

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

REFINEST;

THE SMUGGLER'S SECRET. A STORY OF THE PAST.

BY GEO. F. BURNHAM.

CHAPTER I. THE EYRIE.

High up on one of the loftiest bluffs that overlook the Bay of Torres, upon the western coast of Portugal, there is a narrow defile in the rocks, a sort of chasm, that may have been caused at some early period by a revolution or convulsion in Nature, or it might be that the hand of man had originally cleft it and scooped it out, for some purposes unknown. Be this as it may, the passage to it, from below, is tortuous and perilous; and it is approached with the greatest difficulty even by the initiated.

The *Sierra d'Estrella*, a long range of mountains, extends along the northeastern part of the Tagus, from the Atlantic coast to the great passes on the westerly extremities of the Castilian mountains, and terminates at this point, along the sea, as far south as Cintra and Lisbon.

A rare retreat is this region, and especially above Torres, to the northward, for the numerous bands of smugglers that are associated with the low bandits of the mountains referred to, there, and who for many a long year—to the period when our story dates—had held almost undisputed sway and possession of the region described, for several leagues northward and inland. In vain had the local authorities and the then imbecile government of Portugal endeavored to ensnare, dislodge or rout the bands of hardy men who inhabited these barbarian districts. The banditti were constantly well armed and powerful in numbers, and the smugglers were cunning, shrewd in their operations; and so "packed" in their associations and interests, that they were able to cope successfully with diplomacy, or to resist opposition, at all times, in all the positions they assumed.

At the apex of the elevation first alluded to was located the abiding place of the chief of the smuggler tribe—Antonio Ostrello, so called—a noble looking fellow, of stalwart proportions and indomitable courage, who was not a native of that country, but who had long dwelt among the gangs of reckless men who inhabited or visited that *loca*, and who had been looked upon as the worthy leader, and acknowledged without surmise by his associates as the head and front of the clique and cliques of seamen or landmen there. This spot was known as the "Eyrie," and from its secret recesses and seldom frequented privacy—save by those most intimately the confidants of Ostrello—issued the directions and plans of its chief for the various expeditions and enterprises which he controlled and guided for gain.

From the westerly front of the "lookout," which was located at the very pinnacle of the great bluff, by means of the superior telescope always in use, the horizon could be constantly watched; and it was by no means an uncommon occurrence, during a twelve months' time, that a well freighted prize was seized at sea, and her most valuable contents summarily disposed of, by some one of the choice armed cutters continually under Ostrello's supervision and control. The retreat of the pirates could not be found, however. The defenceless but well-laden vessels that suffered from these attacks and robberies, were usually permitted to proceed upon their way after the sudden and unwelcome visits of these peremptory cormorants, and their subsequent complaints were never heard by those who committed the outrages upon them. The booty was borne to the "Eyrie" by a circuitous route, after being landed by night; a division of the plunder was immediately made—under the auspices of the chief and director of all their affairs, Ostrello, to whom, by right of leadership, the lion's share was cheerfully accorded—and the men who served him, and themselves, thus advantageously and with curious alacrity, separated only to return, at an early season, with more plunder and richer stores.

Below the surface of the main rock or bluff we have described, and distant several rods from the lookout, there was a narrow passage, lined on either side by a ledge, which ran along upon a gentle slope for a considerable distance, and apparently terminated abruptly within the very heart of the rock. The intruder who chanced to find himself at this point, saw before him a ragged, overgrown, and lighted, dimly from the crevices overhead, and solid, apparently, from base to top. As this seemed to be the final terminus of the passage, he turned back, weary with clambering to reach this gulch, which he found only a walled opening, that led him—nowhere.

Upon returning to the light, or rather as he turned back to retrace his way to the light once more, he proceeded but a brief distance when a similar wall, at the opposite end of the passage, met his view! This could hardly be possible, he would argue to himself; for, within a few minutes, he had entered this passage and had only turned a little to the right or left, through the windings of this darkened path; but he must have lost his way; and so he would go forward and begin to return anew.

This was utterly futile, however. Ostrello was no

dabbler in human blood; and his universal orders were to make prisoners, if necessary, but never to take human life, save either in self-defence or in the extremest emergency. The "Eyrie" was always effectually guarded, day and night, and its interior and exterior arrangements—its traps and chasms, its entrances and exits—were most curiously but thoroughly arranged for its entire protection from without. The straggler or the intruder who thus chanced to find himself within the private passage leading to its entrance, never returned into the open air again without an interview with its lord and master! A rough mass of rock, that turned upon concealed machinery, at the outer end of the lane, slid noiselessly back and forth, (at the will of the outer guard,) and the unfortunate and adventurous stranger there was sure to find himself a prisoner—he knew not how or why.

Within the cavern that lay below this passage and beyond it, surrounded by all the luxury that ill-gotten wealth could command, dwelt the chief we have spoken of, when he was not occupied in some more daring and important enterprise than he was disposed to trust in the hands of his subordinates. His mind was native, however, and he loved the perils and dangers attendant upon his precarious occupation. He feared no hardships, and when the best of his men were worn out with fatigue and excitement, at his side, whether upon the deck of his little brigantine, or abroad among the mountain passes of his temporary home, he was on the *qui vive* while they slept, ever ready for the chase or the attack.

He was enjoying his sip of claret one afternoon, and a favorite attendant, a Spaniard by birth, was near him.

"Malech!" he said, suddenly.

"Captain, I am here," replied the attendant.

"Malech, I have a mission of some importance that I will entrust to your charge, if you can manage it."

"I will endeavor to obey, captain."

"You can be silent, I suppose?"

"I can be whatever you direct, captain."

"Yes, I remember, Malech. You are fortunate in your disguises, ordinarily."

"I have been a faithful student in that class, captain," said the attendant. "Try me."

"Go, then. Your appearance must be such that your friends—our friends, here—cannot know you. Within the next hour let me see how you can aid me in this respect."

The attendant bowed and retired. He instantly returned, however, and said in a low tone—

"Captain—we are surprised, here!"

"What? My pistols, Malech. The Guard—bail them!"

"Don't see, captain—ah! He is alone and unarmed, I fear. He has found his way—a crippled stranger—into the outer passage, and the Guard have closed the wall."

"Is he alone, say you?"

"Yes, captain."

"Present him, then."

Malech glided through the curtained passage, opened the outer door of the next apartment, and was heard to say—

"Come in, senior—this way. The captain would confer with you."

The outer door was then heard to close, and the curtains were slowly put aside as a lame and crooked young man crossed the threshold of the inner apartment, and stood before the powerful and august Antonio Ostrello.

CHAPTER II. THE TRANSFORMATION.

The mind of the captain was for an instant excited, for he thought it possible that a certain person whom he had in his remembrance might possibly have sought out the route which led to his private quarters; but he quickly recovered himself, and said in an authoritative tone—

"Who are you, senior?"

"A poor peasant, captain, from the mountains, who seeks to make favor with the world-renowned Ostrello."

"Favor with me! For what purpose?"

"To help me to live, captain."

"Anything?"

"That is nothing, fellow."

"I can cheat and lie and deceive—with the foremost of your adepts in the arts of your profession."

"That is something," said the captain with a smile. "But you have a poor opinion of our fraternity, I see."

"I will join you, nevertheless. I possess talent, but I lack the facilities for displaying it. Your calling will supply this. Can I be enrolled?"

"First give me a taste of your quality, and then I will decide."

The stranger hobbled into the next room, and quickly returned, to the utter astonishment of the captain, so changed that he could not suspect him as the same being. He was in a neat undress uniform of the French Chasseurs, (over which he had just worn the poor peasant's garb, which he flung

off in an instant,) and his straight form, commanding person and address, and his soldier-like bearing pleased the captain greatly.

"Ah, Monsieur!" shouted Ostrello, "this is admirable! *Avez vous soif, Monsieur?* Come! join me in a glass of wine."

"The soldier declined."

"No? What will you have? What is your wish?"

"*Parler au capitaine*," said the soldier, in French.

"*Je suis le capitaine, Monsieur—allez!*"

Drawing his sword, the soldier instantly went through the exercises of his calling with such precision and promptness that Ostrello was delighted, and the mock Chasseur disappeared behind the curtain.

Before his astonishment at this dexterity had had time to subside, a hooded old woman, staff in hand, hobbled before him, with squeaking voice and trembling limbs, beseeching charity.

"This is not the same?" cried Ostrello. "Whence come all these disguises?"

"Ah, senior captain," mumbled the old woman, "charity, for the love of heaven!"

"Who are you, woman?"

"Charity, captain—a real only, for poor old Mag."

"Your name, then," demanded the captain.

"Poor Mag is very deaf, more's the pity!" continued the old crone, with admirable emphasis, "and she cannot hear anything the good man says. Give her a coin, to buy bread."

"That will do—that will do!" replied the captain.

"Now let me see you in your real character, if you have any," continued Ostrello, "and I will determine what service you may be placed in."

The mock old woman threw off her cloak and cowl, and the captain sprang from his chair at beholding his attendant, Malech, before him!

"What!" exclaimed Ostrello, "is it you?"

"Your humble Malech, only, captain, who is now ready to serve you."

"And the first one—the stranger; where is he?"

"He stands before you, captain."

"Have n't you been away, at all?"

"A false alarm, captain. I have not been outside of the two inner rooms, as yet."

"Excellent! Malech, I will entrust this mission to you, and I am sure you will acquit yourself to my satisfaction."

"I will endeavor to perform whatever you may desire," said Malech, respectfully.

"At sunset, then, be ready with horse to depart for Lisbon. In the meanwhile, leave me, and I will get ready your despatch."

In conformity with this order, Malech retired to prepare for his mission. This man was one of the oldest subordinates in the band that was attached immediately to the person of Ostrello, and had been one of his intimate body attendants for several years. He was shrewd, careful, faithful to his master, and one of those upon whom the captain knew he could rely at all times and under all emergencies. The business he now had in hand for him was but an apparent trifling errand; but the result was that depended on its faithful and judicious execution was a matter of importance to his master—who rarely entered into unnecessary details regarding the orders he wished to have executed—though he was always prompt, explicit, and exacting in the matter of their fulfillment.

"Are you ready?" asked the captain, as Malech reappeared at the close of the day.

"Jennie champs her bit uneasily, captain, at the gate of the lower pass," said Malech, respectfully; "and he would be swift of foot who can overtake us, when Malech occupies her saddle."

"Go then—to Lisbon. Here, take this packet. On the road, to the city, less than half a league from the Cathedral, on the right as you approach the town, stands a small inn, which you will remember."

Malech nodded assent.

"Halt at this house, and enter the public room. You should find a common looking peasant there, in green tunic and slouched hat, who will assist you. When you meet him say simply, 'What's o'clock?'

If he answers 'Past sunrise, senior,' say no more, but watch his movements. He will pass you thrice, without further comment; and depart. Follow him at once, see what he does, and do the same thing yourself. You will find a parcel similar to this in his possession. He will finally point his finger upward, thus; you will take this as the signal that your mission is accomplished, and make all speed on your return hither, without another word. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly well, captain."

"Away, then! And, for your life, remember—no one word else to any being living, save the exchange of passwords, till we meet again. Both these packets are of value—see to it. Away!"

"You may trust me, captain; I will be cautious."

He was furnished with the secret countersign to pass the various sentinels posted along the ravine and adjacent passes, and in a few minutes his favorite Jennie was dashing down the side of the ragged mountain with her intrepid rider.

"Who goes there?" shouted a man at the base of the hill, as he galloped along on his mission.

Malech reined up, whispered "Refinest," and went forward without further molestation.

After a hard drive, which put even the indomitable Jennie to her mettle, Malech reached the little inn spoken of; and throwing his bridle over the doorpost, he quietly entered the main room, where a plainly attired peasant sat alone.

"Friend, what's o'clock?" said Malech, indifferently.

The stranger looked at the rider an instant, and answered in a low tone, "Past sunrise, senior;" and, after passing him three times, immediately went out, and mounted his Spanish donkey, near by the inn.

The peasant rode out as fast as his pony could carry him, to a spot half a league from the public house; when he suddenly turned into a narrow path leading to a piece of woods, where he finally halted, secured his donkey, and went forward some distance on foot—closely followed by Malech, who, in conformity with his instructions, had been dumb up to this moment.

The peasant went up to an old tree, looked carefully about, to satisfy himself that no one was observing him and his follower, and drawing forth a small package, thrust it into the hollow of the tree. Malech approached, deposited his own parcel in the same place, took out the other, and looked at the peasant again. The fore finger of his right hand pointed upward, Malech touched his hat to him, and the two dumb men separated, immediately, each going the way he had come to the inn.

In a few hours afterwards Jennie came clattering back with the faithful servant, who bore in his breast the parcel that Ostrello so coveted. He appeared before his master instantly.

"Did you meet the peasant, Malech?"

"I did, captain."

"And you delivered the packet?"

"Yes, senior; and here is the exchange I made."

"Good! You did well, and your promptness I will not forget. Get some sleep now. I shall need your services again soon," continued the captain, "and as you pass, send Orson hither."

Malech retired, and Ostrello hastily broke the seal of the mysterious parcel he had received.

The missive was covered with a piece of common rough parchment, upon the outside of which there was no address, no indication of the name of the party for whom it was intended. It covered a letter only, which was without date or signature; but, judging from the smile of satisfaction that lighted up the handsome features of the captain, it was clear that the letter was by no means an unwelcome one; and, though it was not signed, it was also pretty plain that he knew from whom it came.

CHAPTER III. THE CORRESPONDENCE.

The package which Malech had so carefully obtained, and which he exchanged for the parcel he bore so mysteriously to the hollow tree, contained only the letter, which Ostrello now pored over attentively, and which ran as follows:—

"Yes! if you be the true knight I believe you to be. Yet, Antonio, how much do I venture! Our meetings have been the result only of accident and stealth, thus far, and now your Eugenie is a prisoner within the walls of the castle, under the surveillance of the priest and his satellites, who watch every breath she breathes with lynx-eyed alacrity. But one attendant remains in my confidence—the poor peasant—who will bear this to its hiding place, and return when he can with safety, with your expected and wished-for letter. Do not think of violence for an instant. You say you will come, with your tenants and followers, and force my guardian to retract his promise to Alberto. That you will punish the padre, and release your lover with your clan. Do not, I beseech you, entertain the thought a moment. The shedding of blood, Antonio, of innocent blood, must follow such a course; and even you—brave and daring as you are—might fall! Where is Eugenie then? No—trust me, and wait with patience. Some means may be devised to cheat my oppressors, and give me the liberty which yourself and the prisoner so ardently crave. In the meantime we may confer in this manner—but not too often, lest the peasant be watched; and time will bring about a state of things more favorable to our wishes. Let me pray for your happiness, and believe me, under all circumstances, ever faithfully your own."

"And I have waited and watched with patience for a twelvemonth," said Ostrello to himself, as he closed this communication, and deposited it in his bosom. "I have been very patient, for me. If I but say the word, the walls of the Castle d'Esilrone are not strong enough to hold out an hour against the force I could bring against it. Its cringing, lying, miserable lord should bite the dust—ay, long ago, but for her gentleness and prayers in his behalf. Do it so; I will wait at present," he continued; "but Alberto must be provided for. He is getting importunate and troublesome. The padre, too—a reverend rascal, who, under his garb of outward holiness, seeks to poison the ear of her guardian, and hopes to aid my rival in his suit—his case requires attention. We must be busy. Who waits?" he continued peremptorily, as he heard approaching footsteps in the midst of his reverie.

"Orson, captain," replied the attendant, entering the apartment.

"It is well, Orson. I do not need so great a force now. But bring me half a score of chosen men at nightfall, and bid Malech attend me instantly!"

Malech appeared, and the captain said to him: "Now, Malech, do you remember the uniform of the King's Guards, such as they were at Oporto, when we met them there on a certain occasion?"

"Perfectly well, captain. I have had the opportunity to see the same dress several times since, twice at least, on state occasions."

"Yes, I recollect—you are right. How long will it take, Malech, to furnish me with a dozen of the King's Guards, equipped, and in uniform, complete?"

Malech was quick in his perceptions, and saw

some sixteen or seventeen years old, only, but care had begun to write its traces upon her face and features. She had no parents, and was the ward of the lordly owner of the castle where she now tarried. To his care she had been entrusted ten years previously, by her then dying patron; and, up to within a few months, he had well provided for her ordinary wants. It was said that a considerable amount of valuable property belonged to her, of right, but she knew nothing of the whereabouts of the fortune, or whether any such thing existed at all. Her governess and the Abbe Dugarre, both her constant attendants at the castle, pretended to know nothing except what they learned through his lordship; and thus the young girl was deprived of the knowledge of her real pecuniary situation, though she had latterly pressed the subject upon her tutor's attention with considerable importunity.

She was of late restricted in the limits of her exercise. She had been wont to ride in the open air, and run and walk when and where she elected, until within three or four weeks; but the reverend padre had conferred with his lordship, for reasons of his own, latterly, and the fair girl was suddenly required to confine her rambles to narrow bounds, and under the supervision of an attendant chosen by her guardian, at the monk's suggestion.

The watchful eye of her religious counsellor had accidentally fallen upon the retreating form of a young huntsman, at the outskirts of his lordship's preserve, one evening when the lady tarried out later than was her custom; and this was the sudden cause of the curtailment of her liberty. She was now in her own private apartment, however, and she held in her hand an open letter, which she had just finished reading, and which had found its way into her hands through an unsuspected and unknown channel, arranged by herself and her present correspondent. The letter was a pleasing one, evidently, for her pale cheek flushed a little as she devoured its contents.

"EUGENIE—You are now the light of all my earthly hopes. I look upon your favor as the bright star of my existence; your frown would blast my ambition, my expectations, my desire for life. Destiny has decreed that I can never love but once. Upon you are centred all my affections, all my hopes in the future. Do you believe this? Will you entrust your heart and your peace in my keeping? Will you not fly from the annoyances and the restrictions that surround you, and find a happy home in the bosom, and amid the wealth which fortune has showered upon him who adores you? If you answer 'yes,' I will fly to your side. With my own chosen band I will cross the moat and batter down the gates of the castle that imprisons you. I will come with a troop of men who know no law but what I utter, and who never can know what it is to fear. I will rescue you and possess you. You shall come to my mountain retreat, and we will be happy—ah! how happy, dear Eugenie, loving and loved, in the midst of the pleasures and joys of a chosen home."

Come, then, permit me to fly to your succor, and to bear you away from the perils that surround you. I am impatient of this wretched delay. Our meetings have been interdicted, and even this poor means of communicating with you will be cut off, we cannot say how soon. Let me come, then, and take you from your bondage; and once under my protection, all the world cannot disturb or harm you. Will you not fly from your oppression? Will you not respond to the call of your ardent, your devoted, your faithful lover?"

The sweet girl smiled, and a tear fell from her dark eyelid upon the letter before her. Had Antonio been a witness of that little scene, the Castle of Esilrone would not have held its beautiful captive to see another sun descend upon it. But "Antonio" was far away from the weeping beauty, and other eyes were at that moment secretly gazing upon her, and upon the letter she held so unconsciously in her hand. A sigh escaped her, and then she sprang quickly to her feet and thrust the missive into her bosom, for she thought she heard a murmur but subdued noise, indescribable in her own mind, but unnatural and novel, as if some one were near her, or present in the vicinity of her person. She could see nothing, and though she listened until the throbbing of her own heart was audible, almost, in the still and lonely room, yet she discovered nothing at present.

The Abbe Dugarre had just seen the letter in Eugenie's hand, and he was on his way to report the fact to her guardian. The means he employed to penetrate into the privacy of the young lady's apartment were peculiar, and will be explained in due course of time.

We have seen how Eugenie implored her lover not to make use of any force to carry out his plans, at present, and we shall soon see how he profited by the advice.

CHAPTER IV.

ARREST OF THE ABBE DUGARRE.

The captain had been busy during the day succeeding that upon which his messenger had returned, from Cintra with the little package. Orson reported to him that nearly two hundred men could be mounted and in readiness to follow him whenever he issued the call.

"It is well, Orson. I do not need so great a force now. But bring me half a score of chosen men at nightfall, and bid Malech attend me instantly!"

Malech appeared, and the captain said to him: "Now, Malech, do you remember the uniform of the King's Guards, such as they were at Oporto, when we met them there on a certain occasion?"

"Perfectly well, captain. I have had the opportunity to see the same dress several times since, twice at least, on state occasions."

"Yes, I recollect—you are right. How long will it take, Malech, to furnish me with a dozen of the King's Guards, equipped, and in uniform, complete?"

Malech was quick in his perceptions, and saw

what his master wanted, probably—though he had no hint of the actual service to be performed. He reflected an instant, and said, "The Guards can be furnished—duly caparisoned and mounted—in five days, at furthest, captain."

"Five days is a long while to wait, Malench," ventured Ostello.

"Three days, then, captain. It will necessarily require a little more, you know. But I may expedite matters, if you are urgent."

"Present the Guards to me, at our rendezvous, at nightfall, on the third day hence, Malench, and an hundred moldores will be added to your private purse," said Ostello.

"Who will command the expedition?" asked Malench, hesitatingly.

"Yes, yes, Malench, I will think of that. You are a brave fellow, and shall stand upon my right. It is an enterprise of hazard."

"What of that?" exclaimed Malench, proudly, and stretching himself to his full height, as he spoke—"what of that, captain? Your orders will be obeyed, and if—"

"I shall command the Guards in person, Malench. You shall accompany me."

Malench was satisfied with this promise, and withdrew at once to prepare for the duty assigned him.

The resources of the storehouse of the Eyrie were ample. A long series of successful adventures on sea and land had furnished the apartments of Ostello's private quarters with every variety of materials, from the finest India and Italian silks and velvets, to the commonest French and Spanish cloths—and there were bullion and fringe, and golden tassels and lace—epaulettes and plumes and beavers and military equipments of all descriptions, to select from, at a moment's notice. Malench went to work with a will, and having chosen his dozen men, as directed, they were forthwith uniformed, equipped and armed cap-a-pie, on the day designated.

At early sunset on the evening proposed by Ostello, they sallied forth, each man being mounted upon his favorite horse; and Malench reported himself before the door of the rendezvous, in readiness for further orders.

His promptness and faithfulness was duly appreciated by his captain, who came forward to inspect the detachment.

"Admirable, Malench—well done!" said Ostello.

"Upon my word, the King himself would be gratified with such an array as this. Here"—he continued, handing Malench a heavy purse of gold, "take this; you have done nobly, I will join you, instantly, and you shall be my 'lieutenant' on this occasion."

Half an hour afterwards the little band, led by Ostello himself, emerged from the forest and then disappeared below among the fastnesses of the Sierra d' Estrella.

At the expiration of a forced march (or rather a hard gallop) of nearly two days, the captain called his band to a halt, as they were about to emerge from a deep forest, a mile or more to the northward of the Castle d' Esilrone.

"Our business to-day," he said, in a commanding tone, "is but a matter of diplomacy, gentlemen. We shall require no service save the customary implicit obedience to orders, and the observance of a soldierly and determined dignity—on this occasion—and I rely upon the firmness and spirit of each man to carry out the character he has now assumed, in order to effect my object with certainty and without bloodshed."

The men responded satisfactorily to this little speech, and Ostello then continued—

"We are now a detachment of His Majesty's Guards. Yonder lies the Castle of Esilrone, and within its walls there is a man whose presence is desired at Court, gentlemen. There will be no need of quarrel, and least of all must we shed blood, there, remember. Beneath my saddle bow I carry the King's warrant for this man's arrest. He is a priest, by pretension, but he is a knave and a coward, both. Such a wretch commands our pity, and he must not be abused. My object is to remove him from the castle without tumult or unnecessary display, and hence our present form of disguise. Before the inmates of the castle shall have had time to discover whether we are the King's Guards, or not, I propose to have this lying, false-hearted priest safely demolished at our headquarters. Are you ready, men?"

"All ready—all ready, captain!" they answered. "Be firm and respectful, then; prompt, dignified and lynx-eyed, lest something adverse may transpire. I anticipate success, and with little delay. Forward!"

For further effect, a somewhat circuitous route was taken, after leaving the great forest, in the approach of the gang toward the castle. There was still sufficient daylight to permit the residents of the castle to see the men as they came towards the gates; and, as they neared their destination Eugenie chanced to be standing at one of the tower windows which looked out upon the path they had chosen. By her side leaned the Abbe Dugarre and her governess.

"Look, father!" cried Eugenie, suddenly, "what causes the cloud of dust yonder?"

"The priest took a glass from within the recess, and turned it upon the approaching objects."

"Faith," said the abbe, "they are well-mounted, and in dashing uniform."

"Who can they be, father?"

"I do not know, upon my faith."

"They are of gallant bearing, surely, added Eugenie, whose heart beat fearfully in her breast, as she began to suspect what she so much dreaded.

"I will go below," said the abbe. "They are here; and if I remember rightly—from the dress they wear—they come from the Palace of his Royal Majesty."

The band of soldiers dashed up to the bridge that crossed the moat, and Ostello instantly shouted in a loud tone—

"Open! open the gates in the name of the King!" There was a pause, a brief consultation within the castle, and the ponderous gate swung back upon its swivel.

"Forward!" cried Ostello to his men; and the band galloped instantly within the spacious courtyard, with drawn sabres.

The leader of the detachment, whose uniform was at once recognized as belonging to the King's Guards, held in his hand a piece of parchment, attached to which was a huge green seal and ribbon, evidently emanating from high authority. Holding this document before him, as the chief attendants of the lord of d' Esilrone appeared, he read, in a clear voice, the following warrant:

"IN THE NAME OF THE KING:
Whereas, one Philippe Dugarre, a reputed priest and abbe of the order of Saint Christina, has abused

the holy privileges accorded to his fraternity, by falsely and impudently deposing himself, and whereas, the said Dugarre is charged with infidelity, hypocrisy and other high and heinous crimes, unbecoming the true Christian and pastor, and whereas said Dugarre is now a resident of the Castle of Esilrone—against whom and which, for our own good purposes, this warrant is now especially directed—

Now, therefore, we command you, Sebastian Delmonte, commander, for the time being, of our Guard, to seize the person of the said Dugarre, and him to safely keep and bring before the Justices of our King's Bench, forthwith; that he, the said Dugarre, may there answer in propria persona to the allegations herein made, &c., &c. Fail not, at your peril!"

After reading this warrant, Ostello instantly reiterated his demand, in the name of the King, that the abbe be forthwith delivered into his custody.

There was no chance here for evasion or argument, and no opportunity was afforded for unnecessary parley. The sun was setting, and the captain of the "Guard" was in haste to make good his return.

All explanation was interdicted, and he said his mission was at an end, if the abbe were not forthcoming, immediately.

"You must depart!" said the lord of Esilrone Castle. "There is no appeal here—it is his Majesty who commands. Your blessing, abbe, and adieu!"

"Are we not safe in the hands of our King, my lord?" muttered the abbe, with a pretension to submission and confiding humility.

"Yes—go, father; and confound the abusers of his Majesty's confidence," said his lordship.

A horse was saddled, the abbe mounted, and flanked by half a dozen of Ostello's men, he left the castle in custody of the disguised "Guard of the King of Portugal."

Eugenie had been a close observant of all that passed, from a station she took on the balcony near the scene; and her confidant (the peasant who had aided her before, and who was among his lordship's household,) approached her stealthily as the soldiers rode away with their prize.

He dropped an envelop into her extended hand, without a word of explanation, and retired.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE ABBE WAS ASTONISHED.

The band of Guards, who so carefully surrounded the abbe, rode considerably harder than his reverence was accustomed to do, and the exercise was anything but agreeable to him. However, at midnight, they halted at a small and isolated dwelling upon the way, where Ostello proposed to wait for refreshment and a little rest for his men and horses. A brace of sentinels were posted at the door of the little room where the abbe slept, and a few hours' repose greatly relieved himself and his guard. At daybreak, after a cup of wine and a dish of fruit, supplied by the host, who seemed to be well acquainted with the captain, the party set out again for the mountains.

Up to this time, though the abbe could not comprehend the reason why his escort traveled thus rapidly, and through the woods and forests in preference to the more convenient roads or paths, yet he went on, almost in silence, believing himself in charge of the King's officers and soldiers. But his doubts gave way to fears, at length, and fear gave utterance to his suspicions. He had already passed the Rubicon, however! The Abbe Dugarre was safely beyond the limits of "civilization," and he was now within trumpet-call of the head quarters of Ostello, chief of the smuggler tribes of the mountains beyond Torres.

"This is not the road to the capitol, surely," said the abbe, suddenly reining up his steed.

"Forward!" shouted the captain, peremptorily.

"I will proceed no further, until I know your purpose," he added, addressing Ostello, firmly.

"Forward, I say!" repeated the captain, in a loud tone.

The abbe persisted, and fell back, closely pressed by the horses of the Guards near him.

"Will your reverence go on peaceably, or will you give us the trouble to compel your obedience to orders?" said Ostello, quiply.

"Answer me—whether are we bound," replied the priest, "or I refuse to proceed, determinately."

"We answer no questions, here," responded the captain. Then, turning to his men, he added, "seize the knave, and bear him to the quarters. Secure him, and report to head-quarters, forthwith."

Saying this, Ostello put spurs to his horse, and scrambled along the ravine. The party was already close by the foot of the hill, upon the summit of which stood the Eyrie; and the prisoner, under loud protest against the abduction and deceit he had been made the victim of, was placed where he could do no further harm for the present. Malench set a watch over him, and immediately repaired to the apartments of his commander.

When the Guards left the castle with their prisoner, and, as they turned, at the gate, Ostello gave a sign to the disturbed and anxious Eugenie which she quickly appreciated. As soon as they passed beneath the walls of Esilrone, her faithful "peasant" placed in her possession the note to which we have alluded, and which came from the hand of her lover. As soon as she found herself alone, a few moments afterwards, she broke the seal and read as follows:

"DEAR EUGENIE—Have no fears for the result of this bold step. In the name of the King, much may be done peaceably, that would otherwise require controversy and trouble. Rely on my discretion. I shall have removed from the castle—when this finds you—at least one powerful oppressor of your self, and an enemy of my own. I will see that he annoys neither you nor myself, henceforth."

"I have read your last epistle with joy. Find means to absent yourself from the castle, if possible, at an early day—if but for a single hour; and we will fly, safely, from further interference or persecution. Let me hear again from you, through our late means of communication, and believe me devotedly, as ever. Yours."

In vain did Eugenie strive to manage to absent herself from the espionage to which she was subjected. By day and by night her every movement was closely watched, and she was not permitted now to be alone at all. Her rambles were confined to the walks within sight of the castle, and it was impossible for her to plan a successful chance for elopement.

It will not be forgotten that, but a little time previously, while Eugenie was reading one of the letters of her lover in the privacy of her own room, she thought she heard a slight noise, and felt that an intruder was near her. A secret spring in the wall of her apartment—known only to her guardian and

the abbe—had been sprung by the latter personage, on that occasion, and after he discovered the young lady in the act of perusing that communication, he hastened to the lord of the castle, and made known his discovery with all possible dispatch.

"Is it possible?" cried her guardian.

"Even, as I tell your lordship."

"A letter? Whence comes it?"

"That I am unable to answer, my lord."

"I will see to it," said the guardian of Eugenie. And, true to his promise, he had now taken all requisite precautions to retain his ward directly under the supervision of his own eyes, or subject to the control and surveillance of those whom he placed to watch over her every movement. She was so closely dogged, that she was unable to write or to send any sort of favor to her lover. And thus time passed wearily away.

On the morning succeeding the return of Ostello to his haunt, the Abbe Dugarre was suddenly summoned to appear before the tribunal that was to judge and pronounce sentence upon him. He followed the guide who came to conduct him into the presence of his accuser, and his heart smote him as he passed from his cell to the trial room. The abbe was now destined to be more astonished than he had hitherto imagined.

He soon came to the apartments of Ostello, which he entered, followed by a portion of the Guard. A magnificent and beautifully furnished room opened before him, at last—and he entered it with becoming grace and dignity, crossing his breast as he passed the threshold and stood, alone, in the presence of his judge and his captor!

As soon as the attendants and soldiers had closed the partition doors behind them, Ostello commenced to interrogate him; the "abbe" standing, and replying as he thought proper.

"You are the Abbe Dugarre," said the captain, looking into his face, earnestly. But the priest did not reply.

"Are you not the so-called Abbe Dugarre?" repeated Ostello, again gazing intently at his prisoner.

"First you so assert," responded the priest, impudently, "and then you question if it be so."

"Your answer?" said Ostello, firmly.

"Then I answer yes; and I claim the right to ask, in return, who is it that accuses me? Why am I here? And to whom am I called upon, thus extrajudicially, to answer?"

"You are here by my orders, Dugarre. I am your accuser. You are called upon to answer to me, for your offences and your knavery."

"Are you the Abbe Dugarre, I repeat," said the captain, once more.

"I have answered, yes."

"Then I say you are a bold liar, Dugarre!"

"How?"

"You are a bolder liar than I took you for, upon my word! You are not the Abbe Dugarre."

"Who are you, that thus presumes to insult and throw contumely upon a servant of the Church?" said the prisoner, boldly.

"I am both church and state, in this province, as you will find, at your leisure. I know you, Dugarre, and I propose to give you a lesson in experience that I hope will profit you, in the end. You are a deceiver, an impostor, and a villain. I am Ostello, the captain of the brave bands of the Sierra d' Estrella. You have probably heard of me ere this, before!" said the chief of the smugglers, in a tone of authority not to be questioned.

The "Abbe" Dugarre (for once in his life) was sincerely astonished; and this threatening announcement, for the moment, greatly disturbed his temper and his equanimity!

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXAMINATION AND THE VERDICT.

The prisoner was at first disposed to be insolent, but he soon changed his tactics. He found that Ostello was an even match for him, at least, to say nothing of the advantage his captor enjoyed in point of his position and present relations to him.

"And do you dare thus to insult and annoy a servant of his Catholic Majesty, and a supporter of the Church?" demanded the abbe, indignantly. "What if I call down upon your guilty head the punishment you have so justly merited?"

"I repeat to you, Dugarre, I am not here to submit to your vaunted superiority of character, and least of all to listen, for a moment, to your pretended show of holiness. I tell you you are a polished knave, and I know it. You are no abbe, but by assumption. You have chosen the cloak of virtue and religion to serve the devil in, and you have already carried your deceit and bigotry too far for the safety of those whom Fate has placed in your care, of late. You will now have ample leisure to repent and to reform, I am certain; for your stay in this mountain will unquestionably be somewhat protracted!"

The pretended "abbe" was greatly alarmed at this speech from the lips of Ostello, whom he plainly saw was high in authority, here, at any rate, and who he was satisfied—from the manner and adroitness with which he had contrived his arrest—was no mean adversary to contend with.

Besides this, the captain had touched him upon a point where he was evidently tender. He was far distant from the scenes of his earlier years, and the days long passed he did not care to recall! His captor knew him! If so, he had no chance for defence, and but little hope of escape. He yielded, however, but slowly, and the captain continued—

"Listen to me, Philippe Dugarre!" said Ostello firmly, as he looked intently into the eyes of his prisoner.

The false priest had not heard his name so familiarly pronounced for many years—and the sound of it, in that lonely cavern, under the peculiar circumstances of his case, really startled him.

"I see," continued Ostello, "that you begin to believe me, though I doubt what you have asserted."

"Me? I—I believe—believe nothing; nothing that you say can effect the Abbe Dugarre."

"Ah! Philippe! Let me point you far back to the days when you were a boy at school. Do you remember one Anthony Leclaire? Do you forget the daughter of Bertier? Can you not turn back the leaves of your memory, and see the playful, charming, bright-eyed Charlotte Debrisse? And Elverton, the noble Henri Elverton, and Desque, and Chandler and Ivis? Ah! I see you do remember your old mates," continued the captain, watching the effect of his words upon the mind of his victim.

"I recollect—"

"I know you do!" added Ostello, interrupting him.

"I say I remember nothing of the kind. This

mnemery is naught to me. Why am I here? I command you—I demand of you to ingure me before my accuser. If I have done youught to ingure you, or him, or any one—"

"Peace, Philippe! Have I not already assured you of the fact that I am your accuser? So am I your judge, at present, Philippe Dugarre!"

"Then I protest—"

"There is no appeal here, Philippe. Hark me! Your further attempts to deceive me are futile; and, since you are thus stubborn and foolish—as well as guilty—I will refresh your recollection; but I must not be interrupted. Listen to what I have to say, then, without further interrogation, or our conference is at an end, and you will find that there are apartments in this cave not so agreeable or so pleasant as that in which you occupy at this moment."

Philippe had had, already, evidence of the captain's power, and he believed what he said. The culprit was silent.

"More than a score of years ago," said Ostello, impressively, "there was an old man residing upon the banks of a quiet river in the South of Europe, whose sickness had laid his heavy hand on, and who was lying, finally, near the door of death. His estate was valuable, and he had a steward whom he had confided in for many years, but who had continued, from year to year, to rob him of his means, until at last, when the dread destroyer called him away from his long sufferings and pain, he had been rendered penniless, from that steward's treachery."

A sigh escaped the breast of the abbe; but Ostello did not seem to notice it.

"This dying man, of all his once happy family, had but a single child then living—a tender boy—whom he loved most devotedly. As the vital spark was just departing, he grasped the flinty hand of his attendant and confidant, and said—'Take the child, husband my lands and means, be faithful to my boy, and heaven will not forget you!' The old man died, and the certain took possession of the estate."

"Are you aware of this?" asked the abbe, unexpectedly.

"So runs the story, as I have heard it," replied the captain. "The man in whom this kind old parent had placed his hope, whom he would have trusted—whom he did entrust—with gold and lands untold in value; the miscreant into whose custody he placed the fortune and well-being of his only darling child—a child who had no other friend on earth, at that moment to look up to—for support, for counsel, and for advice—proved faithless to the mission thus confided to him, and robbed the heir of lands and gold, and all that he should otherwise in right and justice have possessed!"

The abbe would have replied, but Ostello continued.

"The grave had scarcely closed upon the poor remains of that fond parent, ere his steward contrived to trammel his estate and distort a will—forged for the purpose—so as forever to exclude from all chance of redemption, the rights of the parentless child. The boy was cast adrift, and in the midst of temptations and sin, he only found a precarious subsistence, for years, thereafter. He soon became a reckless, daring youth, and then found those who were his seniors in age and crime, who gathered round him and pushed him forward in iniquity."

"This was his choice of fortune," said the abbe.

"It was no choice of his. He was pushed into associations with crime, by his adversity, before he knew or realized the perils and the heinousness of his acts. When he would have reformed, the finger of scorn had come to be pointed at him; and he looked for sympathy, for friendship, for worthier companions—but it was too late!

He was driven from his home, at last, and the law proclaimed him an outcast! A price was set upon his head—he was hunted by the hounds of legal justice, and he fled—far from pursuit and further present persecution."

The ill-gotten gold thus obtained by the faithless steward I have spoken of, was quickly squandered by that robber, in riotous dissipation. The lands which he had stolen from the helpless child soon followed. Mortgage after mortgage was piled upon the estate, until at last the thief had neither money nor rental to his name—all had vanished, and he was a pauper. This was his fate, and he awoke to its realization when all was beyond his reach forever! But he was cunning, shrewd in his villainy, and of a plausible exterior. He could not dwell longer in the neighborhood where his crimes had been committed, and he, too, fled from among his former fellows. He disavowed his name and calling, foreswore the country that gave him birth, and for ten long years he was a lying, cheating, swindling wanderer."

The priest was deeply disturbed by this recital, but Ostello did not suffer him to utter a syllable.

"The effects of time had changed the appearance of this man, and he at length put on a hood and cowl. His head was shorn, and his appearance of sanctity gained him new friends. At last he met with a nobleman who sought his acquaintance because he believed him honest and austere in his religion; and he brought the scoundrel into his household, and placed in his charge another child, more innocent than the one he had first ruined! What might have been her fate, but for a lucky turn of fortune's wheel in her behalf, time and opportunity alone could have told. You have heard the story, Dugarre. Is it a romance?" asked the captain, with deep feeling.

"I do not know—I am a—"

"You are Philippe Dugarre, the cheating, lying, guilty knave I have described, and I am Antonio, that fatherless boy!" shouted Ostello. "Look in my face, Philippe!" he added; but this was unheard by the false priest, who lay at his feet, senseless, upon the stony cavern floor!

CHAPTER VII.

THE RAVEN.

About an hour after the scene described in the last chapter had closed between the captain and Philippe Dugarre, a sail was reported from the lookout, bearing down toward the bluff from the northwest. The priest had been duly disposed of in the meantime. Upon coming to his senses, he begged that Ostello would not take his life, and, if he could so far forget his injuries as to permit him to depart, he promised, by all the solemn oaths he could muster, never to molest either the captain or any one whom he coveted or cared for.

"Never," he cried, piteously, "never will I divulge your secret, Antonio, if you but spare me!"

"I do not intend that you shall have the opportunity, at present," said the captain; and calling his guard, the pretended abbe, now fairly unmasked, was placed in close confinement.

"Do not injure him," said Ostello to his men,

"but see that he is secured beyond the possibility of present escape. He is a desperate villain, but I will settle his account at my leisure. Afford him food and comfort—but keep him quiet and a close prisoner, until further orders. Away!"

The abbe found himself alone, a few minutes afterwards, and all his appeals, his protestations, his promises and his threats, were received alike with contempt by those to whose care he had been entrusted. Wornied, at last, with chafing and raving, he fell asleep upon the floor of his cell.

Just after sunset, the dark hulled vessel that had been in sight from the bluff some hours, settled down toward the promontory, and finally she tacked, run up by the reef, and a signal appeared suddenly, as she passed, from her peak. It was instantly answered from the shore.

"Who is it?" asked one of the sentinels, of his comrade.

"A new comer, surely," was the reply. "I have never seen her before, at any rate in that rig."

As they spoke, a beautiful little schooner, with coal-black hull and masts of the same color, rounded up toward the cove that skirted the base of the bluff; and as her mainsail swung down, she came to anchor, close to the rocky shore.

Upon a nearer view, it appeared that her masts and tapering spars—like the hull—were all of the same deep hue, and as her nose swung upward to the current, her name was discovered in a line beneath the small cabin windows. It was the "RAVEN, BALTIMORE."

She was a clipper schooner, of about a hundred tons burden; and though not so sharp and narrow as the clipper craft of the present day, she was narrow enough and sharp enough to outtail most of the vessels of that time. Her cargo was valuable, and consisted entirely of contraband articles, which were to be landed and concealed, forthwith.

The master of the schooner immediately came ashore, and was recognized by several of the band. He was soon in communication with Ostello, who received him kindly, and they proceeded to business.

"You are here earlier than I anticipated," said the latter. "I am glad you had so fine a passage."

"Never better, captain," replied the other. "The Raven is a glorious sailor, and we have had good winds and fine weather from the start."

"And your freight?"

"As usual. I hope to clear the hold in the next four-and-twenty hours."

"We are all ready, then. Shall we commence directly?"

"Immediately after night-fall, I will haul in, and we will go at it with a will."

The requisite orders were given, at once, and a squad of men was furnished from the headquarters of Ostello to aid in discharging the clipper of her choice cargo. In the course of two hours, the Raven had been hauled alongside the inner cove, under the shadow of the high bluff, and a small basin, within the shelter of this rock, afforded a convenient and safe landing-place for the goods that were secreted on board her. There was no respite, day or night, until everything had been got out in safety, and the smuggled merchandise was finally stowed away, out of the reach of further present peril. The Raven's topmasts had been housed, and she was finally dismantled altogether, for a time. Her masts were taken out; she was safely secured, fore and aft, away from danger of chafing, and she finally rode quietly and safely at anchor, out of sight except from the inner shore.

The master of the Raven soon after started off, for the interior, for the purpose of arranging for the future disposal of the smuggled property, and Ostello now had a little leisure to reflect upon his plans for the release of Eugenie.

"If," said he to himself, after a little reflection, "if it were possible for me once more to entice her out of the reach of those who encompass her, and who now watch her movements so intently, I would very quickly manage to arrange it so that she would never again return to the bondage she suffers. I do right, in her wish to avoid violence, however. She is not desirous of this; though, if she were but to utter the wish, I would remove her, at the head of a regiment of undaunted men, were it necessary. But Eugenie is discreet beyond her years."

"This abbe, too! He will answer nothing, he says, except upon promise of his liberty. He even boasts that he knows a secret in my history that will yet confound me! He insists that I cannot dream of the import of it, too. Ha, ha! Philippe Dugarre, you are an old deceiver, and I have you where you can do me no harm. So, be quiet—if you will—and your boasted 'secret' will keep, I warrant me!"

"Sweet, innocent, beautiful Eugenie!" he continued, as his thoughts turned again to the captivity of Esilrone, "how artless in your affections, how inexperienced in your amours! Your chance meetings with the gall-attributed hunter have been but few and very brief. You have scarcely noted that caw and hardships have already traced their lines unmistakably upon his features! You are young, tender, lovely to look upon. Your lover is your senior more than a score of years, too. You are not discerning in your taste, or you are quick to love. So much the better, Eugenie! Your Antonio will cherish you with a deeper and a firmer devotion. And the day shall not be far distant when we will meet, not again to be separated."

It was true, Antonio was many years older than the delicate girl he had so signally met—and loved at sight. Eugenie had been riding upon the outskirts of the domain belonging to the castle, one afternoon, when she was suddenly surprised by the appearance of a hunter, in showy attire, who accosted her gracefully, and finally escorted her to the borders of the castle

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Iron, metals of all kinds, have ever been in existence; but it has required thought to delve them from the rocks, to understand where they exist, to form them into all the vast machines which exist now, to mould them to the purposes of commerce and civilization; to bring them forth from the bowels of the earth, and make them conform to the conditions of life; to take the ore from its bed in the earth, and make it into all the beautiful forms of construction that you see around you every day. Iron, which once was known only as a useless metal, scarcely discovered, now is the great arm of commerce. Iron! Why, almost everything is made of iron—iron some men's hearts. In this age, you live in iron houses, you have iron implements, iron carriages, iron roads, iron machines, iron ships, iron everything. It is the great agency, the great power, the great material force of mental, modern commerce. Thought has done all that for you. Iron has always existed—at least as long as the earth has—and, excepting by mind and the absolute advancement of thought over matter, nothing could have been constructed from the crude, uncouth metal that existed beneath the surface of the earth.

We have seen, or somewhere discovered, an illustration which was used by one of your renowned orators in favor of iron, representing that it was like the bone and sinew of society—like the poor and laboring classes, who delve and delve forever, and who are, after all, the great motor-power of society. The illustration was a watch; though the outside casing may be gold, and though the next casing may be brass, the interior construction, though set with diamonds, is nothing but iron; iron performs its labor; that alone will do. Brass may assist to beautify; gold may burnish in the case; diamonds may be set to the outside to add brilliancy and beauty to its form; but iron must do the work. Again, every development of thought, and every illustration of the mind, before it can be called a science, must be absolutely demonstrated. This is why no system of mental philosophy can ever be arranged, because the mind is subservient to no arbitrary laws. Mind will not be controlled by science, but will control science; and mind will start off in search of new discoveries, even when the old ones are almost proven to be true. This is why facts in astronomy can never be permanent; why geology can never be fixed. This is why no system of absolute material science can be positive, because the world of mind must act first, must understand first, must demonstrate first, must illustrate first what it sees, before a science can be instituted. Philosophy, therefore, must supersede science; and as all philosophies originate in the mind, and as all mind is the working of absolute thought, every science, every achievement of science, must belong to the sphere and world of thought. What is religion? Not science, but simply philosophy. What is art? It is nothing which you can prove. You may see a picture; you may feel the canvas; there is no life there—there is no breath there; it does not move nor speak. You cannot touch it, yet it conveys thought to your mind. Why? Simply because some other thought has conceived of a picture as a picture, not as a mind, and represents it on canvas. That is not the picture, not the image, which you see there, but it is simply a representation of an image which really and only existed in the mind of the artist, and which can never be understood as the artist did, and which he could never paint as he conceived it.

What is this marble statue which you see and admire so much? Why, it is nothing but stone, and stone is lifeless, and cannot speak, nor move, nor think, nor breathe. But thought has been doing work there. Mind, with its majesty and power, has represented something which it has created within itself. That is not the ideal. That is not the form. That is not the artist's conception. That is not what he intended to do, but what he must do to represent his ideal. You do not see a statue there—it is only a stone. A statue was in the mind of the artist, and you must think as he thought, and feel as he felt, and be an artist yourself, before you can understand the beauty and symmetry of that structure.

You may read poetry, and think you understand it. None but the poet who wrote what you read understands the meaning of what he wrote. You may understand what you think he meant; you may conceive even higher thoughts than he intended to convey, but your own mind originates them, and you seek expression in what the poet has written. That is simply the form of an idea which grew and burned in his mind, and was fanned into a living flame, and it speaks upon a cold and lifeless page, and conveys the thought and mind of the poet. It is not the soul—not the thought itself. It is only the representation of the thought; and if you could not, by process of reasoning and thinking—by what is called imagination, which is simply but another name for reasoning—if you could not conceive through absolute reasoning what that poet meant, by understanding the arbitrary laws of language, by being enabled to trace those words which he has written there, and understand their distinctive meaning in the manner which the poet meant. And even then not thoroughly, because that page is cold and lifeless, because language is, in itself, arbitrary, because it is simply a method of expressing, very feebly, some of the thoughts which the mind conceives of; but the living, breathing soul can never be understood or exchanged through language.

Language is a science, and thought is a philosophy. Poetry is a science, but a poet's mind is a philosophy. Carving statues is a science, but originating them is a philosophy. Painting a picture is a science, but to conceive of one is a philosophy, and belongs to the world of mind. Building a steam engine, and understanding how to control and use it, is one of the sciences. To originate a steam engine requires philosophy. Music is a science, an arbitrary, absolute, positive, mathematical science. By numbers alone can music be understood—by absolute, mathematical construction, by arbitrary laws alone can musical instruments be formed. Through a combination of mathematical principles alone can they be fashioned. But music is the very soul of life, and thought lives in the soul, seeking expression in some form or other. The mechanical process of singing is very simple and very absurd, but the result, the origin, the conception, is beautiful. The science of singing is simply the contraction of the glottis and the epiglottis in the throat. But the idea of singing is all that the soul can conceive of as being divine. The philosophy is all that the mind can understand of heaven. Constructing a musical instrument, like the deep-toned organ or the merry-volled violin, has in its composition very crude elements—wood and wires, iron and strings; but the performer thinks not of the wood, not of the strings, not of the brass, not of the keys, but of the music. That is a distinct and positive thought, and belongs to the world of mind, and cannot be expressed, but must be absolutely originated. You have never seen a strictly mechanical musician who was any musician at all. It is he whose soul is filled with music, who originates music, who understands music—not from the instrument, but makes the instrument speak it from his soul—that is the musician. You see the difference between science and philosophy, between science and the mind, between those things which are arbitrary, mechanical, superficial, material, and those which are mental, positive, self-existent, and true.

Again, in matter, although material philosophers sometimes profess to say that laws of nature are unchanging and unchangeable, we have to disagree with them because every possible conception of a change that can occur, occurs in matter, not in mind. Mind is always true, and always steadfast, always reasons from the same grounds; always possesses the same power of argument, always understands by the same rules, what the natural inferences must be. Mind is self-reliant, is positive, is creative. Matter is dependent, changing, decaying. Mind is absolute, undying, perfect. Mind always lives, always conquers, always surpasses matter—controls nations, kingdoms, and crowns, and men, and thrones, and empires. Matter falls, decays, is trodden under foot, forgotten. Mind dictates, guides, performs. Matter is dictated, guided and directed, and must be acted upon. But mind constructs, invents, originates, perfects. Matter is a machine that may be used in construction in invention, or to exemplify that which the mind has originated and perfected. Another thing; mind is proven to be superior to matter, from this very fact; that no effort of the mind to demonstrate its thought through material substance ever results in entire satisfaction. If matter controlled mind, there would never be improvement in art, science, or any of the mechanics, because at the first demonstration or illustration of any science, the mind would be satisfied, and there would stand still. But it does not do that. If a machine is formed, an improvement is at once conceived of, and an improvement upon an improvement, until at last a new machine is constructed. The inventor, or some other mind, conceives another improvement upon that, until, improvement after improvement, the mind still fails to satisfy its own conception of perfection. Is not mind superior to matter? Does not mental philosophy originate all other philosophies? and would there be any science except that philosophy preceded it? and would there be any other philosophy if the mind had nothing to do with science, or matter or life? No; mental philosophy and material philosophy, and any kind of logician, may reason as they will upon the relation of mind to matter, or upon the relation of mind to

science, to the absolute, positive abstract sciences. But there is no science if there is no thought; there is no life if there is no mind; there is no mathematics if there is no reason in the human brain; and there is nothing in all that you know, or feel, or think, or hear, excepting that mind is absolute, supreme, divine and perfect. Who is God? He is mind. Who is the ruler of the universe? Mind. What constitutes suns and systems and universes? Intelligence. What causes the orb planets to revolve in their spheres? Mind. What makes the tiny leaflet grow, and the flower bloom, extracting from the sun's rays heat, light, and life into individual growth and purposes? Mind? Why, if we were to conceive of a universe of chance, or of a material world without an intelligence to guide it, it would so clearly represent our ideal of discord, chaos, that conception would lose itself in endeavoring so to conceive. And if we could understand that there was a God whose mind was not absolute, omnipresent, ubiquitous, everywhere, our confidence in the material structure of the universe would very soon vanish, and to-morrow you might expect to see no sunshining, no earth, nothing, and we ourselves in oblivion. Therefore, as we have said before, the world of mind must originate and construct and exemplify all science. And mental philosophy, before science can be clearly understood, must be placed foremost in the catalogue of all sciences. And when man can understand thoroughly the laws controlling the sun and moon, he will have the key to unlock the mysteries of the whole universe—no geology, no astronomy, no chemistry, nor geometry, nor even mathematics in its arbitrary material form, can yield him any information that is not relative, can show him any discovery that is not fallible, until he understands the science of the mind; for upon that, and that alone depends the great structure of all science; and to that, and that alone, may be traced the present prosperity of nations and of worlds, commercially, religiously and politically.

"Thou shalt not steal!"—BIBLE.

I wish to send to Frank Lee, Norway, Me., the poetic gem which he so unexpectantly discovered, marked and claimed! In the last BANNER OF LIGHT. D. G. R.

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

It is a beautiful belief.

That ever round our head

Are hovering, on noiseless wings,

The spirits of the dead.

It is a beautiful belief.

When finished our career,

That it will be our destiny

To watch o'er others here;

To lend a moral to the flower,

Breathe wisdom on the wind,

To lead commune, at night's pure noon,

With the imprisoned mind;

To bid the erring cease to err,

The tremble be forgiven,

To bear away from life of clay

The infant to its Heaven.

Ah! when delight was found in life,

And joy in every breath,

I cannot tell how terrible

The mystery of death.

But now the past is bright to me,

And all the future clear,

For 'tis my faith that after death

We still shall linger here.

T. H. FRANKLIN.

Correspondence.

To Correspondents.

One correspondent, without name, place, or date, writes that the BANNER is so good, and the reading of it so beneficial in its effects upon all who read it, that it should, after perusal, never be tucked away, or laid on the shelf, or bound, but be handed from one to another. "Carry them with you," says the writer, "when you travel; drop them by the wayside; throw them out of the car window; for thousands will read about Spiritualism who will not talk about it. Let every one have this richest gift of heaven to man—Spiritualism."

Experiences of an Investigator.—No. 3.

Messrs. Editors.—The intelligence, as I stated in my previous letter to you, intimated that they knew the contents of the epistle I had that day received, and that they did not wish me to reply to it at present, as they desired to impress the answer, when necessary, concluding the communication in these words: "My dear son, this shadow of gloom and disappointment shall not last upon you. Look for bright and sunny days." I received two communications of a similar signification, but of different style, showing two different or distinct powers. One message purported to be from my father; the other from a sister. The number of letters used exceeded five hundred, and three-fourths were selected by the raps, in the usual way. This strange coincidence, showing fore-knowledge and an evident desire to interfere in worldly affairs, determined me to reflect, and examine with an unbiased mind so mysterious a subject. I therefore made several visits to the Fox Family, testing their mediumship in a variety of ways. Upon one evening, the medium was reluctantly compelled to give me nearly the whole of the specified time for visitors in answering test questions. When she attempted to gratify any other of the guests, the alphabet was imperatively called for, and she had to resume her labor with me, to our mutual surprise. Among the cross-questions I put that evening, unknown by her, was the following important one,—"as I believed then, and do now, that the aim and duty of this intelligence is, to prepare us for the life to come by convincing us of the true motive of its existence, and not to demonstrate its power in aiding a worldly ambition or desire:—"

Question.—Is not the duty of Spirits confined to spiritual matters?
Answer.—My dear son—I see you spiritually, and it is my desire to see you progress both spiritually and temporally; but the laws that govern Spirits prohibit actual interference in the affairs of earth, otherwise than to influence when we can approach our friends. For example, you, my son, can be influenced by me when you are convinced who you are in communication with; but were you surrounded by opposing influences, I could not sway sufficient power, or influence, to control your mind at the time. This is an under-current, new working, which, if properly managed, will turn in your favor. May justice be done, and blessings attend you, my son.

I thus became daily more interested; and, though this communication may be in part considered at variance with the experiences described, I decided to postpone answering the letter; and I do now rejoice at that conclusion; for at this time I entertain for the writer of that epistle respect and affection, that I hope and feel persuaded will extend beyond the grave. The letter was referred to by the Spirits some months after, but no communicated answer given me to forward. The change produced was mental, and beneficial to both parties.

At this period, Edmonds and Dexter's first volume appeared. I purchased it the day of issue, and read it with astonishment, wondering if such things could be so, or was it a book ingeniously devised for money-making? The position attained by Judge Edmonds, based, as such appointments are, more upon political or party feeling than a selection earned by acknowledged legal talent or forensic power, added not to its value, but rather lessened its importance. I therefore inquired carefully into the standing and character of these gentlemen, which resulted in my addressing the Judge, as I felt convinced that he was in principle far above adding or commencing an act of deception or charlatanism. His candid and independent letter to the Herald, on the subject of his re-election as Judge, was proof of his truthfulness, and his claim to a respectful hearing from his fellow-men. I received, in reply, an invitation to visit his home, which I availed myself of on several occasions, receiving from him and his interesting family the courtesy and patience for which they are noted and respected. During these visits, I saw many manifestations of this singular power, but they were more of an interesting than striking nature—better adapted for believers, than those in my condition at that time. I held several conversations with the Judge, describing my experiences; but he declined to aid me, by suggesting a particular line of investigation, but encouraged me to persevere, as opportunity offered, volunteering a promise which has never been fulfilled, owing, I presume, to the multiplicity of his labors. It had been intimated to me that the Judge was accustomed to the use of opium, and that to its influence his peculiar views were traceable, and my feelings were to an extent biased accordingly; but during my visits, I saw no evidence whatever of this tendency, though I did observe a very strong partiality for tobacco—a taste too common to occasion surprise. I noted carefully and quietly every motion and occurrence.

As I am not by nature a talkative man, I always avoid discussions and arguments upon subjects of a purely speculative nature, as incapable of affording profitable employment of time; preferring to judge my fellow-men from the evidence of deeds rather than words—the latter being extensively used

in this country as a cloak to hide the true intent of the man. After considerable observation, I was convinced of the sincerity of the writers of this book, but could see no satisfactory evidence that they were in communication with the Spirits of Swedenborg or Bacon. The published messages are far below the standard works of these noted charity characters, while the professed of the compilers of the volume are in advance of its contents. Such were my impressions of this volume; and the subsequent events connected with Dr. Dexter weakened my confidence, and induced the question, that if this mysterious power was so strong as to lift the Doctor from his bed, and remove him to another part of the room, why did it not *benefit him* in the hour of necessity, when its influence would have been most potent and beneficial, and more in accordance with the life of Swedenborg and the professions of the Spirits whose medium he was—surrounding into these guidelines his frame, to be used as an instrument to convey their ideas or teachings? Surely his obedience merited aid; and why was this not used, so as to preserve his usefulness in the sphere of utility he moved in among men? Can Judge Edmonds satisfactorily explain this, and inform us why mediums are used for the purpose of giving certain evidences of power to please the Spirits, even with the mind of the medium antagonistic to their desire, and they do not arrest the erroneous action of a medium in his earthly duties, so as to do good among men, and convey a useful, practical lesson to us all?

Partly in consequence of the following incidents, my investigations were removed into another and more important field of observation, where I had the opportunity of witnessing certain physical manifestations, and receiving various interesting proofs of this wonderful phenomena, and I began to be developed as a medium, which led to those experiences, that it is your desire I should pen as a useful intimation to other inquirers: I was solicited to take a stranger from the West Indies to hear the rappings by a lady friend of my family's. Prior to complying with the request, I gave the gentleman a sketch of my experiments, and we then visited a lady medium, in whom I had full confidence. We were the only visitors that evening, and sat at the table opposite to her. The raps were very weak, and the conditions evidently unfavorable for manifestations, she affirmed; but no explanation therefor was given. After a delay of a half hour, my friend said he felt something touching his knee under the table. I objected to manifestations in the dark, preferring light to darkness. The medium, imagining that I suspected a trick, invited me to sit beside her, on the opposite side of the table to that I occupied, and she would place her feet under mine. I of course complied, so as to face my friend, and the lady placed her two feet under my right foot, but in a very modest or timid manner. In a few moments, I felt her right foot gently withdrawn, and I, on the watch, immediately extended my left leg, so as to cover the approach to the knees of my friend, and I became the recipient of the touches in the dark, and thus saved my friend's experience. I took no notice until this exhibition had been performed three times, when the medium inquired of the gentleman if he had felt any more touchings. His reply in the negative, I smiled, when the lady remarked, "It is queer;" and turning sharply to me, she used the following expression: "I think, sir, you must be of a positive nature." To which I replied, in a significant manner, "Yes, madam, I am very positive." We took leave of the lady. I felt grieved and mortified that one who did possess medium powers should have introduced a new order of experiences, when conditions were unfavorable for the raps. My investigations there were ended. W. New York, June, 1850.

Spiritualism One Hundred Years Ago.

Messrs. Editors.—My attention has often been called to the highly spiritual power underlying the whole movement of Wesleyan Methodism, particularly in its earlier stages; and, indeed, you can scarcely be acquainted with a good Methodist, without finding some singular psychological fact in his or her experience. The wine of a divine life was poured into the cups of the early founders of Methodism as full as they were able to hold it, and if our measures are larger, and we are more willing to receive, to receive frankly and fearlessly, we shall never be stinted; and provided our heads are properly balanced, and our feet firmly planted, the rich wine of the kingdom will not intoxicate us, but only invigorate us.

Amongst the pioneers in the stirring times of early Methodist history, was a young woman of the name of Sarah Mallet. The spirit of the Lord striving within her, had commanded her to preach to the people; and it was strongly impressed upon her that she ought to call sinners to repentance. This impression she vehemently resisted, believing herself to be quite unequalled, till it was suggested, "If you do it not willingly, you shall do it, whether you will or not."

It is an experience very similar to that of many mediums of the present day; but we have the great advantage of knowing the philosophy of these things, and being better prepared to treat them. Her uncle's account to Mr. Wesley is as follows:

"My niece, Sarah Mallet, came to live with me, January 3d, 1780, she being then in the sixteenth year of her age. On the 10th she found peace with God, at my house in Long Stratton, Norfolk. On the 27th May following she went to Mr. Lamb's, at Hadderton. The next morning at breakfast, she was suddenly struck, went into another room, and laid herself down on the bed. She immediately lost her senses, and was not restored till the evening of the 28th. When she came to herself, she said she had seen two angels, who told her where she had a full view of the torments of the damned, and afterwards of the happiness of the blessed. She asked if she might enter the regions of happiness, and was answered, 'Not yet; you have work to do upon earth.'"

In May, 1783, she came to live with me again. In September following, she was taken very ill, and grew worse and worse, till we had little hope of her life; but she was wholly resigned to the will of God, choosing neither life nor death. She grew weaker and weaker till the 16th December, when she was seized with a consumption fit. From that time all her other complaints ceased; but her fits returned every twenty-four hours, and often continued four hours at a time. On the 25th, Mr. Byron came to my house, who, on entering the room and seeing her in her chair, and looking like one dead, was so struck that he thought he should not be able to preach. He remained about half an hour, and then he preached house at Loveston, before a large congregation, and took for her text—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock!" This discourse she preached in Mr. Byron's hearing. She continued to preach in every following fit, speaking clear and loud, though she was utterly senseless. From December 26th to January 3d, she continued to preach, and on January 3d, every third day. I then called in some of the society to hear her. She spoke from Mark 16, 14. More came to hear her on the 18th, and still more on the 21st. The matter being now known abroad, many were desirous of hearing her, and on the 24th; when a mixed company being present, she spoke from Isaiah 55, 1. I then permitted all the world to come in, when she preached for an hour. On the 30th, she preached from Isaiah 55, 1, to a about two hundred persons."

She thus relates her experience:
"In my twentieth year the Lord answered my prayer in great affliction, and he made known to others, as well as to myself, the work he would have me to do, and fitted me in the furnace for his use. From that time I began my public work. Mr. Wesley was to me a father and a faithful friend. The same Lord that opened my mouth, endued me with power, and gave me courage to speak his word, has, through his grace, enabled me to continue to the present day. I have not, nor do I seek ease, wealth, or honor, but the glory of God and the souls of men; and I thank God, I have not run vainly, nor labored in vain. There are some witnesses in heaven, and some on earth. When I first began to travel, I followed Mr. Wesley's counsel, which was, to let the voice of the people be to me the voice of God, and where I was sent for, to go. To this counsel I have attended to this day; but the voice of God is not the voice of the people, and I have learned to distinguish between the two. Mr. Wesley, however, soon made this easy, by sending me a note from the Conference held in Manchester 1787, by Mr. Joseph Harper, who was that year appointed for Norfolk. The note was as follows: 'We give right-hand of fellowship to Sarah Mallet, having heard of her being a preacher in our connection, so long as she preaches the Methodist doctrine, and attends to our discipline.'"

She afterwards married a Mr. Boyce, who was a local preacher. She says, very simply and very beautifully, "he was a local preacher thirty-two years, and finished his work and his life well." How much there is in those few words of the sublime strength of a true and loving soul! I will insert two letters from the venerable John Wesley, then in his eighty-fifth year, addressed to Sarah, which are copied, as well as the foregoing facts, from the Chronicles of Wesleyan Methodism, and are worthy to be written. In letters of gold as guides for mediums of the present day.

"Dear Sally—I do not wonder that you should have trials. You may expect them from every quarter. You tread daily on dangers, snares and death; but they cannot hurt you while your heart cleaves to God. Towards pride; beware of flattery; beware of dejection; but above all, beware of fainting. Beware of those who profit by you, will be apt to love you more than enough; and will not this naturally lead you into the same temptation? Nay, Sally, is not this the case already? Is your heart wholly filled with God? Is it clear of idols? Is He still the object of your desire, the treasure and joy of your heart? Considering your sex and situation, what! Omnipotence can keep you in the midst of the fire? You will not take it amiss if I ask you another question. I know that neither your father nor uncle is rich, and that in traveling up and down you will want a little money; my little, my little, my little, I do not want anything that is in the power of yours, affectionately, J. Wesley."

In what an amiable light does this exhibit the grand old man. I do not think I ever read anything that has made my heart warm to him so much as this. That intimate and

delicately expressed knowledge of a woman's heart, so true, and loving, and self-sacrificing, and yet so easily swayed by the affection, and the kind, fatherly hint with which it clozes. How it must have cheered the heart of the young girl, strong in faith and having to contend with difficulties which at that time made the profession, and above all, the preaching of Methodism, a stern task for a strong man. I will add one more of his letters:—

"My dear Sally—I give me pleasure to hear that prejudice dies away, and that our preachers believe in a friendly manner. What is now more wanting to recover your health, you yourself fully see. Do not at every one's call. Never cut through the service above an hour—singing, preaching, prayer and all. Never speak above the natural pitch of your voice; it is disgusting to the hearers; it gives them pain, not pleasure; and it is destroying yourself. Only follow these three advices, and you will have a large share in the regard of yours, affectionately, J. Wesley."

Thinking that the above relation would be useful and encouraging to many minds I send it to the BANNER. Respectfully yours, E. D. WILLIAMS. Saratoga, N. Y., June 8, 1850.

A Few Brief Hints.

1. Matrimonial Affairs and Legitimacy of all Children.

It has fallen to my lot to pioneer or pre-announce many things connected with the uprising of spiritual and human relations into their appropriate dignity and "higher unfolding." In fact, the brotherhood system, which I have been engaged from early youth in elaborating and developing, has been, in itself, a prophecy, and a direct pre-affirmation and teaching of various important elements and measures of reform, which are now beginning to attract public attention.

Some of these points I have repeatedly asserted in advance of any other public expression of them, several of which remain yet to be fully appreciated or considered by the mass of men. Sometime hereafter I may think it advisable to furnish a special article on this particular subject. But, in the meantime, there are several topics which I have held in reserve, (though fully written out, and suggested or read to valued acquaintances or friends here and there.) I have been waiting to see when and how other minds would get hold of these same ideas; and just now there is one of them which begins to take a strong hold of some intelligent and vigorous intellects, and that idea is, that all children, whether born in wedlock, or not, should be legitimate; or, in other words, that children called "illegitimate," or "bastard," should be entitled to all the rights and privileges (in provision, property, &c.) that other children have.

Mrs. Julia A. Branch of New York, (name since changed by marriage, I believe,) was the first vigorous enunciator of this idea, a year or two ago, at the Free Convention in Vermont. Others have since taken it up and advocated it; among them, our well-beloved fellow-laborer, Warren Chase, in a recent BANNER OF LIGHT. How far they agree with me in an idea which was long ago systematized for public use, they can readily perceive by the following, from the preliminary, or experimental "Constitution of Universal Unity and Brotherhood," written several years ago, and laid by all the public mind was ripe for broader reformatory action:—

"Sacraments, Sec. 4.—Birth, in the light of these superior and fraternal institutions, shall be deemed and held a sacred thing, under whatever auspices or relations it may take place; and any human being who may be born out of wedlock, shall not be considered personally liable to any reproach therefore, but shall be respected equally with all other offspring, more legitimately born of the same, or other parents; and shall be entitled to equal education (with other offspring), in all privileges, emoluments, or property flowing from, or bequeathed by or to their parents, one or both."

The important principle involved in this great question of children's rights, is too obvious to escape attention, and will recommend itself to all humane thinkers. The question involves no difficulties which foresight and wisdom cannot obviate; and the principle rests, with other great principles, for the consideration and ultimate acceptance of the entire people.

But, on some other points lately broached—on subjects matrimonial and anti-matrimonial—I beg leave to dissent from the mass of those who seem inclined to adopt the above important principle relative to the rights of children in their parents. Thus, when Warren Chase, (in his recent article on "Divorce," &c.) suggests that marriage should be "regulated under the general laws of parties in civil contract," I must express my most unqualified disapproval. I expect never to see the time when the public system of any truly enlightened nation will treat of marriage, or institute or uphold it, as a mere "civil contract." The holiest of all earthly associations deserves not to be sunk to a level with common business transactions, however much impulsive or depraved individuals may desire to render such matters as insecure and shifting as any simple, every day affair. And I have yet to learn that the prompt relief of any ill-matched parties requires any such public dissolution of marriage.

For the same reason I object to the expression of friend Chase, where he says that "Woman must be protected from, and not by her husband." For marriage, truly considered, is decidedly not only mutually "protective," but also helpful; and the object of any enactment or institution bearing in that direction, ought to be to encourage and aid the husband and wife to mutually protect and aid each other. No "husband" or "wife" will ever fail to protect or bless, one the other, in all their earthly relations; and if either party to a marriage connection fails of this, and pursues a course diametrically opposite, then he or she is recreant to the character and title of "husband" or "wife," as the case may be, and takes on a new character, against which the law can provide without entering to the low element of distrust in connection with the most sacred associations of life.

Now—"The Universal Unity and Brotherhood of Man," from the preparatory "constitution," of which an extract has been given above, is an institution for the union of all true hearts, in their beneficent and efficient relations with all classes around them and throughout the world. It is designed to concentrate the energies of all true reform—to encourage and sustain every human interest, more fully than can be done by the partisan, one-idea methods heretofore employed. It embraces measures for human relief far beyond anything in the past or present of human experience; and, aided by the special "spirit" counsels of those who, when on earth, labored and suffered for humanity, its lofty principles will be, as far as possible, applied to the redemption and regulation of our own nation during the present generation; while in all after periods it will be steadily and increasingly perfecting the mutual relations of earth and heaven, presenting an effulgent example of that true system and concord which the world unobtainably needs.

Many Spiritualists and others, ere long will learn that there is no great use in undertaking spiritual communion, or any other gift or improvement, outside of the connective effort and quickening principles which are involved in the systematized "Unity and Brotherhood" of which we have spoken. D. J. MANDELL.

Merit and Demerit.

D. W. HAMILTON, LEVISTON, ME.—"I have just finished a thorough perusal of an article in your paper, from your St. Louis correspondent, on 'Merit and Demerit.' It finds a hearty response from my *innards*, and doubtless will from that of many others. It is an idea or doctrine which I have for some time past incultivated; but the cry, even from Spiritualists, has been, 'too fast! too fast!' as though truth needed a guardian—as though the soul should not shine for fear of hurting weak eyes. I am glad there is one Spiritual organ that dares speak out on this important subject."

Spirit Communion.

E. B. H.—"Since the first human form was separated from the spiritual, and the first spirit entered on its eternal mission, all spirits have continually and constantly been in communication with the people of this earth, and have ever inspired the soul in the body with all the truths and intelligence they as spirits possessed. And as the human family multiplied and advanced in goodness, spirits also have progressed in a greater ratio than the people of earth, for they not only have the experience of life, but they, after becoming separated from the mortal body, and being released from the fetters of matter, have their eyes spiritually opened, and can more clearly see the film that kept the true knowledge from earth. And in the continual multiplying of spirits, knowledge and truth is presented more clearly to each individual soul—there being no church creeds in this delightful and eternal existence to mar the onward progress of the soul. Nature, in the operation of her beautiful and unchangeable laws, prepares the way, and allows the separation of the soul from the body to take place.

When the spiritual eyes are first opened to view its grand and eternal existence, its future and everlasting home, the scene is grand beyond description. And thrice happy is that soul that has treasured up, while in the earthly school, correct and eternal facts, that it may look at and examine through all its wanderings in eternity. Every spirit can there see and read for itself, in passing through the great space of eternity, histories of the great Almighty and Eternal

One. None can escape the fact of his life, of having been a chosen one.

Truth and virtue, wisdom and love to mankind, are the true elements to predominate in the true soul of progress. Nature has in this century developed for the human race a great means of advancing the cause of true progress, and now nothing in nature can stop the rolling wave of onward progression. By preparation to the eternal and beautiful laws of nature, which have always existed, advancement and progress may be made much easier. Nature tends ever upward, and leads us to truth and goodness."

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

WARREN CHASE announces that he will lecture in Connecticut, July 13th and 14th; Buffalo, N. Y., July 15th and 16th; Rochester, N. Y., July 18th; Rome, N. Y., August 4th, 6th, 8th and 7th; Utica, 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 Utica at the above date. He would like to spend a week or two here in Vermont, giving six or seven lectures, which may be paid for with \$25. If the month is mostly spent in the State; address for September will be Lowell, Mass.; from Aug. 14th to Sept. 1st, Newport, N. H.

Mrs. H. M. MILLER is to speak in Ashland, Ohio, July 17th. Post-office address, Ashland, Ohio.

P. PARFILL will speak in Mystic, Conn., Sunday, July 17th; Chicopee, Mass., Sunday, July 24th; Fitchburg, Mass., Sunday, July 31st; Great Work, Me., August 7th. He expects to spend the month of August in Maine. Friends in that State wishing to engage his services, will address him early at Greenfield Village, Mass.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks in Willimantic, Conn., July 17th; Northampton, Mass., July 24th; Springfield, Mass., July 31st and August 7th; Utica, N. Y., August 14th; Syracuse, N. Y., August 28th; 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 17th and 24th. Address Willard Barnes, Union, Norwich, Conn.

Mrs. Sarah A. Macomber will answer calls to lecture in the true state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 83 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

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

Dr. JOHN

HENRY WARD BEECHER

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

TEXT.—"These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but of good cheer: I have overcome the world."—John xvi, 33.

The time at length had come; and that hour of which Christ had said it was not yet, now was. The Master was about to be separated from the disciples, with a variety, a depth, and a tenderness of consolation beyond all imitation. Christ comforted his disconsolate band, not by hiding the future, nor by disguising its dangers, but by disclosing his own relations to them. He took, and he sought to take, nothing away from their sense of their weakness, of their imperfection, or of the trials which awaited them in this world; he sought only to cheer them by giving them an augmented sense of the power which they had in him. They were almost alone. Their number was few. The nation was against them. The whole world was hostile toward them, and would become yet more so, as more and more the results of the spiritual truths which they would promulgate were developed upon the world. Their life had begun to flow in new channels; and if they were faithful to their new ideas, they would find themselves exiled from almost every variety of pleasure, business, honor, usefulness, and all ordinary activity even. The world would not silently desert them either; for the contempt shown them would grow into persecution. They would be hauled before magistrates; they would be dragged before religious councils; they would be falsely accused; they would be condemned, imprisoned, beaten, and cast forth into exile; they would become, all through the earth, spectacles, to God and to men, of misfortune; yea, men should assail them, thinking the act to be a service rendered to God; thinking it to be a deed of piety; thinking it to be an achievement of goodness.

Now, although they imperfectly understood all this, yet it was plainly told them. In this fact we see displayed the fidelity of Christ. He never veiled from his disciples any of the consequences which would follow their attempt to live a higher religious life than was understood by the world around them; but, in this whole career, Christ promised them peace, and in the end victory, with its exceeding great glory. And the command was, in view of this danger, and all its impending liabilities, be courageous, be cheerful. The meaning is not that we should have a hard and joyless pertinacity of moral purpose; the meaning is, that we should have such a sense of the love which Christ has for us, and of the provisions which he has made for our daily safety, that we shall be elated, that we shall be radiant, that we shall have cheer.

"These things I have spoken unto you," he says, "that in me ye might have peace;" as though they were not to expect peace in themselves, but were to expect it in him. "In the world," he goes on to say, "ye shall have tribulation." What then? "Be of good cheer;" that is, have that kind of courage which has joy in its face. Good cheer means not mere joy, not mere cheerfulness, not mere gaiety, which may be very light and thin; it means that kind of brave courage which, at the same time it is radiant, has alacrity and comfort in it. "I have overcome the world; and (the implication is) in overcoming it, I carry all mine along with me." As a general, when he conquers, conquers not for himself alone, but for his country; so Christ, when he overcame the world, did not achieve a victory for himself alone, but he achieved a victory which drew along with it victory for all his followers.

The tribulation here spoken of was two-fold. It was not only that tribulation which came upon the disciples from the world, in the form of trials, and afflictions, and hardships, and cares, and burdens, but it was also that tribulation which came upon them in the form of inward troubles and griefs. This word *tribulation* is a broad word, covering both outward and inward life. It includes those disturbances which arise from the attempt to carry one's inward life in accordance with the Christian rule, in this selfish and wicked world. The peace promised, and the courage enjoined, were to cover both the external and the internal experiences of men. This command of Christ has respect not only to the annoyances, and troubles, and burdens, and cares, and difficulties consequent upon a Christian life in this world, but to all the misgivings and faintings of the heart—to all inward doubts and fears which arise in respect to the future. Christ says, in regard to both these kinds of tribulation, "Be of good cheer." And the reason he gives for cheerful-ness is this: "I have overcome the world." In our own time, and in our own experience, Christ should avail, with all of his followers, to produce in them a cheerful courage, both in regard to their outward history and affairs, and in regard to what are called experimental difficulties, or those interior heart-troubles which conscience, fear and remorse work in us.

I think that Christ's relation to the Christian, or his disciples, is not very little felt and used, as a part of our daily experience. The presence of Christ in human affairs is very little felt, I think, by the best Christians. By those who feel it at all, it is felt with great unfrequency. By a large majority of Christians it is almost unthought of, except in occasional and rare experiences. We depend so much upon our senses for our knowledge, that we are not much accustomed to accept those things of which the senses do not take cognizance, though they may be true to the inward life. The presence of God, the grace and help of God's spirit, things which the ear does not report, which the eye does not discern, and which the hand cannot reveal, but which must be known, if known at all, by the action of the inward power of the mind—these things we are very little accustomed to recognize and use, and it is strange, too, that it should be so; for every man does believe God to be present in external nature. It has become almost a habit for men to think of God as present throughout his universe. At least, it is not at all seldom that we find persons who habitually regard outward nature as being sustained by God. There are not a few who habitually believe that God repairs, that he continues, that he supports the outward world, according to its wants, and according to its physical nature. It is very often that we find men who habitually recognize the fact that God is present to take care of the globe and the natural laws of the universe. And if we think of God Jehovah as taking care of the great outward world, why should we not just as easily think of God as being interested in those for whom the world itself exists? If it is possible for a man to conceive of an invisible God as having commerce with the whole globe, why is it difficult for him to conceive of God, in the person of Christ, as taking care of the inhabitants of the globe, for whom the globe itself was made, and who, before God, are the precious things of the earth.

As a man, when he has built a house, thinks of it, and takes care of it, for the sake of his family which it shelters, so God, having made the world, thinks of it, and takes care of it, for the sake of those who are his household in it. And it seems strange that a man who sees God in his works, and has a consciousness of his presence in his great natural laws, can fall to perceive that Christ is in the daily walk, in the daily experience of his own people. It seems strange that a man should not recognize the presence of God in the more important, when he does recognize it in the less important, relations of time and the world.

Now it is not possible for any one to make his way through this world, and be of good cheer in respect to outward trials and inward experiences, unless he is, in some measure, able to feel that Christ is present, not merely figuratively, but really and personally; unless he is, in some measure, able to feel that Christ is present in the sense that a mother and a father are present in the house where their children are; unless he is, in some measure, able to feel that Christ is present with us as we are present one with another; unless he is, in some measure, able to feel that the Saviour is present with his people, separated from them by nothing except their inability to see him with the senses. It is impossible for a man to be of good cheer with reference to the external and internal troubles of this life, unless he has some realization of the fact that, in real presence, and power, and thought, and feeling, Christ is nearer to the people than they are to each other. The carrying of the people through the foundation of exceeding great comfort and cheer.

But, secondly: Christians do not consider Christ's relations to them as a teacher and a guide, any more than they do his presence with them. They are wont to throw away the consolations that spring from a realization of Christ's offices toward them. In those very things in which men are apt to feel alone, in those very things in respect to which, if in respect to anything, men are apt to become discouraged, on account of ignorance, error, and cares, and burdens—in those things Christ has a special interest and function; and for them he takes a particular care, although we are apt to think that he takes little or no care for them. Very many Christians feel as though

we have our part done here in this world. Our own education, our own burdens, our own duties—these they regard as their part; and they think that when we have performed this part, we shall go up to where God sits and performs his part; and that then we shall know each other, and shall, if we have done well, be rewarded for our well-doing.

Now, the untruthfulness of this theory can be illustrated in no stronger way, than to suppose a father to think as they cannot think—that the function of the mother is to give life to the child, and put it into the world, and say to it, "There, my babe, you are now started, and I shall not see you again till you come to years of discretion. Your business is to get along yourself up through life; and when you are grown, if you are handsome, and have come up virtuously, I will accept you."

Is the mother appointed to the child in that way? Was she not, rather, when God knit together the fibres of her nature, so made that she is impelled to attend to its wants during its passage from infancy to maturity? The necessity of maternal love is such, that when a child is born it is hers far more in its own little sphere, than it was when it was a part of her own body.

To supply, by thinking, the child's lack of thinking; and to use the experience of twenty or thirty years of past mature life, in the place of the child's lack of experience; to take care of the child in sickness and in health; to furnish the child with food and clothes; to instill into the child curiosity for knowledge; and to reward all curiosity for knowledge in the child; to be to the child a physician, a mother, a guardian, a careful and kind parent; to teach and punish the child as its good requires; to stand to the child as anything that a little creature, undeveloped, but developing being needs—to do all this is the function of the mother; and it is this that we mean when we say *mother*.

Now, Christ reveals himself to be to us just what the mother is to the child. It is his function to stand to us in the relation of a parent. He has a nature which, necessarily, goes down around about the inexperience of human life, seeking to assist us in all those things in which we need his help. It is the provident character and grace of God to do those things for his creatures in spiritual life, which the mother does spontaneously for the child in physical and social life.

How many Christians are there who have such a thought of God as this? I do not wonder that, with the thought which most Christians have of God, they are slow to go to him. What man would not be afraid to make prayers to a thunderbolt, if he expected that the result of every prayer would be to bring a bolt down upon his head? I should not want to charge you with the thought of God, if it were like charging before a battery. It makes no difference if God is holy: I am unholier. What I need is some view of God, which regards him as a being who loves men, who takes care of weakness, who stands in the place of our inexperience. I do not need a God, whose business it is to rub up the stars and keep them bright, to turn the vast wheel of the universe, and, by infinite forces, to take care of globes and human beings, but a God who tells me, "The hairs of your head are all numbered," and who says, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without my notice." "I need a God who goes with me into all circumstances of my experience. I need to be conscious that the very nature of God is such that he must go down into the relations of human life. I need to realize that, by reason of the spontaneous action of the Divine Mind, he is present with his creatures, affording them succor, and sympathy, and encouragement, and breathing into their heart this constant lesson of good cheer: 'I am with you. I have overcome the world. You shall overcome the world.'"

Thirdly: Christians do not appropriate Christ as a sin-physics. The heart is the best medicine the heart ever took. Nothing cures soul but soul. All good work in man is done by the application of good being to living being; and the chief function of God is to bring his life into contact with ours, for the purpose of giving us health and strength. Men cure each other of trouble by love, by trust, by hope, by sympathy. God cures men of trouble in the same way. His heart is not a judgment seat; it is a house of refuge to those that need help and care. We are sick by reason of sin, and need peace and rest; but there are very few Christians that know how to find peace and rest in Christ. I see men trying to bind up their wounded consciences; I see men trying to shut up that outspoken bull-dog of fear; I see men trying to go through the husk of life in their own way; but I find few men who have such a conception of God that they look upon him as being, in his very nature, a sin-physics, that they regard him as a being, the very nature of whose heart is to cure troubled hearts. Very few are they who can be said to be at rest in God.

I think every one of you knows that there are those upon earth in whose presence you are better. At any rate, that orphan, or that stranger, who has really no friends, is not half so bad off as those persons who are so without the knowledge of any goodness in any person, that they can say, "I do not know of an individual on earth, in whose presence I feel that I am made better, by the very action of their nature on mine." Most of us know of some persons, in whose presence we feel that we have been made better by the action of their nature on ours. We remember our parents, we remember our brothers, we remember our sisters, we remember nurses, or servants, or other humble persons, with whom we have been brought in contact in the world, whose life was such that, when in their presence, we were conscious that the evil in us received a check, and the good in us received encouragement, and we felt that we were better on account of the overshadowing of hearts by theirs. And the same is true of God, such that, by the overshadowing of men's being with his, he heals them.

Now the Bible is set to teach us, not that it is the nature of Christ, as the Saviour of men, to save us on some contingency, in time to come, but that the very effect of the indwelling of his thought and feeling in us, that he is healing us of sin all the time—that it is the nature of God to cure us by the mere touch of his thought and feeling upon us.

Fourthly: Christians do not enough reflect that love in God works in their behalf, as love in men works for those who are its objects. They do not enough reflect that there is a nature and disposition in God which puts him, and not in the cause which works for us; and which works for us, not on account of what we are, but on account of what he is.

When a man is in need, and comes to me for aid, the sight of the man in trouble, of course, is the occasion and exciting cause of kindness in me; but the moment I have become acquainted with his trouble, and begin to feel interested in him, then the work goes on in consequence of the nature of my mind; and the manner in which it is performed depends upon what I am, rather than upon what he is. If a man be courageous and generous, and some person, hard beset by danger, comes to him for aid, his nature is first awakened by the condition of the person; but afterwards, his care for the person is prompted by that nature, and he will aid him as he has a great heart, and some unfortunate person is placed under his care, his sympathy for that person is first aroused by the misfortune brought to his notice; but the continuance and the amplitude of that sympathy lie in the necessity of his nature, that he should be sympathetic. It is as necessary that a good man should do that which is good, as it is that a bad man should do that which is bad. Love has the same necessity that anger and any other one of the strong feelings has. And the nature of God is such that he, of necessity, must love and care for the whole human family.

Some men seem to think that Divine love has different qualities of mercies arranged, as apothecaries' medicines are, on shelves; and that the angels report to him the condition of men, and he administers to their wants according to his judgment. Their idea of the way in which he bestows his blessings is something like this: An angel reports to him that there is a mortal praying for divine aid, and he says, "Who is it?" The angel replies, "It is A; he wants such and such a blessing." "Well," says God, "what is his condition?" "Is he all right?" Is his case one of need? Has he done for himself up to pretty much the right point? If the result of the angel to these last inquiries are in the affirmative, God says, "In such case I will help him," so he reaches up and sends down grace as is needed, and says, "Hand it down to the man."

A great many persons have this mechanical notion of God. They suppose that when human beings ask him to bestow blessings upon them, he thinks within himself, "Shall I do it, or shall I not?" and that finally, if it seems to him to be for the best, he makes up his mind that he will. They think that the sending down of each particular mercy is a voluntary act on his part. But I do not think that it is possible for a man to be familiar with the feelings of a parent toward a child, in respect to its wants, to hold such a notion of God as this, if he only remembers that God stands to us in the relation of a parent. Do you not know that a parent is always more ready to give bread to the child than the child is to ask for it? Do you not know that generosity is more active than those wants of the soul which require generosity? Do you suppose that the emotions of divine goodness are so sluggish and slow that they have to be besieged before they will become active and work out blessings for mankind? Is not God's mind rather symbolized by that love which flashes up and down, and envelops the

globe, and overflows, and runs wild in its abundance through infinite worlds, and sheds its bounty all the time, whether men wake or sleep, and as much where men do not exist as where they do exist? God has his own being so full of love, that he must have some place in which to bestow his goods. He pours abroad, everywhere, in heaven and on earth, the influence of his heart, because his heart must empty itself. Such is God, instead of being One who is good only just as the wants of men require his goodness; instead of being One who gives out his blessings as letters are given out by a post-office; instead of being One who rewards men for their goodness as a banker pays checks, standing behind the counter, and honoring only those which are good on their face. He is One whom the Bible declares to be able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.

Do you have such a God in your thoughts? Do you carry yourself with courage, saying, "I have a present God; I have a God whose nature it is to take care of inexperience, and to teach it; I have a God who will supply my wants, and who will bear with my weakness; I have a God who will bestow upon me all needed blessings, because he wants to do it, and not because I ask him to do it?" The reasons of God's kindness are his love and his nature. It is that which moves him to pour out the abundance of his goodness upon all mankind. He loved the world, long before the world knew what it wanted, that he gave his only begotten Son to die for it. Christ was not drawn into the world by men's prayers, but he was shot out of the bow of God's exceeding mercy and benevolence into the world. It will ever be that God's blessings will come upon men by reason of a necessity of his nature, and not on account of what they are.

Fifthly: Christ having all these relations and preparations for the help of his people, Christians do not reflect that it is an active joy, a happiness and a pleasure for him to be concerned for them, and not a burden. Every generous nature knows that to do kind things is a pleasure, and that the greatest joy in this world is to lift a person out of trouble, whom one can do it. And I think that when a person, by the power of his own nature, relieves others who are weighed down with mental trouble, and gives them, as it were, life and health, he feels as God feels. He participates in the divine work not only, but also in the divine feeling.

We sometimes think that we burden God when we use him. When you do not use him you burden him, but you please him when you do use him. When you use him you make him what he wants to be. When you make him your companion, and take the merces that he offers you, and believe that you are using him, then you need him, then you reward him. Instead, then, of supposing that you are wearing out, and wearying God, when you rely upon him, be sure that every trust which is reposed in him, every application for aid that is made to him, every prayer that is offered before him, on the part of his children, touches his heart as the master's hand touches the keys or chords of an instrument of music. It is not when we use God the most that we weary him the most, but when we use him the least.

How different are these notions of God, which teach that the generosity of his nature is such that he is pleased when we trust him, and that the greatest joy in this world is to lift a person out of trouble, whom one can do it. And I think that when a person, by the power of his own nature, relieves others who are weighed down with mental trouble, and gives them, as it were, life and health, he feels as God feels. He participates in the divine work not only, but also in the divine feeling.

Once more: Christians do not reflect that not to trust Christ, and to be filled with cheerful courage thereby, so far from being a sign of humility, so far from being justified by any sense of sin, so far from depending for its propriety upon any state in them, is one of the most ungrateful states of mind, and grievous to the heart of the Saviour. Anything that shut a child's hand, from these good and stiff and repulsive notions of him that man have, which tend to keep them apart from him, and make them afraid to trust in him, especially when they are conscious of being sinful, as though there were any hospital for those who are heart-sick, except the heart of God.

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In view of this nature of the Divine Being, how foolish are those ordinary causes of disturbance and fear which Christians allow to act upon them, and take away from them that cheerfulness and that courage which are commanded in the text. There are a great many persons, however, who are made despondent by the slowness of the work of grace in them; by the slowness with which they gain advantage over constitutional traits; by the long continuance of evil influences over them; by the little progress which they make in good. They would not be despondent if they thought they still were Christians; but the state they are in leads them to think they are not Christians; as if a man was a Christian or not a Christian, according as he comes up to, or falls short of, a certain measure of goodness.

Whether a man is a traveler or not, does not depend upon how far he travels in a day. He is a traveler if he does not take one step, provided he has started on his journey, and means to go further. Whether a man makes a voyage, or does not, does not depend upon the time he takes. It is not what a man does, but what he means to do, and is trying to do, that determines what he is. A man that goes out on the ocean with a mud-screw, with no sails, with only a paddle, so that he can scarcely make his half league in twenty-four hours, (and there are some boats on the great ocean of life that are no better than a mud-screw without sails) is a voyager as much as a man who goes out in a full rigged clipper, and makes his two or three hundred miles in the same length of time.

Now many persons make the evidence of their piety to stand in their religious progress. If they are making great attainments in religion, they take it for granted that they are Christians, and if they are making small attainments in religion, they take it for granted that they are not good Christians. I do not want you to make small attainments in religion; but the fact of your religious attainments being great or small is no safe criterion by which to judge of your real piety.

A man is attacked with some acute disease—a fever, for instance. If he keeps clear of improper treatment, and allows Nature to be his physician, mostly, in five or ten days he will begin to recover, and in the course of two weeks he will be about again. Another man has inherited a scrofulous temperament from his parents. He works along in his disease, and does not till his body is so diseased that he can no longer see his eyes, ears, etc.—are giving out; and then he goes to a physician, and says to him, "Will you look at my case, and tell me after a thorough examination, what can be done for me?" The physician sounds his chest, and examines the various organs of his body, and then says to him, "You have not got a great deal to build upon, but by a judicious use of what you have got, you may, in the course of several years, be a well man again. You have got to build yourself up by degrees." The man goes to work to cure himself. He has a constitution that will probably require assiduous treatment for five or ten years, before he can be brought into a healthy state. It may do him good, but it will not save him for the next thirty or forty years. But, if, at the end of two months, or at the end of two years, he should say, "I do not perceive any great progress in my case," and should go to his physician, and express his fears that he would not recover, citing as a reason for his fears, the speedy recovery of the man who was attacked with a fever, the physician would say to him, "You are not to compare your difficulty with a fever. That man was found in every part of his body, and the moment the fever left him, he was well; but you are vitiated all over your system. There is not a bone in your structure that is not diseased. By your case, everything that is to be renovated. By careful observance of natural law, for a long time, you may become healthy, but in no other way. You have got to build, as it were, your body over again. The process of your recovery will be slow, but you must not be discouraged."

Now when a man is naturally generous and high-minded, and is simply addicted to the cup, he can get rid of the evil which besets him; but the moment he has freed himself from this one evil, he can lead a consistent religious life, and soon present an example of piety to the world worthy of imitation by all. But a man comes to me for aid, concerning some evil habit, it, who, I see, is constitutionally big at the bottom of the head, and constitutionally small at the top of the head. His animal instincts are strong, and his moral instincts are weak. I say to him, "God has given you a mental constitution with which it will be hard for you to overcome your difficulties. You are to take exactly the mind you have got, and subdue the lower passions of your nature by the power of God's spirit on the soul; and this is a work which will necessarily re-

quire considerable time." He enters upon the work, and diligently applies himself to it for the space of six months, and then says, "All I do not see as I am making much progress in my Christian course. I never have such visions as brother A tells of having. I do not derive such satisfaction from prayer as he seems to." I say to the man, "Christianity means a very different thing in your case from what it does in your neighbor's case. Your work is one which, in its nature, is slow and gradual. You have got to change the constitutional tendencies of your mind. By and by, when you have subdued the animal instincts of your being, you will have accomplished a great work." I do not think it is the men whose lives yield the most fruit in this world that will stand highest in heaven. I think those men who are best here, are best because it is easier for them to be good than it is for other men. Some men require more power of grace to be simply good, than others do to be scrupulous. Some plants begin to blossom almost as soon as they are out of the ground, as in the case of tulips; others do not blossom till they have grown many years, as in the case of pear-trees. I suppose some men will blossom hereafter, because they do not blossom here. If a man is faithful and determined in his Christian course, he is a blessing hereafter. There will be a very different way of looking at these things from that in which men now look at them, when we see them in the light of God's final revelation—when we see what each man has had to do in his struggle against sin.

If a man has one acre of ground, nineteen-twentieths of which is a solid rock, and he carts on soil, and makes it all valuable land, and raises a good crop off from it, he does more than a man who cultivates a thousand acres of ground on a prairie, where he has merely to turn over the surface and sow his seed, to obtain a good crop. What a Christian does, depends upon what preparation he has to make in his heart, and some of you need an immense amount of understanding before you can plant anything and have it grow on the soil.

But many persons are not only deprived of cheer and comfort in the thought of God and his relations to them, by reflecting upon the slowness with which they are succeeding in the eradication of evil, and the implanting of good; but they are misled all the time by what they expect of a religious life, and what they find it to be. What they expect and what they realize in their Christian course, are very different. They are continually under the impression that there are less trials to meet with in a religious life than there really are. That is the fault of their expectation, probably.

A man hears the drums beat in Paris, and goes down to the *Champ de Mars*, and seeing the soldiers in their showy uniform, and the capotees officers, he says, "Oh! it is a splendid thing to be a soldier, and serve one's country," and he enlists in the French army. He has not been in the army a week before he is sent to another *parade de Mars*; and very soon he and his fellow soldiers are in full chase after the retreating Austrians; and I hope they catch them. As soon as he gets across the mountains, his tinsel is all stripped off from him, and he has to stand on the ground, and put up with poor fare; and he finds that being a soldier is not any *glorious thing*, as he had thought. It is a different thing from being a soldier in the *Champ de Mars* in Paris. When he comes to climb mountains, to ford streams, to sleep under trees that pour showers down upon him, to go without food, and to be tossed about, in sickness as well as in health, as if he were a leaf on a raging stream (for so men are tossed about on the battle-field), then his ideas of war become somewhat modified.

Now, there are many who enlist on the parade-ground of revivals, with the expectation that when they come out they will be happy, and feel good all their life. That is their idea of what it is to become a Christian. But to become a Christian is to enter into the struggle of the soul, that conflict of life which afflicts all men, which is hard in everybody, but which is harder in some than in others, and which consists in one's taking the faculties of his own nature, and restraining them so that every one of them shall be subject to the Lord Jesus Christ. If there ever was a severe conflict, it is this; for no foe is so ubiquitous, and no foe is so cunning, as those which a man carries in himself. And the attempt to subdue one's pride, and vanity, and selfishness; the attempt to carry one's faculties through all the cares, and troubles, and temptations of life; the attempt to carry one's nature, so large, so powerful, so active, according to the law of the flesh, to a point to which an angel might give his best essay. It is a work to which a man is required to give his whole life, and happy is he if at the end he succeeds. If any man has entered upon a religious life with the romantic notion that Christianity is a sanctuary cradle in which a person may lie and be rocked all his days, it is no wonder that he finds that the realization is very different from what his expectation was in this respect.

Again: Christians become despondent in religious life, and fall to take the cheer and comfort that they might take from the presence of Christ among them, by consequence of attempting to do things which it is impossible for them to do, and which they are not required to do; as, for instance, when a man attempts to eradicate some faculty in his nature, in order to prevent the mischief it is working—as where a man, instead of attempting to correct the perverted faculties of his being, and cause them to do the work of God, attempts to stop their functions entirely. Now no man can take out of himself anything which God has made and put into him. Whatever powers there are in a man, must act, and will act to the day of his death. Consequently, he falls whenever he attempts to suppress or eradicate any of them. And in attempting to do this, he not only does not benefit himself, but he does harm to himself. It is not strange that a person who takes this course, and fails, as he must necessarily do, falls into despondency. A man can make his lower nature obey his higher nature, but he cannot suppress or eradicate any of his faculties. If he has self-esteem, he is to make it subservient to a Christian character; and if he has love of praise, he must render that consistent with a Christian character. The best thing he can do with his faculties is to put them to school to Christ, and make them aspire. You can make them work in right directions, but you cannot crush them out.

And here let me say that to feel cheerful and encouraging in the presence of the presence of Christ, is a duty of duty. I think that to have a cheerful and hopeful spirit in respect to one's own state, a spirit of firm trust and reliance in Christ—not a presumptuous spirit, but a spirit of sober, chastened certainty of a final victory over sin—is a matter of duty. Such a spirit is the badge of piety; and the question is, Will you wear the uniform of him into whose service you have entered? Many persons suppose that when they enlist on the side of Christ the badge they are to wear is sobriety, in the sense of solemnity. There is nothing more erroneous than this idea. If you have never smiled before, you are to smile when you become a Christian. If you have never been confident and cheerful before, you are to be confident and cheerful when you become a Christian. Such is a man's destiny, and such are his relations to God and the Lord Jesus Christ, and so really are the presence and the help of God with him, that it is his duty to show, by his hopefulness, by his cheerful courage, that he belongs to Him who saves him. If you cannot do this, it is because you are weak, because you are on the hospital list, because you are but a child.

It is supposed that a want of cheerfulness and courage is excusable in a phlegmatic man; but you are not to hold up the aseptic side of worldly infirmity and call that the emblem of Christianity. It is the radiant side of the badge of piety, that you are to have in you, as the badge of piety. By as much as you show forth such traits as holy calmness, divine courage, royal peace, and Christian hopefulness, by so much as you show forth that which the Lord is in his children. The manifestation of such traits as these in the world, is to be a part of your fidelity to Christ. You are to bear witness before others as to what Christianity is; and you cannot make on the minds of men a true impression of what it is to become a child of God, unless you show that the work of Christ in your soul is producing the peace and confidence of which I have spoken. Let men, instead of writing on their foreheads the badges of the various denominations, write there the words, "In me, and in my people, the world ye shall have peace, tribulation, but of good cheer. I have overcome the world."

My dear Christian brethren, God, the most magnificent of all benefactors, from love, has not given his Son, and the Son has not given his life, and ascended again into heaven, for the sake of making us mere paupers, and dragging our spirits into heaven but little better than slaves or captives. Christ's mission in the world was to give us an eternal inheritance. He would not have us to be poor, but he would have us to be rich. But no matter how impaired and how impoverished your character may be, if God's purity, if God's love, if God's service, if you are already an heir of Christ, and you have a right to call yourself by his name not only, but to say, "Though I lack, he abounds; though I am imperfect, he is perfect; though I may fail, his royal righteousness thrown about me will support me." You may not find ground and reason for comfort and joy in yourself; but do not look to yourself for these things; look to Christ for them.

Look away from your own sinfulness and manifold imperfections, to Him who pities you, and spares you, and surrounds you with his presence, and he will bring you spotless before the throne of his Father.

It is to refresh ourselves with the offices of this blessed Saviour, that we shall now proceed to partake of the Sacrament—the emblem of Christ's dying love. Language is only an emblem. It is Christ crucified that another mode of speaking. It is Christ crucified that we behold; and when the grape is crushed, the wine flows out, and you take the wine, and not the crushed clump. Christ has been offered up for us; and we are not to stand here now and weep and mourn, but, being wounded, we are to take the inspiration, and joy, and life that flowed out from him, and are to become radiant and cheerful. It is our privilege to go to Christ; and when we go to him, we are not to clothe our heads in sackcloth, as if he were extinguished; but we are to go with joy, with peace, and with hope and trust in the ascended Christ that ever liveth to make intercession for us.

Whoever heartily repents of sin, and whoever, repenting of sin, has heartily turned to the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour—let him invite to partake with us, at this time, in these solemn memorials. Your preparation for the Lord's table is not to be ecclesiastical; it is to be spiritual. That which fits you for coming to the table of Christ is a deep consciousness of your sinfulness before God, and a sincere and simple taking of Christ as the Saviour of your soul, by reason of your sin. Those who so repent of sin as to need Christ, are, by faith, able to take him as their Saviour; and they have a right to go to the Lord's table, and no man has a right to stand between them and it. Such I invite to partake with us. If you are ignorant and untaught, I should think it was necessary to judge for you in this matter, as to what is necessary to fit you to take the Lord's table; but you are intelligent, and are therefore abundantly better able to judge for yourselves whether or not it is proper for you to go to the Lord's table, than any council, or any committee, or any minister. And I put the solemn responsibility on you, of judging whether you are the Lord's, or not. It is a responsibility which you yourselves must bear. Nobody can take it from you.

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