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ERFINEST;

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

BY GEO. P. BURNHAM.

CHAPTER I. THE EVEIR.

High up on one of the loftiest bluffs that overlook the Bay of Torres, upon the westerly coast of Portugal, there is a narrow defile in the rocks, a sort of chasm, that may have been caused at some early peried 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 northeasterly bank 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 aslong year-at the period when our story dates-had held almost undisputed sway and posses sion of the region described, for several leagues northward and inland. In vain had the local anthorities and the then imbecile government of Portugal endeavored to ensuare, 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 ounning, 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 reckiess men who inhabited or visited that locale, and who had been looked upon as the worthy leader, and acknowledged without soruple by his associates as the head and front of the clique and cliques of seamen or landsmen there. This spot was known as the " Eyric;" 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 immedi ately made-under the auspices of the chief and di rector 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, sep-. arated 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 termina. clan." ted abruptly within the very heart of the rook. The intruder who chanced to find himself at this point, saw before him a ragged, craggy wall, lighted but dimnly 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 but I lack the facilities for displaying it. Your callmore, he proceeded but a brief distance when a sim- ing will supply this. Can I be enrolled?" ilar wall, at the opposite end of the passage, met his view! This could hardly be possible, he would ar- will decide." gue to himself; for, within a few minutes, he had a The stranger hobbled into the next room, and

he would go forward and begin to return anew.

dabbler in human blood; and his universal orders Of Revs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. were to make prisoners, if necessary, but never to CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of 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 noisclessly back and forth, (at the will of the outer guard.) and the unfortunate and adventurous stranger there was sure to find himself a prisonerhe knew not how or why.

Within the cavern that lay below this passage and beyond it, surrounded by all the luxury that illgotten 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 active, however, and he loved the perils and dangers attendant upon his precarious occunation. 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

- "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 man-
- age it." "I will endeavor to obey, captain."
- "You can be silent, I suppose?"
- "I can be whatever you direct, captain." "Yes, I remember, Malcoh. You are fortunate in
- your disguises, ordinarily." "I have been a faithful student in that class, cap-
- tain," 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, Malcoh. The Guard-hail

"Don't fire, captain-'sh! He is alone and unarmed, I see. He has found his way-a orippled 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 senor-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, senor?"
- "A poor peasant, captain, from the mountains. who seeks to make favor with the world-renowned
- "Favor with me! For what purpose?"
- "To help me to live, captain."
- "How can I aid you?" "I would join your band."
- "Are you not aware that we know no strangers here-that we acknowledge no authority but our own laws - and that a prisoner within the limits of our province fares but poorly?"
- "You will be lenient, captain, when you know how a poor peasant may be of service to you and your
- "Well-what can you do?"
- " Anything." " That is nothing, fellow."
- "I can cheat and lie and deceive-with the fore-
- most 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 frater-
- nity, I see." "I will join you, nevertheless. I possess talent.
- "First give me a taste of your quality, and then I

entered this passage and had only turned a little to quickly returned, to the utter astonishment of the the right or left, through the windings of this dark- captain, so changed that he could not suspect him ened path; but he must have lost his way; and so as the same being. He was in a neat undress uniform of the French Chasseurs, (over which he had This was utterly futile, however. Ostrello was no 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-allons !"

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 cur

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!" oried Ostrello. "Whence come all these disguises?"

"Ah, senor capitan," mumbled the old woman, charity, for the love of heaven !"

"Who are you, woman!"

"Charity, capitan—a real only, for poor old

"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 Ostrella, "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 bis attendant, Malech, before him !"

- "What!" exclaimed Ostrello, "is it you?"
- "Your humble Malech, only, captain, who is nov 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 o you, and I am sure you will acquit yourself to my atisfaction."
- "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

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

"Jennie champs her bit uneasily, captain, at the 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 lieve me under all circumstances, ever faithfully town, stands a small inn, which you will remember." On the road to the city, less than half a league from Malech nodded assent.

- understand?" "Perfectly well, captain."
- "Away, then! And, for your life, remembernot one word else to any being living, save the ex. footsteps in the midst of his reverie. change 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 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 " Erfinest," and went forward without further molestation.

After a hard drive, which put even the indomit able Jessie to her mettle, Malcoh reached the little d'Esilrone—a short distance west of the town of Cininn spoken of; and throwing his bridle over the door post, he quietly entered the main room, where a plainly attired peasant sat alone.

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

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

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 ap-

- peared before his master instantly. "Did you meet the peasant, Malech?"
- "I did, captain."
- "And you delivered the packet?"
- "Yes, senor; 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 ob tained, and which be 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 He was shrewd, careful, faithful to his mas- within the walls of the castle, under the surveillance ter, and one of those upon whom the captain knew of the priest and his satellites, who watch every he could rely at all times and under all emergencies, breath she breathes with lynx eyed alacrity. But The business he now had in hand for him was but one attendant remains in my confidence—the poor peasant-who will bear this to its hiding place, and an apparent trivial errand; but the result that de-pended on its faithful and judicious execution was a and wished for letter. Do not think of violence for matter of importance to his master-who rarely ea- un instant. You say you will come, with your tered into unnecessary details regarding the orders tenants and followers, and force my guardian to he wished to have executed—though he was always ish the padre, and release your lover with your prompt, explicit, and exacting in the matter of their 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 gate of the lower pass," said Malech, respectfully; 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

"And I have waited and watched with patience "Halt at this house, and enter the public room. for a twelvemonth," said Ostrello to himself, as he You should find a common looking peasant there, in closed this communication, and deposited it in his green tunic and slouched hat, who will assist you. bosom. "I have been very patient, for me. If I When you meet him say simply, ' What's o'clock?' but say the word, the walls of the Castle d' Esilrone If he answers ' Past sunrise, senor,' say no more, but are not strong enough to hold out an hour against watch his movements. He will pass you thrice, the force I could bring against it. Its cringing, without further comment; and depart. Follow him lying, miserable lord should bite the dust-ay, long at once, see what he does, and do the same thing ago, but for her gentleness and prayers in his beyourself. You will find a parcel similar to this in half. Be it so; I will wait at present," he continhis possession. He will finally point his finger up ued; "but Alberto must be provided for. He is ward, thus; you will take this as the signal that getting importunate and troublesome. The padre, your mission is accomplished, and make all speed on too-a reverend rasoal, who, under his garb of out. vour return hither, without another word. Do you ward 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

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

"It is well. I sent for you, Orson, and had business for you; but you may wait. I will mature my pass the various sentinels posted along the ravine plan, by and by, and confer with you again. In the meantime, Orson, ascertain how many men and horse can be spared, and put in readiness for marching at an hour's notice, by the setting of to-morrow's sun."

The attendant retired, and Ostrello continued to

reflect upon his future schemes.

While this was passing in the mountains, there sat alone in a large square room of the Castle tra-a delicate looking maiden, a child, apparently, in years, who, from some cause or other, was evidently ill. Her clear, white forehead was unusually "Friend, what's o'clock?" said Malech, indiffer | pale, and her lips lacked the fresh color of health | King's Guards, equipped, and in uniform, complete?" that was common to her in other days. She was

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 hor 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 lutterly 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 auddenly required to confine her rambles to narrower 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 lordshin'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 itscontents:

"Eugenis-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 yes,' I will fly to your side. With my own chosen band I will cross the most 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 weary 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 faith-

ful 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 beauteous 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 curious 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 ADBE DUGARRE.

The captain had been busy during the day suc-. ceeding 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

Malech was quick in his perceptions, and saw-

days, at furthest, captain."

"Five days is a long while to walt, Malech," ventured Ustrello.

"Three days, then, captain. It will necessarily require a little time, 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, Malech, and an hundred moldores will be added to your private purse," said Ostrello.

"Who will command the expedition?" naked Malech, modestly.

"Yes, ves : I see. Malech, I will think of that. You are a brave fellow, and shall stand upon my right. It is an enterprize of hazard ----"

"What of that!" exclaimed Malech, 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, Malech. You shall accompany me."

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

The resources of the storehouse of the Evrie were ample. A long series of successful adventures on sea and land had furnished the apartments of Ostrello's private quarters with every variety of materials, from the finest India and Italian silks and velvets, to the commonest French and Spanish clothsand 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. Malcch 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 Ostrello, they sallied forth, each man being mounted upon his favorite horse; and Malech reported himself before the door of the rendezvous, in readiness for further orders.

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

"Admirable, Malech-well done!" said Ostrello. "Upon my word, the King himself would be gratified with such an array as this. Here "-he continued, handing Malech a heavy purse of gold, "take this; you have done nobly, I will join you, instantly, and you shall be my 'leftenant' on this occasion."

Half an hour afterwards the little band, led by Ostrello 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 occasionand 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 Ostrello 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 domiciled at our head quarters. 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 I"

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 Eugenic 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 i" cried Eugenie, suddenly, " what causes the cloud of dust youder?"

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

"I' faith," said the abbe, "they are well-mounted, and in dashing uniform."

"Who can they be, father?"

"I wot not, child, 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 most, and Ostrello 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

"Forward!" cried Ostrello 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 scal 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

becoming the true Christian and pastor, and whereas hastened to the lord of the castle, and made said Dugarro is now a resident of the Castle of his discovery with all possible despatch.

Estirone—against whom and which, for our own "Is it possible?" cried her guardian. good purposes, this warrant is now especially directed-

Now, therefore, we command you, Schastian Delmonte, commander, for the time being, of our Guard, to selze the person of the said Dugarre, and him safely keep and bring before the Justices of our And, true to this promise, he had now taken all re-King's Bench, forthwith; that he, the said Dugarre, quisite precautions to retain his ward directly under may there answer in propria personæ to the allegations herein made, &c., &c. Fail not, at your peril 1

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

There was no chance here for evasion or argunent, 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!"

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 Ostrello'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 he scene: and her confident (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 Ostrello 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 ittle 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 itterance 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 Ostrollo, 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 Ostrello, firmly.

"Forward, I say !" repeated the captain, in a loud tone. The abbe persisted, and fell back, closely

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 Ostrello, quickly.

"Answer me-whither 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 cavern. Secure him, and report to head quarters, forth-

with." Saying this, Ostrello put spurs to his horse, and corambled 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, after loud. y protesting against the abduction and deceit he and been made the victim of, was placed where he could do no further harm for the present. Malech 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, Ostrello 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

"Dean 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 yourself, 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 remember one Anthony Leclare? Do you forget the was closely watched, and she was not permitted now daughter of Bertier? Can you not turn back the to be alone at all. Her rambles were confined to leaves of your memory, and see the playful, charmthe walks within sight of the castle, and it was im- ing, bright eved Charlotta Debrisse? And Elverton, possible for her to plan a successful chance for clonement.

It will not be forgotten that, but a little time previously, while Eugenie was reading one of the letters his words upon the mind of his victim. 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 him. and abbe of the order of Saint Christina, has abused of her apartment—known only to her guardian and "I say I remember nothing of the kind. This

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 hyperisy and other high and helicous crimes, under the control of the castle, and manufaction, he had been sprung by the latter personage, and steer he discovered the young command you—I demand the service to be performed. He 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 has tend to the lord of the castle, and made known him, or any one—"

"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. 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 vearily away.

On the morning succeeding the return of Ostrello 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 Ostrello, which he entered, followed by a portion of the "Are we not safe in the hands of our King, my 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, Ostrello 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, carnestly. But the priest did not reply. "Are you not the so-called Abbo Dugarre?" re-

peated Ostrello, again gazing intently at his pris-"First you so assert," responded the priest, impu-

dently, "and then you question if it be so."

"Your answer!" said Ostrello, firmly.

"Then I answer yes; and I claim the right to ask, in return, who is it that accuses me? Why am 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 vou, 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 lessure. 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 Ostrello. 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 Ostrello was an even match for him, at least, to say 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 quite 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 pro-

tracted l" The pretended "abbe" was greatly alarmed at this speech from the lips of Ostrello, whom he plainly saw was high in authority, here, at any rate, and who he was satisfied-from the manner and advoitness 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 Ostrello firmly, as he looked intently into the eye 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 Ostrello, "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."

"-'sh! Philippe! Let me point you far back to the days when you were a boy at school. Do you the noble Henri Elverton, and Bosque, and Chandeler and Ivis? Ah! I see you do remember your old mates." continued the captain, watching the effect of

"I recollect ---"

"Pence, 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 ---"

since you are thus stubborn and foolish—as well as he feel asleep upon the floor of his cell. 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 ments in this cave not so agreeable or so pleasant as that which you occupy at this moment."

Philippo 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 Ostrello. impressively, "there was an old man residing upon the banks of a quiet river in the South of Europe, whom sickness had laid its 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 Ostrello | Baltimore."

did not seem to notice it. "This dying man, of all his once happy family, had but a single child then living—a tender boywhom he loved most devotedly. As the vital spark was just departing, he grasped the flinty hand of his attendant and confident, 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 steward took possession of the estate."

"You are certain 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 Raven is a glorious sailor, and we have had good placed the fortune and well-being of his only darling winds and fine weather from the start." child-a child who had no other friend on earth, at that moment to look up to for succor, 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 directly?" and justice have possessed!"

The abbe would have replied, but Ostrello concontinued.

"The grave had scarcely closed upon the poor remains of that fond parent, ere his steward contrived to trammel this 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 of soorn had come to be pointed at him; and he anchor, out of sight except from the inner shore. looked for sympathy, for friendship, for worthier companions-but it was too late!

He was driven from his home, at last, and the law his head-he was hunted by the hounds of legal plans for the release of Eugenie. 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 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! is discreet beyond her years. But he was cunning, shrewd in his villany, 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 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 Ostrello 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 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 Ostrello. "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!

CHAHTER VII. THE RAVEN.

About an hour after the scene described in 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 that they could not communicate. begged that Ostrello would not take his life, and, if he could so far forget his injuries as to permit him pass a letter or two, to and fro. The "peasant" was to depart, he promised, by all the solemn oaths he a bribed attendant of hers, and Malech had been could muster, never to molest either the captain or the faithful carrier of his master, in this affair. any one whom he coveted or cared for. "Never." he cried, pitcously, "never will I divulge

your scoret, Antonio, if you but spare me!"

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

mummery is naught to me. Why am I here? I "but see that he is secured beyond the possibility of command you-I demand of you to bring me before present escape. He is a desperate villain, but I will my accusor. If I have done aught to injure you, or 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 afterward, and all his appeals, his protestations, his promises and his threats, were received alike with "There is no appeal here, Philippe. Hear me! contempt by those to whose care he had been en-Your further attempts to deceive me are futile; and, trusted. Wenried, at last, with chafing and raving,

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 tackis at an end, and you will find that there are apart ed, 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.

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 outsail 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 Ostrello, who received him kindly, and they proceeded to busi-

ness. "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

" 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

"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 head-quarters of Ostrello 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, associations with crime, by his adversity, before he for a time. Her masts were taken out: she was knew or realized the perils and the heinousness of safely secured, foro and aft, away from danger of his acts. When he would have reformed, the finger chafing, and she finally rode quietly and safely at

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 proclaimed him an outcast! A price was set upon Ostrello now had a little leisure to reflect upon his

"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 by that robber, in riotous dissipation. The lands very quickly manage to arrange it so that she would nothing of the advantage his captor enjoyed in point which he had stolen from the helpless child soon never again return to the bondage she suffers. She is followed. Mortgage after mortgage was piled upon right, in her wish to avoid violence, however. I do not desire 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

"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 disavowed his name and calling, foreswore the dream of the import of it, too. Ha, hal 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 l"

"Sweet, innocent, beautiful Eugenie!" he continued as his thoughts turned again to the quptive of Esilrone, "how artless in your affections, how inexperienced in your amours ! Your chance meetings with the gaily attired hunter have been but few and very brief. You have scarcely noted that care 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 fortune's wheel in her behalf, time and opportunity 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 singularly 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 accost. ed her gracefully, and finally escorted her to the borders of the eastle grounds. She found him again, soon after-and then again. He was pleasing in his conversation, and affable in his manner. She was favorably struck with his appearance, and she comlast chapter had closed between the captain and menced to relate to him how she was treated at the Philippe Dugarre, a sail was reported from the castle. He loved her-came again-wrote to hershe responded—they were suspected and discovered -and, finally, her rambling limits were curtailed so

We have seen how they subsequently managed to Eugenie was too timid to permit her lover to attack the castle and bear her away, and so she waited. and hoped for a more favorable opportunity to escape.

But then she knew nothing of the real character of the stranger whom she had thus favored. He insisted upon being known simply as Antonio: lest "Do not injure him," said Ostrello to his men, the influence of the lord of Esilrone might reach him, for evil, as he pretended. Yet she saw that he must have wealth and retainers at his bidding, for he constantly had attendants whom he could call up, from the plain or the forest, whenever he chose to do so, in her presence. Then he had come with a neposted for the danner of light, by dues and lond. guard from the King himself-at last-and borne away her oppressor without opposition.

Eugenic was but a child, comparatively. Yet her nature and temperament was ardent, and she had tired of the duli and irksome routine of her duty and occupation within the walls of the castle. Any religious significance of the term, the noblest meaning change from this imprisonment, to her mind, would be improvement. She would have fled with Antonio ,in a moment; but she was still a prisoner—the well guarded ward of the lordly proprietor of Esilrone.

She had but an indistinct knowledge of her origin. All she knew was the story she had been taught the Jew shall turn to Christ, that veil shall be taken from her early years, that she was the daughter of away. He shall pass from the shadow into the light; from her early years, that she was the daughter of away. He shall pass from the shadow into the light; he shall see through the symbol to the reality; he shall a poor cousin of her guardian-who deceased in her a poor cousin of her guardinn—who deceased in her infanoy, and who left her to his charge, when on his death bed. Nevertheless, a picture hung upon the wall of her sleeping room that convergely remainded.

This is a very broad and general truth, full of mean-the destination of the sleeping room that convergely remainded. wall of her sleeping-room that constantly reminded her of the face and features of one whom she never could forget, and whom she was also taught was her mother. The soft and gentle eyes bent upon her a look of seeming devotedness-even from the silent canvas-that she vividly remembered in the original, who had nursed her and petted her, as far back as memory served her at all! But this lady had departed, too-and Eugenie was under the protection of a heartless, mercenary nobleman, who cared but little for aught in life save his own personal comfort and almost idle enjoyment within his castle walls.

There was very little resemblance between the mother and the daughter, but Eugenie treasured the portrait above all things within her control. The being thus represented had been her friend and protector. and she had known but little kindness and affection since she had been parted from her—she know not when or why. But the hour of her deliverance from the custody of those who could neither love nor respect, was near at hand. She felt not the slightest scruples in tearing herself away from the bitter associations of the castle, for she had been latterly annoyed by the attentions of a young nephew of his lordship, whom the owner of Esilrone designed should marry her at a fitting protector, and she had known but little kindness Esilrone designed should marry her, at a fitting opportunity. But his plans in this, and in other particulars, had suddenly been interrupted by the arrest of his "abbe"-Philippe Dugarre.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

THE CONSUMPTIVE'S REPLY.

BY GRO. D. PRENTICE.

Yes, dear one, I am dying. Hope at times
Has whispered to me, in her syren tones,
But now, alas! I feel the tide of life
Fast obbing from my heart. I know that soon
The green and flowery curtain of the grave
Will close as softly round my fading form
As the caim shadows of the evening hour
Close o'er the fading stream.
On! there are times
When my heart's tears gush wildly at the thought
That, in the fresh, young morning-tide of life,
I must resign my breath. To me the earth
Is very beautiful. I love its flowers,
Its birds, its dows, its rainbows, its glad streams.

I must using any second layers, I is very bouttful. I love its flowers, Its birds, its dows, its rainbows, its glad streams, Its vales, its mountains, its green, wooling woods, Its mountight clouds, its sunsets, and its set And dewy twilights; and i needs must mourn To think that I shall pass away. And see them nevermore.

And fondly cherished idol of my lite,
Thou dear twin-spirit of my deathless sonl,
'T will be the keenest anguish of my heart
To part from thee. True, we have never loved
With the wild passion that fills heart and brain
With flame and madness, yet my love for thee
Is my life's life. A desper, holfer love
Has never sighed and wept beneath the stars,
Or glowed within the breasts of saints in heaven.
It does not seem a passion of my heart;
It is a portion of my soul. I fee!
That I am but a coltened shade of thoe,
And that my spirit, parted from thine own,
Might fade and perish from the universe
Like a star-shadow when the star itself
Is hidden by the storm-cloud. Ay, I fear But thou, the loved Is hidden by the storm-cloud. Ay, I fear That heaven itself, though filled with love and God, Will be to me all desolate, if thou. will be to me all desolate, if thou, Dear spirit, art not there. I've often prayed That I night die before thee, for I felt I could not dwell without thee on the earth, And now my heart is breaking at the thought Of dying while thou livest, for I feel, My life's dear idel, that I cannot dwell Without theen it that ky. Yet wall I know Without thee in the sky. Yet well I know That love like ours, so holy, pure and high, So far above the passions of the earth, Can perish not with mortal life. In heaven Can perish not with mortal life. In heaven "T will brighten to a lovely star, and glow In the far ages of eternity, More beautiful and radhant than when first "T was kindled into glory. Oh! I love, I dearly love thee—these will be my last, My dying words upon the earth, and they Will be my first when we shall meet in heaven; And when ten thousand myriads of years And when ten thousand myriads of years Shall fide into the past eternity, My soul will breathe the same dear words to thine, I love thee, oh! I love thee!

Weak and low
My pulse of life is fluttering at my heart,
And soon 't will cease forever. These faint words
Are the last echoes of the spirit's chords,
Stirred by the breath of memory. Bear me, love,
I pray thee, to you open window now,
That I may look once more on inture's face That I may look once more on nature's face
And listen to her gentle music-tone,
Her holy voice of love. How beautiful
How very beautiful, are earth and sea,
And the o'crarching key to one whose eyes
Are soon to close upon the scenes of time!
Yon blue lake sleeps beneath the flower-crowned hill
With his sweet picture on her brenst; the white
And rosy clouds are floating through the air
Like cars of happy spirits; every leaf
And flower are colored by the crimson hues
Of the rich sunset, as the heart is tinged
By thoughts of Paradise; and the far trees By thoughts of Paradise; and the far trees Seem as if leaning, like departed souls, Upon the holy heavens. And look! oh look! You lovely star, the glorious evening star, Is shining there, far, far above the mists And dows of earth, like the bright star of faith, Above our mortal teurs! I ne'er before. Beheld the earth so gieen, the sky so blue, The sunset and the star of eve so bright, And soft, and beautiful; I never felt. The dewy twilight breeze so calm and fresh Upon my check and brow; I never heard The melodies of wind, and bird, and wave, Mall with such sweetness on the ear. I know By thoughts of Paradise: and the far trees

Wenk and low

Upon my cheek and brow: I never heard
The melodies of wind, and bird, and wave,
Ball with such sweetness on the ear. I know
That heaven is fell of glory, but a God
Of love and mercy will forgive the tears,
Wrung from the fountain of my frail young heart,
By the sad thought of purting with the bright
And lovely things of earth.
And, dear one, now
I feel that my poor heart must bid farewell
To thine. Oh! no, no, dearest! not farewell,
For oft I will be with thee on the earth,
Although my home be heaven. At eventide,
When thou art wandering by the silent stream
To muse upon the sweet and mournful past,
I will walk with thee, hand in hand, and share
Thy goutle thoughts and fancles; in thy grief,
When all seems dark and desolate around
Thy bleak and lonely pathway, I will glide
Like a bright shadow o'er thy soul, and charm
Away thy sorrow; In the quiet hush
Of the deep night, when thy dear head is laid
Upon thy pillow, and thy spirit cruves
Communion with my spirit, I will come
To nerve thy heart with strength, and gently lay
My lip upon thy forehead with a touch
Like the soft klasses of the southern breeze
Stealing o'er bowers of roses; when the wild,
Dark storms of life beat flercely on thy head,
Thou will behold my semblance on the cloud,
A rainbow to thy spirit; I will bend
At times above the fount within thy soul,
And thou wilt see my image in its depths,
Gazing into thy dark eyes with a smile
To thee in dreams, my spirit-imate, and we,
With clasping hands and intertwining wings, To thee in dreams, my spirit-mate, and we, With clasping hands and intertwining wings, Will nightly wander o'er the starry deep, the blessed streams of Paradise Loving in heaven as we have loved on earth.

Those men talk most who are in the greatest mental darkness. Frogs cease their croaking when a light is brought to the water-side.

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EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, July 3d, 1850.

TEXT .- "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." 2 Con. III, 17,

The emphatic word in this sentence will to-morrow be upon many lips, and with more or less truth of con-ception will be represented in many minds. It may religious significance of the term, the noblest meaning which we can attach to the word, and the indication of all that is really precious in the thing. The apostle is speaking here of the law as contrasted with the Gospel the spirit with the letter. A veil he says, is upon the heart of the Jew, as a veil is upon his face when the law is read in the synagogue, as was the custom in

This is a very broad and general truth, and of meaning, admitting of various applications, very suggestive of joy and nobleness, of glory and power, and the highest elements of all true life. The word "spirit" itself is pervaded with the idea of liberty, as being that which is unlimited, which moves freely, which goes where it will. We attach this idea always to the word unjuild. The thirty of contacting always to the word "spirit;" we think of something unbounded, un-confined, roaming according to its desire, according to its aspirations; and the word itself, I say, is pervaded with the idea of liberty. Where the spirit of the Lord "-In other words, where the spirit of Christis, there is liberty."

In the first place, the spirit of Christ works within, where is the spring, the essence of all genuine freedom. Freedom, I hardly need say, does not radically consist in free maxims, in free institutions, but in free men. Those maxims, those institutions, may constitute conditions of freedom; they may exist as the framework of its expression and its development, but they derive their significance and their value from the freedom of human minds and human souls. Alas! we all know how, amid prevalent forms of democracy, and sound-ing mottos of liberty, there may exist the veriest despotism, and the most abject slavery, base standards universal suffrage is not freedom. The right to elect our rulers, or legislators, the right to worship accord-ing to the dictates of our conscience—call you this edom, when the elector smothers his conscience in his ballot, and the worshiper sacrifices his reason in

his pew?
I repeat, then, the standard of true freedom is the inward condition of man, or of men. In order to build free institutions, the builders must themselves be free; and men themselves are free just in proportion as they are conquerors over vile inclinations, mental hindrances, moral slavery, over all that degrades the affections or chains the will. If we were able to take the spiritual census of any community, there would be a new classification of freemen and slaves. Men who brag of their liberty would be found to be loaded with shackles, and shut up in narrow dungeons, where they can hardly turn round or stand up straight; walking under God's broad heaven, breathing his own free air, boasting that they may do what they please, and yet slaves to the meanest masters; for they are in the thraldom of willful ignorance, and captive to their own lusts. Here is a man bustling through our streets, active in affairs, of much notability and influence. He is loud in the assertion of his rights; he is loqua-cious upon the subject of freedom—that is, freedom for himself. Perhaps you would hardly think it, but he is a slave; not a fugitive slave, exactly, so we can-not celebrate the Fourth of July by sending him back to his owner; he is a white slave, of white descent, so he cannot be sold upon a slave block; but he is in terrible bondage; he has got the worst kind of a master; it is his own meanness. It doesn't quit him night nor day; it does not inlict blows on his body, but it gives his soul all'sorts of contractions; it dries up his very life. He doesn't really enjoy life; no genial sunshine, no inspiring air, no fresh, broad vision; he is a slave. and his master is in his own sordid and selfish disposi-

Here is another-a free-born citizen of the United States—with "a right to do as he has a mind to" at least, so he says; but you are not long in finding out what he has a mind to do; and you see what that very condition of mind is—a condition of bondage. He is the bondman of his own lusts, the instrument of his the bondman of his own lusts, the instrument of his own passions. It is a terrible thing—a dreadful state—when a man is in this way; when, instead of being the master of the powers and the impulses within him, he is their instrument. When a man is driven by the powers that God gave him to rein and to guide, there is a terrible state of bondage and slavery. That is the case with this man; he feels his burden very often; he fools that he is a decreded; he know the scalings. feels that he is degraded; he knows the sacrifices he has to make—not merely outward sacrifices, the loss of his fortune, of his position in society, of his character —but he sacrifices his very affections, all upon the altar of this one burning appetite. He will do things under its dictation, that would freeze his blood with horror in a sober hour; he will violate the highest horror in a sober hour; he will violate the highest sanctities of nature which God has implanted within him under the driving lash of this brutal appetite. Is not that man a slave, a poor creature? His master does not let him have any rest; he torments him continually. There are cool, quiet hours, when the most brutalized slave on a plantation may creep, with his raw, bleeding back, into a corner and find a little rest, and feet the Cod its account him and find a proper salace. and feel that God is around him, and find some solace and teet that God is around him, and hid some solace in the simple plety which lifts his spirit to the Father of all. But this man has no such resource. Go where he will, this burning, tormenting appetite is with him. Is not that a terrible slavery? Is any outward slavery more than a symbol, and a very inperfect symbol at

And then you will find a young man, like enough, who has got his liberty, as he tells you. Is there any thing more degrading, anything more mournful, when you look at it in a right view, than to see a young man you look at it in a right view, than to see a young man letting loose all the floodgates of passion, exhibiting to the world a ridiculous spectacle of an unguided will and an uncultivated mind, all swept by the impulse of appetite and—(explosion of a pistol or fire cracker outside)—like that person just now; yet you will hear him boasting of his liberty! Boasting of his liberty to do what he pleases! You will see hundreds and thousands to-morrow free, perfectly free, a great many freemen of this glorious nation, showing their liberty, about six o'clock in the afternoon, by staggering under their burden. Every day we see such inliberty, about six o'clock in the afternoon, by staggering under their burden. Every day we see such instances as this. Inward liberty, that is the great thing that we need. But we find men with all the forms of outward freedom, with all its privileges, swept and controlled by some burning appetite; and the difficulty, with a great many of them is, that not only are they thus under the mastery of their own appetites and passions, but there are agents lurking in the world without them to minister to this terrible despotism within them; and when they themselves would endeavor to resist the tyranny that reigns over them, would endeavor to get the better of these appetites and passions, you find all sorts of impediments and temptaondeavor to get the better of these appetites and pas-sions, you find all sorts of impediments and tempta-tions thrown in their way. Why, our great city, with its church steeples and plate-glass civilization, can't afford a few fountains of water for the thirsty to drink from, and so in this indiscreet way, it aids the tempter from, and so in this indiscrect way, it aids the tempter in drawing men to that very evil which they begin to fear, and from which they would be free. You spread out your ships; you roll your wheels of traffic; you boast of the glory of your great city; but you cannot give to some poor child of God, to some poor fellow creature of Christ, a cup of cold water by the way, It is no wonder that a great many men with no outward resources, with nothing to fall back upon within, with nothing but termination before them, and all shout.

resources, with nothing to fall back upon within, with nothing but temptation before them, and all about them, continue slaves in this way to loose appetites.

And these are rather prominent and gross institutions of slavery—there are more subtile kinds, no doubt—the slavery of a man's own conceit. He does not know it; he does not know that, in reality, he is playing fantastic tricks before high heaven;" that he is cherishing some habit to which he is sacrificing truth, and even honor, and all other claims. He does not know that, in reality, while he thinks he is free, truth, and even honor, and all other claims. He does not know that, in reality, while he thinks he is free, and working out that great design, he is one of the veriest slaves. So men are slaves to their vanity, slaves to ignorance, slaves to prejudices, slaves to cowardly fear of God's truth, very often—slaves sometimes to the traditions and statements of other men, to what they have been taught and told by those who have gone before them, not using the birthright of reason, and the prerogative of their own judgment. Oh, there is one thing that a great many people seem more

fessing, in this very act, that they have very little con fidence in their faith. And in many things they do not dare to ask whether they are right, but whether they are popular. I know a good many people, I think, who are bigots, and who know they are bigots, and are sorry for it, but they dare not be anything else than bigots—dare not be liberal. This is terrible slavery, not to have the freedom of our minds, of our judgments—freedom to express what we think. It is not that our constitution allows us to do so—that is not enough; it is not that it says no man shall be persecuted for his religious or political opinions. Thank God ted for his religious or political opinions. Thank God all of for that statement; but that is not enough. It is that to go you should dare to speak your opinions, and utter your truth, and have no fear of any man in the utterance of them. We move too much in platoons; we march by sections; we do not live in our vital individuality

sections, we are slaves to fashlon, in mind and in heart, if not to our passions and appetites.

I repeat, then, if you take a spiritual census, you would see a great change in your estimate of what constitutes freemen and slaves in the community. The spirit of Christ delivers us from this kind of bondage because it is a spirit. It comes in among the spiritual springs which are the sources of all this evil. It does not immediately work outwardly; it comes in among the affections and inclinations; it comes in among the faculties of the mind and motives of the heart; and when it does its work there with a man, then there is liberty.

But I proceed to observe, in the next place, that the spirit of Christ is the spirit of true liberty, because it enables us to do what we will. Now this, you know, s the crudest conception, the rudest definition, the ob is the crudest conception, the rudest definition, the ob-tusest idea of liberty—the power of doing what we will. Ask the boy who finds some restraint, perhaps, put up-on his actions to-morrow—firing his crackers, or other-wise celebrating the day—what he thinks of liberty, and he will tell you it is a free country, and he has a right to do as he has a mind to. This is the first definition people get—the first idea of liberty—to do what they please. It is the crudest, and yet it is, at the same time the highest and noblest definition of liberty; for true liberty is the right to do just as we have a mind to. The strict meaning of the Greek word for liberty. In the text, is, "power to walk where one likes."
That is the meaning of clentheria, translated "liberty."
And it is strictly true, that where the spirit of the Lord is in the heart and soul of man, he can walk where he likes. You may say that this seems to be the exact op-posite of the Christian consummation in the soul of man; you may suppose the Christian act consists eminently in giving up our own will; you may say that it appears to be the radical character of sin to do just that the property is the consistency of the character of the charact appears to be the radical character of sin to do just what a man pleases. He pleases to violate the laws of society, and does it; he pleases to serve his own appetites, and does it. You may say that the very centre and core of sin is self-will. So it is; and yet I say to you that the highest Christian liberty is doing what a man pleases. I say that the Christian result in the soul of man is, that he shall be enabled to do what he likes. And surely, my friends, it is so, because the spirit of the Lord in the heart of a man makes him like to do God's will. God's will becomes his will, his will is God's will; and when the Christian spirit works in a man, it makes him like to do God's will; so that he man, it makes him like to do God's will; so that he does do what he likes. And there you have a reconciliation, after all, of the crudest conception of liberty which floats before the childish, unthinking man, and its harmony with the highest practical result of liberty. It is the noblest transformation that can take place in a man, when he has been brought to harmonize his will with God's will, to make God's will his will, and to do that will because he likes to do it. That is the great result at which God aims in man. It is the great work which Christ came to do—the highest transformation and consummation of the human soul. This is the peculiarity of Jesus Christ—is it not?—

that he did God's will. I do not know that any expression was more often on his lips than this: "I came to do the will of him that sent me." "I came not to do my own will, but the will of my Father." All through he exhibits to us a definition, a spectacle, of perfect freedom in complete self-surrender to the Di-vine purpose. Even to the last hour, when his spirit seemed to have been more overborne than at any other time, when it seemed as though he could not himself become reconciled to his fate; in that dark hour of Gethsemane, when before him rose the shadow of the cross, the spectacle of human desertion, of popular cross, the specticle of fundation described, of popular shame, of wounding thorns, of piercing nails; in the darkness of that moment when it would seem as if darkness of that moment when it would seem as it God's face was veiled from him; in that hour when, for a moment, he shrank back and prayed, "Oh, Father, if it be thy will, let this cup pass from me"—a prayer that has gone up from ten thousand deathbeds, and upon the brink of ten thousand open graves, since then when he lifted that prayer of agony to God amid the night dews of the garden, then, even then, he says, Not my will, but thine be done." Ah, that is the sublimest condition into which a man can come, when he perfectly surrenders to God his will, and does what he likes, because he likes to do God's will.

I say that a man does what he likes. The great ele ment in this whole process is love and attraction; the inspiration, the inducement, is love, not force. The spirit of the Lord is the spirit of love to God in the heart of man, and without that there is no doing the heart of man, and without that there is no doing the will of God. The majesty of God appears in this: that he will not force the will of man. Indeed no earthly creature, no man who has self-respect, will force another man's will. In proportion as he has self-respect, he respects the will of others, and says, "if

has not removed the sources of evil from it. He has made your will to be free, and it is good for nothing unless it has the experience of facing evil. A man can no more be a Christian without facing evil and conquering it, than he can be a soldier without going conquering it, than he can be a soluter without going to battle, facing the cannon's mouth, and encounter-ing the enemy on the field. So God has placed man in the world, where good and evil are mixed together, and says, "Do what you will do that sinful thing if you like it, and take the consequence; do it, if you will, and receive the reward or punishment which appertains to it in the nature of things." Perhaps, after awhile, from constantly doing evil, you will lose the power of doing well; that is the consequence; that cannot be helped. A man follows an evil course, and does what he likes, and, by and by he finds himself in such a predicament that he cannot help himself, so to speak; he almost loses the power of doing better. He has misused and abused his faculties, and that is the consequence. He did what he liked.

Is not this the noblest kind of liberty that a citizen can have? Respect for the law? It is true, but withconsequence. He did what he liked.

God, I say, gives to every human soul that privilege and if we do his will, we must do it because we like and if we do his will, we must do it because we like to do it, not because he forces us to do it; and when the spirit of Christ takes possession of a man, he loves God, and likes to do his will; God's will is his will, and so he does what he likes. And here freedom is harmonious and orderly; here law and love come toand so he doos what he likes. And here freedom is harmonious and orderly; here law and love come together. The divine laws of God are all observed by the loving soul, because these divine laws are simply that will of God with which the loving soul is in communion. Freedom is liberty, love and law, combined in the highest state of the human soul, and in its communion with God the Father. This is the crudest definition of liberty, I repeat, and yet it is the truest and noblest definition—doing what we like. What a transformation, what a distinction between the two conditions! It is the very zenith and nadir of the two things—a crude conception of doing what we please, that comes to the uncultivated, selfish man, and the Christian conception of doing what we please, that consists in harmonizing our will with God's will.

It is so with nations a with individuals. They are free to do what they wil. The national conception too often is this: freedon to do what we like—to acquire vast territory, to gin great power. "Now let us do what we please," sometimes comes into the heart of the people. I am afraid it is in the heart of our people—a liberty that consists in doing what we like, rather than in doing Gol's will. Oh, if there were a real freedom, that comes from the doing of God's will in this land, how the dry bones would begin to shake.

rather than in doing Gol's will. Oh, if there were a real freedom, that comes from the doing of God's will in this land, how the dry bones would begin to shake, how corrupt institutions would begin to tremble, how the chains would snap, how the abominations that make us a hissing and \(\epsilon\) by-word would pass away! For where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, and not merely fourth of July talk about it.

afraid of than anything else. They are afraid of truth; they dread leat they should jar down their faith, confidence in their faith. And in many things they do not dore to ask whether they are right, but whether they are popular. I know a good many people, I think, who are bigots, and who know they are bigots, and are sorry for it, but they dare not be anything else than a single vice, and how much good do bigots, and the libertal. This is terrible slavery. you do him, unless he has energy to go further? Suppose he is intemperate, and is prevailed upon to abandon that vice; what good does it do him, if he comes back a mere, poor, useless piece of lumber, satisfied with reforming one vice, but perhaps with the root of hank God all other vices in him, or at least without any energy It is that to go forward and do something to make himself a

> Set a nation free; strike off its outward fetters; give it a constitution and free institutions; what good do you do it, unless there is spirit and life in that nation to develop the idea of freedom? That was the case with our own nation; we were not only set free, but set upon a course of active, positive power. There is the glory of so much liberty as there is among us. In fact, a positive and active power may be said to have produced our liberty. We were thrown in a broad land; we had to oppose nature; we had to contend with obstacles; muscles of body, mind and soul were developed. Such a people would swell by and by and chafe against all restraint, and could not be kept in broaders. bondage. Active power is the source of liberty. It is a great blessing that we were not only set free, but that we were set upon a course of active, positive power.

> power. See what an active and positive power always dwells in the soul where the spirit of Christ, which is liberty, dwells. I said a man can do what he likes, if he has that power, and it is true; he can do what he likes, There is scope enough, because he likes to do good, and there is no end to the means of goodness. They are not measured by a man's talents, or even by his opportunities; if he is disposed to bless and help others, there is no end to the ways he will find to do it. It is wonderful with what a little word or look, sometimes we can bless others. I think the things that really make men happy and do them good, are not the great things that come from other people. Go out in the course of the day, a little chafed in spirit; some one meets you kindly, some gleam of a friendly nature dawns upon you; it makes you feel better all day long. A little word, a slight manifestation of goodness, ah i there is great blessing in that. If a man, I say, has Christ's disposition in his heart to do good, there is no end to his opportunities, and no bound to them. And end to his opportunities, and no bound to them. And who can estimate the goodness that spirit has inspired—the power it has given to the philauthropist and the reformer to help and succor? Where is the end? A man that has the spirit of Christ in him, has the spring and energy of all positive power; and all truth, for he loves truth and secks it; he learns to prize it and practice it. There is no limit to the positive power inspired by the spirit of Christ, which is liberty in the soul of man.

I say a man can do what he will, if he likes to do God's will. He has regard, of course, to the limitations which God ordains. He does not seek to do that which God has shown cannot be done, or ought not to be done. Therefore, there is no chafing against re-straint. He goes straight forward in the groove of God's laws, and runs upon the inclined plane of God's forcordination. He goes straight ahead in the line of God's plane, with no idea of running across the track, with no wish to beat against things which God has set up as embankments and everlasting limitations to his action.

So not only does he do God's will in all the positive ways I have spoken of, but he likes to do it by submis-sion as much as by effort; and there is a great deal of God's will to be done in that way in this world, and a great deal of energy required to do it. I do not think great teat of energy required to oth. I do not think the strongest men, after all, are upon the field of active conflict—in politics, trade and literature, and known in general life. I think the strongest men are those who are doing God's will in submission—bowing down, because they will to do God's will. Oh, what battles are fought, what conquests achieved, what crowns of allow are won in sorrow in configurative side. glory are won in sorrow, in confinement upon sick beds, all day long, patiently to lie and suffer, saying, "Thy will, oh God, not mine, be done!" For the man who is really in harmony with God's will, likes even to do that. Oh, what a vast and mighty power even to do that. Oh, what a vast and mighty power is in the heart of man who is one with God and has the spirit of Christ. He does what he likes. See what a power he has; if he has no positive energy, no work to do out of doors, what a power he has by submission and by prayer. He moves clear beyond the limits of time and sense; he has a power that pierces through the ranks of angels that surround the throne; he has a the ranks of angels that surround the throne; he has a power that touches the heart and moves the arm of God Almighty himself. Is not that power enough? I tell you, that out of the spirit of the Lord, enabling a man to do such things, is not only an entire deliverance, but an inspiration of active power; and where that spirit is, there, in the noblest sense, is liberty.

Once more I observe that the spirit of the Lord is the element of true liberty, because it translates we

the element of true liberty, because it translates us from the bondage of the letter. Being spirit, it brings us into the freedom and glory of the spirit. The letter, the spirit; these are the two words that Paul sets in opposition in this chapter. It is the contrast that he is unfolding, and upon which he brings the text to bear. He says we are delivered by the free spirit of Christ from the bondage of the letter. The letter of the Mosaic law is what he refers to, which the Jews read, and at which they looked, but not beyond. There was a veil upon their hearts, and it would rest you cannot give me this of your own free will, do it not; if you cannot be my friend by the warm instincts and impulses of your heart, do not be my friend."

then they looked through the letter to the spirit, not; if you cannot be my friend, do not be my friend."

then they looked through the letter to the spirit, not; if you cannot be my friend."

then it would be removed. And it is the truth and then it would be removed. And it is the truth and the mit would be removed. And it is the truth and the my of affection and action coming from another. way of affection and action coming from another. From his own self-respect he respects the will of another, and if the friendship of another does not come from the impulse of the affections, he does not want it at all. That is the feeling of every proud heart—for there is a noble pride—and surely the majesty of God would not condescend to force the will of man to love him, even if that were conceivable. We must love from our own freedom.

My friends, to every one of us God gives this terrible, yet glorious privilege of doing what what we like. Do what you like in this world; you are perfectly at liberty in this respect, so far, at least, as God immediately acts upon you. Human institutions may balk you, earthly conditions may prevent your doing what you like, but, so far as God himself stands in the way, you may do what you like. The world is before you; God has not removed the sources of ovil from it; He has when I have the spirit of Christ, I get into the essence of all law. Christ is the essence of all law, and when we have his spirit, there is no trouble about the penalties of the law. It is no bondage to you, my hearers, statute books? Nor is it any bondage. I trust, to any of you that there is a statute against stealing. Why? Because you have no temptation to violate the law. Yet, you feel its necessity and its use. So it is really with all law. Man obeys it, not from the liberty of the observance of it, but from the smilt and escence of it.

can have? Respect for the law? It is true, but without any fear of the law, and without feeling any restraint from the law. Do you think, after all, that any citizen is safe who would murder or steal, if it were not for the law? Would you like to keep company a great for the law? Would you like to keep company a great while, in a lonely street or in a dark night, with a man like that, who it only kept from the commission of outrageous acts by the penalty of the law? There is no noble citizenship until men rise into that Christian condition in which the spirit, rather than the letter of the law, is in their hearts; and they get it from the essence of that divine love of God and man, which is the source of all good, and the only sure guaranty against all cyil. against all evil.

But the letter means more than the mere law—it means whatever is formal, whatever is conventional. How many men are slaves, for Instance, to custom. They are free themselves, perhaps, in many respects, in the noblest sense in which I have been unfolding it in the noblest sense in which I have been unfolding it—free from appetite and from gross influences within. They, perhaps, in many instances, do the right thing, and have a great deal of the active energy that comes from liberty; but at the same time they are a little afraid of certain conventionalities; they refer to certain miserable, foolish customs. When a man becomes free in Christ Jesus, while he observes all the proprieties of society, while he violates no laws of decency and respectability, you may be sure you will find in him no mere adherence to custom and fushion, no anxiety to think as other people think, or to look as other people look. He does not care about what is said. people look. He does not care about what is said. He occupies the true ground of self-respect and order; but he is delivered from that terrible bondage of custhe chains would snap, how the abominations that make us a hissing and t by-word would pass away!

For where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, and not merely fourth-of-July talk about it.

See, too, what a positive and active power there is in this condition. This is the characteristic of all liberty, and, so far as it prevails, this is the manifesta-

like bondage to the mere law in the glorious life of re-ligion. It makes religion to us something more than tradition, something more than ceromony, something tradition, something more than ceromony, something more than a creed; it makes it life and spirit; it gives us the spirit of deity. We do the work of religion; we live the life of religion; and though we may not always be able to define the abstract truth of it, though we may not always failfil the prescribed form of it, we are in the spirit—the spirit of Christ—the free spirit; and the true life and true results of religion appear.

And the spirit of Christ, the spirit of the Lord, which is liberty, delivers us from the bondage of the senses. It is not a terrible thing to be in slavery—a slave to the senses? I have spoken of this slavery to

senses. It is not a terrible thing to be in mavery—a slave to the senses? I have spoken of this slavery to some extent; but look, for instance, how many there are who are really in bondage to the aspects of the natural world, who are in bondage to those terrible forces that whirl and spin, they know not for what. They see around them only calm order and austere law. They around them only calm order and austere law. They see suns rise and set, leaves bud and fall, moons wax and wane. Man lives and dies, sorrow follows loy, and if they look merely at the natural aspect of the thing they are in bondage to it. Sometimes they are in bonthey are in bondage to it. Sometimes they are in bondage to terrible superstition, to vague, dark shadows—from the mystery round about them. They are all their lifetime subject to bondage. They build up schemes of Christ and of God, and human destiny; they put man into a position which renders him at once the blind tool of fate. They deem punishment a terrible retribution, and the world grows dark and perplexed about them. Oh, how glorious it is to have the sun-burst of this spiritual revelation which comes through Jesus Christ! How glorious it is to see in through Jesus Christ! How glorious it is to see in him the face of the Father, and to interpret all this. symbolism of nature, all these perpiexing problems, all these changeful phenomena, by that unchanging, boundless love I

Are there not some here who have had that experience; who, perhaps, have stumbled in the darkness of tradition and creeds, or in the more terrible darkness and blackness of skeptical despair; who at some par-ticular moment, some crisis in their lives, have had it ticular moment, some crisis in their lives, have had it revealed to them that God is a Father, and have seen the truth as it is in Jesus? And are there not some to whom that truth has come in its full glory of deliverance? Is that freedom? Is any worldly bondage which we may escape from, any political thraidom we may feel, to be compared with that despair, that fear, that darkness which is dispelled before the full burst of that revelation which we see in the face of Jesus Christ? Oh, where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, and where the spirit of Christ's truth enters a man's heart, illuminates his soul, and dispels the man's heart, illuminates his soul, and dispels the thick darkness that has settled upon it, there indeed is liberty—there is truth, happiness, hope, joy, faith and

My friends, I ask you what other liberty, what else that can be called liberty, can be compared to this? And with this, what other liberty is not possible, nay, even certain? Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty—liberty for nations; for in proportion as the spirit of Christ penetrates human hearts, it will penetrate insti-tutions, and transform them into the true ideal of Christian liberty. It may not come in your form or mine; it may not come in this kind of government, or that; for the essence of it can exist in various forms: but it will be sure to come in some way. And it indicates this: that liberty, in some form, is the highest social good. Do not tell us that anything else is the end to which nations should aim; liberty in some way—liberty to think, liberty to live, liberty to do, liberty to develop, liberty to grow to the broadness and per-fection of their manhood—that is the right of every nation and of every man on the face of the earth. No matter what the race, the color, the condition—they have that right; and whatever compromises you may think necessary, whatever expedients you may think proper, whatever difficulties you see standing in the way, remember this: Where liberty is not, there the spirit of Christ is not. I care not what the institution may be; you may bind it around with ligatures of may be; you may blut it around with ngutures of parchment; you may prop it up with bayonets; you may call men property, and invoke Gód and alarm the fears of man to protect it; you may say it is necessary—I will not discuss that—but I say the spirit of the Lord is not there; for where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; and until there is liberty in all nations and in all lands, the triumb of the spirit of the tions and in all lands, the triumph of the spirit of the

tions and in all lands, the triumph of the spirit of the Lord has not come.

The spirit of the Lord delivers us from all bondage, it quickens us with all noble inspirations. In Jesus Christ there is the essence of all liberty; out of Christianity, liberty, public and private, will not grow. In him are all good institutions—all charters—the noblest interpretation of man's birthright.

Oh, would you be free from error, truly free—free. Oh, would you be free from error, truly free-free,

not only in the political but in the moral sense—free from the passions that triumph over you, free from the fears that get the better of you, free from the dark-ness and sorrow that sometimes make life too heavy to be borne? would you be in that condition where you can say, "Come joy, come sorrow, come life, come death, come action or suffering, I am willing, I am resigned, I am triumphant, I look beyond, I have agmething better?" would you be in this condition?— and who would not? everybody desires liberty, but their ideas of liberty are but dim symbols of this true liberty—would you have that true spiritual liberty and communion with Christ Jesus?-enter into the fullness of his spirit; and when you are made one with him and through him, one with the Father, the spirit of the Lord will be in you, and there is liberty.

> Written for the Banner of Light. FAME'S MANNERS. BY GEORGE- STRARMS.

Man can nover willingly Die to human memory. He may turn away from mirth. He may shut his eyes to Earth, Will to go where thought is not. Still he dreads to be forgot. Never was a suicide Lost to Hope, or Love, or Pride. One who leans into a guess Of unknowing nothingness, Dies for Hope and Pride's salvation-More doth crave Than to hide disreputation In the grave.

This is all that's in a name-Here's the witchery of Fame Every man and woman tries For the grace of others' eyes. Each the soul of self would dight Somehow for Approval's sight. Thwarted here, some make a fuss, As one Eratostratus. Just to hear the world complain What a scoundrel burnt the fane. But, when men whose wit or knowledge Can't be seen,

Stick their names upon a college, 'Tis n't so green. Pitiful and tedious wave

Foolish anglers take for praise; Nor is Patch the only gump That has made a failing jump. How the little wits presume On the tilles they assume i e in Francisco Some as Venuses in paint, Some by verses very quaint, 100 And a few expect success By enormous wickedness.
First with blood, and then with toddy In a bowl.

Alexander drowned his body And his soul.

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But the way to Fame is Use. With no heartless aim or ruse. All of merit, none of vote, Is the gratefulness of note. Some by study, some by tact, Some by one heroic act, Some by excellence in Art— None that plays an idler's part-Each by earning takes the crown Of a permanent renown. Go to, then, to something clever Glue your name,

Sure to find by true endeavor

More than Fame. West Acton, Mass.

"Set about doing good to somebody; put on your at and go and visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants, and minister to them. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best

medicine for a heavy heart." Boasters are cousins to liars. - Written for the Banner of Light.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY 8. D. DRITTAN.

CHAPTER V.

INPLUENCE OF THE PASSIONS ON THE SECRETIONS. The faculties and passions of the human mind, like the organs of the body and their functions, depend on suitable modes of exercise and discipline for the measure of their strength, and the capacity to perform their normal operations. We come into existence with vast latent powers of action, and immeasurable capacities for improvement; but these remain concealed and inactive until the circumstances and conditions of the outward life, or the more subtile powers of the inward world, awaken the unconscious possessor from the state of oblivious repose, and he is summoned, by the very laws and necessities of his own being, into the wide arena of human activities. Thus we all enter on the career of our endiess existence and progress. From its obscure beginning on earth, the great spiral of ascending Life opens up to man through all the intermediate stages of corporeal and spiritual growth, into the celestial degree of his nature, and the highest heaven of the immortal life and world.

In the earlier stages of human development we find the most powerful incentives to action in the excitements peculiar to the emotional nature. Philosophers have entertained different opinions respecting the source of those strong and impetuous mental emotions which we denominate the Passions. The advocates of material philosophy are of course disposed to locate them in the corporeal system, where they profess to find everything that essentially belongs to man. Des Cartes entertained and inculcated this opinion, while Mallebranch conceived that they are "agitations of the soul," proceeding from the rapidity of the arterial circulation and the impetuous flow of the animal spirits. This philosopher's materialism is clearly enough exposed in the simple statement of his opinion. He mistakes effects for causes when he ascribes the soul's action to the momentum of the fluids in the body. The rapid motion of the animal fluids does not precede the excitement of the Passions, but, on the other hand, the circulation is powerfully influenced by every tempest of passional feeling. While the mind may be composed, and free from any tendency to such excitement, the pulsation may be accelerated, and the blood flow with abnormal rapidity, under the intense electric action of a fever, but the Passions are never aroused without communicating the excitement to the circulation and the whole organic action.

The Passions may be defined to be those strong exercises or movements of the spirit which are often rendered abnormal and dangerous by their suddenness. irregularity, or intensity, and which are chiefly caused by the contemplation of outward objects and the oncurrence of unexpected events. In the inferior or superficial mind the passions may be relatively active and strong; but such persons seldom exhibit the denth of feeling which characterizes their superiors. In a mind of great natural endowments, the Passions-if they obtain the ascendency over the Reason-exhibit corresponding intensity and power; sometimes rising to the sublime extremes of desperate daring, and to almost supra-mortal achievements. The records of War furnish memorable examples; and when the passions excited are intense hatred of oppression, and earnest love of Humanity, the contest is sanctioned by the common sense of the civilized world, while the triumphant actor becomes, in some sense, a moral hero, whose deeds are approved, and whose name and memory are long and reverently cherished.

The Passions have been variously classified by different authors. Plato comprehended all under love and hatred; while Aristotle, by maintaining that each one of the passions is productive of either pleasure or pain, thus virtually reduced them to two general classes. As viewed by physicians and physiologists, they have been divided into the exciting and the depressing passions: and this classification has been determined by their specific effects on the organic functions. Whether each particular passion is to be regarded as an essential, innate disposition of the mind, or as the modified action of the faculties, resulting from their peculiar combination in the individual, is a question that has given rise to numerous theories and conjectures which scarcely require our attention, since they are rather curious than instructive.

The substances or varieties of animal matter, chiefly separated and combined from the elements of the blood, in the processes of secretion, are, according to fibrinous, oleaginous, resinous and saline; all of which are comprised and classified by Magendia as exhalations, fallicular and glandular secretion.

The influence of mental emotions on these processes in animal chemistry now demand our attention. No matter how many passions may be embraced and named in a precise classification, they are comprehended in desire, love, joy-fear, hatred. sorrow - all others being compounded of such as are included in this specification. Now as the circulation of the animal fluids is directly dependent on the distribution of the electro-nervous force, it follows that the passions-by their direct action on the nerve-aura-must powerfully influence all the secretory processes of the system.

Ethical as well as scientific writers have observed that those states of passional excitement, in which love exerts a strong influence on the mind, are more compatible with the laws of vital harmony than such as spring from resentment and exhibit malevolence. This is doubtless true; and yet when love is not refined and intellectual, but sensitive or passionate-exhibiting far less of rational affection than of animal desireit has an immeasurable and dangerous power over the vitel forces and fluids. It causes protracted and tumulthous action at the nerve-centers, with such an excess determination of the electric forces to certain portions of the delicate and complicated glandular structure. as often results in constant abnormal excitability and a total suspension of the natural functions. Many pious and assignate people-who respect "the statute in such cases made and provided," at the same time they religiously obey the Ten Commandments-have no proper control over their desires. Their conventional ideas of fidelity are about as good for body and soul as a slow but fatal poison. Love-though in a true sense it is one with Life-becomes a destroying flame that dissipates the fluids, interrupts the organic harmony, blunts the mental faculties, obscures the moral and spiritual perceptions, and enervates the whole man. Such people often kill themselves and others in a most reputable way, and thus illustrate the relations of suicide and homicide to the legal standard of propriety and virtue.

The domination of a single passion over the mind and character-especially when it stimulates the secretions in a particular part of the body-is liable to interrupt the proper action of the glandular system, and thus to prevent the appropriate distribution of the fluids. There are certain states of feeling and habits of life which may increase the action of the exhalent vessels and diminish that of the absorbents, causing an effusion of serum. This diseased state of the system, and unnatural accumulation of water, is ordinarily denominated dropsy. If the aqueous accumulation be about the brain, it is known as hydrocephalus, and it is also distinguished by various other names, which are determined by the organs or parts of the system affected, and by its complication with other forms of disease. When, from the influence of the passions, or from other causes, the normal action of the absorbing and secreting vessels is permanently disturbed, the waste or ef.

fets matter of the body is liable to be deposited at the they must do to be saved; but not so easy to show points of electrical convergence, producing a variety them by example, and harder still for such as need the of secretion are thus deranged, the proper elimination What is a moralist but a mere guidepost, unless his of the several forms of animal matter is rendered inpossible. If obstructions occur in the sacs and ducts authors who write out dead theories, having no worthy of the glandular system, so that the matter-to be mod- will, or lacking the power, to practice what they teach, ified for the purposes of animal life, or to be expelled But here is the common failing. In this the wise befrom the body as useless-is not properly prepared and tray their weakness. absorbed, or excreted, as the case may require, the de-rangement may result in adipose surcoma, a variety of which one has kept so long it seems like a loving trical concentration, or a magnetic centre, to which you. the elements may be unduly attracted. Fluids, which should have been elsewhere secreted, or expelled from the body through appropriate channels, accumulate, by an electro-hydraulic process, beyond the utmost capacity of the absorbing vessels, and the excretory processes of the system, to remove them; and thus the vital harmony is disturbed, and the organic action may be fatally deranged.

It must be sufficiently obvious to every observer of nervous forces, or the animal electricity of the body; and hence all the delicate and mysterious processes of to the credit of his religious character. secretion must be immediately and powerfully influenced by the passions. But of their specific relations likely to be interested in the minute details of the subfects of the passions on the secretions.

Jealousy, by its tendency to increase the biliary secretion, is liable to overburden the hepatic duct, and its tributaries; grief so acts on the lachrymal gland that tears are secreted and profusely discharged; while many a heart that only longs to personate its spirit. excessive joy, and other strong mental emotions, sometimes produce the same or similar effects. The func- for cursing, and pity for provocation, is it possible? tions of the skin are often strongly influenced by the passions. In this manner the insensible exhalations give than receive, to seek Truth with all the heart, from the body are increased and diminished. Profuse perspiration sometimes accompanies or succeeds vioent mental emotions. The urinary secretion is thus varied in quantity, and, doubtless, in its chemical constituents, by the influence of the passions on the electrical forces that determine all the changes in the subtile chemism of the living body. It is a well known fact that the misdirected action or improper excitement of the mind, immediately after parturition, has resulted in the sudden suppression of the lochia, and a repulsion of the lacteous secretion from the breasts. Indeed, such is the power of the passions to produce electro-chemical effects, in this direction, that a sudden fit of anger in the mother has produced violent spasms in the child at her bosom.

In the light of the foregoing observations, the impartance of restraining the Passions, and giving them a wise direction, cannot be too highly estimated. If, in this respect, we fail in the government of ourselves, we may extinguish the vital flame with a flood; we may dissipate the life-fluids and be consumed by inward fires; or, at least, the tempest of uncontrollable pas sion is left to break the essential harmony of our being. while Discordia - daughter of Night and sister of Death—smites and snaps the chords of Life.

> Written for the Banner of Light. THE HUMAN HEAVEN.-No. 6. BY GEORGE STEARNS.

> > LOVE THE RIGHT.

The extant history of human wrong precludes all further need of experiments in evil; yet the multitude are still bent on "seeing the folly of it too." Have we not had both experience and observation enough to satisfy all sober minds that the heart's desire can be attained without alcohol? yet when were men more possessed by the vile spirits of intoxication than now Crime is as rank as ever, but it is quite useiess to cite the fact as proving the ineptitude of judicial vengeance. War has impoverished many nations and cursed them all; yet few are willing to give this devil his due. Slavery is acknowledged to be both impolitic and wrong. It has bred more and threatens greater plagues among the petty tyrants of the South, than Divine Justice is said to have wreaked on those of ancient that all of them set about the attainment of the same Egypt for a like national iniquity; and yet these imps of Pharaoh "will not let the people go." And like hese nublic examples is the conduct of many individ victim loves it and will not change his course. This is ters as they are; if we sometimes think they are all at the fanatic, the prejudiced of every name, may know revenge—love these insane excitements, though they everything right. are positively unhappifying.

There are misers who will starve themselves for very sheathed in jealousy, to murder hearts they little hope to win. There are those who pawn their only chance of Heaven for what they madly dream of lust, or fame, or sinful pleasure. All vice and crime, all wrong and what all ought to shun. How few will do as they would be done by, because they see not where their interest is. Some hate the Truth; and not a few have written books to make the false seem true. The man who goes to church with money in his hand to buy the grace of God, may be sincere; but not the priest who takes it; and there are more Christian jugglers than

But there is such a thing as penitence. There is a which villains cannot pass. That is Hell: and ere a viction of wrong and cure of his depravity. Hell is a powers and aptitudes of conscious being: a state, not impossible; but his immediate surrender of all his cursed gain, and thereupon his sacrifice of life, proved but, being great and simple souls, found only that the deep reality of his penitence, which signifies that way of life which best comported with their natures. one has seen all that one will of Hell. Long yet the way from wretchedness to bliss. The character Paul wrote of tenderly, as doing ill against a wish of well, brought in juxtaposition. Whoever benefits the world s often a living fact. Who has not seen a man whose sin has found him out, or rather one who has found out any selfish benefits for himself; he does what he does, his sin? A poor drunkard, or an old rake, his soul long steeped in sensuality, his body full of foul and is the easiest thing in the world for him to do. In sore distempers, his breath infection, his visage a beat thus laboring for others, and freely spending himself con of woe, his flesh as loathsome as his reputation, for them, he is only developing himself, and growing his memory remorse, his whole self-hood reduced to a stronger and greater every day. The compensating rotten carcass, weighed down with shame and guilt force attends the whole of his movements; if he works and self-abhorrence, cries out in the bitterness of help- for the world, he works with a thousand fold greater less horror. "Oh. wretched man that I am! who shall energy for himself; but he who selfishly sits down to deliver me from the body of this death?" And the answer is almost a taunt on despair: "Be virtuous. God helps only such as help themselves." It does not quite suffice to know and love, but we must also

LIVE THE RIGHT. This is a hard saying for our young world at present

of morbid states and affections. When the processes teaching, to evidence their decility by their works.

glandular swellings, or tumors, strumous tubercles, or cosset or a fondling pug. But the creature grows a diseased state of the system generally, if the morbid saucy at length, and gives its keeper trouble; and in a matter be more widely and equally distributed. Thus fret he says, "Get out?" or even threatens to kill "the a vital organ-on account of its original disproportion, mischievous thing." Tut! Passion, you mean not or from incidental causes-may become a point of electivity out say. The dear rogue is in no danger from

> A father tells his son, "Don't follow my example: if I had known the evil of tobacco-chewing and smoking when I was young, I would have avoided these bad habits; but it is too late for me to reform."

> "Tea is n't good for children." says an old lady to her daughters, whom she governs somewhat better than herself.

. I know a man who was, for once, surprised into profane language, about six weeks after joining a church; rital phenomena, that the passions act directly on the yet he was a good Christian, all but the force of habit; and that, I am glad to say, he has subsequently turned,

How many inebriates, some years ago, tried to be "Washingtonians," but failed. When the famous to such electro-chemical changes. I cannot treat at Gough arose to meet the Saviour of that day, "the evil length; nor would the larger number of my readers be one tare him and rent him sore," as in the case of another we read of; and "thrice he fell in the way" ject. I can only suggest, in this connection, by a brief before recould master "the foul spirit." Nor was it and imperfect statement, some of the more obvious ef-till after contest of several years, that this noble · Son of Temperance" was able to stand before the public "clothed in his right mind."

Many admire the life of Jesus; but where are his followers? The Sermon on the Mount is cherished by To love our enemies, to render good for evil, blessing To love our neighbor as ourself, to be more willing to and live the Right as well as we know it, who seems, or seems to try? And yet none else have found the Human Heaven.

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pursuit.

DIVERSITIES.

We have reason to thank God that no two of us are made exactly alike. If such a state of things could for a moment but be imagined as that all men and women looked at the same purpose, or object, at just the same moment, in just the same way-and, further, object, or purpose, at the same moment, and in the same way-it might be readily understood how difficult it would be for the world to get on at all. It is a kind uals. When the habit of wrong-doing is fixed, the Providence indeed that has ordered and arranged matthe snare of error. The vicious, the criminal, the bigot, sixes and sevens, they are so only to call out our ingenuity and industry in setting them right, and altothe Right, but they do not love it. Perverseness with gether as they should be. If everything is apparently them has become "a second nature," and through that wrong, it is merely that we may become skilled to they choose evil. Such will cherish anger, malice and make the discovery, and thence proceed to setting

An uniformity either of gifts or conditions would not be desirable. There would, in such a case, ensue ove of gold. There are men who will rob a maiden of a complete stagnation. Circumstances vary, that men her most precious jewel, and then, like Judas, go and may have their various qualities called out. Conhang themselves. Suitors there are who carry daggers ditions differ so essentially, that endiess newness may be the order of Nature. What is sustenance to one man, would be poison to another. One will thrive where another would starve. Strength depends more on the power of assimilation than upon the observance suffering, are born of some abnormal appetence for of any set mechanical rules. Hence it is an utter loss of force to lament that we are not as this man, or that man, or the other man, because it belongs to us only to search out and understand what manner of man we are, and not what we fancy we would like to be. All regrets on this score are worse than vain, and should

be abandoned by every one without hesitation. The stars differ in glory, and so do we. But it is important that we understand what glory really is. If it is riding in an elegant carriage, and deluding ourboundary to folly's license—a certain bourne beyond selves with the notion that the gazers envy us when they simply hate us because We possess what they do knave or fool has gone to that extreme, he finds con- not possess, then it is of little consequence whether we are-most of us-shut out of the possession of glory contravention of Heaven-a fullness of anguish in all the or not. But those whose names are indeed glorious, and live longest in the heart of the world, were not of punishment, in any vindictive sense, but of natural men possessed of horses or men in livery, plate or suffering consequent on a choice of wrong. I cannot palaces. Socrates rolled up and down the public streets believe that any rational being has had the hardy guilt on no velvet cushions; and Plato walked about the to plunge that pit of woo, or ever will. Judas had not public ways, talking incessantly of his lofty doctrines descended quite so low when, with returning love of to whomsoever would linger on the corner and listen. Right, he sought to mend his wrong. This seemed Davy, and Fulton, and Franklin, and Channing, were not known on the public promenade as men of fashion,

Now to compare such men with men of mere money, is to compare what cannot, by any law of nature, be most truly and permanently, is the last one to seek because Nature inspires him, and he cannot help it—it calculate only on aggrandizing himself, will find, in the end, that he has been growing insensibly poorer every day.

Hasty observers, and of course superficial thinkers, conclude that all this variety in the world is but proof of inharmony, and so seek to reduce matters to a It is an easy thing to preach—to tell the sinners what smooth proportion. Poor simpletons ! the trouble only

lies in their own vision. They do not see things rightly. They have not yet got their eyes open. The usual nine days are not yet spent. Too many of us are of opinion that we could help on the Aimighty Worker with his plans, if he would but give us a chance. We would have fair weather when the clouds drop rain; or we would see fruit hanging on the boughs, when Nature only fringes them with leicles. The fault is, as we said before, with ourselves; instead of seeking to penetrate into the vast depths of spiritual meaning which these things all contain, we busy ourselves with ldly criticising the externalities; we pick like children at the shell, heedless of the rich meat that lies hidden

within.

Did you ever pause to reflect, sir, that, after all, this is the same sky over your head which canoples mine also? and that the sun, and moon, and stars you look at are the same lights that blaze and twinkle for me? and that the mornings bring as fresh and grateful an incense out of the gates of the East to my nostrils as to yours?-and that the sea is the same sea, the meadow and brooks that lace them are the same, and the trees and flowers and grass are all the same to us both? Yet though nature thus offers each of us but the same objects to study and enjoy, the world is in no sense the same world to you, sir, that it is to me. We may as well be on two distinct planets as to live as we do. for our experiences are so widely dissimilar. We apprehend differently. We do not, for we cannot, see after the same way. Your angle of vision is not my angle of vision. You see beauty as I do not see it; we may agree to call it by the same name, and still it is in no real sense the same thing to both of us.

And here lies the secret—a simple, yet a most profound one, and ever cluding the apprehension of all who have not spiritual eves to behold. The outward world is all one world, made of the same texture, and offering the same suggestions to the touch; but the important secret is, that we make that world just what it is by the way in which we look at it. And our vision comes of the nature we possess, and its culture and development. Hence what looks beautiful to one, may be all clouds and melancholy to another. The jaundiced man cannot It is the prayer of the BANNER OF LIGHT that through his say that the sun is bright and happy, while the man in health will bless God in his heart for the brilliancy of the day. And so with the spirit; the unhealthy and unhappy spirit, straitened by a false mode of education, and cramped by the meaningless formularies of a gloomy faith, finds no buoyancy for itself in the of this University, wherein it may, as it does, differ from the view, but only a prospect of heaven or hell, and more particularly of the latter; while the soul that has been left free to the reception of all truly high and spiritual influences, and never been overlaid with a series or system of beliefs that deaden its finer sensibilities, will revel in the glories which the world without presents, and declare that the delight and invigoration of a drizzling November rain is as great as that of a June morning right out of heaven.

We are all unlike, and still the law of likeness runs through the mass. Disguise ourselves as we may, there is forever a strong family resemblance. It is in the nature—in the spirit. The same divinity possesses guided and advised by those who have been chosen for this us all. It speaks from the lips-it looks out of the eyes—it betrays itself in the gestures and the carriage. We are all brothers and sisters-all members of one great family. And this very diversity is what helps make each one more interesting to the other. It may been first and foremost in it. begin with exciting curiosity only, and arousing inquiry-but it was meant to end with sympathy and a kindling love.

We mourn over that man, however, who wastes himself in wishing that he was, or that he had what somebody else is, or has. He has no adequate idea of the extent of his self-inflicted torture. It is well, and even necessary, that we should never be satisfied with from the wish to compass, or possess, some purpose or to the following letter from one of the trustees: object worthy of the soul, and altogether needful to its advancement. But this miserable habit of throwing one's life away because one is not as wealthy as his neighbor, is meaner than any debasing practices of idolatry for the cure of which Christians send out missionaries among the heathen. If there should be vigorous and unintermitted preaching against any sin and wickedness under the heavens, it should be against this very sin of unhappiness because we are not as rich as others. We have a perfect right to be rich, if we can: we are not of that order of bilious moralists that confound contentment with a sulky and sullen resignation, giving up what we aimed at only because we could not reach it: but we should labor for riches only because they can aid us in securing still better things, and not because we are anxious to outshine our neighbor. When riches engender nothing but a low spirit of rivalry, a man would do better by himself to let them go altogether, than to throw away his life in their

If those of us, too, who desire money above everyhing else, and for its own sake only, could but open the windows and blinds, and look into the heart of the mere accumulator, it is doubtful if we should not regard these possessions in a very different and a much truer light. Who can rehearse the toils and trials, the perplexities and harassments, the disappointments and nortifications, the compromises and enslavements. that have been, willingly or unwillingly, endured by the man of worldly fortune, in order to secure what is now within his grasp? And who can tell, again, how many sleepless hours that same man passes through from one week's end to another, how little repose and calmness of thought he ever enjoys, how few and brief are the opportunities, if not the inclinations, for him to turn his soul in upon itself, and give it a chance to feed and grow upon the strength of its own accumulated resources? No one can know of these things but he who himself suffers from them; and all the betrayal he makes of his condition is by that meagre and uninviting side of his life which he thinks fit to show to the world.

No; Nature knew too well what she meant when she endowed us so variously, and gave to each of us an individual power of looking at life and the world. If we accept her precious hint, and seek the steady and healthy development of the individual nature, instead of gadding about after others, then we shall all be the men and women we ought; but if we ape, and mimic and imitate, and conform, we go to our graves unacquainted with ourselves, and but superficially intimate even with those after whom we have blindly patterned. We should stay at home, and not wander abroad. Instead of going about begging a drink of water from others, we should bravely plunge into that vast ocean whose heaving tides will never cease to give the largest life to our individual being.

Spiritualists' Picnic at Abington.

Dr. Gardner announces that a Picnic will be held at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, July 12th, the date of issue of this paper. Notice should have been given in our last, but as the anniversary of "Independence" came on Monday, our usual day of going to press, we were obliged to go to press on Friday night, so early a date that Dr. G. did not get notice o us in scason.

Cars start from the Old Colony Depot at 8:45, A. M., and return at 5:15, P. M. Tickets 50 cents for adults; 25 cents for

Mrs. Hatch in Boston.

It is hoped that Mrs. Hatch will visit this city the latter part of July or the very first of August and speak on the Sabbaths in the latter month. Nothing, however, is definitely settled at present. We shall probably be able to speak post tively in reference to the matter in our next issue.

Mr. Cluer at Foxboro'.

John C. Cluer will speak in Foxboro', Mass., on Sunday friends at the above place have opened free meetings, for which they deserve praise.

N. E. Union University Association.

This Association held a Convention at Lowell on the fifth and sixth of this month, for the express purpose of locating their University. The required amount of stock was subscribed to warrant the call of the Convention, a portion of which was found to be conditional. In consequence of this, the location of the University was postponed. The Convention adjourned to meet in Lowell on the first Tuesday in Oc-

tober next. The printed proceedings of the Convention at Marlow which contains the Constitution of the Association-in pamphlet form-was by vote accepted, and is for sale at this office, and by J. I., D. Otis, Lowell, Mass., at ten cents each,

and \$1,00 per dozon.

The Convention was well attended, there being present

stockholders from all parts of New England. Little business, if any, was done to advance the progress of the University. Committees were appointed to investigate past proceedings of the Association, who reported that, in their opinion, some transactions had taken place that would not stand the test of law, but which were not intentionally wrong. These reports were accepted and laid on the table.

A Committee was appointed to consider the present state of the affairs of the Association and recommend future proceedings; which Committee recommend the appointment of a second Committee of five, to revise the Constitution, and report at the next Convention. This report was accented and adopted.

During the Convention, speeches were made by Miss E. E. Gibson, H. P. Pairfield, Miss Lizzle Doten, and A. E. Newton, on the subject of Education, which were listened to with deep interest.

On the afternoon of the second day of the Convention, Prof. J. L. D. Otis was taken severely and dangerously ill with spasms, from which he has before suffered. Much anxiety is felt for him on account of the precarious condition of his health. It is ardently hoped that he will be spared to the Association with health and strength to carry out the noble, unselfish purposes by which he has thus far been governed.

Mr. Otis has been the instrument through whom the whole scheme of this proposed University has had its birth. It is a great and noble work; he has labored long and hard, faithfully, justly, and truly; his motives will bear the test of severe criticism; he has been unselfish in this work; he has worked for the welfare of humanity in generations yet to come. He is a man with noble aims and honest purposes. continued efforts and instrumentality, assisted by his unselfish associates—the stockholders—that the plan of this beautiful work may be fully executed.

The plan of this University is original, and for this reason it is not strange that it should meet opposition; for every new thing meets with terrific opposition. Opposition to the plans plans of the conservative forms of other Universities, would be likely to fall against Mr. Otis, which would cause the ex-

istonce of flying calumny and unprofitable gossip.

Mr. Otts, physically, is frail and feeble; he needs the sympathy, the favor and the support of the Association. After the long and laborious efforts in preparing the Constitution and obtaining nearly six hundred stockholders-which no one can count a small work-he is worn and weary. His spirit is alive: he is sensitive to words of kindness, and to words of unkindness-to words of approval, and to words of blame.

This Association has our warmest wishes for success, and our strongest convictions are, that the continuance of Mr. Otis's voice and efforts in it is absolutely essential to this end work.

The BARNER is the only paper that has shown this Association favor, and lent a helping hand to its aims. It will continue so to do, while its original plans are unselfishly supported by the able and philanthropic men and women who have It is no small effort which in these times is enabled to bring

together so much money in aid of an educational movement; and while Mr. Otis is at all times advised by such men as compose the officers and trustees of this Association, the stockholders have ample guaranty that their funds will be appropriated to their legitimate use; and Mr. Otis should in justice receive all the credit due to his persevering efforts in

In connection with this report of the Convention, and the that we have, or are; but that feeling should spring expression of our kind sympathies for Mr. Otis, we give place

to the following letter from one of the trustees:

Dear Banner—Allow me to give my opinion of the cause of the present condition of affilirs connected with the N. E. Union University. And in what I say, I would not be understood as casting any reflectious upon the character or motives of any one connected with it. The great error which has been committed seems to me to have been of the head rather than of the heart. The principles upon which this institution is to be founded being freedom, it is important that this idea should not for a moment be lost sight of by those who are ongaged in presenting its claims before the people. It seems to me that here lies all the difficulty. The General Agent, in his anxiety for its immediate establishment, made his drafts upon the peokets, through the pride and selfishness of the people, rather than through their hearts, by which he would have found an almost inexhaustible supply, by accepting conditional subscriptions. In this way there has been admitted an element which cannot be made to blend with that of the unconditional ones. By accepting only the latter, the location of the institution will be left to the decision of the Convention, unblassed by any pecuniary considerations, other than those which can be shown to be for its best good.

Wm. L. Johnson.

Since the above was in type, Dr. Child has received a letter from Mrs. Otis, dated at Lowell, July 9th, from which we make the following extracts:

make the following extracts:

Mr. Otts is still lingering, though for the most part of the time in an unconscious state. As yet there seems to be no real improvement, and his physicians give but little encouragement of his recovery. When conscious, he expresses not only a willingness, but a desire, to depart, though he believes that he has the assurance that he will live to complete the great work which he has undertaken. His disease is an inflammation of the brain, caused by intense nervous excitement. Of the cause of this excitement you are perhaps as well aware as myself. I hope I shall harbor no unkind feelings toward any one; but I cannot forget the many unkind, unjust aspersions and insinuations which were heaped upon my husband in the late Convention, which have prostrated him in agony, if not in death. And when I reflect that sil this pain has been caused by those with whom my husband has had no connection, and who could not therefore, have been known by him, It makes me almost lose my confidence in the innate goodness of humanity. But truth will triumph. We are now assured that my husband has not only acted honorably in calling this Convention, but strictly in accordance with the letter of the terms of subscription, and that more than three thousand dollars which was upon the Leominster subscription, or that upon the last paper, is as unconditional subscription, making more than six thousand four hundred dollars subscribed, when the Convention was called.

It certainly was not wise in any one to decide upon the character of any document, or any transaction, or any book, upon five minutes' investigation. To me it looked like a prodotormination to do what was declared would be done, namely, to "rip up the whole thing," merely because it had originated with my husband. May God forgive them for all the

ly, to "rip up the whole thing," mercly because it had originated with my husband. May God forgive them for all the nuted with my nusband. May God forgive them for all the pain they have caused me and mine, even though they may have made me a destitute widow. But I believe that the right will prevail, and that an institution will be founded and built, under our present Constitution (which, on the whole, I believe to be the best we could have, though it may need some correction) and upon our principles. I hope we rhall now be united; and should my husband, or any other man, take the field, let me man or men be premitted to hindar use take the field, let no man or men be permitted to hinder up in our great work.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer speaks in Boston next Sabbath.

This celebrated Poetic Improvisatrice and able exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy, will lecture in Ordway Hall, on Sunday, July 17th, at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M., and 8 o'clock P. M. Admittance 10 cents.

Mrs. Hyzer has spoken in Boston heretofore, but always under very unfavorable conditions or circumstances; and it is claimed that she has never received that attention which her merits as a medium, when brought before the people in a proper manner, would be sure to gain.

We know that in Philadelphia, where the Spiritualists have an excellent hall, Mrs. Hyzer draws as good houses as any other speaker, and is as well liked. She is also very popular as a woman. The same is true of her in Buffalo, and many other places. Now that she is to speak in a sultable hall, she will annear

to as good advantage as in the other places we have mentioned, and we trust the friends will cheer her with a full house, in order that whatever powers she may have, may be brought out in their full richness. The cold and cheerless aspect of the Melodeon, combined with the impure air which one breathed there, was enough to hinder any medium from making a respectable effort; and we do not wonder that a poetic temperament like that of Mrs. Hyzer did not create so good an impression as she has in other places where the people are as competent judges, probably, as in Boston.

Tiffany's Monthly for July

Is before us. It is well filled and interesting. An article on "Entrancement and Obsession" shows that Mr. Tiffany is in contact with and is troubled by cases of obsession. We July 17th His daughter Susio will accompany him. The have in hand some remarks from Dr. Child on the alleged cause and prevention of obsession, as given by Mr. Tiffany, which we shall publish next week.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.] B. W. DMBRION AT MUBIC HALL,

Instinct and Inspiration.

Rev. Theodorp Parker's Bociety was addressed, on Bunday, July 6d, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Esq., on "Instinct and

Instinct, he described as a kind of seminal intellect. It never pretends; nothing is less, nothing more. It is no disputant, no talker. It is a spark in the mind, but inextinguishable-that glimmer of inextinguishable light by which men are guided, and which, though it does not show objects yet shows the way. This is that by which men feel when they are wrong, though they may not see how. It is that source of thought and feeling which acts on masses of It makes the revolutions which never go back men. Thus, the word, "All men are born free and equal," though resisted and denied by all laws and politics, and our own among the rest, is the key-word to our modern civilization Here, alone, is the field of metaphysical discovery. No metaphysician has thrived who has denied this. It works by endency, by surprise. Its source is as deep as the world All men are in this respect on some sort of equality. There is a singular credulity, which no experience can cure us of, that another man may see more than we of the primary facts. Eye for eye, object for object, their experience is in variably identical in a million individuals. This instinct is absolute science. Why should I give up my thought because I cannot answer an objection to it? I have to consider only whether it remains in my life, the same as it was. When we know not where to steer, we can drift; the current knows, though we do not. When we come to know the coast we may begin to put out an oar, or raise a sail. The rule of this guidance is, that it is given as it is used. As another illustration of this principle, children are not deceived by the false reasons which their parents give them in answer to their questions. Another wonderful monument of instinct is language, a structure built by all men, and which no man can much affect. The wisdom of words might every day surprise us. After the student has scaled new heights of thought, the old words, made before he was born, still fit his thought. And those words are fixed and unutterable as the works of nature. We cannot affix our own definitions to them; they will stand to our children what they stood to our fathers. Again, go to a gallery of art, and the marble and the details impose upon us. Long after we have quit the place, all objects begin to take a new order: the inferior are forgotten, and the truly noble come to our remembrance as a strain of music is heard further than the rude noises about it. Instinct demands a proportion between the individual and his acts. And it demands a recognition of the facts and interests by which we are surrounded. The man who is interested in nothing that concerns the people, may have his place in another sphere; but he has none here, and the people will not recognize him.

Here instinct begins, at the surface of the earth, and thence rises to the recognition of higher laws. But what is inspiration? It is this instinct, whose normal state is passive, at last put in action. To coax the instinct to impart itself, to bestir its depths, is the object of all wise endeavor. Could we prick the sides of this slumberous giant, could we rouse this oldest angel, who was with God before the world was made! We ought to know the way to prophecy, as well as the cow and sheep know the way to the running brook.

The lecturer believed the rudest mind had predictions of na ture and history in itself, though now dim and hard to read. All depends on some instigation, some impulse. Justiration i the play of the powers at their highest level. But this inspiration we fail to evoke. Who knows not the quenching of genius that makes the tragedy of life? The star never reaches its zenith; it culminates low, and goes back whence it came. Often those we call great men build substructures, only, which are never finished. There is a conflict between the tendency of the individual mind to repeat itself and We exhaust a man, in seeing him two or three times, and he becomes tiresome. Genius, however, becomes as tired of its own mind as others are, and it nuts nature be tween you and itself. So every part of a good poom is a surprise, and to the poet no less than to his readers. The Muse may be densed as super-voluntary ends effected by super voluntary means. It is as impossible for labor to produce a sonnet of Milton or a song of Burns, as Shakspeare's Hamlet or as Homer. It is this element of super-voluntary power which denotes the inspired artist.

We must try our philanthropies so. The basis on which the reformer wishes to build his now world is a great deal of money. What is gained? Certain young men or maidens, he shows us, are to be screened from the evil influences of trade. But those who give the money must be just as much more shrewd and worldly, in order to save so much money How is any virtue thus gained to society? It is a transfer ence. But he instructs and aids us who shows how the young may be raised without degrading the old. The capital discovery of modern agriculture is, that it costs no more to keep a good tree than to keep a bad one; that our work is to turn the operations of nature to private account. "But how is this to be done?" The question is most reasonable but proves you are not the man to do the deed. The mark of the spirit is to invent means. It has been in the world from everlasting, and knows its way up and down. Power is the mark of the spirit. The sign of the great man, we say, is to succeed. We call genius divine, to signify its independence of our will. Every man is a guest in the earth. guest in his house, and a guest in his thought. Wisdom is like electricity; there is no permanent wise man, but men who, being put in favorable conditions, become wise for a short time. What a revelation of power is music! and ve when we consider who and what the professors of that are usually are, does it not seem as if music falls accidentally and superficially on its artists? Is it otherwise with poo try? Often there is so little affinity between the man and his works, that we think the wind must have written them. When a young man asked Goothe about Faust, he replied What can I know about this?" It is true in the experi ence of all men, that for the memorable moments of life, that we found ourselves, as it were, in a meteorous zone, and nassed out of it again. Yes, this wonderful source of knowl edge remains a mystery. We must lose many days to gain one. It commands, and is not commanded. Buddenly, and without desert, we are raised screnely up into the higher air. For months the capital questions of human life are hidden from our eyes, and suddenly, in a moment, they come before us. A sudden rising of the road shows us the system of the mountains which have been there, all the time, though out of our view. Our thoughts have a rule of their own; of our will they are independent.

And so with impartings. How to impart is the problem of education. And yet our teachings will be those of our charactor, and our genius and Nature will give our intentions
the silp. That secret which was never taught us, we can
never teach others. The instruction and inspiration of
mankind exist as somewhat outside of our wills; and virtue, in spite of Boston, and London, and universal decay of
religion, re-appears forever. The great gardener, after all
his experiments in refining his fruits, said, "My secret is—

Is some strange to me how an intelligent person could education. And yet our teachings will be those of our charhis experiments in refining his fruits, said, "My secret is—
sow, sow, and re-sow; in short, do nothing but sow." Socrates told his pupils that it was nothing of him that thoy
grow wise; it was because they were with him. He says—
of the "dæmon," of whom he was ever speaking—"The dæmon is adverse to some; with many, however, he does not
prevent me from conversing. For if it please the god, you
will make great and rapid proficiency; you will not, if
he does not please;" and advises them to consider
"whether it be not safer to be instructed by some one of
those who have a power over the bonefit they do to others,
Tather than by me, who benefit, or not, just as it happens."

Quite above us is this secret affair and rapid profices. Quite above us is this secret affinity and repulsion made. All our good is magnetic; we teach, not by lessons, but by going about our business. There is something pathetic in this experience-not to have any wisdom at our own terms. All beauty of discourse, or of manners, or of action, lies in launching ourselves on the thought, and forgetting ourselves; and though the action of the intellect seems to lie out of our volition, yet we may place ourselves beforehand in a state of being wherein the will shall hereafter penetrate and control and have also in view a hall which it is proposed to erect in what it may not now reach. If there be inspiration, let it be In your thought. Let us by all means invite it. It is a sort of rule in art, that we shall not speak of any

work of art except in its presence; there, we will continue to learn something, and will make no blunder. It is also a rule of this inspiration, that we shall not speak of the mountain except when we are on the mountain. There are certain problems one would not willingly open, except when the irresistible oracle incites us. All men are inspired while they say only the words of necessity. But the moment they begin to say these words by memory, charlatanism begins. It is the exhortation of Zoroaster-"Let the immortal depth of your soul lead you." So Pythagoras-"Remember to be sober, and to be disposed to believe; for these two are the

against his project; he never fears, for he knows that he is exercises a very strict supervision.

right-right against the world. He has a facility, which costs him nothing, to do something admirable to all men. The ceret of power is delight in one's work. The true man finds his work-bonch everywhere. As long as he serves his genius, he works when he stands, when he sits, when he cats, when he sleeps. The dream which a few years ago fleated before the eyes of the French nation, that every man shall do that which, of all things, he prefers, and shall have three france a day for doing that, is the real law of the world. And all the labor by which society it really served, will be found to be of that kind. He whom we call the fortunate man, is he whose determination to his aim is such that he is never in doubt. Sometimes, it is true, this determination does not appear early; but it appears. It is so strong in each, that, were t not guarded by checks, it would make society impossible, As it is, men are best by themselves, and always work in soclety with great loss of power. They cannot keep step, and life requires too much compromise. Men generally attempt o make first their brothers, and afterward their wives, understand the drama that is going on in their private ears; but they desist when they find that their confidents also have farce or a tragedy enacted in their hearts; and each at last remains in his private box, with a whole play performed for himself, solus.

Every creature is its own weapon. The man's work is his sword and his shield. The way to mend a bad world is to make a good world. The way to conquer a foreign workman is to beat his work. The American workman who strikes ten blows, while the foreign workman strikes only one, as really vanquishes him as if he struck the blows on his person. The true workman is he who works for love. The state and the world is happy which has men who finish their work because they love to finish it. Men talk as if victory were something doubtful. Wherever work is done, victory is obtained; there is no chance and no blanks-all draw prizes. We want but one verdict; and if we have our own, we are secure of all the rest. For no man was ever so wise or so good, but Heaven sent into the world some companions who could appreciate him.

The soul seeks no private good. "If truth live, if justice live, I live," said one of the old saints. Do not strive for your own immortality. If immortality, in the sense in which you seek it is best you will be immortal. But let the life you would have continued into eternity be not worthy of being ashamed of in the few days you have it here. Men wish for death from the trials they experience. How will death help you? They are not to be dismissed when you die. The weight of the universe is pressed down on the shoulders of each slave, to hold him to his task. The only path of escape in all the universe of God is virtue. We must do our work before we shall be released.

The religion which is to guide and save coming ages, whatever revelation it be, must be intellectual. "There are two things," said a wise man, "which I abhor-the learned in his infidelity, and the fool in his devotion." Let us have nothing now which is not its own ovidence. Our books are full of biographies of saints, who knew not they were such. But one fact is seen in them all—that there is a religion. which survives all fashions, pronounced again and again by some holy person; and men, with their weak incapacity for principles, and their passion for persons, have run mad for the pronouncers, and forget the religion. There is surely enough for the heart in religion itself; let us not be pestered with assertions and half-truths, with emotions and snuffles Surely, all that is simple is sufficient for all that is good There is to be a new church, founded on moral sciencefirst cold and naked-a babe in a manger: again, the mathe matics of ethical law. It shall send man home to his central solitude, tired of these social, supplicating manners, and make him know that he must have himself, and himself only, for his friend. He shall accept no embrace; he shall walk with no companion; with a nameless power of super-personal inspiration, he shall repose on that. He needs only his own verdict, and no good fame can help, no bad fame can hurt him. Laws are his consolers. The good laws them selves are alive; they know if he have helped them; they animate him with consciousness of great duty, and an endless horizon of honor and fortune is before him. Who always recognizes the neighborhood of the great, always feels himself in the presence of high influences.

The Investigator.

The editor of the Investigator thinks we are illiberal, be cause we refused to publish some ungenerous and bitter words of blame and condemnation poured out against churches and ministers. If it is being illiberal to leave off blaming and condemning others, we are willing to bear the reputation. We have carefully examined the practical manifestation of the churches, and find that fault-finding, blame and condemnation of others, are the leading features. We are anxious for reform, and we cannot see that condemnation of others is a feature of reform; if it is, it is very old and Orthodox. If Brother Seaver likes fault-finding and condemnation better than we do, in this respect he is more Orthodox than we are. We do think the Investigator practically in clined to orthodoxy in some respects, though it has professedly been out of it a quarter of a century. But it takes a quarter of a century and more to wash out all the shades of religious prejudice. It is just to give credit in this direction to the Investigator, for it has, with its noble pilot, Horace Seaver, wrought a good work. The ideas of morality inculcated by Horaco Seaver and his paper, come as near to the teachings of the real Jesus of Nuzareth as any paper we know in all Ohristendom; but they are in the fog when they deny immortality of man. We do not desire to "take to ourselves airs," and say that our paper is number one, and Brother Seaver's is number four, or is the next number after nothingarian. We believe that every religious paper of every denomination has its use and its place; and every editor has a right to live, and act, and talk as he pleases; and so of churches and members of churches, and men who are not members of churches.

It is our great aim to avoid denunciation and condemna tion. Our platform is as broad as the universe; we are chained by no sect, no party, no creed, but are willing to receive Truth, no matter who gives it.

Error Corrected.

An item has been going the rounds of the press of late that Warren Chase, a lecturer on Spiritualism, stated in one of his discourses at Grand Rapids, Mich., that Henry Ward Beecher was a Spiritualist, a medium, and preached by inspiration of the spirits; in consequence of which Mr. Beecher disclaims the imputation in the last number of the Inde-

That Bro. Chase was misrepresented in the paragraph alluded to above, the which has called out Mr. Beecher, the following explanation by Mr. C. will fully show:—

Free Meetings.

In answer to the inquiries of friends, whether we are to have Free Meetings in Boston, we reply that the matter is in the right men's hands, who are allve to the wants of the people. They are determined to have a respectable, comnodious, airy and cheerful hall to commence the enterprise in, and will not commence until such a place is found. They are in treaty for the new hall building on the Melodeon site. the vicinity of Music Hall-entrance from Tremont street.

It is better that the Spiritualists of Boston wait until such place is ready for them, which it is hoped will be in Octoer, than that such a praiseworthy enterprise be started in a dingy, ineligible hall, or in one not sufficiently under their

control, as to insure it to them permanently. Meantime it will be seen that Mrs. Hyzer is to speak under the auspices of Dr. Gardner, and there is a probability of Mrs. Hatch speaking under the management of her brother. and by the invitation of leading men in the ranks of Spirit-

Writers in the Camp.

The Emperor Napoleon has banished all newspaper correspondents from his camp; they are not to go beyond Milan. Every man comes into nature impressed with his own blas. He has also interdicted all officers from writing letters to the in obeying which his strength lies. Society is unanimous journals; and over the entire correspondence of his army he

Important War News.

The last arrival from Europe brings intelligence from the tent of war in Italy that another great battle has been fought with immense loss of life on both sides. It took place on the 24th of June. The following telegrams contain all that is known in regard to the battle:

"NAPOLEON TO THE EMPRESS.

known in regard to the battle?

"Napoleon to the Empress.

Carriana, June 23th.—It is impossible as yet to obtain the details of the battle of yesterday. The enemy withdrew last night. I have passed the night in—the room occupied in the morning by the Emperor of Austria. Gen. Niel has been appointed a Marshal of France.

Cavriana, June 20th 11:30 A. M.—The Austrians who had crossed the Mincio for the purpose of attacking us with their whole body, have been obliged to abandon their positions, and withdrew to the left bank of the river. They had blown up the bridge of Gotto. The loss of the enemy is very considerable, but ours is much less. We have taken thirty cannons, and more than six thousand prisoners, and three flags. Gen. Niel and his corps d'armee have covered themselves with glory, as well as the whole army. The Sardinian army inflicted great loss on the enemy, after having contended with great firry against superior forces."

The following is the order of the day published by Napoleon after the battle of Solferino:—
"Cavrana, June 25.—Soldiers! The enemy who believed themselves able to repulse us from the Chyese have recrossed the Mincle. You have worthily defended the honor of France. Solferino surpassed the recollection of Sonato and Castigliore. In twelve hours you repulsed the efforts of 150,000 men. Your enthusiasm did not rest there. The numerous artillery of the enemy occupied formidable positions for over three legges, which you carried. Your country thanks you for your courage and perseverance, and laments the fallen. We have taken three flags, thirty cannons, and six thousand prisoners. The Sardinians fought with the same valor against superior forces, and worthy is that army to march beside you. Blood has not been shed in vain for the glory of France, and the happiness of the people."

The following is the Austrian official account of the battle: "Ferona, June 25th.—The day before yesterday, our right wing occupied Pozzolonga, Solferino and Cavriana, and the

The following is the Austrian efficial account of the battle: "Verena, June 25th.—The day before yesterday, our right wing occupied Pozzolonga, Solferino and Cavriana, and the left wing pressed forward as far as Guidizzola and Cascioffered, but were driven back by the enemy. A collision took place between the two entire armies at 10 A. M., yesterday. Our left, under Gen. Winper, advanced as far as Chiesso. In the afternoon there was a concentrated assault on the Solferino. Our right wing repulsed the Pledmontese; but, on the other hand, the order of our centre could not be restored and our losses are extraordimerily heavy. The developments and our losses are extraordinarily heavy. The development of powerful masses of the enemy against our left wing, and

of powerful masses of the enemy against our left wing, and the advance of his main body against Volta, caused our retreat, which began late in the evening."

The Austrian correspondence contains the following:—

"Vienna, June 25th.—The day before yesterday, the Austrian army crossed the Mincio at four points, and yesterday came upon the superior force of the enemy in the Otlesse, After an obstinate combat of twelve hours, our army withdrew across the Mincio. Our headquarters are now at Villa France."

The London Times says that the Austrians have most can-idly admitted their defeat, and that history scarcely records bulletin in which such a defeat is more explicitly arowed. A message from Cavriana announces that Napoleon, on the day of the battle, was constantly in the hottest of the fire. Gen. Larrey, who accompanied him, had his horse killed

The Monitour says the battle will take the name of the

Battle of Bolferino.

A despatch from Vienna says that the attack of the French on Venice and Tagliamento, about 45 miles northeast of Venice, was expected to take place on the 28th of June.

The Austrian reserves, numbering 175,000, were on their way to Italy. They are considered the flower of the Austrian army. Not a man of them has served less than eight years. The Gazetto de France says that preparations are making to get together within two months a force of 450,000 men. PAPAL STATES.—A despatch from Rome announces that Ferrura, Ravenna, Forli, Ancona, and other towns, have been replaced under the authority of the Pope, by intervention of the Pontifical troops. The officers who commanded the Swiss troops in the affair of Perugia, it is said, are to be pro-

Provincetown Banner and Mr. Higginson.

The Provincetown Banner had for its leader, in a recent number, a very handsome and just notice of Rev. T. W. Higginson's locture on Spiritualism, delivered June 26th before Mr. Parker's Society in Boston. The article concludes by saying that Mr. Higginson "is a man of fine talents, open and earnest, and one of the most sensible and successful writers of the day-void of all fogyism, fanaticism and fus-

The Provincetown Banner has "backbone" and independ ence enough to talk about things as they are, while most secular newspapers are too feeble and fearful to talk about Spiritualism at all, except to ridicule it.

No one who reads the Provincetown Banner can deny that t is fresh, fearless, independent, just, reasonable and interating.

Picnic at Norway, Me. Bro. B. B. Murray writes us under date of July 6th, a

follows:---"Our Spiritualist Picnic came off yesterday. The day was fine; the air healthful; the grove beautiful; the fixtures all commodious; the banners with their appropriate mottos gently waving in the breeze over the speakers' stand, appropriately significant. The smiling countenances of the many friends assembled on the occusion, bespoke the joyfulness of their hearts; and the energetic grasping of hands, the expressions of congratulation, all conspired to produce that very

lesirable result, Harmony. From ten in the forencon, until three in the afternoon, the time was well spent. Several trance and normal speakers were present, who, in demonstration of the spirit and nower. proclaimed those truths which stir the minds and cheer the hearts of all such as reflect upon the future and the transiry present.

Speeches were made by the President; Mrs. Haskell, of Bucksfield; D. H. Hamlinton, of Lewiston; W. K. Ripley; Mrs. J. Harris, of Turner; Capt. J. S. Dally, of Livermore S. B. Gurney, of Greene; and Mrs. J. W. Foster, of Danville Many were present, whose cars had never before beer rected with the sound of a speaker's voice, attuned to the sentiments of ministering angels. But the candid attention paid, the eagerly listening ears, the beaming countenances expressive of internal convictions and heavenly aspirations gave promise of future good to be revealed in them.

Lecturers.

GEORGE M. JACKSON will speak in Pultneyville, July 17th 18th, 19th and 20th; Wolcott, Sunday, July 24th; Wamps ville, July 26th : Clayville, July 29th ; West Winfield, Sunday July 81st; and go thence to the Convention in Plymouth Mass., and speak in Taunton the 2nd and 3rd Sundays in August. He may be addressed, by friends desiring his services, at Taunton, until August 21st, care of Willard Tripp.

MISS ERMA HOUSTON begs leave to inform her friends that she has removed to No. 6 Edgerly place, Boston, (out of South Cedar street,) where she will be happy to receive calls to octure Sundays or week evenings.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Honderson) will speak in Rockford, Winnebago Co., Ill., July 17th; Fairwater ondulac Co., Wis., July 24th; Mishawakee, St. Joseph's Co. ind., July 31st. Address, during August and September Box 422, Bridgeport, Ct.

(For a full list of Movements of Lecturers, see seventh

ntroduce a quartz crushing machine, and while one was in operation, on the 2nd of February last, his left leg was drawn among the wheels and crushed. From these injuries he died on the 11th of the same month. Doubtless he is happy and at rest in our Father's home of many mansions.

The Crops Abroad.

But not alone by him were these things done. He ordained twelve, and "gave them power against unclean spirits to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness." He chose severty, and sent them forth, saying, "Heal the sick, and say unto them, The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

And when it was reported to him that others, not his foilowers, were casting out devils in his name, he said, "forbid them not, for there is no man, which shall do a miracle in my that can lightly again, and its company that can lightly again.

The Crops Abroad. The Mark's Lane Express, reviewing the breadstuffs mar-

ket, says there is a promise of large crops in Spain; in Holland, also, the prospects are very good; in England and franco there was every indication of a fine harvest; and at Berlin, Prussia, wheat, barley and peas were offering cheaper, in consequence of the promising looks of the growing crops.

Monument in Baltimore.

During the next full season, a monument twenty-five feet in height, of pure white marble, will be erected in Ashland Square, Baltimore, in memory of Wells and McComas, the two young riflemen who killed Gen. Ross, commander of the British forces at the battle of North Point, but who were im rediately shot themselves, in consequence of that deed.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. A.," PHILADELPHIA, - "A Dream of a Lonely Heart" accepted. PHILO." PHILADELPHIA -Your letter did not come to hand

in season for our last issue, as we were obliged to go to press at an earlier day than usual on account of the Fourth. Of course it is too late for this number. O. W. BLIGH, MOHEGAN, R. I.-Yes.

"J. B. C.," LIDERTY, MAINE.—Yes,

ALL BORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

AT We have commenced upon our first page the publication of a well-written, highly interesting story, entitled "Envirent, on The Suugglen's Secret"-from the pen of George P. Burnham, Esq. It will run through four or five numbers of the Bannen.

AT The Fourth of the Beries of Mrs. Hatch's admirable ectures at Dodworth's Hall, New York, which we have reported verbalim, will be found on our sixth page.

ZET We call the reader's special attention to Rev. Mn. CHAPIN'S Sunday morning discourse, which we have placed upon our third page. It is, in our opinion, the best offert of this eminent divine we have yet printed.

The Founth passed off "gloriously" in this city-as it always does. Sumner's cration was a fine production, and so vere the fireworks.

"THE CROOKED SHALL DE MADE STRAIGHT."-A Malden correspondent informs us that the "Straightshanks," who, whilem, buckled on their armor and did battle against the 'Crookshanks," have come off victorious, and that the enemy have beaten a retreat.

Forty persons were killed by the recent railroad accident at South Bend.

The execution of James Stenhens, which was to have taken place in New York, is postponed, and the case is to be reviewed. Mr. Stephens is confident of being able yet to establish his innocence:

The Sonora Indians are in a high state of insurrection, probably geaded thereto by the villanous conduct of the whites there, who are the worst class of creatures that ever infested even an American country remote from civilization and its influences.

The newspapers are filled with-"Greely at Pike's Peak." He says there is plenty of gold there; but returned miners say there is none to speak of, and that the suffering of the deluded men who are already there is intense. The question forces itself upon our mind, is not Greely deceived by interested parties in the West? We have no faith in his statements, and we hope people will not leave their comparatively comfortable homes in New England on the authority of one man. Three hundred deaths have already occurred in that quarter from starvation. This ought to suffice-for the present at least-to prevent men from following after the phantom, gold !

The Atlantic Telegraph Company have issued their prossectus, inviting subscriptions to the new capital of £600,000 on the terms already made public. The Directors pledge themselves to enter into no contract without seeking the advice of the highest scientific and practical authorities of England and America. The first operations are to endeavor to raise the old cable.

As was carnestly wished by ninety-nine hundredths of our people, the sentence of Cyrus W. Plumer, condemned to be langed for piracy on Friday last, has been commuted by the Executive to imprisonment for life; and the prisoner has een removed from Jall to the State Prison in Charlestown.

Late advices from the Brazil squadron state that the U. S. brigs-of-war Dolphin, Perry and Bainbridge were in the River Platte. June 10th, having concentrated there for the nurpose of protecting the persons and proporties of American citizens, should the hostilities threatened in those latitudes break out

The Hon. Thomas G. Cary, who died on the 3d inst., was one of the noblest men Boston ever possessed. His talents both as a public man and a merchant, were of a very high order, while as a scholar and a man of reading, he had few equals in this country.

The Kansas Constitutional Convention met at Wyandotte on the 5th of July. The state of parties in it is: Republicans, 35-Democrats, 17.

"PROPELLER" DAVIS, of the City Reporter, intends to "lay off" at the Atlantic House, Wells, Mc., during the "heated term," as he expresses himself; consequently his paper will hereafter appear monthly, instead of weekly. In the mean time, he says, he shall "make some important improvements -in his paper, we suppose-although his article upon the subject is headed "personal." The Propeller should be care ful, while feasting over "Horn's glorious fish chowders," not to be too partial to any other kind of horns.

BALLOON VOYAGE .- On the 1st inst., Messrs. Wise, Le Mountain, Gager and Hyde left St. Louis in a balloon, bound for the Atlantic coast. The expedition was experimental, to determine the feasibility of a trans-oceanic trip. The æronauts left at half past 6 P. M., on the 1st, and landed at Honderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y., distant 1,150 miles in a little less than twenty-four hours.

It is said Oueen Victoria is again associated with anxieties more than ordinarily "Interesting."

Hon. Edward Everett contemplates visiting Europe this Bummer.

The sum of \$1,541 96 has been legitimately collected in Boston for the Mount Vernon Fund.

Arrangements have been made between the City and the Mill Dam Corporation, by which the new main of the Cochituate Water Works will be laid on the Mill Dam avenue from Brookline Village to Charles street. Workmen have commenced operations on the new route.

A hospital for women and children will be established in his city in connection with the New England Female Medionl College, in Springfield street, and will be ready for the reception of patients early in September.

The committee of business men of Boston, appointed at a meeting to take into consideration, the subject of a mechanical bakery, assert, in a statement to the public, that one in Ruston would pay a large interest upon the capital invested. while it would prove a great public benefit, and call upon citizens to subscribe the sum necessary for the erection of one,

THE CROPS .- The wheat crop of Montgomery county will nearly all be harvested this week, and it is the general belief that the present crop will be one of the largest ever gathered in this vicinity. Corn and tobacco come on finely, and the traces of the late frost become less and less visible.—Germanown (Ohio) Independant, June 30.

It is estimated that over one hundred thousand children and adults visited the Public Garden on the Fourth. Not a single accident occurred. The duties of Rev. Mr. Barnard and his assistants were arduous, and they deserve the thanks of the public for the excellency of their management.

Mrs. Everett, wife of Hon, Edward Everett, died in this city

The corner stone of the State Agricultural College at Ovid N. Y., was laid on Thursday week. It will be ready for pupils in the spring.

From the New York Tribune.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM. WHENER SEVEN.

HEALING MEDITIMS To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Death of Father Miner.

This worthy and venerable brother, who is still remembered by those who have attended the Spiritualists' meetings in Boston, died in Australia in February last. He went there to

But not alone by him were these things done. He ordained

them not, for there is no man, which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me."

Now mark the parallel:

1. Casting out Devils—I take this phrase as I find it in Scripture, as indicating that the subject is possessed by an influence which produces violent threes, or, as is said in Scripture, "Straightway the spirit tare him, and he fell on the ground, and wallowed, feaming."

I have witnessed many instances of this, when the subject was relieved simply by laying on of hands, and sometimes by

vas relleved simply by laying on of liands, and sometimes by

I have witnessed many instances of this, when the subject was relieved simply by laying on of hands, and sometimes by a mere command to the spirit to depart.

I was once at a circle in Troy—some twenty persons present—when a strong man became unconscious and violently to convulsed. He beat the table with great force with both his fists. I put my hand on his head, against vehement struggles on his part to prevent it, and in a few moments he was restored to quiet and consciousness. I once had a man similarly affected in my own room, who beat his head violently on a marble-top table, and fell on the floor in convulsions. He was recovered by the same means, though more slowly. A man from Chieggo walted on me, afflicted with continuous convulsions of his-arms and legs. He was restored by the mere exercise of the will. Last year, at my house, I found a man lying on the floor, distorted and convulsed. Histed him up, compelled him to sit in a chair, and then with a few words, addressed, not to him but to the spirit that was influencing him, he was at once restored to composure.

These instances are enough for illustration. They may be startling to one not acquainted with the subject, but it is ignorance alone that makes them so. It is not difficult to understand it, and easy to learn how to control it. Good sense, firmness and unselfishness afford always, first or last, an adequate remedy, for what often, from the ignorance of friends, consigns the subject to a lunationsylum or condemns him to a course of injurious medical treatment.

2. Intantiy.—This is a frequent charge against Spiritualism; and it is not long since that a newspaper in this city, in support of the charge, clied from the reports of several asylums proof that one out of fifty cases was produced by this cause. But it had not the candor to say three or four times as many were produced by religious excitement, and a greater proportion by disappointed love and pecuniary discutters; and while it was earnest in instating that therefore Spiritualism should be put down, it falled to draw the still atronger inference against falling in love, pursuing weath, or seeking religion.

or scoking religion.

Its true that Spiritualism, like every other exciting cause, has sometimes unsettled a weak mind; but it is also true that it can often discover the cause of inamity, and thus indicate the remedy. I will mention an instance:

We once received a letter, telling us of a female who was occasionally selzed with attacks of mania. Physicians had tried her oure in vain, and her friends were about sending her to an asylum. We replied that she was at these times indiagned by the spirit of a relative who had died instance and

her to an asylum. We replied that she was at these times influenced by the spirit of a relative who had died insane, and we pointed out a course to be pursued. The parties were all strangers to us, and we afterwards learned that her father, in a fit of insanity, had committed suicide, and that the course we advised being pursued, she was cured.

What did Scripture mean when it said, "There came to him a certain man, kneeling down to him and saying, Lord, have mercy on my son, for he is a lunatic and sore vexed, and oftimes he faileth into the fire and oft into the water." "And Jesus rebuked the devil and he departed out of him, and the

esus rebuked the devil and he departed out of him, and the

oftlimes he falleth into the fire and oft into the water." "And Jesus rebuked the devil and he departed out of him, and the child was cured from that very hour."

I know something of the disease of insanity. My professional and judicial life has compelled me to study it, and I have communed with several who died insane; and I am convinced that there are no means known among men that can do so much to cure and eradicate the disease as spiritual intercourse well understood and wisely guided. How long it will be before those whose speciality the disease is, will have the good sense to look into it, instead of condemning it without inquiry and without knowledge, time must determine.

3. Healing the Sick.—This is a chapter full of interest, yet I must of necessity be so brief that I know I can give nothing like an adequate idea of the vast amount of good to mankind that has flowed and is flowing from this source.

There are two modes in which this work is done. One is by discovering what the disease is, and prescribing the remedy. My own case is an illustration of this. For over thirty years I was invalid, varying the scene only by occasional attacks of long and severo illness. During this time I was treated for various diseases. My last severe illness was in 1854, when I was sick for about four menths. A part of the time I was so ill that death was hourly expected. Then it was that the spirits came to my aid. They discovered that my disease was what no physician had suspected. But through the mediums then around me, they could not prescribe the remedy. I sent over two hundred miles for one through whom they could, and whom they named to me. I followed their prescriptions from that day, and I am now in the possession of better health than I have had for forty years, or than I ever expected to enjoy.

There are very many mediums in this country through whom disease is discovered and cured in this manner. But there is a more remarkable, though less frequent mode, and that is by simply laying on of hands.

hat is by simply laying on of hands.

The following is a brief summary of some instances of

nis:— J. Loewendahl, of No. 201 Atlantic street, Brooklyn, has cured in a few minutes "a violent pain in the side," "general debility, accompanied by a most trying and nearly constant headache," and in a few sittings has cured neuralgia of four or five months' duration, and bronchitis, and affection of

e kidneys.
William O. Page, No. 47 West Twenty-seventh street, New William O. Page, No. 47 West Twenty-seventh street, New York, cured in a few minutes, a female who had had dyspep-sia and chronic-diarrhea for years, and was at the time given up by her physician, as she had also inflammation of the womb and bowels. He has cured rheumatism by once laying on his hand; and a long-seated dyspepsia and neuralgis, and a child soverely afflicted with rheumatic fever. Dr. O. D. Griswold, of Buffalo, thus cured a case of shaking palsy, from which the patient had been suffering some seven weeks.

Rufus B. Newton, of Saratoga Springs, has cured "Consumption and spinal disease of eight years' standing,"
"heart disease and paralysis of the left side;" "dyspepsia,
female weakness and spinal disease;" "abscess on the right
jaw, hip disease and fever sore;" "heart disease, pressure on eft side;" "dyspepsis, "abscess on the right art disease, pressure on the brain and nervous derangement," "an acute lung diffi-culty," "cancer," "blindness of one eye and partial blindness of the other," "bronchitis and catarrh." culty," "cane of the other,"

of the other," "bronchitis and catarrh."

C. O. York, of Boston, has cured rhoumatism of four years' standing, when one of the legs was drawn up, and the hands drawn out of shape; deafuess, headache and vomiting; a person who for two years had lost her speech; an external tumor, which had been growing two years; rheumatic fever; toothache; a scrofulous tumor and cancer.

John Scott, of No. 36 Bond street, New York, was originally at that on a Misaissipal stemmer but, for now over five years.

a pilot on a Mississippi steamer, but for now over five years has been used as a healing medium in St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus and Cloveland, and in this city since

Cincinnati, Columbus and Cloveland, and in this city since February, 1858. He is now receiving at his house from forty to one hundred patients a day, and is working many strange cures, principally by imposition of hands.

In this way he has cured an arm of a physician, poisoned in a dissecting room; rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, even where the limbs were drawn up and distorted; total bilindness; a club-foot from birth; fevers, particularly scanlet and yellow fever; small-pox, even after breaking out; cholera, of which he has cured hundrods, and never failed; paralysis, where, owing to sge, the cure was slow and hard; paralysis, where, owing to age, the cure was slow and hard; nouralgia; displaced and broken bones; insanity; children dumb from birth; epileptic fits; issue of blood from nose nouth and womb; ruptures; falling of the womb; piles; lyspepsia; scrofula; cancers, sometimes by absorption, ometimes by removing them from the body, and restored without the body, and restored

withered limbs.
And all this, I repeat, by simply laving on his hands, except in one case of insanity, where, living at a distance from the patient, he was offered a large sum to visit him, but he refused, saying, "Go home; he will be well by Thursday;"

and he was!

These are a few of the many cases of healing by laying on of hands, which are known among us. To detail more, or to spread out the evidence which I have in my possession, would exceed my limits. But this is enough to show the existence of the phenomenon now as of old.

of the phenomenon now as of old.

Now, what is the inference to be drawn from these things?

I prefer answering the question in the language of the earlier as well as of the latter fathers of the Christian church. Tertuilina napseals to the power of the Christians over those possessed of devils as a matter of fact and a proof of the truth of Christianity.

Origin claims that the signs, wonders, and vs

Origin claims that the signs, wonders, and various miraculous powers which followed Christ, were all "confirmation of his dignity;" and he says, "None can doubt that the Apostles performed miracles, and that God gave testimeny to their discourses by signs, wonders, and various powers. Our blessed Saviour abundantly discovered that his power was nothing less than of God, by the frequent and incontestible miracles which he wrought even in the presence of the Jowa, but which they tried to evade, on the plea that they were done by the aid of the dovil." He says: "Christianity is not indebted, either for its origin or progress, to human influence, but to God, who has manifested Himself by means of various miracles, founding His roligion thereon." Arnoblus asks, "Was he a mortal, and one of us, at whose voice sickness and disease fied away? whose presence the race of demons, hid in the bedies of men, could not endure? who caused the lame to run; whose light touch stayed the issue of blood, restored the withered hand, and gave eyes even to those born blind? "O" Who healed hundreds vexed with divers diseases?"

Eusebius says, "Observe his knowledge, his wisdom, his mi-

Eusebius says, "Observe his knowledge, his wisdom, his miraculous works; surely the matter is divine and such as exceeds all homan endeavors."

Chrysostom says, "The Apostles did not introduce or spread the Gospel by force of arms or wealth, but their words, simple in themselves, wore sustained by miracles. In problaiming a crucified Redeemer they produced miraculous works, and so subjugated all the earth."

Augustine adduces the miracles of Jesus as being more unusual events, and he enumerates among them, the sick were healed, strength restored to the lame, sight to the blind, herring to the deaf, &c.

Palcy, in his Evidences of Christianity, appeals to the miracles for proof; and Bolton, in his work on the same subject, says, "All parties agree in allowing that a miracle, if it can be proved authentic, is one of the strongest evidences any cause cau possess."

De proved authentic, is one of the atrongest evidences any cause can possess."

Now, when we reflect that healing the sick is one of the miracles referred to by all these champions of Christianity, may we not ask what there is to change the character of the evidence when applied to Spiritualism?

J. W. Edmonds.

New York, June 27th, 1839.

New York, June 21th, 1889.

P. 8—In the copy of The Tribune which contains my last paper, there is an abnouncement that Gen, Tallinadge, Mrs. Hatch, myself and others are "engaged" to attend a Spiritualist Convention at Plymouth in August. Now, considering that Gen. T. has been dead over ten years (though Goo, T. is still living), and that neither Mrs. II, nor I ever heard of the Convention till it was thus annuanced, it is quite probable that this announcement was a mistake.

MUNSON'S BOOK STORE.

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T. MUNSON, No. 5 GREAT JONES STREET, keeps
of reale all the Spiritual and Reform Publications of the
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"Fredy give and fredy receive."

A S THE ABOVE COMMAND HAS BEEN OF LATE strongly urged as the only correct method of mediumistic compensation. I have resolved to try its practicability, consequently I will give to the readers of the Bannen my efforts for such compensation as their generosity may prompt. My powers aroo'fa psychometric and intuitive nature. Readings will be given of persons from their handwriting, relating to their parentage, looks, character, mediumship, physical and mental condition, marriage, and various other matters relating to the material and mental improvement of mankind. Office at No. 7 Davis street. Boston, on Saturdays. Address H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass. 3t July 16

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT IS OFFERED TO THE of assunging the nain, and redically contains a certain means of assunging the nain, and redically contains a certain means.

TOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT IS OFFERED TO THE victim of inflammatory rheumatism as a certain means of assuaging the pain, and radically curing the complaint, when all other treatment has utterly failed. The flesh should be fomented with warm water, and then the ointment sphiled with such a degree of friction as the patient may be able to bear. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all druggists, at 25c., 63c., and \$1 per pok. July 16

July 16 1p

5000 idel of universal utility into every bousehold in the land. For particulars enclose one red postage stamp, and address S. R. NICHOLS, General Agent, No. 23 Wincocki Avenue, Burlington, Vt. - 3m July 16

Avenue; Burlington, Vt.

The Messenger.

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

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

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

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

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

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at MALP-PAST Two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

June 21—An answer to a question; Ellen Devine, Boston, June 22—P. M. Kibbe, Boston; "Astrology"; David Gilnore, Eastport, Me.; Elizabeth Dixon, Boston; Wm. Sawtell, Ww York; Samuel Garland.
June 23—Tom Smith, Portland; Charles Thayer, Boston; County County, Coun

Lovi Growell, (suicide); Betsey Wheelock, Johnston, Vt.; John Williams, (drowned); "Was Christ human or divine? June 24-Lucy Monroe, Cross streek, Boston; David Willey, Newport, R. I.; James Lovejoy Morse, Boston; Lewis Wins-

low, Mobile, Ala.

June 25—Wm. Allen, Boston; Wm. Hewins, Sharon, Mass. Fisher Hewins, Dedham, Mass.; Mary Elizabeth Fisher, Dedham, (to Mrs. B., Philadelphia); Eliza Bicknor, Dedham, June 28.—James Lewis Thompson, Frazer's River; Abraham Lynde, Boston; Lorenzo Dow; Sarah Franklin Bache; Ed-

ward Howard, New York. June 29—John Winchester, Boston; Matilda Harris, Goffs town, N. II.; Joseph Jones; George Parker, to his wife; r. Noyce. June 30—Joy H. Fairchild, South Boston; Daniel Perkins,

Exeter, N. H.

July 1—Henry Wilson, of Lowell Mechanic Phalanx, 1848;

July 1—Kenry Wilson, of Lowell Mechanic Phalanx, 1848; July 1.—Henry Wilson, of Lowell Mechanic Phalanx, 1848; James Harlow, Boston; Harriet Louisa Porter, New York; Barah J. Bargont, to her husband; James Watson, East Cam-bridge; David Gilbert, Boston. July 2.—Jonas Chickering, Boston; John Robinson, to his Bon; John Edson; William H. Wing, Dennis, Mass.; Charles

July 5-William Holbrook, Boston; Mary Eliza Washburn,

July 5—William Holbrook, Boston; Mary Eliza Washburn, New York; "Why do spirits commune in this public manner?" (a question answered;) Nathaniel Morton, Taunton; William Barnes, Illinois.

July 6—James Finlayter, London, Eng.; Billy George, Wheeling, Va.; David Bascom, Philadelphia.

July 7—Stephen Marden, Hallowell, Me.; John Doan, Boston; Peter McCann, Boston.

William Henry Harris.

William Henry Harris.

Folks have got something to do if they come here. Some of us would not be able to give all you require.

I was thirteen years old. I knew something of this before I died. My name was William Henry Harris, and I was born in Boston. I don't know what I died with, but I was sick about a month; Dr. Lane tended me. I did n't die in Boston; no, sir—I died in Princeton, Illinois; I died in 1856, in August. I was going to learn a trade when I got a little older. I was with my uncle, my father's brother, named Samuel Harris. He was a printer by trade, but he didn't work at it out there. He owned a little place—a farm—and had worked on it about six years.

They expect me to come, but didn't know as I'd come here. I can tell anything you want me t; but I don't know what to say. I knew Mr. Wilson and Mr. Clark; I knew a lady by name of Miss Stavens. I went out there late in the Bpring, and was sick most all the time after I left here, and I died in August.

died in August.

My mother wants me to tell my uncle that she is coming back and going to talk; but she couldn't to-day, and I could. I should not have gone out there, but I had nobedy here. I used to live on Eliot street when I lived here, and went to the Eliot school. My mother's sister is here in Boston;

to the Eliot school. My mother's sister is here in Boston; her name is Converso.

I'vo got a violin—I suppose it aint any use to say so—but Idon't want my uncle to give it away, nor sell it, nor take it out of the box at all. When I get real smart about coming back, I can play on it.

My uncle will laugh when he sees this, for he used to say, if I died, he believed I'd come back to take care of the violin, if I could. The first tune I learned to play was, "You're going far away," He gave me the violin himself—bought it on the condition I'd learn to play. condition I'd learn to play.

I could say lots if he was here, or anybody I knew. I guess

my uncle will remember me; they say he is lonesome

Louisa to Helen Lawrence.

By returning to your earth, I perceive it is Spring—Nature's holiday—when all her germs are bursting forth into now life and beauty. Yes, she is being resurrected from the dead winter of the past. And may not we who inhabit the Bpirit-world, be again resurrected in the affections of those we have on-earth? May we not return to comfort those dear ones by virtue of the divine within? Yes, the same power that bids the seasons come and go, and permits the buds to blossom and'dle, permits us to revisit our earth-homes. We love to mingle in the seenes of childhood; we love to visit those who were dear to us. They have buried us far from their sight; they have taken off their mourning, and have almost ceased to think of us. It is not so with us here in the Spirit-life; we never cease to think of them—to hover over them. We love to do this until the Almighty gives us power to control some form, and speak to them as we did before.

My own dear earthly sister has called upon me, Sile desires me to return and commune, if it be possible; and yet she says, in her soul, "I do not think it is possible; yet I send forth the silent call, and if she comes, I will believe." Sine says, "Come, my sister, and tell me why it is that so many of earth's inhabitants are seeking to, and pretending to, commune with the linhabitants of the other world."

says, "Come, my sister, and term ownly its int so many of earth's inhabitants are seeking to, and pretending to, commune with the inhabitants of the other world."

Mind is marching onward and upward, and it is not satisfied with the new things of this life. It seeks to inform itself of the things of the higher life, which only those who ask can understand; yet all may be blessed with even a partial knowledge.

knowledge.

My sister, the people of earth are becoming dissatisfied with the past; and in answer to the prayers for semething more from the spheres of knowledge, the light of Spiritualism is sent to them that there may be no logger an unknown God, but one whom all may be acquainted with.

but one whom all may be acquainted with.

So, then, dear sister, I would not have you stand afar off, and look with wonder and suspicion at the eager multitude, but come forward yourself, and the doors of the celestial city shall be opened to you. Call for the high and hely teachings you are so fitted to receive. Your own soul is striving to gain this light; but the God of the world has taken fast held of you, and bids you remain.

You seek to become acquainted with the God of the Saints. He ruleth in heaven; he reigneth in hell; he walketh in your palatial church; he is found in the hovels of the poor. My sister, shrink not from the words of wisdom that may be

He ruleth in heaven; he reigneth in noti; he wanketh in your palatial church; he is found in the hovels of the poor. My sister, shrink not from the words of wisdom that may be given you from the little child whom you frequently meet in earth-life. You, my sister, may understand me. Fear not to gather the gems in your way, for God has ordered it so. True light cometh not always as mortuls would have it. It cometh not under the cover of night; for as darkness is inferior, and light is superior, it must dispet the darkness.

My sister, when the busy throng gather around you, and whisper of fashion, and her many gods, and her many worshipers, oh, turn your thoughts to the one you have called upon; and think not that your thoughts, although unclothed, have not found their way to the one they were sent to; for thought, although unclothed, belongs to the great ocean of thought that existeth here and overwherer, and is never lost. Bay that what you have here was given by Louisa, in Bay that what you have here was given by Louisa, in answer to Helen Lawrence, of Boston. May 5.

Thomas Davis.

The following message is from a convict who recently died in the Massachusetts State Prison, of consumption. The sister whom he killed communicated to him by a former number of this paper, just before his death.

Stranger, they said 4f I came here, I'd feel better for

coming.

So you got something 'bout me from Liz. my sister? I want to know who called her here. Dead? Yes! didn't she tell you I killed her?

My name is Tom Davis. Now I'm dead myself. I saw her was the she will be now it indout who shew it to me-

My name is Tom Davis. Now I'm dead myself. I saw her communication. No, you don't find out who shew it to me—it's 'gainst the rules, you know. I'm not going to blow on a friend. A better man never walked the earth than he is; if they were all like him, there would be none like me. Now

they were all like him, there would be none like me. Now I'm free—hurrah! My lungs are strong new! but I forgot they are not mine. I got pretty weak before I died; but I felt strong here, and I thought I'd try them.

I killed my sister, but I sent her to a good place—a better one than she had here. I'd rather die by a knife than by a hemp rope. It's only one of the items that go to make life. Ah, that a confounded black picture; I wish it was wiped out, but that can't be.

out, but that can't be.
This is not so confounded hard a country here—don't know how I shall like it. Yes, I find friends here; two friends brought me here, to you—they told me I'd feel better.

for it.
That communication struck me when I got it—could n't That communication struck me when I got it—couldn't tell where you got it. I didn't sleep much that night, I tell you. I told me right out that I was going to die. That did n't trouble me much, for I had rather die than be there. They tell me I saw much of my hell on earth. If you don't believe I saw hell enough on earth, do what I did, and see what hell is.

Tell them fellows there, that it is a year's work for them to find out how I got that message. That's a heavenly institution over there. Good enough when you get used to it, but it's hard work. It's a kind of a lay-off-casy place here. Aint obliged to work here, if you don't want to—aint seen any stone yards, or cabinet shops here.

Don't be making too familiar about my life. Liz was to blame, and so was I. Tell that old fellow that came to see me a few days before I died, or I'll tell him—that all that stuff he told me about a heaven and a hell, and a God, is all stuff—confounded nonsense. When I heard it, it went this

me a few days before I died, or I'll tell him—that all that stuff he told me about a heaven and a hell, and a God, is all stuff—confounded nonsense. When I heard it, it went this way—in one ear, and that way—out of the other. Tell him

he better come down here, and let me talk to him. Come down here to Boston, to the spirit's post office, and I'll tell him more in five minutes than he ever knew. He dold now may anyhow, and if he 's a month out of the way anyhow, and if he 's a month he is a lifetime. He's in the dark, and as I've get over the bridge, and can come back, I think I'll give him a lantern; he needs one bad chough, and there are plenty here, to be had for the pleking up.

What did Liz, say when she was here? Did she talk strong as I do? Did she say she was happy? The devil she did Then I certainly can be. How much of a lung do you suppose I had? Tint's a — of a way to do with a convict's body. I was there, and saw the whole of it. I don't care, body. I was there, and saw the whole of it. I don't care, though; I'd as live be stewed up for soap grease as not. I felt a little bad at first; but after that, I guess I went to sleep.

He better come down, and I spent many a shilling to pay her out, and she 's gone a long way, I suppose.

I likes them to bring a pract to me, so I can talk to them. I feels mestly very downcast all the time. I 've been doing nothing but obely and sching around and seeing way. I suppose.

If there's anything to pay, I've nothing to pay, with, I saked the practe, who told me to come here, and be tells me of the practe, who told me to come here, and be tells me there is and she 's gene and she 's gone and she is suppose.

If there's anything to pay, I've nothing to pay with, I saked the practe, who told me to come here, and be tells me there's anything to pay, I've nothing to pay with. I saked the practe, who told me to come here, and be tells me there's anything to pay, I've nothing to pay with. I saked the practe, who told me to come here, and be tells me there's anything to pay, I've nothing to pay with. I saked the practe, who told me to come here, and be tells me there's anything to pay, I've nothing to pay with. I saked the practe, who told me to come here, and tells me there's anything to pay, I've nothi

sleep.
If Liz. comes hero again, just tell her I 've been here, and am in a pretty good place. Tell her, too, I shan't hurt her, If I meet her. May 6.

William Sprague.

"Tis a long time since I held control of a mortal form. I have been an inhabitant of the spirit-world since 1842. My name is William Sprague; I resided in Boston. I have connections and acqualificances in Boston, and in other places; I feel anxious to commune with all of them, if it be possible. I used to think while on earth that one had need to live one life, to know how to live; and now I have passed beyond earth, I see where I might have bettered my life. I can see the obstacles in the way of my friends more plainly than over, and I may be able to remove them, if they will heed my voice. I was thinking of my condition in commection with their own, and I thought it might be well for me to roturn and say a word for my good and theirs.

The whole mental world is moved by selfish feelings. I come here that I may be benefited. I do not think I should be induced to come entirely for benefit of others. Self is the great motor-power that urges man on. One says, "I'll do thus, because I shall feel happier;" "I'll not do thus," says another, "because I shall be unhappy if I do." Self is always at the head.

I have a nephew residing in Boston, who, I am told, is very

I have a nephew residing in Boston, who, I am told, is very

I have a nephew residing in Boston, who, I am told, is very destrous to know something of this new light. May I not be one whose duty it shall be to return and give him light? He was but a youth when I passed away—a fair-haired boy. A few months before I passed on, I had a conversation with this boy, relative to some misdemeanor of his. He was very angry with me at the time; but I told him he would be very thankful for those words some day, for they were for his good. Would it not be well for him, then, to meet me where I can commune with him? I can give him much that will elevate him in the moral and spiritual. Loved ones where have gone before me in spiritual, have opened the door, and ave gone before me in spirit-life, have opened the door, and

I desire to enter.

I have many others with whom I desire to commune, but I select this one because of his desire for light. Yet one thing I object to—he desires to receive all he obtains in a private way. No doubt he will think it wrong in me to come here in this public way; but I am older than he, and have seen more of life—not only on earth, but in the spirit world, and he must allow me to be my own judge. Again I say, in after years, my boy, you will thank me for coming back in this public

way.

Once more I will ask the boy to meet me where I can speak to him alone. If he will not, I am not responsible for his errors.

I have told you I died in 1842; I will add that I was seven-ty-one years of age. I kept on T wharf.

I bid you good day, sir.

May 5.

Rev. Dr. Emmons.

My dear Brother—There is a plain highway to heaven, and you must not ask any one outside of your own temple of that

way.

What is the way to you, is also the way to me, and to all:
but all see the way under different conditions, or states of
development. Therefore, travel to heaven by the light of
your own soul, and you shall find rest, and see heaven.

We asked if this was in answer to a note received by u and directed to him.

In answer to a question to me from one in mortal, I am not aware that he has embodied his thought in that note, as I have not looked therein. We presented the scaled note, and, after handling it, the

spirit wrote: "Seek ye unto Israol's God, and he shall give you that ye ask for." May 5.

Silas Crawden.

They tell me you treat with courteous favor all who come to you; you make no distinction, but hear and ald alike the saint and the sinner. They say your sheet becomes a carrier dove for many a poor spirit willo is in darkness in the land where all must follow.

dove for many a poor spirit willo is in darkness in the land where all must follow.

It is now nine years since I parted with my old form. Those nine years have been spent, perhaps, not in vain; but surely it would seem so to me. I was born in Warcham, England. I was in prison seven years for the crime which I committed, because I had no control of myself. I was forty-two years of age, and my name was Silas Crawden. I have one brother—i call him John; he desires me to come here. He wishes me to tell him how I am situated here, and whether very long imprisonment in mortal life affects me now, or not. My spirit was crushed during the years of my mortal imprisonment, as one would trample on a flower; nature and time will alone restore me to my true state; sufficient time I have not had, and nature is not strong enough; and they tell me if I come here and answer to my brother, I shall live, and not die, and henceforth eat the bread of happiness.

Will you send your paper to John Crawden, Warcham, England?

May 6.

William Haskins.

William Haskins.

So you are to write, and I am to speak. Won't you be so very kind as to inform me how much you expect of me?

My name was William Haskins; my age twenty-five; my disease, inflammation of the bowels; time of death, 1851, in the month of August. I died in Boston, was buried at Mount Auburn. The name of the physician who attended me was Dr. William Clark. I was sick about four weeks; perhaps that will add to the calendar of facts.

Now, my good friend, I suppose I have a mother, a brother and a sister. If they are not in Boston, I can't tell where they are; but wherever they are, I shall be very happy to speak with them. After the second week of my sickness, I was so prostrate I could not converse freely. There were many things I wished to speak of, and I feel just as anxious to speak of them now. If I understand aright, you make public what you receive—I judge so from the faces I see. They merely come here to notify their friends that they can return to earth and commune, if opportunity is given.

My mother is well aware that I desired to speak my feelings upon certain points—perhaps more aware of it than any other one—and it may be proper for me to ask her to meet me, if she can do so without a great structh of conscience.

I well know my mother is strongly wedded to the church.

cience.

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science. I well know my mother is strongly wedded to the church, and that the new theory will not be welcome at first, for she is so strong in theological opinion.

But it may as well be her eldest son who shall break the ice of the past. If she will meet me, I will engage to do her no injury; if not, she may stay away, and live among the ice-crags of the past. It seems to me, if I can see her for five minutes, I can convince her that I am her son William still I do not expect to do this here, but merely to throw out a few facts which will seem to excite her curiosity, and, if possible, bring her to me.

I was no church-going man; on the contrary, I despised religion in every form; which, by the way, was a source of great anxiety to my mother. I may as well say here, that mother is very anxious about me, because of this. But I could not believe that the Bible was true, and that any such person as Jesus Christ ever lived. Now I am inclined to believe certain parts of the Bible to be true, and to believe that Jesus Christ did live. Where I received the impressions I had on earth, I know not, but they clung to me with a tenacity I could not shake off; and my mother has fears that I suffer here in consequence of not making a public profession of religion.

profession of religion.

I am very well situated here, though I do not find things much different than I found them on earth. If my mother, or my brother and sister, will give me an opportunity of talking with them, I will enlighten them further. If you have nothing more to say to me, I will leave.

May 6.

Mary Hoppen.

Friend, I am desirous to receive thy sid in communing with my friends. Thee will please say that Mary Hoppen desires to speak with her friends in Providence, R. I. Then thee will please say that Mary Hoppen came to the new home in 1842. Thee will please say she died, not of disease, but because it was the will of the Almighty. Thee will please say Mary finds true happiness; Mary has too much for berself and desires to impart a portion of that she has to or herself, and desires to impart a portion of that she has to her friends on earth.

Peter Kellev.

Faith, sir, I was tould this was a confessional. It's not like

Il what kind of a place I am in-purgatory, I suppose-nor here I am going to be. I have a wife and two childer; I have a brother here, and

Bay that I wants to talk to Mary, my wife, and to Patrick.
Would you be done with me now? Faith, I don't know how to get away. Ah, here is the praste, and he ill show mow. Good by.

May 6.

John Brooks, for Joy H. Fairchild.

One theological teacher, residing not many miles from Boston, desires to know by what authority, and in whose name, the many wonders of this century are performed.

We answer, in the name and by the authority of the Most High God, whose name; Nature. We, the wanderers from the Spirit-world, trespass on no known or unknown law in Nature. We come by her power, stand upon her law, and she, as God, will sustain us. And our brother has to prove, even to himself, that we come by other than the law of that God, ere he can be satisfied with self, or with the teachings of the past.

he past.

We would remind our brother that he is bowing before an unnatural God, whose shrine is Mammon, and whose altar is public opinion; and while he worships this God, he shall sit

unnatural God, whose shrine is Mammon, and whose altar is public opinion; and while he worships this God, he shall sit in darkness and sleep in the valley of oblivion.

We find him at times arguing with himself or that God within, that is trying to come forth and assist him to destroy the dogmas of the past. And the arguments of the exterior which he brings to bear upon the God within, are at times all powerful to silence the pleadings of that God.

Our friend and brother has yet to make himself acquainted with that haw that holds him like an atom in the universe—that adds to and takes from him that power that makes him what he is in the universe of his God.

We find him in darkness, and the atoms that float about him in space are not comprehended by him. His existence is nothing to him; it has come up, like the weed from the soil, without seed. He has lived in an old theological shell; now it is being dissolved—the strong light of the century is beaming upon it, and it begins to crumbie, and he cries out for light.

By what authority do ye these things? Is not the prince of darkness the power that gets at work all this machinery? We call upon the brother to come up higher, and then shall he be able to analyze this be calls upon us to explain. Our brother would know why it is that his mind has been so fearfully agitated u; on this subject for the past two weeks. He who not long since passed from your sphere to another, is striving to dispel the darkness which is uround this brother, that he may see himself as he stands before his Greator. Now he does not understand himself; and the one who would understand God, must understand himself.

Yes, the freed spirit upon whom he cast so much censure, upon whom he cast so much scorn, is striving to place angels—time to plant within that brother's soul the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth. He, the Spirit, is receiving light at all times; and

ing to plant within that brother's soul the spirit of Jesus of Nazaroth. Ho, the Spirit, is receiving light at all times; and as he receives, he would give.

Once again we will say to our brother, "Come and drink, freely and long, of the waters of life; they shall refresh your weary spirit, and give you strength to go forth to meet them, and shall help you to cast off the old. Oh, then, come torward; for the old shell is fast becoming as nothing, and you will son need something tangible to lean upon."

You will say that what you receive is from one John Brooks, by request of one Rev. Joy II. Fairchild. He desires to speak to the brother who asked for these things, but cannot do so, because of the antagonism at present existing in the heart of that brother.

May 6,

John Carroll.

John Carroll.

I am not accustomed to speaking through mediums. In fact, I never attempted it before; but I am here to-day for the purpose of making straight that which seems to me to be very crooked. I find, on looking around among the people of earth who call themselves Spiritualists, that the greater portion of them are more disposed to believe the marvel ous than they are that which has only simple truth for its covering. And I, for one, do not wender that their opponents stand and look at them with a scrutinizing eye, and say they are deluded and following after strange Gods, grasping at nothing, and expecting at some day to hold it in their embrace.

brace.

They tell me it is customary for you to receive certain facts, by which each spirit may be recognized by friends they have on earth. So then, to begin with, my name was John Carroll; I was born in Bangor, State of Maine, in January of the year 1816. I died at Louisville, Ky., in the year 1851.

During my early life, I obtained a livelihood by occupying myself with almost anything the hand found to do. I had no trade—no especial occupation. Later in life I was employed by a man whose name was James Carpenter; I believe, but am not sure, he was a native of Bath, Me. I met with him in New Orleans, some six years prior to my death, and engaged in buciness with him, and continued with him until it pleased the Great Father of us all to call me to another state of life.

pleased the Great Father of us an 40 can he to another state of life.

Some two months ago I was informed by one who has been very kind to me since I have been a resident in this new land, that one who was at enulty with me when on earth, who has carried his enulty to another state of life, had seen fit to commune to an individual I knew not, and said individual sent it to my partner as coming from myself. Said communication contained much of the marvelous, and no truth at all. My partner is no believer in this thing; but it is a mystery to him, and he desires it solved. He says, "It cannot be that John would come back, if he could, and give such a communication, and I do not believe he can. I believe it is the work of some one on earth who seeks to deceive me."

Now I well know my friend is one who would seek for

the work of some one on earth who seeks to deceive me."

Now I well know my friend is one who would seek for
truth, however simple it may be, and I have no fear that he
will act upon the messages he has received, otherwise than to
be annoyed by it; but I feel it to be my duty to come and
make the crooked thing straight, and to convince him that I
can indeed return. And if he will give me an opportunity
to speak to him face to face, I shall not leave a doubt in his
mind as to whether the intelligence speaking to him is John
Carroll, or somehold else.

mind as to whether the intenigence speaking to min is some Carroll, or somebody else.

I find myself surrounded here by strangers—there is not one familiar face. In the company gathered here, and, as a matter of course, I am a stranger to you all. If my friend a d partner will stop to think quietly upon the subject, he will see at once that if this be true there can be no conflicting mind here. Where, then, does this originate, except with ing mind here. Where, then, does this originate, except with myself? Who could originate it, except myself? I will give the last words I ever spoke to him on earth, and as we were alone when I uttered them, it is not possible this can come from any person than myself. I said, "James, I am going—I feel that, my time is short; settle our affairs as shall suity yourself, and I shall be satisfied."

courself, and I shall be satisfied."

I expected to see him on the following morning; but a messsenger came with white robes, and I never saw him more. But I often think of him, and of his many acts of

more. But I often time of him, and the kindness to me.

And now an old adage forces itself upon my mind: "That is an ill wind which blows nobody any good." So my enemy has opened a way, not only for me to commune with my friend, but that he may also gain light.

Well, I sometimes believe that whatever seems to be evil, is right. That the man who walks your streets muttering curses, is but throwing off the evil, that he may rise to a new and better life.

nd better life.

It is not nly purpose to speak of my life—I had some

It is not my purpose to speak of my life—I had some joys and some sorrows; it was a mixture of good and of evil. When I stepped across the river of death I saw at once that I had made many mistakes, and I said, "Oh, that I could return to correct them." But I saw I had stepped outside of that path, and that I must now cover those mistakes I had made with a mantle of charity, and live by the light of the present alone, that I might be enabled to aid some one who

present alone, that I might be enabled to aid some one who was trudging up the hill of life.

Now if my friend, James Carpenter, will manifest a desire to commune with me, eitheir publicly or privately, I shall use all the power I am master of to speak with him; and if I have that power, I shall not fall to use it to convince him, not only that I exist and have the same powers I once had, but that I am able to use them, even through a form not my came. Good day.

June 31 own. Good day.

Samuel Wetherbee.

I have got a son living in Boston now, and I want to speak with him. And what I mean by saying I want to speak with him is, that I wish to do so through your paper. Now I do not know as you will want to publish what I may give in your paper; but it seems to me to be my duty to come here to-day, and you can do as you please about publishing what I give you, as it matters not to me.

to-day, and you can do as you please about publishing what I give you, as it matters not to me.

My name was Samuel Wetherbee; I lived to be seventy-one yoars of age—I'm not going to tell how good or bad I was when here. The people of my acquaintance called me a very good man, but I know best whether I was or not.

My son is a regular member of the church, and I do not think he lives up to his professions at all, and he must turn round and de different, or I shall come in a stronger way than this. If he supposes his sins are covered by the cloak of the church, he is mistaken. There are a great many who have got out from under the canvas and can see all that's going on.

Faith, sir, I was tould this was a confessional. It is not like the one I went to on earth; there was only the praste there and the confessor. I wants to get out of where I am, and they tells me to come here to confessional; but I don't see anything like it here.

My name is Poter Kelley; I lived in Moon street, in Boston; I think I been dead a long time, but I don't know at all. The last thing I remember was being carried home sick; it was hot enough; I was carrying brick and mortar; I worked all the forencon, and a little past noon I took sick. I was to work for a man named Cincruce; he was to pay me.

I have a family here, and when I gets meself out, I'd like to spake to them as I spakes to yeu. Faith, I don't know at all what kind of a place I am in—purgator, I suppose—nor

suffering from his evil deeds and make restitution, or he will suffer for it. Now he is running round and round gathering darkness to himself and all those who have anything to do with him

I have a wise and two childer; I have a brother here, and plenty of cousins. The praste tells me the best way to fix meself up is to come here, and he helps me. I don't know what is to come of it; but the praste brings me, and I suppose it's all right.

The praste's name is Cannovan. Faith, I was astonished when I see him forninst me. He christened me. The last place I worked at was down Broad street. I don't know much about anything since then. I likes to get meself out, when I 'll see where I am and know where I be going, that's all. I would like to talk with a praste that is on your side. My brother Patrick was like to be a praste himself, but, somehow, he gets to drinking and going along too fast, and my old uncle, who was helping him, would help no more.

My childers were named Mary and Patrick.

One time I drink a bit too much, and they took me to the police collec, and they took me to the police collec, and they took me to the per afther that. My old mother was to give me fifty dollars, and when he has done this, to strive to gain their forms.

I know he is running round and round gathering darkness to limself and all those who have anything to do with him.

My son has yet to learn that there are people within hearing, if not in sight, that can discern hetween truth and false-hood, and if they can discern they have the power to speak of what they see. He lives in an age when the voices of mand is when I will be careful, not only for himself, but for those who have anything idearhous, and if they can discern they have the power to speak of what they see. He lives in an age when the voices of what they see. He lives in an age when the voices of what they see. He lives in an age when the voices of what they see. He lives in an age when the voices of what they see. He lives in an age when the voices of what they see. He lives in an age when the voices of what they see. He lives in an age when the voices of what they see. He lives in an age when the voices of what they see. He lives in an age when the voices

Written for the Banner of Light. HYMN TO THE ANGELS. Air-" bily Dale."

DY H. CLAY PREUSS.

When the sun sinks to rest On his couch in the West, And the moon bathes the earth in her beams; When the stars twinkle bright On the bosom of night, Then the angels are whisp'ring in our dreams. Oh, angels! sweet angels! from that happy sphere,

Ye tell us of the love And the harmony above, Where we'll never know a sigh or a tear!

In the tempest and strife Of the battle of life, When the spirit is shorn of its might, They hover by our side. In our visions they glide, And they nerve us anew for the fight. Oh, angels! sweet angels! guard us in the strife-The spirit grows frail,

In the gloom and the darkness of life. Ah! and is this earth From the hour of our birth. And heavy are the burdens we bear; But oh! there s a balm Our troubled souls to calm. For we know that the angels are near. Oh, angels! sweet angels! ye tell of a clime Where the skies never gloom, But the flowers always bloom, In a long and a bright summer-time,

And its light flickers pale

Like the siry-plumed dove, God's own type of love, Oh! had we the pinions to fly! But our souls yet remain In their cold, earthly chain, And we sigh for the freedom of the sky. Oh, angels! sweet angels! when will ye come? We are fainting for breath In the shadow of death-Oh, guide us poor wanderers home!

CORA L. V. HATCH At Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, June 5th, 1859.

[The Fourth of a Series of Ten Discourses by Mrs. Hatch on "The Sciences and them Philosophy." Reported for the Banner of Light by E. F. Underhill and A. Bowman.]

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Last Sunday evening we addressed you upon the general topic of the sciences and their philosophy, which we told you was an introductory address to several others which were to those two added together make four; therefore, one and one be given. We announced as our theme on this occasion, making two, two and two making four, is absolutely the Mental Philosophy and its Relation to the Sciences, making essential property of all mathematics; therefore of all mental of mental philosophy as positive and palpable a thing as any science; of all mechanics; of all commercial arts; of all one of the material sciences that are proven by absolute experiment. Therefore our theme is Mental Philosophy.

To refresh your memories, we will refer briefly to some

ideas which we advanced in our last discourse upon this sub-

ject. You will remember that we said mathematics was the

mental philosophy was the philosophy of all philosophies. beyond this, mental philosophy is the keystone of all; for without it there would be no mathematics, no geology, no chemistry, no geometry, no astronomy, none of the subdivisone of science which have their foundation in mathematics but which trace further back, and belong to the sphere of mind. We shall treat of mind directly as a material thing, iot as anything visionary, created outside of the human form and belonging to the world of religion, but strictly a material thing. Mental philosophers divide the sources of knowledge into two departments. One is that which the mind receives by absolute experience, through the five senses-sceing. feeling, smelling, tasting and hearing. The other is that which the mind receives through reason, or induction, from only palpable methods by which the mind receives any information, any intelligence, any power or thought; at least, the only one which material philosophy will demonstrate. Therefore all that we know of mind, as materialists, belongs to the froumstances of the physical body. All that you know of thought, according to this basis, is what you have seen, or heard, or felt, or tasted, or smelled, or reasoned out. What you have never heard of, you cannot think about. What you have never seen, or heard, or felt, you cannot know is in existence except by a course of mental induction luferring which we shall not touch-yet we defy any person, mentally or morally or theologically, to bring a single instance of inspiration upon a subject of a nature where the person has not heard, or seen, or felt something in the same direction previusly. Now it must necessarily be followed closely, this metaphysical, and it requires not only that we reason from efthat thought, before you have its cause or origin, is as palpade and material as the perfume of the flower, which you can not see, yet which you know exists. Mind is to sentiment just what the perfume is to the flower. Without man there ould be no thought; without the human constitution and organization there could be no mind; with absolutely such a physical constitution as you each and every one possess, you men are not alike, and that no two men think and act alike. cannot act independently of it. You cannot think, excepting thought or inspiration in somebody's mind. as your brains will allow you to, for you cannot move exceptng as your thoughts dictate you to move; and your thoughts and movements are the result of a positive construction. caused by experience, education, birth and circumstances.

So much for the nature of mind. But mind, or intelligence not in the construction, not in the form, not in the manner of development, but in absolute existence, must supersede natter, because matter is nothing, as a thing, without mind There is no thought in matter. Simple material substances ntelligence that possesses the flower, and causes it to grow and bloom and shed its fragrance on the air, that possesse the human form; but there is a difference in the quantity. gence manifested. The difference between man and the gence of man and the intelligence of the brute creation. If creation of the mind. you will take all the qualities that belong to all the animals n the material kingdom, and combine them into one man, you will have a more perfect man that you have ever seen yet. No man possesses them in a perfect degree, but all ossess them in a certain degree. Now, as we have said before, the only difference between man and the brute creation is, that in the animal creation each distinctive class or species of animals possesses qualities adapted to its own par- inevitable conclusion that the world must be round, or it ticular construction, and only those which are essential to its life and preservation; therefore their intelligence is called he was made to aknowledge that it was false, he still exinstinct. Man has nothing to live by but his wit. He has claimed, "The world moves on!" His mind could not be to defence, no protection against the elements, against wild beasts, against any kind of invasion, except his intelligence. That must be cultivated, or it cannot live. He must think, or he cannot exist. The necessity of mind in man is what makes it superior to the animal kingdom. The lion only thinks to eat and sleep, being conscious of its own superior strongth, knowing its defence against all intruders, knowing

that it is only to defend liself against whatever attacks may come. So it is with every class of animals. But with man there is nothing. His hands are not strong enough to battle with the elements. He cannot defend himself weaponless against the wild beasts. He has no natural clothing; he must invent some. He cannot cat everything-he must search out that which is best adapted to his taste. He must absolutely think. The manner in which intelligence in the human mind plans and develops itself, proves this platforms that the mind of man has grown up from a necessity, and that in order to live at all, men must think, and that no power of reasoning has ever been organized, excepting to aubserve the purpose of making men happier, more comfortable, while they were living. We understand, therefore, that the mind, though it thinks, cannot create, may still adapt to the requirements of man, every element which exists. The ignorance of the ancients before they understood the arts and sciences, or how to control the elements, clearly proves that mind, in its cultivation and in its power, must be adapted to the conditions in which men live. The different classes of beings which exist upon the earth, the different nations with all their habits and customs and proclivities, clearly prove that each nation has its own characteristics of mind, and that those originate from the necessity of their surroundings. The inhabitants of a tropical climate are inactive, indolent-having very little of intelligence or inventive genius. Here the climate is most salubrious-the earth yields everything which their taste can desire-they need very little protection from the inclemency of the weather: therefore rude huts or tents do as well as houses. They do not have to toll for subsistence; and the climate being warms they require very little clothing. In the temperate and northern regions, where sudden changes occur in the climate, the mind must be more active. There must be more intelligence there; there must be more power, or men would starve, or perish and die. The necessity of intelligence originates it. Look at North America, especially the United States. See what power and vigor of thought is required really to cause men to subsist. Intelligence in all its various forms, in combination with all its various powers and qualities of genius and constructiveness, all in turn require the efforts of the mind. You must build houses to protect yourselves against the inclemency of the weather. You must have commercial institutions, in order that you may in your : trade and commerce enrich yourselves, and prepare against adversity or famine; you must have large warehouses, many merchants, and many ships, that you may clothe yourselves and families. All this is essential. To accomplish this with the greatest facility and the least amount of physical and mental labor, is what all invention is for. Mechanics, in all its various forms as applied to human life, is only in existence to simplify labor. To perfect mechanics, a knowledge of nathematics is absolutely essential. What is mathematics? It is simply a principle of mind, which infers from one and two causes that a third must be the result. That is an effort of the mind. You would not know if you were to see two candles on two places that they were two, unless your mind told you so. Your eyes might say that you distinguish them, but without intelligence you could not know them. Now stand how by an absolute mental calculation, men can understand that one and one make two. It requires a very great effort; and you who are so familiar with mathematics, whose whole life is spent in mathematical calculation, who are inscience of all sciences, and we also concluded by saying that structed from very childhood to understand it, you cannot comprehend why the poor untutored Indian must have by As mathematics is the keystone in the archway of science, so his side a number of sticks, or must have his fingers or any mind is the keystone in the archway of philosophy; and even material object to represent the number of things which he desires to express. He cannot see how two and two make four; but he may say, "one, two, three, four; and he must have something to represent that four. If he is counting money, he must have that number of sticks. The number of dollars, the number of cents, which he desires to represent he must have in some material object. That shows to you very conclusively that all civilization, and all progress of art, and commercial prosperity, depend upon the sciouce of mathematics. Indians, even by cultivation, cannot absolutely understand the science of mathematics perfectly. And the natural Indian, as is evinced by his manner of life, does not know one from two. How strictly, then, is mathematics a science of the mind. For though thousands and millions of cause to effect, or from effect to cause. These two are the things may exist in the universe which you desire to understand and comprehend, and would require more than a lifetime to count them singly, they must be multiplied and remultiplied until by absolute conception of thought you understand, though you cannot express, all that you desire to say. This is mathematics. Let us follow, then, the different

of the terror there is in its voice, instinctively understanding

sciences, and see how readily and entirely we can trace them to mental cleuce. First, aside from the absolute development of matter, which belong strictly to nature, and have have never seen—except you have heard of it, and heard it their origin in natural laws, man cannot adapt any to his minutely described—another intelligence must come in, or own useful purposes, without thinking first. If he is to have you cannot comprehend it. What you have never felt, you clothes, he must think of what, and how, and what manner cannot know exists, except by human testimony. What you they are to be made. First, the material must be found; where must it be found? On the backs of animals, in the wild woods, anywhere. Then it must be fashioned; how can it be from something which you have seen, or heard, or felt, that fashioned? Invention at once sets itself to work; a machine another thing, which you have not seen, nor heard, nor felt, must be constructed that must assist the hands to form the is in existence. A great deal is said about intuition, or inspi- abric out of which the material is composed. Thus, step by ration; but those belong exclusively to that department step, little by little, mathematics assists all the other qualities of the mind until the science is developed. Now this is mental philosophy.

Again, if a building is to be constructed, the architect does not order the masons to bring their stone and mortar, and set them to work at once upon the place where the building thing, because the world of mind is very speculative and very is to be constructed, without any thought. The masons will not construct a house unless it is previously fashioned in mind. ect to cause, but we must endeaver to render the cause a First the builder thinks of all the plans of houses that he has nainable and material thing. We claim that mind is such; ever seen; and, before houses were ever known, probably the ancient architect drew from nature, or came as nearly to nature as possible. But we will speak simply of the modern architect. First he conceives of all the plans that he has ever seen and known. Then he must consider their adaptedness to the purpose which is required; then he must draw in his mind, or upon paper, the plan of the house which he desires to build. Then mathematics must come in to develop the could not think as you think, your mind could not be as it is, different proportions. Then he must understand the amount you could not be controlled as you are. And the fact that all of labor, the amount of stone, the amount of wood, the amount of glass, that will be required to construct the buildproves that thoughts are dependent on the physical constructing. It is absolutely a montal labor; for before one stone is ion, and that the mind in itself cannot think independently laid in the foundation of the building, that it may be perfect, of that portion of the human organism known as the brain; the architect must have the plan folly in his mind and the and according to its formation, and the circumstances of its building must exist there, more in reality than after it is education, must your thoughts be. However you may be built. This proves that thought is the real world, after all, leve in the soul's existence separate from the body, and of and that mind originates and matter exemplifies—that mind the spirit in its distinctive construction and organization, we is the soul and matter the form-and that no building can still maintain that mind, while possessing the human form, be represented that is not absolutely the result of some

exclusively by material things. It has been argued, and we have advanced the same argument this evening, but in a different connection, that the mind cannot conceive of anything that it has not seen in its material form. This is true. But the mind can conceive of an adaptation going beyond the thing which it has seen, or heard of, and which will surpass and beautify all the rest. Thus Fulton, if he had never seen steam or boiling water, could not have conceived of the steam enunpossessed by intelligence, or life, or mind, or thought, can- gine. But if there was not something more in his mind than not live. And we maintain that it is the same quality of any other men's minds, or if there had not been some other superior power, some conception, some thought, which required an absolute demonstration through his mind, he could hever have conceived the idea of making a steam engine, or in the human form there is the fullest most symmetrical propelling boats upon the water by the agency of steam. levelopment, the greatest quantity of intelligence. In the The steam did not originate that thought; boats did not origin lower, there is only a certain degree of intelligence adapted nato that thought, for boats had their origin in somebody o its particular form and purpose, and that is all the intelli- clac's mind; but it was the absolute mathematical power of his own thought, which had been working and working, conbrute creation is simply this; not that the quality of mind at stantly planning upon that thing, and which was prepared all differs—the quantity and construction differ. It has been for that deeper grasp at the idea. Years of toil and labor, said that there is a distinctive difference between the intelli- and carnest, mental thought at last brought it forth. This is

Again, there never was an invention which was caused

Again, Galileo, once the despised, now the delfied of the scientific world, could never have known from any one's having told him, or from having seen or heard or felt that the earth was round, and revolved upon an axis, revolving around the sun, which sun was the centre of the solar system. By absolute process of reasoning, of mental induction from cause to effect, or from effect to cause, he came to the could not exist; and though he was imprisoned, and though convinced though the science and the philosophy and the religion, and all the mental conceptions of that age were opposed to his conception; his mind could not be convinced, because it had been positively demonstrated to his own absolute understanding that the world really did move.

Again, lightning and thunder, and all the agencies of mechanical inventions, have always existed. Steam, fire, water, has required thought to delve them from the rocks, founder-astand where they exist, to form them into all the vast ma-there is no mind; there is no mathematics if there is no reachines which exist now, to mould them to the purposes of son in the human brain; and there is nothing in all that you commerce and civilization; to bring them forth from the know, or feel, or think, or hear, excepting that mind is absorption of the earth, and make them conform to the conditions lute, supreme, divine and perfect. Who is God? He is of life; to take the ore from its bed in the earth, and make it mind. Who is the ruler of the universe? Mind. What coninto all the beauteous forms of construction that you see structs suns and systems and universes? Intelligence, around you every day. Iron, which once was known only as What causes the orbed planets to revolve in their spheres? a useless metal, scarcely discovered, now is the great arm of Mind. What makes the tiny leaflet grow, and the flowret commerce. Iron! Why, almost overything is made of iron bloom, extracting from the sun's rays huse singled to its -ofon some mon's hearts. In this age, you live in iron own individual growth and purposes? Mind. Why, if we houses, you have iron implements, iron carriages, iron roads, were to conceive of a universe of chance, or of a material fron machines, iron ships, iron everything. It is the great world without an intelligence to guide it, it would so clearly agency, the great power, the great material form of mental, represent our ideal of discord, chaos, that conception would modern commerce. Thought has done all that for you. Iron lose itself in endeavoring so to conceive. And if we could has always existed—at least as long as the earth has—and, understand that there was a God whose mind was not absoover matter, nothing could have been constructed from the crude, uncouth metal that existed beneath the surface of the vanish, and to-morrow you might expect to see no sunshine

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 preven 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 supercede 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 con veys thought to your mind. Why? Simply because some other thought has conceived of a picture as a picture, not as mind, and represents it on canvas. That is not the picture not the image, which you see there, but it is simply a repre sentation 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 create 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 struc

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 convoy, 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 cou 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 they were placed together, you could not understand what 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 poot's mind is a philosophy. Carving sta-tues 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 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 fashloned. 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-voiced 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 o the brass, not of the keys, but of the music. That is a distinet 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 be tween science and philosophy, between science and the mind between those things which are arbitrary, mechanical, superficial material, and those which are mental, positive selfexistent, and true.

Again, in matter, although material philosophers some times profess to say that laws of nature are unchanging and unchangable, 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 steadhat, 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, docaying, Mind is absolute, undying, perfect. Mind always lives, always conquers, always su persedes matter-controls nations, kingdoms, and crowns, and forms. 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 originsted 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 sub stance 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 demon stration 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 oace conceived new machine is constructed. The inventor, or some other mind conceives another improvement upon that until, im matter? Does not mental philosophy originate all other philosophies? and would there be any science except that motion and occurrence. 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 philosophers and material philosophers, relation of mind to matter, or upon the relation of mind to of deeds rather than words-the latter being extensively used The second second second

from metals of all kinds, have over been in existence; but it science, to the absolute, positive abstract sciences. But there 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-nor geology, nor astronomy, nor chemistry, nor geometry, nor even mathematics in its arbitrary materia 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 presperity 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 entire, which he so unpoetically disfigured, marred and claimed ! in the last BANNER OF LIGHT. Dr. O. 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 boilef, 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 hold commune, at night's pure noon, With the imprisoned mind; To bid the erring cease to err,

The trembling be forgiven, To bear away from lils of clay The infant to its Heaven.

Ah i 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 't is my faith that after death
We still shall linger here.

T. H. PERKINS.

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 perused, 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 way-side; 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-Spiritu-

Experiences of an Investigator.-No. 3.

MESSES. EDITORS-The intelligences, 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 lour 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 steam engine, and understanding how to control and use it, 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 soe 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 ence in the affairs of earth, otherwise than to induce whom we can approuch 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. There is an under-current now working, which, if properly managed, will turn in your favor. May justice be done, and blessings attend you, my

I thus became daily more interested; and, though this communication may be in part considered at variance with the experience 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 beyoud 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 aiding or countenancing an act of deception or charlatanism. His candid and independent letter to the Herald, on the subject men, and thrones, and empires. Matter falls, decays, is of his re-election as Judge, was proof of his truthfulness, and trodden under foot, forgotten. Mind dictates, guides, per- 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 apportunity 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 of and an improvement upon an improvement, until at last a 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, provement after improvement, the mind still falls to satisfy I saw no evidence whatever of this tendency, though I did obits own conception of perfection. Is not mind superior to serve a very strong partiality for tobacco-a taste too common to occasion surprise. I noted carefully and quietly every

As I am not by nature a talkative man, I always avoid discussions and arguments upon subjects of a purely specula tive nature, as incapable of affording profitable employment and any kind of logicians, may reason as they will upon the of time; preferring to judge my fellow-men from the evidence

vance of its contents. Buch were my impressions of this will add one more of his letters: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 oom, why did it not befriend 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-surrendering unto these guidances his frame, to be used as an instrument to convey their ideas or teachings? Burely his bedlence 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 errorcous action of a medium in his earthly duties, so as to do good among mon, 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 nteresting 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 ady 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 born in wedlock, or not, should be legitimate; or, in other 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 toot, 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. He replying 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 signifi-cant 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. New York, June, 1850.

Spiritualism One Hundred Years Ago.

MESSES. EDITORS-My attention has often been called to the highly spiritual power underlying the whole movement Wesleyan Methodism, particularly in its carlier stages; and, indeed, you can scarcely become 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

Amongst the pioneers in the stirring times of early Methodist history, was a young woman of the name of Sarah Malspirit of the Lord striving within her, had com manded her to preach to the people; and it was strongly impressed upon her that she ought to call sinners to repenance. This impression she vehemently resisted, believing herself to be quite unqualified, till it was suggested. "If vor 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:

as fellows:

"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 Hadderston. 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 lay as dead till three in the afternoon. When she came to herself, she said she had seen two angels, who took 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 rogions of happiness, and was answered, 'Not yet; you have work to do upon earth.'

In May, 1785, she came to live with me again. In Septem

'Not yet; you have work to do upon earth.'

In May, 1785, 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 15th December, when she was selzed with an uncommon 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. Ryrun came to my house, who on entertwenty-four hours, and often continued four nours as 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. Meantime she thought herself to be in the preaching house at Lowestoffe, before a large congregation, and took for her text—Behold, I stand at the door and knock! 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 sensoless. From December 29th, her fits came every second day—from January 3d, every third day. I then called in some of the scelety to hear her. She spoke from Mark 10, 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 did so on the 24th; when, a mixed company being present, she epoke from Isalah 58, 8. I then permitted all that would to come in, when she preached for an hour. On the 30th, she preached from Isalah 55, 1, to a about two hundred persons."

She thus relates her experience: Bhe 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 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 occurage 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 good of souls; and, thank God, I have not run in vain, nor labored in vain. There are some witnesses in heaven, and some on earth. When I first began to travel, I followed Mr. Wosley'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 the people was not the voice of some of the preachers. 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 Norwich. The note was as follows: 'We give right-hand of fellowship to Sarah Mailet, and have no objection to 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, the 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 as guides for mediums of the present day.

as guides for mediums of the present day.

"Dear Sally—I do not wonder that you should have trials.

"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. Boware of pride; beware of flatterers; beware of dejections; but, above all, beware of flatterers; beware of official to the same of the property of the proper

In what an amiable light does this exhibit the grand old man. I do not think I ever read anything that has made

in this country as a cloak to hide the true intent of the man, delicately expressed knowledge of a woman's heart, so true After considerable observation, I was convinced of the sin-cerity of the writers of this book, but could see no satisfactory the affections, and the kind, fatherly hint with which it vidence that they were in communication with the Spirits closes. How it must have cheered the heart of the young of Swedenborg or Bacon. The published messages are far girl, strong in faith and having to contend with difficulties below the standard works of these noted earthly characters, which at that time made the profession, and, above all, the while the prefaces of the compllers of the volume are in ad- preaching of Methodism, a stern task for a strong man. I

> "My dear Sally—It gives me pleasure to hear that prejudice dies away, and that our preachers behave in a friendly man-ner. What is now more wanting to recover your health, you yourself plainly see. Be not at every one's call. Never conyourself planing see. Do not accovery one scale. Nover con-tinue the service above an hour—singing, praching, prayer and all. Never speak above the natural pitch of your voice; it is disgustful 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,

> Thinking that the above relation would be useful and enouraging to many minds I send it to the BANNER. E. D. WILLIAMS.

Respectfully yours. Saratoga, N. Y., June 8, 1850.

A Few Brief Hints.

1. Matrimonial Affairs and Legitimacy of all Children. It has fullen to my lot to ploneer 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 minds. 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 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 till 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 whatsoever 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 therefor, but shall be respected equally with all other offspring, more legitimately born of the same, or other parents; and shall be entitled to an equal share, (with other offspring,) in all neithers of superior of the same, or other parents; and shall be entitled to an equal share, (with other offspring,) in all neithers of superiors, or property flowing from or 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 humano 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

But, on some other points latterly 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 describe not to be sunk to a level with common business transactions, however much impulsive or deprayed individuals may desire to render uch 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 desocration 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 full to protect or bless, one the other, in all their earthly relations; and if either party to a marringe 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 proide without entering to the low element of distrust in connection with the most sacred associations of life.

Note.-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, much 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 eaven, presenting en effulgent example of that true system and concord which the world unmistakably needs.

Many Spiritualists and others, ero 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 D. J. MANDELL. spoken.

Athol Depot, Mass.

Merit and Demerit.

D. W. Hamilton, Lewiston, Ms .- "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 inmost, and doubtless will from that of many others. It is an idea or doctrine which I have for some time past inculcated; but the cry, even from Spiritualists, has been, "too fast! too fast!" as though truth needed a guardian—as though the sun 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 he 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 pro-Methodism, and are worthy to be written in letters of gold gressed 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 enward 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 my heart warm to him so much as this. That intimate and space of eternity, histories of the great Almighty and Eternal

Col. None can escape the fact of his life, of having been a

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 proper attention to the eternal and beautiful laws of nature, which have always existed, advancement and progress may be made much easier. Nature tends over upward, and leads us to truth and goodness."

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

* Wanger Chase announces that he will lecture in Conneaut, Ohio, July 13th and 14th; Buffulo, N. Y., July 17th and 24th; Rochester, N. Y., July 81st; Rome, N. Y., August 4th, 5th, 6th 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 dates. He would like to spend a week at each place he visits 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.

Mns. H. M. Miller is to speak in Ashtabula, Ohio, July 17th. Post-office address, Ashtabula, Ohio.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Mystic, Conn., Sunday, July 17th; Chicopec, Mass., Sunday, July 24th; Quincy, Mass., Sunday, July 31st; Great Works, Me., August 7th. He expects to spend the menth of August in Maine. Briends in that State wishing to engage his services, will address him early at Greenwich Village, Mass.

BATH AND WORTH Speaks in Willimantic, Conn., July 17th; Northampton, Mass., July 24th; Springfield, Mass., July 31st and August 7th; Utica, N. Y., August 21st; 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 Felton, Norwich, Conn. Miss Saban A. Magoun will answer calls to lecture in the trance state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 33 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 of those places during her stay there.

Dr. John Maynew will attend to the wishes of various friends, on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit, from July 14th to August 31st.

Mss. J. W. Currier will answer calls to lecture. Address, Lowell: box 815. She will speak as follows: Milford, N. H., July 17th; East Stoughton, Mass., July 24th; Foxboro', July 31st; Waterbury, Ct., August 7th and 14th; Chicopee, Mass., August 21st and 28th. She will answer calls to lecture, week evenings, in adjoining places.

week evenings, in adjoining places.

Loring Moody will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address Maiden, Mass. He will speak as follows:—West Bridgewater, Wednesday, July 13th; Raynham, Thursday and Friday, 14th and 15th; East Taunton or Middleboro', Sunday, July 17th; Dartmouth, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 10th and 20th; Fair Haven, Thursday and Briday, July 21st and 22d; New Bedord, Sunday, July 24th; Tremont, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 20th and 27th; Abington, Sunday, July 31st.

J. H. Currier, Will speak in Cambridgeport, Sunday, July 20th.

J. H. Currier will speak in Cambridgeport, Sunday, July

17th.

Miss Rosa T. Amedex will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Friends desiring her services are requested to address her as speedily as possible at No. 32 Allen street, Boston, Mass. She will speak in Quincy, Mass., Sunday, July 17th; Foxboro', Mass., Sunday, July 24th; Laconia, N. H., H. A. Tucker, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed

at Foxboro', Mass. He will speak in Randolph, July 17th; Stoughton, July 24th; Norton, July 31st; East Stoughton,

Miss EMM Hardings will conclude her Summer engagements at Oswego, Buffalo, Owego, Schenectady, etc. In September she starts for the West, North and South; speaking in October at St. Louis; in November at Memphis; and in December at New Orleans, She will return to Philadelphia in March, 1800. Address till October to No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York

BENJ. DANFORTH Will answer calls to preach on ancient and modern Spiritualism synonymous with the Gospel of Christ, as he understands it. Address Boston, Mass. Miss Lizzis Dores may be addressed at Plymouth, Mass. She will speak in that town the remaining Sundays in July and the month of August.

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

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

Mas. H. F. M. Brown, of Cloveland, Ohio, Editress of the Igitator, may be addressed at Boston, care of Bela Marsh. Miss A. W. Spraour, through the months of July and ugust, will be in Oswego, N. Y. Mrs. Alvira P. Thompson, trance-speaker on Bible subjects.

GEORGE ATKINS, trance speaker, will receive calls to lecture on the Subbath. Address No. 22 La Grange Place, Bos-

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

MIES EMMA HOUSTON, trance-speaking medium, will answer

tain House, Boston, MR. CHARLES W. Bundess will answer calls to lecture on the subject of Spiritualism wherever its friends may desire. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

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

C. T. Inisi, trance-speaking medium, wishes to travel West his summer, and those Western Irlands who desire his ser-ices as a lecturer may address him at Taunton, Mass., care f John Eddy, Esq.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT Will answer calls to lecture on Spirit-nalism. Address at West Medford, Mass. GEO. M. JACKSON Would inform his friends in the East that, hould they desire his services, they will address him till furher notice at Prattsburgh, N. Y., as all communications will

Miss A. F. Pease has engagements to lecture till the first MRS. BERTHA B. CHASE will answer calls to speak in the rance state. Address, West Harwich, Mass.

each him from this point.

E. R. Young, trance medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath. Address box 85, Quincy, Mass. H. L. Bowker, Natick, Mass., will give lectures on Spirit-nalism and its proofs, from Intuition, for such compensation, above expenses, as generosity may prompt. He will lecture n Randolph, Mass., July 24th.

MRS. ADA L. COAN may be addressed at Boston, Mass. PROF. J. E. CHURCHILL, can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin street, near Race, Philadelphia, to lecture on Reform in Re-ligion, Politics, and Socialism.

Mas. M. M. Macomnen, trance speaking edium, wi answer calls to lecture in any direction the friends of pro ress nay desire. Address Olneyville, R. I.

Mrs. J. B. Smrn, clairvoyant, test, and trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at Concord, N. H., for the present. DR. C. C. York will answer calls to lecture in the trance tate. Address Boston, Mass

MRS. F. O. HYZER may be addressed, in care of J. H. Blood MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON will receive calls to speak on Sun-

lays. Address, North Abington, Mass. ELIJAH Woodwohth will discourse on the "Spiritual philosophy, history unfolded, as written in symbolic narratives, expressed through the personification of words and names in the Hobrew and Christian oracles." He may be addressed at Leslie, Mich., till further notice.

J. C. HALL, Buffalo, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Mr. Hall is one of the first apostles of Spirit-

E. V. Wilson, Fountain House, Boston, will answer calls to ecture Sundays or week-day evenings, upon the practical uses of Spiritualism, and its truths, relating many wonderful incidents which have taken place, with name and place for proof.

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

street, Boston.

Miss E. E. Gibson, impressional speaking medium, may be addressed for the present at 142 Harrison Avenue, Boston. Mns. Amanda M. Spence will respond to invitations to ecture addressed to her at No. 534 Broadway, New York City.

IRA H. CURTIS, Hartford, Ct., will answer calls to lecture. J. C. CLUER will answer calls for lectures on Spiritualism or remperance, and his daughter, Suele C. Cluer, will accom-any him to give readings. Address at the BANNER office, No. 5 Bay street.

or No. 9 Day succe.

Mas. S. Maria Blass will lecture on all the various subjects that have been presented before, together with physiology and phrenology, entranced by spirits. Address her at Spring-

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

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

Dodgworth's Hall.—Meetings are held at this Hall every \$40bath. Mrs. Hatch is engaged through June.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, DROOKLYN, H. Y.

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

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

The time at length had come; and that hour of which Christ baut 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, not by disguising its dangers. not by hiding the future, not by disguising its dangers, but by disclosing his own personal 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 ordina-The world would not silently despise hem 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, specsales, they would become, in strongly the earth, spectacles, to God and to men, of misfortune; yea, men should assail them, thinking tile 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 dis-played 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 grim persever ance, it is not that we should have a hard and jovless 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 clated, that we shall be radient, that we shall have cheer.

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 iov. has joy in its face. Good cheer means not mere joy, not mere cheerfulness, not mere gayety, which may be very light and thin: it means that kind of brave courage which, at the same time that it is radiant, has alscrity 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 conall 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 fol-

lowers.

The tribulation here spoken of was two fold. It was not only that tribulation which came upon the disci-ples from the world, in the form of trials, and afflic-tions, 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 in-ward life. It includes those disturbances which arise from the attempt to carry one's inward life in accord-ance 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 exper-tances of trap. This command of Christ has respect iences of men. This command of Christ has respect not only to the annoyances, and troubles, and burdens, and cares, and difficulties consequent upon a Christiae 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 cheerfulness is this: "I have [you 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 out-ward history and affairs, and in regard to what are called experimental difficulties, or those interior hearttroubles which conscience, fear and remorse work

I think that Christ's relation to the Christian, or I think that Christ's relation to the Christian, or his disciples, is but 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 unfelt, except in occasional and rare experiences. We depend so much upon our spaces for periences. 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 car 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 necustomed to recognize and 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 nature. It has become almost a nabit 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 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 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 over 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 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

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 his people than they are to each other. The carrying of a consciousness of Christ's presence with us evermore, would itself be the foundation of ex-

ceeding great comfort and cheer.
But, secondly: Christians do not consider Christ's But, secondly: Unristians 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, and errors, and cares, and burdens—in those things Christ has a special relation and dens-in those things Christ has a special relation and function; and for them he takes a particular care, al-though we are apt to think that he takes little or no care for them. Very many Christians feel as though

we have our part down hore in this world. Our own globe, and overflows, and runs will in its abundance

trated in no stronger way, than to suppose babes to is God, instead of being One who is good only just as think—as they cannot think—that the function of the mother is to give life to the child, and put it in the being One who gives out his blessings as letters are nother is to give the to the child, and put it in the being one who gives out his blessings as letters are nursery, and say to it, "There, my babe, you are now given out at a post-office; instead of being One who started, and I shall not see you again till you come to rewards men for their goodness as a banker pays yourself up through life; and when you are grown, if only those which are good on their face. He is One you have handsome, and have come up virtuously, I will uccept you."

Is the mother appointed to the child in that way?

Was also not, rather, when find knit together the three.

Was she not, rather, when God knit together the fibres of her nature, so made that she is impelled to attend ity? 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

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 instil into the child curiosity for knowledge, and to reward all curiosity for knolwedge 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 crude, 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

Now, Christ reveals himself to be to us just what the mother is to the child. It is his function to stand to mother is to the child. It is his function to stand to us in the relation of a parent. He has a nature which, of necessity, 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

thought which most Christians have of God, they slow to go to him. What man would not be afraid 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 up before the throne of God, if it were like charging before a battery. It makes no difference if God is holy; I am unholy. What I need is some view of God which recent his 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 husiness 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 sparrow falls to the ground without my notice.' I eed a God who will go down into all the 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 no 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."

In this creatures, affording them succor, ful, as though there were any hospital for those who are heart-sick, except the heart of God.

Once more: Christians do not reflect that not to trust Christ, and to be filled with cheerful courses.

overcome the world."

Thirdly: Christians do not appropriate Christ as a sin-physician. The heart is the best medicine the heart ever took. Nothing cures soul but soul. All good done to men is done by the application of living being to living being; and the great 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 oures 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 heave and rest; but there are very few Christon. and need peace and rest; but there are very few Christians that know how to find peace and rest in Christ. I see men groping after these things in themselves; I see men trying to bind up their wounded consciences; I see men trying to chain up that out-spoken bull-dog of fear; I see men trying to go through the hurly-burly 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-physician, 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 comes up to, or falls short of, a certain measure of goodthe world, whose life was such that, when in their ness.

Whether a man is a traveler or not, does not depend. Whether a man is a traveler or not, does not depend.

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 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 man. A man is attacked with some acute disease—a fever, ner in which it is performed depends upon what I am, for instance. If he keeps clear of improper treatment, rather than upon what he is. If a man be courageous and allows Nature to be his physiciau, mostly, in five 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 must love and care for the whole human family

Some men seem to think that the Divine Being 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 mor-The 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 replies of the angel to these last installing are in the affermative (lod surv. Us the quiries are in the affirmative, God says, "In that case I will help him;" so he reaches up and takes such a 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 who is familiar with the feelings of a parent toward a child, in respect to its wants, to hold such a otion 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

we have our part down note in this world. Our own globe, and overflows, and runs wild in its abundance clucation, our own bardens, our own dutles—these through infinite worlds, and sheds its bounty all the they regard as our part; and they think that when we time, whether men waks or sleep, and as much where have performed this part; and that then we shall know list own being so full of love, that he must have some each other, and shall, if we have done well, be rewarded for our well-doing.

Now, the monstrousness of this theory can be illustrated in no attenger way, then to suppose labor to its heart, because his heart must empty itself. Such trated in no attenger way, then to suppose labor to

Was she not, rather, when God knit together the libres 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 supply my wants, and who will bear with my weakage than it was when it was a way. blessings, because he wants to do it, and not because I ask him to do it?" The reasons of God's kindness are in the regality of his nature. It is that which moves him to pour out the abundance of his goodness upon all mankind. He so 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 prepa-

rations for the help of his people. Christians do not reflect that it is an active joy, a happiness and a pleas-ure for him to be concerned for them, and not a burden to him. Every generous nature knows that to do kind things is a pleasure. I think that the greatest joy in this world is to lift a person out of trouble, when 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. H

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 wints to be. When you make him your companion, and take the mercies that he offers you, and believe that he has thousands that he offers you, and believe that he has thousands more than you need, 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 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, confide in him, and seek aid at his hand, from those cold, and stiff, and repulsive notions of him that men have, which tend to keep them apart from him, and make them afraid to trust in

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 shall shut a child away from the parent's influence, will be a thousand times worse to the parent than it can be a thousand times worse to the parent than it can be to the child. Instead of relieving God by keeping our-

selves away from him, we are bereaving.

To the natural man, nothing seems more extravagant than this statement respecting the nature of Christ. To the acoffer, nothing seems better food for scoffing than the idea, that in any degree the happiness of the Divine Mind is made to depend upon anything which we poor mortals can do. But this attribute of God which we poor mortals can do. But this attribute of God makes his happiness to depend upon our conduct, is a part of that love which Paul could never enough express, and which never with be found out by us. It has been the wonder of 'axes/ it is the wonder of heaven, and it will be the glory of eternity, that God is a Being of such love, that he allows himself to stand in need of, and that his happiness is made up of, the trust, and love, and service of such creatures as we are. In view of this nature of the Divine Being how fool.

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 ness with which they gain advantage over constitution al traits; by the long continuance of evil influences over them; by the little progress which they make 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 our hearts by theirs. And the nature of God is 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 Savieur of your teacure in the their and the sails. It is not what a man does, but what he means to do, and is trying to do, that determines to the teach with a man that see the sails. Now the Bible is set to teach us, not that it is the he means to do, and is trying to do, that determines 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 he can scarcely make his half league in twenty-four us is, 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

Exercise to teach us, not that it is the means to do, and is trying to do, that determines what he is, A man that goes out on the ocean with a searcely make his half league in twenty-four lower is the nature of God to cure us by the mere touch of his thought and feeling upon us.

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 in him, and not in us, 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 accountated with his trouble, and begin

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 not good Christians. I do not want you to make small attainments
in religion; but the fact of your religious attainments
I have become accounted with his trouble, and begin

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 pathe condition of the person; but afterwards, his care for the person is prompted by that nature itself. If an an as a great heart, and some unfortunate person is placed under his care, his sympathy for that person is first aroused by the misortune brought to his notice; but the continuance and the amptitude 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 or 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. grees." The man goes to work to cure himself. He has a constitution that will probably require assiduous treatment for five or ten years, before it can be brought into a healthy state, and then it may do him good ser into a nearthy state, and then it may do him good ser-vice 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. "You are not to compare your difficulty with a fever. That man was sound in every part of his body, and the moment the fever left him, he was well; but you are vitiated all through your system. There is not a bone or tissue in your structure that is not diseased. In your case, everything has got to be renovated. By a 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 where a man is naturally generous and high-minded, and is simply addicted to the cup, he has to struggle for some months, perhaps, before 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 conhis freed insert from this one wit, 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 advice concerning some evil habit, who, I see, is constitutionally big at the bottom of the head, and constitutionally small at the top of the not know that generosity is more active than those head. His animal instincts are strong, and his moral wants of the soul which require generosity? Do you instincts are weak. I say to him, "God has given you suppose that the emotions of divine goodness are so a mental constitution with which it will be hard for sluggish and slow that they have to be besiged before they will become active and work out blessings for mankind? Is not God's mind rather symbolized by sions of your nature by the power of God's spirit on that love which flashes up and down, and envelops the

nuire considerable time." He enters upon the work, and diligently applies himself to it for the space of six months, and then says. "Ahi I do not see as I am making much progress in my Christian course. I nover have such visions as brother A tells of having. It is to refresh ourselves with the offices of this not derive such satisfaction from progress as a second state of the says.

of the ground, as in the case of tanks, ones 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 all his life long, you may be sure that with him there will be a blossoming hereafter. There will be a very differ-ent way of looking at these things from that in which

obtain a good crop. What a Christian does, depends upon what preparation lie has to make in himself; and ome of you need an immense amount of under-draining before you can plant anything and have it grow on

the top.

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 n 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 eally 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 epauleted 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. 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 tinsels are all stripped off from him, and he has to sleep on the goal and put mytth noor force and he finds that ground, and put up with poor fare; and he finds that being a soldier in the Champ de Mars of an actual campaign, is very different from being a soldier in the Champ de Mars in Paris. When he comes to climb mountains, to ford streams, so 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

tossed about on the partie-hold), then his ideas of war become somewhat modified.

Now, there are many who enlist on the paradeground 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 their life. That is their idea of what it is to become a Christian. But to become a Christian in the true sanse of the term, is to go into that conflict of life which differs in 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 severe conflict, it is this; for no fee'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 temp tations of life; the attempt to carry one's nature, s large, so powerful, so active, according to the law of love—this is a work 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

and fail to take the cheer and comfort that they might take from the presence of Christ among them, in 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, where 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 fails whenever he attempts to suppress or eradicate any of them. And in attempts ing to do this, he not only does not benefit himself. might take from the presence of Christ among them. ing to do this, he not only does not benefit himself, but he positively injures himself. It is not strange that a person who takes this course, and falls, 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 puttern to school to Christ, and make them aspire. Yo an make them work in right directions, but you can

not crush them out.

And here let me say that to feel cheerfulness and incouragement in view of the presence of Christ, is a natter 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 spirit, but a spirit of sober, chastened certainty of final victory over sin—is a matter of duty. Such a spirit is the badge of picty; 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 sobricty, 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 smiled before, you are to smile when you become a Christian. If you have never been confident and certain before as to your victory over sin, you are to be so 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 cour-

nospital list, because you are but a cultu.

It is supposed that a want of cheefulness and courage is excusable in a phlegmatic man; but you are not to hold up the ascetic side of worldly infirmity and call that the emblem of Christianity. It is the radiant side of our Christian experience that you are to hold up as of our Christian experience that you are to hold up 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 are you show-ing forth what the Lord is in his children. The mani-festation of such traits as these in the world, is to be a part of your fidelity to Christ. You are to bear wit-ness 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 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 forcheads the badges o the various denominations, write there the words, "In me ye shall have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer. I have overcome the world."

the world.

My dear Christian brethren, God, the most munificent 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 litpaupers, 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. Whosever would become an heir of Christ must seek for that inheritance. But no matter how impaired and blotted your character may be, if the testimony of your inward nature is, "I yearn for God's purity; I yearn for God's purity; I yearn for God's service;" 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 full, his royal rightcousness 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.

New England.

"How can it be faction may 28.

"NERVOUS" AND "FEMALE COMPLANIE, BORO-" NERVOUS" AND "FEMALE COMPLANIE, and Dyspepsla with its attendant horrors, cuaged without medicine; also, sores, finds, and affections of the Eyes! Read my "Book of Information respecting the Nutrities Cure," (sent to you for one dime,) and learn how these things are done.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND, Boston, Mass.

DR. I. G. ATWOOD, MENTAL AND MAGNETIO PHYto yourself for these things: look to Christ for them.

imaking much progress in my Christian course. I nover 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 tentencies of your mind. By and by when you have subdued the unimal instincts of your beloid; but when the grape is crushed, the wine when 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 scraphic. 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

for us.
Whoever heartly repents of sin, and whoever, repenting of sin, has heartly turned to the Lord Jesus Christ as his soul's Saviour—him I invite to partake with us, at this time, in these solemn memorials. s fatthful and determined in his Christian course all with us, at this time, in these solemn inclindrates this life long, you may be sure that with him there will be a very different way of looking at these things from that in which for coming to the table of Christ is a deep consciousmen now look at them, when we see them in the light nas 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 contract of the surface and sow his seed, to obtain a contract of the surface and sow his seed, to obtain a contract of the surface and sow his seed, to obtain a contract of the surface and sow his seed, to obtain a contract of the surface and sow his seed, to obtain a contract of the surface and sow his seed, to obtain a contract of the surface and sow his seed, to obtain a surface and sow his seed. children as to what is best for them: but you are intelchildren as to what is best for them; 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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CONSOLATION FOR THE SICK.

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

4w july 9

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under the general term of Nervousness, Dodd's Nervine has no equal.

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