisdom, by a better reasoning than his own, the spirit spoke thus to the listening soul; and he heard not the laughter and jeers of his companions. As one in a dream, he rushed from the assembly and gained the street. With rapid paces he hastened home. Arrived there, he threw himself upon a seat and wept the fruitful tears of shame and repentance. Young, gifted and yielding, he had not strayed too far for earthly redemption. With a feeling akin to joy, Paul whispered to his unseen attending guides:

"One soul is saved the fiery ordeal of self-condemnation!"

In palace halls the spirit saw the Christ-like love abiding, and the demon of unholiness entering the lowliest roof and heart; and he learnt that knowledge only could save man from sin; that sympathy was the magic key, unlocking stoniest hearts; that love was the all-conquering power, the sovereign principle of the universe.

In lowliest haunts, at times, the fairest virtues blossomed; and beside the couch of pain and death, sweet angels led the mourner's spirit heavenward. From the hushed lips of the tiny prattler the mother's soul had learnt of immortality, far more than from the priest or books. The emotions of love, the anguish of earthly parting, the unspeakable joy of return, intuition, reason, nature and gratitude—all taught most eloquently of God. And Paul—the long-darkened spirit, the erring and the transgressor—learnt of these things through earthly agencies, through gradually unfolding spiritual perceptions, through discipline, and effort, and toil, and he grew to abhor the veiled and revealed forms of vice, to shrink from the revel and the seeming, to know truth from error, to unfold in strength.

Often visiting some calm domestic scene, he learnt a loving wisdom from a true wife's lips; a loving lesson from some little child; he gathered of the dews of sympathy, of the flowers of memory and feeling, the gems of truth, until he stepped forth bright and redeemed through love, a child of God indeed.

But years of earthly reckoning passed on, until he reached that height of unfoldment. And meantime Honora ministered unto him and many others most lovingly. Meanwhile he learnt from earth, and in return, impressed for good the weaker and the tempted there. Meanwhile the orphan Lily learnt earth's lessons of deception and heaven's compensating good. She suffered, and grew strong and true by discipline; through tears and trials, passed days of utter gloom, and nights of darkest storm. She came, even as a "little child," divested of the pride and selfishness, the presumption of her spirit, to the consecrated shrine of peace and truth.

CHAPTER III.

The first great anguish calmed, Time's healing ministrations had renewed for Lily Vane the glory, and the joy of earth. With a softened sorrow she mourned for the angel mother; of the erring father she thought but seldom, turning indifferently from his memory, with somewhat less of repugnance than at first, yet with no yearning and forgiving love. Often he stood beside her, humbly, meekly striving to call forth her love. He who was once her terror, was now her suppliant, and she knew it not. When pure and holy emotions stirred her heart, when ideal pictures, glowing and beautiful, impressed themselves upon her passive fancy, when benevolent effort filled her eyes with tears, and inspiration kindled the poetic fervor, she knew not that it was her spirit-mother's influence, and that by every noble effort and achieved victory of soul, she was leading upward the long-benighted spirit of her father. She knew not, poor child, that through her means a multitude could advance to peace and harmony. Bound in the observance of a narrow creed and shackling form, she knew not of the power of silent example; of the responsibilities of spirit that make the progressive souls truly their brothers' keepers. She learnt it all by the disciplining angel's power.

Without wisdom to guide, knowledge to bid her read another's soul, without worldly experience and power of discernment, she took the first great lesson of love, and on the seemingly pure and beautiful shrine placed all her votive offerings of hope and trust and faith. No doubt intruded on the dream-glory of her fancied security; no thought of change alarmed the trusting heart; no serpent form of treachery peeped from amid the promised immortality of love's gorgeous wreath; not a ripple disturbed the smooth, false current of the summer stream, over which her bark of life, sun-gilded, roseate with youth's illumining splendors, freighted with the flowers of fancy, and the gathered gems of thought, floated so indolently toward the setting sun. There was no warning in the sky, from whence the scathing lightning fell; no premonition of the thunderbolt that bore destruction of life's choicest hope. From the blue, sunny heavens of the balmy summer time, borne on the sweet breath of flowers, the destroying angel came, weird, strangely unfamiliar, to young Lily's heart.

She had left her comfortable home and the kind old fashioned lady her companion, for a few weeks' residence in the country. She had chosen a charming retreat in a cottage by the sea-shore, and, with a party of gay friends, was enjoying the inspiring breezes—the strengthening aspect of old ocean. She there met, by chance, as she then believed, by the wise ordination of spirit-friends as she now knows, her whilom schoolmate and friend, Virginia Lee.

They had not met for two years; for, after a failure in business, Mr. Lee had retired to another city, taking with him his only child. She had lost her mother while yet an infant; but a love, intense and absorbing for that unremembered mother, possessed her; she drew her picture from imagination, with astonishment and tears of affection. Mr. Lee pronounced it a most excellent likeness. She would hold imaginary conversations with the departed, and behold her, beautiful and life-like in her dreams. A warm friendship had always existed between the enthusiastic Virginia, and the less demonstrative but equally true-hearted Lily. Both were lovely types of the spiritual in feature, form and expression, yet differing widely from each other.

Virginia Lee's soft, dark and brilliant eyes, beamed from a face aglow with health and conscious power. Her dark hair, waved and luxuriant, was arranged with careless ease; the sweet, firmly-expressive lips ever smiling with encouragement and hope—the high, wide, intellectual brow unruffled ever by the passing clouds of anger or discontent. A majestic, yet slender figure, graceful as the bending willow, a voice imbued with music's most persuasive eloquence; and the charm of goodness, the lustre of intellectuality, the power of purity and love, giving to her outward beauty the impress of soul and strength.

Lily Vane was smaller of stature, with a timid, fawn like grace of manner, with appealing, tender eyes of blue, and sunny ringlets shading a sweet, low brow, a colorless but perfectly moulded face. There were contending elements in her soul, and their conflict stamped her child-like loveliness with opposing signs. The understanding eye knew well that the spirit of poetry, of lofty and melancholy contemplation, oft folded their wings athwart the brightness of those deep blue eyes; that emotion, and anticipation often dyed the rose-white cheek with

their crimson and beautifying tide; that firmness and unalterable truth dwell on the finely-chiseled lips; that sweet humility abode within; that the dependent and yearning heart lived upon love and sympathy; and that the gentle, calm, undemonstrative nature was capable of sudden and great resolves, of long-remembered, of unforgiving scorn; once bereaved, or deceived, the darkness settled, and it was long, long ere the first gleam of light pierced through the gloom—long ere the crushed heart could live and trust anew.

One stillly eve they sat together beneath the shady vine arbor, their loving arms entwined, their hearts confiding to each other their first sweet, long-guarded secret of love. They built fantastic dwelling places for the future, and decked the ideal shrine with all the lavish and oriental heart-wealth of youth and hope's bright dreams.

The blushing face of Lily Vane was softly averted; the golden ringlets shaded the blue eyes' exultant and conscious joy.

"Tell me his name!" she murmured, as she kissed her friend's hand, and stooping still lower awaited the answer.

It came; bringing bewilderment, cold and dread, to the heart erst palpitating with its innocent and rightful joy. As if a dark and heavy pall had fallen athwart the glorious scene, all objects became indistinct while; then towered, fearful, rugged and threatening before her. She could not speak, but the hand clasped in Virginia's life-warm hold, grew icy cold. The unsuspecting girl continued:

"Yes, I met him a year ago, and though I was charmed by his manner and appearance, I did not betray my feelings until, with love and entreaty, he sued for the affection he said was all of earth to him."

"His name—his name!" wildly exclaimed poor Lily.

"Why, I have told you, darling; what is the matter? Let me see your face!"

But resolutely veiling her now death-white features with the pale gold of her showered tresses, Lily still called urgently: "His name—his name! I have not heard aught."

"What means this?—I begin to fear some—his name is Oscar Medway. Lily! for the sake of Heaven, what is this?"

She had broken from her friend's encircling arms; she had thrown aside the veiling curls, and revealed the pallid face, with its agonized expression of utter hopelessness and wildest despair. Her trembling fingers sought in vain to wrench from her neck the gold chain clasped there; trembling, speechless, she stood before her friend; and, to the soul of Virginia Lee, stole creeping dread forms of doubt and terror.

She knew it long before Lily's whitened lips could frame the utterance of his treachery; ere the broken chain had rested in her hand, and the locket attached to it had been opened. Before, in bitter, frantic accusation, her friend had told her half, all stood revealed; and the young, tried spirit bent to earth; but not in absolute despair—not in utter forgetfulness of Heaven. There was inherent strength in that pure soul, and it was cultivated by wise teachings; but the spirit of Lily Vane, broken, wild, rebellious, yielded to the storm-blast of great woe, and defied the future's aid.

Amid the sudden night, enveloping those pure, young hearts, beamed forth many glorious stars of promise and deliverance; but the veiled eyes of the younger sufferer beheld them not; but Virginia Lee beheld the unextinguished radiance of the star of hope, the silver glistening of true friendship's beaming orb, the steady brilliancy of lesser lights than the false sun once so alluring; and she faintly noted by the thorny wayside of life; but even then, amid the sudden tempest's gloom, her soul sang musically clear, "Thy will be done!"

But the foam crested, whelming waves submerged all faith and trust and hope in Lily's soul; and in presumptuous oracles accused the overruling Divine Justice, the pitying, shuddering, suffering spirit of her father stood beside her, sharing the woe he could not alleviate, feeling the misery he could not avert; sorrowing in tardy penitence for the wrongs inflicted on his child in the earth-life. Disciplined through her mighty grief, riven with the sight of her anguish, the uses of the trial that was to bend in deep submission to a wiser power her undisciplined affections, were to be acknowledged by her torn and bleeding heart, as lessons of divinest wisdom; and the spirit brought to earth to learn of justice, love and truth, was to accept the sacred teachings of earth's discipline, and through them ascend to a higher life.

Believe it, dwellers of the mountain and of the valley—wayfarers of life!—the spoken word is mighty in its far-reaching influence; it may elevate or lower a thousand awaiting hearts yet beating in their tenement of clay; it may upraise to hope and effort awaiting legions of the disembodied; it may retard the progress of sadly mourning, ignorant spirits, who have not gained the clearer perception—the avowal of the principles that guide and sustain. Forevermore our brother's and our sister's keeper! not alone for earth devolves upon each human soul the sacred obligation, the fearful responsibility of guiding and helping the erring and the fallen; of leading the morally weak, and strengthening the feeble in soul. For all eternity, so angels teach, the wisest shall sustain the less developed; the pure shall lead the sinning to the light; the loving influence, the ignorant and the relentless; the seraph taught come to the souls in darkness, and lead them forth to sunshine and to God!

Before the mighty portraiture of this great Truth, my trembling spirit bows in reverential joy; for I behold that none are cast out by the Father's hand. I know, by the thrilled joy and reverence of my spirit, that beautiful and saving angels are ever near to man; that in the most degraded soul they see the slumbering aspirations of a diviner being; that on each human heart, however seared or frozen by the world's contumely and the retributive power of sin, yet dwells, legible only to the loving spirit's eye, the signet stamp of God!

The teaching angels of the era, say: "Restrain the uplifted arm, strike not thy foe, thy brother! Thy wounded self-love, lack of charity, and awakened enmity, behold only his failings and his vices. The virtues and the nobleness of which that soul is capable, we know. Refrain from utterance of the bitter word—it will arouse a serpent; substitute, therefore, the gentle tones of kindness, and flowers will greet thee fragrantly. Condemn not; for you, strong in your possessions of faith and love, know not of the temptations of that weaker soul. Listen not to the worldly counsel, the whisperings of worldly wisdom, falsely so called; for wisdom is high and pure and ennobling, and will not withdraw the benevolent hand, and clog the willing feet. Give freely of ma-

terial aid and spiritual blessings; of love and hope and encouragement; of joy and peace, of good will and bounty; for inexhaustible are the stores of Divine beneficence, and ever flow to earth fresh streams of inspiration, poetry, truth and joy. Fear not for the future; it is peopled with compensations; throughout its endless realms the watchword, sympathy, prevails."

You who have suffered, unknowing that ministering spirits stood around, watching and strengthening the battling soul, in your first great agony ye have discarded all help of earth or Heaven, and madly called on Death, the angel of the opening life, for deliverance from the miseries, that were truly blessings in woe's disguise. Ye know, full well, what are the sufferings of the untired heart; how burns and wounds the fiery ordeal path beneath the feet; how from the gloaming rocks; how cold and cheerless is the solitary night of sorrow; how turbulent are its waters; how bitter to the lip its brackish waves!

The story of unrequited love has oft been told; the tale of treachery has often been portrayed; and the song of woman's wrongs repeated. Virginia Lee lived through the trial, and emerged a nobler, wiser, truer being, from its shade. And to her fell the duty of upholding, comforting and assisting the crushed and faith-forsaken spirit of her friend.

Alone, with her pure heart for guide, her sense of right for a leaning staff, she met Oscar Medway; and calmly she confronted him, mildly she rebuked him, and firmly she bade him farewell forever. Even in that hour he could have regained by prayer and fond entreaty the place once occupied in Lily's heart; he could not move the truth-sworn soul of Virginia; and from the dread and the hope of his presence she led with firm, strong hand, the pale and silently yielding girl.

She knew not that a sad and darkened spirit lingered often near her, learning from her words and deeds bright, hopeful lessons; gathering strength from her example; being led upward by her unconscious hand.

While in the deep valley shades of suffering young Lily lingered, faint of soul and weary of life. Before her father's soul, as entire consciousness and fullness of memory returned, was presented in slowly moving panoramic view, the details of the past; and as on the pictured scenes the shadows deepened, and on the hearth of home the lurid sin-stains widened; as the comprehending spirit saw with clearer vision all that his soul had wrought of guilt and misery, he felt in all its mightiness and power the retributive sorrow and the deep remorse he had earned too surely. The lingering illness of Honora, the watchful, despairing tenderness of his child, the unforgiving resolves nestling sternly in that daughter's breast, her struggling with life's deceptions and adversities; then glimpses of that true wife's spirit-life of steady advancement, whisperings as if of her voice from afar, bidding him hope and aspire; soft touches, as of her warm and loving hand; conscious of the surrounding care of angels, growing gradually into the light, the remorse that bowed him likewise uplifted; the sorrow that wounded deeply was a salutary sending from above; each trial and each pang a means of advancement, and every lesson gained a fund of divinest lore.

Thus years passed on, and Lily Vane awoke from the illusive dream of life, to the fulfillment of its earliest prophecies—to the acknowledgment of its earnestness and use.

CHAPTER IV.

When the body is prostrated by illness, when the ravages of disease are plainly discerned on wasted frame and pallid face, then through around the sufferer the many willing friends, or mayhap only the sympathizing few. The days of pain are soothed by kindest ministrations, and the nights of anguish sweetened by the consoling and familiar voices, the magnetic touch of loved hands, the beautifying presence of earth's best and nearest ones; near and dear to heart and soul, strangers though they be to us.

But for the long, weary days, when soul and heart are bowed by fierce, intolerable mental anguish, in the wintry night of faith's eclipse and hope's departure, who then can minister? Not those of earth, for even our near and dearest ones know not that while they bask in sunshine, we, walking by their very sides, feel but endearing gloom. They know not that the smile is forced, the merriment unnatural; that storm with all its wild accompaniments dwells in the soul; that the heart is riven with a woe never yet imaged forth in earthly language; that weary eyes seek longingly for night and solitude to shed upon their bosom the guarded burden of scathing, unshed tears.

Therefore, because even the loved of earth are blinded thus by outward seeming, the angels come in the dark trial hours, and teach us of sublimer wisdom and a higher use. Through years of heart-solitude and untold suffering, through the night of scepticism and over the desert waters of life they lead, to some far-off, beckoning haven of repose and beauty, where compensation awaits the battling and victorious soul.

Lily Vane, emerging from her first great heart trial of wrecked hopes, stood long amid earth's fairest scenes unmindful of their loveliness; stood long with defiantly-folded arms, upon the insecure heights of selfishness; looked long into the sunny and star-studded heavens, with cold, indifferent glance, and heeded not the glory, woe and beauty, the shadows and the lights of teeming life around.

It was a gradual process, the unlooking of the frozen heart; the unbarring of the seemingly strong gate of human defiance to angelic love and power. The uplifting of the veil was slow, the nearing of a better life was imperceptible, the approach of healing seraphs was unheard; and yet they came, and led her forth to joy and freedom!

She trusted earthly friends and was deceived; and bitter tears were shed for broken faith and forgotten promises; she reveled in the delights of wealth, and its golden toys melted away, and the broken remnants of its sordid magnificence lay at her feet; and in humiliation and grief she sighed for altered fortunes, and ate the bitter bread of dependence, and wore out her slender fingers in unaccustomed toil. She, the votary of the beautiful, was debased by its refining influences for years; her aspirations fettered by the strong hand of necessity; her lips quivering with soul-utterance, denied their right of speech, and sealed in reluctant silence. Oppressions and heavy burdens, griefs and cares, temptations from without and from the souls uprising showered upon the defenceless girl, so feeble and unfitted for the great struggle.

From the experiences so bitter of changing friendships, she gathered wisdom that led to the seeking of a higher standard—to the observance of a wiser

chole. Still in the far distance beckoned, unchanged and beautiful, the radiant image of her soul's first vow; she would seek its embodiment with a clearer vision and a wiser hand. Upon the wrecks of scattered wealth, the unseen hand erected the foundations of a worthy self-reliance; and the cold, hard, selfish world first taught her the needful lessons of independence. Pride unconsciously softened into sweetest humility, defiance changed to submission, and rebellion laid down its rule of anarchy at the feet of immutable and teaching law.

Ten years passed on, and the freshness of girlhood had departed from Lily's cheek. The golden curls were swept back from the pale, sad face, that was slowly growing calm beneath its sufferings. Much of the roundness of her symmetrical form was lost, for labor, pain and weariness, thought and solitude, had left their impress. She knew not that youth and health and beauty, life and love and joy, could all be renovated by angelic power.

And ever by her side, through those long, weary years, her spirit-father lingered, and suffered, toiled and wept with her. Sometimes she saw him in her dreams; and as trial softened and experience subdued her unforgiving heart, she thought that he had lived to behold her sufferings; he, perhaps, of all on earth, would have proved true and loving. As these better thoughts awoke to life, she beheld in dreams her angel-mother, smiling, radiant, transcendently beautiful; and as her soul sickened of the narrow creed that bound her, of the faithlessness of so-called religious people, of the oppressions of earth, she turned with a mightily longing that called awaiting angels to her side, to the true, slowly unfolding Heaven of the soul.

There she placed her ideals of faith and love and manhood, her home and friends. She turned from the darkened earth with strong repulsion, until the guiding angels led her gently back, unfolding to her sight the spiritual beauties of this world, the nobleness and the truth and loveliness still as ever abiding and ever growing in human souls.

Still nearer and clearer to her soul's inner view the spirit-legions came, and the sweet rule of love took in the place of long abiding scepticism, and night and fear. From the loudly proclaimed praises of the lowly Jesus to the daily practices of his teachings, she was led by angel guides. From the narrow church boundaries to the soul's worship in the boundless Universe; from written formulas to spontaneous and inspired prayer; from the contemplation of a monotonous and glittering Heaven to the unending and progressive worlds. It was a joyous exchange, only to be brought about by the discipline of sorrow and the teachings of adversity.

There is, so angels tell, a spiritualizing process to which all human souls are subjected; but more so those selected by angelic foresight, for their finer organizations and more impressible faculties, as the instrumentalities of Heaven, by love and wisdom, through whom, in inspired utterances, is given the truths of the higher life, the philosophy of its continuation, the beauty and holiness of its precepts. But that such a teacher should be fitted for this high office, he or she must be most worthy. Not by eloquent appeal and poetic fervor of thought alone, give to the world the teachings of a diviner life; but, apart from the multitude, unseen by the admiring crowd, unheard by eager listeners that chosen one must be, unassailable to wrong, untouched by error, tried, purified and consecrated by his own heart and soul, to the uncompromising service of the one true God. Then, far, outspreading, limitless; for countless worlds, material and spiritual, the influence of that earnest, truth-sworn soul extends. The hungry multitude is fed, the surrounding unseen legions strengthened, and the higher spirit realms rejoice in the might and power and glory of that one faithful soul.

That mission and that glory came in its appointed time to Lily Vane; but not before it had reached the radiant and exulting spirit of her friend. An exponent of Heaven's highest truths of purity and love, an earnest advocate of human rights, Virginia Lee, dowered with more than mortal beauty, gave to the world the inspirations of another sphere, and scattered wide and far over the soil of freedom the glowing truths of progress.

And from her Lily learnt of life within and above. Through her she learnt of the abiding place of her long sought-for ideal. From her lips she learnt of regeneration, spirit-life and Heaven; and she knew that, dependent upon her, with heart subdued by long suffering, penitent and humbled, her father stood, and from her lips, as from the inmost depths of soul, came harmoniously triumphant the offering of full forgiveness.

Thenceforth she guarded her eye from indifference to the scattered beauty of God's love upon the earth. She restrained the impatient rising and the ungente utterance; and with firm hand she chased the melancholy shadows that threatened descent upon her spiritual hopes. She cultivated charity toward all, yet severely judged herself. She allowed every noble impulse to reign supreme, and prayed and wrestled until the subjugated faculties of the lower nature bent in homage to superior law, and were thenceforth the willing slaves of the spirit. Then, pure and free, untrammelled by a worldly doubt, one haunting fear, she stepped forth from the shadows of secluded life, and took her place in the world's great arena; sustained by a loving host of spirit-friends, she took her place beside the great and the intellectual, the enthroned in moral power, the crowned by earthly martyrdom and soul-dedication. Side by side she labored with her truest friend, and her path is cheered by the approving voices, the encouragement of angel hosts.

Along the mountain path the joyous welcome strain resounded; and from their homes and bowers of beauty issued forth the spirit-dwellers of that upper land. Youths and maidens, cherub children, and majestic forms grown strong and stately with matured wisdom, all came to welcome among them the newly arrived spirit of Paul Vane, who, led by the guiding hand of Honora, had ascended from the lowest depths of misery and solitude. No longer clad in dark and sin-stained habiliments, the grateful spirit looked around in speechless wonder and joy. He had passed through scenes excelling far earth's summer gorgeousness, but such a scene of varied beauty his tear-filled eyes had never yet beheld. The mountains towering grandeur bore on their fertile summits the silver gleaming temples of that realm. The leafy shrines all glistened with the gemmed stores there gathered. The green grass waved in melody. The palace and cottage homes uprose in inviting beauty from amid the luxuriant forest growth environing; and from the myriad flowrets' hearts uprose the liquid harmony of their joy-freighted hymn. The blue sea threw aloft its

diamond spray afar, and crystal streams gushed amid lily-beds and enameled plains with freedom's song. From the spiritual earth and sky resounded the redemption hymn, and to the listening spirit's ear was wafted the far-off song of unseen angels, singing sweet and solemnly, "Our God is Love!"

"Lucy, surely this is Heaven!" cried, with streaming eyes, uplifted hands and faltering voice the redeemed one.

Honora smiled. "Far, far beyond the ken even of the unseen angels, whose voices alone we hear, lies the celestial land. But this is a beautiful world, my husband; and from it we can labor and aspire. Of the distant worlds we all call Heaven, and we and those of earth obtain but transient glimpses. She, our child, toiling and laboring on the earth's sphere, in moments of self-communion beholds the unclosing portals of those realms divine; and from thence flow the streams of living inspiration that imbue with soul her utterances to the crowd. All, all are joined in heart-links, and all are linked—angels and men—with the great central heart of God!"

An electric touch upon her upturned brow, and the soul of Lily beheld the spirit of the redeemed father united to the loving wife. She heard his prayerful blessing, and her mother's voice of sweetest music; then she returned to the outer world, its duties and its compensations, and with an earnest faith, with voice and soul inspired, she tells the multitude that forevermore there are "heart-links between both worlds."

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

REV. T. W. HIGGINSON

At Music Hall, Sunday Morning, June 25th, 1859.

Rev. T. Wentworth Higginson, of Worcester, addressed Rev. Theodore Parker's congregation, at the Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday, June 20th, upon the subject of Spiritualism.

Mr. Parker, he said, had often requested him to speak in that place in behalf of Spiritualism; and now, when he received a special invitation from the Committee, to address that congregation, he could not decline it. He wished to bear his testimony to the sublime experience of a truth, which, if it be true, as he thought it, leads us where no experience of man has hitherto brought us; and he also wished to discuss, from the fearful results which must follow from a falsehood, if it be a falsehood, which has spread itself more rapidly than any superstition that has ever existed, and qualified more profoundly the thoughts and actions of men's lives. He did not hope to escape being called a fanatic; he only wished to avoid being one. Newton, in his optics, has left on record the most careful accuracy of observation which, perhaps, any scientific man ever brought to bear. Yet Newton was denounced, and satirized as a careless observer, a hasty, shallow, superficial man. How can those who to escape such censure who have to deal with the things of a higher life?

He could not "crowd Olympus into a nutshell," or present all the proofs of Spiritualism in a lecture; he should only attempt to present the four theories of Spiritualism, the only solutions it has yet received, or can receive. "Spiritualism," he thought a bad name for a good thing. It ended in "ism," a syllable with no good associations except Abolitionism, and began with "spirit," the word, of all others, which stands most variable in men's minds. He had opposed the use of the term at first; he used it now only because the passage of time had made its use necessary. The first theory of Spiritualism is that its manifestations are produced by the action of disembodied spirits, the former residents of this material world. There are only three others, and they are these: First, the theory of imposture; second, the mesmerism theory; and third, the satanic theory. The first of these three is the theory of Cambridge Professors; the second, of the great mass of those who, having examined it somewhat, do not own themselves Spiritualists; and the third, the theory of the Romish Church, and of a large part of the Protestant Church to-day.

The best exponent of the first is in the verdict of the Cambridge Professors; of the second, in the work of President Mahan; of the third, in the work of Dr. Bond, called "The Three Tests of Spiritualism."

The first class refuse to see the facts altogether; the second see them wrong-end-forward; and the third class see them upside-down. The position of the first class is the necessary and proper position of every man when he begins to investigate. It is the position which leads us to look with distrust at any new fact, and to demand of the statement of the fact the most solid substantiation, but wrong so soon as it builds up an adamant barrier, which says to science, "Thus far and no farther." It is the position all Spiritualists came out of first. The hardest and toughest Spiritualists were the hardest and toughest doubters before they became Spiritualists. They demanded the fullest proof of all. True, no man can personally identify every fact in science. It would be absurd to say it is impossible for us to believe in the effects of an electricity until we have been knocked down in a thunder-storm. In Spiritualism we have, for its material support, the solid basis of testimony. But this is not all. When a sphere of investigation becomes ten years old, there is another question beside the question of the probability of facts—there is the question of the improbability of the falsehood. The testimony of the facts of Spiritualism it was impossible to lay before the audience. They had been fully placed before the public.

But if we can trust anything in science upon the testimony of another, we may obtain, even without personal observation, that degree of evidence as to the simplest facts of Spiritualism. And against this there is nothing else to weigh. No antecedent improbability can count against the actual fact that men have observed. Dr. Chalmers said that all the reasonings of a thousand human understandings are not entitled to weigh against the careful observation of one single fact by one pair of eyes. If the fact does not suit our theory, our theory must suit itself to it.

The lecturer, at the request of one of our most distinguished naturalists, once made some scientific observations in one of the Azores. Among other facts, he ascertained that a species of sea-urchin excavated in the face of a soft volcanic rock little holes of about three inches in depth, in which they resided. On communicating this fact to the naturalists, he learned that it had never been stated in print, and that it was contrary to the known habits of the animal, and that it was not known to possess any means of making such excavations; yet this single fact, communicated by an unscientific man, was permitted to overbalance the entire results of scientific investigation in that direction, and was received without a doubt. Spiritualism, said the lecturer, comes before us from the investigations of wiser observers than I am, and brings with it these simple facts upon which it is primarily founded. If they have been solid bodies floating in the air without human touch; if they have seen pencils rising up in broad daylight, and without human contact, writing words which were from another sphere—because they gave knowledge of which man had not before been possessed—then we must believe it. Improbable? Improbable? What has science to do with improbabilities? For one fact that we see, God keeps, in his providence, multitudes of grander instances, that are yet to come to our lower sphere and startle us with their mystery, and crush down the pride of human science, by the impossibility of arguing them away. In ten years, in going through such a battery of scientific investigation as no new phenomena have ever before been exposed to, how strange the negative improbability of imposture in this vast wonder, continuing for years, and as yet without one intelligible explanation offered of the manner in which the deception is carried on. For where is the man who has given an explanation which would stand for five minutes—which would satisfy any intelligent mind? All that has been shown touches only the experiments and the mediums against whom the more cautious and intelligent believers have protested from the beginning; and the explanation of all this has left a body of facts the more valuable and the more convincing because of that which has been explained away, and which no unbeliever has yet accounted for. Objectors have pleaded the variability and uncertainty of the facts. That is, as if a man were to say that a certain star was not to be found in the sky, because he had looked through his own private spy-glass and had not seen it. Science knows little or nothing of constant fact. The state of the atmosphere makes all the aspects of the stars to vary from night to night. Two weeks ago, the strongest man in New England stood before us to show his strength; and the more excitement of that hour took all that strength away from him, and all magnificence of muscle sank into the weakness of a fainting child. Did it, therefore, disprove his evidence of strength, when, a week afterwards, he

stood before us and lifted nine hundred pounds with his arms?

Nobody ever denied that the manifestations might be limited by imposture; but the intellectual facts which Spiritualism claims and has established—the solid, unquestionable, inexplicable fact of conversation between mind and mind, by means of the alleged manifestations—that fact alone, hitherto, is powerless to explain. Professor Agassiz told me, said Mr. Higginson, he believed he could explain it. That was more than a year ago. It will be explained, said he, in our report, which will appear in the course of two months. Said I, there is no favor you can confer upon Spiritualists so priceless as to give us that report, then, without delay. More than a year has passed, and so far as I can ascertain, the only promise, even to the people, is to expound the simplest fact claimed by genuine Spiritualists—to show how, upon the theory of humbug, these simplest physical manifestations can be produced. That only promise is as yet unfulfilled, and so far as one can judge, is further off than it was a year ago. I claim, therefore, that the theory of imposture is weak—first, because it ignores the positive testimony which comes from a thousand observers, and which would establish any other fact in science; and second, because it ignores evidence negative in its character—the enormous improbability that a system of deception so vast as this, carried on by tens of thousands of the young, ignorant, inexperienced, inexact, and observed and criticised by such a body of investigators, can have existed to this time without some substantial explanations. And in the face of these things, it seems to me that any man, of whatever scientific reputation—for the world is full of the history of the errors of scientific men—it seems to me that any man who, with the evidence before him, still denies the facts of Spiritualism, takes substantially the position of that erratic French thinker who, when people used to say to him that facts did not correspond to his theories, would reply, So much the worse for the facts.

In regard to the second theory, I pass over the bare material facts to those higher facts which alone establish Spiritual communication. When we go beyond the material facts into the range of intelligence of clear, intelligible communication between mind and mind, then the theories of mesmerism and odyllic forces fall to the ground—they explain nothing. Maelzel's automaton birds would fly, his men would play on trumpets, and the conflagration of Moscow would burn itself away, and we all said, What wonders of machinery are these! But when he came with his automaton chess-player, every intelligent mind drew a line there.—This is something different. Machinery could take the first move, but the accumulated machinery of the world was powerless to enable that chess-player to give the second move in a game of chess; for there intellect came in; and where there is mind, there is something more like machine-like power, and something more like mesmerism or odyllic power in the conscious, intelligent acts of mind answering mind. As Professor Agassiz said, in his great work, wherever there is manifested a thought, there is evidence of a thinking being from whom that thought proceeds. When we commence a musical performance, and a musical instrument accompanies our performance, there is thought, and, therefore, a thinking being to produce that thought. I know that I have, through the agency of a medium, carried on such intelligent conversation as I have mentioned; and I know that thousands of others have done it; and that is a sufficient answer to the mesmerism and odyllic theory. To-day, the vast majority of the community recognize that none of these partial theories can stand. The Church, as a whole, recognizes the doctrine of Spiritual intercourse. Whatever other theories may be mingled with it, the Romish Church to-day recognizes the Spiritual hypothesis as the only one which can explain this fact.

This being yielded, they have no further refuge from acquiescence in the theory of the Spiritualists, except the third position—that of Satanic agency. It is difficult, in the presence of intelligent men and women of the nineteenth century, to speak soberly of such a theory. Yet, there are those among us to-day who cling to that belief, not only of the existence of a personal Devil, but of his supreme control over the world, who cling to it as they do not cling to the justice of God. They bear to it as great an affection as that of the old lady to her total depravity. "Take away my total depravity," said she—"if you take away my total depravity, what do you leave me?" The question resolves itself into faith in God on the one hand, or blasphemy on the other. If a man tells me that God has given to some fiend who hates me the power to break through the barriers that separate us here, to torment and curse my existence forever, and that the sainted sister who loves me, or the highest angel of the spheres has not the power to utter one word in my defence, it seems to me that that man has reached the last blasphemy, the last atheism—there is no profanation but that. The Devil-worshippers whom Layard met in the distant East were pious, humble religionists, compared with a blasphemer such as that. No! God has not His truth before us. His possibility of intercourse with the spiritual sphere; and if there is no worse obstacle than Satan in the way, I believe that the human race will press into Heaven in spite of him, and open the communication.

The theory of Spiritualism is, that this communication has been opened. How imperfectly, how much like the Atlantic telegraph in the brilliancy of its hopes and the feeble realization of its hopes it may be, is not the question. The reality is the question. Did the telegraph ever send one intelligible sentence from side to side of the Atlantic? That question is settled forever; it is, then, a mere question of time. So, in the introduction to the world, of this unspeakable blessedness—what years of weary and patient waiting may lie between its first appearance and its complete realization, God knows, and not man. I stand here, said the lecturer, to testify to my belief in one single truth, the possibility of communication, and conscious communication, between the spirit world and this. What obstacles lie in the way, what questions yet will be asked and solved, is not mine to tell. He did not believe, indeed, that Spiritualism is at once to regenerate the world. The simple fact of believing in Spiritual intercourse may help a man, but it does not transform him in an instant from the greatest of sinners to the greatest of saints. Spiritual intercourse, too, takes the infirmity of the mediums through whom it comes. Are we therefore to complain we are imperfect, the friends from whom the communications come are imperfect, the mediums are imperfect? Take Niagara and pour it through a goose-quill, and you will probably break the quill, and not get a very satisfactory torrent. Let a mathematician send his proposition to his brother mathematician through his Irish domestic, and it will probably be unintelligible when it reaches its destination. Send the sweetest and best feelings of your heart to your home, from the end of your journey, by the ignorant hackman who took you, and probably they may go back cloaked in the language he uses to his horses. But when the speaker thought of the simple and sensual whom this intercourse with the spirit world has raised, the bigoted and sectarian whom it has expanded into noble and broad-thinking minds, when he thought of the sublime hope it has spread over thousands of households where doubt and uncertainty reigned before, he could but bear testimony himself to its existence and its beneficent power. When an eminent scientific man says that the revelations that have come through this intercourse, have been more to him than all he has gained from his scientific study—when he knew what noble and what pure souls confess that they owe their best inspiration to this source—when he thought how often those who never doubted of immortality, have got new conceptions of the future life and new hopes, and new joys of existence from it, as he himself had—when he knew its influence on those who were bred under the shadow of false theology, he saw that to believe that the spirit manifestations are all imposture, is to disregard the common laws of evidence and of probability; to believe that spirit manifestations are mere mesmerism or odyllic power is to disregard the fact, constantly repeated of intelligent intercourse with some intelligence outside of ourselves, and to disbelieve in the benign origin and the high purpose of this boon from God, is blasphemy against God, in believing that he has not more power in the universe to good, than there is to evil. Passing by these three positions, there is nowhere to end but in a belief of the possibility of Spiritual intercourse—not a belief in its universality, not a belief that the whole, or even the vast majority, of facts claimed are facts indeed, but that such communication is possible, and has taken place. I do not ask a world of facts to prove it—I ask a single fact. One fact, unquestionable and clear, establishes the point forever. All else is mere matter of time and development; and the work for us to do is to bring to bear our powers, as simple and reasonable persons, if we have any, to use our common sense if we have it, to investigate the subject, to sanctify the use of that common-sense by that uncommon sense which trusts to truth to take care of itself and of the universe too, when it is once established; and, above all, to show by our lives that this which is to us a substitute for the dreary suspicions and the sad un-faiths of the churches, is to us also a source of higher moral life and deeper spirit-inspiration than theirs; for it is not light alone, but life, which governs the world at last, and no testimony we can give to any truth is so momentous as to show that it has moulded our life into conformity with its high demands.

THE LITTLE ONE THAT DIED.

BY GEORGE STRAENS.

It was a bright September morning,
In the autumn of the year,
When the birds were going southward,
And the leaves were brown and scar,
That a little band of angels
Left their homes to visit earth—
And they hovered o'er our cottage,
Singing of the "second birth."

On a couch of snowy whiteness,
Sick of life and tired of play,
Lay our little darling sister,
Waiting for the break of day.
For the angels then were coming,
Pain and sorrow to subdue—
And they took our little darling
To their home beyond the blue.

Now when twilight gathers round us,
And the stars are in the sky,
Gently down her shining pathway
Comes our darling from on high—
And her spirit whispers to us
Of her silent home above,
Where she, with holy angels,
Dwells in purity and love.

When temptations round me gather,
Or methinks I hear her say,
"Brother, let the spirit-teachings
Lead thee in the better way."
Weep not, father, weep not, mother—
Tears no more your eyes shall fill;
Weep not, sister, weep not, brother—
I will be your darling still.

Thatchwood Cottage, July, 1889.

THE HUMAN HEAVEN.—No. 6.

BY GEORGE STRAENS.

According to the definition with which I have introduced these papers, there is a special Heaven for every conscious being in the Universe. Ecclesiastical teachers have generally ignored this auspicious fact, and the common notions of men in this regard are quite adverse to a grateful sense of Infinite Justice. It is an article of the Christian faith, that God is the Father only of Man, to whom he proffers a superlative Heaven in the world to come, as a reward for good behavior here; in which, as well as in other respects, the religion of Christendom seems to be at variance with that of Jesus, who taught that not a raven nor a sparrow is without the loving care of the Universal Father. In keeping with this pre-Christian and rational sentiment, I maintain that every animal, flying, swimming, crawling or frisking on Earth, finds in its natural sphere a genial Heaven. And here I endorse another line of Pope, that Man himself, just in the measure that he can and will be natural, is

"Secure to be as blest as he can bear."

The worldling who never thinks of the life to come, is for this neglect a poor example of human wisdom; and yet not worse than his saintly opposite, whose upturned eyes are so intently fixed on "glory," that he loses sight of much substantial good, and has no proper sense of what he ought to live for. In his own language, this mistaken cross-bearer strives to be "dead to this world," and alive only to the next. Wherefore

He irreligiously repines
For what he piously resigns—
As still religiously he wishes—
"This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere,
When shall I wake and find me there?"

Now this is looking too high for the Human Heaven, which is in the sphere of mankind, and not of the disembodied souls of men. And as I read the lore of Jesus, whose authority is not a whit exaggerated by his would-be followers, he did not tell the ears that hung upon his lips in the bushes of Olivet, that men should seek a far-off Deity who rules only above the clouds, and wait for Heaven till death should waft the soul beyond the bourn of sensual life. "Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness," and "see the Kingdom of Heaven is within you," was the frequent style of his exhortation and teaching; "for in our Father's house are many mansions"; "the Universe has many spheres of conscious life and bliss, and he sends the rain, and causes the sun to shine for all, and is kind even to the unthankful and erring."

Why then do mortals grope for Heaven, and rarely find it here? Because, like "the prodigal son," they leave their Father's house of righteousness, and waste their substance in "riotous living." Heaven is the sequel of virtuous life. Rectitude is the only means of happiness, and this is born of character. With propitious surroundings, Heaven will come to every human soul that learns and loves and lives the Right. These are essential conditions of the one thing needful. To the earnest inquirer, therefore, the first direction is,

KNOW THE RIGHT.

How many for want of this knowledge are unwittingly laboring to be wretched! The ignorant are never safe; and what is more pitiable, than some who have no outward sight, they grope their uncertain ways, sometimes fearful when no evil is nigh, but oftener incautious on the brink of danger. See a young Onan in the serpent charm of his secret vice. See older victims of carnality, rum, tobacco, pork and pills; many of them as unadvised, at first, of the sequel to their vicious indulgence, as an infant at the breast of a sick mother. True, they all learn effectually in the end; but that is not the method of tuition which their wisest heads approve. Is it likely that a young man of common sense would choose the career of a toper, or adopt the unseemly and costly habits of chewing and smoking an unpalatable and poisonous plant. If, before putting the first glass or cigar to his mouth, he should sit down and weigh the proposed pleasures against their preponderating pains? It cannot be. If at the starting-point of all we do or purpose, we had all the needed information for which experience always has a price, and were apt to deliberate in time to save our interest, it seems to me there never could be such a thing as wrong among us rational beings. But this is not the actual process of human development. There are three ways by which we come to a knowledge of good and evil: *experience, observation and reasoning.* All else is hearsay or conjecture. In the beginning there was only the first. That furnished examples for the second, and these supplied the premises of the third. There was then the best of all apologies for "original sin," but which no longer applies. Those times of ignorance God winked at; but now Reason bids all be wise without occasion for repentance. To know the wrong by reasoning, and the Right by happy experience, is the first law of Heaven.

What frightful maladies have been bred in the physical constitution of Man, through non-observance of the natural conditions of health. People have not kept, because they have not known, the law of Right in their bodies. Through ignorance appetite is pampered to excess, and gross errors are often committed in the choice and preparation of aliments. These and other imprudences break the harmony of the bodily functions, and sow the seeds of sickness, pain and untimely death.

By a like process of error has the law of Right in the human mind been forsaken. Men have set up false standards of Duty and Interest, and made authority, instead of Reason, the umpire of all disputes between inquiry and prejudice. Many falsehoods have been embodied into a conventional system of faith, and re-

ceived as Revelation, *alike tradition*—many mysterious and absurd dogmas, to which the common mind assents with marvel, reluctance and the sanction of awe. The tenets of total depravity, the wrath of God, the wily adversary, and the everlasting perdition of half mankind, are themes which shock the moral sense and pain the better instincts of human nature. Thus the harmony of mental impulses is broken. Benevolence wars against Reverence, Conscience deems Self-love a reprobat, and Reason, if not nonplused, is tormented with redoubtable doubts. The religion of Christendom has dwarfed the noblest faculties of its devotees; and though much employed to lift poor souls to Heaven, it only hampers them and drags them lower down.

West Acton, Mass.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE OLD SPIRITUALIST.—No. 14.

In the last number of this series we gave the rationale received from Phenix, by which it was attempted to prove that the law governing the arrangement of particles during crystallization, attraction, repulsion, and, indeed, under all known circumstances, was resident in the particle itself, and exercises infinite control not only over each particle, but over all the relations of that particle with every other in the universe, and suggesting that the totality of all these forces, which might so readily be observed, was God.

We now propose to show a new property in matter, common to all matter, and constituting that process known as creation, in contradistinction to making, and to be viewed as new functions. Every primary in nature not only can exercise functions peculiar to itself and various in their kind, dependent upon circumstances surrounding, but that when combined with any other primary, the new proximate so formed exhibits functions which are new and entirely unlike those possessed by either of the primaries in their separate condition. It is claimed that every proximate in nature is an instance of these new functions: thus wheat contains nothing that cannot be found in a primary condition in rocks and in the atmosphere; and still it possesses functions which no mechanical or chemical combination of these primaries can at all exhibit. Thus it can be assimilated by human organism, forming new proximates under the name of muscle, blood, bone, etc., none of which will occur as a result from feeding the primaries formed by analysis of wheat, to the man. That function of being food for the man and other animals, has been gradually developed by these primaries, fourteen in number, as they have passed through nature's laboratory, assuming all the different proximate forms, and thus giving birth to all the new functions belonging to those forms, all the way up from their condition in the rock, to the condition in which we find them in the wheat; and in being assimilated by the animal, still new proximate conditions and new functions are the result. Let us trace a few of these truths in the simple occurrences of life.

Water is composed of two of these primaries—oxygen and hydrogen. Will either of these gases dissolve sugar or salt? Will either, by the application of heat, exhibit the elastic force of steam? Can either of them secrete and render inert many times their volume of other gases? Can either carry the inorganic constituents of all known rocks into the bodies of plants, and there deposit them to increase their size? All these and many other functions are exhibited in water. Water is a general solvent. We find it imbuing all plant and all animal life. No rock is entirely free from water, and all soils are inert in its absence. It is the general solvent of nature, for after carrying into plants all the primaries of which they are formed, commencing its process with germinating the seed, it passes from their leaves, going out on the face of nature to re-perform this office. It is expanded by heat, forms vapors in the atmosphere, in which state it takes up all those gases which exude from the surface of plants and animals, and re-descends as dew and rains thus laden, carrying the gases back again into organic life for re-appropriation. Can oxygen or hydrogen separately do this? Under combination, as water, it assumes a liquid form, differing entirely from the original condition of its components. If heated, it exercises an elastic force to which is due the configuration of every organism in nature. Water is at its mean of bulk at about forty degrees of heat. In cooling from forty down to the freezing point, it increases in bulk. When heated above forty, it continues to increase in bulk to two hundred and twelve degrees, when it assumes the form of vapor, which may be still further dilated one five-hundredth of its bulk for every degree of heat added. Are its components, oxygen and hydrogen, at their mean of bulk at forty degrees? or do they lessen in bulk as they cool them below forty degrees? And is not the exception to this apparently general law of increase in bulk as you heat it, and decreasing as you abstract heat, a new function of water, not common to its primaries? And in the absence of this new function could the world's economy progress for a single hour? Its power to disintegrate rocks by freezing, while occupying the interstices of their surface, and thus reducing them to a soil, is a new function of water by the combination of oxygen and hydrogen, and not common to either of them. Its power to carry more oxygen to the surface of primaries requiring oxidation without its chemically combining with this oxygen, is a new function. Combine water with charcoal, (carbon)—here are the two softest known substances—and what is the result? Why, the diamond, the hardest known substance in nature. This hardness is a new function. The power of refracting light is possessed by the diamond to so extraordinary a degree as to produce another new function—brilliance. The refractive force of water itself is a new function, preventing the sun's rays, by bending them, from entering deeply the surface of the ocean, and thus preventing the mass of water there becoming heated. The number of new functions exhibited by water, not belonging to its primaries, can scarcely be enumerated, and probably millions of them are yet unknown to man, his five senses being inadequate to their observation or proper consideration.

Nor is this property peculiar to water alone. Every primary in nature, and every proximate condition of these primaries alike exhibit functions peculiar to their status, and not capable of analysis or human consideration. We can merely observe their demonstration. No one natural law can be foretold by the exercise of human thought alone; we merely arrive at such knowledge by observing the fact when it occurs; and what we cannot observe, we cannot know as fact by observation. We may swallow nitric acid dilute without any special harm, and, soon after, a solution of sugar; but, if we pour these two together, we form oxalic acid, which is a poison; and this property, called poison, is a new function of that combination. Thus nature has progressed all the way from the rock to the man, exhibiting new functions at every step, until the man of this day and a thousand years ago, differ widely in their functions, among which is their receptivity, a part of the details of which, such as have been subject to observation, we shall give in our future numbers. And we shall now claim that the power of figures, so far as understood by man, is incapable of enumeration. When stating the total number of new functions which have become facts by the combination of the primaries in nature, since they first began to leave the rock to form soils, what has occurred in part we may observe—what is yet to occur we cannot conceive. We do not know at this time whether the senses of all men have materially improved in their acuteness, as all nature going to renew their organisms has progressed. We do know that some can see color more accurately than others; indeed, that some without any apparent fault in their vision which may

be observed by the most expert oculist, cannot judge of color at all; while some blind men, from the loss of sight, seem to have improved in the sense of feeling, until they can judge of colors accurately by the touch; some have the sense of smell more accurately than others; some are thrown into fevers by the smell of a rose, or, indeed, by being near a rose, when they do not smell it; the rose fever is a disease too well known to be doubted. The taste of some men is more accurate than that of others; some by the smell can ascertain facts of which others can take no cognizance; and the difference in the sense of hearing between individuals is too great to have passed unobserved by any. The deaf mute has the sense of sight so much increased, that even the most rapid motion of the fingers in performing the deaf and dumb alphabet, cannot pass unnoticed; and their teachers, not mutes, who devote their lives to this practice, cannot equal them. Thus we see, then, that the senses may each be improved. In other words, that new functions connected with the exercise of these senses, not subject to intellectual investigation, do occur. We do not know by what all mankind have improved in the accuracy of the senses, and we know that many functions, such as clairvoyance, which we cannot with our present knowledge attribute to the exercise of the known five senses at all, do exist. The psychometric power and many others are of this character; and by progression all mankind may yet reach that status that will embrace every property, even that which now constitutes the exceptions. To the foxhound odors are of a reality greater than all the signboards to our sense of sight. Who can analyze the function by which the carrier crow can fly in a bee line for miles toward the dying horse in the open field? What sense is it which calls particular birds and insects to particular fruit, the day and hour of their ripening? We see special intelligence exhibited in all matter, and in all organisms of which we can take no cognizance, other than in the observation of its results, and these are new functions; and the inquiring mind has a fair field for thought in endeavoring to comprehend whether this arises from a resident *logos* in matter eternally capable of further development and power to infinity, or if the control over all matter in all conditions is exercised by the will-force, distant from each—they have no observable connection with it, and merely to be understood by admitting inferences far more difficult to comprehend, but less analogous to our ordinary abilities.

All these are collated from the descriptions of Phenix of various communications received at different times, and arranged in consecutive form to prevent the necessity of more prolix description.

In the next number of this series we shall describe certain processes in nature, which seem to be new functions of organism, not consequent upon the primaries or lower proximates of which they are composed, such as endosmosis and exosmosis, &c., and giving some instances not familiar to science, all of which will tend to lay a platform of the modus of creation, and will leave them to judge whether matter has any greater reality than as the demonstration of the inherent law attained—and whether at a point of time far beyond that of which we have any history, or even revelation, this *logos*, now pervading all nature, did not exist, and that nature itself, as matter in its identity, may merely be a function of this *logos*, being the state in which our senses take cognizance of it.

CARBON.

Messrs. Editors.—In your paper of this week, a writer, over the signature, "Philadelphia," asks, "What is Carbon?" and proceeds to answer the question by "taking issues" with science, and "assuming" that carbon is a ternary compound, including the three elementary substances, Hydrogen, Oxygen and Nitrogen.

This seems to be entirely different from the possibilities of chemical synthesis, and at variance with the laws which control the combinations of elementary substances for the formation of compound substances. All elementary substances unite with each other in definite proportions, which are varied only by the signs + and -, and the proportions for one elementary substance vary from the proportions of other elementary substances, with an occasional exception.

All compound substances uniting with other substances, do so in proportions which are the sum of the several proportions of their elements.

On this peculiar property of matter is based the refutation of the assumption that carbon is a compound of three substances.

A table of chemical equivalents, based on this law of chemistry; gives the following numbers as the proportions in which the elementary bodies under consideration unite with each other, or with other bodies. Hydrogen being taken as the unit, we have—

Hydrogen = 1
Carbon = 6
Oxygen = 8
Nitrogen = 14

Now, if it were possible to unite, chemically, in one body, one atom each of hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, we should have a substance whose atom's weight, or chemical equivalent, is 23—the sum of the several chemical equivalents of the elements entering into said compound; and whatever compounds might thereafter be developed by the union of this compound with other substances, would require 23 parts, by weight, of this compound, to form a chemical union. But as the chemical equivalent of carbon is 6, and as it always assumes the proportions of 6 (by weight), in all its chemical relations, it is mathematically certain that carbon is not a compound of hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen; nor is it possible that it ever could be, for chemistry has positively shown that no substance, when once reduced to the condition of an element, can have its relations reduced to a lower point, nor its atomic weight changed.

"Philadelphia," labors under the erroneous impression that vital chemistry operates on chemical elements to change them to other bodies. This is clearly incorrect; for nothing has occurred yet to awaken a suspicion of this kind in the mind of the chemist who weighs all his elements and compounds with the utmost care, and who is never satisfied with a supposition.

Although it is beginning to be understood that vital chemistry produces peculiar effects on all substances submitted to it, by rendering such substances better fitted for performing their functions as parts of other organic bodies, it is not known, nor even suspected, except by casual observers, who do not look below the surface, that any one chemical element may so lose its identity as never after to regain it.

Those who, like "Philadelphia," take issues with science, should familiarize themselves with all the details of the subject upon which they "take issue," and aim to elucidate truth, rather than to cast obloquy upon those subjects which they misapprehend. It is the fashion at the present day to "take issue with science." It is a popular road to favor and distinction; but not always the road to truth.

Whatever may be said of science, there is this feature connected with the characters of those who have devoted themselves to its advancement. They are men of irreproachable character, seeking not so much their own distinction as the elucidation of truth, and the advancement of the interests of the whole human race.

"Philadelphia's" theory of the structure of carbon, suggests to my recollection another equally valuable theory—the identity of hydrogen and iron—which was promulgated in the papers not long since; and another on astronomy, which somebody published in the papers a few years since, to the effect that the earth was the centre of the universe, and the sun only about 25,000 miles distant; and he proved it quite as clearly as "Philadelphia" proves his theory of carbon!

Yours, JAMES LEWIS.

March, N. Y., June 24th, 1889.

Banner of Light.

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CREEDS AND CREED-MAKERS.

If those who dare not trust their faith outside the high piling of a creed, would but consider the method by which that same article is got up, they would have to acknowledge that they had known nothing but servitude hitherto, and resolve to break away from the tyranny of such dogmas forever. A creed is nothing but a human affair, established by men fully as weak as any of us are; and it is nothing to the point to say that, because it is old, it is therefore more worthy of respect, or less amenable, than some new device of the same character, to public criticism.

It is one of the happy signs of these present times that people are not afraid to turn about, and inquire into the origin, meaning and authority of those outward forms and professions of religious faith to which their fathers subscribed before. Nothing is settled, in this age; but all things are unsettled. It is far better so, and safer. The Past has had its day—the Present is better for us than any Past, for it is all we have. Timid and narrow-minded persons will not cease to deplore, in piteous or indignant accents—just as it happens to suit their temperament—the boldness of that innovation which respects not the doings of our ancestors, merely because they are the doings of our ancestors, and prophecy, with more than half a wish inside the prophecy, that it will inevitably lead us all to a precipice, over whose broad slopes eternal ruin and despair. But the world never got on by the help of these timid ones. If they ever thought of it, the very makers of the creeds to which they pin their spiritual faith were bold, and even reckless men, despatching the grand mysteries of life and eternity in a breath; defining God in a sentence; laying down the law for the soul with scarce any actual knowledge of that same soul's elements and qualities, and compelling those others who were not possessed of their blind physical courage to subscribe in full to their dogmas, or else be ruled out forever from every chance and hope of salvation. If these times of ours can show bolder critics and inquirers than the olden times did builders and dogmatists, we would like to see the difference in favor of the latter more fully set forth than it ever has been yet.

Not long ago we fell in with another on this very subject, in the columns of the Transcript, published in this city. The remarks, however, of the writer, were more particularly intended to apply to the theologians and creeds of New England. As the matter is so ably defended by the practiced writer for the Transcript, we cannot refrain from giving it, almost bodily, to the readers of the BANNER. It goes, likewise, to prove that our oft-repeated assertion is not merely an assertion—that religious matters are rapidly getting to be discussed elsewhere than in the church and from the pulpit; and that the time is at hand when the old dogmas, without life or meaning for the soul, are to be all overthrown together. Says the writer:—

"When we remember how little it is that we know of the metaphysics of heaven, the history of religious creeds affords us one of the most sad and humiliating lessons in the record of our race. Since the date of the Apostles' Creed, (falsely so-called) the shortest and best of all the creeds that have come down to us, the world has suffered more from religious platforms of belief, than from all the horrors of pestilence and famine, ten times over. But however much of arrogance, presumption and pride we find in the ancient creeds, they are as nothing in comparison with those that are modern. For unparalleled rashness and presumption, there is nothing that can compare with an old-fashioned New England Orthodox creed.

What a modern prayer is to the Lord's prayer, or a modern sermon is to the sermon on the Mount, a modern creed is to the Apostles', or any other ancient creed. Those latter are all very brief, and to a few cardinal points—the existence of God, the birth, death and resurrection of Christ, the resurrection of the body, the forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting; when in a modern creed would be embraced a whole body of divinity, so minute and exact, covering the whole plan of the universe, from the date of the creation to the end of all things.

The ancient fathers, it would seem, had a little modesty, and rather tacitly admitted that there were some things not entirely understood by them, and made their creeds as brief, and to as few points as possible. But not so with the authors of modern creeds, particularly those made by our Pilgrim fathers, and their descendants. The authors of our New England creeds seem to claim to be perfectly familiar with all the mysteries of heaven and earth. There is apparently nothing hidden from them. While all the wisest and best of mankind are compelled to admit that they cannot account for even the least of the operations of nature—why earth, sun and water should cause a blade of grass to grow; why the body obeys the will; why living things spring from inert matter—the manufacturers of the ten thousand and of different New England creeds, with the most surprising recklessness, pronounced authoritatively on all the doctrines of the Bible, and on all the mysteries of the universe. And then, too, in ancient times the adoption of a creed was an event of solemn moment, the work of kings and princes, and prelates and the whole church assembled again and again in council, and after diligent and careful study. But here, and with us, a creed is the work of a single sitting of a parish church, and adopted in gross by a hand vote.

The whole truth about religious creeds lies in a nutshell. A half dozen of village dignitaries have just the same right to frame a creed, and hold it over a village, that a Pope and Council have to frame one and hold it over a State or a Kingdom. The difference is only in degree, not in principle. The history of one New England village is the history of them all. A cluster of houses, then a half dozen mortal men, mechanics, tradesmen and farmers, with their pastor at their head, assembled on an evening to frame a creed and organize a church. It is done. The creed covers one whole quire of foolscap, decides all the questions of theology raised since the days of Polycarp, and is

intended to be final and conclusive in all matters of theology for that village forever.

Time wears on. The village increases in population, in wealth and in knowledge. The villagers find more time for mental culture, and enjoy better means. Here and there arises dissent from some of the staunch old articles of the creed. Disputes and dissensions arise, the creed is impregnable, unamendable and unchangeable; and a secession ensues. The authors of the old creed are no more despoiled than the Halleluiah, the Pope, for they simply serve the seceders from their church as the Halleluiah did Luther and his followers, excommunicate them, and denounce them as heretics. That is all. And as for those who do not subscribe to the creed at all, they are looked upon as heretics any way. The seceders, with their followers and friends, found a new church, but unluckily, still believing in the absolute necessity of creeds, they construct one longer, and, if anything, more dogmatic than the first. And so they go on; each new idea, each step in knowledge, brings division and a new creed, until the village is filled with antagonistic creeds and sects.

Population increases, and so do vice and crime. Where there ought to be brotherly love, there is nothing but strife. Where there ought to be a band of Christians, worshipping one God in peace and unity, the stranger and traveler shall look down on a village torn with religious dissensions; with one school-house, no library, no reading-room, no hospital, no home for the destitute, no museum, no village green, no rural games or sports, no May-day festivities, no Christmas, no harvest home, no academy of music, no gymnasium, no conservatory, no public garden, no public walks or promenades, no riding school, no gallery of art, no holidays, no social gatherings, no amusements. But in place of all those, he shall find six hotels; twenty-four grog-shops, twelve weak and discordant religious societies, and eight light, gossiping-looking meeting houses, with not one solitary word or thing, within or without, suggestive of heaven or heavenly things. If the world had been created without tree, shrub, plant or flower, with the heavens one unvarying canopy of white plaster, without star, cloud or sunset effulgence, and earth clothed in a pure garb of white; if the Temple to the Most High, built by Solomon in obedience to the Divine command, had been built of white pine boards, and adorned after the similitude of a well furnished barn, there could be nothing more entirely natural and scriptural than a New England meeting house.

The most damaging things in all New England have been those interminable, irrelevant and presumptuous religious creeds, deciding questions that no mortal man is competent to decide absolutely, and attempting to decide questions for others that no prudent and wise man would attempt to decide for any other human being than himself. If creeds were necessary, or even useful in any degree, there would be some apology for them. But they are not. They have been a curse upon the earth from the days of Arius to the present time. And for the very good reason that mankind have attempted to decide and settle questions by means of creeds, that God never intended should be settled this side of the grave. The world comes to a unanimous understanding very readily on all questions that admit of absolute solution. While nineteen centuries have spent in acrimonious disputations over this and that article in the creed, about which no man has any certain knowledge, and about which no amount of knowledge could be of any service to him whatever; while creed manufacturers have been growing more and more numerous and more diverse in sentiment, the world has been going on agreeing absolutely on everything placed positively within man's knowledge. There is no controversy between Rome and the first parish in Creeddom but what the sea rises and falls, but what the earth turns on its axis, but that there is such a thing as heat and cold, wet and dry, light and darkness; but let Rome and the first parish aforesaid attempt to tell how and why those phenomena exist, the same as they attempt to tell the how and the why in the heavenly mysteries, and there would be variance at once and forever.

A creed to assist in loving God and your neighbor as yourself, is just as necessary and just as useful as a creed is to assist a family of children to love their parents and one another. If the inhabitants of a village cannot assemble around the same altar, and worship God acceptably, without first understanding and adopting a creed as to all the mysteries of the Godhead, and all the purposes and plans of the divine government, how then can a family of children love and serve their parents acceptably, without first adopting a platform of principles as to who and what their parents are, and all the ethics of parental and filial piety. The last would be no more absurd than the first. Where is the same man now living who would not have just as much respect for the opinion of the babe in its mother's arms, on moral philosophy, as that of the Pope and all his Nuncios on the Immaculate Conception, or any other divine mystery.

Of all things here below, the most sublime is the immortal mind. It is the only thing that is clearly above and beyond all earthly things. While all our other capacities have their limit, the human mind may go on improving as long as life lasts. The most cultivated mind can only be said to be filled with knowledge, as we say of the heavens that they are filled with stars. And it is the work of only a mind of the religious creed to stop the growth and such a mind. It is to the mind what an iron shoe is to the foot, or a casement of mail would be to the child's head. The sectarian—the idolator—of a certain creed, seizes upon his victim when young, or inexperienced, claps on him his creed while warm with religious fervor, and the poor prisoner is straightway yoked and enclosed forever. New England is dotted all over with people so yoked and penned like geese in flocks. There is not probably one in ten of them that assent in mind and heart to one-half the articles of belief steadily read to them. Without the courage to break away from bonds that oppress them, they struggle on, trying to persuade themselves that they believe "what they do not and cannot, quite willing that their children should die off in any direction, rather than come under such thralldom. And the second generation now seldom do continue in the same fold with the first.

We have before us many notable instances of the revulsion of the human mind to these old iron creeds. We have it in the fact that of all the churches founded in Massachusetts by our pilgrim fathers within the first century, not one in ten remained in the hands of the sect that originally founded them, at the end of the second century. The old creed was impregnable, but not so its authors and adherents. Its followers dropped into the grave, and but few of the second and third generation were willing to put on the yoke. The old church dwindled to a handful, were voted and forced to give up the old edifice, and find lodgment in a smaller one near by. The history of those old churches, and the total religious insolvency at the end of the second century from their foundation, is enough of itself to settle once and forever the character and worth of such creeds. It settles the point that the church must be left free to grow in knowledge as well as grace, or else meet the fate that clearly awaits everything else that fails to keep step with the progress of the world, to wit, impoverishment and insolvency.

The time has clearly come when this whole matter of universal and indiscriminate creed manufacture and general creed idolatry should be brought up, discussed and disposed of—for discussion is to dispose of it forever. The whole thing is unnatural, unchristian, unscriptural, an outrage on individual rights, and every way unworthy of our age and people."

It is not necessary that we should add a syllable. The very statements contained in the above are solid

and endurable arguments. When the public mind begins to apprehend these things as they really are, to examine carefully into their origin, to consider and weigh their vital meaning, and to resolve to wear no chains of others' forging, it is reasonable that we should offer the most sincere congratulations we have in our hearts to feel.

Dogs and the Dog Law.

There is much excitement, and a good deal of consequent discussion, going on in Boston and vicinity, at the present time, about the licensing of dogs. Sundry claims are set up, and a variety of points made, one of which—and the most sensible of all—is, that if a dog is taxed by the statute as property, he should likewise be protected as property. Taxation and representation, it is claimed, ought to go in company. Gangs of dog-stealers are busily engaged about their business; and even if they are caught, they are not liable to punishment, because dogs are not yet recognized as property. The Post furnishes the following interesting statistics and statistics relative to the matter:

"The slaughter of the innocents has been continued for several weeks, and during its progress many interesting, instructive, and highly ludicrous incidents have occurred—falling guano-like upon soil stagnant by the blood and carion of butchery. A miserably looking beast, the most obnoxious and worthless perhaps that ever searched for the graves of departed relatives within a sausage shop, was presented a few days since for a 'licentious' protection, (as Mrs. P. would say,) his owner affirming, in rare Celtic, that 'the baste was an heirloom, and was worth more than any yer fancy breeds for general uses.'"

In a neighboring city, a poor fellow whose constant effort it is to make both ends meet, but who will probably never be so much of a creditor as a debtor, indulges his fancy for dogs by standing patron to six feminine representatives of the canine family, whose dispositions are extremely ferocious, and whose appearance is of the most unprepossessing character. Yet, worthless as these curs are, their owner has recently evinced his desire for their continued existence by depositing with the city clerk the sum of \$30 (six hundred leaves of bread) and buying collars at an expense of \$4, (forty pounds of rice). The third and last illustration which we can give at this time is furnished us by the eccentricity of an irascible German, who was so mad to think that he had paid the worth of a hundred glasses of lager for a snub-nosed and stub-tailed female, that he split the poor creature's head open with a bologna stuffer. In the little village of Roxbury 692 have been licensed with the profit to the treasury of \$228, and 300 deaths have taken place—all since the 25th of May—while in Boston 1808 licenses have been granted, with receipts therefrom amounting to \$2441.

Latest from the War.

The Arabia brings the latest war news. No further movements of a decisive character have as yet been made. The Austrians were still retreating toward their stronghold—the fortified cities of Verona, Mantua, Peschiera and Legnano—which, with the line of the Mincio on the west, comprise the boundaries of the famous strategic square. At last accounts they had abandoned their temporary position on the Oglio, and were falling back rapidly to the stronger one behind the Mincio. Louis Napoleon meantime was concentrating his army for a decisive action, and a great battle was expected. It is not difficult to predict where that action is to be fought. Presuming that the Austrians have withdrawn in force behind the Mincio, as the news would indicate, and that the garrisons of Pavia, Piacenza, and the intermediate points have retired upon the main army, the conflict may be looked for on the Mincio, which will bring the scene of war to the strategic quadrangle, where the contest will doubtless become a terrible and bloody, and possibly, a final one.

Lord Palmerston having succeeded in completing the formation of the new Cabinet, which comprises Lord John Russell as Foreign Secretary, together with Cobden, Gladstone, Milner Gibson, and Lord Elgin and Granville, it is not unlikely that after the next great battle is fought proposals of peace will be submitted by England to the belligerent Powers. We are inclined to think, however, that the proposition will meet with doubtful success.

A great naval demonstration by the French fleet in the Adriatic was in preparation, most probably on Venice, with a view to cut off the connection of the Austrians from the railroad to Vienna, which passes through that city.

Letter from Senator Douglas.

The political world has been refreshed with a new movement. Senator Douglas has written a letter respecting the Charleston Convention and the next Presidency. There is a great deal of talk about it in the papers, too. The Boston Daily Ledger says of it: "By the terms of this letter, no one will dispute that the Senator from Illinois stands just where he stood two years ago, when the fight on Lecompton came up in the Senate of the United States; and where, in fact, he has ever stood since Henry Clay and Lewis Cass, Daniel Webster and Daniel S. Dickinson put and their hands to a resolution embodying the principle of Popular Sovereignty in its true shape and dimensions. No man can say that he has, for a moment, faltered. The threats of Government had no terror for him. He has stood by the genuine Democratic principle from beginning to end, and it is idle to charge such a man with demagoguism, or selfishness, or political trickery. The only way by which the slavery question can be solved he has evidently had the sagacity to foresee; and it rests now with the people of the country to say whether that application of the healing instrumentality which he suggests, shall be fairly made. This brief, but pregnant, letter from Judge Douglas shows beyond mistake where he is. Other men—mere trimming politicians—may not be so easily found; but he is there. The people, we think, will know where to look for him next year, without any further asking."

The Spirit Guardian.

This excellent paper, after a suspension of seven weeks, sends forth its seventeenth number with new type, which adds to its great improvement. It is devoted to freedom, individual sovereignty, and general intelligence. It is a good family newspaper, sustaining manfully the beautiful truths of Spiritualism. By the generous efforts of some friends of Spiritualism, it now bids fair to prosper. It is a well conducted paper; and we cordially invite our friends who are willing to aid a good work, to lend it a helping hand. It is published weekly at Bangor, Maine, for \$1.50 a year, in advance.

New Testament Manuscript.

Tieschendorf, of Germany, has discovered in an Egyptian Convent a manuscript on parchment, of the New Testament entire. It consists of three hundred and forty-eight pages, one half of a gazelle skin to each page, generally well preserved. This MS. is believed, goes back to the fourth century—a century earlier than the most ancient specimens of sacred writ that now exist in Europe. It is exciting a deep interest among the theological portion of Germany.

Samuel Thompson.

The following communication was given at our circle June 30th, and is published in the BANNER by request. That portion of our sheet, which is devoted to this class of matter, had gone to press when the message was received, which will account for its isolation from the proper department.

I don't come here to convince any one that I do come, but because I think it is my duty to do so. A medical practitioner, living in Boston, with whom I used to be well acquainted when here, and who is no believer in these modern manifestations, feels very anxious about a certain patient of his, which patient is laboring under a difficulty that it would be vain to try to remove; and I here affirm that no mortal can do this; but I can. I see that the gentleman, of whom I speak, very often thinks of me, and says, if Spiritualism were true, I would be very certain to come to him.

As I said before, I don't come here to prove Spiritualism to be true, or to make a convert of any one, but to do my duty. I can save the patient; and if that serves to make him a convert to Spiritualism, I shall not object to it; if it does not, I shall not object to that.

The disease that the patient is laboring under is commonly called erysipelas. It is located at this time upon the upper lobe of the patient's chest; but if the disciple of the old school will do what I will here tell him to do, I will engage to restore his patient to health.

He shall lay a piece of linen, wet in warm water, across the lungs, and shall lay his left hand across the cloth for three minutes once in four hours. If he does this, I will pledge myself to restore the patient to full health, after seven times trying this prescription. It matters not whether he does this from sheer curiosity, or with faith in it. Both he and the patient are skeptics. You will publish this week. The disease shall not grow the patient is situated, and how long I can hold the disease in its present stage. But he must try the prescription within two hours after he reads this message. And I will see that he gets it to read.

SAMUEL THOMPSON.

Spiritualism in Mexico.

When the Mexicans bury a child, they have no mourning, gloomy procession to accompany the little sleeper to its rest in the grave, but all are dressed in a holiday attire, garlanded with bright, fresh flowers; they sing songs and ring bells in joy, and say, "the child is not dead, but is going home." When a Mexican mother has lost a child by death, she still numbers the absent one the same as she does those who are still with her in the flesh. "Death," she says, "cannot break my household."

J. Hovey Dods.

This gentleman has recently been lecturing in San Francisco on Mesmerism. The editor of the Daily Evening Bulletin thinks the entire exhibition at his lectures was "based on trickery and deceit, with so much of it as depends upon pure imagination." He devotes two or three columns of his paper to prove Mr. Dods is a humbug; and has also wasted considerable paper to show that Mr. Dunderland is the same, by relating the confession of Frank A. Ball, Mr. Dunderland's mesmerist subject. It is rather late in the day to ignore mesmerism.

Infidel.

The New York Observer says the mind of the reform school is an infidel mind, and at the same time the whole character of the New York Observer's teaching reforms from a life of sin to a life of holiness. It thinks that the Atlantic Monthly is "unbelievably infidel," because the "Little Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" points the way to reform. To advocate reform, and then to admit that a reformer is an infidel, is but a laughing matter to infidelity.

Winthrop and Anti-Slavery Tracts.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in a letter to the American Tract Society, disapproves of the publication of Anti-Slavery tracts. He says they are as mischievous at the South as they are inapplicable at the North.

Outside and In.

"Thinkers are outside the church," says the Welcome Guest. This is true. There is now more free thought, sound philosophy, true action and true religion without the pale of the church, than there is within it.

T. W. Higginson.

On our third page we print a Report of Mr. Higginson's lecture before Theodore Parker's Society, on Sunday morning, June 20th, condensed for us by an expert photographer. Mr. Higginson's lecture was a satisfactory production, and is spoken of with praise by all who heard it.

Professor Brittan's Article.

As the Fourth of July comes on Monday this year—our usual day of going to press—we are obliged to print on Friday evening. We are therefore without Professor Brittan's article, it not having been received in season to meet this rearrangement of our usual system.

Our Circles.

Are held at our office every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

Book Notice.

Messrs. Sheppard, Clark & Brown have sent us "The Pirate," by Sir Walter Scott—price 25 cents. This is one of the cheap editions of Sir Walter Scott's Novels, now being issued by T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, at 25 cents per volume, or twenty-five volumes for \$6.

New Mode of Firing Cannon.

Our City Fathers announce, in their usual Fourth of July programme, that "at 12 M. a gun will be fired by the sun." We "reckon" we are somewhat in advance of the world and all the rest of mankind, now.

Cora L. V. Hatch.

The Third of the Series of Mrs. Hatch's Lectures at Dunderland's Hall, New York, will be found on our sixth page.

To our Readers.

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

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The Annual Convocation of the Universalists of Maine was in session in Bangor, Me., three days last week. The meetings were more numerous attended than on any former occasion, and a new zeal seemed to animate the denomination, although it was declared by one Pastor that he believed the time was not far distant when we should hear no more of Orthodox, Methodist, Presbyterian, or Universalist; but that upon their ruins a Christian church would be established on a broad and liberal platform, in the unity of the faith once delivered to the Saints.

EDSON'S PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING CARPET SWEEPER.—H. S. Chapman, No. 73 Union street, Boston, manufactures and keeps for sale this novel and curious invention, which is well worthy the attention of housekeepers. It consists of a nearly square box, open at the bottom, and within which is a circular revolving brush with rather stiff bristles. By pushing this box about the room by means of a long handle not unlike a broom-handle, the brush revolves and cleans the carpet over which it rolls as nicely as the most scrupulous housewife could desire. The invention is simple, and a child could use it. No dust is raised, as every speck of dirt, pins, thread, and sweepings of all kinds, are thrown with magical precision and quickness into the receptacle inside the box.

Divorces are very common. There must be something wrong in the matrimonial institution, or else the two halves of conjugal oneness would not be shaking asunder so often.

Four hundred and ten million bushels of grain are annually converted into malt in Great Britain.

Four hundred million newspaper sheets are struck off annually for the people in the United States to read, says the Barro Gazette.

The London Saturday Review likens the literary productions of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton to the cheap lace of the machines as compared with the hand-made article:—"They claim to be a sort of ultimate result of human wisdom, and may pass on the unwary for the product of Brussels or Valenciennes; but it is impossible to look into them carefully without seeing that they really come from Nottingham. They are a superior of their kind, but they are not the real thing."

The trials of earth are the gifts of God. The pleasures of earth are the gifts of the devil. So, then, look with peace upon the one, but with fear upon the other.

The bayonets of the French Zouaves are a little longer than the American, and in shape similar to a bowie knife; consequently, when used, they produce a ghastly wound.

PHOTODUPLICATION.—One of the latest inventions of the savans of Europe have perfected, is one for photographing sound. The discoverer of this new science is M. Scott, a Parisian. Professor Wheatstone, during his recent visit to Paris, was invited by the Abbe Moigno to inspect the papers on which these sounds had printed themselves. The mark produced on the paper by a particular note is invariably the same; so, also, if a person speaks, the tone of voice in which he speaks is faithfully recorded. M. Scott is sanguine that, in course of time, he will so far improve his apparatus that it will be capable of printing a speech, which may be written off verbatim.

REGATTA.—The great College Regatta, for which the picked crews of Harvard and Yale are preparing, will take place in Worcester, July 25th or 27th. Harvard will send two six-oared boats.

Old age has been a lamentable dirge sounding in the ears of humanity; but now Spiritualism sings the sweet song of eternal youth.

THE EASTERN RAILROAD.—This road, says the Lynn Bay State, is fast emerging from its pecuniary difficulties, and becoming a favorite with the traveling public under the present good management. The Directors and Superintendent are doing all in their power to accommodate and please the public, while no road in New England, or elsewhere has a more obliging and faithful corps of conductors.

The two new and splendid cars recently put upon the road

exhibits the liberality of the managers, and afford a luxury to those who occupy them. These signs of prosperity have already had a favorable influence on the stock of the company, which has considerably advanced in the market, and it is now confidently believed that the company will be able to give the stockholders a dividend in a very short time.

The Spiritualists of Belfast Me., have leased a hall for the purpose of holding Circles, Sunday Meetings, Lectures, &c. We hear that other towns in the State have done the same thing.—Spirit Guardian.

Pantaloons obtained on credit are considered breeches of trust.

"THE THIRTIETH OF APRIL."—They are doing such a tremendous stroke of business at this theatre that, for the present, all complimentary admissions are refused, and even the public press is suspended.—London Punch.

NAVAL.—The U. S. ship-of-war Constellation, the flagship of the African squadron, now anchored off Union wharf, is ready, and awaiting orders from the Department to proceed to sea.

The U. S. frigate Savannah arrived below this port, last, from the Gulf of Mexico. She started from the Gulf with one hundred cases of Chagres fever on board, and went into Quarantine, where her officers and crew will be discharged.

Nor Dan.—The following story, from the New York Evening Post, is one of the best "childish views" we have seen for a long while:

A young woman was examining a class in Sunday school; bowing to a lad of large size, she put the question, "Who made you?" He could not tell. She then asked a little lad, who replied, "God made me." She proceeded to reprove the overgrown boy for his inability to answer a question, which he was readily told by one not half his size: when he braced himself up pompously and said, "I should think I might know. 'Taint but a little while since he was made."

As the fragrance of the flower appeals to the external senses, so may the fresh buds out from the stalk of undying affection make glad our spirits with the assurance that those dear ones who have passed to the higher life still love us.

Robert Bonner, of the New York Ledger, it is said, has bought the celebrated trotting horse Lantern and his mate, and has now the fastest span in New York. The price paid was \$10,000. He is the first printer that ever lived who could "spread" himself in this way. Truly, this is a progressive age, when printers are appreciated and paid for their labors.

The National Agricultural Fair is to be held in Chicago on the 12th of September next.

THE STATE MILITARY ENCAMPMENT at CONCORD.—The Selection of Concord have voted to allow the State Muster to be held at that place, and a field on the shore of Concord river, westerly of the village, has been selected for the purpose, on which a line of 3400 feet is indicated.

If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd?

The Eastport Sentinel shows good taste in its select quotations from Henry Ward Beecher, and its conscientious scruples do not forbid its giving credit to the BANNER OF LIGHT.

An Irishman advertised an estate—"To let forever, and longer if desired."

It is estimated that three hundred persons have starved to death on the route to Pike's Peak.

NOT GOING THAT WAY.—"I say, Mr. Pilot, ain't you going to start soon?" said a cockney on a steamer lying to during a fog. "As soon as the fog clears up," replied the captain. "Well, it's a sight niver so overboard," said the cockney. "Oh! yes, but we're not going that way," said the captain.

SIGNIFICANT.—Since the movement to purchase Mount Vernon was started, more money has been subscribed in Boston for educational purposes, than has been raised in the whole country for securing the home and tomb of Washington. The principal items are, Prof. Agassiz's museum \$120,000, Tuft's college \$25,000, and Antioch college \$20,000.

LINES TOUCHING THE LINK.
A Yankee gives, by no means a link.
Invited some ships built of stout India rubber,
Which would walk in half no time at all over creation;
So, thinking he'd found a boon for his nation,
To Congress he offered his Macintosh fleet,
Which he guessed would all other craft very soon beat;
But Congress has wisely refused to be deceived,
Lost in sailing across he should rub out the line!

—Harvard Times.

The name of Mary, which Byron "had a passion for," and everybody loves, is from the Hebrew, and signifies "a tear."

"THE HEAVENLIAR."—This monthly for June has been received, and is fully deserving of the reputation it has already won. It is published at San Francisco, Cal., and edited by Mrs. F. H. Day. The number before us contains a portrait of Jacob B. Leese, one of the oldest settlers of California.

A STRANGER FOUNDATION.—The New York Examiner, a paper strictly "orthodox," clear to the hub, says, "To find any foundation for hope and comfort to the wicked, we must tear up the foundations of hope and comfort to the righteous. If the Bible does not reveal an eternal hell, then it does not reveal an eternal heaven, nor an eternal God."

So that God cannot be good to one class of mankind unless he is cruel to the other. He cannot have a heaven, indeed he cannot be God unless he has an endless hell to prove him divine. Oh, to what absurd, to what horrible lies will error drive the mind of man. To think that we should so love a hell—for others—that if we cannot have it, then we will not have a heaven or a God! Can human folly further go?—Gospel Herald.

The Unitarian and Universalist Sunday Schools of Brooklyn, N. Y., were excluded from participation in the Anniversary Exercises there in May; an act which Henry Ward Beecher truly characterized as "The worst infidelity ever spawned."

PLUMER'S CASE.—Messrs. Butler and Seale, in behalf of Plumer, have drawn up an application for a writ of error, to be made to Judge Clifford, in Chambers, at Portland. The first question to be determined is, whether a writ of error to the United States Supreme Court lies in a criminal case.

The death of the material body emancipates us from the laws which govern only in the material kingdom—consequently we are free to a certain extent, the freedom of the disembodied spirit. Death to any department emancipated from the laws and conditions thereof; but life in any department of existence holds us subject to the laws and conditions of such department.—Tijny's Monthly.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

Bar-rooms are called "Refreshment Saloons." The proprietors placing signs to this effect in their windows. They should read "Devil's Dens, instead. Refreshment! What a perversion of the English language! If the city authorities should place a tub of ice-water at each corner of the streets, bar-rooms would lose customers and the city save money.

Kossuth don't amount to much—at least his opinions do. In 1851 he called Louis Napoleon a "humbug," and the coup d'etat a "sacrilegious aim at the very life of republicanism." In 1850 he calls Louis Napoleon "the saviour of oppressed nationalities."

Our printer's "devil" thought the weather was "infernal" hot on Wednesday, June 29th. He said it tried him badly.

Theologians should read the Spirit Message on our sixth page, headed "Christ's Mission."

Flowers image forth the boundless love,
God bears his children all,
Which over death from above
Upon the great and small:
So joyful and so fair,
Is but a drop of love divine,
That fell and nourished there.

The society of virtuous females is the best guard to preserve a young man from the contamination of low pursuits.

The town of Liberty, Ohio, has produced a girl six years old that weighs over two hundred pounds.

Isn't the Post's "Paris Gospel" bogus? It slightly savors of "home manufacture."

Strange as it may seem, the Polish Democrat desires an attorney-at-law to locate in that place. There are plenty in this section who can readily spare.

Brad had a gardener who was very slow. "Thomas," said he, "did you ever sow a snail?" "Certainly," "Then," rejoined the wit, "you must have met him, for you could never overtake him."

OBITUARY.

Died at the residence of D. C. Coe, Worcester, Mass., June 22nd, Mrs. Lavina Gates, aged 80 years 8 months. She had been a member of the Methodist Church longer than 1 can remember. She lived in this belief until Spiritualism opened her eyes to see and to hold sweet converse with the loved departed. By this beautiful belief she greatly aided strength to her Christian character, and passed on to the spirit-land in the triumph of that faith once delivered to the saints, to meet those loved ones who have gone before.

—D. C. COE.

NOTICE.

TO GEORGE E. LOCKWOOD.—You are wanted at the Annual Jubilee Meeting to be held at Newton Falls, on the Saturday and Sunday preceding the 4th of July. H. BARNAM, J. G. CALDWELL, and N. M. MARVIN.

Newton Falls, Oct., May 30th, 1850.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

A Circle for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning at 12 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 6 cents.

MEETINGS in Chelsea, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Wintham street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

NEWBURYPORT.—The Spiritualists of Newburyport have a fine hall, which they will furnish free to any speaker on reformatory subjects, and lecturer to have for his or her services the whole of the collection which will be taken up in each meeting. Any lectures addressed to L. Sherman, No. 5 Charles street, will receive immediate attention.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

PLYMOUTH.—The Spiritualists of this town hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Leyden Hall, commencing at 2 and 7 o'clock.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall Speaking, by mediums and others.

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Meetings are held at Lamartine Hall, on the corner of 29th street and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning. Preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones. Afternoon: Conference or Lecture. Evening: Circles for trance-speakers. There are at all times several present.

DOWAGATCH.—Meetings are held at this Hall every Sabbath. Mrs. Hatch is engaged through June.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT

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Lecturers and Mediums resident in towns and cities, will confer a favor on us by acting as our agents for obtaining subscribers.

TRAVELLING.—L. K. COONEY, Trance Speaker; A. H. BRANT, Healing Medium and Practitioner of Medicine; B. S. MITCHELL; H. P. BARNES, Trance-Speaking Medium; H. A. PUGH, Trance-Speaking Medium; Dr. E. L. LEXON, N. FRANK WHITE, MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON, Trance Speakers.

MASSACHUSETTS.—CHARLES L. CROWELL, Cambridgeport; R. K. TROTTER, Weymouth; H. G. ALLEN, Bridgewater; Geo. H. METCAL, South Dedham; N. S. GREENLEAF, Trance-speaker; HARRIS, Josiah, 87 Jackson street, Lawrence.

MAINE.—AMOS DRAKE, Union; H. A. M. BRADY, Norway; DR. N. P. BEAN, Seabrook; WM. K. RIPLEY, Paris, for that part of the country; HAMILTON MARTIN, Healing Medium of South Livernore; N. H. HODGES, Trance-Speaking and Healing Medium, of Monro.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—A. LEXON, M. D., Laconia. VERMONT.—W. B. BALLARD, Burlington; N. H. CHURCHILL, Brandon; SAMUEL BRATTIN, for the Northern part of the State; ROBERT PUTNAM, Chester.

CONNECTICUT.—H. B. STORER, Trance-Speaker, New Haven; H. H. HARRIS, New Haven; W. KEITH, Tolland; CALVIN HALL, Healing Medium.

NEW YORK.—GEORGE W. TAYLOR, North Collins; S. B. BARNHAM, Dundee; ORRIS BARNER, Clay; E. QUIMBY, White Plains; ANDRIAN TAGGAR, Western part of the State; S. D. GAYLORD, of Springfield, Erie Co., speaking and sympathetic medium, for delineating diseases and for healing by manipulation.

PENNSYLVANIA.—W. R. JOCELYN, Trance-Medium and Improvisator, Philadelphia; H. M. MILLER, Easton. LOUISIANA.—J. G. GODWIN, South Bund Post Office, Concordia Parish. MICHIGAN.—JOEL HANBY, Adrian; J. L. HACKETT, White Pigeon; W. H. GAGE. MINNESOTA.—O. H. ROBERTS, St. Anthony; MARSHFIELD GIFFORD, Minneapolis.

OHIO.—UNIT N. MARVIN, Newton Falls.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. CORNELL, France Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communication to those friends to whom they are addressed, and to the public. We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and to away with the erroneous idea that they are more than *finite* 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 spirits alone will be the saviors of the world.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in those columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions more, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at 10:30 A.M. and ending at 1:30 P.M. All those who come to our sittings are expected to remain until dismissed.

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?

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

May 6—Giles Cawston, Wareham, England; William Haskins, Boston; M. J. Brown, Providence; Peter Kelley, Boston; Rev. John Brooks.

June 21—John Carroll, Bangor; Samuel Wetherbee, (to son in Boston); An answer to a question; Ellen Devine, Boston; June 22—P. M. Kibbe, Boston; "Astrology"; David Gilmore, Eastport, Me.; Elizabeth Dixon, Boston; Wm. Sawtell, New York; Samuel Garland.

June 23—Tom Smith, Portland; Charles Thayer, Boston; Levi Crowell, (unpublished); Betsey Whistlock, Johnston, Vt.; John Williams, (drowned); "Was Christ human or divine?" June 24—Lucy Monroe, Cross street, Boston; David Willis, Newport, R. I.; James Lovejoy Morse, Boston; Lewis Winslow, Mobile, Ala.

June 25—Wm. Allen, Boston; Wm. Hewins, Sharon, Mass.; Fisher Howins, Dedham, Mass.; Mary Elizabeth Fisher, Dedham, (to Mrs. B. Philadelphia); Eliza Bickner, Dedham.

June 26—James Lewis Thompson, Fraser's River; Abraham Lynde, Boston; Corcoran Dow; Sarah Franklin Bach; Edward Howard, New York.

Jacob Sanborn.

Can I ask you any questions? Do you believe in the Christian religion? Then I suppose you can tell me what I want to know. I have known you for three years, and I have been as unhappy as any one need be; and I was a believer in the religion of Jesus Christ. I believed that he suffered and died to save mankind, and I expected salvation would come after death. I was a moral man; but I am in an unsettled state, and I call upon the Lord Jesus Christ to answer me. Canst, if there is a heaven, is a locality, and that God is to be found there.

Is there no resurrection? There is not, as I understand it. I believed that Jesus died to save those who believe in him, and that salvation came immediately after death. This is worse than hell—worse than a lake of fire and brimstone. Who is accountable for this error of mine? Is Jesus Christ, or is there no such person? I am inclined to think there is not. Is there no hell? Is there no heaven? Then is my condition eternally fixed?

I desire truth, and I have not got it. I supposed I should be in the presence of God immediately after death; but I am in a place like earth, only it is not so beautiful as my earth home.

I would be contented here if I thought it was God's will I should be. I am all earthly; I have no light here. Oh! it is a strange world; I cannot understand it. I wish to believe in the Christian religion, but I do not find the state of life I am in to correspond with what I expected. I have got friends on earth, but I would not commune with them while I am in this condition for all the happiness I expect to gain. I do not know where I am to be the next hour; I do not know whether I shall be here or not. I have no light for me here. I look everywhere about me, and it is all darkness; this is the brightest spot I have yet seen.

My name was Jacob Sanborn; I was born in Thomaston, State of Maine; I died at Auburn, N. Y. I have a daughter there; but I would not have her know my state of unhappiness. I should like to commune with her if I were in a happier condition.

I heard of Spiritualism, but I opposed it. I was as honest in that as I was in my belief in the Christian religion. I was wrong in this, for now I know it to be true. There is no belief about it—its knowledge.

I suppose I had the dropsy—they called it that. I had a plenty of time to prepare for death, and I was happy. I believed I should be in the presence of my God, but I awoke in a dreary place. I was weary, but I saw nothing beautiful. I asked, "Have I no friends here of the people about me?" They said they had no friends here, and I remained quiet for a time. After awhile, I became dissatisfied, and I have not been in any other state since.

I have been thinking of this place, for I was told that people came here to receive light. Every moment of my life has been occupied in prayer; but it has not helped me. I have been told that I should be in the presence of my God, but I did not belong to his church; I went there when I went anywhere; but I was sick about all the time I was in Auburn. First, I had a rheumatic difficulty—after that, the dropsy. I don't know but I would prefer to be in my old body, suffering as I did, than to be here in this state of suspense.

I have a wife here, but I have no communication with her. I have no anchor, no compass; and when I go from here I shall drift upon an unknown shore. I am ready now to take anything, when I go from here. They tell me I must go—maybe I can come again, and perhaps I can talk to my daughter.

Tom Wilton.

That old fogey is walking over unknown ground, isn't he? Well, I guess I'm about as well off as he is. He had the trouble of walking up to his religion on earth, and now he is in a better off than I am.

I suppose, if I've been dead right, I'm in Boston. Now how can I get a communication with my friends who are not here? I have been here a little longer than the old gentleman who I spoke last.

Did you ever hear of Tom Wilton? Then you don't know me, do you? All right. Well, I was twenty-three years old. I was born in the city of Boston, Mass., and I died in Mobile. It was not mistaken, as I now live. Then that proves I have been dead eight years, for I died in 1851. I suppose they called it fever; but I don't see how they could, for I commenced to vomit, and died vomiting. You can say, I vomited myself on to the other side of Jordan. I told one of my friends that I should vomit myself to death, and he said I was never to come back, I thought. Well, I told him I was not afraid to go—and I went.

I have brother in Sacramento City. I have a father in spirit-life, and mother, too. I have a half-sister, or my brother's widow, on earth. I was a steam-maker by trade, but didn't like it very well. I undertook to work once for a Mr. Oulden, in East Boston.

My occupation? Well, I was an agent for an enterprise. There was some soft-sop about it, especially if you wanted to make a trade. As I am not in the way of trade to-day, I guess we'll drop this subject. I can't trade with you now, you know.

I have been here to-day to say a word to my brother, and the boys in general. I have no sister except this brother's widow; but sometimes it is as pleasant to keep up the acquaintance of friends as of relatives.

About a couple of months before I died, I was talking to a friend of mine about a business matter, and a lady like that—whoever died first should come back to the other. We had a pass-word each was to give the other, if we came. Mine was "Cato." This was a nickname given to me by one of my friends, on a certain time. We were carrying on a little business that was to be used to use our own names in, so we called it "Cato and mine." This was the name we used, we got out of that business, and then I dropped it. My friend's name was Lewis Brownell, and he is still in Mobile. He is a native of New Orleans—was born there, if I am not mistaken. He is now holding the office I held. I stepped out, and he stepped in.

Well, sir, I think I'll say good day. If you ever run about of Lew, just introduce yourself as a friend of mine; he'll take you in, and do for you in good shape. Good day.

Ebenezer Francis.

Oh, how unwise the world's people are! All its wisdom is foolishness. They tell me that this place is where all classes of spirits come to benefit themselves and others. May I ask what induces you to receive these communications? People who want to be better off than they are, and who could not move from your present position, if you desired to.

Upon my soul, I envy you. I would to God I had been placed in a like position. I thought all men were free agents; but I find certain classes here in spirit-life controlling men on earth. I see it, I know it, and I would to God I had some influence over those who are on earth. I don't ask why this influence controlled me on earth. I don't ask why this is so—it is enough for me to know it is so. I find I have got to rely upon my own exertion for happiness. I am sure I never could have been happy with the yokes that were about me on earth. I was not happy, and I was not contented, and I couldn't avoid myself. I would to God I could have seen the influences that governed me, and they were not of a very high order. But they governed me by and through my own position, and that is as they do you.

Oh, my dear, good sir, I can assure you I envy you your position, and I envy all the poor of earth. I have been looking round at the spiritual condition of the poor of earth, who have scarce money enough to buy bread, and I find that nearly all of them exceed me in happiness—that the localities they occupy are more beautiful than mine. This is all right. A wise God placed me here, and I am not going to murmur at his decrees any longer.

I often wonder why the poor of earth are not rewarded by a view of their spiritual condition before they leave earth; but I suppose it is right that they are not. There is one man on earth whose condition I have been looking upon with thoroughness than any other. He came to me a few months before I died, and desired me to lend him aid in a certain charitable way. I told him I could not, and explained to him why. He left me with a very sorrowful face, and I thought of it much, but after a few days it passed out of my mind. After I passed away, I thought of that man, and that I would go and look at him; and I find he is possessed of

that which will bring him immediate happiness after death. He used to say to me, "I wouldn't do this if I don't think it to be my duty. He was always helping others. I, on the contrary, was continually supplying the demands of self, and I made an idol of self, and the same God who hid all men from him, hid him from me through self."

I had many things on earth that the poor did not have; but it was constantly casting up mire. I gave, and gave liberally, but not where I should have given. I gained, and gained largely, but not as I should have gained. I wish to say that those who gain, do come here to-day, and I wish only what they have a perfect right to gain. Had I my former health, I would give the whole, could I retract my earthly career. I am now suffering from it, and it is right I should. I would not abate one tith of the suffering I now pass through if I could, for it is well for me.

In many things I acted, because of influences, operating upon me I could not control, which worked by and through my own nature.

I have thrown out these random thoughts, as the friend who desired me to come here did not give me any particular subject to speak upon. I have commenced before I am going now, young man.

Elizabeth Dixon.

I thought I could speak, but I am so weak I found it hard to get here. I can't do anything now I am here. My name was Elizabeth Dixon. I belonged in Boston. I died of consumption in 1835—this very April. I lived in Mount Pleasant, Oh, I can't talk, I'm so weak; but, oh, tell them I can come—do!—do! I have been dead most a week. I'll tell you all about it when I can talk. Good-by. April 23.

Samuel Jacobs.

I wish I could say I'm ready. I don't feel any more ready to-day than I was when I first came here. But this is no place for ideas. If one would be happy, he must be active, I suppose.

I wish I could commune with some friends in Waterville, State of Maine. Is there any objection? My name was Samuel Jacobs, and I am anxious to speak to relatives I have in Waterville. That I have to give I don't think I can give here. I wish my friends at Waterville to give me a call. Will you write to them, please?

I was 67 years old. I was a farmer. I died of a complication of diseases. I believe the physician gave my disease no name. I used to occasionally doctor a little, but not much. I have children in Waterville. If they will answer, and call for me, and are willing I should give their names, I will; but not till then. Good-by. April 20.

David Hathaway.

Well, I declare! I'm bound, I believe, to be disappointed in everything I thought I should see somebody here. I know, I thought I'd done with all earthly things; but it seems that mistake and disappointment is not only the common lot of mortals on earth, but after they leave earth.

I have a son, and I thought I could commune with him by coming here. I was told so; but I do not see him here.

My name was David Hathaway. I was born in Waterville, R. I. In the year 1701—no; I have made a mistake—1801. I mean. Another of my mistakes; but I'll have everything correct before I go. I died in Boston six years ago. Next comes my disease, I suppose. Well, it is hard to tell, but I'll get as near it as I can. I fell down stairs in the first place, and injured my spine; after that I fell down again, and I had something come on my back. It seemed like an abscess, yet it was not that. After that broke I took cold again, and was confined to my bed several weeks. Then I got up again. I had been up a little while, and it commenced to rain again, and seemed to upset all my nerves—first to produce a painful sensation, and after that a paralysis, and I died; but I was perfectly sensible.

I was a wheelwright by trade. Dr. Jones attended me. The boy called him in; but I do not think much of doctors, any way. I think I knew quite as much as one half of them, and do not think I should have lived half as long, if I had doctored much.

My son William has some trouble—he do not seem to get along well. I have not gone so far off that I can't advise him; you, about business or any other matters. He must not suppose, because my body is gone, that my spirit is far off. I am now nearer to him than I was when I was on earth.

I am sorry to say that my son sells liquors. I don't like it, and never did, and that is one thing I want to talk to him about. He promised me before I died that he would get out of the business as soon as he could; but I do not see as he has made any effort that way yet. He used to tell me he saw no way to get out of it, and now, and I will point it out to him, if he will come where I can speak with him.

I was no Christian—that is, I did not profess religion. I used to go to church occasionally; when there was any one preaching I liked. I used to need to stay at home, or go out on the Common, and hear God preached through the trees; and I do not think I am any worse off for it.

I never did enjoy very good health; my constitution never was good, and my son takes after me in this respect. He says if he was strong he would go to work and get a living by hard labor. Now I have a way to get a living by that is easy and better than he now carries on, and he can have a quiet conscience—that's what he can't have now.

I do not know but all of you are in favor of hard drinking; but if you are, I do not care—I'll stand alone. I always did say no way to get out of it, and now, and I will point it out to him, if he will come where I can speak with him.

I was no Christian—that is, I did not profess religion. I used to go to church occasionally; when there was any one preaching I liked. I used to need to stay at home, or go out on the Common, and hear God preached through the trees; and I do not think I am any worse off for it.

I never did enjoy very good health; my constitution never was good, and my son takes after me in this respect. He says if he was strong he would go to work and get a living by hard labor. Now I have a way to get a living by that is easy and better than he now carries on, and he can have a quiet conscience—that's what he can't have now.

I do not know but all of you are in favor of hard drinking; but if you are, I do not care—I'll stand alone. I always did say no way to get out of it, and now, and I will point it out to him, if he will come where I can speak with him.

I died pretty happy—wasn't very strongly attached to earth. I lost my wife about fourteen years ago. I thought I'd like to go on, but I worried along a few years after that, and was just as welcome after I did come.

My boy will be here, and I shall be glad to see him on a better track; so he'll sleep well, and get up feeling well in the morning.

He's a pretty good boy, but he do not seem to push ahead to get out of the business he is in, so I'll help him. He was on Seneca street when I died, and I'll help him. He has moved away, I can go to him and see him; but I don't like the locality. I am drawn to him, and not to the locality. The first thing I see is his spirit, and then I see his body—after that I see a few of the things surrounding him; but I do not see houses, so I cannot tell the locality. When I first came to earth, I could hardly tell the locality. I was in my vision of earthly things, and now I can do as well as you.

Well, young man, do you suppose I had better go? I asked somebody how it was I could see better here than where my son was. They said if I could take the medium there, I could see as well as I could here. I should have been in a pretty bad fix if I could not have spoken here to-day, for I can't write—never learnt to write on earth.

I heard of this place a good while before I could get here, for there is a great swell of you. You do not let folks take the medium away, you see. Now if you did, I could go to my son, and could talk to him and see him; but I don't suppose you would; but it would be kind of handy.

The old man who takes care of things here, reminds me that my time is up. That shows that all who come here have a set time to stay. Well, suppose I must leave, then. If I could stay, can I talk? Well, good-by to all of you.

Josephine Ready.

I do not know what to say. My name is Josephine Ready. I do not know how to spell it—maybe I'll get somebody to tell you. I was ten years old; I lived on Lucas street, in Boston. Mother lives there, or she died when I died. Everybody is coming here; I wanted to come. I died of fever. My mother's name is Mary. I have three brothers and sisters—three boys and two girls. I don't know where they are. Church; I don't go anywhere now. Father is here with me. His name is Patrick Ready; mother didn't know he was dead, and he wanted to talk, and couldn't, and he makes me. I wanted to come and talk to my mother, but I don't want to talk here. I want to tell her I stole that cape I bought, and I said I sold it to me. It was so large for me, and mother took it. I took it out of a lady's house; I went there after old victrolas, and I took it and put it under my shawl, and then I went away before the lady came back. I want mother to take it back again. I stole it about a couple of weeks before I died. I was sick most all winter. I didn't have no stockings or shoes; it was cold.

Mother used to go out washing and cleaning paint, and stayed home sometimes washing, when I could get things to make a fire to boil the clothes.

Tell mother I'm pryed out, too. I've been there ever since I was born, and I don't know where I live. I live in the Yankees, and I apose the Yankees get pryed out, they get out. I don't confess at all—there ain't no prais, nor no churches.

Father wants mother to know he died three years ago. He went off and left mother, and that's the way it was. Sometimes he used to get drunk, and went off, and mother used to scold about it. He helps me to be here; new I want to go. He wants me to tell more about the cape. Where I stole the cape was up on Harrison Avenue. Mother knows where the house is, "cause she's been there washing. I want her to take the cape back, 'cause I do n't feel good about it.

I don't want to stay here, sir. April 20.

Christ's Mission.

A question stands near us in our list, and demands an answer this afternoon. The question is this: "What was Christ's mission to earth?"

The Bible tells us that Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance.

Let us ask all our hearts at the onset that our view of Christ will not harmonize with his view of him. We look at Christ as he is; we see him not through a glass darkly, but, as it were, face to face; while our brother has a dim vision of him through a long vista of years, and we must say that vision is very imperfect.

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These intelligences, or company, which we shall designate spirits, purposed to produce a perfect man—one who should be fitted to receive high intelligence from the spirit-world—one who should be thoroughly negative and open to receive truth—him who would live in the flesh, and yet well with the spirit world, who would be a benefit to earth's down-trodden children.

By their power two of earth were brought together, and by their power Jesus was born, a perfect medium, a holy man, and, in every sense of the word, a Saviour. He shall come, said one heavenly, "to save the people from their iniquity," to open to them a new highway, that they walk no longer in the shadow of death.

In early life, a great variety of what you term physical manifestations, were given through him. This was done to attract to him the multitude, as the same class of manifestations to-day, it is well for me.

Your little tells you that he was found conversing with the doctors in the temple when he was twelve years of age. This was not so; he was but nine years old when the spirits who had been laboring with power to produce him, spoke through him with divine power; and the multitude who listened to him, were so much affected, that they came to him, and found his course was many, out among publicans and sinners, and wherever he went the sinners were sure to forget his name, the bright one to see true light; and they who had longed for light from heaven were satisfied.

After he had attained a certain eminence with the people, who called him a great prophet, ruler, and lawgiver, he was slain. He feared that he would rise above them—that the people would leave the old and follow the new, and they should be thrown from their high places.

When this fear had taken fast hold of them, they determined to slay him, after endeavoring to tempt him to deny his mission. They feared that he would rise above them—that the people would leave the old and follow the new, and they should be thrown from their high places.

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