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

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PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Morning, June 28th, 1859. REPORTED FOR THE DANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. ELLINWOOD.

-"But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay

nny; for whatsover is more than these cometh of evil."—
MATT. y, 87. "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."—Oor. III, 0-10.

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 estab-lished upon principles—"after the image of him that oreated him'—principles that are such as are derived from the Lord Jesus Christ, the creator of moral purity

There has been a great deal of discussion as to the ethics of deception, of lying, of falsity, and of truthspeaking. 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, us 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 ap 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 abso-Intely 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, be-fore 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 sub-

ject 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 not falsehood. Men have begun with the universal belief that falsehood is criminal; but then they have proceeded to distinguish between false-hood and justifiable deceptions; and so, changing the name, they have made falsehood permissible. By cas-uistical pleas, by very acute, nice, dissective reasoning, they have graded off a certain place for justifiable decoptions, 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, or its seem ing truth, the method is exceedingly unsatisfactory because it not only leads to endless niceties, but tempts the mind of man to employ casuistry instead of moral integrity. It leads a man to fritter away his conscience, to split 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 liave found them in exigencies which seemed to require that they should tell a feeble lie to save themselves from falling into great mischief, they have attemnted 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 clse, as much as it does when applied to falsehood. It toles, as into its it coes when applied to insection. 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 inferred that the lie, because thus beneficials. cial, is relatively harmless. They say, "Now let me suppose a case," and, of course, if they suppose a case, they can dress it up to suit the circumstances; and so 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 beat 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, it is not every man that can follow his highest ideal, but he is to held man that can follow in signess then, but he is to note 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 rency.

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

The first passage in our text sets forth the Divine 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, Yes, it is; or, No, It is not. There are no gradations between them. It is a perpendicular Yes, or a perpendicular No—one or the other. The special application of the passage, to be sure, was to profanity, but it is just as applicable to truth-speech as to onth-speech. We have no right to grade either way.

As I understand the Now Testament, the idea of manhood is expressed in the person of Christ Jesus—

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 invarit parts.

And this idea of truth implies a moral nature exquisthey 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 nected 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 ofher, 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 come upon it. There is to be a moral sense or relish which shall oblige the mind to be what 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 bolsterous 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 at this what he wild we work the property of the state. as this: "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin; but yield yourselve 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 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

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, wliat 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 worlds of truth, I must use my own judgment and discrimination 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 always give men my opinion; 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 not thing but the truth, that I am bound to speak all the truth I know, or that I am I am bound to speak all the truth I know, or that I am bound to be speaking trufh 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 oflensive 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 efficiently rise to comprehend them. 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 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 tac-iturnity and retentiveness are unmanly or unchristian. But whenever a Christian man docs 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 salt put 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 speak nor overstate. We have a right to refrain from speaking at all of what we know, but if we commence to ing at an of what we know, but it is sometimes 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 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 re-

A Christian must set up, as a part of his nature, just 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 disproportioned, 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. When ever 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 crystaline transpa-

The world permis 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 approach the line to a retail cape. pear shocking to our moral sense. And when I have heard any discussion on this subject, and the permis-sions extended, by teachers, even, to men in the ways of wickedness and temptation, my own refuge has been, instead of endeaviring to untwist the fibres of their specious reasonings, to apply the course of conduct maintainab 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 ust slain one victim, thirsts for more blood, seeks pro-A man persued by an enemy whose sword, neaving 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 as representing God to the world? What would be your conception 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 you, 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 cautive cations, and avening any descriptor, which The only way in which we can get permission to indulge in equivocations, and evasions, and deceptions which we refuse to baptize lies, 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 tempta-tions 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.

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 uppointed, 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 minutain fidelity and quire what will become of me if I maintain fidelity and

"God has given me one thing, and said to me, "Never 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 morkey? 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 you? Does he not, rather, give you the standard of virginal purity of character? Putting man into the world, he says to him, "Give up everything before you give up that. See that you maintain the inward man wherever you are. Be at peace with your conscience wherever you are. Do at peace with your conscience. Never part from your integrity. Take the highest con-ceptions 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 ter? His thought should not be, Shall I get into this trouble? Shall I get into this difficulty? Shall I be ousted here? Shall I be thrown out there? His thought should be. What is to be the effect 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 thildren 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 much 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 avaries 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 evasions, grow out of the fact that men do not base their reasonings upon the right moral tests. Remember that the true idea of his imagination, and reason, and memory, to trip up the right moral tests. 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 I remark then, first, in view of these statements.

that all direct and intended untruth, for our own solfish ends, is wicked and unchristian. I suppose all will agree to that. This is common ground to both sides in ngree to that. This is comind ground to oth sinces 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 two cases may be a finite director of the act its act 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 thereby. 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.

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 violate the truth, will, in a long run, turn up by the roots the human character and seciety. 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 towns-people 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, deciving 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

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 temptations, or his the 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 clastity 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 the extra law recognition of the second control of the second c ing 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 some-body 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 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 use of deception as a 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

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 it his rule to do, and a light property and a light property and the supposes to be right. safety for a man who does not make it 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 east into hell-fire." I hear him saying, "If your right hand offend you, out it off; it is better for eyes, to be cast into hell-fire." Thear him saying, "if your right hand offend you, out 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 slighest deviations from rectitude in respect to truth, it seems to me that they are, though they do not know singuest deviations from rectitude in respect to truth, it seems to me that they are, though they do not know it, opening the double-leaved gate 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 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 choses. in some degree of equivocation, to make use of partially deceiving statements, to tell ornamented lies, when result therefrom. Now, I remark, no man is a prophety and if he wants to prophedy, he had better not prophedy up stream—he had better not prophecy against God's nature. If you will prophedy, prophedy in the direction that God's nature runs. If, in your prophedying, you take God's commandments, and turn them end for you will find yourself prophecy lies. This prophecying, on the part of men, that good will result from deception, is the assumption of a spirit of fore-

knowledge, 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 uproar in the soil, occasioned by them. There is no uproar in the soil, occasioned by the seeds of the poisonous plants. When they come up, they will look as good, the one as the other. And during all the early stages of their growth, the poison-ous plants will appear as succulent and as wholesome as the others.

So, in human life, moral deeds are seeds; and it is 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 deceits, deceptions, and all kinds of indirections, 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 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 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, whos 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 the state of the shaken and shaken and shaken the shaken shaken the shaken shaken the shaken shaken the shaken sha ing which they need so much as that kind of purity

ing 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 a tethics, and acted upon as a method of education, will ethics, and acted upon as a method of education, produce the noblest characters—one which makes 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 This is the point. This inquiry is to settle

cases? This is the point. This inquiry is to settle the whole question.

Here are two schools, both alike to all outward ap-pearance, except that the inscriptions over the doors are different. Over the door of one school it reads. 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

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 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 creet 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 calc. 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 paper, to descrive under any circumstances. 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. conscientions 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 doceptions 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; 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 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 throb of But men do not adopt this scheme. They hold that given expression to false words; but every throb 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 different sizes of feathers on an engle; there are wing feathers, and tail feathers, and down. And there are wing-feather lies, and tail-feather lies, and downy lies. 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 imbile this docfountain and source. In so far as you imbibe this doctrine, so far do you disqualify yourselves to reason correctly about everything else. There speedily comes to be no stability and no humanity, where any such theory as this is admitted.

I will here indulge in one or two collateral remarks.

I will here indulge in one or two collateral remarks. Those men who are educated in this theory, themselves flinch from their own reasonings. Let a man who justifies in another a kind of duplicity—as men are more inclined to do if it is adroit, and slightly mirthful; for it makes a great difference whether a sin is annusing or not about its being tolerated—hughable 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 body kicks spoin offer, and condends the floring dualities 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 mea live better than they write. There are, for instance, good presidents of colleges, that write permissions for men to deviate from strict rectitude, under certain men to deviate 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 I do you shrink from putting into practice your own teach-ings? 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 prevarioate, 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 Now suppose I should fall into a controversy with a man, and should adroitly deceive 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 inured 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 willist to self in the convergation of their best best to the control of their best to the control of their best to the control of t men who upnote 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 un-reserved 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 goes through a man, it is refracted or 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 truth-fulness. And I notice that men in the church are not in the best repute as regards this matter. I have beard the best repute is regards this matter. I have because he was a church member, they were inclined to be rather more suspicious of him on that account, bebe rather more suspicious of him on that account, be-cause they thought he was apt to use his rightcousness as a garment under which to practice dishonestics. 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 flying from really meant truth, than with reference to anything else. And yet, the men who are most exactanything eise. 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 teach and do. On this subject, I think we that 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 flanner of Light. BEAUTIFUL BELIEF. BY FRANK LES.

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 head, 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 coase to mourn-The trembling be forgiven, To bear away from ills of clay The weary to their heaven.

Norway, Me., 1850.

Written for the Banner of Light.

VANE

HEART-LINKS BETWEEN BOTH WORLDS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER L.

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 melodics 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 sensative girlhis 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 revilings, 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 girls, hrank 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 groaned 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 tearful 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 I 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, 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 reseate 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 submissionthe 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, al-. most 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 How long have I been here?"

cruel fancy! He is not here; this is a phantom of came the pitying angel's soft reply: 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 fogs of earth yet heavily encircle, and the weight of sin lies on his holy, conscious being. See I over his dark and tatflashes of soul intelligence, that penetrate his brain of shrouded moonlight, waved and glistened the and illume his heart with a momentary consciouswife! Hark! a strain of heavenly music-angels spirit form and earthly memory with a like horror; sing! they say it is a soul's redemption song; that she denied him in her soul! 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! and the accompanying band of pure, freed spirits; Dear mother, there is no one here but me, your child,

The lustrous eyes turned full upon her a glance replete with love; there was no wildness in that to cast a look of love beneath, to where he stood in softened gaze; the smile was enrapt and tender. the dark, cold region; he knew the angel-wife would 'I am not dreaming, not crazed, my child," she not forget him. 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 lifting of his sin-bowed heart, a flash of truth dear father's presence! Must you return to earth. poor darkened one? Earth, the scene of thy trans. gressions, 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 one 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 matching 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. for solace, with that bitter, unforgiving heart?

of theology, for his attributes of inexorable judge, of dazzling majesty, and capricious power, were not calculated to soothe and comfort the mourning Not to the world could the aching spirit turn, for "Lily!" its gaveties repelled, and among its millions not one mother. Lily knew not of the God within; strength. some one call my name," she said; "it was but ening and refining, guiding and elevating, through fancy." 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 had not recognized him in his children; she had not wildly throbbing heart. looked for the attributes of Deity within the human

Wearily passed away the lone hours of the watchin her dreams, and with outstretched arms breathed by outside influences, from the love garlanded porprayer and entreaty for the darkened spirit of the tals of his peaceful home; from the patient, enfallen Paul. She returned to the consciousness of during wife to the haunts of dissipation; from pain with the dawning morn, and throughout the the blessings of contentment, to the vile desire for hours on earth were numbered.

bright-hued clouds changed their roseate, purple and it's tear-drops fell-his soul implored his child's snowy bed, and the waters reposed in the reflected trial past. Sudden and recurring, the full tide of calm of heaven, from a neighboring thicket issued memory swept back, disclosing the sorrows, humiliasweet and clear the plaintive and suggestive song tions, wrongs of years; with lips set firmly, with of some strange and unseen bird. Like a farewell uplifted hand, she cried aloud: melody, it lingered and was renewed, while the dying woman prayed, and recognized, amid the twilight awaiting in the softly swaying soul bark, to carry thence her willing and unfearing spirit.

The hand that clasped her child's relaxed; as if to gentlest slumber, the cyclids drooped and closed smiling and happy faces; wrinkled and care worn 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 spiritland. Home, love happy and watched for children, houseless and toil--God!" these were her parting words.

The bird's song ceased; and marble whitness 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 ed her to return to life!

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

CHAPTER II. turn to earth. You tell me that I am a spirit, - God designed, were bound in conventional chains that I must toil for my redemption; that earth is that galled and marred the spirit's beauty. There, yet my sphere, for I have wasted the precious hours beautiful and aspiring, a lady walked beside her of its existence; oh, let me rest, rest ! I never de- grey-haired owner; he had bought her unwilling nied my immortality; but this is a life of torture, hand with gold. Beneath her jeweled bodice her of; but oh, far worse, a thousand times more horrible lustre of her envied diamonds the love-light of her is this! I am as yet bewildered. I see not, feel not eye was extinguished in bitter tears. There, flaunt. clearly. Thou dimly viewed form, what art thou? ing in the rainbow's hues, one suddenly elevated by

lave him? Oh. mother! mother! arouse from this As if from a distance, yet distinct and elivery,

"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 cudless progress awaits thee ani all."

"I recollect-I feel the return of scattered mem-

ory; my wife, my child, oh God! where are they?" The deep tone of anguish with which these words were uttered, seemed for awhile b scatter, the entered garment flit rainbow hues of light; vivid oiroling darkness, through which, the a faint gleam pure white raiment of the celestal visitant. He ness of power and love. Yes, angel, yes, I see, I saw the wasted form of his dying Ipnora; the bendcomprehend! the love of God is in all; I cannot, ling, drooping figure of his child; and as he looked may not be with him, but I can call him upward; he read and groaned aloud in agony so deep, the lead, attract, guide and bless him, from my mansion watching angel felt the diamondhew-drops of her in the skies. At my own heart's highest bidding, at pity steal down her face. He red, in the wife's thy behest, oh glorious messenger! I repeat the re- heart, the unextinguished love, that was more of deeming words: Paul, my erring husband, I fully heaven than of earth; the pity, and the prayer for forgive thy trespasses against me! I will aid thee, his redemption, lighting up her oul with fervor. I love thee still! See, see / a golden cloud rests He read, too, in his daughter's heart, the repulsion, lovingly upon his drooping, prematurely whitened fear and terror that accompanied his memory. Her head! Soft airs, balmy and fragrant as the breezes youthful brow was cold to him as marble; hard as of Heaven, play around him. He smiles, he seems the flinty rock, her determined ips denying the to recognize the place to behold me, his advancing utterence of forgiveness; her eyes looked upon his

> Then he beheld the spirit of Honora wasted upward by her soul's attraction; he saw the awaiting the opening portals of her heavenly home; and as with reverentially bowed head, and prayerfully folded arms she entered there, she paused and turned

> A faint vision of the home awaiting her, a glimpse of its sun-lighted beauty, a wasted breath of lilled fragrance from its chosen bowers, a transient upathwart 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 necessity; 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 mouning waters ceased their discord; from the heavens above beamed lustrously the silver star of hope. In momentary invocation, with an In her coming bereavement, whither could she turn attempt at prayerful utterance, the spirit stood enchained in better thoughts; then, upon the Not to the dreaded, far off, incomprehensible God 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, heart. Not to the gentle, all forgiving Jesus, she and the slight figure in the mourning garb. Sudden had been taught to worship as the very Deity, could and overwhelming, a flood of tenderness swept o'er she turn with the scorn and bitterness and rebellion his heart; a deep sigh, wrung from the remorseful that surged within; for he had spoken mildly of his depths of soul, passed from the quivering lips; in tormentors, saying they knew not what they did. sorrow and repentant tenderness he whispered.

With a start and a shudder, the young girl raised could take the place of the fond and ever faithful her head and looked around. "I thought I heard

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 revealed in semblance of the human form; yet she listened with drooping head, clasped hands, and

Memories vague and beautiful, of early good, of household joy, of sweet home pleasures, were presented as in a swiftly changing panoramic view. ng night; and the sick woman had slept, and smiled | She saw her father, good and true and loving, led on day, poor Lily watched and wept and struggled with gold. That thirst unquenched, sought for oblivion her mighty grief, knowing well that her mother's in the drunkard's cup, and became a blight to heart and hearth. As Lily gazed, she pitied, for the When the last gleams of sunset lingered on the softer influences had power when those of the world fading splendors of the western sky; when the were absent; and, as she pitied, the watching spirazure garb for the more sombre vestment of the forgiveness. But the heart of Lily Vane was not evening time: as the line of gold peeled from its yet strong; nor was the trembling, guilty spirit's

"I cannot forget his cruelty-I cannot forgive!" A long-drawn sigh of pain, a look of mingled reshadows, the spirit forms of loved ones gone before, proach 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; faces; brows of innocence and trust; modestly veiled eyes, and bold, defying glances; forms arrayed with elegance, and beggars in tattered garb; 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 her arms her mother's lifeless form, madly entreat- 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 "I would rest, forget-I would sleep, not strive; glare of banquet hall and festival. Young, fresh why urge me thus incessantly? I care not to re- and bounding hearts, that should have been free as I find not the material hell that theologians teach woman's heart beat wearily; beneath the proud fortune's pranks displayed the wonders of her

changed position to the world's parenatic and observant eye. The wan of business, immersed in nation." golden schemes, beheld not the beauty of the starry night, dwelt not upon the varying crowd, mid which abiding, and the demon of unholy ambition entering he wandered, an alien in thought. The miser the lowllest roof and heart; and he learnt that frowned fearfully upon the trembling little child knowledge only could save man from sin; that symthat importuned him for aims; the belle swept by pathy was the magic key, unlocking stoniest hearts; most haughtly; the politician saw her not; some that love was the all conquering power, the sovereign gave indifferently, others with marked reluctance : principle of the universe. some looked around for the approving looks of friends.

The watching spirit sighed. "I am sent to earth these worldlings, so hard, so soulless?"

A tall, gaunt, awkward looking woman, shabbilv 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 toiler'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 selfdenial, she gave of what she possessd, 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 roscate 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. Arlsing 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 allurement rolled amid the earth, and wafted 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 wavered, until it sank extinguished 'neath its baneful breath, or was by pitying 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 despised, 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, cowered 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 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 hopeless-

"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

"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 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 sudknown him while yet a child; he remembered him reeling home one frosty winter's night, and somethe 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 an-

gel 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

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 reason ing 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 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-condem-

In palace halls the spirit saw the Christlike love

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. to progress," he murmurs; "what can I learn of From the hushed lips of the tiny practier 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 longdarkened spirit, the erring and the transgressorlearnt 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 learns' 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 spiritmother'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 lifelesson 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 clearly the misery and the sin entailed, Paul looked upon the boon companions with a shudder, and a roseate with youth's Illumining splendors, freightnew repentance thrilled through soul and brain. ed 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 unfa-

miliar, 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 whilem 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, mother not wholly extinguished by the clouding taking with him his only child. She had lost her mists of wrong. Go, erring spirit, approach, and do 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 den chord of thought vibrated, for Paul Vane stood | hold imaginary conversations with the departed, and close beside him, though he saw him not. He had behold her, beautiful and life-like in her dreams. A warm friendship had always existed between the enthusiastic Virginia, and the less demonstrative thing whispered, low and warningly: "Beware of but equally true hearted Lily. Both were levely 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 case; 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, name; of the lefty and laudable position awaiting 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 leveliness with himself upon a seat and wept the fruitful tears of opposing signs. The understanding eye knew well shame and repentance. Young, gifted and yielding, that the spirit of poesy, 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 arimson and beautifying tide; that firmness terial aid and spiritual blessings; of love and hope and unalterable truth dwelt on the finely-chiseled and encouragement; of joy and peace, of good will lips; that sweet bumility abode within; that the and bounty; for inexhaustible are the stores of Didependent and yearning heart lived upon love and vine beneficence, and over flow to earth fresh streams sympathy; and that the gentle, calm, undemonstratof inspiration, poesy, truth and joy. Fear not for tive nature was capable of sudden and great resolves, the future; it is peopled with compensations; of long-hoarded resentments, of unforgiving scorn; throughout its endiess realms the watchword, symonce becaved, or deceived, the darkness settled, and pathy, prevails." it was long, long ere the first gleam of light pierced through the gloom-long ere the crushed heart could tering spirits stood around, watching and strengthlive and trust anew.

vine arbor, their loving arms entwined, their hearts madly called on Death, the angel of the opening confiding to each other their first sweet, long guarded Life, for deliverance from the miseries, that were secret of love. They built fantastic dwelling places truly blessings in woe's disguise. Ye know, full for the future, and decked the ideal shrine with all well, what are the sufferings of the untried heart; the lavish and oriental heart-wealth of youth and how burns and wounds the fiery ordeal path beneath hope's bright dreams.

and conscious joy.

"Tell me his name!" she murmured, as she kissed

athwart the glorious scene, all objects became indiscrushed and faith forsaken spirit of her friend. tinct awhile; then towered, fearful, rugged and threatening before her. She could not speak, but the right for a leaning staff, she met Oscar Medway; hand clasped in Virginia's life-warm hold, grew toy and calmly she confronted him, mildly she rebuked cold. The unsuspecting girl continued:

charmed by his manner and appearance, I did not fond entreaty the place once occupied in Lily's heart; betray my feelings until, with love and entreaty, he he could not move the truth sworn soul of Virginia; him."

"His name—his name!" wildly exclaimed poor yielding girl.

"" Why, I have told you, darling; what is the mat ter? 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 aright."

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

Bhe had broken from her friend's encircling arms; fingers sought in vain to wrench from her neck the stood before her friend; and, to the soul of Virginia Lee, stole creepingly 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 breast, her struggling with life's deceptions and adchain had rested in her hand, and the looket 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 forgetful- of the surrounding care of angels, growing graduness of Heaven. There was inherent strength in ally into the light, the remorse that bowed him likethat pure soul, and it was cultivated by wise teachings; but the spirit of Lily Vane, broken, wild, re- a salutary sending from above; each trial and each bellious, 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 the illusive dream of life, to the fulfillment of its promise and deliverance; but the veiled eyes of the earliest prophecies—to the acknowledgment of its younger sufferer beheld them not; but Virginia Lee earnestness and use. haheld the unextinguished radiance of the star of home, the silver glistening of true friendship's beekoning orb, the steady brilliany of lesser lights than the false sun once so alluring; and she fainted not ravages of disease are plainly discerned on wasted by the thorny wayside of life; but even then, amid frame and pallid face, then throng around the sufthe sudden tempest's gloom, her soul sang musically clear, "Thy will be done!"

all faith and trust and hope in Lily's soul; and sweetened by the consoling and familiar voices, the while the wrang her hands in wildest grief, and in magnetic touch of loved hands, the beautifying prespresumptuous cries accused the overruling Divino ence of earth's best and nearest ones; near and dear Justice, the pitying, shuddering, suffering spirit of to heart and soul, strangers though they be to us. her father stood beside her, sharing the woe he could But for the long, long, weary days, when soul and not alleviate, feeling the misery he could not avert; heart are bowed by fierce, intolerable mental anrowing in tardy penitence for the wrongs inflicted on his child in the earth-life. Disciplined through hope's departure, who then can minister? Not her mighty grief, riven with the sight of her anguish, those of earth, for even our near and dearest ones the uses of the trial that was to bend in deep sub- know not that while they bask in sunshine, we, mission to a wiser power her undisciplined affections, walking by their very sides, feel but encircling 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 perceptionthe 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 wiser shall sustain the less developed; the pure shall lead the sinning to the light; the loving influ- studded heavens, with cold, indifferent glance, and ence, the ignorant and the relentless; the scraphtaught 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 gate of human defiance to angelic love and power. behold that none are cast out by the Father's hand. I know, by the thrilled joy and reverence of my better life was imperceptible, the approach of healspirit that beautiful and saving angels are ever ing scraphs was unheard; and yet they came, and near to man; that in the most degraded soul they led her forth to joy and freedom! see the slumbering aspirations of a diviner being; that on each human heart, however scared or frozen by the world's contumely and the retributive power promises; she reveled in the delights of wealth, and of sin, yet dwells, legible only to the loving spirit's its golden toys melted away, and the broken rem. eye, the signet stamp of God!

The teaching angels of the era, say: "Restrain the uplifted arm, strike not thy foe thy brother! tered fortunes, and ate the bitter bread of de-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 capa debarred its refining influences for years; her aspible. ws know. Refrain from utterance of the bitter word-it will arouse a serpent; substitute, there fore, the gentle tones of kindness, and flowers will right of speech, and scaled in reluctant silence. Opgreet thee fragrantly. Condemn not; for you, strong in vour possessions of faith and love, know not of tations from without and from the souls uprising the temptations of that weaker soul. Listen not to showered upon the defenceless girl, so feeble and unthe worldly counsel, the whisperings of worldly wis- fitted for the great struggle. dom, falsely so called; for wisdom is high and pure From the experiences so bitter of changing friendand ennobling, and will not withdraw the benevolent

You who have suffered, unknowing that minis. ening the battling soul, in your first great agony One stilly eve they sat together beneath the shady ye have discarded all help of earth or Heaven, and the feet; how frown the gloaming rocks; how cold The blushing face of Lily Vane was softly averted; and cheerless is the solitary night of sorrow; how the golden ringlets shaded the blues eyes' exultant turbulent are its waters; how bitter to the lip its brackish waves!

The story of unrequitted love has oft been told: her friend's hand, and stooping still lower awaited the tale of treachery has often been portrayed; and the song of woman's wrongs repeated. Virginia It came; bringing bewilderment, cold and dread, Lee lived through the trial, and emerged a nobler, to the heart erst palpitating with its innocent and wiser, truer being, from its shade. And to her fell rightful joy. As if a dark and heavy pall had fallen the duty of upholding, comforting and assisting the

Alone, with her pure heart for guide, her sense of him, and firmly she bade him farewell forever. Even "Yes, I met him a year ago, and though I was in that hour he could have regained by prayer and sued for the affection he said was all of earth to and from the dread and the hope of his presence she led with firm, strong hand, the pale and silently

> She knew not that a sad and darkened snirit 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 she had thrown aside the veiling ourls, and revealed on the hearth of home the lurid sin stains widened; the pallid face, with its agonized expression of utter as the comprehending spirit saw with clearer vision hopelessness and wildest despair. Her trembling all that his soul had wrought of guilt and misery, he felt in all its mightiness and power the retribugold chain clasped there; trembling, speechless, she tive sorrow and the deep remorse he had carned too surely. The lingering illness of Honora, the watch. ful, despairing tenderness of his child, the unforgive ing resolves nestling sternly in that daughter's versities; then glimpses of that true wife's spiritlife 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 wise uplifted; the sorrow that wounded deeply was pang a means of advancement, and every lesson gained a fund of divinest lore.

Thus years passed on, and Lily Vane awoke from

CHAPTER IV.

When the body is prostrated by illness, when the ferer the many willing friends, or mayhap only the sympathizing few. The days of pain are soothed by But the foam crested, whelming waves submerged kindest ministrations, and the nights of anguish

> quight in the wintry night of faith's colinge and gloom. They know not that the smile is forced, the merriment unnatural; that storm with all its wildest accompaniments dwells in the soul: that the heart is riven with a woe never yet imaged forth in earthly language; that the 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 sceming, the angels come in the dark, trial hours, and teach us of sublimer wisdom and a higher use. Through years of heartsolitude and untold suffering, through the night of scapticism 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 starheeded not the glory, woe and beauty, the shadows and the lights of teeming life around.

> It was a gradual process, the unlocking of the frozen heart; the unbarring of the seemingly strong The uplifting of the veil was slow, the nearing of a

> She trusted earthly friends and was deceived; and bitter tears were shed for broken faith and forgotten nants of its scattered magnificence lay at her feet: and in humiliation and grief she sighed for alpendence, and wore out her slender fingers in unaccustomed toil. She, the votary of the beautiful, was rations fettered by the strong hand of necessity; her lips quivering with soul-utterance, denied their pressions and heavy burdens, griefs and cares, temp-

ships, she gathered wisdom that led to the seeking of hand, and clog the willing feet. Give freely of ma- a higher standard—to the observance of a wiser

selfish world first taught her the needful lessons of independence. Pride unconsciously softened into ing eyes, unlifted hands and faltering voice the resweetest humility, defiance changed to submission, deemed one. 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 ourls 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, in moments of self-communion beholds the unclosing had left their impress. She knew not that youth and health and beauty, life and love and joy, could flow the streams of living inspiration that imbue all be renovated by angelic power.

And ever by her side, through those long, weary years, her spirit father lingered, and suffered, toiled men -with the great central heart of God!" and wept with her. Sometimes she saw him in her dreams; and as trial softened and experience subcreed that bound her of the faithlessness of socalled religious people, of the oppressions of earth, she turned with a mightly 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 practice of his teach. ings, 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 or ganizations 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 con tinuation, 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 aparted 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 beart 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 one earnest, truth-sworn soul extends. The hungry multitude is fed, the surrounding unscen legions strengthened, and the higher spirit realms refaithful 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, and scattered wide and far over the soil of f 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 ungentle 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, untrammeled by one 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 spiritfriends, she took her place beside the great and the intellectual, the enthrough in moral power, the crowned by earthly martyrdom and soul-dedication. Side by side she labors with her truest friend, and her path is cheered by the approving voices, the en-

couragement 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 tive improbability of imposture in this wast wonder continumatured 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 prove his cridence of strength, when, a week afterwards, he

choice. Still in the far distance beckened, unchanged diamond spray afar, and crystal streams gushed and beautiful, the radiant image of her soul's first amid lily-beds and enameled plains with freedom's vow; she would seek its embodiment with a clearer song. From the spiritual earth and sky resounded vision and a wiser hand. Upon the wrecks of scat- the redemption hymn, and to the listoning spirit's tered wealth, the unseen hand erected the foundar car was wafted the far-off song of unseen angels, tions of a worthy self reliance; and the cold, hard, singing sweet and selemnly, "Our God is Love !"

"Lucy, surely this is Heaven!" oried, with stream-

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, we and those of earth obtain but transient glimpses. She, our child, toiling and laboring on the earth's sphere, portals of those realms divine; and from thence with soul her utterances to the crowd. All, all are ligined in heart-links, and all are linked-angels and

An electric touch upon her upturned brow, and the soul of Lily beheld the spirit of the redeemed dued her unforgiving heart, she thought that he had father united to the loving wife. She heard his lived to behold her sufferings; he, perhaps, of all on prayerful blessing, and her mother's voice of sweetest earth, would have proved true and loving. As these music; then she returned to the outer world, its better thoughts awoke to life, she beheld in dreams duties and its compensations, and with an earnest her angel-mother, smiling, radiant, transcendently faith, with voice and soul inspired, she tells the mulbeautiful; and as her soul sickened of the narrow titude 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 Hull, 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 expedence of man has hitherto brought us: and he also wished its discussion, from the fearful results which must follow from a falsehood, if it has 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 New ton was denounced, and satirized as a carcless observer, a hasty, shallow, superficial man. How can those hope to escape such consure who have to deal with the things of a

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 Abelitionism, and begins 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 mesmeric 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 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 Cambridg 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-foremost; and the third class see them up-side-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 loice in the might and power and glory of that one 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 adamantine 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 gave to the world the inspirations of another sphere, thunder-storm. In Spiritualism we have, for its material 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 entecedent 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 wolch 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 few scientific observations in one of the Azores. Among other facts, he ascertained that a species of seg-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, was totally 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 unsatantine 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 observors than I am, and brings with it these simple facts upon which it is primarily founded. If they have seen 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 vere 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 vet 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 phonomona have ever before been exposed to, how strange the negaing 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 exerimonts and the mediums against whom the more cautious and intelligent believers had protested from the beginning; 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 variable ness 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 mere excitement of that hour took all that strongth away from him, and all magnificence of muscle sank into the weakness of a fainting child. Did it, therefore, dis-

stood before us and lifted nine hundred pounds with his arms? Nobody ever denied that the manifestations might be mitated 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 all science, hitherto, is powerless to explain. Professor Agassiz told me, sald 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 simpleat 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 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 imrobalility that a system of deception so vast as this, carried on by tens of thousands of the young, ignorant, inexperienced, inexpert, 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 scems to me that any man, of whatever scientific reputaion-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 mesmeric and odylic forces fall to the ground—they explain nothng. Maelzel's automaton birds would fly, his men would play on trumpets, and the conflagration of Moscow would burn tael way, and we all said. What wonders of machinery are these ! But when he came with his automaton chess-player, every intelligent mind drow a line there,—This is something different. Machinery could take the first move, but the accumula. ted machinery of the world was powerless to enable that phess-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 meameric or odylic power in the conscious, intellicent 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 o 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 mesmeric and edylic 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 dectrine of Spiritual intercourse. Whatever other theories may be mingled with t, 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 acquiesence in the theory of the Spiritualists, except the third position—that of Satanic agency. It is difficult, in the presnce 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 existonce 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 orment 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-worshipers whom Layard met in the distant East were pious, humble religionists, compared with a blasphemer such as that No! God has set 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 pross 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 realizaion 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 ettled 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 an I other hore sold the lecture ify 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 vot 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 ntercourse 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 infirmitiv 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 prother mathematician through his Irish domestic, and it will probably be unintelligible when & reaches its destination. Bend 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 clothed 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 relgned 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 ne 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 love of existence from it, as he himself had-when he knew its influence on those who where 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 nesmeric or odylic power is to disregard the fact, constantly repeated of intelligent intercourse with some intelligence outside of ourselves, and to disbelieve in the benignant origin and the high purpose of this boon from God, is blasthemy against God, in believing that he has not more power n 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 iniversality, not a belief that the whole, or even the vast najority, 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 act unquestionable and clear, establishes the point forever. All class is more matter of time and development; and the rork for us to do is to bring to bear our powers, as simple and casonable persons, if we have any, to use our common sense 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 t 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 con-

formity with its high demands.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE LITTLE ONE THAT DIED. BY COURTN BRHJA.

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

On a couch of snowy whiteness, Bick 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 in silent whisperings tolls us Of her spirit-home above, Where she, with hely angels, Dwells in purity and love.

When temptations round me gather. Oft 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, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE HUMAN HEAVEN.-No. 5.

BY GEORGH STEARNS.

According to the definition with which I have introduced these papers, there is a special Heaven for every conscious being in the Universe. Ecclesiastical teach. ers 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

"Sccure 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. Where-

He irreligiously repines
For what he plously resigns,
As still religiously he whines— "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 sensuous life. "Seek . first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness," "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 propitions 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 carnest 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, they never apprehend their real exposure. Blinder 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 wiser 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, vif, 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 we 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 dunctions, 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 imbedied into a conventional system of faith, and re-

ceived as Revelation, alias tradition-many mysterious be observed by the most expert oculist, cannot judge adversary, and the everlasting perdition of half manwars against Reverence, Conscience deems Self-love a with redoubtable doubts. The religion of Christendom has dwarfed the noblest faculties of its devotees; and 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 prove that the law governing the arrangement of parti- vestigation, do occur. We do not know but what all cles during crystalization, attraction, repulsion, and, indeed, under all known circumstances, was resident in the particle itself, and exercises infinite control not gesting 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 con dition. It is claimed that every proximate in nature is an instance of these new functions: thus wheat con tains nothing that cannot be found in a primary condition in rocks and in the atmosphere; and still it posesses functions which no mechanical or chemical com oone, etc., none of which will occur as a result from feeding the primaries formed by analysis of wheat, to analogous to our ordinary abilities. 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 the necessity of more prolix description. proximate forms, and thus giving birth to all the new 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 ecrete and render inert many times their volume of other gases? Can either carry the inorganic constitu ents 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. Wa ter 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 those primaries of which they are formed, commencing tion by "taking issues" with science, and "assuming" 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 dews and rains thus laden. carrying the gases back again into organic life for reappropriation. 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 derees of heat. In cooling from forty down to the freezng 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 vanor. 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 of chemistry gives the following numbers as the probulk at forty degrees? or do they lessen in bulk as you nortions in which the elementary bodies under consid 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 tion. 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 dia er new function-brilliancy. The refractive force of rays, by bending them, from entering deeply the surwater there becoming heated. The number of new functions exhibited by water, not belonging to its primaries, can scarcely be enumerated, and probably milbeing inadequate to their observation or proper consid-

eration. Nor is this property peculiar to water alone. Every primary in nature, and every proximate condition of hose 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 exalle 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 preconceive. We do not know at this time whether the conceive. We do not know at this time whether the on astronomy, which come body published in the papers senses of all men have materially improved in their a few years since, to the effect that the earth was the 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

and abourd dogmas, to which the common mind assents of color at all; while some blind men, from the loss of with marvel, reluctance and the suasion of awe. The sight, seem to have improved in the sense of feeling, tenots of total depravity, the wrath of God, the will until they can judge of colors accurately by the touch; some have the sense of smell more accurately than kind, are themes which shock the moral sense and others; some are thrown into fevers by the smell of a pain the better instincts of human nature. Thus the rose, or, indeed, by being near a rose, when they do harmony of mental impulses is broken, Benevolence not smell it; the rose fever is a disease too well known to be doubted. The taste of some men is more accureprobate, and Reason, if not nonplused, is tormented rate 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 indithough much employed to lift poor souls to Heaven, it viduals 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 received from Phænix, by which it was attempted to exercise of these senses, not subject to intellectual inmankind have improved in the accuracy of the senses. and we know that many functions, such as clairvoyance, which we cannot with our present knowledge only over each particle, but over all the relations of attribute to the exercise of the known five senses at that particle with every other in the universe, and sug- all, do exist. The psycometric 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 fox hound odors are a reality greater than all the signboards to our sense of sight. Who can analyze the function by which the carrion 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 bination of these primaries can at all exhibit. Thus it matter in all conditions is exercised by the will-force. can be assimilated by human organism, forming distant from each—they have no observable connection new proximates under the name of muscle, blood, with, it and merely to be understood by admitting inferences far more difficult to comprehend, but less

> All these are collated from the descriptions of Phoenix of various communications received at different times, and arranged in consecutive form to prevent

In the next number of this series we shall describe unctions belonging to those forms, all the way up from certain processes in nature, which seem to be new their condition in the rock, to the condition in which functions of organism, not consequent upon the we find them in the wheat; and in being assimilated by primaries or lower proximates of which they are composed, such as endosmose and exosmose, &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.

MESSES. EDITORS-In your paper of this week, a writer, over the signature, "Philadelphia," asks. What is Carbon?" and proceeds to answer the questhat carbon is a ternary compound, including the three elementary substances, Hydrogen, Oxygen and Nitro-

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 substances vary from the proportions of other elementary substances, with an occasional exception. All compound substances uniting with other sub-

stances, do so in proportions which are the sum of the several proportions of their elements. On this peculiar property of matter is based the ref-

utation of the assumption that carbon is a compound of three substances.

A table of chemical equivalents, based on this law eration unite with each other, or with other bodies. Hydrogen being taken as the unit, we have-

Hydrogen = 1Carbon = 6 Oxygen == 8

Nitrogen = 14 Now, if it were possible to unite, chemically, in one body, one atom each of hydrogen, oxygen and nitroto a soil, is a new function of water by the combination, we should have a substance whose atom's weight, tion of oxygen and hydrogen, and not common to or chemical equivalent, is 23—the sum of the several either of them. Its power to carry more oxygen to the chemical equivalents of the elements entering into surface of primaries requiring exidation without its said compound; and whatever compounds might therechemically combining with this oxygen, is a new func- after 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 mond to so extraordinary a degree as to produce anoth- carbon is not a compound of hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen; nor is it possible that it ever could be, for water itself is a new function, preventing the sun's chemistry has positively shown that no substance, when once reduced to the condition of an element, can face of the ocean, and thus preventing the mass of have its relations reduced to a lower point, nor its atomic value changed.

"Philadelphia" labors under the erroncous impression that vital chemistry operates on chemical elements lions of them are yet unknown to man, his five senses to change them to other bodies. This is clearly incorrect: for nothing has occurred vet 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 supposi-

> 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 fea-ture 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 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! JAMES LEWIS.

Yours, Mohawk, N. Y., June 24th, 1859.

Bunner of Light.

BATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

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

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TS Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.

ADDRESS, "BANNER OF LIGHT," BOSTON, MASS.

. Berry, Colby & Co.

OREEDS AND OREED-MAKERS.

If those who dare not trust their faith outside the high paling of a close 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 brow sleeps 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

Not long ago we fell in with an article 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 theologies and creeds of New England. As the matter is so ably and carefully stated, and as the liberality of the day 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 world has suffered more from religious platforms of belief, than from all the horrors of pestilence and fam- other divine mystery. ine, ten times over. But however much of arrogance, presumption and pride we find in the ancient creeds. there is nothing that can compare with an old-fushioned 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 to stop the growth of such a mind. It is to the mind creed. Those latter are all very brief, and to a few cardinal points—the existence of God, the birth, death 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 modthings 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 descend claim to be perfectly familiar with all the mysteries of heaven and earth. There is apparently nothing hidden fold with the first. from them. While all the wisest and best of mankind are compelled to admit that they cannot account for vulsion of the human mind to these old iron creeds. even the least of the operations of nature—why earth, sun and water should cause a blade of grass to grow; in Massachusetts by our pilgrim fathers within the first why the body obeys the will: why living things spring century, not one in ten remained in the hands of the from inert matter—the manufacturers of the ten thous sect that originally founded them, at the end of the and of different New England creeds, with the most second century. The old creed was impregnable, but surprising recklessness, without the least expression not so its authors and adherents. Its followers dropof doubt or misgiving, pronounced authoritatively on | ped into the grave, and but few of the second and all the doctrines of the Bible, and on all the mysteries of the universe. And then, too, in ancient times the old church dwindled to a handful, were outvoted and adoption of a creed was an event of solemn moment, forced to give up the old edifice, and find lodgment in the work of kings and princes, and prelates and the a smaller one near by. The history of those old churchwhole church assembled again and again in council, 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 grace, or else meet the fate that clearly awaits everythe 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 of 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 The very statements contained in the above are solid

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 unendurable; and a secession ensues. The authors of the old creed are no more despotic than His Holiness, the Pope, for they simply serve the seceders from their church as His Holiness 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, worshiping 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; twentyfour grog-shops, twelve weak and discordant religious societies, and eight light, gossamer-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

The most damaging things in all New England have been those interminable, irreverent 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, been 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 of the metaphysics of heaven, the history of religious all the ethics of parental and filial piety. The last creeds affords us one of the most sad and humiliating would be no more absurd than is the first. Where is lessons in the record of our race. Since the date of the sane man now living who would not have just as the Apostles' creed. (falsely so-called) the shortest and much respect for the opinion of the babe in its mother's best of all the creeds that have come down to us, the arms, on moral philosophy, as that of the Pope and all his Nuncios on the Immaculate Conception, or any

Of all things here below, the most sublime is the immortal mind. It is the only thing that is clearly above they are as nothing in comparison with those that are and beyond all earthly things. While all our other camodern. For unparalleled rashness and presumption, pacities 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 and only work of the religious creed what an iron shoe is to the foot, or a casement of mail would be to the child's head. The sectarian-the idoland resurrection of Christ, the resurrection of the ator-of a certain creed, seizes upon his victim when body, the forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting; 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 esty, and rather tacitly admitted that there were some the articles of belief statedly 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 file off in any direcants. The authors of our New England creeds seem to tion, rather than come under such thraidom. And the second generation now seldom do continue in the same

We have before us many notable instances of the re-We have it in the fact that of all the churches founded third generation were willing to put on the yoke. The es, and the total religious insolvency at the end of the and after diligent and careful study. But here, and 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 thing 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. 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 it 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 Bulletin thinks the entire exhibition at his lectures was 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 dogstealers 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 statement 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 beast 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 heir-loom, and was worth more than any yer fancy breeds for gineral 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 Canino family, whose dispositions are extremely ferocious, and whose appearance is of the most unprepossessing character. Yet, worthless as these curs are, their owner has re-cently evinced his desire for their continued existence by depositing with the city clerk the sum of \$30 (six hundred loaves 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 \$928, and 300 deaths have taken place—all since the 26th of May—while is 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 strongholdsthe fortified cities of Verona, Mantua, Peschiera and Legnano -which, with the line of the Mincio on the west, comprise the boundaries of the famous strategie scuare. At last se counts they had abandoned their temporary position on the Oglio, and were falling back rapidly to the stronger one be hind the Mincio. Louis Napoleon meantime was concentrat ing his army for a deci-ive 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 bohind the Minclo, 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 Minclo, 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 for mation of the new Cabinet, which comprises Lord John Rus sell as Foreign Secretary, together with Colsien. Gladstone Milner Gibson, and Lords Eigin 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 move ment. 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 Dally 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 Case, Daniel Webster and Daniel S. Dickinson put 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, fultered. The threats of Government had no torror for him. He has stood by the genuine Democratic principle from beginning to ond, and it is idle to charge such a man with demagoguism, or solfishness, or political trickery. The only way by which the Slavery question can be solved he has evidently had the sagacity to forsee; 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 it 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 Sniritualism, 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, Malue, for \$1,50 a year, in advance.

New Testament Manuscript.

Tischendorf, of Germany, has discovered in an Egyptian Convent a manuscript on parchment, of the New Testament entire. It consists of three hundred and forty-six pages, one half of a gazelle skin to each page, generally well preserved. This MB, it is believed, goes back to the fourth century-s century earlier than the most ancient specimens of sacred writ that new 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.

will account for its isolation from the proper department.

I do n'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 very hard for any mertal 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.

and says, it spirituans with title, it would be 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 so 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 crysipelas. It is located at this time upon the upper lebe of the lungs, and should it extend through the lungs entire, the patient would die; 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.

school will do what I will here tell him to do, I will engage to restore his patient to health.

He shall lay a pleget of linen, wet in warm water, across the lungs, and shall lay his left hand across the cloth for fifteen 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 next week. The disease shall not gain a particle to the time this is published. I know just how 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 measure. And I will see that he gets it to read. how long I can now the discount two hours after no road must try the prescription within two hours after no road this message. And I will see that he gets it to read.

SAMUEL TROUTSON.

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 belis in loy, 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," sho says, "cannot break my household."

J. Bovee Dods.

This gentleman has recently been lecturing in San Franelsco on Mesmerism. The editor of the Dally Evening "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. Sunderland is the same, by relating the confession of Frank A. Ball, Mr. Sunderland's mesmeric 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 urges reform from a life of sin to a life of holiness. It thinks that the Atlantic Monthly is "unblushingly 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 lending a helping hand 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 pullosophy, 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 26th, condensed for us by an expert phonographer. 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 isual 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 lisarrangement of our usual system.

Are held at our office every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursay, 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 exected to romain until dismissed.

Book Notice.

Messrs. Sheppard, Clark & Brown have sent us "The Pirate." by Sir Walter Scott-price 25 conts. 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-six volumes for \$5.

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," 'e "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 Dodworth'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 Parmer for Two Dollars. per annum. The Working Farmen 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. tf

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The Annual Convocation of the Universalists of Maine were n session in Banger, Me., three days last week. The meetings were more numerously attended than on any former oceasion, and a new zeal seemed to animate the denomination although it was declared by one Pastor that he believed the days for denominations were drawing to a close, and that the time was not far distant when we should hear no more of Orthoday Mathadist Presbytorian or Universalist; but that upon their ruins a Christian church would be established m's broad and liberal platform, in the unity of the faith once delivered to the Saints.

EDBON'S PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING CARPET SWEEPER .-- H. 3. 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 bettem, 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 proom-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 connubial oneness would not be shaking asunder so often. Four hundred and ten million bushels of grain are annually

converted into malt in Great Britain. Rour hundred million newspaper sheets are struck off annually for the people in the United States to read, says the

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 wis dom, and may pass on the unwary for the product of Brussels or Valenciannes: 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

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

The bayonets of the French Zouaves are a third longer than the American, and in shape similar to a bowie knife; consequently, when used, they produce a ghastly wound. PHONAUTOGRAPHY .- One of the latest inventions 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 those 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 sixcared 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 omerging from its pecuniary difficulties, and becoming a favorité 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 splended 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 s now confidently believed that the company will be able to give the stockholders a dividend in a very short time.

The Spiritualists of Belfast Mo., 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

"THE THEATRY OF WAR."-They are doing such a tremen does 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. sloop-of-war Constellation, the flagship of the African squadron, now anchored off Union wharf, is ready, and awaiting orders from the Department to proceed

The U. S. frigate Savannah arrived below this port, 1st inst., 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.

NOT BAD .- The following story, from the New York Eve ning 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 was or readily done by one not half his size; when he braced himself up pompously and said, "I should think he 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 Bonnor, of the New York Ledger, it is said, has ponght 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 holden in Chicago on the 12th of September next.

THE STATE MILITARY ENCAMPMENT AT CONCORD.-The Selectmen 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 pur pose, on which a line of 3400 feet is obtained.

If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd? The Eastport Sentinel shows good taste in its select and tations from Henry Ward Beecher, and its conscientions scruples do not forbid its giving credit to the BANNER or

An Irishman advertised an estate-"To let forever, and onger if desired."

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

Nor 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 starlight now overhead," said the cockney. "Oh i es, 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 principle items are, Prof. Agassiz's museum \$120,-000, Tult's college \$25,000, and Antioch college \$20,000.

LINES TOUCHING THE LINE.

A Yankee of gentus, by no means a labber,
Invented some ships built of stout India rubber,
Which would walk in half no time all over creation;
So, thinking he'd found out a boon for his nation,
To Congress he offered his Macintosh fleet,
Which he guessed would all other craft very soon beat; But Congress his vessels thought fit to decline Lest in sailing across he should rub out the line! -Hartford Times.

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

"THE HEADERIAN."-This monthly for June has been re ceived, and is fully deserving of the reflutation 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 STRANGE FOUNDATION.—The New York Examiner, a paper strictly "orthodex," clear to the hub, snys:

"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
fold."

then it does not reveal an eternal neaven, nor an eternal God."

Be 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?—

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 awned.'

PLUMER'S CASE.-Messrs. Butler and Bearle, 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 the death of the material body emandinates us from the laws which govern only in the material kingdom—consequently we can know, to a certain extent, the freedom of the disembedled spirit. Death to any department emancipates from the laws and conditions thereof: but life in any department of existence holds us subject to the laws and conditions of such department.—Tiffany'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-Devils' Dens, instead. Refreshment! What a perversion of the English language! If the city authorities should place a tub of Ice-water at each coner of the streets. bar-rooms would lose customers and the city save money.

Kossurn don't amount to much-at least his opinions don't. In 1851 he called Louis Napoleon a "humbug," and the coup d'etat a "sacriligious aim at the very life of republicanism." In 1859 he calls Louis Napoleon "the saviour of oppressed nationalities."

Our printer's "dovil" thought the weather was "infernal" hot on Wednesday, June 20th. He said it tryed him badly. Theologians should read the Spirit Message on our sixth age, headed "Christ's Mission."

> Flowers image forth the boundless love, God bears his children all,
> Which over droppeth from above
> Upon the great and small:
> Each blossom that adorns our path, So joyful and so fair,
> Is but a drop of love divine,
> That fell and flourished there.

The society of virtuous females is the best guard to pre erve 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 Gossip" bogus? It slightly savor

f "home manufacture." Strange as it may seem, the Pulaski Democrat desires as attorney-at-law to locate in that place. There are plenty in

this section we can readily spare.

Brad had a gardener who was very slow. "Thomas," said ne, "did you ever see a small?" "Certainly." "Then, rejoined the wit, "you must have met him, for you could

OBITUARY.

OBITUARY.

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

D. C. Gates.

[Printers in Vermont are requested to copy.]

NOTICE.

TO GROUDE E. LOCKWOOD—You are wanted at the Annual Jubileo Meeting to be held at Newton Falls, on the Saturday and Sunday preceding the 4th of July.

H. BARNAM,
J. G. CALBERDER. Newton Falls, Ohis, May 30th, 1859. URI N. MERWIN.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

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

MRETINGS IN CRELEGA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Guild Hall, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddand, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular on the Sabbath, torenoon and afternoon, at Law

PLYHOUTH.-The Spiritualists of this town hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon a Hall, commencing at 2 and 7 o'clock.

Lowert.-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 20th street and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning. Preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones. Atternoon: Conference or Lecture, Evening: Circles for trance-speakers. There are at all times several present.

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Massachusetts—Chanles H. Crowell, Cambridgeport; R. K. Trott, Weymouth; H. G. Allen, Bridgowater; Geo. H. Metoale, South Dedham; N. S. Greenleaf, trance-speaker Haverhill; John H. Currier, B. Jackson street, Lawrence.

Maine—Mr. Amos Drake, Union; H. A. M. Braddury, Norway; Dr. N. P. Bean, Searsmont; Wh. K. Ripley, Paris, for that part of the country; Hamilton Martin, Healing Medium of South Livermore; J. N. Hoddes, Trance-Speaking and Healing Medium, of Monroe.

New Hampshire—A. Lindsay, M. D., Laconia.

Vermont—H. W. Ballard, Burlington; N. H. Churchill, Brandon; Samuel Brittain, for the Northern part of the State; Robert Putham, Chester.

Connecticut—H. B. Storer, Trance-Speaker, New Haven; H. H. Hastings, New Haven; WM. Keith, Tolland; Calvin Hall, Healing Medium,
New York—George W. Taylor, North Collins; S. B. Benham, Dundee; Orans Barnes, Clay; E. Quimpy, White Plains; Addening Addening and Charles and Cha

Pennsylvania—WM. R. Joeblyn, Trance-Medium and Im-provientore, Philadelphia; H. M. Millen, Easton, Louisiana—J. C. Godwin, South Bend PostOffice, Concordia

Parish.
Michigan—Joel Handy, Adrian; J. L. Hackstaff, White
Pigeon; W. H. Gage.
Minnesota—C. H. Rookers, St. Anthony; Marshfield GftonEll, Minnespolis.
Ohio—Uni N. Menwin, Newton Falls.

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CONSIDERING the enormous number of young M. D.'s that our medical colleges turn out every year, we certainly ought. (If there be any virtue in "regular physicing,") to be a much healthler people than we are. But the bills of meriality do not shorten as the list of doctors lengthens. Quite the roverse! Shall we say then, with Macboth, "Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll none of It?" No, that will not do. Nature, when attacked by disease, needs an ally to sustain her. An ally, remember; not a depleting agent, that helps the disease and exhausts her energies. We verily believe that most of the drugs administered in acute diseases have this effect. Buch, however, is not the operation of one medicine now generally used in this country, for complaints of the stomach, liver and howels. We mean Holloway's Pills. Of course, our readers are aware that both Olinment and Pills which bear the name of that distinguished physician and philanthropist, are in the highest possible repute all over the world; but we have only had an opportunity to witness the effect of the pills. It gives us pleasure to testify to their efficacy. In dyspepsia and liver complaints they unquestionably work the most marvelous cures. Nay, we will even go so far as to say that with this remedy within their reach, no man or woman need ever be long troubled with dyspepsiz. The pills remove the distress at the stomach, and restore the strength and appetite with a rapidity that is really astonishing. The curative action seems to be the same in all cases, without reference to age, constitution, or sex. Buch, at least, is the conclusion to which our experience and observation point.—N. Y. Advocate.

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A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

The Messenger.

Each stitle in this department of the Hanner, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it hears, through Mrs. It. Corant, Tranco Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

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

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

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held 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.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

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

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

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

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

June 23-Tom Smith, Portland; Charles Thayor, Boston; Levi Crowell, (suicide); Betsey Wheelock, Johnston, Vt.; John Williams, (drowned); "Was Christ human or divine?"

June 24-Lucy Monroe, Cross street, Boston; David Willey, Newport, R. I.; Janues Loveloy Morse, Boston; Lewis Winslow, Mobile, Ala.

Newport, R. I.: James Lovejoy Morse, Boston; Lewis Winslow, Mobile, Ala.

June 25—Wm. Allen, Boston; Wm. Hewins, Sharon, Mass.;

Fisher Hewins, Dedham, Mass.; Mary Elizabeth Fisher,

Dedham, (to Mrs. B., Philadelphia); Eliza Bloknor, Dedham,

June 28—James Lewis Thompson, Frazer's River; Abraham

Lynde, Boston; Lorenzo Dow; Sarah Franklin Bache; Edward Howard, New York.

Jacob Sanborn.

JACOD SANDOFM.

Voan 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 been dead three years, and I am just as unhappy as any one need to be; and I was a believer further religion of Jeaus 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. I expect, if there is a heaven, it is a locality, and that God is to be found there.

state, and I call upon the Lord Jesus Christ to answer me. I expect, if there is a heaven, it 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 solvation came immediately after death. This is worse than hell—worse than a lake of ifre 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 here 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 myself!

I wish to believe you, and I must, in part, for 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 wouldn't commune with them while I am in this condition for all the happiness! expect to gain. I do not know where I am to be the next hour; I do not know whether the Bible is true or false. There is no light for me here. I look everywhere about me, and it is all darkness; this is the brightest spot I have yet scon.

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 wouldn't have hor 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 to to be true. There is no belief about it—it is 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

Tom Wilton.

That old fogy is walking over unknown ground, is n't he? Woll, I guess I'm about as well off as he is. We had the trouble of walking up to his religion on earth, all-now he is n't any better oil than I am.

I suppose, if I've been told right, I'm in Boston. Now how am I to get a communication to my friends who are not here?

m I to get a communication to my friends who are not here i I have been here a little longer than the old gentleman has

who spoke last.
Did you over hear of Tom Wilton? Then you don't know Did you over hear of Tom Wilton? Then you don't know me, do you? All right. Well, I was twouty-three years old; I was born in the city of Boston, Mass., and I died in Mobile. If I do not mistake, it is now 1899. Then that proves I have been dead elight 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 vemited 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 nearer it then than I thought. Well, I told him I was not affald to go-mand I went.

was nearor it then than I thought. Well, I told him I was not arraid to go—and I went.

I have a brother in Sacramonto City. I have a father in spirit-life, and mother, too. I have a half-sister, or my brother's witdow, on earth. I was a spar-maker by trade, but did n't like it very well. I undertook to work once for a Mr. Odiorne, in East Boston.

My occupation? Well, I was an agent for an enterprise. There was some soft-soap 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 came round here to-day to say a word to my brother, and

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

quaintance of friends as of relatives.

About a couple of months before I died, I was talking to a friend of mine about Spiritualism. We made a bargain like this—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 we didn't wish to use our own names in, a reaches others, and mine was Cato. This served me till so we chose others, and mine was Cato. This served me til 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 stepned He is now holding the office I held. I stepped

mistaken. He is account, and he stepped in.

well, sir, I think I'll say good day. If you ever run afoul
Well, sir, I think I'll say good day. If you ever run afoul Well, sir, I think, I is say good as a friend of mine; he' of Lew, just introduce yourself as a friend of mine; he' take you in, and do for you in good shape. Good day,
April 28.

Ebenezer Francis.

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 whose word is not to be doubted, tell me you 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 thoughtail men were free agents; but I find certain classes here in spirit-life controlling men on earth. I see it, I know hi; and I see and know what class of influences controlled me, and I would to God I had seen what influences controlled me, and I would to God I had seen what influences 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 huppiness. I am sure I never could have been happy with the yokes that were about me on earth. People could not pass me without envying me, and yet I was unhappy. I seemed to be pushed along and I couldn't avoid myself. I would to God'l could have seen the influences that governed me, and they were not of a very high order either. But they governed me by and through my own natural condition, just 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 will pass to from earth are far more pleasant than mino. This is all right. A wise God placed me here, and I am not going to murnur 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 into more thoroughly than any other. He came to me a fow months b

before I died, and desired me to lend my aid in a certa charitable way. I told him I could not, and explained 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 did not 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 idel of self, and the same God who bids all men come to him, has been punishing 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 have been requested to come here to-day, and I wish to say that those who gain, must beware that they gain only what they have a perfect right to gain. Had I my former health, I would give the whole, could I retract my carchly career. I am now suffering from it, and it is right I should. I would not abate one tithe 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

upon me I could not control, which worked by and through

upon me I could not control, which when the friend 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 communed before. I am going now, young man.

Enemezen Francis.

April 28.

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 1859—this very April. I lived in Fountain Place, Oh, I can't talk, I am so weak; but, oh, tell them I can come—do—do—do—l I have been dead most a week. I'll tell you all about it when I can talk. Good-by. April 28.

Samuel Jacobs.

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

I should like to commune with some friends in Waterville, State of Maine. Is there any objection? My name was Samuel Jacobs, and I am auxious 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 them so? u write them so?

you write them so?

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 mo, and are willing I should give their names, I will; but
not till then. Good-by.

April 20.

David Hathaway.

David Hathaway.

Well, I declared 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 sublunary 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 Providence, to the seem of t

and do n't think I should have lived him so long, if I had doctored much.

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

I am sorry to say that my son sells liquors. I do n'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 n't see as he has made any effort that way yet. He used to tell me he saw no way to get out of it; but I see a way now, and I will point it out to him, if he will come where I can steak with him.

him.

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

the trees; and I don't think I am any worse off for it.

I never did enjoy very good health; m; 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 want to tell him a way to get a living 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 don't know but all of you are in favor of hard drinking; but if you are, I don't care—I'll stand alone. I always did so on earth, and if people didn't like it, they could stop their ears.

I died pretty happy—was n't very strongly attached to

their ears.

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

If my boy will be willing to hear me, I'll put him on a better track; so he 'll sleep well, and get up feeling well in the morning.

better track; so he is seep well, and get up feeling well in the morning.

He's a pretty good boy, but he don't seem to push ahead to get out of the business he is in, so I'll help him. He was on Sea street when I went away. Maybe he has moved away. I can go to him and see him; but I can 't see 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 see him, I could hardly do it; but after awhile I improved in my vision of earthly things, and now I can do as I tell 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 seen 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 n't have spoken here to-day, for I can't write—never learnt to on earth.

earth.

I heard of this place a good while before I could get here.

I heard of this place a good while before I could get here, for there is a great swell this way. You do n't let folks take the medium away, do you? Now if you did, I could go to my son, and could talk to him as I talk to you. I did n'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. Woll, suppose I must leave, then. If I come again, can I talk? Well, good-by to all of you.

Josephine Readdy.

I don't know what to say. My name is Josephine Ready.
I don't know how to spell it—maybo I'll get somebody to
tall you. I was ten years old; I lived on Lucus street, in
Boston. Mother lives there, or she did when I died. Everybody is coming here; I wanted to come. I died of fover. My
mother's name is Mary. I have three brothers and sisters—
Mary, Jimmy and Patrick. I use to go to Franklin Street
Church; I don't go annywhere now. Father is here with me.
His name is Patrick Readdy; 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
brought her. I said a lady gave it to me. It was too large
for me, and mether took it in. I took it out of a lady's house;
I went there after cold victuals, and I took it and put it
under my shawl, and then I went away before the lady came
back. I want mether to take it back, again. I stole it about
a month before I took sick and died; I died last winter. I
didn't have no stockings or shoes; it was cold.

Moher 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 prayed out too. I ve hoon there over

stayed nome sometimes wasning, when a count got sining or make a fire to boil the clothes.

"Tell mother I'm prayed out, too. I've been there ever since, but I'm out now; it's a place where folks live—Irish, and Yankees, and all; I spose the Yankees get prayed outhey get out. I don't confess at all—there alut no praist,

or no churches. Bather wants mother to know he died three years ago. He Bather wants mother to know he died three years ago. He went off and left mother, and that's the rasen he never come back. Sometimes he used to get drunk, and went off, and mother used to scold about it. He helps me be here; new I wants to go. He wants me to tell more about the cape Where I stole the cape was up on Hurrison Avenue. Mother knows where the house is, 'cause she's been there washing. I want her to take the cape back, 'cause I don't feel good about it.

I don't want to stay here, sir. April 29.

Christ's Mission.

A question stands near us in our list and demands an answer this afternoon. The question is this: "What was Dhrist's mission to earth?" The Bible tells us that Christ came not to call the righteous,

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

We must tell our brother 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.

Christ's mission to earth was to institute a new religion; he came to sweep away the darkness that enshrouded the people, and to give them a new light; and, how well that light has shone, we need not come to tell. He came to raise the fallen, to teach mankind that they were all sons and daughters of God—to open to them a plain highway to heaven.

Few understood him, while the multitude eschewed his sayings, and at last crucified him. Christ did not come teaching in the synagogues, exhorting in the high places of earth, but we find him teaching the people in Nature's own temple, taking up his abode among the lowly, administering to the sick, dealing kindly with all. Provious to his advent, the lower class of people were very depraved. They could not recognize and believe the religion of their fathers; and as they could not stand upon that foundation, they had none to stand upon. They had no hope—no guide to point them the way to heaven. Yet they were free in thought, and ready to receive the new light as given through Jesus. From the lowest state they were fitted to receive him—all ready to be benefitted by his words—by his nots.

Provious to the birth of Christ, a company of high intelligences, apart from earth and in the spirit-life, conceived of a plan whereby they might benefit earth and earth's children, especially that portion of the down-trodden multitude. Few understood him, while the multitude eschewed his

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 by theoroughly negative and open to receive truth—one who would live in the flesh and yet dwell with the spirit—one who would be a benefit to earth's downtrodden children.

It that news two effects were brought together, and by

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 overy sense of the word, a Savieur. He shall come, said one before him, "to save the people from their sins," to open 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 do to-day.

tions do to-day.

Your Bible tells you that he was found conversing with the Your Bible 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 hine 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, wondered whether he was human or divine. From that time his course was marked out among publicans and sinners, and wherever he went the sinner was sure to forget his sins, the benighted one to see true light; and they who had longed for light from heaven were satisfied.

After he had attained a certained eminence with the people, we find the chief priests and rulers began to be fearful of him. 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.

When this fear had taken fast hold of them, they determined to crucify him, after endeavoring to turn his mighty power to their own fame. But the spirits who controlled him bade them go hence, for he was about his Father's business.

business.

rnung nim positive to their influence, and negative only to those influences that performed such mighty things, they plotted his destruction, that they might be rid of him. After a time they accomplished their purpose, and Christ was sacrificed.

sacrificed.

He died not to save mankind, but he lived to save them. He was not a dead sacrifice, but a living one; and all men may gather around the alter of their risen Lord, and gather enough from his life to carry thom through this dark vale of tears, and give them a land pleasant to behold in the worlds bearend early.

peyond earth.
The same brother asks, "Is it well to worship Christ?" We answer, wherever the star of perfection, goodness, and of wisdom shines, there men may safely worship.

And again our brother asks, "Have I a right conception of Christ?"

That we have already appared.

Christ?"
That we have already answered.
We need not ask the Infinite Spirit of Wisdom to aid the star of Progress as it shines over all the earth; we need not ask the holy ones of the higher spheres to Interest themselves in onlightening the children of this lower sphere, for that is ask the holy ones of the higher spheres to interest themselves in enlightening the children of this lower sphere, for that is their mission—their pleasure; and wherever and whenever there is room for light, light will shine. The sinner will pass from out this veil of cvil, and rise to a higher con.dition in life by reason of the light, and all those who will walk in the plain path of righteousness and duty to all mankind that Jesus walked in, will not fail to perform their given mission here, and receive the reward hereafter.

We need not ask the Hely and True to bless our words to the good of our brother who calls upon us; for Ho who permits us to come, sends mighty ones to aid.

There are many working in the great vineyards of the Lord of Hests, and the harvest will be plentiful. The children of earth will soon cease to call for the bread of life, for the King of all, the Gardener of the world is fast filling his garners, and is ready to feed it to his starving children.

I have no more to give. Adleu.

I have no mame save that you see in the clouds, and which comes up from beneath the surface of the earth.

April 29.

John Enos.

I find there is some difference between going and coming back. When the spirit leaves the body, if it has any friends, they are very apit to mourn. When it comes back again, the friends it once had seem to have forgotten it. I shouldn't have come here to-day if I could speak to my friends in any other way; but I have found it useless for me to try in any ther way than this.

other way than this.

I have been dead most two years; I suppose I was drowned—they said I was. I belong in Halifax, Nova Scotia. I was twenty-six years old, and my name was John Enos. I have got a mother and a couple of sisters in Halifax, and I suppose I have a sister here in Boston. I have a good many things I want to say to them, but I suppose I shall have hard work to make them believe, coming in this way. If I could meet them as I meet you, it would be the casiest thing in the world.

them as I meet you, the would be the caslest thing in the world.

I went out fishing; was to be gone about three weeks, but somehow or other I fell overboard and was drowned. I have been told since I was here, (in spirit-life) that I got asleep. I heard about folks coming back before I died, and used to think if there was any chance for me, I should be sure to come; but I don't like to come this way, though. Folks that can, and don't come.

I have an uncle in Halifax, and a good many friends I'd like to speak to; but I guess I'll get along with any one near to me. I have a little property there, but I suppose I can't have the privilege of doing with it as I please. This is a wrotched way of doing, for I don't see but I have as good a right to dispose of my property, now I can speak, as when I was on earth. If they settle it all right, I don't care; but if they do not, I shull try to interfere. I should have given it all to my mother and sisters; but if I can't have a word to say, I suppose I'll have to let them do as they have a mind to. Do you publish this in a Halifax paper? If you don't, then I shall have to see to getting it to them.

I don't seem exactly happy here. It seems as though my spirit didn't take good care of the body. It ought to have kept a strict watch; then I should have had time to fix things up. It is bad to go to sleep before your work is done and you have nothing else to do.

Something that happened about two years before I died I want to square up. Taint a very pretty subject to talk of here, so I 'll say nothing about it. Folks didn't understand me. If they will give me a chauce to talk to them, I'll fix matters up.

I did most anything that was honest to carn money. I

mo. If they will give me a chance to talk to them, I'll fix matters up.

I did most anything that was honest to carn money. I learned to be'a tallor; but along in the summer season I used to go fishing, and earned considerable at it. I did other things—anything to make money—and I saved it, and bought a place there, and left it in a hurry.

April 30.

Samuel Curtis.

My name was Samuel Curtia; I was 41 years of age, a native of Albany, New York. My disease, I suppose, might well be called consumption. The time of my death, year 1832, on the 2d of March. I died at Wilmington, S. C. awish I could commune with some friends I have in Albany, some in New Orleans, in New York city, and in Canada East.

some in New Orloans, in New York city, and in Canada East. For the purpose of reaching some one or more of the friends residing in those places I am here.

I do not come because I am tired of my new way of life, or because I desire to mingle again in the cares of mortality, but because I think I owe a duty to those friends. They are in darkness; I have passed on to the other side, where I can see. And I think, if I was placed in their situation, I should desire that some one who has passed on should return to me.

me.

Now, if I am received, I shall be very glad to do them a favor. If I am rejected, I have not a word to say, but will turn my attention some other way.

I feel satisfied that my friends will be very much disap-

turn my attention some other way.

I feel satisfied that my friends will be very much disappointed when they come here—quite as much as I was. I think I would have given all my hopes of heaven to have received one ray of true light regarding my condition.

When I first woke in spirit life, to consciousness, I appeared to be in a mystified condition: there was a constant longing to know where I was—whether I was in heaven or hell, or in an intermediate sphere. I can assure my friends the short time I passed in this suspense, was well equal to any hell the Christian can paint for the sinner. None need to look for one worse. I believe I have a portion of my affection left for my friends; and so I have a wish to point out a way in which they may escape what I passed through. I am told all spirits who pass from earth on my plane, pass through similar scenes. Some pass through them very well, but I am told that others suffer all the agonies a mortal can concelved. Some expect to be ushered before an austere being who delights in inflicting suffering. Some expect to be ushered of interest of the presence of a glorious God in heaven, and are disappointed. Others, again, will not believe they have passed from earth, and it requires a great amount of labor to make them realize the fact. I would give all the same suffering to grain. earth, If I had it, rather than pass through the same suffering

make them realize the fact. I would give all the wealth of earth, if I had it, rather than pass through the same suffering again.

I was never called a coward; was blessed with an enduring spirit; but I must say, I think I should stand and tremble were I to be threatened with a condition more moderate in suffering than mine has been ever since I left earth. A short time since I became possessed of light in reference to this place; and, as I said before, I feel it to be my duty to return and give it to my people on earth, that they come not to the place of torment; for surely it is a place of torment which cannot be conceived of by earth's people.

I believed in one God, a heaven and a hell; but I professed no belief. When I first began to see light, I thought I had passed through all this suffering because I was not a professing Christian; but when I became more enlightened I found their condition was even worse than mine. Mine was a terrible uncertainty, but theirs was a dread of being ushered into the presence of a God. And oh, one said to me, "How I dread it! death is nothing to me in comparison with it."

I have no desire to commune with my friends in a public way. If I can meet them in private, and if they desire truth from the spirit world as much as I desire to give it to them, I think I shall not fall to identify myself to their entire satisfaction. Good day at

Joe-A Slave.

How d'ye, massa? 'Spect ye do n't know dis nigga. Nebbor was here before, massa. I died with Massa Christian, Montgomery, Alabama. My name was Joe; I was field hand sumtime; along at last Massa Christian take me in de house, 'cause I siek.

house, 'cause I siek.

Massa 'spect I'se come back here to talk to ole missy down in Kentuck. Got a wife down dar, massa—two piccaninny. Massa sold me to Alabama; he done gone dead since den, massa—dat what niggas say when massa dead, sumtime—sumtime say gohe heap way off.

Bally is a medium; she my wife, and ole Missus Bally. I go dar and frighten dem. Ole missy tell de ghosts need n't come agin, but go sumwhere and speak; so, massa, I come here.

here.
Ole Massa Christian took me in de house, de work in de kitchen, when I was sick. If ole missy'll show Sally how fix tings, I'll go dar and do sumting. Missy find out heap ob tings when she wont to New York. Massa, dis place for niggas and white folks, too? Yes, masna i gorinasen teros. Milito folks always know henp niggas how to get Tong. May I go now, massa? Bend my letter, massa?

Patrick Murphy.

down and talk to me decent, I'll behave meself. I was stand-ing forminst her this morning. She says it could not be me-self at all, but it was the divil. Put that down—God bless you—and Mary will see that it was merelf that was there. All I've got to say before I go is, tell Mary I'm as happy as a duck in the rain. When she trates me dacent, I'll behave meself—that's all. Good-by. April 30.

Written for the Banner of Light. FORESHADOWINGS.

BY PLORIA.

Bright and sunny was my childhood, All the hours were turned to glee, And amid the smiling flowers Danced my footsteps merrily : Joyous was my life's young morning, Tinged with brightest hues of love, Home seemed but the blessed shadow Of the Heavenly Home above.

Oh, that bright and happy morning ! Swiftly passed those years of song. Leaving echoes, that now strangely Sound the dreary years among; Painting pictures bright and beauteous, On which now I love to gaze-While my heart grows still, and praiseful. For my childhood's happier days!

In those years of joy and gladness, Ere a single grief or care Traced its forrow on my spirit. Writing its deep lesson there-Then there came weird, mournful voices. As from out the Mystic Gate, Whose great hinges turn so slowly I Where the weary stand and wait I

Voices whispering of the Future, Lying unrevealed and still; Naming not the volceless anguish Which should yet my spirit fill; Nor the weary, fultering footsteps, Nor the breaking of fond ties :-Deep and mighty-yet unspoken-Came those mystic prophecies !

With my gay and gladsome life-tune Blended that prophetic tone. Till in child-faith I drew nearer To the Great, All-Holy One! Oh, how tenderly He led me Out from sunlight into night! First the twilight-then the evening-Darkness then, that knew no light !

And the night is long and weary, And the tempest rageth wild, Yet the Holy Father careth For His tired, stricken child: And there cometh now a promise That the morning draweth nigh; I will trust it, though no gleaming Lighteth up the eastern sky!

Once again those mystic voices Come to me as oft before, And they seem to whisper sweetly. "Soon the night will be no more:" Oh! when comes the blessed morning, May I ever do His will. Who unto the raging tempest Sweetly whispered, " Itace, be still !"

East Medway, 1859.

CORA L. V. HATCH t Dedworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Morning, June 5th, 1859.

The third of a series of Ten Discourses by Mrs. Hatch on THE SCIENCES AND THEIR PHILOSOPHY." Reported for the Banner of Light by E. F. Underhill and A. Bowman.]

THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS. Our theme to-day is one which not only interest the religious worshiper, but also every person who, with the commonest degree of intelligence, desires to understand the relations of the past to the present. The man of intellect, the man of science, or the politician, the poor man and the rich man, the merchant and the preacher, alike are interested in everything that appertains to the present state of religion sen, therefore, as the

first of our series of discourses; upon the different religions of nations, the Religion of the Ancient Egyptians, ·So much is enshrouded in mystery, and historians, though claiming much, really know so little of Egypt, of its antecedents, of its growth, its progress and achievements, of its high degree of wonder and of art, and of its downfull, that we deem it not inexpedient to give our opinion on the same subject, and see how that great mother of all countries and religions has sunk into nothingness and insignificance, whilst her monuments remain forever, the unsolved mystery of the world. Egypt may be said to be the mother not only of religion, but of the arts and sciences. Not Greece nor Rome with all the splender of their arts and sciences and classic lore, reveal so much of true, intrinsic art as is revealed in Egypt; for though much of the refinement of Egypt, and much of the literature, was introduced through the castern countries, the origin of religion had its strict foundation in that portion of the country which is watered by the Nile In Egypt we can trace the earliest development of religion; n Egypt we find the first manifestation of worship—not of idols, but of living things, nature, and all her wondrous

creations. Last Sunday morning, in our address, we said that the assion or faculty of religion had its foundation in the quality of fear. We do not say that all religion is fear, or that all manifestation of religion is through fear; but we say that the origin of religion had its first foundation in the passion of fear. We can trace it directly and positively through a consecutive line of historical developments, to the ancien Egyptians, and to them we attribute the first manifestation of religion, which arose entirely and exclusively from the fear of the gods whom they adored. The overflowing of the Nile, the insects which infested Egypt, the birds which were considered messengers from the Most High, or from the gods to take those insects away-all the animals of the sea, the fowls of the air, many of the beasts of the field had, in their turn, the especial favor of the Egyptians, and were delified. Not alone the idels which were the supposed objects of the worship of the Egyptians-not alone the mummies, the obcet of which is not known to the present-not alone the pyramids, the wondrous works of architecture which are formed there, but the living and creeping things which exerpised an influence, either for good or for evil, received in their turn the names of delties. All that was good was blessed. All that was evil, sacrifices were offered unto.

Thus the power and fervor and perfectness of religious feeling was first developed on the banks and in the country of the Nile. It is more than probable that Egypt has no literature and no history. It is more than probable that the origin of the so-called flood recorded in the Christians' book. known as the Bible, or Old Testament, had its entire foundation in the overflowing of the Nile—that it was a tradition used by Moses and his followers, that he might have more influence. The fact that the Nile did sometimes overflow to that extent that all the lower classes were obliged to flee from Egypt into the adjoining countries, and take refuge there until it had subsided, and the fact that many of the higher classes built arks and temples (and it is not dislinctly known that the pyramids were not built for the same purpose-for the refuge of the birds, and of the higher classes of Egypt) during the inundation of the Nile, would seem to ndicate that this may have been the case. It has been said by modern historians, or it has been believed and theorized idols. Thus when Moses held out to them the prospect of an upon, that the object of the pyramids was for worship—that hey were dedicated to the gods-one god essentially. But that is not known, and we are inclined to the belief that the Any land was better than their own, where they were held pyramids are the most antique and the most ancient of any in the most abject slavery. With Pharach and the drowning architectural relies in Egypt; that their object is not known in the Red Sea, and the destruction of Pharach and his host;

sa, I got massa here. Massa Christian help me long; he fix and can never be known by historians. There is no history me to come here. White felks always know heap mere dan or literature, and there are no historylychics, which can give or literature, and there are no bloreglyphics, which can give to the historian the probable origin of the building of the pyramids. There are rells and cavities within them which go, to our mind, distinctly to prove that they were built for Patrick Murphy.

Falth, that's a nice time I had to meself Easter Sunday. Mary made a fool of herself; she moved tvery divil of a thing out of the honce intirely—gone to another place where they think the divil can't go. The praist has blessed, but, faith, is blessing will go no forther than his mouth. I could have his blessed it as well meself, intirely. The Catholics think too much of the praist's blessing.

I come here to-day to tell Mary I can go to the place where she is and move the things just as well as ever. The Lord fold, or some of the saints, give her medium powers, and God at blesses me all the time to use them; and when she ill sit down and talk to me dacent, I'll helave meself. I was stand; the time to make the this morning. She says it could not be mer's call embellishments as the mind of the people could concelve the refuge of the higher dasses, and were commenced in the

chiefly confined to sorcery, and architecture, and such physical embellishments as the mind of the people could conceive

of. Literature they had none, as is evinced by the arbitrary characters known as hieroglyphs, by which they expressed their ideas. Modern historians have professed to translate them; but we do not believe that they know more about their meaning than you, who dwell on the surface of earth, can understand the inhabitants of the different planets. We know that there is no clue, no way in which the modern historians, though acquainted with all the languages, the living and the dead, can arrive at the meaning of the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians. Those which are entombed in the various pyramids there all bespeak an antiquity which modern savans cannot fathom.

Again, very little is known of the religion of the Egyptians. It is supposed mostly, by the general mind, that they worshiped idols exclusively and entirely, and that objects of their devotion were such images as they carved from wood and stone and the sphynxs which are found in various portions of Egypt are supposed to have been objects of worship. We doubt it very much. We conceive them to be merely objects of ornament, not of worship.

Again, the mummles, the science of the embalment of which is not at present known or understood, which is en-

tirely lost, and the object of their embalmment, which is also entirely lost, are supposed to have been objects of worship. We do not think either. They may have been the forms of some of the oracles whom the Egyptians held in high esteem, and regarded as divine and perfect, and whom they desired to preserve and worship accordingly. The oracles of Delphi and of Rhodes were conceived to be the most perfect ones, by the ancient Egyptians. To these the chieftain, the conqueror, the great, the wealthy, those who had in their hands the affairs of state and the wealth of the country, bowed in adoration. Many wondrous stories are told, in the ancient traditions of Europe, of the power of these illustrious oracles, yet they can be all traced to sorcery or magic,

or to some theory which was concoived to be founded in truth.

The religion of the Egyptians resembles that of the Romish Church. There is a great deal of display, a great deal of external grandeur, but the true secret of the religion always remains hidden. What the religion was is nover known; what its prompting, controlling, living power was, is not known. Only the mysteries and wenders are spread before the people, and by their very mystery they control, guide, dictate the vast masses who worshiped at the shrine. It was not until Egypt had long achieved architectural grandeur and splendor, that any kind of literature was introduced. But when it was introduced, it was at once, or soon after, lost-and probably the world has never met with so great a loss, as in the destruction by the Saracens of the library at Alexandria. To our mind that contained fully the Egyptians' account of the history of the world, of its creation, and of the origin of the human family. All the mysteries of their religion were there concealed, and all the powers of church and state, and all the concentrated literature of Greece and Rome and the ancient Egyptians, and all the power, and prophecy, and all the wondrous mysteries of the oracles, were there destroyed; and the world can never recover them. though they may delve for ages in the vaulted chambers of the pyramids-though they may visit the ruins and discover the depths of the Nile, and though they may understand that all the entombments mean religion, they still can never fathom the power, the majesty and perfectness of that one grand idea which controlled, and, for the time being, made

Egypt the greatest country in the world. The arts and sciences are supposed to have been carried to a very great extent in the days of the prosperity of Egypt, and so they must have been; for where is the power that at present can build pyramids of such wonder and majesty as those there existing? There is one thing very wonderful connected with the history of Egypt, distinct from any other country's-that this architecture is entirely dissimilar, and therefore that the causes of that architecture, and the circumstances under which it was made, must have been peculiar to that country. As we have said before, the origin of the Egyptian worship occurred from the existence of the inundations of the Nile. This matter was not then understood. The tradition of the flood we conceive only to be a tradition. When the waters rose to such an extent that all the lower classes were obliged to flee for their lives and seek refuge in the adjoining countries, they supposed that the great spirit of the water-the Nile-had become angry, and intended to dostroy them, not understanding that the object was to enrich

and beautify the soil for the growth of vegetation.

There were different kinds of Insects which infested Egypt at one time, and destroyed all the fruits and the crops, These were thought by the Egyptians to be evil spirits, sent as a punishment by the gods upon them, perhaps for derelletion, perhaps for lack of worship. And thus they orginated various forms of idols, which were to represent the different passions; and to these idols, for the sake of alleviating their sufferings, they bowed allegiance. When the birds cameancient eagles-and destroyed the insects, they were deliled as having been sent by the great, good spirits and gods to take away their punishment. Thus alligators, sharks, whales, and all the animals of the deep, were defiled, and in proportion to their power to do good or evil as the people were thrown in contact with them, they were conceived to be good or evil genil. The ox, represented as the apis, was an especial object of worship and adoration among the Egyptians. They conceived it be an animal superior to all other animals. All kinds of domestic animals were also defied, but the ox received the greatest degree of worship. Before that they would bow, and offer sacrifices, and swear allegiance to the powers that be. We see representatives of many objects which are supposed to have been idels, but which we believe to have been simply architectural mementos. But the true religions and the true causes of the religions of the Egyptians we conceive to be entirely hidden. Egypt prospered, was great, beautiful, and powerful, until the escape of the Jews. From that time it seems to have wanted, and its wonder, malesty and its mysteries disappeared. For with the escape of the Jews from bondage, was introduced by Moses a higher. idea of religion and of good, and with that all the mysteries, and all the sorceries, and all the rules of magic, and all the laws of wonder and the powers of eloquence or of art that the Egyptians at that time possessed, gradually disappeared. they having introduced from the countries at the East, in the reign of Cleopatra and in the reign of Antiochus, wondrous powers of literature, which, combined with their sorceries and magic, made of Egypt the land of mysteries and art. But Moses and his followers, under the reign of Rameses, who was powerful and intelligent, and filled with art and wonder, revealed all the secrets of the religion of the Egyptians, and introduced into their new religion a higher iden of the one God.

Now the secret of all the religions of the Egyptians was simply the one God, which is believed in now by Christians, But this one God was so far removed from their conception, was so lofty, elevated, and so divine, that to understand and conceive of him they must bring him down in all the living forms of nature. Thus the birds and the fishes, and the insects and the waters, and all the domestic animals, and all the fowls of the air, and even the sun, the moon, and the stars, were made to represent the different qualities in the mind, of this great One God. This secret Moses revealed, and with that revealment the power of the Egyptians upon the adjoining countries was lost. The mystery which enshrouded it departed; the vell was thrown aside, and gradually the sun of prosperity descended, until a vell was thrown over the mighty rulns, the splendid architecture, thrones and temples and palaces of art, the sorceries, and the magic of the ancient Egyptians. For with that escape, with such a ruler and controller as Moses, whose intelligence combined ail the fervor and power of a new and ambitious advocate, all the old theories and old sorceries and old mysteries of the Egyptian churches, contributed to make of the Jewish religion something higher, more beautiful and more powerful, than Egypt had ever presented. The Jews were the lowest classes in Egypt. Those who had been oppressed, and those who, through fear of the priests, had not dared to worship of the one God, but who refused to bow in allegiance to their escape from Egypt, and when Pharaoh and his host were coming after them. Moses pointed to the land of promise.

hills and no historical places of interest; as yet no classical remains and ruins—here, in a Christian country, where aces were for, where great Christian robbers lived; and wonchurches are reared and dedicated to the worship of the one God, where everybody is ruler and everybody is servant, where all can control and be controlled, it is difficult to under- to subserve lower purposes than the gods of the heathens ever stand how those living and breathing in the darker ages could have reared in architectural images that which surpasses this, the age of intelligence, wonder and power-how in all that appertains seemingly to science, they must supersede the present, how the very indications of their fundamental isolation proves that they killed themselves by their own prosperityfor Egypt was emphatically an isolated country. And the Jows, partaking of the same spirit, also killed themselves in the same manner, as is evinced by the fall of ancient Jerusalem, by the same power with which Egypt was destroyedfrom the ambition, the intelligence and the power of its rulers—so the Jews were destroyed from their ambition and isolation. And we may trace the origins of their different races and tribes to ancient Egypt. We may trace in the Jews the same characteristics, the same superstitions, the same qualities, the same origin, the same origin of religion; and though the Old Testament is believed to be a record given to Moses from the Most High, it does not contain one fact one idea, one theory, one moral law, that was not a fundamental law of the Egyptians, and churches that did listen to the burning words of the meck and lowly Jesus, and not belong absolutely to the moral government of Egypt, that was not introduced by the first founder of ancient Egyptian religion, that belonged exclusively to the enlightened tians, and to morrow throw aside their Sunday garments, days of Egyptian prosperity, and belonged to those moral teachings which were everywhere present in the refinement and colightenment of the later reigns of Egyptian history.

It is not wondrous then that the Jews should adhere with such strong tenacity to what they believed to be the revealment of heaven, when Moses, the most enlightened among them, who was acquainted with all the mysteries of Egypt, could have impressed them so wonderfully with the power of the only God, whom they seemed to worship. We have said, in a previous discourse, that the condition of the Jews is to-day better than it was when they first stepped forth of degeneration. Every step which Jerusalem has taken has been that of degeneration. But the Jews as a body, though they adhere to the ancient superstitions and religion of their forefathers-though they cling with inherent tenacity to the revealments of the prophets and of Moses, and believe strictly and entirely that the fulfillment of the prophecies will be literal and perfect-though they cling with ardor and hope them, and be revealed to all the world-still, every stop which they have taken has been one of advancement, and they are better off now, even, than in the days of their prosperity in Jerusalem. They are better off now, than when they first went forth into that barren country, and built their fortunes upon the intellect of Moses. They are better off now, than when the ancient seers and prophets were promising a good time coming-than when they first started in Egypt, the lowest and most abject of all the races that lived there, condemned to slavery and toll, and the most abject servitude their whole lifetime. They are better off now, with the advancement of civilization and Christianity. Though they have not intended to do so, they have got at least a smattering of the progressive spirit of countries and of nations, and have been borne on the commercial tide of intelligence far beyond the grades of superstition; and though they still retain the characteristics of their ancient origin, they have more relative intelligence and wealth than ever before. They were Jows then; they are Jews still, but perhaps a little Christianized, though unconsciously. The Romish Church, as we said before, received many o

its mysteries from the conceptions of the ancient Egyptians. as recorded in the olden testament. And all the traditions which are recorded there, the mysteries which are called miracles-the turning of the rod into a serpent, and that serpent devouring others; the crossing of the Red Sea, when Pharmoh and his host were drowned: the flood, which is said to have been a wondrous revealment of Divine Providenceall these miracles, which are now embodied in the Romish and Protestant Churches, and which are a part of your religion. You believe them. They get the sanction of all Christendom. Ecclesiastical societies sanction them, believe them, prove them; whereas you can know by simple thought and reason, that they had their entire origin here. Where but there could the Jews get any religion at all? Where but there did Moses and his followers come from? Where but there could they have conceived of any idea of creation, which is supposed to have been the direct revealment to Moses by the hand of the Most High? Moses says, "In the beginning was the word," but still his account of the creation and of the Deity had their origin in the records of the ancient Egyptians. And could you but fathom the mysteries thereof, and read the history, if such there ever was, of what the Egyptians believed, you would find it to accord precisely with the record of Moses.

What, then, must we infer? That the origin of religion. though founded perhaps in fear when it first started, has now become one of the greatest, most powerful and controlling agencies in the history of nations; that as gradually as heathenism has declined to the material worship, so mind, with its majestle power, has beautified and perfected what seemed then to be inconsistencies, and rendered them divine and glorious. For out of the mummies of the Egyptians, out of the idels of wood and stone, and out of the birds of the air and fishes of the sea, have originated what? A religion of beauty, of power and of majesty. And with the coming of Jesus of Nazaroth, there was also introduced an idea of religion, which, though it retained all the traditions of the past, added to it the beauty and the perfectness of life,

The Christian religion is, compared with the Egyptian, something what the living landscape is to the painted pleture; something what the breathing form is to the lifeless statue; something what the absolute and real is to the cold and ideal; something what the practical and living is to that which is mysterious and dead. . Where there is the most mystory in rollgion, there there is less devotion. Where there is most that is enshrouded in darkness, and most that is surrounded with the parphernalia of seeming splender, of worship, there there is the least sincerity of devotion.

Show us the nation, the religion or the church who can

tear away all the dumb idols; who can take down the spires from their churches and the domes from their cathedrals; who can tear away the ecclesiastical robes; who can put away the sanctity of the church, and, in the calm strictness of perfect religion, worship God for what he is-then you shall have found a true religion. Such was Jesus. He tore down all of the superstitious fabrics of the Jews. He tore down all the vells and the curtains which hid the secret cold-heartedness and hypocrisy of those who professed to be pure. He tore away all the gawd and all the show and all the splender of the Scribes and Pharisees; he pictured out their hollowheartedness, their real worldliness, their lack of religion, their lack of life, and presented in his own person an exemplification of true religion. Now the religion of the Egyptians was simply the expression of their fear and ignorance. The religion of the Egyptians was simply to represent their physical power by appearing to worship a higher power. It was lifeless, because it had not its origin in intelligence. It was use less, because it brought with it no higher mental conceptions but confined worship strictly to material things, and killed itself by so doing. But the religion of the Christians always leads you to something higher than you can attain; always points to something better than you have; always leads you to hope for something greater; always has a standard more perfect than the most perfect has achieved; always presents as its standard of morals, as its criterion of religion, the highest of the most high.

Therefore the Christian religion will always be proverbial with the advancement of mental science, with the advance ment of true humanity, of civilization in government of Christianity in every department of life. So gradually these traditions will fade one by one away, and as fades the sunshine at the close of day, leaving nothing but pure and true and perfect standards of morality and Christianity. You want no Egyptian mummies; you want no saints, like those in the calender of the Romish Church; you want no God of wonder: wood. Others then tested in like manner. With this evi-

somed to die the prespectly of Egypt, for one by one the you want no consecrated pulpits, and alstes, and corridors; kings seemed to become less powerful and brilliant; and you want no scoret temples, poluting in elient mockery, like brighter and more perfect seemed to grow the unjesty and the rules of the ancient Egyptians to tell where religion was command of Moscs. The Jewish Tribes seemed to increase not. You want no such thing, Tear aside the mummery in perfection and prosperity, while Egypt sank into insignific throw away the mockery of religion, and worship the true,

reared in mockery toward heaven; who views the senseless from the history of ancient Egypt, another nation or idels which are scattered everywhere around; who sees the race of men more intelligent than you are, more Christian than you are, more Christian than you are, more perfect than you are, in Intentional the midst of which cold, mocking images arise, where no telligence, in religion, in the education of all the moral mark, no writing, no record is left to tell of those who are qualities of the mind, will stand upon the ruins of the city which is now alive and seemingly can never die, and wonder what these steepled churches mean, and wonder what Here is America, where as yet there are no consecrated kind of heathens lived here, how they looked, and walked, and what was their religion; and wonder what all those palder, as they read your history, why there was not more practice and less profession; and wonder why your God was made were; and wonder why the cloak of Christian religion was thrown around the sanctified form of him who at heart was cold and lifeless, and a hypocrite; and wonder why those who claimed to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, could sit in cushioned pows, and trend carpeted aisles, while on the steps of the gospel temples sat the poor, degraded outcast; and wonder why these Christians could rob the widow and the fatherless of all they possessed; and wonder why the millionaires could be more despotic than the tyrants of Egypt ever dreamed of being to their lowest slaves:

All this will be wondered, when the Christians of the future will tread upon the ruins of modern Gotham. Wall street! What a vision for historians! If on the walls of stone could be traced all the thoughts and crimes of the Christian men who do business there,-just think of it! Then they go to church to-day, very near at hand some of them, with the dust carefully brushed from their polished boots, with their sanctified hands closely encased in white kid gloves, with an unexceptionable tollet-outside sauctity-and bow their heads when the minister prays, in response to the devotion. And then they go home, these wondrous Chrissanctified faces, and religious demeanor, and to the halls of business resort, and there do such deeds as would make Jesus exclaim, "Oh, ye Scribes and Pharisees-hypocrites!" And yet to-day is better than then. America is better than Egypt was. There are more hearts that are free. There are more men that are good. There is more knowledge and more intelligence. The government of America is the greatest govrnment in the world, and the people are the greatest people in the world. We do not say this to flatter you. The administration of the government, though so often reproved, is the best administration in the world, because it is adapted to the greatest number of people, it administers the greatest defrom Egypt, and so it is. Every stop has been the step of improvement. Every step which Egypt has taken has been that gree of justice to every body and every thing, and though some bad men may sit in high places, and some good men may be condemned through injustice, the government itself the religion itself, the moral tone and the society itself, are higher and better than the world has ever known. Intelligence is more diffused, though perhaps not so brilliantly concontrated; the arts are more perfected as regards the masses, though perhaps not so highly beautiful and concentrated in to the time when the New Jerusalem shall appear to particular individuals; orators and great men are more comnon, and, therefore, are less considered. And Christianity, r the religion of the Christians, the moral growth of the Christians, the government of the Christians, the advancement of true, human civilization, has done all these.

Well, let Egypt repose in the mystery of her ancient reyealments. She remains forever an emblem of those who once were the greatest and most powerful people in the world, but who now are forgotten, save as a lonely traveler turns a hidden stone and discovers unmeaning characters there, which he in vain strives to understand, but can never never comprehend. Be Christians; so that in ages to come, when men shall tread upon the ruins of your now populous cities, they cannot exclaim, from understanding your protensions and your practice, what heathens those Christians

Written for the Banner of Light. LINES.

Suggested by reading the "Woodlawn Cemeter;" (at Malden) advertisement, published in the "Boston Directory" for 1852-3, wherein it is stated that, "for a single grave in the strangers' department, the price is ten dollars."

BY GRANVILLE HARRIS.

I can't afford to die-Graves are too expensive: Better on earth's surface lie In rottenness offensive. I can't afford to die.

But for a single grave Wherein to lie my ashes, Ten dollars they do crave, So eager man for cash is. I can't afford to dle.

I'll use the bleeding knife; I'll beg for patent physics, And thus defend my life 'Gainst sores and rheums and phthisics. I can't afford to die.

His body may be buried; And while in pomp it lie, His soul's by Charon ferried. I can't afford to die.

God, of this acred earth. Where lands are so extensive. Why do thy poor have birth, When death is so expensive? I can't afford to die.

So I must wait awhile, And breathe till graves are cheaper; Then, with the rich man, I'll Lie down, and be a sleeper. I can afford to die.

Correspondence.

To Correspondents.

HENRY CHILDS, EL PASO SECOR P. O., WOODFORD CO., ILL. The papers you refer to have all been regularly sent. The seven numbers back we mail again. There must be something wrong in the doing of our post office.

Experiences of an Investigator .-- No. 2.

MESSES. EDITORS-My previous letter explains to you the motive that influences me in penning this abstract sketch of my experiences as an investigator of Modern Spiritualism, and I shall therefore confine myself to recording incidents as possessed the strongest weight with me. Nor am I unmindful that, as no two human minds are constituted alike, the evidences necessary to convey conviction of any truth, must of necessity be different to each one. I therefore will not be surprised that what I have accepted as inductions, may appear weak and foolish to others. However, as I shall record nothing but what I am ready and willing to affirm in the strongest madner, I have only to solicit a patient hearing and an unprejudiced judgment. Under these essential rules I fear the examination of no man,

It was at the close of the year 1852, when my mind was engrossed with the doctrine of Universalism, that a friend invited me to join a small party of six, to visit the Fox family, their object being to detect, if possible the numbur. I consented, and upon the appointed evening we went to Mrs. Brown's, in New York, a little before the hour named for our visit. Our party consisted of eight persons. Upon entering the large reception-room, we examined the table, chairs, carpets and walls carefully, but could find no evidences of any connection by wires, or cords, to the cellar or adjoining apartments. Mrs. Brown and Kate Fox soon after entered, and we arranged ourselves around the table, as instructed. We ve were soon favored with tapping noises in various parts of

the room, and upon the table.

After some discussion, we decided to uncover the table and old it up from all contact with the floor, placing the ladies a few feet from it. We did so, and the table, (which was a telescope one,) was held up by six of the party; one gentleman stood upon a chair, so as to place his hand on any portion of the top, as indicated; the other sat so as to command a careful view of the Indies. We then requested the knocks to sound on the table, and we were at once favored with them, when we wished, and under the hands of the gentleman standing on the chair, so that he felt the vibration of the you want no high morality, save that which is enthroned in dence we were puzzled; and individual communications by your own hearts; you want no image and shrine of worship; alphabot were requested, which was partly compiled with. In the Post Office.]

The ladies were then placed in various portions of the room leaning against glass doors, and windows; but the knocks still came, whenever and wherever we wished.

We adjourned for a week, and that again by special apbet, and toveral received aironable responses. Some were disappointed, and so expressed themselves, one gentleman sounds ceased. No one could receive any reply to a question question by instructions: "Is there any spirit present wishollowing answer by the alphabet:

"My dear son-When you first called for a communica-

I tested this in the usual manner, expecting to find it my own father, but it proved, upon the examination, to profess to come from my wife's father, and responded accurately to the knowledge I had of his death, etc. The niedlums were not aware I was a married man, or that both my own and wife's father were dead. I was a comparative stranger to all of the company; two friends only knew a little of me, and these relations they knew nothing of, as they died in England. This startled me: and to one or two mental questions I received corresponding knocks on the chair I occupied. Considerable discussion now took place, and we soon broke up the party. The manifestation was regarded as a trick, and an ingenious guess of the mediums, who were anxious to remove unfavorable impressions by this reproof. The impression given my own mind was strange. From my knowledge of my deceased father-in-law, I know it to be partly characteristic of him; but I acknowledge that the effect was evenescent; but it separated me from this party, and I never met

any of them again during my five years of investigation.
I continued, that winter, to visit Mrs. Brown, occasion ally with a medical gentleman from Illinois; but my interest was comparatively passive, and continued so until the following occurrence arrested my attention, and compelled me to regard the subject with deeper reflection: A young lady friend of my wife was upon a visit to us, and one evening, when conversing upon this subject, expressed a wish for me to take her to hear these mysterious sounds. I complied, and the two ladies and myself went to Mrs. Brown's. They both received the usual preliminary communications from departed friends; but I could only obtain an intimation from this unseen intelligence of a wish for me to call again tomorrow, at which I smiled and treated as another ingenious, the directions which he had given me, I should soon be reevasion. On the following day the British steamer arrived, and brought me a letter that greatly annoyed me. I perused the letter and handed it to my wife, who was equally annoyed. We formed no immoderate judgment upon it, but placed it away. That evening I mentally determined to try Mrs. Brown's powers regarding it, and visited her room unknown o my family. I had not been scated one minute, when the alphabet was called for, and an intimation given that the claiming spirits of my own father and sister were present, and anxious to communicate with me, they knowing I had eceived the letter, etc.

Equality among Men

New York, May, 1859.

With the man who is satisfied that all things were meant to be is they are by an unseen over-ruling power, there is no regret no sorrow; there is no judging, fault-finding, back-biting, colding or complaining; no war, no opposition, no fighting; there is no discord, no inharmony, no evil, but all is trust submission, concession, humility, satisfaction, joy, peace, conord, harmony and the kingdom of heaven. That condition of the human soul in which all the works of God can be recognized as being right, is a condition of soul development which makes it free from the conflicting influences of previus, necessary conditions. There is a condition to which the soul grows, in which it can see God, not alone in the expanding flower and the spire of grass, but in everything; ia the olsonous plant-not alone in the human soul that works out deeds of usefulness and goodness, but in the soul that vorks out not apparently useful and good, but deeds, the fruits of which, are suffering and misery; sees from the and of God coming ways and means, causes and effects ever for good, and not for evil; all things as being designed in love for the highest happiness of humanity in the end.

If a man is developed to see God in anything, whatever he see a wrong disturbs a man and makes him feel unhappy; to see what is right produces happiness; therefore if a man wrong, but everything right, as coming from a source of love and goodness, he is very happy; he has found the kingdom of heaven within, and sees God in all things which are the work of his hands.

Could we see all men with the eye of Omniscient wisdom I cannot doubt that we should fall to find in the whole man any merit or demerit; any distinction which would make one more excellent than another. We see not, nor do we comprehend the vast amount of beauty that is budding and growing in every immortal soul. We judge of men by external, isolated characteristics; and thus we consecrate in the man we call excellent a vast amount of nothingness; while in the man we call evil we condemn a vast amount of real goodness. We judge men when we do not know them: the interior man we cannot see or know; and if we judge man, we judge him without knowledge.

One man has developments in one direction, another man in another direction. One man in his external development is excessively good, while in his internal developments of goodness he may be wanting. Another has external develop ments of great apparent evil, and large, uuseon, unspoken developments of great goodness.

The various external manifestations of human life are no a true index of the character of the soul. By these manifestations we can no more judge of the condition and quality of the soul than we can judge of the gold in the refiner's fire by the smoke that ascends upward from the burning dross, Could we weigh each man in the scales of eternal truth, n one, who has an immortal soul made by God and growing up to him, would in any possible degree be found wanting: neither would one soul be found to possess more value, more weight in goodness, than another.

We talk of the family of humanity, of a universal brother ood. In a universal brotherhood am I better than my broth er, or is my brother better than I am? Are there distinction in the household of humanity? Are not all equal?

All distinctions made between the souls of men are like an ignis fatuus, and will vanish from their minds with other lelusions. A God impotent, feeble and angry, and a devil allpowerful, subtle and cunning, these are kindred delusions and will fade away and be buried in one grave, to be known and seen no more in a higher condition of human growth.

PHILO, PHILADELPHIA, PA .- " Messrs. Editors, your faithful correspondent from our city, Cora Wilburn, having gone to the land of the Pilgrim Fathers to sojourn during a portion of the Summer months. I feel inclined partially to supply her place in reporting you the proceedings of our meetings at Sansom Street Hall. In the absence of lecturers, we, last Sunday, had a Conference, as is our custom during a portion of the hot weather. The question presented for our consider ation was, 'What has Spiritualism done?' All acknowledged that Spiritualism has done, and is calculated to do, a great deal of good-that it had been the means of making people think-that it had removed their blind dependence ipon the priests and clergy and books heretofore esteemed as of authority-that it had introduced more liberal and correct views of the Creator, abolishing the God of wrath and vengeance, and substituting one of love-that the fear of death was removed, and people were rendered more happy while living, because they were not in constant apprehension of fire and brimstone after the spirit left the body. One speaker remarked that if Spiritualism had done thus much n fourteen years, should it continue doing good in the same ratio for a century to come, we should by that time have a different kind of world from the present."

H. W. VICKERY, DARIEN CENTRE, ... Some time has elapsed since I have received the BANNER, which should come every week. I do not doubt but that you mail the papers regularly, Messrs, Editors, but there is fault somewhere, and where I am not able to say. If it is taken by any one to read who is not able to pay for it, I am willing, provided he or she will be kind enough to send it along after they have got what light they need from it. The paper is too valuable to me to be deprived of it altogether."

[Our paper is regularly and carefully mailed to overy sub-

Dr. Main's Healing Institution.

MRS. J. M. VRIEND, GLOUCESTER, MASS .- "Permit me, through the columns of the Bannen, to say a few words respecting Dr. Charles Main's 'Healing Institution' at No. pointment. This time we sought communication by alpha- 7 Davis street, Boston, Mass. Some three years ago, my health boing very poor, and having tried several physicians without receiving any benefit, I concluded to visit Dr. Main, hibding his suspicions of the medium's producing sounds by feeling somewhat skeptical, it must be confessed, regarding the too-joints. This partly irritated Mrs. Brown, and the done through him 'by the laying on of hands.' At my first during the excitement. When calmness was comparatively visit at his house, a fact came under my notice, which I must restored and my turn came to question, I put the following not omit. On my arrival, I was informed that the Dr. was engaged, and I was obliged to wait an hour before seeing him. ing to communicate with me?" I promptly received the In the room in which I sat, was a little girl about eight years of age, who told me, in answer to some inquiries which I made, that, one year before, she fell from a mow in a barn tion, your sphere repelled. Spirits retire when toe-joints are discussed. You should not irritate the mind of the medium by foolish charges, as it affects her powers, upon the same principle that lightning does the telegraphic wires.

Your Farner."

Your Farner."

Your Farner."

Your Partier."

I sapeared that her parents were poor—unable to employ a physician-consequently she had not had the attention which her case required; but, from what I gathered from her, it appeared that Dr. M. was doing for her 'without money and without price.' She told me that she had only been there two days, and added, that the Dr. thought he could made her 'all well' in a short time.

> nain, but the Doctor had taken it all away. After conversing with this child nearly an hour, the Doctor made his appearance. Inviting me into his office, he commenced making an examination of my case. He asked no questions, but told me where all my pains and aches were, what caused them, how long I had been feeling unwell, what medicine I needed, &c. He then described my character, temperament, tastes and habits, as accurately as though he had been intimately acquainted with me. He told me how many months I had been developed as a writing-medium; that I had several times been entranced; that I should soon see my spiritfriends; that I had some power as a healing-medium many other things which have all been verified. He then said he saw a great number of spirits around me. I asked him to describe some of them, which he did, so that I immediately recognized an aunt and cousin, who had passed on to a higher life. He spoke of the mission which he said was mine to perform in earth-life, and sung to me in a low, sweet voice, which charmed my very soul with its soft molody.

She informed me that she had suffered very much from

One week from that day, at the Dr.'s request, I visited him again, feeling much better, which he perceived as soon as he saw me. Again he was entranced, and told me every change that had taken place since he had seen me how I had folt a little stronger each day, told me that if I would follow stored to health again. After an hour spent very pleasantly, I was about leaving, without having thought of my little invalid friend, when an eager, childish face looked out through the open door of the reception room as I passed and a little hand beckoned me to enter. The child had recognized me, and stood erect in the middle of the floor. She would walk back and forth, smiling, and looking proudly up in my face, as I stood watching her. In making inquiries, I learned from her that the sore places was almost gone, that she could run up and down stairs as well as ever, and that all the Doctor had done was to 'make passes' over her! This remarkable cure had been performed in one week, and that, too, without the aid of anything except the 'healing-power' which the Dr. possesses. From the time I commenced taking he medicine which he gave me, I continued steadily to improve for some time, when business calling my husband to a neighboring State, I accompanied him, and after using what medicine I had, I could not conveniently procure more, else I doubt not I should have been permanently cured; as it was, my health was better than it had been for three years.

Since then, I have not seen the Dr. again until this spring, when, my health again failing, I went to his Institution, where I remained nearly three weeks under his treatment. While there, I was frequently attacked with severe pain through my right side and stomach, accompanied with dizziness and faintness, and have had it entirely removed in ten minutes by the Dr. making passes over the places where the pain was most severe. Nervous headache, pain through the forked tongue of the serpent, in the barren desert, in the shoulder, chest, stomach and side, in my case yielded readily to his magic treatment. His very presence is soothing and quieting to the invalid. He is all sympathy, gentleness and kindness, a friend and brother to the lowly and down-trodden, a comforter and consoler to the broken-hearted, truly a dispenser of blessings among the children of earth.

This institution is fitted up at a great expense, with every convenience for comfort. Onler and Harmony are the presi-ding guests through the whole establishment, and no pains sees God in he sees as good, no matter what it may be. To is spared to made it a pleasant, comfortable and happy home

for all who socium beneath its roof.

Before closing, I must say a few words in regard to the sees much wrong he is very unhappy; if he sees nothing Doctor's smisble lady. Never before did I meet a stranger who, in so short a time, so completely won my heart as did this levely woman. To a firm resolve to do right in all things, is added a child's loving, confiding nature. Gentles affectionate, ever striving to do something which may add to the comfort and happiness of others, forgetful of self, with a smile and encouraging word for all, truly,

'None know her but to love her. None name her but to praise

To invalids who wish to find a harmonious, pleasant home, where they can have every care and attention, added to the best medical treatment, I would say, go to Dr. Charles Main's, where you can have all these on reasonable terms.

Erroneous Statement Corrected, &c.

WARREN CHASE, CHICAGO, ILL .- "For several weeks I have been moving around the 'big water' of the Michigan basin, and at last am safely landed in this great commercial denot, a general warehouse of the West. At Grand Rapids, Michigan-a long and broad city of ten or twelve thousand inhabitanta claiming to be No. 2 of the State-I found many old and some new friends of our cause. I gave five lectures there to very intelligent audiences. In one of them I referred to the present evidences of spirit influence and inspiration, and cited Henry Ward Beecher, E. H. Chapin, Cora Hatch and others, as specimens of inspired oratory from spirit influence, although to most of them from an unknown and unrecognized source. Upon this, some writer for the New York Tribune represents me as saying Henry Ward Beecher was a full believer in Spiritualism, and a medium,

It seems strange to me how an intelligent person could have so mistaken; for I certainly never attempted to tell what Henry Ward Beecher or any other Beecher believed, for I neither know nor care. It is what I see and hear, that I speak of, and explain the causes, &c. I do not estimate belief as many people do, and consider it as unimportant in religion as in politics or speculations. The editor of the Grand Rapids Engle, who was present and heard my lecture, corrected in his paper the error of the Tribune's correspondent: but the error will no doubt run the gauntlet of the press, and the correction stop with the generous editor of the Eagle. It certainly was nover in my head or heart to misrepresent Henry Ward Beccher, or any other laborer for the redemption of man,

I recommended our friends at the Rapids to get more Light from the BANNER, and I am sure they will when the pressure of hard times is relieved.

The ferry-boat, which couples the cars for eighty miles, of. Grand Haven with Milwaukee, landed me in the city of White Bricks, where I found some of our old friends left, and had three good meetings on Sunday the 12th; found the BANNERS floating freely, and gladdening many hearts. S. J. Finney once did a good work here; but the cause has got rather cold of late, and the Unitarians have spread their net over many of our friends, under which they seem quite comfortable, as it serves, like a mosquito-bar, to keep off the annoying insects of other sects. The clergyman who spreads it, how ever, is tast whipping up to Spiritualism, and only repudiates the name because it is soiled by being so long and so much handled in the pulpit and press, which would soil any thing or subject.

I met A. J. and Mary F. Davis at Waukegan, and found them quietly working to the great end of their existence They spoke in Milwaukee last Sabbath, and I had two good audiences in this great city of extremes. Our old pioneer friend, Russel Green, has the helm here now, and the ship rides smoothly over breakers, with the helm 'amidships,' although the enemies wish he would put it 'hard-up' and let her go ashore. Chicago is in many respects the most remarkable city of our

nation. What many supposed to be a mushroom growth, has grown into a permanency more durable than oaks and cedars, and the vast piles of tastily arranged brick, stone and iron, counting up the stories into the sacred numbers and higher, show plainly the confidence of capitalists. In 1838, when I first visited this city, the streets and walks, and most of the buildings, were deep down in the mud. Since then they have been raising them by degrees, and building stairs in the sidewalks, till they have graded some spots up about two stories scriber; and if it is not promptly received, the fault must be high, or if we make 'short stories,' they are still higher. But some day, when the scavengers have done their work, Chica-

go will be a handsome as well as a great city. Liberal sentiments, free thoughts, progressive ideas and spiritual tendencles, are evidently doing their work here. Mediums are healing the sick, spirit artists are giving likenesses of faces now in the other life, encouraging messages are sent from the better home to the lonely ones here, death is turning to life, immortality is brought to light, and the true gospel is preached to rich and noor.

I shall break bread with the friends here next Sabbath, on Monday look into my own little cottage at Battle Creek, and calling tny daughter, we shall soon start for the land of the Puritans, where we may rock in the cars, if not in the cradles

S. B. Nichols, Bunkington-"Rov. Urlah Clark, editor of the Spiritual Clarion, lectured here, June 19th. He gave us two good, practical and philosophical lectures; and at the close of his evening lecture he gave one of his public test examinations, which was correct and satisfactory. He would o much good if he could speak in every school-house in New England; and, as a pioneer in breaking up the hard soil of bigotry, superstition and secturian hate, would do a noble work. God speed him and all earnest works in the living faith of Spiritualism. I flud the BANNER increasing in circulation in our State, and bid you a hearty God-speed in your

A SECTIC St. Louis.-" I am an unbeliever in Spiritism, ut acknowledge and appreciate merit from whatever source t may come. Last Sunday, curiosity led me to hear Mr. White, who is delivering a course of lectures in the Mercantile Library Hall. I must admit I was very agreeably disapointed in hearing, contrary to my expectations, a discourse which was of that elevated, soul-inspiring character, which eemed to lead the audience above this world, onward and upward, toward the scraphic spheres. His style was of the lofty grandeur of Milton, and the flowery oratory of Burke, His discourse was one continuous chain of pearls,'

A Test.

STITANUS S. DIXON. CLEVELAND. Onto. - "At our circles ield in this place, through the mediumship of my mother, we ave had most extraordinary manifestations. Among other nanifestations, one spirit stated (giving his name) that we should see his name in 'the Banner in three weeks, which saying was verified three weeks after in your paper of June 18th. This is a test to us of Mrs. Conant's excellent mediumship."

THOMAS L. ENNIS, CHARLOTTSVILLE, VA., speaks of a everened gentleman in that place, of the Order of the Campbellites, who spent three-quarters of an hour in giving is congregation divine instruction by saying all manner of busive, slandrous things about Spiritualists.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

WARREN CHASE announces that he will lecture in Geneva, Ohio, July 10th; Conneaut, July 13th and 14th; Buffalo, N. Y., July 17th and 24th; Rochester, N. Y., July 31et; Rome, N. Y., August 4th, 5th. 6th and 7th; Utlea, N. Y., August 14th; Lowell, Mass., the four Sundays of September; October he will speak in Vermont, if the friends wish his services, and let him know by letter at Buffalo or Utlea at the above dates. He would like to spend a week at each place he visite in Vermont, giving six or seven lectures, which may be paid for with \$23, if the month is mostly spont in the State; address for September will be Lowell, Mass.; from Aug. 14th to Sept. 1st, Newport, N. H.

Mas. H. M. Miller is to speak at Conneaut Ohio. July

Mrs. H. M. Miller is to speak at Conneaut, Ohio, July 10th; Ashtabula, Ohio, July 17th. Post-office address, Ash-

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Portland, Me., Sunday, July 10th; Mystic, Conn., Sunday, July 17th; Great Works, Me., August 7th. He expects to spend the mouth of August in Maine. Friends in that State wishing to engage his services, will address him early at Greenwich Village, Mass.

Miss Lizzte Doren may be addressed at Plymouth, Mass, She will speak in that town the remaining Sundays in July and the month of August.

and the month of August.

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

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON WIll lecture in Norwich, Conn., on Sundays, July 10th, 17th and 24th. Address Wil-lard Barnes Felton, Norwich, Conn. MISS SARAH A. MAGOUN Will answer calls to locture in the trance state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass. She will speak in East Princeton, Sunday, July 10th.

Miss Emma Hardinge will conclude her Summer engagements at Oswego, Buffulo, Owe,o, Schenectady, etc. In September she starts for the West, North and South; speaking in October at St. Louis; in November at Memphis; and in December at New Orleans. Sho will return to Philadelphia in March, 1800. Address till October to No. 8 Fourth Avenue,

New York.

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

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

Dn. E. L. Lyon will attend to calls to lecture, Sundays, on all subjects connected with the Spiritual Philosophy; and those desiring his services in this capacity will address him at Providence, R. I. DR. JOHN MAYHEW, to July 14th, will attend to the wishes.

of various friends, on or near the La Cross and Milwaukeo route, including Sheboygan, Neenah, Appleton, and the region roundabout. From July 14th to August 31st he will be on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit.

Mas. J. W. CURRIER will answer calls to lecture. Address, Lowell: box 815. She will speak as follows: Putnam, Ct., July 10th; Milford, N. II., July 17th; East Stoughton, Mass., July 24th; Fexbore', July 31st. She will stop a few days in each of the above places, and will sit for tests of spirit-power, by trance, clairvoyant and physical manifesta-

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

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

Mas. H. F. M. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio, Editress of the Agitator, may be addressed at Boston, care of Bela Marsh, Miss A. W. Spraoue, through the months of July and ugust, will be in Oswego, N. Y MRS. ALVIRA P. THOMPSON, trance-speaker on Bible subjects, ddress West Brookfield. Vt.

George Atkins, trance speaker, will receive calls to lec-ure on the Sabbath. Address No. 22 La Grange Place, Bos-

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

J. H. Corrier will speak in Quincy, Sunday, July 10th; Cambridgeport, Sunday, July 17th. Miss Emma Houston, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, or week evenings. Address at Foun-tain House, Boston.

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

Mn. Charles W. Burdess will answer calls to lecture on the subject of Spiritualism wherever its friends may dosire. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

LOVELL BEEDE, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture wherever the friends of spiritual reform may require his services. Address North Ridgeville, Ohio.

C. T. Inreu, trance-speaking medium, wishes to travel West this summer, and those Western friends who desire his ser-vices as a lecturer may address him at Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq.

REV. JOHN PIERFONT Will answer calls to lecture on Spiritalism. Address at West Medford, Mass. GEO. M. JACKSON would inform his friends in the East that, should they desire his services, they will address him till further notice at Prattsburgh, N. Y., as all communications will.

reach hun from this point. MISS A. F. PEASE has engagements to lecture till the first of Sentember.

of September.

II. A. Tucken, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed in Foxboro', Mass. He will speak in Foxboro', July 10th; Randolph, July 17th; Stoughton, July 24th; Norton, July 18tt; East Stoughton, Mass., August 7th.

Mrs. Bentha B. Chase will answer calls to speak in the rance state. Address, West Harwich, Mass.

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

II. L. Bowken, Natick, Mass., will give lectures on Spirit-nalism and its proofs, from Intuition, for such componention, above expenses, as generosity may prompt. He will lecture in Randolph, Mass., July 24th. Mns. ADA L. COAN may be addressed at Boston, Mass.

continued from the Phase PAOS.

in the corners of the house of duty. I have said that all intentional falsehood for our own soliish ends, was wrong; and that all intentional falsehood for the benefit of other persons, was wrong. I remark, thirdly, that all intentional conveyance of false impressions from one to another, is to be regarded as of the nature of culpable abchood. If you have intentionally conveyed to another a false impression on any subject, by look, by nod, by hint, or by telling the truth so that it will convey a falsehood—if you have intentionally, by any instrumentality, produced on a man's mind an impression aside from the truth, you have told a fle. It may please you to call it by a softer name, but the Bible will not.

I say that a person may so tell the truth as to tell a I say that a person may so tell the truth as to tell a lie at the same time; as when a man, offering to sell a mocking-bird, and heing asked whether it would sing, roplied, "Oh! it will delight thee to hear it sing," on the strength of which reply it was purchased. There is no question but that the man who purchased it would have been exceedingly delighted to hear it sing, but he never did. In this case the man who sold the bird told the truth, and yet he told as bad a lie as could be tald under the circumstances.

bird told the truth, and yet he told as bad a lie as could be told under the circumstances.

Many men think that if they stick to the letter, that if they do not say anything false, that if their words are exactly the servants of truth, they do not lie, however false may be the impressions which they convey to others. But any impression that you make upon the mind of another which is contrary to your knowledge of the truth, is a falsehood. Therefore, all equivores all suppressions all means what cations, all evasions, all suppressions, all means what-soever that are intended to produce upon the minds of men false impressions, are culpable. Let your conmen false impressions, are culpable. "Let your conversation." Christ says, "be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

Now we meet this question, very commonly, with the interrogatory, "But what would you do in such a case as this?" I reply at once, by saying, What I sould do, has nothing to do with what I ought to do. I think likely that I should tell a lie, as you do, if I were tempted: since I do not profess to be out of the flesh, or perfect in the flesh. I am perfect enough, however, to know this—that I am not to take my nowever, to know this—that I am not to take my weaknesses down and erect them into arguments and permissions in favor of falsehood. "What would you do in battle?" Perhaps I should turn about and run away: but would that justify cowardice? "What would you do in the night if burglars were to break into your house?" Perhaps I should display that cowardice which would lead a man to hide and shut cowardice which would lead a man to hide, and shut his eyes, and thus become a fellow to the thieves. Perhaps I should not have a particle of that courage which would enable a man to send them out speedily, with the price of their wickedness. But what I would do is not a criterion by which to judge of what it would do is not a criterion by which to judge of what it is a man's duty to do. My idea is that a man, when he becomes the occupant of a house, swears that he will himself be captain of that fort, and that he will surhimself be captain of that fort, and that he will surrender it into no enemy's hands. If the lives of my
wife and children were in jeopardy, and I could save
them by telling a lie, perhaps I should melt down
under the fire of temptation, and tell the lie; but because I might do so, does not make it right that I
should do so. If I were in danger on account of my
faith, and the question was, Fire at the stake or renunciation of Christ, I might deny my Saviour to save
now own life: but would my doing it make it right? my own life; but would my doing it make it right? What a man would do under this or that temptation, has nothing to do with the right or wrong of this matter. What a man would do, may differ very widely from what he ought to do. Ethical principles do not stand upon men's fears or exigencies; they stand on God's laws, which are far above men's changing and fluctuating circumstances.

Of all the falsehoods that are told by men, I think "Of all the falsehoods that are told by men, I think there are none worse or more ridiculous than those usually told with the least compunction—I mean lies of humanity, as they are said to be in the reasonings of men on this subject. It is taken for granted that a nurse, having the care of children that are difficult to manage, has a right to lie to them. I say that she has no right to lie to them, under any circumstances. Do wan yet entropes children discorn lies? It does not reyou not suppose children discern lies? It does not require a man to perceive a falsehood. Children four or five years old are often quicker to notice a deception than grown people are. And what good does it do for a nurse to lie to children when she has lied to them once or twice? After that, they do not believe what once or twice? After that, they do not believe what she says; so the end which she seeks to gain by lying, is defeated by the very act. What an idea of bringing up children that is, which regards it as right for grown persons to lie to young persons, for the sake of deceptions which do not go skin deep, thus perverting their moral sense at its very beginning and fountain. It is abominable!

But it is said that parents may deceive their children when their inquisitiveness leads them to ask about things which they should not know. If they ask about things which they should not know, then tell them that they should not know. "But," people say, "a child puts a parent in such a disagreeable position sometimes." Well, you had not better jump out of it sometimes." Well, you had not better jump out of it into a lie. It is much more disagreeable to be in a lie before your children—or it will be at the judgment seat—than to be in any position in which they can place you by their questions. I can scarcely conceive the idea of a parent telling a lie to a child. Think of a parent binding a child on a table and dissecting out its eyes. Could there be anything more shocking than such a dead 2. Leannet eyen use it as a figure. The such a deed & Leannot even use it as a figure such a deed I cannot even use it as a figure. The thought of a parent cutting the eyes of a child from their palpitating sockets is so revolting that we cannot dwell upon it for a moment. But think of a parent going to work, with the dull tools of lies, and outting out the very eyes of the souls of his children, perverting their moral sense, and throwing about them such associations that they are ceasing to see things in the light of truth, and are learning to see their in the the light of truth, and are learning to see them in the light of falsehood. It is perfidous in the extreme ! But it is supposed that physicians have a prescrip-

But it is supposed that physicians have a prescriptive right to lie to their patients. Now, do you suppose that it is necessary for a physician to damn his own soul in order to save his patient's body? Do you suppose it is more important that his patient should recover than that he should be a man? Do you suppose that it is necessary for a physician to lie to a patient, even to promote the patient's welfare? I believe a majority of the lies told to patients arise from sheer cowardies. Do you not suppose that a physician who a majority of the lies will to patients attend to in sheer cowardice. Do you not suppose that a physician who is manly can say to his patient what ought to be said to him, and then tell him, "As to the rest, hold your peace; I chall do as I please?" I do not think it necessary that when a physician brings a cup to a patient he should bring a lie in it.
It is generally thought that, at any rate, there can

It is generally thought that, at any rate, there can be no harm in lying to a lunatic; but if I were going to lie, I would not throw my soul away on a dog or a lunatic. Men talk of this subject as if the whole evil of lying lay outside of a man, and not inside of him; but I think that lying produces even worse results in the souls of those who indulge in It, than it does upon those to whom they lie. I think that a man who confines his reasonings on this subject to outward things, does not even know what is the foundation element of

truth. The necessity of a man's being pure and true inwardly, should be the prime consideration.

Although I may not go further into this subject today, and must resume it again, for other purposes, at a later period, I may close by expounding this thought that it is not necessible for a man to maintain a maintain and the state of the state —that it is not possible for a man to maintain a manly and at the same time maintain habits of Indulgence in deception of any kind is fa tal to real manhood. I think we must judge of human character as men do of timber. I do not care what a man's character may be, the effect upon it of his tell ing a lie is what a worm channel is in a sill of oak. When a stick of timber has one worm channel running through it, it may be a strong stick of timber yet, but it is weakened some. When it comes to have two or three of these channels running through it, it is good for nothing. And the moment it is understood that a for nothing. And the moment it is understood that a man falsifies, that moment he sinks in the esteem of all truly moral men—that moment there is an element in

truly moral men—that moment there is an element in his character which will put him below par in the judgment of all right-thinking men.

Let me say, then, to the young of my charge, you never can have too high an ideal as respects the Christian duty and Christian virtue of truth. If you are going to sin, be heroic and sin on the side of truth. We are surrounded in this world by ten thousand petty temptations to mean little faults, and it is necessary that the young in these states and times, should lift that the young, in these states and times, should lift themselves up on the highest plane of heroism and of manly character. Avoid falsehood in all its varied forms; and, I repeat, if you sin at all, sin on the side of truth. Where men give you permission to do wrong, dirt. If you were told that you might eat dirt, you would say, "I don't want to eat dirt, and I wont touch tt." And when they tell you that you may falsify, and evade and deceive, do you rise up in the dignity of a true manhood, and say, "Why should I want such a permission? I am a child of light, and not a child of arrivers and I do not choose to sich up no week to the contraction." darkness; and I do not choose to yield up my purity of character or my adherence to the truth." Stand firm in integrity, and your conduct will never be below your standard; but if you put your standard in the mud, where will your life be?

> "Why should all girls," a wit exclaimed, "Burpassing farmers be?"
> Because they're always studying
> The art of husbandry

EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Bunday Morning, June 20th, 1859.

ERFORTED FOR THE DANSER OF LIGHT, BY DURK AND LORD Taxr,-"And he said, so is the kingdom of God, as if a man should east seed into the ground, and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, to knoweth not how."—Mark iv, 26-27.

In considering the correspondence between the material and the spiritual worlds, it is well for us to notice both its extent and its limitations. There are, of course, certain points in which mind differs from matter, and we cannot predicate of the one what we do of the other. The one belongs to the region of fixed method and mechanical order; the other to the realm of freedom and of spiritual force. If man is indeed a microcosm, a miniature of the universe at large, he represents its hemisphere of mystery as well as of fa-millar fact; its spiritual as well as its physical order of being. And in the inner workings and sceret relations of his own soul, we may assume the existence of realities, which are not palpable to our senses, or even known by our reason, in the movements of things around us. Butl our respect for the dignity of spirit around us. Buti our respect for the dignity of spirit should not cause us to overlook the grounds of resemblance—I might almost say of identity—between it and the material world. They are parts of the common universe; the same God ordained both and works in both. Especially may it prove profitable for us to observe the analogy between the two in regard to the principle of growth and developement. It is to this analogy that Christ directs our attention in the text. He declares that the kingdom of God, in other words the principles of divine truth and love, should work in the world at large, and in the individual soul, as the the world at large, and in the individual soul, as the seed works in the bosom of the ground. The law of the one is the law of the other. And in this respect the correspondence between the natural and spiritual worlds is complete. worlds is complete.

I propose to trace some points of this analogy in the present discourse. I remark, then, that in all natural and all spiritual operations, so far as they come within the sphere of human agency, there is a three-fold element, or, we may say, there are three distinct elements; there is the element of endeavor, the element of mystery, and the element of result. In other words, there is something for man to do; then there is something is something for man to do; then there is something beyond his knowledge and control; and then there is something achieved by the co-operation of these two. For illustration of this, take any act; take one of the most familiar acts—the moving of the fingers or the arm. We are conscious of our own will, and we know the result; but we cannot tell why that result should believe. follow. We cannot see the subtle connection that rum between the willing mind; and the obedient muscles Here now is a mystery, a great mystery, involved in this most familiar performance. You may think of it again and again, and you will find that middle term of mystery impossible to explore. Why, at the first jot of your thought there should be a response at the extreme end of the finger. We are delighted with the efforts of some great musician, with the exquisite music he invokes from the keys of the piano. But there is something far more wonderful, though far more common, than the nusic. It is the process by which that music is created; the means by which the melodies and accordances in the artist's soul are brought out of the instrument, the way in which every minute nerve and fibre of the fingers obeys the artist's will, and makes a few strips of wire and cold ivory throw off the jets of brilliant sound and volleys of human expression, and strike upon chords of far and mysterious suggestion, and pour out a stream of harmony that lifts up and floats a thousand souls. There, again, is the act of ut-terance the condition that exists between you and myself. I speak, and you hear. How? The words issue from my lips and reach your cars. But what are these sounds? Volumes of force communicated to the at-mosphere, whose electric waves carry them to the first recipients that are in your own organisms. But still I ask you, how do these volumes of sound convey articulate meaning, or carry ideas from my mind into your own? But the most appropriate illustration is that of the text. Man sows the seed and reaps the harvest. But between these two points occurs a middle condi-tion of mystery. He casts the seed into the ground; he sleeps, and rises night and day; the seed springs and grows up. he does not know how. Yet when the fruit is ripe, immediately he putteth in the sickle, be-cause the harvest is come. That is all he knows about it. There is something for him to do and something for him to receive. But between the doing and the receiving there is a mystery.

And so is it in all the experiences of daily life; in the most trivial and usual acts, only we do not think of it. It would be well if we did think of it, especialy if we reflected how generally applicable is that preg-iant sentence, "he knoweth not how;" if we would think, I repeat, of the suggestion of that single sen-tence, "he knoweth not how." Look where you will take up a blade of grass; look at the motion of the planets; consider the quivering of the nerves: the glo-ry of the human eye, or any operation in all nature, Whatever you touch, whatever seems most familiar to you, the moment you get below the scarf skin, all you can say about it is, the knoweth not how." The great miracle of productiveness alluded to in the text, this miracle of great miracle of processes going on in the natural world—have you ever thoroughly contemplated it? I rode this past week through one of the richest portions of our State. I was in a portion of the same country a few weeks before. And now, in that brief interval of time, what a transfiguration; what brief interview river side; what glory upon the hills! And as the rain distilled as I was riding along, and the sunshine poured down its bantism of glory, the leaves stretched out like supplicating hands, and the grass lifted up multitudinous heads of gratitude, growing fresher, greener and more luxuriant under the benediction. Every thing was arrayed in its coronation robes, familiar, yet thing was arrayed in its coronation robes, imminar, yet wonderful, woven in that inysterious loom of nature. A very common process, familiar, and yet we know not how. Surely it is good for us to wake from the apathy of custom, the deceit of familiarity, and consider the wonder in which we are embosomed, the works of miracle involved in all we do. I do not wan works of miracle involved in an we do. I go not want a man to put his hand on something and say, "this is very wonderful," as though there was nothing else that was wonderful. I want him to get into that condition in which everything is wonderful. I do not want him to see a spiritual revelation in any one point of nature, in any one peculiar way, or in one peculia form. I want this film of materialism to break away form. I want this film of materialism to break away, until every principle becomes a spiritual revelation. For this great process of mystery, of growth and development, is inseparable from the labor of man, and only in his effort, his patience, his faithfulness, does he find a pledge of the harvest.

Having thus considered the nature of the natural world, let us now pass over to the condition of the spiritual world, as is done by our Saviour in the text.

Endeavor, mystery, result; these are the three elements involved in these processes of spiritual growth and de-velopment. So is the kingdom of God, as if a man velopment. "So is the Kingdom of God, as it a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, "he knoweth not how." In the first place, then, man has something to do in this process of spiritual work; he has something to do. Take, for nstance, the religious work in his own soul. Now, whatever may be our idea of this process of religious ife in the soul of man, everybody who believes in re igion at all, believes in some such process. Call it ed cation, call it development, call it conversion, call it what you will; we believe there is for man something to do, by which he shall make progress in spiritual life, by which he shall not stand in the thraidom of habits, customs and base desires, which come upon u all, upon some men more powerfully than upon others, but upon every man in some degree. We believe there is some spiritual effort for every man to make in this world, if we believe in religion at all. If we believe man is destined for a higher state, is not a mere animal let them call this process education, development, conversion, or what they may—we believe in the necessity of some such process. In this process nothing is more sure than that, while we cannot save ourselves, we must work out our own salvation. This divine an tithesis in life exists, and we cannot help it. For it is not merely that we must work out our own salvation but God must work within. And then, on the other hand, it is not all for God to do. No man believes however much he may reason it out in theory, that he must wait to be saved; he believes he has something to While we know we cannot save ourselves know we must work out our own salvation-meaning by salvation, not simply deliverance from the conse-quences of sin, not merely an escape from hell, which is the flat, shallow statement of the question; but

great evil ensues from throwing the whole affair into worse than the Lamas, for we do not take the pains to the region of mystery. A great many virtually say, out out our conceptions, even in paper, but throw out our wishes, and think there is some mysterious charm "Well, this becoming religious is God's work; it is a our wishes, and think there is some mysterious charm mysterious affair." Well, my friends, so it is; and so that attaches to anything in the way of prayer, and that is the end of it. Everything tells of the necessity so is that God's work; it is not yours; you do not of human action; in prayer, in religious life, in all our make the harvest. Take the seed, for instance; you cannot make one. You can pile up pyramids ton God will furnish the rest.

thousand feet high, may be. You can spring a bridge across the foathing Ningara. You can take the ma-terials that God has thrown around you, and put thom to splendid uses; but you cannot make the material Itself. But here is the seed-you cannot make one. And is it not wonderful—the little atom that lies there. all pregnant with an unknown invstery? Yet you do not make it. It is a mystery; it is fied's work, the not make it. It is a mystery; it is flod's work, the seed is. And the result comes from God's grace and God's morey. And you may just as well say of this familiar process of sowing the seed and reading the harvest, that it is all mysterious, that it is God's work. Here, in the process of religious life, comes the seed to you, the seed of truth, the seed of righteonsness. God gives it to you freely. What are you going to do with it? Are you going to say, "Well, here is truth, here is righteonsness, here is God's direction before me how to live; but it is all God's work; it is all a mystery; I shall be religious in God's own time, when he is ready to have me religious." Do you say so with the reed; to have me religious." Do you say so with the read; with anything pertaining to your ordinary earthly affairs? When the materials are in your hand, and you know that the result will only come from the application of the materials in the right way, do you say. "It is a very mysterious thing—it is all God's working?" Now I want you to take just the same common sense course in that religious work that you would in the working of your business, in everything that pertains to your business life. I want you to remember that to your business life. I want you to remember that before you stands only this claim, this duty, to believe the true thing, and to do the right thing. That is religion, so far as you have anything to do with it. It is not this mysterious, strange, inexplicable thing that a great many make it out to be. There is nothing, so far as man is concerned, but to believe the true thing, and to do the right thing; not to be writing for some and to do the right thing; not to be waiting for some feeling of mystery to creep over him before he thinks he is religious. There is a mystery in nature; but you do not trouble yourselves with it. I have just shown that we do not think of it as much as we ought. A man takes the seed, sows it, and looks for the harvest. He knows there is a mystery about it. So take the He knows there is a mystery about it. So take the seed of truth, the seed of righteousness, that God has freely planted, that God has freely given you in the prophets and in the apostles, in nature and in grace, in the utterances of daily life, and from the lips of Christ Jesus. Take it: plant it; nourish it; water it; work with it, and do not wait for some great mystery to develop itself as the expression of religion.

And here is the reason for much of the religious insection, and religious faintness that prevails in the

action and religious faintness that prevails action and religious faintness that prevails in the world; because we think there is so much of mystery in the process, because we are waiting for God to come to us, instead of taking up the seed and going forth to do God's work. Now this is a great error, this waiting for supernatural means, as well as for supernatural processes. All processes are supernatural in the religious life. The means are as natural, plain and company and the supernatural in the religious life. mon sense as the seed the farmer sows in the spring. There is a religious self-negation, which says, 'I can do nothing; all my religion is of God's grace; all my do nothing; all my religion is of God's grace; all my hope and all my effort for holiness is no merit of mine." Well, all that is very true, if we take it up in the true light. But if we are making it an excuse for religious inaction, if we say that a man is not in the way of religion, who is living honestly, who is believing truthfully, who is doing a faithful act, and we must have some mysterious action to constitute the religiousness of that act, then we make a resurrent with ligiousness of that act, then we make a very great mis-take. Nor can any man who can speak the truth and do the right thing, call them his merit and doing. cannot call that his merit and deny God's grace, any more than he can call that mystic something which we are apt to term "grace" a thing entirely separate from human action. God's grace! so it is everywhere; everything is of God's grace, and no merit of our own. The harvest is not of your merit; it is of God's grace. The seed is of God's grace; the soil and its property to nourish the seed, is of God's grace. But you sow the seed. You take the thing in the common-sense light, and cast the seed into the ground. So do not hold back from doing the thing that is right, and believing that which is true, because it looks like mere morality and self-righteousness, and does not have enough of God's grace, and throws the whole glory of the thing upon your own merit. No. it does not. Nor does anything you do, nor any result which you may obtain in this world, come of your own merit, but it is all God's

grace. You will find this argument very common against the idea of universal restoration. It is said: "Well, if a man goes to your hell, or limbo, or purgatory, or whatever you call it, and stays there a certain length of time, and works out his penalty, and gets rid of all suffering, and gets to heaven, he claims it of his merit, and not through Jesus Christ. He has worked out his penalty, he has served his term in the great state of the purious of the universe and here are the testing of the universe and here are the testing of the purious of th penalty, he has served his term in the great state prison of the universe, and has a right to citizenship.' Now, do you, because a prisoner has served out his term in the prison, do you put him back where he was before? At any rate, does he acquire the character and reputation of a gentleman or a Christian because he has served out his term in the State's prison? If a man had served out his term in a local hell, had been there a certain length of time, he would have no particular chain to heaven. ular claim to heaven.

In the next place, let us remember this simple thing: whenever a man is delivered from sin, if he is delivered at all, it is all God's grace. I believe that whenever a man repents. God forgives him; whether he repents now or ten millions of years hence, it is the same thing; it is of God's grace, after all. Because, if a man sins once, and another sins all his life, the one does not suffer so much as the other. But if a man sins in this life, I verily believe that he will suffer in the next; but not endlessly. Though the consequences are not the same, yet the grace of God is the same; and he forgives him when he repents. If I should be so foolish as to sin here, and the consequence is that I suffer a million of years, and I repent at the end of that million of years, and I repent at the end of that million of years, it would be God's grace that gave me that condition of repentance. And it is all nonsense to say that a man can get into heaven by his own merits, and not by the grace of God in Jesus Christ. It is the grace of God in Jesus Christ that gives him the condition o pardonable repentance, whether here or hereafter whether this minute, or ten millions of years hence. wherever we turn, in every process of spiritual life as in natural life, there is no glory in man's merits. It is only God's grace that permits the conditions to produce certain results. What is required of man is to fulfill the conditions, to do the thing that God requires of him, being assured that God will do his part. Oh, man, anxious to know what the life of religion is, anxious to know what the life of religion is, anxious to know what the life of religion is, anxious to know what the life of religion is, anxious to know what the life of religion is, anxious to know what the life of religion is, anxious to know what the life of religion is, anxious to know what the life of religion is, anxious the life of the life o ious to know how to turn from sin to it, do not look a it with such mysterions eyes; do not you wait for God for God is waiting for you, and has been from the first hour of your intelligent reflection upon such things un-til now. God is waiting for you to do this, to believe what comes to you as true to-day, and to do what is right for you to do to-day. He is waiting for nothing else, and will give you the increase.

People sometimes get into the practice of throwing themselves wholly upon a mystery in the matter of prayer. They seem to think that there is some charm n the very making of a prayer alone, without any cor responding acts. Now we condemn—we Protestants, at least—the Roman Catholics for their sacramental ideas of things; that by merely taking the consecrated wafer they receive saving grace; or in the last hour of life that by receiving extreme unction, by some mysterious act and process, they are put into a posture of salvation. We say that is superstitious. Yet how many people are superstitious about what they call re-ligious acts—especially about prayer. They seem to think that the mere uttering of words has a charm that nothing else has, and that prayer consists mostly in what they say, in a particular posture, in uttering a pe-culiar phraseology of words. They think simply of the mystery of the prayer touching the divine nature, and disjoined from our own acts; so that our prayers are nothing more than good wishes, sometimes merely good words, hardly good desires. They do not make ourselves any better, nor do they make the world any better. And why? Because we are thinking of the mysterious something that there is in the good prayer, rather than the common sense influence and consisten cy of our own lives connected with the prayer. We are told that the Lamas of Thibet have the fol-

lowing way of helping travelers who are in want of horses: They cut out a number of horses in paper, as cend a high mountain, pray, and fling up a lot of these paper horses in the air, and the wind carries them in all directions; and they suppose that Buddha then changes those paper horses into flesh and blood, and weary travelers get the use of them. Certainly it is great mystery how travelers can get the use of any substantial horses by any such process as that. They probably wait a great while, and then have to go on foot. nuences of sin, not merely an escape from hell, which is the flat, shallow statement of the question; but neaning thereby deliverance from evil, from sin, from slave, those who are needy and perishing by the way, meaning thereby deliverance from evil, from sin, from the victorious power of wickedness within us. We have to work out our own deliverance from this thrall-dom, and, by the assistance of God, to rise in the glory of the divine life.

Now what I wish to say is this: that in this process great evil ensues from throwing the whole affair into the region of water trans. For we do not take the pains to the proper of water trans.

that old process of the sun rising and setting, and the waters flowing and ebbing, and the universal round of natural laws which we behold. Now we see all around us every day in human action, something transcending the state of the state o all calculations of a hundred years ago. See the elec-tric telegraph; there is as much wonder and mystery in that as in anything that we can conceive in divine communication with man. But it comes, and when it is done, why we are all satisfied with it, though we should have called a man a fool or a lunatic who argued it beforehand. Why not suppose, as within the line of human possibility such wonderful miracles are possible, that God, within the infinite resources of his nature, can communicate a revelation, or touch the soul of man in ways that we do not know? We go soul of man in ways that we do not know? We go along, and believe in God and nature, many of us. We say that God does give life to the seed and protection to the harvest; it is God's action. We explode the notion of mere laws governing these things; we say laws are nothing in themselves; we only mean by them the expression of the divine will. We are perthem the expression of the divine will. We are perfectly willing to admit, therefore, that God impinges upon nature, and fills it instantly. But when it comes to touching the soul of man, we say that doubtless he touched the soul of David and Isaiah; he was manifested in Paul, and peculiarly so in Jesus Christ; but God does not now come near to my soul or your soul; God does not come near the souls of his children every day. And yet, I ask, what is more necessary, and what is more likely, than that God does touch-your soul and mine, and come very near to us? Is it likely that his nature impinges upon inanimate, unintelligent things, and that his children are left bleak and desolate in this world without him? I tell you that every good man, every man who has gone into the double of religious every man who has gone into the depths of religious experience, who has known much of the needs, more experience, who has known much of the needs, more especially the spiritual needs of life, will tell you that he believes God does communicate with him and touch him—that he believes that face to face he is with the Father, though he may see no distinct lineaments of the infinite. He does believe that God presses upon his soul, and breathes in the resolutions of his will, inspires his actions, and lifts him up when he falls down, and gives him strength in his weakness. It is this which distinguishes all religion from mere morality, or philosophy. Philosophy a merely a doctrine about God. Morality is simply a rule of conduct. But away back of all doctrines about God, and all rules of conduct, we want the consciousness of God, we want away back of all doctrines about God, and all rules of conduct, we want the consciousness of God, we want the sense of immediate contact with God; the feeling that when we put up our hands, there is an infinite hand taking hold of us. Men who go deep into life, and deep into the mind's influences, feel this to be Now, if God is working directly in nature, if the seed manifests the product of the creative mind, and as

seed manifests the product of the creative mind, and as it grows up is a manifestation of a creative action—
if the seed is this wonderful thing and evidences the immediate action of God, what is a thought? the thought of heaven? the thought of self-sacrifice? the martyr's thought, who says I will give up all for Christ Jesus? the philanthrophist's thought, who puts forth his hand and litts fallen and bleeding humanity?
Whyne causes these thoughts? where course the Whence comes these thoughts? whence comes the most common thought of man? how does a thought get into the mind of man? It is the most wonderful process in the world. I say that it comes from God Almighty himself. It is a great truth, then, that thought is more wonderful than the seed; and if the seed in its nature requires the antecedent action of God, much more does the thought of men, that voice of conscience which speaks to him, and says, "Thou shalt not, and thou shalt." That voice that we cannot utterly smother, that we cannot resist, whence comes it? Oh, there stands man with a wonderful-distinction from all other creatures. His animal life is limited like the lives of animals about him; his appetites are like animal supporting and to accept the control of the contr great truth, that in all things there is the middle term of mystery. And so in all inspiration which we need in our spiritual life, we cannot tell how, but we may

ne sure that God is working in us.

And here I may take up again this matter of prayer because I spoke of only one point when I alluded to it just now. I spoke against the idea of simply looking at the mystery of prayer, without considering the practical action which it consistently requires. There is mystery in prayer, as there is in all things. Nor is the mystery the main argument against the reality of prayer, any more than it is against the reality of anything else. There is no inconsistency in the idea shallow class of people can say is, "Why, do you suppose that God is going to violate the laws of nature? What is the use of any prayer? If God is disposed to do this thing, he will do it; if not, he will not do it. My prayers do not do any good; there is no use in them; God will not violate the laws of nature." No, and no righteous man ever prayed to God to violate the laws of nature. No really righteous man eve prayed for God's arm to stand still, or for the stars not o move, because he has had experience through hu manity for centuries that that is his way of working. He does not pray that God shall violate his laws. But is that the close limit in which we shut up the possi bilities of prayer, that they will not interfere with the known and recorded laws of God in nature?

In the first place, we must remember that in this inverse there is a region above all law, that is, all natural laws. There is a region of spiritual liberty; there is a possibility for a great many spiritual things to take place, because they have nothing to do with physical laws, with the laws of nature. There is a region where, the soul comes immediately in contact with God, as I have shown you, and there is scope for the operation of prayer, without interfering with the laws of nature. In the next place, we do not know halt the laws of natural and spiritual being, in any particular instance. We do not know what the law is; we do not know the whole of God's will in the matter. Here is a man slek, or in danger. Does he know that it is the law that he shall die, or that he shall fall into deeper peril and suffering? He does not know what the clared in the rising and setting of the sun, in the obbing and flowing of the tides. It is an uncertainty. He does not know but that it is God's will, it may be, to touch him by a particular class of conditions, to move in this direction instead of that. Does this imply changeability in God? There is nonsense in the class of the contact where is a field and it has grown un woods. move in this direction instead of that. Does this imply changeability in God? There is nonsense in the ply changeachity in God? There is nonsense in the argument. Here is a field, and it has grown up weeds from year to year. You go there and sow seed, and instead of weeds there come up wheat. Does God change? Is that a proof of his changeability? No; you have changed; you have employed certain conditions by which God has made it to follow that the wheat shall come up integel of the weeds. You have wheat shall come up instead of the weeds. You have

wheat shall come up instead of the weeds. You have sowed seed, and the result differs accordingly.

Now, my friends, in the spiritual world there are certain conditions that exist until we come to touch another class of conditions. And shall we limit God's spiritual laws, and say there is not a class of conditions which we can touch, and change the result?—in other words, that just as we sow the seed, God gives the words, that just as we sow the seed. God gives the answer to our prayer? It seems to me that if I use certain conditions in the spiritual world. God gives me certain results that I do not get if I do not use those conditions. And that is no more proof of changeability in God than there is proof of changeability in the wheat coming up instead of weeds, where the weeds had always grown before.

But more than this, and in answer to all this, there are the avealeating instincts of the human heart in the

are the everlasting instincts of the human heart in the power of prayer. I think a great deal of man's instincts. When you show me any kind of dootrine that

And yet while there is this element of human endeavor in the process of religious life, there is an element of mystery in it, after all, and it cannot be overlooked. It is well—it is necessary to assert that this work of religion in the soul is a divine work, where the doctrine, the idea of divine communication with the life of man is denied; for that is denied directly or indirectly by a great many. It is singular how reluctant men are to admit of any communication from God for man. If you look at it, the whole doctrine of objection to a revelation is based upon this obstinate idea in the soul of man, that it is impossible that God could communicate with man in any way, except by natural laws that come within the reope of our own little experience. There is no other argument against revelation, then. When we have a revelation, men take the moral character of it, and judge it. The idea of revelation has no argument against it, except the stubborn notion within our minds that somehow or other God cannot communicate with man in any way, but by that old process of the sun rising and setting, and the waters flowing and ebbing, and the universal round of natural laws which we behold. Now we see all around us every day in human action, something transcending all calculations of a hundred years ago. See the elecof his recorded law in the operations of nature. No; the instinct of prayer assures us of an answer to all right prayers; and, more than this, it gives us a nobler sense of prayer than a great many suppose. A great many say that the object of prayer is to make us feel better; but it does not alter God's ways; that he who prays is better prepared for life, his vision is clearer, his brain is steadler, his heart is better. Now it has this result; but that is not all. Prayer is not a kind of moral gymnastics, by which you lift yourself up by your own waisthand above the earth. It is contact with God; down from God comes some answer to your prayer, depend upon it. But there is no more mystery in prayer than in that middle condition of mystery by which we sow the seed and rean the harmont

which we sow the seed and reap the harvest. But there is an answer to those who deny that any But there is an answer to those who deny that any special act of prayer is necessary. A great many people say that work is prayer. A man says, "Igo out to my garden, and I dig there, and I pray in digging." That is so to some extent. But he does only a part of his duty; he is partial, just as the man who does the praying and does no work. And I would say to him, you want the inspiration, the sanction of the work, as well as the work itself; you want reverence to God. well as the work itself; you want reverence to God. Every feeling that lifts you up to God, does help you in ways that you do not know. You want the specific reference to God, as well as to do; on the other hand you want to do, as well as the specific reference to God. But you want both things; and, I repeat, there is no more mystery in the idea that God comes in and helps us, and works with us, than there is in all the operations of street "The thing is done; the result comes." tions of nature. The thing is done; the result comes, and we know not how. And thus by man's endeavor, involved in God's help the result finally comes, we do your work, you will find yourselves very much mis-taken; there will be a barrenness of results all round. Do, and trust in God, and the result is sure to come.

To have only to do the right thing. There is a great deal of difficulty sometimes in that. A man says, "I do not see how I can do it, If I do not do as my neighbor does, my business will go down; I cannot keep up a competition with him. There must be a little exaggeration in statement; there must be a degree of misrepresentation, and I cannot do the right thing." Why? Because it is mysterious to you how you could get a blessing every day, I suppose. Perthing." Why? Because it is mysterious to you now you could get a blessing every day, I suppose. Perhaps you would not get a worldly blessing. God does not promise worldly blessings, riches and power. It may be that you will not get worldly blessings, that you will lose and suffer. But if you do the right thing, if you sow the seed, you will have the result in the blessedness at your ways sail is its true workings in blessedness of your own soul, in its true workings, in its assimilation to God. Do the right thing; do the true thing. There is mystery about how the good will come to you; but it is sure to come. Sow the seed, and you will reap the result; God will do his part.

So it is in the work of faith; that is the great work. It takes a stronger man to believe than to do. Patience is mightier than effort. It is the hardest thing in the world to the strong of the stro not utterly smother, that we cannot resist, whence comes it? Oh, there stands man with a wonderful distinction from all other creatures. His animal life is limited like the lives of animals about him; his appetites are like animal appetites, and to a certain extent his reason is like an animal instinct. Yet there is a moral sense, the sense that bids the rudest bushman, the most brutal barbarian to bow before the awful majesty of right—the lighting's flash that pierces the dark materialism of that most wretched onteast, and reveals God to him; the awful thunder of retribution that shakes the guilty soul; the inspiration that makes the weak man strong, that says, "courage, oh, hero." called not to the red battle field, not to the slippery deck, not to the glory of his country's flag, but to stand up for the right—the voice that says that, the voice of conscience that dignifies man as a moral being, what is it but the manifestation of the instant presence and contact of God Almighty? Ah, but we do not know how. And the blade comes up in the harvest, when you have sowed the seed, and you do not know how. And will you make your little limit of knowledge the test of God's possibility of communication with man? If not, then fall back upon the great truth, that in all things there is the middle term of mystery. And so in all inspiration which we need. The old idea used to be that those voicances, those immense ruptures of the earth—the immense changes of which we see the marks—were accomplished by some sudden shock. The better philosophy, I believe, now is that they have been seronely and calmly brought about, little by little. But suppose that they were brought about by some sudden shock; the shock was long in preparing—it was a great while before that shock took place—and the antecedents were slow and gradual. And so in listory. We talk of re-clutions—as though they were marvellous and instantaneous. They never were instantaneous. The French revolution—you can read it away back for two hundred years. You can see it coming on for ages, as you can see the thunder cloud gathering. You can feel the vibrations of it, away back in the middle ages, and you can feel its vibrations to-day. You can see it now in Italy, in this war It is one long, ground-swell of the same great wave, gradually working out God's processes, I trust,—not by Louis Napoleon, nor by Austria, I am protty sure, but by the mysterious instincts of liberty in the hearts of mon, working by the means he gives them. And so it is continually. God is working gradually, not instantaneously.

ously,
We speak of sudden conversions. That depends upon what
we mean by sudden conversions. If we mean that a man
instantly changes his point of view, instantly turns away
from the evil and tries for the good, then I believe in them. I believe that most all great conversions are sudden; I do not believe much in any other kind. Here is a man who has been in the habit of using strong drink. If he is going to get from his habit gradually, he will be pretty sure to slip down into the grave a drunkard. He must say, "I will stop this moment." That is the end of it. He cannot say, "I am going to stop, little by little; I will take two glasses to-day, and one to-morrow." That will never do; he will get further into the whirlpool than over. He must stop instantly, or he will not touch a little tax "I have will drive any "I have will have any "I have any "I have will have any "I have an I believe that most all great conversions are sudden; I do In the first place, we must remember that in this universe there is a region above all law, that is, all more." That is the spring of reformation. And so in other natural laws. There is a region of spiritual liberty; there is a possibility for a great many spiritual things crisis in a man's life by which he turns from the evil to the

it, and wait for the harvest. And the harvest will come, no doubt of it. People are sometimes fretful about Christianity. They say, "What good has it done for these nineteen hundred years? where is the evidence of the victory? Look at these errors, fightings, corruptions and abominations." Now how are you looking for Christianity to come? Are you going to measure one of God's days by one of your own? Are you looking for a peculiar era of Christianity? Some people are. They expect Christianity to come with a sudden burst of splender, in a great epoch upon the earth. The kingdom of God comes whenever it enters into a true soul, and purifies it, and fredeens it, and lights it up. And Chrisand purifies it, and redeems it, and lights is up. And Christianly has triumphed wherever it has made a bad man a good one. Perhaps there never has been, and never will be, an era in this world that is a Christian era. But you may be sure that continually in the heart of man it is doing its work, though he knows not how, just as the seed is growing in the ground

work, though he knows not now, just as the country in the ground.

Oh, God is a great husbandman. His work is not abortive in the least thing. His work is going on to-day, in all the valeys on all the hills, in the seed, in the waves of grass, in the walkfoot arm and the growing fruit; it is going on there. valleys, on all the hills, in the seed, in the waves of grass, in the uplifted arm and the growing fruit; it is going on there. It going on in the human soul, in all good results, in hely utterances and uplifted prayers, and in all right actions. It is going on in this great seed-bulb of a world, and it will be manifest by-and-by. The harvest, you will see it by-and-by, in the redeemed humanity, white-robed and golden-crowned, on all the hills of heaven. And God will put in his sickle, because the fullness of time will have come, and the harvest will be ready.