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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of looked his character perfectly. New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.

Written for the Banner of Light.

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

BY GEO. P. BURNHAM.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MONK OF ST. STEPHENS. Agreenbly with the last wish expressed by the notorious Dugarre, when he left the castle in custody of what was supposed to be the king's soldiery, his lordship departed next day for the capitol to learn the details of the charges that were to be brought against his friend, and to aid him as best he could, at court, in his emergency. His astonishment may well be conceived, upon his arrival there, to hear that no such arrest had been ordered, no such person'as Dugarre was known by the government, and that the King's Guard had not been absent, at all, from the palace !

What all this flat contradiction signified his lordship was utterly unable to comprehend. The Guard of his majesty had been at his door, and in the name of the king they had demanded the delivery of the abbe's person. He was sure enough of this, and the donial of it greatly confused him. He met several officers of the Guard, and he was quite cer tain, that among the ranks, he recognized three or four of the very soldiers who formed a part of the detachment on that occasion.

The importunities of his lordship were at first re oeived as the hallucinations of a lunatic. Eventually, however, he contrived to make the authorities believe that he was neither drunk nor orazy, and he effected an audience with those who entertained his complaint, for the time being. The interview resulted in convincing them that such an occur rence as he described had really taken place, and that an officer of the Church had actually been taken away by a military force, who were plainly disguised, for the purpose, in the uniform of his Majesty's Guards.

When this fact was at length established to the satisfaction of the Portuguese authorities, active measures were at once put on foot to investigate the singular affair, and to bring the perpetrators of the outrage to punishment-if they could be found ! This latter proviso, however, was a very serious qualification to their promise given to his lordship. For, while the complainant was passing four or five days at the capital, investigating the subject, and

temples, his hair was cut very short, and his cowl Of Roys. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN II. and girdle, cross and bands, were all complete. He

"What are my son's wishes ?" said Malech, with mock reverence.

The captain smiled, and said, "go to the Castle d' Esilrone as rapidly as horse can bear you. Find entrance to the inner court, or by some means communicate with the household. Learn what has become of your friend, 'Father Dugarre,' the 'good abbe,' as they call him. Ascertain how his arrest is understood and received there, and learn whatever else may be of interest to me in that locality. Find your way back as quickly as you go, good Malech, and tell me how I may reward your promptness and fidelity."

"I will return forthwith," said Malech ; and he was soon dashing across the country, at full speed, upon his important errand. He reached the castle grounds at an early hour on the following day, and having left his horse behind him, two miles distant in the forest, he arranged his dress again, and started on foot, in his priestly robe, to gain admittance to the premises.

At about ten o'clock the attendant at the outer gate reported that a confessor from Saint Stephens craved admittance to the castle, and inquired for his worthy brother, the good Abbe Dugarre. He was admitted at once to the reception room, where he was met by the steward, the governess and Eugenie, who came to crave the blessing of their ghostly friend. After partaking of a generous goblet of rare wine, he again inquired for Dugarre, and smiled within himself as he listened to the story of the valiant and brave-hearted steward.

He learned, from this well-fed menial, that Father Dugarre had just been called away from the castle by a summons from his Majesty, the King, who sent a handsome escort for him, (to use the steward's version.) selected from his own private Guards. This escort," he continued, consisted of about two hundred soldiers, and was commanded by brave and gallant officers. The abbe, he said, was loth to leave the castle, even for the brief space of time that his Majesty desired his attendance; but he would very oon return.

He further learned that his lordship had been absent a few day, also, having gone to the capital to aid in expediting the abbe's return, etc. ; all of which information was the more gratifying to the pretended monk, inasmuch as he knew exactly where Dugarre was at that moment, and how Hkely he was to be released from the imprisonment he did not doubt he richly deserved.

Eugenie listened to all that was said, but she felt very certain that the steward was entirely in the dark as to his knowledge of the fate of the abbe. She feared for the result, however. She knew the dogged and determined character of her guardian. and she was uneasy when he departed for the capital, for it was clear to her mind that been taken away elsewhere, and she was quite sure that the king had had very little to do with it. As soon as this should have been discovered, there was a prospect that other parties would be sought out, if possible, and the life of her lover and his friends, whoever they were, would instantly be periled. The stray monk regretted that father Dugarre, his old friend and companion, as he described him, was thus absent ; but he would come again, when his duties permitted, and meet him at the castle at a future day.

"At quarter to nine." "Collect the guard who accompanied us to the castle lately. Let them be thoroughly armed and well mounted. Procure a fresh horse for yourself. and be ready with your men at eight o'clock. I will lead them as before." "I shall not fail, captain," said Maleoh, promptly.

"Now, then, my noble lord of Esilrone, we will see how far your power extends toward the further imprisonment and persecution of that gentle girl," exslaimed Ostrello, as his attendant closed the door. I will rescue her. Now is the fitting opportunity. We shall reach the castle by nightfall on the morrow, and we will ascertain what a few brave hearts and stout hands-if need be-can do toward liberating a child of innocence from the oppression of avarice and cold hearted selfishness. I will shed no blood, if it can be avoided. I will try stratagem once more ; but I will not leave the castle, peaceably, without my prize," continued Ostrollo, firmly.

He gave orders immediately that no communication whatever should be had with his prisoner, Dugarre during his contemplated absence, except to furnish his food, as usual. He then attired himself in his green hunter's dress, placed his pistols in his breast, and anxiously awaited the moment when he should depart upon his newly-planned enterprise. He felt pretty well satisfied that if his lordship were still absent, he would have little trouble in carrying his point-to wit, the abduction of Eugenie; for he was convinced in his own mind 'that she would not hesitate to join him as soon as he had the opportunity to show her his intentions. If, unluckily, the lord

of Esilrone had returned, before he could again reach the castle, he would first ascertain the fact, and avoid an altereation, relying upon his own address and management for a fortunate result to his under taking. He felt assured, however, that his lordship would not reach the castle first, and thus he hoped to succeed without encountering serious opposition. At eight o'clock, the sound of the well-known sig nal for starting was heard, and on the instant a dozen well armed and resolute men sprang into their saddles, as Ostrello, impatient of the becausary do lay, made his appearance and gave the order to " ad vance !" The clang of rapidly moving horses was heard down the ravine for a few minutes, and the spirited riders, led gallantly on by their intrepid commander, Ostrello, were quickly out of sight, on their way to Esilrone.

The ever ready and faithful Malech, attired as a lame and crocked mendicant, was sent forward to the vicinity of the castle to reconnoitre, immediately on the arrival of the band in sight of the premises. After an hour's absence he hobbled back, and reported that he had met with a servant belonging to his lordship's household, of whom he asked alms, but who referred him to those who had means to aid the poor, in higher places than he occupied. Upon fur ther parley, he ascertained that the lord of the castle was still absent, but was hourly expected to ar rive from his visit to the capital. The "King's Guard," led on by the gaily dressed hunter, then immediately emerged from the forest, and dashed boldly up to the bridge that crossed the moat. They met with no difficulty in gaining an entrance to the courtyard, Ostrello saying only, "In the name of the King !" as he dashed to the gate, which was thrown wide open to permit the ingress of his "Majesty's Guards." As good fortune would seem to have ordered it. at the moment of their entrance in front, a young lady was seen advancing from the rear of the castle, mounted on a beautiful animal, with a single attendant near her. It was Eugenie and her trusty " peasant." They were just about to leave for their morning's ride, which was limited to within the walls of the great park ; and instantly the fair rider recognized, in the hunter, the person of her lover. An exchange of glances seemed to satisfy both Ostrello and Eugenie that the contemplated plan was understood. While Malech spoke briefly with the steward, the gallant captain raised his cap to the approaching fair one, and said quickly, as she passed ear him: " Now ?"

"What for ?" inquired the gatekeeper.

"We must pursue them. Hasten-"

"Bosh !" replied the armorer ; "they are far beyond your reach, and you may save your powder and your horseflesh."

Regrets and orders and counter orders were vain. The result of all was, that the drawbridge was secured, the gate was closed, and the faithful, shrewd and valiant defenders of the Castle of Esilrone retired to their respective quarters, to reflect upon what would probably be the result, to them, of this most unfortunate and astonishing piece of audacity, when his lordship should return.

In the very midst of their lamentations, and mutual charges against each other for neglect of duty and action in the premises, the bell sounded and his lordship arrived in hot haste.

"Up with the draw-bridge !" he shouted, as he passed it ; " secure the gates-see to the castle doors -admit no person here without my special license; and see to it, on your lives, that no one passes out without my written order !" "And then he sprang from his weary steed and entered his castle portal. In a few minutes he summoned his confidantes around him, and informed them that Dugarre was the victim of treachery and deceit. The government knew nothing of the purported arrest; the "King's Guards" were personated only for the moment, and the gang who had borne the good abbe away were undoubtedly banditti. The authorities had proclaimed them robbers and outlaws, and a price had been set upon their heads.

"See to it," he continued, madly, "see to it, minions, that we are not thus surprised again ! Look to your posts-guard well the parks and avenues-and, if you value your lives. I charge you suffer no repetition of this miserable outrage to disgrace the character of the defenders of Esilrone Castle. Away, and send Eugenie hither !" shouted his lordship, boiling with rage and chagrin as he thought of this discomfiture.

"Go, I repeat I" yelled the lord of Esilrone, " and bid my ward attend me,"

But no one went. One after another fell upon his knees, or prostrate at his feet ; and his lordship stood confounded at the exhibition.

"What means all this?" he said, in a voice terrible from its sarcastic calmness. "Up, I say, and sond Eugenie here!"

"She is-gone !" ventured the steward, at last. "Gone I" repeated the nobleman. "Who-gone ? and whither, man ?"

"Carried off !" mumbled the steward.

"Eloped !" added another.

"Run away ____"

"Stolen !" said the armorer.

"By whom ?-and how-and when-or where?" screamed his lordship.

"The King's Guards came, this morning-" "'S death and confusion!" yelled the lord of Esilrone, as he clutched the speaker by the t

Upon entering the hut, a degree of neatness and nicety in the humble dwelling, by no means common under such homely exteriors, was apparent from the threshold. The matronly woman of the house conducted her suddenly arrived guests to another epartment, however, beyond the first one, that really surprised Eugenie, and made her feel more at ease at once, as they entered this well arranged and pretty room. She stepped upon a soft, rich carnet : the little low windows were shadowed with handsome curtains; the furniture was very good, though antique in style; and the entire apartment had an air of neatness and beauty that could not have been suspected from a glance at the outside of this small and sequestered dwelling, which was so isolated and remote from the world.

"Sii, my lady," said the woman, whom Ostrollo called Moinette; " and remove your habit. We will have a meal prepared directly."

"Where is your husband, Moinetto ?" asked the captain.

"Gone to the lake, this morning; he will soon return." "Be content, Eugenie," said Ostrello, a moment

afterward, " and do not be curious or anxious. Rely. on me; all will be quickly explained."

He passed into the other room for a moment, and meeting the woman there, he said, " Call me Antonio here, and caution Otho, when he comes in, to do the same. We shall leave to morrow. Let the lady. have the best attendance, and ask no questions of any one."

Following upon the harsh exercise to which Eugenie had been subjected, notwithstanding her natural doubts and youthful fears at the precipitate and extraordinary step she had just taken, she slept in. comparative quiet. She had become desperate from the restrictions she had been compelled to submit to at the castle, and she cared but little what might he her future fate, since she felt that she was no longer answerable t the caprico and dictation of the lord of Esilrone.

At sunrise, Malech was ready to depart again. "Go forward. Malech, and overtake the men at our rendezvous. Bid them return to head quarters directly. I have rescued this young oreature from the clutch of oppression ; and I will quickly join you at the Eyrie. You hesitate. I see. Go on. I know the laws of our tribe, Malech ! I am right; she will not interrupt our business, or intrude upon our premises. I have only offered our protecting hand against injustice and lordly might that threatened to crush and overwhelm an humble innocent. Go I I will account for my conduct, if necessary."

One of the first laws of the smuggler band, and that which was observed with the strictest nicety among them, was the entire and constant prohibl? tion of women comongst them. No member of the band was allowed to associate with the opposite sex. and the introduction of a female into the c

trying to afford information, as far as it was possible for him to.do, in reference to this curious incident, the captors of the "abbe" had made good their retreat and Dugarre was a solitary prisoner, far beyond the reach either of his friends or the authorities of the province. At this same time, also, another descent upon the Castle of Esilrone, for another purpose, was well nigh consummated-of the details of which his lordship was not only entirely ignorant, but of which he did not entertain the slightest suspicion.

One day had passed, after the arrest of Dugarre, before his lordship started from home. His journey to the capital occupied two days more. He tarried there nearly five days, occupied by his efforts to obtain a hearing, and to explain matters, subsequently, and it required two days more for his return journey home again. Thus upwards of ten days had expired during his absence, and since his friend, the "abbe," had been thus scandalously stolen from beneath the walls of Esilrone by an armed mob, or a clan of bandits, yet to be discovered. His lordship was deeply chagrined at this mortifying affair, but alarmed, on his return to the castle, after his visit to the city.

As soon as the cargo of the Raven had been taken care of Ostrello sent for his confidante.

"Malech," he said, "I desire to communicate with the inmates of the castle we visited a day or two since. Can you gain entrance there ?"

"I can try, captain. I do not know what may prevent ; but if it can be done, I will execute your orders."

"How will you obtain admittance ?"

"I cannot say, captain," replied Malech ; "but," 'abbe' is now absent, and they may be glad of the Malech. opportunity to meet a priest among them, within the castle walls, even temporarily."

"Excellent-excellent, Malech !" ejaculated Ostrello. at once perceiving the aptness of this proposal. "That is just the thing, Malech, Go and pre pare for an immediate journey thither. Capital! Upon my word it could n't have been better," continued the captain, highly pleased with this apparently feasible scheme.

In a brief space of time Malech appeared again before his master, who laughed outright, as he beheld him enter the apartment in his monk's dis guise.

"Ha, ha ! very good-very good !" exclaimed Ostrello." " Verily, Malech, you are skilled in transformations. Now to business."

black, his head had been shaved close about the rise to-night ?"

And having ascertained all that he could readily learn, he departed, as he came, retired on foot to the forest, threw aside his cowl and cap, mounted his steed, and pushed his favorite Jennie to her utmost speed to reach the cavern of his master with the least possible delay.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEWS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The captain was sitting alone in his private apartment, anxiously awaiting the arrival of Malech, he was destined to be still more deeply annoyed and when the sound of hurried footsteps greeted his ear, in the outer passage. "Who comes ?" demanded Ostrello, as the door opened, hastily.

"It is I, captain-your servant, Malech."

"Now-thanks for your speedy return-what news?"

"My mission was successful, captain."

"As usual, Malech. And what did you learn ?" "That our late ruse, in the arrest of Dugarre, completely mystified them all at Esilrone."

" Good !"

"They believed that his Majesty's guard escorted the abbe from the castle ; and as yet they continue he continued, on reflection, "I think I can manage so to think. But an unexpected turn has occurred it; perhaps disguised as a confessor. This good in the matter-at least, to my thinking," continued 그리지

"And what is that ?"

"The lord of the castle has gone to the capital."

"To the capital | For what purpose ?"

"To aid and counsel Father Dugarre in his dilemma-so I am informed."

"That will explode our disguise."

"Of course. And as soon as I heard this fact. I put spurs to Jennio and returned, presuming that this might interfere with some future arrangements that you might have in prospective, regarding your affairs at the castle."

"You did rightly, Malech. Now, tell me, how soon can his lordship return?"

"I have no means of knowing; but not under four days, probably," replied his attendant.

"So I think, Malech, so I think," continued the His attendant was_attired in a plain dress of captain, thoughtfully. "What time does the moon "Is it safe ?" she replied, in a whisper. " Certain," said Ostrello.

"Yes-yes," answered Eugenic.

"Guards-wheel !" shouted Ostrello, in a voice of thunder. Then seizing the bridle of the horse upon which Eugenie was mounted, he dashed boldly round, and leaving his attendants to cover his retreat, he darted through the gate, crossed the bridge, and flew across the country toward the forest, with Eugenie safely by his side.

There was no opportunity for altercation, explanations or apologies for this coup de main. The band of Ostrello followed close upon their master's tracks. The people at the castle were momentarily panicstruck and bewildered at this singular scene, and being unarmed, they could not recover until it was too late. The steward and his associates saw the flying horses for a few moments; they beheld their young mistress as she dashed over the ground, supported by the stranger in the green hunting dress; and when they found their tongues, and essayed to speak or act, the fugitives were far out of sight, still hurrying madly on, and followed closely up by the sturdy, faithful comrades of Ostrello.

"They have stolen Eugenie !" cried the governess. "She has eloped," said the steward.

"They have arrested her." added the butler. "Yes, they were the King's Guards," rejoined the

groom. "A willing prisoner," muttered a servant. " Sound the alarm-bell !" shouled the steward. and stopped his further utterance; "if you but speak the name of that reptile band again in my hearing, by all the saints, I'll strangle you ! Tell me, where is my ward?"

But his ravings were all in vata. He learned the story, finally; and when he eventually concluded to attempt a pursuit of the fugitives, Eugenie was safely bestowed, out of the reach of his fury or his whims, forever !

CHAPTER X.

PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE.

At the period when our story dates, the road, or roads, from Torres and Cintra down the Tagus valley to Lisbon, were rude and irregular, The way passed over deep gulches, ragged mountains, and broken vales, at times; and civilization had not extended her protecting arm over that portion of the country lying to the west and northward of Esilrone. A few old castles only were stattered here and there, upon the broad space of rugged and unbroken country, and, except a single isolated vineyard or two, with its humble house under the broad hill-side, there were little signs of life among those wilds, save when the beasts of the forest, the bandits of the mountains, or the shore smugglers, moved about from their hiding places, from time to time.

At evening, the party of horsemen halted at the spot designated by their leader-Ostrello having some time previously fallen in the rear of his men. accompanied only by Malech and his prize. Turning aside into a path unknown to any of his comrades, and leading to a small hut, prot oted by a broad hill on the north, and so surrounded by dense foliage, and vines, and stalwart trees, as to be almost inapproachable, save to the initiated roamer in that region, he drew up before its humble door, and alighted.

"Come, Eugenie," he said, affectionately; "let us tarry here, and obtain refreshment-which you must feel the need of, surely. You'll find the good woman who dwells in this humble cot a friend of mine; and she will render you comfortable while we wait. To morrow I will explain to you what I see you so much desire to know. Trust me, Eugenie; you shall have no cause to regret this day's work. Malech !"

"Yes, senor," replied his confidante.

"See to the horses, and obtain some rest. Answer no queries here, if any are propounded."

"I hear, and know no details of aught that transpires, captain, you know. But this is a new business for us, ch ?"

"By-and-by, Malech, I will explain everything that you may desire to know. To bed, now, for I have business for you at early daybreak."

punishable with death. Malech knew this, and Ostrello, of course, was not ignorant of the responsibility he had assumed in this matter. But he had made up his mind as to what would succeed the elonement, eventually; and he hardly dreamed that he should have succeeded in securing his prize so readily. He had had his arrangements all made for weeks, however; and he now found the lady upon his hands, to be disposed of agreeably with the requirements for her own comfort and his duty among his fellows.

Malech did as he was directed. Two wrongs could not make one right, he contended ; and if the captain had erred, it was no part of his business to disobey: besides this, but for his respect for camprule, he was rather pleased at the captain's choice and his rare good fortune. He proceeded to the halting place of the "Guards," sent them forward, and then returned again to the place where he had. left his master.

Meantime, during Malech's absence, Ostrello had, consoled the fair Eugenie with pleasant words and: promises of future happiness. He gave her to understand that he resided at some distance to . the north, but had been down to the vicinity of Esilrone, in search of amusement, when he first saw her, and had journeyed to meet her, a long distance, often times since. He induced her to receive him as a gentleman of leisure and of ample property, whoi. was in no wise embarrassed, and who would be proud and happy only to serve her, and make her forget all the pains and the fow pleasures that sho was leaving behind her at the Castle of Esilrone, The innocent girl confided in him, hoped for the best, felt sure that she had forsaken no friends in hor sudden leave-taking, and promised to follow his future fortunes. Ostrello proposed to start with her, in a few days, or as soon as the excitement which would naturally follow upon such an affair had had time to subside, and go to his estate in France, where, at the proper time, he would wed her. and they could thenceforth hope for quiet and happiness. The captain left his young charge in the care of Moinctte and her husband, promising to return for her in three or four days, and, in company with Ma lech, departed for the camp once more. The immediato reappearance of Ostrello among his men allayed at once all feeling and doubt that might otherwise have arisen in their minds, after the late rescue of a female at the Castle; and his instant application to

business, after his arrival, entirely re-assured them that he had entertained no idea of infringing upon their laws, to which he had so strenuously required obedience from others of the tribe.

But his activity at the cavern for the forty eight hours next succeeding his return, had an object in it.

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with such alacrity, had little idea of. Ostrello had nearly carried his point. He had

enjoyed the society of Eugenie sufficiently long to begin to value her. He had felt the warm breath of her gentle and simple affection, he had heard her protestations, and he had sworn to protect and cherish her. He could not redcem his promises, unless he gave up the vagabond life he led in the mountains. Eugenie could not accompany him there -he did not desire it. He resolved to leave the band behind him, and fly from the scenes he had so long dwelt in, after scouring such of his effects as he could readily escape with. Eugenie was all in all to him. Once resolved, it remained for him but to consummate his determination.

As soon as he returned, he commenced to gather his means together, with a view to quit his smuggler-haunt, forthwith. In this resolve he had no confidant whatever. For years, as he contrived to hoard up his gains, he had from time to time managed to invest his surplus in the hands of a friendly banker at Oporto, who paid him round interest, and furnished him with bills of credit and vouchers for his money or gold.' In his private lockers, at the Eyrie, he had several valuable jewels, and a considerable amount of coin. These he secured about his person, and certain costly merchandise, that he desired to remove, he caused to be placed on board the "Raven." which was immediately got ready again for sea.

. There was nothing unusual in his preparations, it being not uncommon often for him to accompany the smugglers when goods were removed from their secret places, up and down the coast. Thus-though his present plan was finally the result of but a few. hours' reflection or notice, his comrades entertained not the slightest suspicion of his ultimate intentions.

He could with difficulty avoid the temptation to be avenged upon Dugarre-who was in his powerand, when everything had been got ready for his final departure-though no one living knew or suspected his design-he summoned the prisoner once more into his presence, resolved upon an interview that should afford the opportunity for him to give the pretended priest a valuable lesson.

Little did the renowned Ostrello suspect, however what remained in store for him, or what intelligence would be promulgated at this approaching meeting with Philippe Dugarre.

CHAPTER XI.

A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

. In response to the summons of his capturer, the pretended priest immediately appeared before the man who now held his liberty-or his life-in his hands. Dugarre appeared not much the worse for his imprisonment, and Ostrello was rather astonished to find him looking so well, and, moreover, so apparently unconcerned about himself.

"I appear," said Philippe, pompously, "at the summons of the august ruler of this realm, to answer to his whims, or to meet the fate which it may be his pleasure to accord me."

""We have no taste or desire for flowery, speeches here," said the captain, promptly. " You have been a desperate scoundrel in your day, Philippe Dugarre. and you deserve a harsher punishment than it is my will to inflict upon you, bad as you are, and have been, so long."

" " Is my noble and valiant captain disposed to be so very lenient, then ? Will the brave officer who, at the head of a military corps, arrests and gags a harmless, unarmed man, and bears him to a wilderness like this, condescend to inform him, after so many weary days of imprisonment, that he does not shoose to be his murderer, too? This is generous and noble conduct, of a truth !"

"Sit down, Philippe Dugarre," said Ostrello, excited by this impertinent bearing of the false priest -"sit down, and hear what I have to say to you."

Dugarre did as he was directed, and for a time was a silent but scornful listener to the words of Ostrello.

child was placed in charge of those who cared but "I have already reminded you," Philippe Du. garre, briefly, of your past history, to which you have not entered either denial or attempt at defence. It is unnecessary for you to do this, because you must be satisfied that I know you, root and branch. It was not sufficient that you should have been the instrument of ruin to one poor, fatherless child; it was not enough that you should have seized on and squandered the patrimony of the helpless victim whom a dying father placed in your care, with so much confidence; you must needs find another being whom you could persecute, to gratify your own malice, or that of your employer, when the material and the substance of the first had passed beyond your reach. You sought out the place you have latterly occupied, and scole into the confidence of the lord of Esilrone, and there you found another child _the sweet Eugenie-upon whom you have dared to practice your cruelty and decention."

and though you are now in my power, yet I will not 'emotions of terror and astouishment at this frightvisit upon your head the punishment you deserve." |ful and audida exposed "You are lenient, Autonid-very lenient. And

you not suffer mo to enlighten you upon one point

that may be of interest to you in your present cir-

"Go on-but briefly, for my time is precious

Even now Eugenie awaits my coming. I have re-

moved her from the castle, and I purpose to provide

for her, and place her beyond the reach of your arts,

and far from the future control and embarrassment

"By what means you have contrived to remove

Eugenie from the care of her legal guardian, I know

not, said Dugarro; "but I presume the same as.

sumption of authority that inveigled me hither, has

been employed to induce her to fly from the pro-

tection of her friends at Esilrone. Be that as it

may; if you have enticed or forced the child from

the care of her noble ward, you have perilled her

" If you have aught to say in your defence, speak

t quickly, Philippe Dugarre. I have no leisure, at

present, to bandy words with you, nor do I feel any

inclination to indulge you," said the captain. grow.

" I have that to tell you, Antonio, which you must

"I would speak to you upon a subject in which

your weal or woe is now involved, Antonio, too

deeply to permit even my enemy to remain in ig-

"Proceed-proceed with your harangue. But do

not shape or coin your story with any hope to in-

"You have spoken of the past, and you have di

lated upon your imaginary wrongs ; let me speak to

you in a like strain, and I will point you to the

where first you drew your breath. The gentle

stream that glided past that door was but the type of

her unruffled life, up to the hour when first she met

the youth whom destiny had formed to curse her,

and destroy her future peace. He came at evening,

and she saw in the wily manners of this youth-

whose tongue was supple, and whose face was fairthe being she had pictured in her dreams, and whom

He came again, and often afterwards was the wel-

come guest beneath her father's roof. He talked to

her of his ample fortune, and of his fair estate and

outset-and followed up his vantage, until he accom-

plished her ruin-then forsook her, fled, and left her

You are uneasy, Antonio," said the priest. who

noticed that his captor did not relish this bit of ro-

I say this heartless youth departed, suddenly, and

none knew whither he had fled. But, ere a year had

passed, his victim was a weeping mother. In dreary

andness she mourned over the base treachery of

which she found herself the unhappy dupe, and in

secret-protected by her fond old father-she nursed

and reared her child, till it had seen some seven

years, or more; when sickness fell upon her, and

the died. Antonio, invoking Heaven's blessings on the

father of her babe-forgiving, gentle, uncomplaining,

"Stop-stop, Dugarre I" cried the smuggler chief,

as the perspiration burst from his forehead-"say

"Not yet, Antonio; the sequel is to come, and it

will entertain you, vastly. The child grew on in

years and beauty. The grandparent quickly fol-

lowed his daughter to the tomb, and the promising

no more-no more-I will not fisten to your sto-"

mance. "But, I have not yet finished. Listen.

norance of its import. Will you listen ?"

timidate me, Philippe. Go on."

she quickly learned to love.

to her last hour of life."

to her fatel*

hear." said the priest, with singular emphasis.

peace, and the end is yet to come-remember !"

"What have you to say, then ?"

of the tyrant of Esilrone. Go on !"

"Will you hear me ?"

cumstances ?"

ing impatient.

aright.

OHAPTER XII.

It will not be necessary to tarry long to dwell upon the sensations of disappointment, horror, doubt and anxiety which for the succeeding three or four hours hung over the almost crushed Antonio, as ho tossed upon his restless pillow, shocked and despairing at this awful announcement.

But he could not-would not-bring his mind to believe what Dugarro had stated to him. He had no wish to acknowledge his faults-no desire to admit a syllable of truth in the mock-priest's assertions.

"Dugarre is a cunning, artful, unprincipled rogue," argued the captain, finally," and he has coupled my Boyish folly with this romance he has coined in reference to Eugenie, in order to doceive me again. and gain his liberty at cheap cost to himself. I will have proof-proof of her identity. If he lies," (which Antonio felt but too certain he did not, in this instance.) " if he has lied to me. I will have his life, as certain as I now live to speak it. Malech !"

" Here, captain." "Where is the prisoner ?"

- "In the scarlet room, as you ordered."
- "Bring him hither."

"Manacled ?"

"No; he is harmless. Bring him in." "Must!" retorted the captain, gazing upon his Malech departed to execute this order, and Anprisoner for a moment, and doubting if he had heard onio continued to reflect.

"This is frightful," continued Ostrello. "If it be as Dugarre asserts, he has proof-proof of it, surely ! He would not dare to state this-this, to me, without such evidence. I will probe him-he shall prove his words, or he shall die for his impudence and rascality. It cannot be! This is Dugarre's invention. will believe nothing without the proof."

Thus did Antonio endeavor to argue, but he entertained little doubt as to the correctness of the priest's story-most of which he knew to be accurate l

dwelling of an humble woman, who lived, some score Dugarre was brought into the captain's presence of years ago, or less, upon a quiet. river's bank, in once more, and they were left alone together. sunny Spain, within a few short leagues of the home

"I have no reason to believe a syllable of what you have lately related to me," said Ostrello ; "but will give you another chance for your liberty. Dugarre, upon terms that will be liberal and easy to you. You are mistaken in your late assertions, regarding Eugenie's paternity; are you not in error. Philippe ?"

"No, Antonio. , Every word I have uttered to you s truth, as I hope for forgiveness here, or hereafter I" said the priest, reverently. "I know all the circumstances-I knew all the details at the time-I watched the young girl's growth, and ample proof lands. He wooed her thus-deceived her from the exists of her identity."

"Where are these proofs ?"

- "Her mother had a curious. spot upon her shoulder. Did you ever note it ?" "And what of that ?"
- "Eugenie has a similar mark upon her right arm." said Dugarre.

"That is nothing"

"No, it is not important. But the daughter has a portrait of her mother, (whom she remembers well,) and who has always been spoken of, in her hearing, as the original of the picture." "Where is this likeness ?"

"At the Castle d'Esilrone; it hangs within her own private apartment. This is her mother, on my oath. If you could see the picture, you will see the correctness of my assertions. But there is a copy of this face, in miniature, which Eugenie was extremely cautious of, and which she was wont to carry on her person, attached by a braided chain made from her mother's hair. She may have this picture with her, now. See either of them, Antonio, and then tell me if I am in error ! As surely as your name is not Ostrello, so surely is Eugenie your child !" "Then will I see to it," continued the captain.

" If you have cheated me in this, I will destroy you, certainly as I ascertain that yo if you are correct, you shall be benefitted for the information you have thus imparted, in goodly season. You can go hence, at an early day, if I find matters as you assert them to be. In the meantime, you must be patient." Dugarre was remanded once more, and the captain set out for the temporary stopping place of Eugenie, in search of some proof to sustain the abbe's story. The delicate fugitive awaited Antonio's return with anxiety, and his arrival greatly relieved her.

dent that Antonio was suddenly attacked with some It was proviously agreed that the vessel should make serious affection, which required prompt and care. a harbor upon the west coast of Portugal, some thirty ful attention. At his request, Eugenie retired from leagues distant from the chief depot of the fraterthe apartment, when he turned to the husband of nity-a spot well known to Ostrello and the others-Moincite, and said :

"I am not so ill as you imagine. Bring my horse, directly."

" But you cannot venture to ride-" *

"It is nothing unusual. Saddlo my herse. It is to his attendant. nothing, I assure you; the lady is alarmed. I will return in a day or two. Keep her quiet; tell her I I have fully appreciated your devotedness and your am not sick ; I will be back again in a brief space services. I am now bound upon a more perilous enof time. But I must leave at once for the camp. There I can procure medicine, and the aid I need. Go."

All this was curious and inexplicable to the mind of Eugenie, who was unskilled in the world's decoit, and who could not account for it.

"Within three days, dear Eugenie," said Antonio, affectionately, "I will return, and you shall then At the expiration of ten days, if I do not return at exchange this secluded retreat for brighter scenes that time, (and I cannot now say how long I shall be that we will thenceforth enjoy together. Be of absent,) provide safe conduct for the abbe, yonder, good cheer; Moinette will be kind to you. I am out of our borders. Give him this purse, at parting, really not so ill as you supposed. See, do I not look better, even now ?"

Eugenie smiled, resigned herself to the circumstances of the case, and Antonio kissed her fair shall not forget our long and pleasant associations. cheek at parting, assuring her again of his speedy Farewell !" return.

"Do you comprehend all this business?" asked Moinette of her husband, at the earliest opportunity.

"Not I, i' faith I. It is no affair of yours or mine however; and I ask no questions." The matron was silent.

After a hard ride, Antonio reached the camp, com pletely recovered from the temporary shock which his nerves had encountered by the unmistakable confirmation of the truth of Dugarre's story, which he now felt assured was accurate throughout.

CHAPTER XIII.

OSTRELLO'S LAST NIGHT AT THE "EYRIE." The Chief of the Smugglers of the Sierra d'Estrella dashed through the ravines and forests, to his home in the mountains, he had ample leisure to reflect pented of his dissolute career, and began to strive, in some measure, to atone for all his folly and short comings.

His last adventure-the casual meeting with Eugenie and its consequences-was the turning point in his hitherto checkered experience! There was no longer any question in his mind in regard to the important facts of Dugarre's "romance." He had deserted Isabel, who had forsaken everything for his sake, who forgot all, suffered all, concealed all-lest harm should reach her lover! The fruit of that clandestine intimacy had nearly matured, when he chanced to fall upon it, unaware of its existence. His Isabel had gone to her long home, and by a sceming Providential interference he had crossed the path of the lovely Eugenie, whom he now felt constrained to cherish and protect as a father, since it was impossible to do this as a lover /

But who was to break this intelligence to Eugenie ! And how could this delicate task be performed, under the peculiar circumstances of the case? He would leave this for time and future reflection to determine. She would love him still, and while she was innocent of the facts, he could better manage his future intentions with regard to her. But he had resolved to quit the camp forthwith. His prop erty had been secured on board the "Rayen," and he had in his possession letters of credit upon Lon. don bankers for a large amount of ready cash. His jewels he secured about his person, and before midnight, everything was in complete readiness for his departure-when he summoned his prisoner to his apartment. Dugarre responded promptly, and as soon as they

were alone, Ostrello thus addressed him : Philippe Dugarre, to your recklessness and

where the llaven was to await the captain's arrival,

thence to proceed to the destination he would subsequently name. As soon as all these matters were arranged, and the Raven had sailed. Ostrello called

"Malech," he said, "you have been faithful, and terprise than we are commonly called upon to embark in, and accidents may happen, you know, in such affairs.

" You will permit me to accompany you, captain ?" asked Malcoh, respectfully.

"No, Malech, not this time. Tarry where you are. I prefer to meet the perils of this trip alone. and tell him it is from Ostrello. And, for yourself, take this. If we do not meet again, Malech, you will remember that we have been friends together, and I

There was a tone of melancholy in all this that was so unusual with his master, that Malech was deeply moved by his words. He thought, however, that Ostrello might be attributing more consequence to his present undertaking-whatever it was-than legitimately belonged to it; and so he did not dwell upon it. Morning advanced, however. The captain drank his final goblet of wine, and secretly pledging the health of his comrades, he mounted his horse and left the "Eyrie" forever.

During the last night that Ostrello passed at his camp, he devoted a good portion of the hours to the preparation of a document relative to his own history, (which he designed, at some future opportune moment to place in the hands of Eugenie,) explanatory of his career, and the true relation he now bore to her. She was unsuspicious, however, at present, and had determined upon his future course. As he he did not speak to her upon the subject at all. This packet he enclosed in an envelop, with the simple direction. " To my Eugenie," upon it, and depositing upon the curious and not over-oreditable events of it in his breast, he started to meet the object of all his past life, and he felt that it was meet he re- his present solicitude, whom he had been so strangely brought in contact with.

The gentle girl was rejoiced to greet Antonio again, and her doubts and fears were greatly relieved when she learned from him that he came to bear her to a pleasant home, where she would thenceforth find herself at leisure, amid enjoyments that she had never yet experienced. Her confidence was at once gained, and she took leave of Moinette and her husband with grateful tears, as she mounted her horse to join Antonio, and follow his future fortune.

They proceeded directly across the hills and reached the coast in safety. The horses were there disposed of, and Antonio escorted his delicate companion on board the Raven, which immediately put out to sea once more.

The skipper was now informed by Ostr.llo that their destination was the coast of England. The weather, for a day or two, was propitious, and the sun smiled cheerfully upon them as they hied away to the westward, before a pleasant breeze. The novelty of the voyage was especially agreeable to Eugenie, who seemed to enjoy her new position most carnestly. But the passage of the Raven was destined to prove less fortunate than was anticipated; and on the third day out the wind howled and the sky gave evidence of an approaching storm.

Ostrello was uncasy, and the threatening appearance in the atmosphere disturbed him. All day he had been obliged to remain below with Eugenie, who was ill from the effects of the rolling and pitching of the schooner. They were too far from the Spanish coast to make it feasible to put back, and the skipper advised that they should proceed, under easy sail, and trust to fortune for results.

now, since I have listened to you so peaceably, will

THE DEPARTED.

"You are wrong, Antonio," said the priest. " Do not reply to me. Philippe Dugarre, with that lip of scorn, and deny my words, lest I forget myself, and crush so vile a scrpent as you have proved. before his time! I tell you, like a coward thief you stole into the castle, under cover of the sacred cloak of priesthood; and you have striven, from the first "hour you saw Eugenie, to poison her whole life with your accursed deceit, suggestions and example." "Her guardian placed her under my religious in.

struo_"

"Flugh I" exclaimed the captain, interrupting him-"what had you to do with such impious assumption? Did you learn no lesson in your previous life of crime and deception? Was it not enough that you had the ruin of one unfortunate upon your soul, that you should again seek for further similar employment? But your career is at an end. Philippe Dugarre; and Eugenie, fortunately, is safe from the perils of your machinations in the future."

"I can bide my time," said Dugarre, haughtily, "You have a defenceless man in your power ----"

"And Eugenie, too, is under my protection," continued Ostrello, triumphantly, "She will return to the petty tyrant of Esilrone no more !"

"Hh, ha, ha !" roared Dugarre, as he sprang to his feet at this announcement, "has my valiant master seized upon the girl Eugenie, also? Then has he gained a prize, indeed ! The child is comely, and is worth the stealing. I know her, Anotonioyou do not !"

"Philippe Dugarre," continued the captain, impressively, "though you have been, and are, the wretch and coward I have described; though you will steal, and descive, and plot for the ruin of any and all who may chance to befriend you; though you are treacherous at heart, and unprincipled in purpose; though you do not, and will not repent-

very little for her. At length protection came. My noble lord of Esilrone adopted her, and she became an inmate of his household."

"Eugenie?" screamed the captain.

"That same Eugenie you have stolen from my ord's protection," replied Dugarre, in triumph. But you have taken her away-you love her-you would marry her, or bring her to this dungeon camp. perhaps, without the rites of wedlock | You are equal to either, Antonio. She is fresh and gentle, like to her ruined mother when the stranger met her at her father's cottage. You writhe and chafe. Antonio! My life is in your hands, and you can reek vour revenge upon my head, whenever you may will it...."

"Go I" yelled the captain-"depart-leave me Stop-Dugarre-stop /" continued his captor, madly, "and tell me you have lied to me. Tell me thatshow me that you have deceived me, again-this time-that, that Eugenie is-is some one else, Dugarre, and you go free on the instant-free-forgiven-loaded with riches-speak !"

"The arrow has gone home. Antonio! I do not lie-I will not, cannot deceive you, in this fearful emergency," replied Dugarre. "Crush me, if you will-I ask no favor for myself. But, on my oath. Antonio, you are the reckless being I have spoken of, and the sweet Eugenie is your daughter !"

"Liar !" screamed Antonio in a shrick of thunder : "ho! within there-guard !" and at the summons. half a dozen bearded men dashed into the room, and at the word seized the person of Dugarre, and held him, as the captain, gasping for breath, fell forward heavily upon his face.

"What have you done?" yelled Malech, as he raised his master up, and saw the blood trickling from his mouth and nostrils. " What have you done to him ?"

"He is dying," said one.

"Hold him up," said Dugarre: "it is rage and spleen, only. Hold him up; he will soon recover, and answer for himself."

And so he did. After a moment or two of fright ful struggling and spasmodic exertion, his muscles relaxed, and he spoke calmly and connectedly.

"Remove him, Malech," said Antonio, pointing to the mock priest ; " take him away. He is a liar and a-a bad man. I will not hurt him. You may re friend's actions and appearance. spect his cloth. Malech. Put him in the scarlet am better-better, now. Go, Malech-take him off. Then come again, in an hour."

He waved his hand to his men ; the prisoner was speak to her." at once removed, and Ostrello threw himself upon a lounge and buried his face in his hands, prostrated- house, who saw at once that her friend was not him.

As soon as the captain found himself alone with Eugenie, he commenced to question her. "Dear Eugenie," he said, " you have pressed me

for my history, and 1 have answered your queries. Tell me, now, what you know of your own early vears - I mean before you were a recipient of the hospitality of my lord of Esilrone ?"

" My story is a very humble one. I think, Antonio. I remember dwelling, long ago, in a small house, somewhere away from this vicinity, upon a river's margin, where I knew a mother's care-but it is indistinct to me, except that I recollect she was very kind to me. I left that place at an carly age, and passed a year or two in another location, and from thence I came to dwell at the castle."

"Your mother's name, Eugenie ?"

"Was Isabel."

"Isabel /" exclaimed Antonio, earnestly.

"Yes-why do you tremble thus, and-" "I do not tremble, dear-dearest-the room is

warm, is it not? Let me open the lattice."

"I have her picture, here. See, Antonio; I loved her, dearly-and I have preserved this portrait of her. which I remember is her faithful counterpart. Look, Antonio-was she not beautiful ?" said Eugenie, artlessly, as she drew the locket from her bosom, and placed it before the gaze of her protector.

The slory was told / Antonio's heart was bursting, albeit he was not used to sentiment and tears. He feared to look at the picture, lest the truth should flash on his bewildered censes, and strike him sightless! He glanced at the locket, gazed in Eugenie's face, and shrieked out :

"No! no-my God! this cannot be !"

"What is it, Antonio? Pray what is this rid. dle here?" asked Eugenie, in deep alarm at her

" "Do n't speak to me-do n't, Eugenie !" exclaimed room. Bring me some wine, and leave me alone. I the astounded man, who now saw clearly that Dugarre had not erred or deceived him. "Go to Moinette, and tell him I am-ill-sick-and I must

Eugenie immediately called the woman of the

double dealing I feel that my whole career of dis sination, crime and trouble are clearly traceable, from the beginning. You wronged me when I was a defenceless child, and left me to myself, when you should have been a second father to me. From the uncontrolled and frequent commission of petty crimes, I came to be inured to errors of a more serious nature, until I was driven from my home. and compelled to seek my fortune under disadvan

tages that few persons are cursed with. 1 have been what I have been-I am, now, what I am I Suffice it, the past is passed. You did not lie to me. as I supposed you did. Eugenie is my child !" " I regret, Antonio-"

"There is no time for regrets, Philippe," said the Your way lies in one direction, mine in another. | of it." When we separate, this night, we shall never meet I cannot bear malice in my heart, and I am glad the opportunity is now afforded me to 'cry quits' with you, who have been at once my ruin, and my tem- think." poral salvation. You played the fool when you robbed me of my rightful patrimony, but you acted

you have had my curse; for the last, I retract the former, and thank you, oh! most earnestly! When standing. all unwittingly, upon the very outer brink of a frightful precipice, you put forth a hand to save me from-what I shudder to think of, Philippe !" "You would scarcely have been so much to blame

in this." "Blame / She is my daughter, Philippe Dugarre."

"But you were ignorant-"

"No more—no more, Philippe, on this point. Let us part in peace. I say we shall never meet again. I forgive you, and you will shortly be set at liberty. I would not trust my fate in your hands, however, even though I am, frankly, thus disposed to forget the wrongs you have committed upon me and mine. And so-Philippe, I have directed that you be kept a prisoner here for ten days hence. I shall be ab sent during that time, and if I do not then return, an escort will be furnished you, for safe conduct out The skipper was attentive, but silent. of the reach of those who might otherwise injure you. My trusty confidante, Malech, will attend to this, and in the meantime you will be treated with courtesy and respect. Return to the castle, or wherever you will-but repent of your past sins. and aim to be a better man. No more-adim /" The two men separated without another word, and Dugarre was confined as before, in accordance with close quarters, I fear. Ostrello's directions.

The captain then communicated with the officers overwhelmed with the most fearfally contending self, at all. Her husband came in; and it was evi- under weigh and set her course to the northward, but they had become serious, and over-watchful,

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WRECK.

The forbidding weather continued, and the wind increased as night set in. After scudding before the gale for an hour or two, the schooner finally lay to, and Antonio approached his skipper, who stood at the wheel.

"How does she breast it, Merville ?" he inquired. "Thus far, well, captain," was the reply ; "but I do n't like the looks of the sky very much. We shall have a hard blow, before morning, or I shall be agreeably disappointed."

"We have rounded Finistere, safely," continued Antonio, " and I had hoped to have left the Island smuggler, quickly interrupting him : "we must act! Shoals, at the northward, before we took the worst

"Yes; that would have been fortunate; but we again, in all probability, this side of another world ! have it now over the larboard beam, if we put away again, and we must lay to for safety."

"But we cannot but drift eastward, at best, I

"You are right," said the skipper, moodily. "If we had daylight I should feel easier. As it is, we wisely in telling me who was Eugenie. For the first, will do our best; but the prospect is dark enough, unless the wind hauls."

"What is our danger, Merville ?"

"That I cannot answer, captain. You know the coast here as well as I; but the shoals off Guernsey are not the most desirable place we could be in, in weather like this."

"Yes-I see. Could n't we claw off under a little canvas ?"

" Canvas !" exclaimed the skipper-" how long do you suppose we could carry a yard of sail?"

"True ; but if it be life or death, we should try it." The roaring of the wind continued, and the united warring of the elements prevented the crew from distinguishing what very soon after was familiar to the ears of both the skipper and the captain. They distinctly heard the rush of the surge upon the shoals they so much dreaded, and which they had been approaching, steadily, for some length of time."

"Do you hear anything strange, Merville ?"

"Nothing strange, captain," replied his helmsman, in a low voice.

" But you can distinguish that sound ?"

"Yes, yes-but, for God's sake, be quiet! If the men get alarmed we are certainly lost. Go, you, and see to the boat-but warily. We shall soon be in

Antonio went forward, and with his own hands cleared all but a single lashing that secured the of the "Raven," and at daylight the schooner got little life boat. The men were prompt and obedient,

BANNER OF LIGHT.

evidently suspecting that their superiors did not fancy the appearance of things. The cry of " breakers !" was soon heard, and then

all was consternation and terror.

"We must wear off, Merville, at any hazard," oriod Antonio, at the sound of this fearful word. "Quick, then I or it will be too late !"

"Bear a hand, boys !" shouted the helmsman, at last; "we must look it in the face. Up with the jib-lively, now-up !"

But the thing was impossible. Scarcely had the sail been raised a yard from the bowsprit, when the gusts threw it clean out forward, and it was shat tered into ribbons by the violence of the gale. "Breakers | breakers ! ' screamed the crew.

"Up with the foresail !" cried the helmsman; "if that goes, we must follow it. Away with it, boys !" But all was useless. The hurricane tore the sail into shreds; and before the wreck could be cleared away, the schooner had hove off into the trough of the heavy, chopping sea, now entirely unmanagea ble. It was the last moment of hope; for the raging but how signly is it really needed and acted upon. How few men really do know themselves. How few gale now drifted the vessel rapidly in among the ragged shoals, and it was evident that she must very soon find "soundings " without the use of the lead.

was passing on deck, and the violence of the storm. The men, at the same moment, thought of the boat and themselves. While they rushed to scoure this "last plank," Antonio suddenly presented himself before his child.

"Dear Eugenie," he cried, "we must trust ourselves to the mercy of heaven : we are in a critical position."

"I feared it, Antonio-what is that ?" she added, with a desperate rush into Autonio's arms, as a loud orash was heard, that shook the schooner like a trembling aspen leaf.

"For your lives, below there-quick !" yelled the voice of the skipper, at this crisis. " Up, up, Anto- influence their destiny, of the life enshrined within

and active as and whether and tumbled over the would come to them, as it ought to come to the finally and ostentation. The paul might use the same text which he used in speaking to the heathen at the shock was the finishing stroke to the ill fated this exposition of the unknown God." Indeed, in this connection, I may say that ignorance of the one the sume text. "Raven." Her bows were badly stove, her fore kind is intimately connected with ignorance of the mast was broken, and she lay at the meroy of the ignorant of God. We are unacquainted with him, be-WAVES.

"Take this, and this, Eugenie-and these-" exclaimed Antonio, hurredly, as he passed into her hands several papers and envelops. This parcel confine to your person; it is valuable and you may find use for it, if I should miss you. Now, quickup! God, how she thumps !"

In a moment longer, the captain, the skipper,

to the oars with a hearty good will-for it was a dash for their lives. The quick eye of the helms-man.watched for the rocks and snags with which the shore was dotted, with a searching gaze—but he

EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, July 10th, 1859,

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

TEXT.- "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at prace." Jop xxii, 21. These are the words of Eliphaz, and they are used

These are the words of Elphaz, and they are used by him in the course of an unfair argument; but, taken by themselves, we can hardly find so few words that mean so much; for they really set forth the ground of all religious effort, the substance of all spiritual life. The best thing we can do in this world is to ac-quaint ourselves with God. The best state which we can attain is that promised peace. Surely, then, the exhortation of the text may profitably occupy the meditations of the hour.

meditations of the hour. Two things are here presented to our consideration : a process, and a result. In the first place, consider the process here urged; the process of becoming ac-quainted with God. "Acquainted "—that is the em-phatic word in this clause of the sentence. Upon very little relation fittle reflection in this office of the senter. I plut very quite a common-place fact, that men are most ignorant of things most near to them and most important. Thus, "know thyself" is a very ancient injunction; but how slightly is it really heeded and acted upon. system, acquainted, I mean, even to the extent of ac we strike upon a cord of mystery which no man can Antonio now thought of his charge, Eugenic, who lay tossing from side to side of her cabin, bruised, sick, and terribly alarmed with the confusion that was passing on deck, and the violence of the storm. which shields their own consciousness, and holds their own life. They know more of the distant rivers, in their source, in their course, and in their termination; they know more of the vast circulation of the waters from their obscure head-springs to the mighty deep, and back again through the reservoirs of cloud and channels of rain, than of this circulation of the blood, this crimson river that flows through the aqueducts of their frame, and washes upon the very citadel of their life. They are more familiar with the catacombs of Egypt than with these veins and arteries. They are Egypt than with these veins and arteries. They are better acquainted with the electric telegraph than with these wondrous telegraphs, the nerves of force and sensation, over which thought travels censelessly, and which receives signals from the planets and the sun. And even more ignorant are they of their own souls, of the interior forces which control their action and informat their destinated by the undertained with

voice of the skipper, at this crisis. " Up, up, Anto-nio 1 To the boat!" "To the onew; and another the scrapping and tearing of the schooner's sides that wonderful psalm of David, in which he speaks of the omnipotence and omnipresence of God, and it would come to them, as it ought to come to them, as the Applie David free the scrapping the psalm of the source of Home and Home and the source of Home and Home and the source of Home and Home a ignorant of God. We are unacquainted with him, be-cause we do not know ourselves. Begin with knowing our own heart, knowing it thoroughly, with the thor-oughness of accessible knowledge, and it would lead us to an acquaintance with him. Know yourself. Know the mystery which clothes this physical france, know the marcelous working of the phenomena of this spiritual nature, and it will lead you to apprehend God; not to comprehend him, for that is impossible to a finite nature, but to awarcherd him, to feel ac to a finite nature, but to apprehend him, to feel ac-quainted with him, whom in our thoughtlessness, spiritual apathy, and sensual absorption, we do not know

In a moment longer, the captain, the skipper, Eugenie, and three men took to the bont. Four of the orew had already been washed overboard, by the seas that breached completely over the ill starred Raven, and with heavy hearts and excited minds they put away from the wreck. Eugenie had no conception of the real danger of their situation, though she had ample cause for deep alarm. She therefore did, mechanically, just what Antonio bid her do. The packets were thrust into her bosom, and she secured the little box to her dress, as they sprang up the companion.way to her dress, as they sprang up the companion-way to the deck. The boat rose and fell upon the caps of the great waves that rolled in shoroward, and the men laid of the men laid of the men laid of the second to them. It is a maining term heard in the midst of a drowsy sermon, or perhaps used by them as an expletive to give force to their jest or anger. Or they call upon the divine name in their profanest speech, in their guilty carelessness, forgetful descente. descorate.

the shore was dotted, with a searching gaze—but he had small hope of reaching the beach, which was yet over two miles inland; and the sea was lashing the boulders with unabating fury. Cheerily, boys," he oriel—"courage, my lady— we'll soon be safe now. Give way, lads; give way! So—so'l Now, again. Steady, Louis, steady. We'll soon be there!" And thus did Merville cheer and encourage the men and Eugenie, as they bounded on the form of God. Oh, how much that we know or think of God is of this kind, merely hearsy knowledge and traditional conception. I say that the word "ac-quaint" implies a more intimate action of the heart than this. Let any man examine his own conscious-ness, and his own feelings in this respect. Has this injunction, "Acquaint thyself with God." I ask, any force, or has it any suggestion, for you, my hearer? "Acquaint thyself with God." Some one may say, "I have known the name of God from my earliest years; it is the most familiar name of all; it is blended in my mother's kneë; I may have often used it thoughtat my mother's knee; I may have often used it thought-lessly and recklessly, but what name is so familiar to word. Oh, these words—words—words; we pile up the high heavens upon them. We pile them up in the vast abyses of our ignorance, mere rubbish and peb-bles, and thereby we seek to hide our ignorance, to stultify rather than to enlighten it. We use words as southy indice that to emigrical the words words as the counters to mark the great game of life. We use words to kill sense and meaning. They are mere words after all, signifying nothing, penetrating the essence of nothing. So it may be with the name of God. We may use it as a name or a word. But does that name or that word convey any of its real meaning into your mind, heart and soul? "Our Father who art in Heaven;" the simple words ••Our Father who art in Heaven;" the simple words of childhood; Christ's translation of God—••Our Fath-er." You have used it often, but have you ever taken in its meaning? Have you ever felt all majesty, full-ness, tenderness.loveliness and beauty smelted togeth-er in that word, and felt how much it means? I am sometimes called upon to visit people upon sick beds, when the enfeebled intellect is struggling with disease, and can take in but little even of the primary truths of solution; and T bare solid to those they line rune of the primary truths of religion; and I have said to those thus lying almost in the shadow of death. Take in the meaning of that word, if nothing else—God, our Father—and endeavor. word, if nothing disc. Got, but rather and chuckword in some way or another, to get a glimpso of the beauty and truth contained in it. And so I ask you, this name, our Father. Christ's synonym for God—do you comprehend that? Do you feel the fullness of the glory and the power of the truth concentrated in it. glory and the power of the truth concentrated in it. It is not enough to be able to say you have known the name of God, to prove that you are acquainted with God. You may say you have known and believed in God as a father; there is no trath you hold more firm-ly. There is nothing which stands more solid in your conviction than that fact. Some men seem to be con-tented with this result. They have arrived at a dem-constration of God. They have sat down coolly and de-liberately, and they have found it to be consistent with liberately, and they have found it to be consistent with reason that there should be a God-with reason, which by its own deep workings alone proves a God-which by its very tendency to raise the question and gravi-tate toward the idea, proves a God. Reason has bridged the abyss, put things together, and they have come to the conclusion that there is a God. 'It stands before them as a necessary fact, as something we must admit. We cannot explain these things; we cannot admit. admit. We cannot explain these things; we cannot get harmony, order and consistency in the universe without a God; and that is the end of it. It lies a cold demonstration in the brain. It exists as an ultimate fact, as the last clause of a syllogism. Do you call that being acquainted with God? Men know about God as effecting the universe—as a fact in history, for in-stance—they know about God as a particular manifes-tation operating away back in past area over some soltation operating away back in past ages, over some sol-emn mountain top, or shining with supernatural emn mountain top, or shining with supernatural splendor before a people's desert march by night. He is the God of some remote, cloudy epoch, when form sprang from chaos, and light from darkness. And now he is away off in some part of the wide immensity, we know not where; and we might be addressed as the prophet of old addressed the priests of Baal. Where is your God? Is he hunting or asleep, that you cannot find him? We gaze upon the stupendous machinery about us, and the maker, from our apathy, seems ab-sent. We handle Nature's works with our probes and erneibles, as though we knew not that every pulse is cracibles, as though we knew not that every pulse is We know God as a historical fact. We know him as I the God of the Bible. It is well to know him there.

It is well to be familiar with that interesting narra-tive, like no other narrative, and flowing like a guif-stream through the bistories of the world. Take all ous apprehension of God, Jesus Christ has made him is tream through the blstories of the world. Take all ous apprehension of God, Jesus Christ has made him the books which over were written, and stripping off the supernatural claims of the Bible, which so many the supernatural claims of the Bible, which so many say, not merely to his enemies, not to those who had make for it, it still stands distinct and peculiar. It is opposed and rejected him, not to those who had well to understand the ideas of God, of which the Bible with them, in which God is so strangely manifest. It is well to know God as he is peculiarly revealed and in the bible? Is it merely to fill the mind, to cover the chef object and efficacy of that presentation of God in the Bible? Is it merely to fill the mind, to cover the records of our memory, to crown us with a sense of often do hey hey eccasion to say to us, as Christ said the records of our memory, to crown us with a sense of supernatural facts? No; the great object and efficacy of the revelation and manifestation of God in the Biof the revelation and manifestation of God in the Bi-ble, and of God in special events, is that he may be un-derstood and recognized as God in alle events. The fa-miliar presentation of God in the Bible has for its ob-ject, that we may see a familiar manifestation of God in all things. The Bible is not exclusively to define God; for revelation is limited, and the idea of God from revelation must be limited. Revelation is intended to lead us into the universal recognition of God in all hings. The bible is not exclusively to define the state forever, say this, How often, as they are recalled to us, are we constrained to say that we did not know them and comprehend them when they were with us; but that new revelations of them have been made to us ence. Our knowledge of them is not from the senses, lend us into the universal recognition of God in all things. and to make avery fort diving. The tight the sense help us to know them. Our senses

lead us into the universal recognition of God in all things, and to make every fact divine. That is the great work the Bible will do. God is not revealed exclusively in the Bible; he was not revealed first by the Bible. If he had not been re-vealed in something prior to the revelation of the Bi-ble, the revelation of the Bible could not have been made known to us. If we had not some idea of God, the printed letters of his name would convey no mean-ing to us. If we had not some dim idea of our own, the description of God by the prophets and the psalm-ist, would not avail us much. There is something tation of God even than the Bible. There is something Again: God cannot be known to the intellect. He ist, would not avail us much. There is an older reve-lation of God even than the Bible. There is an older reve-lation of God even than the Bible. There is an older reve-lation of God even than the Bible. There is an older reve-lation of God even than the Bible. There is an older reve-lation of God even than the Bible. There is an older reve-lation of God even than the Bible. There is an older reve-lation of God even than the Bible. There is an older reve-lation of God even than the Bible. There is an older reve-lation of God even than the Bible. There is an older reve-lation of God aven than the Bible. There is an older reve-lation of God even than the Bible. There is an older reve-lation of having God manifested to them in the rain and fruitful seasons, so that the invisible things of him are clearly seen in the things that appear; and he com-plans that they could not see God more plainly, be-cause their own vain imaginations were darkened, and their own foolish hearts hardened. The great object of the Bible is to enlighten this darkened vision; not to create. altogether, the idea of the substance and being of God, but to purge the idea that exists in our own darkened imaginations. That is the great object of the New Testa-ment is, to supply that which in the Old Testament was left incomplete—to make full that which was lim-ver Hebrew conception of God; and in the New, the is the indefinable, the surrounding and all-pervading

Movely motion in the test mole of thit which three place around us daily in the world. More than this; seeing that God in the Bible has specially visited the souls of others, apostles and psalmists and prophets, we ought not to suppose that he has limited his visitation to the souls of apostles, psalmists and prophets; but we ought to learn to feel him in our own souls; and that is the real influence which the Bible if it does its two work every correwhich the Bible, if it does its true work, exerts over us. Do we find in the Old Testament remarkable nar-ratives and statements of facts? Yet there is the book of Pealms letting us down to the depths of personal religion and spiritual life, which is never exhausted, which is just as fresh to day as it was four thousand years ago. The book of Pealms tells us, not only of God working in events, in the great historical events of the working it up to fresh spontaneous life. The Pealms of David to-day may be used as truely for the utterance of our own aynoriting and year exbertation. With find, and even emnities. There is the great fact. I cannot define it for you more than that. A man must be acquainted with God to see the full force of the exhortation. "Acquaint thyself with God." It is a very solemn because it of our own aynoriting and you have you have

often do they have occasion to say to us, as Cirist said to his disciple, "Have I been so long a time with thee, and yet hast thou not known me?" How often might,

authoigh the senses help us to know them. Our senses may enable us to identify the man as a unit, but we do not know him by their teachings. Bo we may be assisted to know Gode by nature, and by Christ, so as to identify and recognize the works of God by our external senses. But if we cannot even know a man by the senses, but by something deeper than can be revealed to the senses, how can we become acquainted with God, who cannot show himself to our senses

Again: God cannot be known to the intellect. He cannot be recognized in definite proportions upon the brain. God, the infinite, cannot show himself to the

ited. Thus we have in the Old Testament the Jewish or Hebrew conception of God; and in the New, the fullness of the conception of God, as manifested through Jesus Christ. The very fact of a revelation of God, presupposes a capacity, however indistinct the concep-tion, of knowing God—a capacity given to all men. The capacity was not given by the revelation. It has existed in all ages; and it is manifested in all re-ligions, and lies at the root of all religions. For all religions are based upon the Idea of a God who creates. And because there are errors or absurfaites in other the light the revelation of a grand the sense. But, my friends, we may be acquainted with God in the assurance of sympathy and communion with our own spiritual nature. That stands as a fact. That is a reality. I am so much of a spiritualist as this, that I believe in communion with one spirit, and that is God, the infinite spirit. And by this communion we may know him. I believe nothing religions are based upon the Idea of a God who creates. And because there are errors or aburdities in other religions, is it for us to say that there is no grant discommunion we may know him. L believe nothing truth in them? Out of what have these great relig-ions of the world sprung? Merely out of strings of absurdities? No. Under every great form of religion in the world, however much of absurdity there may be in it, there is the great radical idea of God. And, therefore, when we are called upon to acquain to acquain to selves with the God of the Bible, we must remember that he is not exclusively the God of the Bible; that the influence of the truth is limited in our thoughts and in our lives. When men flud God only in the Bible-that is, in the letter of the Bible, and a God limited to the Bible, and, therefore, which we shut him out, if I may use such a term, so far as all influence upon their lives is con-cerned, when they shut bim out, if I may use such a dod in the transactions of the Bible, they do not see him in the events of every day life. The great effect and influence which reading the Bible ought to produce in us is this, that seeing God in the special events of every day life. The great effect and influence which reading the see God in the transactions of the Bible, they do not see him in the events of every day life. The great effect and influence which reading the spin the vordet to produce in us is this, that seeing God in the special events of every day life. The great effect and influence which reading the spin the vordet to produce in us is this, that seeing God in the special events of every day life, in the transactions of hi-tory, in the looming front and cloud of war, in the affairs of nations, in the developments of that the transactions of that corry, in the looming front and cloud of war, in the affairs of nations, in the developments of that which takes in every motion in the least fibre of that which takes in every motion in the least fibre of that which takes and in transactions the affairs of nations, in the developments of all events, in every motion in the least fibre of that which takes place around us daily in the world. More than this; seeing that God in the Bible has specially visited the souls of others, apostles and pralinists and prophets, we ought not to suppose that have the fibre of the souls of prophets, we ought not to suppose that have the winter the souls of suppose that the souls of suppose that have the winter the souls of suppose that the super the souls of suppose that have the visited the souls of suppose that the souls of suppose that have the visited the souls of suppose that the souls of suppose that have the visited the visited the souls of suppose that the souls of suppose that the souls of suppose that have the visited the inations. We may not know them here. We may not approach them here. But I believe that when God shall sweep the scales from our eyes, we shall throw off the cumbrous armor of theological controversies, and shall know each other in the very common fact that we all know God. Even our hymns and our prayers meet, as it were, in the house of God, in a common acquaintance with him, amid our cold and crushing controversies,

of David to-day may be used as truly for the utterance and a very tender exhortation; very solemn because it of our own experience, as they were for the utterance suggest this idea — have you lived so long and yet not of his. Should not this teach us not merely to known God? Has he spread your table with bounties God as a historical fact, but to know God as David known hin, and as every righteous, devout soul may you not sought his acquaintance? Has he breathed into know him, not merely in the events of the Bible, but your soul the breath of life, and yet do you care nothing for more way networked and the ex-i for him? Has he surrounded you, and blessed you, from our own personal contact with him, and the ex-perience of that contact? Again: there are those who know God through his all our knowledge of him. There have been very thought that we may know him; that he condescends to let us know him, that the poor and obscure may be lifted up to him, and glorified with his communion and acquaintanceship. You want to be acquainted with a great and good man, and cannot; but you can be acquainted with the Source of all greatness and goodness. You want to know (Jod in his works, and have not seen him. But you can enter the palace; the poorest and most ignorant soul can enter the palace. into the temple of Nature as into a mighty cathedrai, and finds it all filled with the presence of God. No doabt the works of God are full of the knowledge of doabt the works of God are full of the knowledge of the greater is our capacity of knowing and enjoying God and may lead to a knowledge of him; but after all God. But after all, the man who is acquainted with how often the man of science, without understanding God, is acquainted with the essence of knowledge, nature even, walks through this material world as we may walk through the fine garden and magnificent what, after all, is the avail of all knowledge, but as a means to us of knowing God, the source of knowledge? And when the poor aud ignorant soul, by his prayer and faith is lifted up to an apprehension and conscious-ness of a communion with him, he is at the centre and essence of all knowledge in the universe. Is it not a great thing that I can stand up here to-day and say to you all, "Acquaint yourself with God?" Is there not something very tender as well as very solan in this? The essence of all religion is to be ac-quainted with God. "Getting religion," as it is sometimes rather strangely called, means substantially getting acquainted with God. That is the essence of religion. The essence of religion is not in doing our daty. It is not in probing our own conversation and pets. it is not in probing our own conversation and acts; it is not in placing our heart, as it were, under a microscope and watching its emotions and motives; a microscope and watching its emotions and notives, it is not in whipping up creeping and laggard souls. You need something behind all this. It is well to know our hearts, to spur up the soul with motives; it is right and necessary to do our duty; but that is not the essence of religion. We need something back of all this. We need to look out of ourselves, and up from ourselves, to the divine love and holiness. Reall this. We need to look out of ourselves, and up from ourselves, to the divine love and holiness. Re-ligion is a "binding of ourselves to God." looking up to him. If you keep looking to yourself, you will have no religious life; you will have a morbid self-torturo and possibly self-culture, but you will have no real love for duty, no real effort to do good; because you will see nothing in the weakness of your own heart to call you into life and action. Do not probe too much into your, own heart: do not dig too much bare, but call you into life and action. Do not probe too much into your own heart; do not dig too much there; but look up to God, become acquainted with him, if you want a spring to incite to effort and duty. Look up to Christ; look up to the brightest ideals of life; and you will have an inspiration for duty and for life. When any great and good thing is done, it is wrought not only in the sense of our own weakness, but in the consciousness of God as the helping spring, the strength, and the first cause of life and hope to man. A upon thinks of himself as doing all, and as if the A man thinks of himself as doing all, and as if the whole work of the world rested upon him. The minister thinks that the religious destiny of the people of his senses, and thus making you mainlest. They forget thinks that the religious destiny of the people of his that with our finite powers it is impossible that the im-church rests upon him, and that the whole responsi-mensity of the idea of God should burst upon us, and bility is with him. I would not take that responsibili-for a moment flash upon us in its awful splendor. But suppose it could, who could stand before the intoler-able glory? You cannot face the blaze of the light-your God. The reformer thinks that if his particular ping the mere flickering of his presence. You cannot have been done done and the whole would stand the the world with the suppose it to up the sentence of the light of the people of the sentence of the light. scheme does not succeed, the whole world will crack into pieces. All things are laid upon him. A man into pieces. All things are laid upon him. A man can do nothing with such a cumbrous, paralyzing thought upon his mind. God works with man and by him, and when he thinks that the Great Infinite is working with him, when he becomes acquainted with God, there is the inspiration to noble and successful effort. So that branch of religion which consists in doing, consists essentially in becoming acquainted with God. And so that other branch of religion which consists in would know only the appearance of God, not the depths | enduring, in suffering, in bearing-that great part of

religion in this world, consists in being nequalated with God. Know God, mourner; know God, tried and disappointed heart; know the heart that deals with these behind the cloud and through the storm, if you want to comprehend the meaning of your trial, or to know how to bear it. Grandly does the old a postio say, "I know him in whom I have believed." I have not hearsay; it does not come to me merely from the-traditions of others; but "I know him in whom I have believed." Let the world scorn; let them propares their barbed arrows; let the thick waves of trouble-flow over me; let imprisonment and torture and death come-"I know him in whom I have believed." and he holds the pillars of the universe and guides all to good. holds the pillars of the universe and guides all to good. I will take hold of his hand and walk through as a child clinging to his father's hand in the dreary desert, dark night, and pelting storm, for he believes his father can bring him safely through. "I know in whom I have believed." The ship may shudder, trem. ble, and reel, but I know the pilot at the helm. Is there not the source of endurance and of strength?

8

That I have an acquaintance with the everlasting and That I have an acquaintance with the everlasting and the unchangeable, is the thought that comes. up. 4 Oh, how good it is to have a friend. We all know how good it is to go with our troubles and trials to one who is a sincere, and not merely a conventional, a ccrementious and sumshine friend, but one whom we may see in the storm stronger and more firm than over. How good it is to tell him our cares, and to reciprocate with his sympathy. But one day we go to him, and we find that he is in trouble, too. He is a poor mortal like ourselves; and in his sarrow he has little time or power to help us in our desolution. Another day power to help us in our desolation. Another day, we go for him, and he is gone; the place that knew him now knows him no more. Shall we have no other friendships than these? Do we not want some friend whom we can go to at all times—an infinite, everlast-ing friend? Do we not want to be acquainted with of that other branch of religion which consists in en-durance. Surely the best form for exhorting men to

be-religious, is to exhort them to become acquainted with God. This is what they used. Yes, you say, but you must remind them that they are alienated from God; that they are sinners. There is something else to do than to look to God for an inis something else to do than to look to God for an in-spiration to action; they must feel that they are alien-ated and sinners. Yes, so they must. But let them become acquainted with God, and they will under-stand the whole truth, the grievousness of their aliena-tion, and that it is not a hopeless alienation. It is not as though God were a party to your alienation. Become acquainted with God, and you will discover that whatever misery and darkness there may be in your state, it is from yourself, from your own obduracy and willfulness. Become acquainted with God, and you will know something of the love of God, which is the great essefice of all salvation from sin. You will you will know something of the love of God, which is the great essence of all salvation from sin. You will know what the love of God to you, a sinner, is. It will convince you of more than one thing. It will convince you not merely of the greatness of your sin against God, but of the greatness of your sin against yourself. For we naturally come to ask, who are we yourself. For we naturally come to ask, who are we that God cares so much for us? Who are we that dese-crate ourselves when we are so loved by him? We begin to look at it in this light. I find in one of our papers a grievous complaint be-cause some rumseller has set up a portrait of Washing-ing in his barroom, and it is called a desceration. Bo it may be: but is there not a greater desceration there?

is may be; but is there not a greater descention there? Is there not a descenation of the image of God set up among those run-casks and liquor barrels? The image of God there becomes degraded, polluted, and cast down. He is a drunkard, and he is made so in spite of that love of God for him, who feels for him and cares for him so much that he has poured out the blood of Christ for him. The moment you become acquainted with God, and see the greatness of his love for you, you feel that there is something precious in you, and the real misery of all sin. It is the real darkness and the real misery of all sin. It is the alienation from God. It is to be alienated from God, apart from him, out of computing with him. You see a friand some God. It is to be alienated from God, apart from him, out of communion with him. You see a friend some-times who has turned from you for you evil courses; and you say, "Oh, that I could know him.. Oh, that he would smile upon me again. Oh, that I could be in communion with him once more; it would be such a comfort to me. What I suffer in my sin is misery. What I suffer in my alienation from God and truth, is terrible." So it is; and that is the right feeling—suffer-ing from the alienation of sin, suffering away from God, from the loss of sympathy with him, that is the real misery of sin, and it works for our good as it was intended, if we will only comprehend it. It is not simply retribution for sin, but the consequence of the nature of sin, that it sepantes us from God. "Acquaint noor thyself with God." There is another emphatic word there—"now;" not to-morrow, not at

emphatic word there-...now;" not to-morrow, not at some distant time; but, oh man, acquaint now thyself with God.

Then comes the other point—the result—to which I will just allude, because it is really included in the process. "Be at peace." I have shown you the peace. It is the peace that springs from harmonious action, the peace of patient trust, the peace of repent-ance. "Be at peace." Oh, how much there is in those words I It is wonderful how full the Bible is of the word "peace" used in this way. Christ uses it in the chapter I read this morning. [John xvi, 33.] It indicates something that man wants. It is the real., thing man is after. When you come to the foundation of all his effort, all his suffering, all his aspirations and prayers; you will find it is for peace. Sometimes he-takes hold of superficial means to reach the end; but the real thing desired is rest. The toiling merchant Then comes the other point-the result-to which I takes hold of superficial means to reach the end; but the real thing desired is rest. The toiling merchant looks forward to the time when he shall not be ham-pered so by business, and perplexed by feverish cares, but shall be at rest. Men, properly enough, rush out of the city at this season of the year to seek rest. This is all symbolical of a deeper rest. Sleep to us is glori-ons, because full of rest. And even death, as Job, in this very book, describes it so gorgeously, so marvel-ously, bas its crowning glory, as it were, in this ously, has its crowning glory, as it were, in this peace. But the peace that we want is not the peace of inaction, of slumber, of death; but it is the highest ondition of harmonious, active life. Peace remain ing, all troubles flee away. It is a peace that we do not get in this world. It is an enduring peace, a peace so to our relationships, as to our defects, as to our own souls—a peace in God. It is the peace of perfect action and perfect repose—constant development, con-stant harmony. That is the peace that man wants, and that is the peace which we get more and more as we become acquainted with God. This exhortation, then, while it is very solemn, is a very tender one. Do you not need this peace, my hearers? Are you perfectly at rest with everything? Is there no throbbing, deathless pulse of unrest? Are you satisfied with what you have? Are you satisfied with looking forward to mere earthly rest? Are you satisfied with your sins, or satisfied with being uncon-scious of your sins? I can tell you that you need rest, you need peace; you need it now, not by-and-by. action and perfect repose-constant development. conscious of your sins? I can tell you that you need rest, you need pence; you need it now, not by-and-by. It will not do to say. I am going to get acquainted with God by-and-by; that, among other things, is in my plan of life. Your plan of life is in God's hands, and suddenly it may be altered. Acquaint thyself with God and be at peace now. There will be times when he alone will be with you, when none else can be. I do not know a more dreadful thing than, at a time of treable. trouble, going out and calling in God as a stranger. There is no other help and we must call God in. Oh. that we could have him as a friend, that we could have that we could have him as a friend, that we could have bim always withous, to go to him as to a near and in-timate friend jn the lonely times which must come with the disease and suffering that none can bear for us. In the time of death we shall want him. Oh, is it not well to know him now? There is great meaning in that trath. Catch hold of it, believe, it and act upon it. Hear the solemn and tender words come to you to-day. "Acquaint now thyself with God and be at nease." to-day. peace."

over the foaming billows; though he feared, every moment, that the tiny boat would either be stove or swamped.

Antonio clasped the almost lifeless form of the tender girl whom he had thus, unwittingly, brought to the door of death, and by every endearing sign and word, endeavored to sooth her fright and illness.

"Courage, dear Eugenie !" he oried, " it is a dread. ful scene for your inexperience, but we know where we are. There is danger, girl, but cheer up ! hopehope for the best. Now, we'll quickly reach the beach.' It is in sight! Careful, lads! Mind the stern oar, Merville-now we go blithely. It's nearly over, Eugenie-steady, boys! So we go, again !"

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. IF MEMORY ONLY LIVES.

Shine on fair moon, and pour thy tranquil light In silver floods through all the clouds of even; My soul is sad; and up the deep'ning night My spirit looks and sighs, and yearns for Heaven.

I gazo on thee, and bless the quiet hour Which follows close the day of toll and pain. When all alone, through retrospection's power, I tread the paths of other days again.

How sweet it is, when o'er the coming years Fall the dark shadows of some deeper grief, To turn within, despite our blinding tears, And bring the happy past to our relief.

Take from me every joy that life can give, Leave all the world a desolated scene Yet I'll find peace, if memory only live, In musing o'er the joys that once have been.

Go where thou wilt, my heart is all thine own; Forget me, if thou can'st. I still shall feel That once thy love was mine, yes, mine alone, And with a fervor thou could'st not conceal.

Forget mol thou can'st ne'er forget : in vain Thou striv'st to turn the crowded memories back ; Some tender feeling bids the thought remain, To vield a joy its own surroundings lack.

And thus I live in hope, content my soul, That I, at least, remembered am by thee, And trust that time, in its unceasing roll Ere many suns will bring thee back to me.

Its trust a true affection cannot lose, As true affection cannot faithless prove, And only hath its own truth to peruse, To answer for the object of its love.

So wander where thou wilt, I still shall hope, Though year on year may go, without theo, by, And time may steal the pleasures, one by one, That my fond heart shall draw from memory. 8:

devout men who have read these works of God, and found on every page a lucid inscription in his own hand-writing. The influence of the religion and the science of to-day is religious and devout; I do not know of anything more so. The science of the last century was rather shallow, superficial and materialistic; but the moment men began to probe a little deeper, and laid open the arteries, veins, and nerves, connected with the great heart of the universe, it was all quivernow often the man of science, without understanding grounds of a princely estate. You would say that these were the grounds of a great man; that there were evidences that he was a man of taste; that there were idences that he was a man of culture and liberality Thus we should see here some little intimation and ome little exhibition of his spirit and character. We should see that he was a generous man and a good man. Going through his parks and his grounds and gardens, we should learn a great deal of him; but we

should not know him, after all. So men going through the vast fields of nature, from the splendors of the sky and the wonders of the depths of the earth, could read to us inscriptions from God's work. Passing through the manifestations of his work. Fassing through the inducestitutions of magnetic power and glory and his goodness, we could know a great deal of him; but after all we could not know him. We stand outside the walls of his real dwelling, outside the consciousness of his real presence and character. Thus to be acquainted with God is some hing far more intimate and vital than to know about thing har more intimate and vital than to know about God-to know him by name, or to know of him as a fact in history and nature. The question is, are you familiar, not merely with the record or tradition of him, but with his own very presence and character? Do you know not only his works, but him? Is the by you know hot only his works, out min: Is the suggestion of him with you not merely one of holy places, but one to make all places holy: not merely a momentary feeling from the grandeurs of the outward world, the mountain and sea, and the sparkling con-stellations of heaven; but, so that you always feel him ver present in the denths of your consciousness: so that he comes down to you, and you know that he comes down and takes up his abode with you? This is eing acquainted with God.

There is such a fact as being acquainted with God, in distinction from merely knowing acquattee with God, in distinction from merely knowing about God. "Ac quainted with God." And how? Of course, not by the senses. Some might wish even for this. Some might limit their ideas of a revelation of God, to a merely sensuous revelation. Some may think that no revelation is possible, excepting a revelation to the senses, and thus making Gol manifest. They forget able glory? I bu cannot have the blace of the light ning, the mere flickering of his presence. You cannot bear the full rays of the sun, which is but the symbol of his brightness. How could you stand before him, could his face, for a moment visible to the senses, be unveiled? But you know, from the very terms in which such a revelation is proposed, that it is impossible. How could you, a limited, finite being, take in and per-ceive the unlimited and the infinite?

But even if you could remove this absurdity, and could by possibility have a sight of God, by the senses, you could not know him merely by the senses. You

Written for the Banner of Light. OUR MOUNTAIN HOME. YONDLY DEDICATED TO MY SISTER LIZZIR. Here Spring its softest airs doth breathe, And here doth shed its earliest showers:

Here Flora culls her choicest wreath, From the most rare, most fragrant flowers; The skies here shed their purest beam Through Spring's gay smile, and Winter's gloom-Thou ever still doth lovely seem, Our own, our own, dear Mountain Home. If but awhile from theo I stray, To other scenes or lovely spot, Although they be most fair and gay, Still midst them I forget thee not; Oh, they cannot my soul enchain l My heart will oft back to thee roam, And sigh to see thy scenes again, Our own, our own, dear Mountain Home. The sweetest memories of the past, Of scenes which ne'er can be forgot-Of joys and hopes which faded fast, All cluster round the hallowed spot; Friends foudly loved, are dwelling hero-Here others, too, rest in the tomb-These, these, all make thee doubly dear, Our own, our own, dear Mountain Home. M. D. S. Ice Mountain Cove. Va.

Written for the Banner of Light,

'ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED? Is this earth the only planetary body in the Universe upon which man exists?

4

By MAN, we mean a being whose organization, physically and mentally, places him at the apex of all animated nature, asserting his supremacy in claiming to possess an immortal vitality, which may exist indopendently of the body through which it was first developed.

To a carcless observer, who sees not beyond visible appearances, barely such as appeal to the perceptivo faculties, unalded by reason, the solution of this question seems very simple-and the answer would be an unqualified affirmative.

From the earliest days until the present time, history and tradition afford us numerous examples of a strugglo between reason and faith, and the battle is even yet as intense as ever. First: reason assorted that the sun, not the earth, was the centre of a great system of moving bodies; and from this assertion dates the most wonderful revelations in physical nature that it has been the privilege of man on this earth to enjoy. Who that is acquainted with the teachings of reason, as developed through the various physical sciences-astronomy, geography, geology, chemistry, anatomy and zoology-cannot discover the numerous victorics of reason over faith? And yet the traditions of faith which remain to be vanquished are a multitude, and hydra-like, when one head has been cut off, another and another grows in its place.

There are two kinds of faith. One is derived entirely from the sensuous impressions; the other is derived from the first, through an erroneous method of reasoning, aided by false assumptions. Practically, they amount to the same thing. The question as to whether the earth is the only inhabited planet in space, is at this time an important one .to be considered, as the scientific world is not entirely sound upon it, and the world of faith is yet almost wholly bound up in its sensuous methods of thinking upon it.

Bat we have around us suggestive evidences, which are not to be disregarded, and which have an important bearing upon the question. These evidences present themselves most forcibly to the geologist, zoologist and chemist. We will only consider a few of them.

The observations of the zoologist point directly to this conclusion. All forms of life are adapted to the conditions by which they are surrounded; and this seems to be an invariable and fixed law of Nature, which must forcibly strike every observer.

The geologist finds in the various strata of the earth's surface evidences of the former existence of organized forms, adapted to conditions unlike those which prevail at the present time upon any portion of the cartn's surface. And these conditions, again, have undergone numerous changes, involving the destruction of previously existing forms of life, and preparing for the development of other forms of life. That such changes have succeeded each other an untold number of times, from the commencement of the existence of living forms on this earth until the present era, is beyond dispute. At the present day, the zoologist discovers organic forms existing in every possible condition in which it seems possible life can be supported, and each form of life adapted to the conditions under which it exists: so that Nature seems to be filled up with life, with scarcely a conceivable condition left unoccupied.

Such is our limited power of perception, we cannot discover what are the conditions of other planets, whether favorable to the existence of such forms of life as surround us, or not. But reason comes to the aid of the astronomer, and helps him to the conclusion that at least some of the few bodies which come within the powers of his telescope are surrounded by conditions in some respects analogous to those which surround our earth. But he cannot determine whether these conditions are the same as those which this earth now enjoys, or whether they are similar to what the earth has at some former period passed through, or at some future time will experience.

The comparative size of the different planets, their relative positions in the solar system, and various other things, suggest in the most conclusive manner that the earth, compared to some of them, is yet comparatively young as a home for living beings, while compared with others it may be considered as very mature. "The fallness of the earth," in all its various conditions favorable to the development of life, suggests that creative power which is so active here cannot be less so elsewhere, where conditions are such as to permit the development of life. And to presume that all the vast bodies in space are merely appendages to such

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NATURE IN THE HEART. It would be very easy to say, as some are in the habit of saying, without much, thought, that the man is to be profoundly pitied who has no love for nature, and natural objects, in his heart; but we are of those who believe that every man living has a love for nature implanted within him, and as deeply, too, as the religious sentiment-a part of that sentiment, in fact-but that from circumstance. Unless the opportunity shall oft is not sufficiently developed for his recognition, on fer, there can be no impression made; and there is not account of a faulty combination of circumstances, or a one who will not admit that the occasion resides enlack of the right opportunities. Every human soul being closely related to the outward world, it must be wanting in the natural attributes and qualities of soul, if it refuses to see and feel the relationship. The earth | if they were not, such an one could never take up with olds us all fast, let us soar as we will; and that is the healthiest and freest spirit which loves oftenest to draw its sustenance directly from the bosom of its mother.

Everybody loves to indulge in dreams of pastoral life. The stories of the patriarchs get a great deal of their simple beauty and impressiveness from the eweet pictures they sketch, incidentally, of life among flocks ind herds upon the peaceful plains. Virgil distils honey from his verse, because he talks so pleasantly of country life in his Bucolics and Georgics. The Elegy of Gray is incomparable for beauty, lulling the soul into the quietest slumbers, because it tolls curfew bells on the still evening air of summer, and talks of folded flocks, droning beetles, owls hooting by moonlight from lonely church towers, ancient yews, and babbling brooks that twist themselves about their roots. Such verse, and such prose, wears in the nopular heart forever, for it is woven of the same staple. And the poet, or essayist, who can most skillfully sketch these pictures of rural life, with which all love to refresh their wearied natures, is surest of an attentive hearing and the longest-lasting friends.

His is the simplest and most transparent nature, that s filled with the spirit of such sentiments and sounds. And natures of this character most readily extract the enjoyment life has to offer them. We would not give up the experiences a few years of lonely country life have enriched us with, for all the wealth there is to be got out of the reading they call "classical." We would not forget the breath of clover fields, the rustling come sweet in character, when our love goes out, first sounds of corn, the purling of brooks in spring, and the of all, to those objects that are duly sweet and clean glories of the woods in autumn, if we were forced to Nature. forget first all that we ever got from books of every sort and character. The barnyard and the baymow have associations for us, that reach into the very centre and core of our being. The thought of loads of big-bellied pumpkins and golden-eared corn, coming up from the distant fields in loaded carts, dragged by toiling oxen with spreading hoofs, never fails to throw a strip of sunshine across the hearth of our heart, full as yellow

and golden as the corn and the numpkins themselves. To a heart that is rightly attuned, and that has quali fied itself to enjoy all the world has to offer, the country has treasures without name or number. But the vision that beholds this vaster than California wealth, must be a spiritual vision. It is not the eye that sees only cords of wood, water privileges, and number of acres. nor is it all necessary that he should. Practically con-

streak of white; rails and posts are ridged and capped with a covering as pure as pearl and as fleecy as down; the crow of the cocks on their percir sounds distant and muffled; the old horse puts his head out of the little window at his stall, and snuffs the fresh morning air with the relish of his younger days; the cows call impatiently from the stauchions in which their heads are secured, to be let out and trample down the pure field of snow in the cattle-yard; the old house-dog bays at the new sights and sounds, as if by this means he might better comprehend them; the smokes go up from the chimneys into the clear sky, and an awakened household greet the morning like a fresh gift from the hand of God.

And so the tutored and healthy heart may find delight for itself in every aspect of Nature, as she impresses herself upon domestic life and man; in every new way in which she is intertwined with the experiences of the soul; whether it be in the dear homespot, with its uncounted relations of love to her, or in the forest, by the stream, or down long-stretching meadows; whether it be in perfect solitude, the heart holding audience with itself; or sustained and soothed by a companionship of souls, making even Nature herself all the while nearer and dearer.

Familiarity with Nature, of all other modes and means of instruction, certainly does teach a man to know more; and still more, of himself. It is depth within depth, and profundity after profundity. How it comes about that it is so, must yet remain to us a mystery. How the heart manages to become more closely acquainted with itself by knowing more of Nature, is still the deepest question of all. Yet nothing. happily, is more true. He who goes out most frequently into the still solitudes, ought to be most familiar with his own secret thoughts. There is that magic link, ever connecting us with our common mother, and drawing us more and more closely to her bosom. It is generally supposed that he is the greatest man who has indelibly impressed his own character upon that of those around him; but a good part of this comes tirely outside of the man. An individual like Daniel Boone-a hunter of the lonely forest hiding-places-is great, because all the elements within his soul are so; the companionship of the winds and the seasons alone, wrapped in to the life which is begotten of pure thoughts and elevated sentiments. There can be no nobler or truer conquest than that which we secure over our own selves; and in the solitary hiding-places of Nature there is nothing to hinder that conquest from being completer

Society would be many fold sweeter, if it were more savored with solitude. We talk more than we truly feel, and tell more than we actually know; solitude and silence would correct all this, by teaching us how to feel more truly and know more thoroughly. And no good mother ever enticed her children with more tender solicitude than does Nature entice us away into her secret and silent retreats, where we may learn to know more deeply of ourselves by first familiarizing ourselves with her.

Let no man think that it is weak, but rather let him be assured that it is an element only of strength within him, that he has a sleepless love for Nature within his heart. If, amid the trials and temptations of life, any-

thing will keep the character sweet and fresh always, it is the fully developed love of Nature. Affectation, and dawdling over it, however, is not that; there is no certainty but in the real thing. No man can thus be a bad man, or forgetful, even temporarily, of what is due to himself and to those around him. We may all become pure by associating with only those objects that challenge the sentiment of purity. We shall all be-

THE DISAVOWAL OF MR. BEECHER.

For a week past, the newspapers have had more or less to say about an article written by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on his connection with Spiritualism. which originally appeared in the columns of the Independent. The entire article was penned by Mr. Beecher in reply to charges that were never brought against him, which fact has already been stated in the columns of the BANNER, over the signature of the individual, Mr. Warren Chase, who is said to have set them in circulation. This is enough on that point.

Mr. Beecher neither affirms nor denies that he is a believer in the doctrine of direct spirit impressions,

golden link, that connects his soul with the souls al. sympathy fail to fill their destinies? Both love and sympaready passed into a higher state? And would he do so, too, merely because those higher beings have not yet been able—so far as his observation extends—to speak through mediums of comparatively limited, and docldedly dissimilar capacities, in a style that shall not offend his own cultivated sense, or his conception of what the souls of those advanced beings well and now are? Would he cut this subtle, yet powerful connecas yet distasteful to him, or something that still wears in his eyes the garb of mystery? Let him ask himself such questions in all seriousness indeed. A deceased friend-a brother, a loved and revered mother-may be drawn continually to impress his or her thoughts upon the brain of Mr. Beecher. Will he not mercly refuse to receive that influence, because he cannot com prehend its philosophy-but will he also scout it in public, deride it openly, hold it up to general ridicule. and ask the world-whom himself helps to think on these very matters-to laugh scornfully at the person thus lovingly seeking to be heard? Will he convert what he, too, well feels in his heart to be his own blessed mother's teachings, into matter for popular jeers and scoffing? He should pause, as he searches his own soul in secret and asks for true answers to these questions. These answers, too, are nothing in respect of which he is to satisfy the world, but about which he is to seek to be at perfect harmony with himself alone.

With his large intellectual capacity, and his broad receptiveness to superior spiritual impressions, Mr. Beecher is doing a giant work in his generation, and future generations will hold his name in high remembrance. We wish him a sincere God-speed in all his labors, and cannot refrain from adding, likewise, that he cannot hope to increase his spiritual resources by affecting to ridicule, or even to underrate, the influences by whose powerful help he is carrying out his mission.

OBSESSION.

Mr. Joel Tiffany, in the last issue of his "Monthly," under the head of "Entrancement and Obsession," relates some very unpleasant cases of obsession, that occurred with three ladies, in whose company he had spont considerable time. In speaking of one of these obsessions, he says :---

speaking of one of these obsessions, he says :--"All this has arisen out of the practice of this medium, in allowing herself to be controlled by spirits. For some time she has been subject to their direction, obeying implicitly their requirements, without any will or judgment of her own. The medium is remarkable for the gentleness, mildness and amiability of hor temper--a model of purity and sincerity, and such an one as we should least expect would become sub-ject to evil influences. But the result is just what every one inght expect who makes himself familiar with the principles of entrancement and obsession--which we purpose to consid-or in this articlo.

or in this article. As a condition of ohrancement or obsession, the first thing is to yield unreastingly to the control of another, the mind and body. Individual judgment is suspended; reason is si-lenced and thus overthrown, and the individual becomes the subject of authority. No matter how foolish or absurd may be their requirements, according to human understanding, those requirements must be obsyed without question. The medium must trust implicitly in the wisdom and integrity of the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and then a miching work will be according to the split and then a miching the split and then a split and then a miching the split and then a split and then according the split and then a split and the split and then a split and then a split and then according the split and then a split and a split and then a split and t

these requirements thus too obeyed Minout question. The medium must trust implicitly in the wisdom and integrity of the spirit, and then a mighty work will be accomplished. This seems to be the first lesson the obsessing spirit teaches the medium. And to this condition do they come when they become willing mediums. This, in itself, is an unnatural and false condition; one that strips the individual of every prerogative constituting him or her a true and proper individuality, consisting of per-ception, affection and volition; a condition that must be put off, or the true destiny can never be attained. Man's scues of perfect individuality in thought, feeling, and especially in volition, must not be interfored with. If it is, his sense of responsibility is destroyed; and with that lost, away goes the true dignity of individual immortality. Man, as an individu-al, might as well not be at all, as to be only an attachment to, or dependence upon, a mighty will, with none of his own-ma mere "reed shaken in the wind." Man's sense of freedom and individual independence, his sense of proprietorship of himself, and of the reagonaibilities incident theredo, aro ne-cessary to make him that which his highest demands. Any-thing less than this is akin to annthilation." We cannot think that Mr. Tiffany has here given the true

We cannot think that Mr. Tiffany has here given the true ause of obsession.

The subject seems to be one of great importance. There is hardly a person, who has had much experience in Spiritualism, that has not witnessed the unpleasant effects of obsessions, which, in many cases, have proved very troublesome and painful. Hundreds and thousands of mediums have, in the course of their mediumship, encountered some of the and experiences of obsession. None are free from the liability. Those who are called the purest, the highest and the holiest. in my experience, are more the subjects of obsession than those who are called less so. The best mediums have beer oftenest and worst obsessed. There is a great aversion, on the part of mediums and their friends, to make public any cases of this kind, because it is and has been thought that they can exist only in a low spiritual development; so that of only one case in a hundred that have occurred, the publlo have any knowledge.

In relation to obsessions, the first and most important question to be answered is, What is the cause? In the cure of any "evil," or any disease, the cause must be first removed. A burn cannot be cured until it is removed from the fire that itself such influences. And together must humanity and

thy can see through the plantom of solf-excellence and selfrightcousness, and reach out to maked souls the tendrils of affection; and the response is not antagonism, but affection. We have reason, too, to be exciteleed. Let us, in our feeble Spiritual development, be truthful to the Spirit obsersing, and not say to him, come up from the darkness that you are in, to the light that we are in ; but rather lot us be conscious of our own condition, and say to the Spirit, take our hands, and lead us from the darkness that surrounds us, to the light tion, we ask, merely because there is something in it that you possess. Let us remember that it is folly to try to cast a mote from the Spirit's eye when we have a beam in our own. Meet an obsessing Spirit in the clouds of selfrighteousness, and he will act very bad, and do much mischief, and befool us; meet him on the platform of commonsense and reason, and he will meet us as a man. Take off the airs and phantoms of self-superiority in tellgion and Spiritual goodness, and obsessions will cease forever.

A. B. CHILD

If spirit-communion is proper, a legitimate growth of the powers of man, so is obsession a natural product of the past ages, in which Hate, Revenge, and Self-Rightcousness have ruled the world. These principles, carried out by society in its dealings with the poor, and with the vicious or criminal, have sent millions to hell. They have gone into spirit life without ever having the love-chords of the harpof a thousand strings struck ; nay, moro-all the baser chords of that harp have been agitated by society. Hatred and Revenge have been fostered, until they glow with all the intensity of Evil. We have thought we should never be scorched by this fire of our own kindling; we have fancied that all this wrong society has done, all this revenge it has cultivated, is poweress, now that the erring brother's or sister's body lies in Potter's Field, or has been given to the surgeon's knife.

We have not known until now, and many do not now believe, that revenge buins as flercely in the spirit after it has left the form, as it did when it animated its mortal body. We have thought that the poor soul whom we have swung Into oternity, uttering curses upon his God and all humanity, would never have the power to satiate his revengeful desires. But these new manifestations have begun to set humanity right upon these points, and we begin to see that our own sins are visited upon us. We find that this class of spirits have the power to influence humanity for evil. That by and through defects in our moral natures, and the mediumistic condition of humanity in this new age of the world, they can come into rapport with us, strengthing our ovil desires and controlling us, and, through us, satisfy their revenge. Nature and God seem to will it so. It is for us to profit by what nature thrusts upon us, and not rebel against her work.

Instead of regarding obsession as a great ovil, we look upon it as a necessity, both to the development of Love and Truth and Heaven in the hells of spirit-life, and the casting off of Hatred, Revenge and Self-Righteousness in humanity.

Doubtless all the manifestations of obsession are unnless ant. It is not pleasant to hear those whom we know abhor profanity, uttering the most shocking curses and threats ; nor is it pleasant to see violence enacted. But good may be brought out of the ovil, we think, if, instead of opposing such a spirit with self-righteous horror, and exhibiting disgust

toward him or attompting to drive him "out" by force of will, we treat the spiritas we ought to treat an erring brother. sistor, father, mother, or child. Your case of obsession, which so terrified you. will assume the shape and glory of a blessing, and you will thank God that he cast in your path the erring spirit. He will leave you rejoicing, and return to you laden with blessings, briuging with him, perhaps, others who were bound by the same cords as he was, but who will meet you with far different feelings, because they will have learned that in you their brother found a friend, who did not seek to crush him for his spiritual poverty.

We have known of several cases of obsession which have been treated in this manner with such results, and we consider this one of the most interesting phases of spiritual intercourse.

What we have written is what we have gathered from our experience. We can lay down no rules of treatment to suit all cases perfectly. Passiveness is better than opposition; for, the more we oppose, the more we call out the same element of the spirit. Love, and sympathy and kindness which are born of it, will subdue many a "demon," and covert him into a friend. But it must be love-inside and out. The outward expression is useless without the inward possession of the article; but when we can love the murderer, the thief as a brother, truly, we believe there will be not only no danger from obsessions by entrancement, but that they will be hailed as blessings, because they may be converted into an avenue whereon a spirit in hell takes his first stop to heaven There is a class of obsessions far more dangerous than those which manifest through entranced mediums. They are where the human being is by nature predisposed to any vice, and at the same time susceptible to spirit control, so that a spirit on the same plane may come into perfect rapport with the medium, while in possession of his or her normal faculties. The drunkard may be of this class. Many of the most startling crimes committed by persons in their normal states, who can assign no reason for their commission, but tell you they were impolled to commit them, owe their oulmination, undoubledly, to spirits of this class. The first cause, however, exists in the low moral nature of the human being and of humanity, for by that alone can evil spirits come in rapport with us. So long as humanity is on the low inoral and spiritual plane it now is, so long will it draw to

an insignificant particle as earth is in comparison to thom, is also to presume that creative power is a failure. When once we admit that other bodies in space may have forms of life upon them, and that these bodles may have passed through the various changes of conditions that earth has, or through analogous changes, it is impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that the culminating point of creative power working through vital forms, is the development of a being in whose organization is an epitome of all that has preceded him, endowed with the united intelligence of all other vital forms around him, to which is added that spiritual capacity which is the crown of the whole, and confirms its immortality. In arriving at this conclusion; it is not necessary that the perfection of creative power should always be produced in precisely the same forms, nor by precisely the same means or conditions. This earth, even, shows us that man is not everywhere the same, though not any the less MAN for all that. The white-skinned, blue-eyed European, is adapted to the conditions by which he is surrounded. Living in a climate where Nature is not prodigal of her productions for his support, with increasing numbers comes increasing intelligence, to enable him to secure, by the labor of his hands and ingenuity of his brain, that which is necessary for his subsistence. And the peculiar circumstances of his surroundings (conditione) have so organized his frame, that he perishes under the influence of those conditions to which the swarthy races of Africa are adapted.

Who has not read of the fatal fevers which await the white man on the coasts of Africa?

The question as to the limit of. man to one single orb Sinjinfinite space, is one of great interest, and certainly if is one to which all the knowledge of the various sci-.ences of man on earth contribute something by way of sanswer. And such is the nature of the question, that "it involves; a question of the wisdom of God on the one hand, or our admiration of the harmony and beauty of all his creations on the other. L.

Mohawk. N. Y.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

A Gracia for tranco-speaking, &c. is held every Sunday morning, a: 10 1-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Ad-mission 8 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHILDRA, ON HUNDAYS, MORNING and ovening at GRILD HALL, Winnisimmet street. D. F. GODDARD, reg-ular speaker. Reats free.

LAWRENCE.-- The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular neetings on the Sabbath, foreneen and afternoon, at Lawrence ffall.

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

Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet-ings on Sundays, forencon and starsoon, in Well's Hall Speaking, by mediums and others.

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Meetings are held at Lamarine Hall, on the corner of 29th Street and 8th Avenue, every Sunday moring. Preaching by Rov. Mr. Jones. Afternoon: Conference or Locture. Evening: Circles for tranco-speakers. There are at all times several present.

Boyonth present Dorswonth's HALL.-Meetings are held at this Hall every Babbath. Mrs. Haich is engaged through June.

Looking out of optics of this kind, there is no comput. sidered, it is of little consequence whether he is willing what an extent and variety of forms nature every. ing to say that he has any personal faith in modern where presents; what beautiful suggestions she offers us; what sweet or splendid pictures she hangs up on increase his influence or his usefulness. But of the her walls, and what a true divinity breathes from every fact, the naked and absolute fact, that he, like other part of her realm. And as the nature is, so is the vision itself. If the heart be foul and muddy with mean or impure thoughts, or filled with the strifes of selfishness and ambition, or heated hot with the fires of anger and malice, how can one expect to see visions of beauty dancing before him as he walks? How can he look for pictures of grace stretching out before him, as he wanders this way or that? How can he count on subtle and secret pleasures, such as the contemplation of truth, and beauty, and innocence is sure to bring? We have many a time thought that if any class of

men should be exalted men, and, therefore, supremely itself, and invigorating his spirit with a subtle and allhappy men, it is those who dwell all their lives among pervading energy whose origin he may at present care the sweet solitudes of nature. A farmer in a cornfield little to know anything about. But it is not necessary for a man like Mr. Beecher to alone all day, and the woodchopper, without other comspurn the powers by which his mission is made what it pany than his dog, in the heart of the woods-they seem to us to have the very associations and surroundis. He need not turn his back, even in half-ridicule, ings most to be desired. Solitude is theirs, with all upon those secret and sacred influences that have, all the gifts it has to bestow. As the one stands apart, through his life, scarched his soul daily, and made him and listens with bated breath to the whisper of the the powerful spiritual agent he is. No man living south wind among the green leaves of the corn; as the knows better than himself, that, large as are his indiother rests thoughtfully on his axe, and, in the patch vidual capacities, they are nevertheless of service to of wintry sun that he has let in upon his clearing, si- his fellow-man only as they are receptive of energy lently feels the pressure of his fancies and his thoughts and power from superior sources; and if he had even about his heart-it always seemed to us as if these men larger capacities than he has, they would not serve must come very, very near to nature and to God. But him so well if they could not hold likewise the nure not so, necessarily. On the other hand, these same in-spiritual power necessary to impart action to them; dividuals are oftener further away from the Divine Presand action in the right direction.

nce than he who, pent in a crowded city, and dying, spiritually, for the lack of just such surroundings, can make known his want to no living soul, and goes through life still hungering and thirsting for what he cannot have.

made conscious of such a fact, he would not hesitate to There are so many phases of homely country life that "out the wires" of connection. In the first place, are beautiful to the soul, and, above all, tend to exalt nothing good is gained by any such statement, while it and establish it in innocency, that we wonder men it really does aid in establishing popular prejudices for are not all the time secretly trying to find them out. the mere prejudices' sake; and, in the second place, it We need none of us to be named Columbus in order to is evident that he knew not whereof he affirmed when discover a new world. Let us each one sail his own he said what he did. As a matter of course he must ocean, stretching right before his gaze, and the fragrant | believe that the Father of all spirits is continually at isles and vine-fringed shores of the continent will in our hand, and that the divine creative, sustaining due course appear. The only trouble is, we do not power continually permeates every part of our being; trust; we have not the compass of faith on board; and would it be so hard for him also to suppose that discriso we go skirting the shores that belong to other men, bodied spirits were very near to us, sympathizing closely naking no new discoveries, awakening to no new with us, bending down in love and charity over us, knowledge, and ignorant, to the end, of those great impressing us all the time, when we are prepared to continents of enjoyment that are still rolled up and receive them, with hints and suggestions that shall hidden away on our maps. work only to our ultimate happiness, and still inter-

What, for example, is fuller of delight than life at a esting themselves, as messengers from those still their farm-house, in winter? When we say farm-house, we own superiors, in the welfare of God's children on this planet, as the one on which they were themselves ushered into existence? We should think if he could mean, of course, something of that kind really worthy of the name. The snow has fallen deep without, mufbelieve that we all floated in a sea of divine spirit, it fling all the roofs; so that when the paths are shoveled out to the corn-house, the shed, the poultrywould be the most natural thing to believe also that house, the barn, and the cattle-pens, it looks like a there were other spirits sailing that sea, as well as ourlittle hamlet, threaded with narrow, winding streets. selves.

The wood-pile is covered up; the axe-handle is only a Would Mr. Beecher cut the link, the brighter than

It was with unfeigned regret that we read, in Mr.

Beecher's communication to the public, that not only

was he not aware of being a medium between pro-

gressed spirits and mortals, but, if he could once be

burns it. Mr. Tiffany thinks that obsessions are caused by yielding control to the spirits. Here is only the effect, the hing produced. The cause lies back of this. Entrancement spirit manifestations, no not; it would not necessarily has fallen upon humanity without will, desire, or invitation ; and innumerable well attested instances will show that on rancement has been produced without any knowledge of men of his large intellectual and moral power, is the trance or of spiritual manifestations. Little children and regular recipient of swift, direct, and overwhelming aged people have been soized with trance, who never sat in a spirit influence, there will be no reasonable question ircle, or had any knowledge of a spiritual manifestation ; and whatever. He does not deny the fact himself, though thousands of trances have been produced, contrary to the voition of the medium, and in spite of all efforts to the contrary he would have the public suppose he is not conscious An instance of this kind I will relate, which took place in of being at any time the recipient of such impressions. Spiritualist Convention at Plymouth, last year: Miss Lizzie Nor. in truth. need he be self-conscious of them: they Doten, one of our best and most prominent mediums, affirmed come to him when and how he knows not, informing ublicly, that an angel from heaven should not control her or him with a power whose limits he never shall be able zanism independent of her own will. Subsequent to this, ir to transcend, exalting and elevating his soul into a he presence of many hundred persons, a spirit gained perfec heaven of costasy which is little less than inspiration ontrol, and caused her to tear her collar in shreds, break her combs, and crush her nice bonnet into a ball not larger than a tea-cup. This work of the spirit proved excessively

nortifying to Miss Doten, when her consciousness was restored. It was done, as the spirit declared, to show that truth; if there has been a life of spotless purity lived on earth, the past life of Miss Doten well merits that reputation. She was for years one of the best beloved sisters of a prominent sect, and contributed to their journals. This instance of the superiority of spirit-power over the human will, is but ne of many that has come within my limited observation. My experience in Spiritualism forces the conclusion, daily, more and more, that mortals have intrinsically no control over spiritual influences that are over acting upon humanity. Can a medium allow, or not allow, herself to be controlled. by spirits? She may think she can, as did Miss Doton. She ay will, and think her will is potent, when it is only spiritpower acting in concert with her desires. The general maniestations of Spiritualism contradict the assertion that a and the great and beautiful truth that shall reveal to us the been hidden in darkness, now stands up for human consideration in the light of spiritual development. Self-rellance is the cause of entrancement; but self-righteousness is the cause of obsession. Both self-reliance and self-rightcousness are bred in the bones of humanity, and nature lone shall carry man from the development of self-reliance and self-righteousness, to a higher development, where mer are conscious of the existence of, and shall rely upon, an unscen ower; where they shall rest in confidence in the arms of an infinite Goodness; where they shall have faith in God.

What shall be done when a medium is obsessed? Remove the cause. How? By natural growth. Obsessions are natural; they are the legitimate effect of a natural cause; which effect becomes a new cause for the destruction of self rightcousness, of self-reliance-they bring humanity to humilityto a universal brotherhood-to a platform where all stand on one level. Greater good, and greater beauty shall be developed from out obcsessions, than from Spiritual communications, called the highest, the purest, and the hollest.

What shall we do with a case of obsession when the medium is suffering agony, and death is even threatened? We have living hearts to exercise, made to beat in sympathy and in love for good Spirits and for evil Spirits too, Can love and ably travel in the South in the fall and winter.

the spirit world progress, bearing each other's sins and the consequences thereof, until, by suffering, the ovil is purged from both, and the kingdom of Love shall be set up in all hearts.

For these normal cases of obsession we see no means of cure, except the gradual growth of humanity in knowledge of its own, and of spirit-life, and in the development of broader sympathics with the erring and the poor, and in the efforts of each of us to ameliorate thoir condition. So long as we neglect this class as we do, sending them into spirit life in ignorance, and with hatred of humanity the predominating passion of their souls, so long may we expect them to return to us, laden with the fruits thereof.

There is no such thing as stopping this spiritual influx : the two states of life are destined to come into closer rapport every year, each to affect the other more and more, both for good and evil. It is for us to learn in what way the evil may be turned to good, and labor for that result.

New Ideas

A writer in the "Provincetown Banner," a spley, liberal, vell-appearing paper, complains that spirits do not give us mediums have no will independent of spirit-power. I am any new ideas. We think he is at fault. There are more ware that the world might say Miss Doten deceived in this new ideas of spirit life given every week in three columns of matter, and did the whole thing of her own volition. Miss this paper, by all classes of spirits, from grave and gay, good, Doten declares that there was no volition of her own in this had and indifferent, than the writer can digest in a year, cct, and sho is a lady of unquestioned veracity, integrity and The whole idea of spirit-life, as given by spirits, is so very new that people reject it, laugh at it, and get mad over it. But there is another work which spirits are doing, of not less value than giving us new ideas of spirit life. They are enforcing upon us the necessity of living up to certain old ideas which all are willing to worship with the lips, but which they are not so willing to worship in the only true way-in act. Mon wore told nearly two thousand years' ago that, "What a man soweth that shall he also reap ;" something was said also about sowing to the wind and reaping the whirlwind; but mankind are going over the field of the heart sowing to the wind as busily as in the days of Jesus. If spirits do nothing more than reiterate these old truths, and show us the necessity of changing the seed we are planting, they do a mighty work. If they can drill these truths medium's will can control spirit-power. What is then the into the hearts of men, as deeply as they have been drilled cause of obsession? The hidden truths that underlie the into their heads, and cause them, by pictures of spirit-life, to whole subject of Spiritualism we know but little of as yet; truly realise the necessity of sowing to something beside the wind, they deserve our gratitude. We hear much said about fact, that all evil is a fruitful means of good, though it has love to all mankind and peace on earth, but we see little of either about us. The world has had given it by God more ideas than it seems to know what to do with. Perhaps it would be well for us to reduce to practice those we received from Jesus, and remodel all our customs and institutions so that they will accord with the great law of love he laid down. We fear there is more to be done in this way than humanity will be ablo to do in the next century, aided by all the practical illustrations given us in new ideas of spirit-life, and of the nature of the crops our present systems of trade, prison discipline, and other institutions equally rotten, bring us hereafter.

Grove Meetings.

The Spiritualists of Wilbraham and vicinity will hold a meeting on Bunday, July 24th, in the Grove owned by Mr. Baldwin, near the Collins Depot, and expect to continue simiar meetings at this place for three or four Sundays following. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in the cause of truth and progress to be present.

J. V. Mansfield

Will visit Saratoga in the month of August, and will prob-

LIGHT. BANNER OF

(Reported for the Danner of Light.) D. P. WHIPPLE AT MUSIC HALL.

Edwin P. Whipple, Esq., read before Roy. Theodore Parker's Bociety, on Hunday, July 10th, a lecture on Joan of Arc. The substance of the lecture was as follows !---

In the course of the rivalities, dissension, and confusion, in the State of Franco, which followed the partial insanity of Charles VI., both of the two great parties who disputed the ascendancy in the kingdom-the partizans of the Duke of Burgundy and of the Count of Armagnao-sought to strengthen their cause by alliance with Henry IV, of England, who gladly concerned himself in their civil brolls by sending bodies of troops to the highest bidder. On the ascension of lienry V. to the English throne, he resolved upon a war of conquest with France, at once to gratify his own people, who remem bered that they had been driven from a strong foothold which they once possessed across the channel, and to gratify his own ambition. He made the most extravagant domands. The party in power offered everything not inconsistent with the national honor, to retain his friendship. But he insisted that the King of France should, by yielding to all his demands, become his vassal. Rejecting their proposals, he invaded France, defeated the French army at Agincourt, and by force of arms and intrigues with the Duko of Burgundy, finally obtained the daughter of the King in marriage, the regency of the throng of France, and the heirship to it when it should become vacant by the death of Charles. The Dauphin and his adherents, enemies to Burgundy, were to be hunted down by the united armics of Henry and Burgundy. In August, 1423, Honry died, and his son, Henry VI., claimed King of France and England. At the same time Charles, the Dauphin, who held to his hereditary rights. and to the independence of Brance, was crowned King at Poltiors. The Dauphin was driven to Orleans. He himself, in his castle at Chinon, wrapt in luxurious pleasures, was waked to despondency by the probable fall of Orleans.

Meanwhile, in the little village of Domremy, in the valley of the Mouse, a poor shepherd's daughter, with little education, tending her father's sheep among the hills, whose only marked characteristics seemed to be bashfulness and a warm devotion, but brooding in her heart over the wrongs of France, and the misfortunes of the Dauphin, began, at the age of thirteen, to see supernatural visions, bearing promise of the deliverance of Franco, and through her aid. She hid the secret in hor heart, as well as her burning enthusiasm would permit, till the sad news of the slege of Orleans came to her. She sent her message to the Governor of Vancouleurs by her uncle; but her message was received with contemptuous scorn. Still, the persistency of common sense, must yield to the persistency of the sense that is not common. She was taken before the Dauphin, a weak-natured, but good-'natured voluptuary. When the audience was given, the Dauphin stood plainly attired among his courtiers, one of whom was magnificently clad to represent him. But sho singled out the King in a moment, and, walking up to him, said: "God give you good life, gentle King!" "I am not the King; he is there," said Charles. "In the name of God," she answered, "it is no other but yourself. Most noble Lord Dauphin, I am Joan, the maid sent on behalf of God to aid you and your kingdom ; and by this command I announce to you that you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims, and shall become his lieutenant in the realm of France." He asked her to resolve the great doubt on his mind-the question whether he was indeed the true helr of France. She assured him, on behalf of God, that he was the real and true heir. At first, she was received by the court with great distrust; but her simplo and brave enthusiasm, and her fair young face, lit with the expression of the mingled sweetness and power of her soul, carried conviction with thom, and sho was permitted to join the army of France. It was hard for

the great French captain to obey the orders of this young peasant girl, unskilled in the theory or practice of war. But when a great soul appears, routine gives way; and Joan accordingly assumed the decided control of the counsels of the chiefs. Her character infused strength and confidence into the souls of the people. These rare natures are great moral forces, which act where they are not present. Joan had put victory into the hearts of the defenders of Orleans and had smitten the spirits of the English with defeat and dismay, long before she had arrived at the army. Her name and fame went before her. No resistance was offered by the English when she ontered the city. She assured the citizens of speedy deliverance. She began her work by an attempt to reform the morals of the army. Her religion infused itself into all her conduct, and so into the conduct of the war. She allowed none to follow her to battle who had not first con fossed. Her military talent seems to have consisted simply in resolution and decision. "I used," she said, "to tell my soldiers to rush on the English, and then to rush boldly on them mysolf." Her plan was, to take the French before their during which he remarked that the present gathering was onthusiasm had subsided, and hurl them on the English an ovidence that Spiritualism was not quite dead yet, although strongholds, one after another.

Thus far, success had been won without a blow. 'But the English attacked the town. She was sleeping, but awoke, body believed them. before the report of the battle reached hor, and called her esquire to arm her. The news of the attack was brought to her. Springing on her horse, she galloped toward the fight, chaste and graceful style. John C. Cluer made one of his She passed a townsman, severely wounded. "Ahl" she "the sight of French blood always makes my hair stand on end." When she arrived, the French were on the point of retreating; but, waving her sacred banner, she thrust herself into the thickest of the fight, roused the courhours of sanguinary encounter, won the position.

The following day was held as a fostival. The next, she

the town gate, it was closed, and she was shut out. Bho bught with great courage, but was taken, and surrendored. The triumph of the English was great. The witch who had so long mortified their pride was now in their hands, and they determined to revenge their defeats upon her. Bhe was a prisoner of war, and as such entitled to exchange or ransom. But the English, by a monstrous fiction of law, assumed that she was a subject of their king; and they accordingly brought her before an ecclesiastical tribunal, and accused her of heresy and sorcory. The Bishop of Beauvals was the instigator of this presecution. Church dignitaries wore combined to commit a politic murder on a daughter of the church. Exposed to insult, and treated with the greatest harshness, sho did not gratify her inhuman persecutors with any falling of spirit, nor did she lose her sweet communion with angels, nor her loyalty to the recreant king who disregarded hor dauger. At last she was brought before the tribunal. Without counsel and without assistance, she was kent for fifteen days before her judges. All the resources of low cunning were brought to bear to entrap her into confession. To all this she triumphantly opposed her sincerity. sense, and innocence. Her answers to immodest questions startled even her persecutors by their innocence. She escaped from the theological nets in which she was sought to be entangled, with equal simplicity and force. "Do you know yourself to be in the grace of God?" she was asked. "If I am not," she replied; "may God be pleased to receive me in it; if I am, may God be pleased to keep me in it." But now came the terrible question-"Do the saints, Margaret and Catharine, of your vision, hate the English nation ?"

she fought with the English? "They love whatever God

loves," she said, "and hate whatever he hates." The University of Paris listened to the accusations of her udges. Her troubles darkened her spirit, and a shadow of doubt lay along her sick and exhausted soul. A year after she was first taken prisoner, she was exhibited on a scaffold in the churchyard of St. Owen, and, in a moment of weakness or despair, or, as is more probable, from misunderstanding of the import of the words, she signed a confession. Her enemies, with great dignity, proceeded to pronounce the sentence of the wolf on the lamb, and conlemned her to pass the rest of her life in prison. But only a relaysed herotic can be burned. It was now their Christian purpose to persecute her back again from a Catholic to a heretic. Grossly insulted in her prison by an English lord, she reassumed her military dress, to protect her honor. Beauvais repaired immediately to her prison, and asked if she had again heard the volces. She replied that her saints had commanded her to resume her former dress. The bishop hastoned to give the information. She was tried, with the same cunning and malice as before, and on her part with the same simplicity and sense, and was condemned to be burned. Her execution took place on the 30th of May-that great crime which, as it blazes on the eye across the interval of four crowded centuries, makes us shudder as though it had been done yesterday. The priest who attended her was in dange? from the fire, and she begged him to leave her. "Bishon:" said she to Beauvais, "I die through you," True to the faithless Charles, she declared that the king was blameless. Her mind, in that ecstacy of anguish, seemed to rush up into intense communion with her sweet sisters of heaven, and the last gasp in which she parted from life, was the name of the Saviour. Her ashes were collected, and cast into the river Seine. Her genlus and sanctity are beyond the brutality of men; they partake of the immortal substance of the soul. Such was the great and sorrowful story of the peasant girl of France, who stood fearless among angels and peerless among women.

Mass Picnic at Abington.

On Tuesday, 13th inst., the Spiritualists of Boston and the surrounding country held a graud gathering in the beautiful grove at Ablugton. Although the morning was cloudy, and threatened more of "Nature's boverage" than even "waterdrinkers" wish for at all times, about one thousand of the friends of progress left the Old Colony dopot in twenty cars, for the place of meeting. Never did there a merrier or happior company leave the "Modern Athens" on a pleasure excursion. Several of the friends from the country had brought flowers to present to their city acquaintances; and it was quite refreshing to hear the remarks of the children as they received these natural, sweet-scented preachers of the gospel of beauty and goodness.

On the arrival of the Boston delegation at the grove, the people assembled around the speakers' stand, and, after listoning to a few prefatory remarks from Dr. Gardner, the meeting was organized. Dexter Dana, Esq., of Roxbury, was appointed chairman. Mr. Dana made an interesting speech. the Boston Courier and the Harvard Professors had been croaking its funeral sermon until they really thought some

The chairman then introduced Susic C. Cluer, who recited a beautiful poetic gem, entitled "Listening Angels," in a very off-hand speeches. Speeches were also made by Lizzle Doten. Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Currier, of Lawrence.

At this time there were from four to five thousand people on the ground. A very large portion of them were around the stand listening to the speakers. Dinner time having arrived. age of the men by her words, and, at length, after three the meeting adjourned to pay attention to material comfort. Large numbers took dinner in two saloons; a still greater number laid their cloths on the green sward, under the shade led an assault against a strong English position. At first the of the spreading trees, and at the French retreated; but the maid rallied them to the attack. we should judge there were more than twelve baskets full of In the afternoon Mr. Wilson related a number of very wonand they retreated, leaving the French in possession of the derful facts. Dr. Gardiner gave a very interesting account stronghold. The English now occupied but one fort, but of the rise of Spiritualism in Naples, and its progress in Euthat was strongly defended; and in a council of war, held rope, which was listened to with deep attention, especially the next day, the French decided not to attack it until they those parts of the account that referred to Louis Napoleon, should be in stronger force. Joan said to them, "You have and the conversion of the Hon. Robert Dale Owen. Miss been to your counsel, and I to mine. Be assured that the Doten also spoke on Intelerance.

Old Forms are Breaking.

Not long sluce, says one of our exchanges, an Irishman ross up in a Catholis church during the solema hours of living worship and called the priest a liar, because he uttered what Patrick thought was not true. Patrick was put out. Other Patricks will kick against the monopolics of pulpit logmatisms. The Living Ago spys: "There is scarcely a man of any intelligence in the country who has not, one time or another, denounced, with all the energy and impatience of a sufferer, the common strain of contemporary pulpit addresses," and concludes "that the effect of pulpit eloquence is baneful to society, for the unfortunate hearers turn skeptles out of natural antagonism."

So little respect is now shown in the hours of church wor ship, that in our exchanges of a single day, we read of three cases of contentious words, and blows, too, between pewholders and interlopers, who stole a seat to hear the preaching, taking place during the hours of worship-in the church

The Presbyterians are now lamenting sadly for the want of a good commentary on the book that is so plain that a man, though a fool, may run and read, and err not in his understanding.

Of nine hundred and fifty-three clergymon, says the Christian Register, who attended a recent anniversary, only seven ty-three wore the white cravat. Many divines let the hair grow on their faces. These things are a sign that ministers are willing to stand as men among men.

The clergy in England are discussing the question, Why it is good on Sunday to read about the lilies of Judea, and If she said yes, it was a blasphemous heresy; if no, why had wicked to look on the buttercups of England? and why a quick air has a more injurious effect on the soul on Sunday than It has on Monday?

"Simplicity of truth," says the American Democrat, "need not much effort to set it forward." No man of clear vision and of experience, will deny that religious opinions darker the perception of truth.

Lydia Maria Child, and Spiritualism.

This lady, in a letter to the yearly meeting of Progressive Friends, says :- "Inside of Obristendom, the mixing and mingling of sects has become more and more obvious. The influence of Swedenborg's writings, especially those portions which embody his views of another world, have had a more pervasive influence than people are generally aware of. Whoover compares the sermons of fifty years ago with those of to-day, will be struck with their difference of tone on this subject. I think much of this progress may be justly attributed to the influence of Swedenborg's writings, which have become more or less infused into the general atmosphere of thought and feeling, so that mon often inhale it who are quite unconscious of its presence. The phenomena of Modern Spiritualism have done a great work of proparation, by everywhere removing old laudmarks from minds that would ot have yielded them to any purely-mental process."

More Excommunications.

The Congregational Church in Lee, Mass., have excom nunicated seven persons "from its watch and fellowship," or the reason, summed up in a word, because they are Spiritualists. The names of the unfortunate, or fortunate ones are-Chauncey Tuttle, Phobe Tuttle, Charles S. Thacher, Amos B. Thacher, Lucy E. Thacher, (a writing medium,) Sophia Peck, and Honry F. Ball.

We have received a pumphlet containing the facts of the vhole affair, presented by Charles S. Thacher. It is able and nteresting, and in our opinion the seven persons turned out of the church support the true Christ-principle in a much higher and deeper sense than do the members of the church who turned them out of their " watch and fellowship." We should republish the substance of the pamphlet if we ad room.

Lecturers.

S. B. BRITTAN will lecture in North Princeton, Mass., Sun lay, 24th inst.; also at Milford, N. H., Sunday, 31st inst.

MISS M. MUNSON-after a prosperous sojourn in Philadelhia-purposes to spend a few weeks at her home in New Hampshire. She desires us to say that she will speak in New Bedford, August 21st and 28th, and at Cambridgeport Sept. 4th. Lettors may be addressed to her at this office, as she requests.

GEORGE ATKINS will speak in Lowell, Mass. July 24th; Milford, Mass., July 81st; Orloans, Mass., August 7th. [For a full list of Movements of Lecturers, see seventh

nge.]

Kindness.

The Belvidere standard tells a story about the treatment of cindness and forgiveness exercised by a broker to his boy who stole money. The boy's love of theft was lost in the love of his employer's kindness. He left off stealing, and has now risen to an honorable and responsible position in business.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

mor On our sixth page we have placed a well-written aricle, from the pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe, entitled "THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE." The views there contained will be new to the denomination of which she is a member. Our renders will be struck with the similarity of her ideas to those entertained by modern Spiritualists.

river of fire actually flowing, but apparently arrested and attached to the side of Vesuvius. Within the last three months it has increased wonderfully in proportion ; it is no longer a rill, it is a sheet of fire ; it has risen and overflowed its banks, and God help the poor small proprietors who have invested their all in little portions of land now incrusted with lava.

DEATH OF HON. RUFUS CHOATE .- On the 29th ult., Mr. Choate took passage in the steamer Europa for England, for the benefit of his health ; but the voyage to Halifax proving unfavorable to him, he gave up the idea of proceeding on, and decided to remain in the latter place until he should feel well enough to return home. He continued to improve until Tuesday, the 12th inst., when at 6 o'clock P. M., he was taken suddenly ill, and expired at 2 o'clock on the following morn-

ing, in the 60th year of his age. "Verbatim."-Teachers of phonography ought to know bnough not to get into debate in the "composing room" of a printing establishment. It is a very great error-out of which grow many other errors-especially when the matter being composed must go to press in a few hours, thus requiring the strictest attention of the printer. Compositors don't like

tongues and sounds " in a printing-office, that 's certain. The Yarmouth Register contains an article headed "Frauds in Fish." It is very natural there should be frauds in fish taken from the Banks.

When is a tired man like a thief? When he needs a resting.

Austria is composed of seventeen provinces, each governed by special laws. The army, on a war footing, is seven hundred and thirty-eight thousand, divided into twelve army corps. The navy numbers twelve thousand men, and one thousand guns.

The more wine a man drinks the more he whines.

Children with large heads should not be put to school until they are eight years of age. If they are, it retards the physical development of their bodies, thereby producing disease and death. That is why this class of children almost always die very young.

SCRUPULOUS .-- President Buchanan's organ, the Constitution, announces that hereafter its Sunday edition will be dated Saturday evening so as not to "offend the sensibilities of Christian friends," and "avoid oven the appearance of evil." This is quite as cautious as the magistrate who dated a marriage certificate back " to cover accidents."

Kossuth left Parma on the 28th ult, for Napoleon's headquarters. He had enthusiastic receptions at all the places he passed through from Turin to Parma, and delivered many addresses. At Placenza the horses were taken from the carriage, and it was dragged by the people.

The organization of the Hungarian Legion advances rapidly.

STOLEN, from our sanctum, a cotton umbrella-cost, 75 cents. The owner's initials are somewhat rudely cut upon the handle, which handle is of a yellowish color. Whoever will return the said umbrella, or give information where it may be had, or who has it, shall receive for their trouble; two pen-holders, with pens to match-one box of wafers-a pair of scissors, somewhat rusty-two empty ink bottles, and any quantity of "country exchanges,"

The Traveller styles the Courier "Bedlam's organ." "a crazy itinerant in a state of intexication," which is "blowing six times a week to a score of readers." Very "naughty" of you, Mr. Traveller. How dare you berate the Oracle thus? You 'll have the "Professor" after you forthwith. Where's that "Report ?"

THE NELLY BAKES STEAMER will for the future leave Boston for Nahant at 91-4, 21-2, 5, 71-4. Returning, will leave Nahant for Boston at 73-4, 101-2, 83-4, 61-4, and on Sunday at 58-4, instead of 51-2.

"War is a scaly business, at best," said a Nahant fisherman ecently to Digby. "Yes," sobbed Dig., "it is indeed scaly, and not only so, but melancholy." "Because it makes many widders,' I suppose," said the fisherman. "No, not that--it is melancholy because the French Zouaves scale the Austrian ramparts in tiers," (tears) replied Digby.

The Investigator has donned a new heading. It is a very neat design.

- GOD BLESS TOU.

Geography more perfect than any yet known. A kind word, in answer to an unkind word, is worth more than a mint of money.

The controversy between the High and Low Churches in England is becoming very violent. At the Church of St. George's in the East on a recent Sunday, the new rector, Rev. Ryan King, being a Puscylte, was received with a storm of hisses and cries of "No Popery I" and the service was completely broken up.

"REVIVAL PREACHERS."-Doctor Murray-Kirwan-writes an article in the New York Observer, June 16th, two columns ong, against "Revival Preachers."

Some of our cotemporaries are a little crabbed at the immense success of the BANNER. Can't help it, gentlemen-25 See sixth and seventh pages for Mrs. Hatch's fifth people will get their food-whether mental or otherwisewhere it is placed before them in the best style.

say that I'm a printer, and very tired," and cooly turned over and went to sleep sgain. It is needless to add that the thief left, cursing his bad luck in having entered a printer's apartment.

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An exchange says that a Yankco is exhibiting in Buffalo, N. Y., a new cannon, which is operated by steam. It will load, aim, fire, and swab itself out. No uso for soldiers !

An English missionary, now in Sumatra, lately wroto ionie that he "had the melancholy satisfaction of examining the oven in which his predecessor was cooked."

Mossra, Brown, Taggart & Chaso will publish Mrs. Partington's "Kultting Work" on the 23d inst. The old lady has let some amusing stitches drop, Ike says, and he ought toknow,

The "fellow " who seated himself in the lap of ages, has and the rheumatics ever since. No allusion to Harvard Col-

THE DAILY HERALD, NEWBURYPORT, MASS., has a very sensible article on "Liberality in Religion." | The article takes bold and manly ground; it knocks hard against the incrusta-tions of old creeds, all of which are selfish.

UNIQUE.-The following inscription is to be seen on a gravestone in the "Old Granery Burying Ground," on Trenont street, Boston :----

Hero iyes buried ye body of John Downing, aged about 53 yearces. Dec'd April ye 20, 1694. I bargained with Christ for room below. Ho grants a mausion in his upper storic, Thus God gives more than we do ask or know— Instead of grace, uninterrupted gloric.

Nothing but the artist's pencil could do justice to many of he mementos erected by religion and affection in our old graveyards.

THE OHIO CULTIVATOR, published semi-monthly, at Columus. Ohio, contains twelve pages of valuable matter on agriculture. It is a valuable paper for anybody and everybody in the United States to read.

THE PULASKI DEMOCRAT, PULASKI, N. Y., has a long article in defence of Spiritualism. We guess that the editor ains afraid, or he would not dare to publish it.

Here is a beautiful little paragraph, which we find in one of ur exchanges:

" If there is a man who can eat his bread in peace with God and man, it is the man who has brought that bread out of the earth. It is cankered by no fraud; it is wet by no tears; it is stamped by no blood."

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says the loss of the Austrians, in killed, wounded and missing, at the battle Solferino, was estimated at Vienna to reach 20,000 men. It s believed that the French loss amounted to from 16,000 to 18,000 men;

Book Notices.

THE AMERICAN STAIRBUILDER. By Wm. P. Esterbrook and Jas. H. Monckton, architects and builders. Now York : Baker & Goodwin, Tribune Building.

This book contains a complete exposition of the whole subct of planning and constructing staircases and handrails, ogether with designs for staircases, handrails, newels, and balusters: Illustrated by eighteen large plates, embracing two hundred and forty-two distinct figures, with full, detailed explanations, for the use of architects, builders, stairbuilders, and carponters, in such a manner that the most inexperienced nay readily acquire a thorough knowledge of the art and science of stairbuilding and handrailing. It is the result of the experience of more than a quarter of a century. It is not a heoretical work, but entirely practical; every principle contained therein has been tested by the authors-in their daily business for a long period. Many of the finest staircases in the city of New York, and vicinity, have been executed by them. The mode of illustrating this science is altogether original, and so simple that no one of ordinary capacity can

all to acquire a knowledge of the art without other aid. The book is a large oblong guarto-size 12 by 15 inchesgot up in the best style, on thick paper, handsomely printed and engraved. Bound in thick boards, cloth, stamped. Price six dollars. Copies sent by mail, free of postage, upon receipt of the price.

SEACLIFF, OR THE MYSTERY OF THE WESTERVELTS. By J. W. De Forest, author of "Oriental Acquaintance," "Euro-pean Acquaintance," etc. Boston: Phillips, Bampson & Co. 1859.

This book contains nearly 500 pages 12mo, nearly executed. It is a well written, interesting story.

OBITUARY.

OBITUARY. In Lowell, Mass., on the 18th of June, Mrs. Sarah, wife of James Tower, Esq., aged sixty years. In the death of Mrs. T. her family have sustained an irre-parable loss. A devoted wife, an affectionate mother, a kind friend, is gone. Quiet and unobtrusive in her manners, sho yet possessed great energy and decision of character. Her practical common sense inspired confidence in her counsels; and the writer of this slight tribute to departed worth was accustomed, from childhood, in the occasional interviews it was our privilege to have with her, to defer to and respect her judgment. In her death we have lost, to our external vision, a dear friend; and, while under the shadow of a deeper bereavement, we sinceroly sympathize with the afflicted family in this sad disponsation. M. E.

Mrs. Tower was a Spiritualist, and, we do not hesitate to say, a true Christian. Her belief in Spiritualism, to the last moment of her earthly existence, was firm and steadfast; it. was a great comfort and consolation to her in the last days of her earthly existence.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT MAY BE PURCHASED OF THE FOLLOWING

GOD BLESS FOC. How simply fail those simple words Upon the human heart, When friends long bound in strongest ties Are called upon to part I You sadly press the hand of those Who thus in love caress you, And soul responsive boats to soul, In breathing out, "God bless you !" Humboldt is said to have left a manuscript treatise on

Hereyes shown terrible in the fight; the courage of the pagments left. English withoutd before the glance of the supposed sorceress.

counsel of God will hold good, and that the counsel of men will perish." In spite of their remonstrances, she determined on the desperate attack. Joan led on the French. In a couple of hours, however, their enthusiasm somewhat wavering, she herself attempted to scale the wall. An arrow, shot with English vigor and English aim, plerced her neck and not be forgotten by those who heard them. Mr. John Benshoulder, and she fell into the ditch: The French rescued her, and laid her upon the grass, in great pain. But a sudden vision comforted her drooping spirits, and revived her rapturous courage. Plucking the arrow from her shoulder, she hurried back to the conflict and the attack was renewed by the French soldiers, who now looked upon her as something more than human. Socing her bannor in the hands of a French soldier, she said that, as soon as that banner touched the wall, the victory would be won. The assailants, in paroxysm of inspiration, carried the English fortress. As any improper conduct. There were doubtless many on the Joan saw Sir William Gladsdale, the English commander, on ground who were there merely from curiosity, others for fun. a lower, she cried, "Ab, Gladshie, you have foully wronged We noticed ult a number of what are called "fast" people. me; but I have pily on your soul. Surrender to the King of They were treated kindly, and they manifested their grati-Heaven." But he went upon the draw-bridge, and a French cannon-ball, striking the bridge, threw him and his companions into the water, where they perished.

Joan followed up her victories; and soon after Rheime opened its gates, and Charles entered in triumph. On the next day he was solemnly crowned; and at his side, by the high altar, stood the peasant, Joan. Her task was now done. her mission accomplished, her angels obeyed. Her eves filled with happy and holy tears, and she said: "Gentle king ! now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, who willed that you should come to Rheims and be annointed, showing that you are the true king, and he to whom the kingdom should belong." And then, "I wish that the gentle king would allow me to roturn toward my father and mother, keep my flocks and herds as before, and do all things as I was wont to do." She refused all reward, and asked only that her native village should not be taxed. That request was granted, and the privilege was held for three and a half centuries. But policy demanded that she who was the soul and inspiration of the army, should remain with it. She yielded; but in yielding she parted, perhaps, with some of the simplicity of her nature. War, undortaken as a duty, was fast becoming a taste. Like Murat, she participated in the tumult and the rapture, without sharing the slaughter of the battle-like him consoled her humanity with the thought that she never killed any herself. She continued to lead the French arms. But the feeling of doing God's work was not so strong now: sho began to doubt her inspiration. Wounded at St. Denis. she hung up her arms before the shrine of the saint, in the church, and renounced war. But Charles and his council insisted on her continuing with the army, and she obeyed, as a duty to the king. Letters of nobility were granted to her and her family. Oharles had become tired of war; but she still fought with undiminished courage at the head of his troops. The fortress of Compeigne was besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, and she set out to defend it. On the evening of her arrival she attacked his forces. Her men

Susio O. Cluer, by request, recited another poem, in a fine style, which produced a very good effect, and was received with a hearty round of applause.

Mr. J. S. Loveland delivered an excellent practical speech on the Decline of Spiritualism. We hope his remarks will son, the venerable friend of the Indian, made an appeal on bohalf of the red man.

Little Ella Deluce recited a peem very prettily, and was well received. Mr. Loring Moody dolivored an excellent practical speech, of considerable length, which was lisaened to with marked attention.

At half-past 4 P. M., the vast concourse of people quietly, made their way toward their several homes. It is worthy of remark that we did not hear of a single accident, nor witness tude by corresponding good behaviour. We arrived in Boston all safe and happy; and the inquiry in the cars was general, When shall we have another picnic?

Spiritualists' Convention at Plymouth.

This Convention will be holden on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of August next. Eminent speakers will be there from all parts of the United States. The Convention will meet at Davis's Hall; and if the weather be pleasant on Saturday, it will meet in a Grove near the village of Plymouth.

The Old Colony Railroad Company will carry passengers to and from the Convention for half price, commencing on Friday, August 5th, and ending on Monday, August 8th.

The following gentlemen, residing in Plymouth, Mass., are committee of arrangements :-Fred. W. Robbins, Geo. Simmons, Southworth Barnes, Putnam Kimball, Benjamin H. Grandon.

Arrangements have been made to accommodate stranger with board, both at public and private houses, at reasonable

nrices.

The War.

Each steamer brings us further details of the War in Europe, every struggle of which seems to redound to the glory of the Third Napolcon. Those who have been so prompt to style him the "counterfeit Napoleon," in his former questionable struggles up to the notch of ambition, have learned before this that the old Napoleonic vigor lies back of him. As believers in the truths of spirit-communion, it is not hard for us to think that the thousands-hundreds of thousands of soldiers who rallied to the standard of, and marched on to victory under the lead of the Great Napoleon; whose blood has manured the grass on a hundred European Lattle-fields. even in death have not lost their ruling passion, but give their unseen counsels to the cause France has espoused.

S. L. Welch,

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were outnumbered, and she ordered a retreat. She herself Formerly agent at Ionia, Mich., will conver a favor by sendkept in the post of danger, the rear. As her troops entered ing us the name of his present residence.

ecture, of the series of ten, de New York, Sunday morning, June 12th. Subject: "The Religion of the Medes and Persians."

A letter in the New York Post says Theodoro Parker goes to Neufchatal, in Switzerland, where he will be the guest of Desor, a Swiss naturalist, who may be remembered as the companion of Agassiz when he first came to the United | that pay. These are on the Gregory road, the rest being all States. Ho was then poor; since, by the decease of his a desert. He says that the reports of the richness of other brother, he has come into the possession of a handsome fortune, and now lives as much en prince as a savant can in the in large numbers. Some three thousand wagons are now on mountains of republican Switzerland. He has promised to geologize, botanize, or philosophize with his sick friend, as he nay desire, and Mr. Parker's friends in Paris anticipate for him great things from the trip. The Paris Monitour says :- The Emperor Napoleon was in

some degree superior to himself; he was seen everywhere, always directing the battle. Every one around trembled at the dangers which unceasingly threatened him: he alone seemed to be ignorant of them. The protection with which God shielded him was extended to his staff; only one Cent Garde near his Majesty was wounded. Several horses of the staff and the escort were killed or wounded.

"AUTOMATIC ACTION OF THE BRAIN."-We see by an article in the last number of the Christian Register, that a writer attributes the answering of sealed letters by Mr. Mansfield to the automatic action of the brain ! We were present the other day when Mr. M. answered a sealed letter in Spanish the writer of which himself was present and pronounced the answer correct. Now, as Mr. Mausfield does not understand the Spanish language, and was not aware that the gentleman understood it, how could the automatic action of Mr. M.'s brain have had anything to do with it? It is preposterous to suppose any such thing.

It is said that the American brigade for Mexico is now nearly completed, and will probably be ready for motion in about two months. Two regiments are to be raised, one in New York State, and one in California, J. H. Ward, ex-Commissioner General of New York, will be Colonel of the Now York regiment. The whole force will be under command of Brigadier General Wheat. The regiments will leave New York and San Francisco simultaneously, to meet at a point in New Mexico, fully prepared to sustain Juarez. Friend Mendum, the poetry printed in the last number of the Investigator-" The Noblest Man "-sent to you by a Pennsylvania correspondent, originally appeared in the BAN-NER OF LIGHT. It was written by J. B. Wiggin, [not Wiggian] of Cambridgeport, March 20, 1859, and published by us on the 9th of April following. Consequently, as it was cut from the Saugerties Telegraph, June 24th, 1859, (according to the note prefacing it.) it must have been published in that paper as original. The "country papers" are a little too liberal. ometimes, in appropriating things to their own use that don't belong to them.

The most deformed human being to the material vision nay be the most perfectly developed in spirit.

THE DAVESPORT Boys have published an excellent letter n the Sunbeam, dated at the jail in Oswego, N. Y.

ERUFTION OF VESUVIUS .- Amidst the excitement and conflagration of war, Vesuvius will urge its claims on public attention. A letter from Naples informs us that its forges are more active than those of the nations united which are now applying the resources of science to the construction of weapons for human destruction. The mountain beats them all;

and, with the quiet assurance of undisputed power, hourly it the room of a boarder recently in this city. The latter, awakis laying waste rich lands growing with all the promise of har- ing, asked the intruder what he wanted. Getting no reply rest. Any one who looks at it from Naples, observes a large he simply remarked "If you'r after money, I have only to

In Somerville the rate of taxation this year is \$6.30. In this city it is expected that it will exceed \$9.

The latest news from the Pike's Peak Humbug Mines was brought to Leavenworth, K. T., by a Mr. McCoy, who says that only eight or ten claims have yet been discovered claims are absolutely false, and that the miners were leaving a return trip. Mr. McCoy estimates that, there are now about the mittes form 25,000 to 30,000 persons, most of whom are doing nothing, or working for their board. He says the mines will not support more than 5000 people, and advises everybody to stay at home.

There will be great difficulty in the "Gorman Diet" if Hung(a)ry should rise, we opine.

A retributive justice has decreed, that he who wraps himself up in his own selfish plans, and refuses to alleviate human suffering, shall not only lack the sympathy of his fellows when most in need of it, but shall find himself ultimately arraigned at the bar of a reproving conscience.

During the late "cold snap," a cow out west is said to have caught such a cold that she has yielded nothing but ice creams ever since.

It is reported that there was a duel recently at Napoleon. rk., between a doctor and a tailor. in which the doctor shot the tailor through the log, and the tailor shot the doctor through the lower extremity of his coat. They were made friends upon the ground-the doctor agreeing to dress the tailor's leg, and the tailor to mend the doctor's coat.

INDIAN DEPREDATIONS AT SONORA .- The Times Washing ton correspondent writes: Judge Rose, the American Consul at Guayamas, Mexico, reached here this afternoon, and tendered his resignation to the government. He has made a thorough exploration of Sonora, and pronounces it the richest mineral country in the world. Gov. Peschlera is now absent in Sinoloa, and the Indians are devastating all the upper and western portions of Sonora. Murders and robberies are of every day occurrence.

We have received an account of the Spiritualist Picnic held at South Montville. Me., on the 4th; but it came too late for insertion in this issue. We shall print it in our next. Miss E. E. Gibson's address is North Hanson, Mass., instead of 243 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

A good story is told in the Sport newspaper: A detachment of the Austrians was sent from Peschiera by railway, to reinforce General Urban. The engineer, by accident or design, brought the train on to the quarters of the French army. The soldiers of the latter opened the doors, crying out, "Gentlemon, change carriages here for France, if you please."

Our exchange newspapers, almost without exception, note the promising appearances of the crops throughout the country.

EFFECTS OF THE WAR ON FASHION .- It has become almost dangerous for ladies to wear crinoline in the streets of Munich, the mode being considered a French one. The populace are determined to extinguish, if not the French, at least their fashions.

Some descendant of Solomon has wisely remarked that those who go to law for damages are sure to get them.

"GETTING INTO THE WRONG PRW."-A hotel thief entered

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Our friends will confer a favor on us by purchasing the BANNER at the NEWS DEFOT in the towns where they reside, if one is kept there, thereby encouraging the Paper Dealer to kept the BANNER of LIGHT on his counter.

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Ohio-URI N. MERWIN, Newton Falls.

A CARD.

MRS. STOWE, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, SECOND Mhouse from State street, west door, Smith's Hill, Provi-dence, R. I., can be consulted every day, (Saturdays and Sundays excepted.) from 9 A. M. until 3 P. M. Will visit private families by request. Terms given on application. Mrs. 8. is Agent for Dr. BRONSON'S PREPARATIVE for the cure of diseases.

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The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the DANNER, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Corawr, Tranco Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed. We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do awny with the errorie-ous idea that they a more than wintra beings. We believe the public should sno the spirit world as fis-should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, spinot we ask the reader to receive no decirine put forth by spirits, the columns, that does not comport with his reason.

n these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions morely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are from to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office overy Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after-noon, 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 24-Lucy Monroe, Cross street, Boston; David Willey, Newport, R. 1.; James Lovejoy Morse, Bostou; Lewis Wins-low, Mobile, Ala. June 25-Wm, Alaen, Boston; Wm. Howins, Sharon, Mass.;

June 23---Wm, Alien, Boston; Wm, Howins, Sharon, Auss.; Fisher Howins, Dedham, Mass.; Mary Elizabeth Fisher, Jondinam, (to Mrs. B., Philadelphin); Eliza Bicknor, Dedham. June 28--James Lowis Thompson, Frazer's River; Abraham Lynde, Boston; Lorenzo Dow; Sarah Franklin Bache; Ed-ward Howard, New York. June 29--John Winchester, Boston; Matilda Harris, Gofff-town, H.: Joseph Jonge: Goston Parker to bia wife:

town, N. H.; Joseph Jones; George Parker, to his wife; Dr. Noyce. • June 80-Joy H. Fairchild, South Boston; Daniel Perkins,

Exctor, N. H. Excter, N. H. Julf 1-Henry Wilson, of Lowell Mechanic Phalanx, 1848; James Harlow, Boston; Harriet Louisa Portor, New York; BarahJ. Bargent, to her husband; James Watson, East Cam-bridge; David Gilbert, Boston July 2-Jonns Chickering, Boston; John Robinson, to his son; John Edson; William H. Wing, Dennis, Mass.; Charles

Atwood. July 5-William Holbrook, Bostón ; Mary Eliza Washburn,

July 5-William Holbrook, Bostón; Mary Eliza Washburn, New York; "Why do spirits commune in this public manner?" (a question answered.) Nathaniel Morton, Taun-ton; William Barnes, Illinols. July 6-Jances Finlayter, London, Eng.; Billy George, Wheeling, Va.; David Bascom, Philadelphia. July 7-Stephen Marden, Hallowell, Me.; John Dean, Bos-ton; Peter McCann, Boston. July 9-Charlotto Brown, Augusta, Me.; Abraham Lang-worthy, Concord, N. H.; Idlocy-answer to a question; Oharley White, (fiddler) Newburyport; Francis H. Smith. July 12-Daniel Burke, Oregon; William Page, Boston; Bejsey Pritchard, Ipswich; N. H.; Nathaniel Jones, Minne-sota; Jonathan Ladd, (to his son); William Brockway, Sammol Pope.

Bona; John Tucker, Marblehead; Henry Woodbury, to July 13-John Tucker, Marbl amuel Woodbury, Chelsea, Vt.

Duty of Man to his Physical Nature.

ith the spirit. It should seek to bratify all the requirements

ments of the child, and seek to satisfy those while. Bot is with the spirit. It should seek to statify all the requirements of the body. But men and women, as superior intelligences in the uni-verse, should be very careful that they do fully understand the requirements of the form. They should be sure that their knowledge is not foulthmess. The drunkard will tell you that he receives his appetite for that curse of mankind from nature. This is false; nature is ever true to horself; she generates no inorbid desires within the human form. This desire is unnatural and base, and should be crushed. A higher and holler element should rise above that gross desire, and thus obliterate it from the mind. All those dwelling in human form, who are addicted to cor-tain ovil habits, will tell you it is natural for them to be so dis-posed. It is not so. The Great Giver of Life has given to each one a perfect life; the law of it is as perfect for one as for another. But man has perverted that haw, and then tells you that it was not perfect in the beginning. Men and women have yot to learn that they are a law unto themselves, and are to become acqualitied with their spiritual and material life.

themselves, and are to become acqualuted with their spiritual and material life. Now all know it would be wrong to cut off any member of the human form. Why is it wrong? Because you generate suffering thereby; and it is wrong to generate suffering. Bhould you put your hand upon a bed of cople, you would suf-for thereby. Now these laws of your being are open to you, and you do not transgress them willingly; but other laws there are, that are as easy of being understood, if they are secred laws, hu cannot expect to know them. The institutions of the past have been faulty—very faulty. Instead of teaching your minds what they should have taught, they have taught hiem valu things, which will do mankind no good hereafter. Instead of being taught they intu which will east them upon an ocean of uncertainty, without even

My father was burned out when I was a little girl, in East Cambridge. It was near the church. I have two brothers here on carth—Michael and Charles. My father is a tailor. Ho used to work for Mr. Young, for Mr. Crossman and for Mr. Mears. No, my mother's name is not Mary—what made you think it was? Her name is Hannah. Mary died hefore I was confirmed; Father Eary confirmed me—I don't know how you spell the name, but he was on here from New York then; the odd n't live here. Of course a New York priest can con-franker I guess you and no Catholic—they get a right from the biging to confirm anywhere. Yey, there's a good many fine things here, and you can have there it you want them; but here prople want every-ledy to have things like them—so if one does not have fine Clothes, another wont have them. We have plenty of music here, and you do n't have to pay for it, nor to hear folks sing.

We have plenty of music here, and you have been for it, nor to hear folks sing. Yes, I'd like to see my mother and father, if they aint going to whip me for not being a Catholic, and if they want to see me. I used to get more poundings than a few, because I would n't believe all they told me. I'm coming again, if I get a chance. June 21.

P. M. Kibbe,

I was told somebody wanted to see mo; and as I do n't see I was told somebody wanted to see mo; and as I do n't see anybody here I know, I conclude it may be you, Berry. If it is n't, that's a joke. Well, I suppose I may as well be going, if I can't find out who sent the call. One is just as likely to be humbugged here as with you. I was told to come here on Wednesday; but I suppose the party thought it was of no consequence whether they came or not—my time not being precious. But I am myself just as much now as ever, and when I make an appointment to go to a certain place to meet a man, I expect to meet him as promptly as over I did on earth, and I expect him to meet me, just as much as ever. Jim Williams told mo that I was walted here to doay. I did n't ask Williams how he got the nows; he's traveling about the country communicating—likes it, and he told me

of it. I have tried once to commune since I was here, but made failure of it. I tried to commune with a concern like this, (the table;) but, confound it! I could n't control it as well as when I had hand like these. Tell the friend, if he should call to know if I have been

here, that it's no small job to control a medium, and he'll find it out so when he comes here. However, it's best to pocket the joke; so I'll leave. June 22. pocket the joke; so I'll leave.

Astrology.

A question is before us; but it is one that demands much more time than we have at our command at this hour. Nor shall we purpose to clucidate it in so short a space of tipte as that allotted us; you in strict accordance with the rules of our spirit circle, we are in duty bound to speak upon it, how

that allotted us; yot in strict accordance with the rules of our spirit circle, we are in duty bound to speak upon it, how-ever briefly. The question is this: "What is Astrology?" Astrology is the parent of astronomy. Astrology in itself is an imperfect mental solence; its child is a more perfect, more brilliant, more positive science, rendered so by reason of the many brilliant stars or minds drawn to it, which have assisted in its development. Astrology had its birth in gross darkness, and those minds that have heretofore been engaged in its development are not in that high and billiant state that the cause or the science demands. But the time is nigh at hand when this imporfect science shall be perfected; when that which has heretofore been surrounded by gross darkness shall be brought into light, and by and through its develop-ment other lights shall come forth; more brilliant stars shall be born in the firmament of intellect and the men and wo-men of the coming century shall better understand astrology. We purpose to speak upon this subject at a future time. Again, we say, it demands much more time than we have to give to-day. Our fried and questioner will wait patiently until we shall be able to give room for that which is mighty of itself, and needs only the power of intellect to expand it and make it what it will be in the future. June 22,

David Gilmore.

There's two ways to do overything, I suppose; and, if a man don't know the right way, I do n't know as ho is to biame if he takes the wrong way. I want to get some message to my folks, and I thought I'd come here. If I 'nn on the wrong track, tell me so, and I 'll shove off. I hearn 'em tell of lots of 'em coming here, and I thought I'd come; and if I can 't talk as smart as the rest on 'em, it's 'cause I haint got to be nobody but myself yot--that's all about it. that's all about it.

that's all about it. Welk, I was born in Eastport, down in Malne, I can't tell you anything 'bout my father and mother, for I nover recol-lect 'bout seeing them; but I b'llove my father was lost to sea, and my mother died when I was too little to 'member, I haint seen them here, and I don't know as I over shall. I was drowned in the Byring of 1848. I'd been to Prince Edward's Island in a fishing smack. I was married when I was twenty-two yoars old; my wife's lithing now somewhere. I have n't got any children; but I'd like to talk to her if I could. I haint got no brother or sister; but I hearn of my father's having a brother somewhere in New York State, and always thought I'd like to hunt him up, if I could; and I haint got rid of it yet, for I want to hunt him up now I'm on the side as much as over.

haint got rid of it yot, for I want to hunt him up now I 'm on this side as nuch as ever. My name was David Gilmore; my father's name was John; and my father's brother's name was David. I believe. My mother's name was Susan. My father was born in the State of Maine, but where I cau 't tell. Its followed the sea for a living, and was lost at sea. Now, if there 's a David Gilmore round who had a brother lost at sea, I should like to talk with him and tell him 'bout these things. I have hearn tell a good many stories about my uncle; one of 'em is, that he is pretty well off. I should, if I had lived till Kall, have been forty-four years old.

old. I followed the sea some for a living-went fishing some; but there's one thing I always regretted, and I regret it now and that is, I had no eddication at all, and all I larned I jarned of other folks. I am kind of ashamed of not being able to read and write. Folks are shamed here as much as

Charles Thavor.

BANNER OF LIGHT

Clinitles Thayor. Shall I ask you a quasilon? Do you publish communica-flows from spirits, when you know the parties to whom they are addressed are opposed to Spiritualism? My position is a peculiar one. I have a failer and mother in Boston, a brother and two slisters, and I wish to communo with them. My parents are members of a church in your city, and they are violently opposed to this new light. I am naxious to speak to then, but I hardly know whether it were better for mo to come now, or wait until they are further along in life--what shall I do? I have been in the spirit-world little over a year. I know something about this before I left, but not much just enough to set me to thinking about it, and after I got here, to long-ing to get back. A few days before I died, I was developed as a medium-for surely I saw spirits and heard them con-verse.

as a medium—for surely I saw spirits and nears them con-verso. I told my mother I saw my sister and grandmother, and they thought I must be insane. Now I do not suppose I am committing any great error in taking these things here. I give them, that they may know I have been here. If any one of the family will go to some good medium whore I can see them in private, I think I can manifest to them. It will not harm them to go, it will not make them any less Christilke; and if they are afraid of the church, they need not let the church know, I think my mother will like to go, but my father is more rigid. If I were taking to some of my own folks, I should know just what to say, but I hardly know what to say to you here. My name was Charles Thayer; I was between fifteen and sixteen years of age; died of, I suppose, scrofela. I suffered severely from it at times. Although my friends thought I died of some other trouble since I have been here I have satisfied myself it was scroful.

Levi Crowell.

Lievi Crowell. I came to you nearly two years ago, but I suppose you have forgotten me. I come to day, because some of my friends do-sire to know how I am gotting on. My name is Levi Crowell. I can't say my situation here is a very enviable one. It seems as if I were here before my time. If I endeavor to en-grage in anything, its seems as though I could not. This forcing happiness is not the thing. When I committed suicide, I thought, as most suicides do, that I should get rid of a great deal of trouble; but it is not so. No man has a right to take his natural life. But the jnas-sage in the Bible is not true. There the suicide is said to be eternally miscrable. Now it is told are I shall be happy, and be able to progress, after I have I wed out the time I should have lived on earth. I have no chance of progressing, and shall not have, until the time comes when I should have left earth by due course of nature. This does not render me miscrable, for I know I shall be the die to use of nature. This does not render me miscrable, for I know I shall be fis there, I hope they will all live their appointed time; and if they do that, they will be sure to be happy. I say I am not progressing well. It don't seem to me that I am. I am contented, because I know I shall be happy semetime. Perhaps I am progressing well. It don't seem to me that I am. I am contented, because I know I shall be happy semetime. Perhaps I am progressing well. It don't seem to me that I am. I am contented, because I know I shall be happy semetime. Perhaps I am progressing well. It don't seem to me that I am. I am contented, because I know I shall be happy semetime. His and a may for form good, by returning to inducne them, I shall be happy to do so. I gentleman asked if a maa killed in battle was not a suf-ette al.

[A gentleman asked if a man killed in battle was not a sulcide.]

If a party dies in battle, they do not die by their own will. I think the blame is upon the parties who originate the fight. No one goes to battle with the express intention of being killed; all hope to escape death, and expect to.

[The gentleman asked if the suicide was more unhappy than the murderer.] .

Last one nurreter.] Let one come to the spirit-world who has committed mur-der, and you will find that the murderer has a better chance of progressing than the sulcide Every sin has its own jon-alty; but every sin differs from another, and sodues the pen-alty. The murderer must suffer, but his suffering is not gen-crally of the poculiar kind, nor so severe, as that of the sul-cide.

erally of the peculiar Kind, nor so severe, as that of the sat-cide. Ans. In some cases, a spirit is controlled by outside and foreign influences to sover the connection between it and bedy; but when a spirit calmly and coolly commits the deed, then he alone must suffer the whole penalty. Ans. You'll find that the murderer occupies quite a differ-ent sphere in the spirit-world from the subcide—his suffering may be intense, but he may immediately go to work and l haor to free himself from his misery; but the suicide has tied himself hand and foot, and cannot work to free himself until the time comes when nature would have called him hence.

until the time comes when nature would have called him hence.
 Ans. The man who dies upon the gallows, is murdered.
 Ans. The man who dies upon the gallows, is murdered.
 Ans. The which that is ushered into our world before its its of birth in your world arrived, will not commones its progression until the time of its natural birth has arrived.
 It is so with the subledie; he is prematurely born in the spirit-world, and he cannot progress until the time nature has set for him to die has come.
 Ans. In one sense, the man who drinks brandy until it causes his death, is a suicide—in another he is not. The saidlad desires to free himself from everything mortal—he codly plans self-destruction; the man who drinks, if he knows it will kill him, still hopes to live. I desired to die, and it. Your natural brother, sister or friend, could not discern your true, character by your ender's because the say of your spirit is but an outgrowth of your character.
 Itemember me kindly to those I have come to, and say if there is anything I can do to make any of my friends happy, I shall be pleased to do it.

Betsey Wheelock.

in the universe. For in humanity, even in its grossest formance of every luty, of great conscientiousness, humility, formance of every luty, of great conscientiousness, humility, formance of every luty, of great conscientiousness, humility, and prayorulness. The darkness may understand the and prayorulness. The darkness was dense in by-gone years, and then a bright star was given, a brilliant meteor finashed across the bright star was given, a brilliant meteor finashed across the bright star was given, a brilliant meteor finashed across the bright star was given, a brilliant meteor finashed across the bright star was given, a brilliant meteor finashed across the bright star was given, a brilliant meteor finashed across the bright star was given and the star of the past, and go forward and gather the great the forth to humanity. Oh, may our gene to for all; may he cense to fread in the pathways of the past, and go forward and gather the great the forth to humanity and diviniting mad they are one; thus we reject, that humanity and divinition and they are one; thus we reject, that humanity and divinition and divine. June 23.

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

Last Sabbath we called your attention to the religious

forms of worship of the anglent Egyptians, that being the most ancient and antiquiated values, wherein religion is sup-posed to have had a form of existence. To-day we propose

to call your attention to the religion of an empire which not

only superseded the Egyptians in splendor and beauty, but

whose religion, though not so ancient, was far more perfected

and beauteous, and had its origin in greater and diviner laws,

The Persian Empire is our theme to-day ; cr, the Religion of

We must first briefly glance at the political aspect and his-

tory of the Persian Empire, before we can bring to your com-

prehension the religion which was intimately interwoven with every department of life-political, social and moral; all partook of the religions. In fact, there was no distinct

religion. (Except, indeed, we regard as such a religion that

which was blended with each and every department of life.)

The Persian Empire formerly was, what it now is, a small

province, situated on the Gulf of Persia; but, by various political achievments and glories under the reign of Xerxes

Darius and Cyrus, it rose to the greatest splender and political glory, and almost as suddonly fell back again to its former

The political history of Persia presents to the politician,

the patrick, and to the military aspirant, more of splendor and beauty than any other empire which has ever existed.

Its military achievements have been the greatest, its physical splendor the most glorious, its luxury the most renowned, and its fail the most deplorable. Under the reign of Xerxes

it will be remembered, was fought that most memorable of

followers encountered three hundred Spartans, and seven

hundred auxiliaries, under the command of Leonidas: and there, in consequence of the treachery of some of the Greeks,

Persians were routed by the Greeks under Alexander; after

which the Persian monarch was murdered by his followers.

Alexander showed the dead body much honor; threw his own cloak over the corpse of one who had fought with such splendor, such military ardor, such greatness and power. Brom the time of conquering by Alexander, the Persian Empire commenced its decline. We speak of this thing

simply as referring to roligion ; but will presently show how

intimately all departments of Persian Illistory were connected with the religion of the Persians. Media and Chalden were formerly separate provinces ; but, under the reign of Xerxes, or before, as some writers assert, became annexed to Persis, together with all of Asia, and pertions of Africa. These vast

countries composed at that time the Persian Empire. The religion of the ancient Persians had its foundation, not as the Egyptians had, in the passion of fear, or superstition, but

strictly and entirely in science, in astronomical or astrological laws. This religion they derived from the Chaldcans, who were versed in astrology, and guided and controlled all their social, moral and religious movements by the movements of the heavenly bodies. The sun was the most especial object of worship and adoration, and to the sun they

paid all allegiance, and each and every movement of that supposed living, breathing god, was viewed with awe by

them. When the religion or laws were introduced into Persia, it was made not only the religion but a portion of the Judiciary government; it was a part and parcel of the con-trolling power, and political as well as social law was made subservient to the religion or the movements of the heavenly bodies. So great was their allegiance to what they supposed to be the controlling power in the sun, that, when Darius was marching to the West with his army, every division and battalion was obliged to come forward and worship an em-

blazoned sun-a banner which was formed of gold, and burnished and set with diamonds and precious stones. Before

this, which they delfied, all the army had to bow in adoration, before they could proceed to battle; and it has been

said by some historians, that the defeat of Darius in Asia was owing to the fact that they hald so much allegiance to this emblem, enabling the enemy to perceive more directly where was the headquarters of the army. Again, they worshiped the moon and stars as lesser lights. In fact, in some portions of Persia there, were distinct and separate subdivisions of religion ; some worshiping fire, as the fire-worshipers in Ohina -some worshielng the moon, some water. But the general form of worship, and the general practices of religion as connected with the government, were those of all the heavenly bodies. And these were derived from the knowledge

insignificance, after the incursions of the Baracens.

the Ancient Medes and Persians.

THE RELIGION OF THE MEDES AND PERSIANS.

From the Buffalo Sunbeam.

LIGHT.

BY PRANCES O. HTZER.

The world wants light where'er it shines, Through poet, priest or sage— Through the "Banner" or the "Sunbeam," The "Sybil" or the "Age."

It wants the noble "Telegraph,"

And I can see "no high, no low," In Nature's boundless cause-

We all are acting in our spheres, Obedient to her laws. And evermore my inmost heart

Shall bid the light "God speed;" Its mission is to free the soul From dogma, sect and creed.

And though I have no hats for creed, Or for the mud-formed nest, I love to see the capitve freed, The birdling sear the best.

Then let us toil on lovingly, Confiding in each other: Lot the brother love the sister, And the sister love the brother:

Tintil "free love" shall mean to all Just what it means to those Who know the difference between The night shade and the rose;

Until we prove the mighty power Of Love to bless the soul-Until we all can meekly bow To its divine control.

From the New York Independent. THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

One great reason why the discussion of this subject be-comes cloudy and confused is that in attaining it, the con-sideration of the element of personal poculiarity is, to a great Xerxes conquered the enemy and marched into Attila; but he was afterwards defeated al Salaulus by sea, from whonce xtont, overlooked. he retreated into Asia by the Hellespont. Again, under Darius, in an attempt to invade the Grecian Empire, the

extont, everlooked. The inquirer has presented to him quantities of enses, in which most marked and delightful results have been ob-tained, and instead of making thes instances, as they should be, a means of religious suggestion and stimulous, he forms some one or more of them into a standard of what he is in his own personality to expect to attain. Now the highest form of Ubristian life is that in which the under of the soul to Gwils the must perfect and comulete.

some one or more of them into a standard of what he is in his own personality to expect to attain. Now the highest form of Ubristian life is that in which the unlou of the soul to God is the most perfect and complete, and the whole life and conduct, through its minutest ramifi-cations, brought into concord with this higher harmony. But the causes which separate souls from this harmony are as various as temperaments and circumstances. False intellectual views, which obscure the Divine character, acting on minds of a certain class, are the obstacle; again, with others, physical habits, which disturb the balance of the nervous system and interrupt the clearness of its perceptions —false ideas, implanted by education, of what is to be sought or expected in religion—great stringency of personal will, unyielding prikl of character, tenacily and obstancey of these may bo the obstacle of the measpected obstacle-why the soul, thattering and straining on her chord, still, like the chained cagle, cannot rise and sour away. I therefore comes to pass that there may bo in all these cases a distinct crisis, when the great obstacle gives way, in a marked and perceptible manner, and through the gap thus elearot a flood of peace and joy irradiates the soul, and gives a new impulse to all its powers. There are doubtless an equal number of cases where the barrier is imprecipibly worn and freeded away, and the person, without any marked crisis, comes, by comparing one year with another, to feel that he has gradually glined this clearation. The inquirer, who gradually commences his researches by the reading of Christian experience, finds that it is now tift case the resulting in a great accession of spiritual life and strength. This crisis is called in different ages and donomin-ations by different name. It is called the witness of the spirit, the assurance of faith and hojo, Christian perfection, hubines, etc.; but if we examine the facts under all these induces in a purer air. But as to the first inquiry in every caso—*How* an

ion, character and circumstances. Some undoubtedly must begin with the physical laws of

will cast them upon an ocean of uncertainty, without even a guide.

We beg leave here to ask our divine inquirer, if he for one We beg leave here to ask our divine inquirer, if he for one moment supposes that he stands in the way of duty? If he is overy day offering that homage due to his God and to him-self? "No man can be just to his Creator without being first just to the created. The same God that requires service of the creature, hath given him a furm; and will he not require it of him to exercise a just stewardship over this talent placed in his hands for safe keeping? We perceive that our inquirer has been wandering in the dark maze of foolish theology; he has lost his way, and is groping in darkness. He has called upon some one to bring him light; and us his mind was wandering, it wandered to this little room, where spirits communicate words of truth, if

this little room, where spirits communicate words of truth, if not of eloquence, to those they so dearly love in human form Our inquirer may fail to be satisfied with our explanation Our inquirer may fail to be satisfied with our explanation; if so, we humbly ask pardon for all mistakes we have mide. And, he conclusion, we ask our brother to come forth from the darkness of past theology, and stand abroad under the canopy of heaven, where the good God can drop the dews of knowl-edge and of wisdom upon him, and cause him to go forward, foaring nothing, expecting everything. In consistence with our belief and our knowledge, we can-not ask the Divino Author to bless the inquirer, for we al-ready know that the source from which even this inquiry originated, hath now blessed, and will continue to bless. When nicht overtaketh the inquirer upon the biefs way of

originated, hath now blessed, and will continue to bless. When night overtaketh the inquirer upon the highway of life, he looketh about him for shelter, for some place where he can lie down to sleep, to repose. Bo it is with the wanderer upon the highway of the spirit; when the darkness of the past and the present gathers about him, and he knoweth not where to go, he looketh about for some place where the spirit may find rest; he desireth to grass at something more real than he has yot laid hold upon. Thus we do not see it mar-velous and strange that the divine of your (ity hath called upon us. A blessing he hath. Let him ask for another, and awother, until he shall be welcomed into the mansions of the blessed, forever and forever. blessed, forever and forever. June 21.

Ellen Devine.

Diebseu, lorover and lorover. Ellen Devine. Oh, dear me, I thought I should n't get a chance to come at all. There was so many had a chance to come before me, I forgot mest everything I had to say. "They told me I must not forget my name, and how old I was and where I lived—and I have n't. My name was Ellen Devine; I was ten years old. I have been dead most three years. I died in Boston. I've got a father and a mother in Boston: My father was Irish; my mother belonged in Bt. John; and I was born in Boston. My sister Mary brings me here, and she wants me to speak, because she could n't. My father is a Catholic and my mother is a Catholic, and I was confirmed at the church in Kast Cambridge, beepuse I was with my aunt. Her name was Ellen, and I was named for her. She's my father's sister—no, it aint my father's sister, but sho maried my father's brother, and ho always called her sister. Mary says they'll be frightened because I come. Some-body gave father a paper, a long time ago, that had a com-munication from a relation up in Lowell. I don't care for anybody, and Mary does; I guess she is afrid, and don't dare to come. She says I need n't talk any more tian is necessary for mo to; but I'm going to talk all I want to how I am here. I want to lell mother that Mary Clafiln is a medium; Mary says the is, and I should think she is, beccause she used to say that she saw her grandmother, who has been dead a long while, and she was do tell her what to do. Mary Clafiln used to live in the house with mother in Mary street, or her mother did—she did n't keep the house. I used to go to the Mayhew school sometimes, and then I went to the Catholic school is mother, but I should n't have been a Catholic school is mother, or the girls wero all the time laughing at me. Mary used to be a good strong Catholic; but she do n't say

have been a Catholic if I had stayed here, for the girls were all the time laughing at me. Mary used to be a good strong Catholic: but she do n't say her prayers now, nor nothing, and do n't care anything about it more than I do. Nobudy aint anything here. When I do n't do what I know I ought to do, I'm sorry— that's all the punishment I have. I're seen two priests here, and they do n't go to church any more than I do, and they do n't believe in the Catholic religion; I know so, be-cause they say so. Nobody do n't go to church here, and I guess there's no need of it, because we are good enough without it. vithout it.

Wo lives with people that we like, and that likes us, here; we used to live with people that used to got drunk when were on earth.

× .

William Sawtell.

William Saw bill. Well, sir, you and I are strangers, but I suppose you are in the habit of entertaining such as I. My name is William Sawtell. I formerly lived in New York city. I have a brother, two sisters and a stop-father in New Yo k. It may seem a little strange that I should come here to commune with them; but the fact is, I was obliged so to do; I could not by any possibility reach them at a nearer point. I was twantyong wears of any and did of complete I was twenty-one years of age, and died of erysipelas point. I was two in the year 1821.

There is any change of years of age, and field of orygipping in the year 1821. There are a great many little items which trouble me ex-cessively, which I falled to threw off when on carth, and if there is any chance of my doing so, I desire to. They tell me that mediums are the scapegoats, for every spirit who desires to, to threw off his sins upon-in other words, they are used as confessional boxes for every one to use. I do not mean to say that I have many great sins that trouble me; but overy one, you must be aware, will have some regrots, when he comes where he can seen the pages of his past life-book. When I was filteen or sixteen years of nge, I was employed as book-keeper. After that thine I took to music, devoted

as book-kcoper. After that time I took to music, devoted myself to its study, and for the last year of my life I taught music.

Investion to be soudy, and not the fact year of any first caught music. I have been told that your paper has an extensive circula-tion in New York State, particularly in the city. If this be so, and you publish a communication coming from me, or purporting to do so, I think some of my friends will soo it; and if they choose to cross examine me, I will stand any scrutiny they may see fit to put me to. I have no particular choice as to the friend who shall com-mune with me, but any one who will put himself in commun-ion with me will confor a very great favor on me. June 22,

Samuel Garland.

Have you received any lotter of late concerning Samuel Garland? I was looking over your letters a day or two since and could not flud it, but I thought I would ask. There was one written, but I suppose the person concluded not to send it. If you should receive one, you will do me a favor hy putting it in your private drawer and locking itiup, after read-ing it, and I will answer it. I will be with you in course of a Week. June 29 week. June 22.

Thomas Smith.

I came here to speak to my brother. My name was homas Smith. I was a native of Portland, Maine. My oc-Thomas Smith. I was a native of Portland, Maine. My co-cupation ?-that means, what did you do? Don't care to tell you. My brother's name is James Smith; ho is in Jersey City. He knows that I died nine years ago in the New York Hospital-I know that, too; and I know more than that, and that is, I ain't dead yet-that's more than he knows, and that is what I came here to make him know. That don't interest you, of cource not. I want to speak to him, and tell him what I could not be-fore I died; I can't tell him in your way-must tell him in mine. I see I have to speak just as slow now as I used to; if I did n't I'd stammer so you could n't understand me at all. I shant try it-I don't care to. I aint got nothing more to say, as I know of. Chomas Smith.

long time before I did. No, bless you, no; my native place was not Boston. I was born in Yernenu, way up to the Canada line, in Johnstown. Oh dear, this is an ago of wonders. I always thought there was some mystery about religion, and now I know there is. June 23.

John Williams.

JOHN WIIIIBINS. Fortunately, or unfortunately, you cannot see me. I have been in the spirit-world as high as I can calculate time—for that belongs to you and not to us—about twenty-two years; but I find a letter addressed to me, laying in a merchant's drawer in New York City. That merchant was on board ship with me when I was knocked overboard. I was quite young at the time, between nineteen and twenty years of age. We were just coming into Mobile, and that was the last of one state of life, and the first of another. The letter, alluded to, contains the following questions :—

The letter, alluded to, contains the following questions :---"When letter, alluded to, contains the following questions :----"Will the spirit, who was knocked overboard, come back, give his name, and tell what were his last words on earth?" give his hand, and tell what were his has words on earth Y' My name was John Williams; and, if I remember aright, my hast words were, "Hold on." I have still a distinct recol-lection of singing out in that shape. I was going aloft, and, from some carelessness, I lost my footing and went over. This gentleman is anxious to have his name kept from the public, and he says if that spirit can go to such a place and answer this letter while it lies in the drawer, let him not give now name.

give my name. It is a mystery to me to know why he calls upon me. I communicated some two or three years since, but to one of my friends not here. The name of the ship was the Heleaner.

Ask the friend if he will grant me permission to come here and give his name, and certain other facts which I am quite as anxious to give as he is to have me withheld. Good day, sir. June 23.

Was Christ Human or Divine?

Was Christ Human or Divine? We find the following question upon our list to-day, which demands an answer. "Was Christ human or divine?" We well know that our questioner is already firmly established in that belief which will never amount to knowledge. We answer, Christ was both human and divino. He was alike allied to humanity and to divinity. He waiked among the sons and daughters of earth in all respects like unto them, and thus he was human, subject to be tempted; a child of God, an elispring of the earth, from whom shone forth divinity. That brilliant star of eighteen hundred years ago shone through a human form, and how far that light has extended I and all others need not tell. tell.

tell. Christ was the son of God—Christ was the son of man, and therefore he must be both human and divine, as are all the sons and daughters of God. Behold divinity of intelli-gence reating upon every human form; yet we find the light more brilliant, the star more bright in Jesus, the medium, than that we find to-day, or have found in other times. Our theological friend claims that Christ was alone divine—that he did not belong to the human raco—that he was in no way

If i did n't i'd stammer eo you could n't understand me at all. I shant try it—I don't care to. I aint got nothing more to say, as I know of. I died of a broken leg—that's one thing. I was twenty-nin two places. The surgeon that set it kep it bandaged to tight nud too long, and when be took off the bandaged to then it mortified; and that sail I know about it. I suppose there are fools among that profession now as yet as then. I told him better, but he thought he knew best; as then. I told him better, but he thought he knew best; be had his own way, and I had the worst of it. You see Jim was down South ihen, and I did n't see him at all. Now I want to see him, and talk to him about matters that I have been here on and that I want to see him. Will you? I haile d to a boy any show it 'so been here; been waiting to see which way to move. Aint seen no good way, so sint moved at all. I should rather write than speck—I could get I he bill you. I have no objection—what's mine was his. Now, if you 've done with me, I shall go. June 23.

ti m, character and circumstances. So the manual construct both of heracter and circumstances. Some undoubtedly must begin with the physical laws of their being. A man who is constantly unstringling lies nerves and violating their action by unnatural stimulus or unhealthy modes of life, cannot look for a healthy religious experience, any more than one can see a fine prospect through a cracked, dirdy, colweb-curtained garret window. All evidence goes to show that the great model man after whom the Christian seeks to re-create himself, was a model *physically* as well as morally, and that the nighty levers of his moral and mental mission worked on the firm fulerum of a strong, healthy body. Every bodily faculty was delleately pure, developed in pirfect proportion, and capable of the highest endurance, and hence that mest incomprehensible union of spiritual in-tensity with common-sense calmees which distinguished him. He who does not imitate the man Christ Jesus in these respects, may have fulse cestacles, trances, and illumina-tions, and come to end the whole in a madhouse. In this life perfect communion with God cannot be found by fgnoring and despising the body—It must be sought in coincidence with physical laws. Herein lay one great mistuke of the Mystics—to whom we own much in this sphere of experience, because devoting their lives to this subject with energy and decision, they gained great stores of Knowledge. But start-ing the body as a corrupting hindrance instead of a transpo-rent medium, they pursue their object with a recklessness or physical laws, which mitugled their divises aspirations with morbid fancles.

and Francis do Sales, with a mixture of admiration and pain. One cannot help regretting that these glorious beings wasted Since of their strength in wrestling down and destroying these laws of their physical nature which might have been their strongest support in their quest of hollness. It was as if an angel, instead of using his wigs to fly with, should sit down laboriously and palufully to pulling all the fonthers out by the roots.

by the roots. If the forty days' fast of Christ be quoted, as it often is, as a justification of a course of unnatural ascoticism—we an-swer that Christ's connection with the supernatural world was different from that of any mere human being, and that this incident was besides an exceptional one to the general course of his life—that his disciples were criticised for not fasting, and his cheerful enjoyment of social life, and its com-mon homely blassing human band with on him. mon, homely blessings brought on him, as compared with the sovere ascelic standard, the accusation of a gluttonou

the soferer ascetic standard, the accusation of a gluttonons man, wine-bibber, etc., and when the accusation was brought to him he did not deny that the Son of Man did come eating and drinking like other human beings. Christ lived in the open air, performed all his journeys on foot, and gave all the oridences of high bodily health—a phy-sical perfection in which there was not only enough for daily wants, but a stock in resore for uncommon exigencies, so that to pray all night after tacching all day, did hot produce instant prostration and exhaustion. The apostles following in Christ's footslops were speciments of cheerful, hardy healthy men, living among men, vindicat-

The aposities to lowing in Curie's closedops were specimens of cheerful, hardy healthy men. I wing among men, vindleat-ing all their rights to ordinary human enjoyments; and their exalted spirituality was no cellar nor hot house growth, neither white and brittle for want of light and air, nor languid and heavy from stove heat and confluoment; and, whatever may be thought of modern spirituality, we believe they touched the possible height of human attainment in a healthy body.

obtained the postate the second state of a higher plane of Christian life, To a secker who longs for a higher plane of Christian life, its excitating safe to give one direction. Do not neglect your health. Do not rush from meeting to meeting, sit in het, unventilated rooms till a late hour in the evening, and the the basis and moral faculties hour after hour on an unreleved stretch, till you become nervous and sleepleous. Re-member, that while in the body, God's light must come through bodily laws. If Ohrist himself should walk visibly through our streets, and our windows were choked with dus and cobwebs, he would not probably work a miracle to make bimself score through them

and cobwebs, he would not probably work a mirucle to make himself seen through them. Nor let the seeker throw up all carthly duties to devote himself to those especially devotional. St. Thereas discovered in a convent that all work performed for the love of God be-comes a sacrament, and Francis de Sales has much the same sentiment. Wherever we are, there is where we can best itain if we only know it: and whetever we have to de d attain if we only know it; and whatever we have to do, i properly understood, is God's sacrament of union, in which o will meet us.

One of the most beautiful and striking instances of the de

he will meet us. One of the most beautiful and striking instances of the development of the higher Christian life is found in the Experi-ence of Mrs. Jonathan Edwards as recorded by her husband. Here we have a soull like that of 8t. Theresh, with a clear, practiggl, New England training, developing the intellectual culuily with the spiritual faculties. Mrs. Edwards liked out, wholly and healthily, that whole sphere of social and family duties without their a woman is but a partially-developed being, and therefore escaped these twenty years of strugglo with which the Spanish saint strangled that most gloffung part of God's work in her. Living in the dignified and eaun part of God's work in her. Living in the dignified and eaun performance of all her duties as mother of a large family, and through her human duties, wisely understood and performed, at these high spiritual results and enjoyments-results not be expected, truly, except in cases of similar temperaments, but still interesting to read and charming to contemplate. Her husband writes of her that these spiritual discoveries came in the train of an increasing faithfulness in the per-

of astronomy, which ancient Chaldeans possessed in a grea degree. Therefore, these laws were in accordance with the laws of the material universe. This is why, in the olden Testament, it is referred to "as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians." Their laws wore as fixed and positivo as are the laws that control the sunshine and the revolution of planets, though the science was not then understood. They know no change. When once a religious law became introduced into the government, form that moment it was deified, and emblems were formed which simply represented the laws and religion of the Persians. They did not delfy____ the emblems, but the idea which the emblems represented. The masses, who were ignorant of the sciences and arts, supposed the emblems themselves to be gods, and therefore paid allegiance to them-not from choice, perhaps, but from absolute necessity of government-socially, morally and religiously, as well as politically. Each and every one of those separate departments of social and religious life had their own peculiar rites to perform-the priests, the kings and courtiers-the peasant, even the lowest, had their own religious ceremonies, and were led to believe that these if unfulfilled, would constitute the greatest offence which could be given to the gods. Therefore, religion was not a choice, but a necessity, of education, absolutely inculcated from the cradle to the grave; every period of a man's life from the time when he first saw the light as an infant, to the grayhaired man; tottering upon the verge of eternity; every period, every year, every week, every hour, every moment of their lives, were dedicated to some especial ceromony-everything was performed by rule; and religion was not alone the rule, but moral, social and political rule were made religion. We see, therefore, of necessity, that the rise of the Persian Empire was in a great negree owing to the regularity and perfectness of its laws. Never has there been slace the

dawn of intelligence a heathen religion so perfect in its administration, leading to such perfect physical, prosperous results, as that of the Persian Empire. We find in ancient Persia the finest ruins and boauties that have over been found. The inhabitants were the most perfect in physical form ; and, oven to this day, they supersedo that of any other nation. We flud everything perfect, symmetrical, heautiful. We find their warriors the most valiant. ambitious, courageous, and their women the most heautiful in physical form. We find the most glorious and orderly achievements of government, all owing to what? Not to the splendor of their intellectual acquirements, not even to the beauty of their arts and sciences, but simply to the order and regulation which exist among them ; simply to the symmetrical control of government, and simply to the achievements which mathematics made in performing, through all life, every ceromony, every social rite, every moral duty, even domestic duty, in accordance with some fixed and positive truth . of religious law. We find, also, that religion was so intimately connected with warfare, that no success in battle, no

rowning glory of a monarch or a warrior, could be achieved

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BANNER OF. LIGHT.

field, even when defeated, they died most gloriously fighting for their country, which was their religion.

In speaking of the emblems of the sun, which were carried to the battle-field, especially emblazoned and beautified with burnished gold and gens, might it not be such that Joshua of the Mahometan religion, of which we shall speak in our commanded to stand still, instead of the sun which has never next discourse. Wherever that religion has been introduced. mored ? And the moon, which lights the earth at night, wherever the downstating impositions of Mahomet have been might it not be the introduction from the ancient Persians of made the controlling religious worship, the Koran, with its these emblems of war that caused such zeal and fervor among terrible, its great, its horrible impositions, have produced its the ancients, recorded in the olden testament? We have often thought that if the symbols of the ancient Egyptians, and the Persians and Indians, were torn away, there would be very few original ones among the Jews, for all of their religion, all of the types, and symbols, and emblems which they had, wore introduced from Egypt, from Persis, from the Eastfrom Greece, Rome and India-or were originated in Egypt, and formed a part of the original ancient religion. But we are digressing.

The splendor and luxury of ancient Persia has never been equalled; and it is probably owing to this luxury, to a great extent, that Darlus was defeated by Alexander. So great was the excess of their spiendor, so much time given to ceremony and form, so much of beauty and order maintained in their military and state departments, so much of luxurious living, that it has been said they devoted more attention to forms and coromonics than to real political valor; and it is also sup-posed that the spiendor of their army slone caused its defeat. Whother this be, or be not true, Alexander afterward invaded the caprice of his wife, he burnt the splondid palace of the Porsian monarch-splendid in architecture. Nothing could equal the beauty and perfectness and symmetry of that pal- is waste and desort. ace, interlaid with precious stones, the walls of cedar and costly woods.

While we are viewing, then, the history of a country at once so great, brilliant and glorious in physical prospority, there-for they were truth, compared with the presentwe may pause to reflect, and ask, why a religion, founded on positive known physical laws-a religion which composed a vital portion of government, a religion which entered into every department of social and moral life, a religion which had for its basis the very movements of the heavenly bodies; talent; that alone leads the present mind into the vast temwhich was perfect, and guided, not by caprice, not by idols of wood and stone, not by mummles, not by pyramids, not by any forms of outward demonstration, excepting the absolute emblems that represent the sun, and stars, and living things. which have power-we may ask why such a religion did not succeed? It had for its moral basis the highest principles which the mind can conceive. Why could it not succood ? Because, with all their knowledge of astronomy, which was then known as astrology, and which to us now seems wondrously ignorant; with all their power of science, which was vory great; with all their splendor of art, which, indeed. was very great; with all the achivements and victories of warfare and battle, which have never been equalled since the time of Xerxes and Alexander; with all the power and military glory; with all the physical form and intellectual brilliancy-with all of these, why could not such a religion and such a prosperity continue? We will tell you why. Though their religion was founded in facts and known laws, though all the records which you have of their religion will tell you that until the commencement of the Mahometan religion therewhich was enforced by the followers of the Prophet, and which was introduced seven hundred years after Christ-that, until that introduction, the Persian nation, as such, was novel equalled in splendor, in beauty, in power. And their religion could not succeed, because of its splendor. Their religion could not be a true and perfect religion, because of its interblending with physical luxury. Their religion could not be a true religion, because it was founded upon the caprice and ambition of monarchs. Their religion could not be a perfect and lasting one, because it had its origin, not in mental su periority, not in the free will of man, not in true goodness, not in positive virtue, but in goodness as a necessity, in good ness as a law, in goodness as a political administration. In goodness as a power of government-not a power of moral law.

We may here, without digression, justly compare the reli gion of the ancient Persians with that of the present Christians, without reforring to the luxury or beauty of their phy sical surroundings. Why does the Ohristian religion, aside from its perversions, present to the mind greater perfectness brilliancy and power, than the ancient Persian religion, which was surrounded with such perfect results? We will tell you The sun seemed to control all the heavenly bodies-the sun without the heavenly bodies there would be no beauty, no perfectness in the earth ; and, therefore, the sun was delfied. and each and every auxiliary to the sun-such as the moon, and stars, and earth, ouch and overy thing upon the carth that was in any degree controlled by the sun, was delfied in its turn.

No religion can last, can be made to subserve the purpose of the mind and soul, that has not an idea beyond the mate vial which represents it. And the masses, therefore, who did not understand the laws which controlled the heavenly bod ies, had a religion that was but a more form, a mummery, the service of which they were obliged to perform, or else receive

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the governmental and religious administration. Thus we may though demonstrated by mind, and concentrated in one form secount, in some degree, for the zeal and ferver of the war- of government, is still the controlling and absolute idea of riors, when marching to battle, supposing they had the sup- the nation, which pulsates as the nation's licart does, which port of all the gods, and all the emblems which on their han-beats with the nation's throb, which performs its thinking nors were herafded above their heads. And in the battle- with the nation's thought, which is a part of its life, its action-and you will understand how the ancient Persians could fight more terribly, with more arder and zeal, than modern Christians with all their professed patriotism.

The downfall of the Persian Empire presents to us a lesson wherever the downstating impositions of Mahomet have been baneful effects. There, destruction, decay and ruin have been the necessary results. Such it was when the Baracens overcome the Persian Empire; such it was when Darius was conquered by the Greeks; such it was when Tamarlane, with the sword in one hand, and the Koran in the othercame forward and called upon Persia to denounce its nationality, its freedom of thought, its true, natural religion, and concede to the impositions of another and a greater heathen.

We may regret that among all the ancient religions no rolles have been preserved of this one, greatest of all-the Persian religion-for, while we have a book of traditions. their sacred book, which contains all the laws of the moral and social creeds, and all the astrological science, and all the sayings of the ancient Persians, still preserves in no embodied form the emblems of that religion; its glory, and its power, and its splendor, have all passed away. There are no rulus like those in ancient Egypt, to tell the gazer of the wonder, power and splendor of their science; there remain Persia, and from that time commenced its decline. To please no embloms to tell of the once glorious nation ; there remain no pyramids to point in silence toward the heaven whence they derived their inspiration-none of these exist; but all

Mahometanism, with its dull, destroying tread, has stalked in and taken up the sword of the ancient Persians, and crushed the implements of truth and power which lived crushed all the implements of science, and no record is left. excepting, indeed, the art of poesy, which historians will tell you was the most perfect among the ancient Persians. That alone remains to tell something of their natural fire, zeal and ple of their imagination, which was great, and powerful, and wondrous. Had they not all the stars for deities? was not the sun their god? could they not call upon all the earth and air and sky, as upon familiar voices? were not the trees and shrubs their friends? and could they not speak with pocey more thrilling than modern poets can, who depend exclusively upon the mind for all their conceptions? Their neesy as an art was most perfect, though not so diffusive as modern pocsy; their sciences, though not so perfect in regard to commercial and physical adaptation, were still a part of their religion. In astronomy-not then known as a science, as it is now, but existing, notwithstanding, in as perfect a condition as astronomy could exist before Copernious discovered the present system-they were well versed; and the movements of the heavenly bodies were as familiar to them as household words. Every movement was a form of worship; every ray of sunshine dedicated to some especial rite. or ceremony, or devotion ; every star had its place in the family calender, and every form in the Zodiac its memory in the mind of even the most ignorant. Can we wonder, then and lament that such a religion should have passed away; that it should not have been introduced in some form or other into the heathenism of the Mahometans? Can we wonder that the present empire is degraded and low; that devastation and ruin have followed such luxury, and power and intellectual achievement? No. But upon the downfall of the Persian Empire and its religion have been builded other religions, and from these have come forth brighter coruscations, more radiant stars, more perfect emblems, than even the Persian sun, which Darius carried while marching with hils army toward the West.

Without the downfall of the Persian Empire, Christianity could never have been as it now is. Had another Xerxes, or had another Darius, moved and breathed and thought there. had Alexander been less victorious, had Cyrus succeeded in his conquests with the Greek, had Tameriane not marched in with a Mahometan religion, Christianity would not have been as it now is. Physical splendor always attracts the eye; mysterious forms and ceremonies always attract the imagination; and the ceremonies of religion and politics combined always win the worship, even of the most intelligent. This is why the Romish Church is so powerful; this why. The Persian religion had its foundation in matter, in is why it contains within its pale such wonder, blended with matorial things, in matorial splendor, in material power; and such splendor, power and victory; this is why the Romish she sun was worshiped, idelized, only because they could not Church conceives the necessity of having for its emblems understand that beyond the sun there was a superior cause. that which will attract the eye, the imagination, the super stition of its devotees. And the ancients, while understandseemed to give light, seemed to cause the growth of plant and ing this art, well knew how to act upon the imagination of tree and shrub. Without the sun the earth would be dark ; the masses ; well know how to cultivate the power and fervor of religion, by introducing it into every department of life; the mother how to forget her babe, the husband his loving wife, the father his offspring, or even the child its mother, in following after a crown of religion.

We have but one more remark, and then we close. We cannot expect in so brief a record of the religion of any nation to give all the details and introduce all the illustrations that would beautify and perfect a literary production. We only expect to draw, by way of contrast, some comparisons between the ancient and the present religions-to show how, with equal intelligence and equal proficiency, and perhans with equal art and s sofvice of which who have been and the person of the person of the purishment of the government. It was a political allogi-triely to impress upon the mind and soul the conception of a mean of a moral one-a political subserviauce, not a religious the true Deity. Their religious was founded, then, not for the one-it was a social law, not a religious law; therefore it could future life, but for the present. Its crowning point was its success; its defeat was in its death; it died from a natural cause-that it had no source of life. So it is with every rewore under-not of the gods, not of the sun, when they did ligion that has not for its controlling, originating germ, the true and enlightened properties of the soul. If Obristianity were enforced, ipstead of a matter of free thought and free religion, there would be no Christianity. If a marching army should come to your country from England, from France from all the nations of the East where the Christian religion is believed, and onforce upon you some especial form of Christian worship, Christianity would die of itself. If your government enforced any especial form of worship as being the true Christian worship, religion would die. Though it might be enshrouded in all the splendor of the ancient Porsians, though your temples of worship might be built with burnished gold, though the altars might be inlaid with diamonds and precious stones, and though the halls of your monarch might be paved with gems, as were those of the ancient Persian monarchs, you could not, you would not, be devotecs at the shrine of religion. Intelligence, your own conscience, the conception of what religion should be, forbids it. And thus by the introduction of any religion which supersedes that of the strict material foundation, is always an improvement upon the former. And this is why: The Christian religion in its lowest form, in its most degraded form, even though perverted to the lowest and most unhallowed purposes, even though made subservient to the caprice and ambition of bad men. is better than the highest form of heathen religion. This is why a moral law, which has its foundation in a true idea and conception of the individual, though it be superstitious and depraved, and though it be almost forgotten, is better than the highest enforcement of the moral law, which has for its foundation political tyranny and monarchical control. This is why an idea of God, separate from all physical surroundings, separato, if you please from all physical luxury and splendor, separate from anybody which you can understand, or conceive, or comprehendsuch a God, such an idea, is better than the highest conception of the deities of the ancients, because it always leads you on to a higher and more perfect fulfillment. While the laws of the ancient Persians were fixed and unalterable from the first, if they were bad, they always remained; if they chanced to be good, very well; but no law could be changed. Superstition, fear, absolute religious fear, prevented them from even making an improvement upon any law, which was once introduced into the catalogue of laws belonging to the government. Each law was, there fore, delfied; and they had as many delties as there were dif forent qualities or passions of the soul, as there were different things in nature, as there were stars, the sun being the centre of the whole. How then could they be true? how then could they be perfect? how then could a government succeed, which at last, in physical luxury, overcome all moral power, all social conceptions, all civil and religious law, and its followers become slaves to physical appetites, physical assions and physical luxury?

is not what surrounds your souls and lives, it is not the in writing, to be answered yes or not such as the atonement, ome you live in, it is not the clothes you wear, it is not the the incarnation and conception, the original ain, its. I rewords you speak, but it is what you do and think, that makes turned the questiona to the committee, declining to answer pure religion. It is action, it is thought, it is perfected them by writing, at the same time expressing myself willing beauty. Do not, then, though you may regret that the phy-sical beauty and perfectness of the Persians have passed the privilege of a criminal in a common court of justice ; but away, though you may regret that you have not the splender this was denied me. This seems to have been thought a and beauty and luxury of their surroundings-do not mourn sufficient effence by their committee to report me to the for it, while you have one clear conception of inorality, one church as a fit subject to be given over to the tender mercies true idea of nature and nature's God, one perfect emblem of of their devit, and this was done in the most public manner, the religion of Jesus of Nazareth, which, without the sword, by reading my name out in a full congregation on the Sabwithout arms, without the warrier, without the king, with out the priest without the temple, would still be glorious, notice of my expulsion. I suppose it was done thus publicly beautful, perfect as the sun which lighted Darius and his in order to strike terror to the hearts of other offenders, as army, or as the spleudor and power of Xerxes, or as the there are a number of others in the same church guilty of greatness and brilliancy of the Persian monarch's palace the same heresy as myself. which was destroyed by Alexander.

The lowest hovel, where true Christian religion shines as ts sun, whose walls may not protect its inmates against the their proceedings. I will just say, by way of apology for the cold, wintry blast; the lowest hovel, consecrated to true Christian love-which does not mean nopular Chistianity- | red to was written near the commencement of Mr. Grimes's rue Christian love, where the worship is true Christian re- lectures in this city, consequently the effects produced by igion, springing spontaneously from the truly devoted hearts, them could not have been seen at that time. Had Mr. M., dedicated most perfectly to the highest conception of Chris- like a wise juryman, withheld his verdict until the evidence than goodness-more than equals in splendor all the beauty was concluded, truth would have obliged him to render a of the Persian monarch's temple; and the star which beams above that hovel, is more bright than the brilliancy of the tions, as is intimated ; neither did Spiritualists feel or express sun upon the banner of Darlus-more beautiful than all the alarm, but, on the contrary, considered Mr. Grimes doing ensigns which waved above their battles-more perfect than them service, inasmuch as his efforts at producing the phoall the glory which enshrouded their monarche-more beau nomena were known to be perfect failures by those who untiful than all the forms and mechanism of devotion which derstood the philosophy of spirit manifestation. And the clonged to their strictly material religion.

torning sun, which is more perfect than the evening stars, dred dollars a year for a large hall, which is well filled by an which is more luxurious than all the palaces of Eastern intelligent audience. nonarchs-a true, perfect, divine conception of the Christian eligion.

THE LAND OF DREAMS. BY W. C. BRYANT.

A mighty realm is the land of dreams, With steeps that hang in the twilight sky, And woltering oceans, and trailing streams That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy borders flow Sweet rays from a world of endless morn,

And the nearest mountains catch the glow, And flowers in the nearest field are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair From the lowest of flight to that bordering land, And walk in the fairer glory there, With the souls of the living, hand to hand.

One calm, sweet smile in that shadowy sphere, From eyes that open on earth no moro-One warning word from a voice once dear-How they ring in the memory o'er i

Far off from those hills that shine with the day, And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales, The land of dreams goes strictening away To dimmor mountains and darker value,

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,

There walk the spectres of hope and fear, And soft, low voices that float through the night, Are whispering sin in the guileless car.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flowers, Bearce weaned from the love of childhood's play, The tenrs on whose checks are the opening flower That freshens the early bloom of May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow Fass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams, And I know by the moving lips that now Thy splrit strays in the land of dreams.

Light-hearted malden, oh, heed thy feel Oh, keep where that beam of Paradise falled And only wander where they may state The blessed ones from its shining walls.

Bo shall thou come from the land of dreams With love and peace to this world of strife And the light that over its border streams Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

Correspondence.

To Correspondents.

J. C. P., MENONONEE FALLS, WIS .- The "Dream" is inad missible. We have no objection to the sentiment, but the rythm is very faulty. We have an abundance of similar poetry" sent to us, which we do not print for the same Our time is too much occupied for us to reconstruct and make readable the "effusions" we receive from various quarters. Well-written, genuine poetry is always acceptable This notice is intended as general; therefore, those who do not see their lines in print, will know the cause.

LURE SAWYER, HARVARD, CT .- Write to Winfield S. Ripley, Oxford, Me. You will see a communication from him in another column. In answer to your second query, we cannot вау. Тгу.

L. K. COONLEY, DAYTON, OHIO, writes that, accompanied by his wife, (who has extraordinary clairveyant powers for the examination of diseases,) he shall visit Massachusetts to atend the Convention at Plymouth in August.

FRANCIS G. BISNOP, NORWICH, CT., writes that, he is slowly ecovering from a severe illness, and hopes to seen resume his labors in the lecture field. He may be addressed as above, P. O. box, No. 23.

place, states that regular meetings are held weekly in Hampdon Hall, and are well attended. Miss Dotou, Mrs. Ourrier, primary elements, and implice, only one manifested power, Miss Ostrander, Mrs. Brown and others, have occupied the lesk within the last six months. -WILLIAM A. LUDDEN, NEW YORK .--- " Early Training " will published in our next issue.

I enclose with this an article written by William P. Merrill, pastor of the said church, which may give some clue to many incorrect statements it contains, that the article refervery different one, if any at all. I have heard of no recanta-Spiritualist Association in this city was never in a more pros-Cultivate, then, that which shines more radiant than the percus condition than since Mr. Grimes left, paying six hun-

It is presumed that Mr. M. has seen his mistake ere this, in hoping too much from Mr. Grimes's aid in putting down Spiritualism; and, also, in giving the result of his own anticipations to the public, instead of facts. True Spiritualism commends itself to the hearts of the people, and must eventually be received by them, all offorts to the contrary notwithstanding."

[The article referred to above, published in the Star, we have not room to reprint; otherwise we should place it before our readers as one of the curiosities of old theology. Indeed, the spirituality of the said pastor must be at a low ebh, when he is willing to devote his time to bolstering up such catch-penny lecturers as Professor Grimes.]

What is Carbon 1-No. 2.

MESSES. EDITORS-Your correspondent, James Lewis, disputes the doctrine that carbon is a compound, and proceeds to disprove it by appealing to the authority of chemistry. I confess, if we are to be limited to the demonstrations of science in the inhoratory, in our efforts to comprehend the economy of nature, we must continue to accept the dogma that there are numerous primary elements, including carbon, from whence creation has resulted; and we must continue to tax our ingenuity to evade the necessary and logical conclusions from those premises-to wit, materialism. But if he will carefully read my provious number, he will see I distinctly repudiated the doctrine that science had reached that point which will warrant our being bound by her dogmas, and cited the fact to sustain mo-that while sho could find but two constituents on her analysis of water, she was obliged to invoke the use of a third to induce their re-combination.

If friend Lowis will appeal from the arbitrary authority of logmatic science, and test with me the question, fried by the rules and teachings of common sense, I would earnestly invite him to meet the points stated in my last, in reference to the disposition of nitrogen contained in the air inspired by plants, and explain what becomes of it. It seems to me folly to be talking icarnedly of "chemical equivalent," and 'the laws governing compounds," of "vital chemistry operting on chemical elements," &c. &c., if the object of our inquiry is to learn causes rather than results. Chemistry has undoubtedly disclosed vast knowledge to mankind, but its whole teachings consist in ascertained facts. What we want to learn is, the principle of law expressed in those facts, that vo may intelligently answer to ourselves the question-"Doth matter motion give, or motion take?" Can Mr. Lewis find in any of the teachings of chemistry, what becomes of the nitrogen contained in the air inspired by plants? If so, instruct us therein; if not, let us go outside of chemistry to inquire therefor.

Common sense and materialism agree that nitrogen is a something, and cannot be annihilated. Science says it is the main constituent of air, hence must be inquired after. Where or when shall we learn what becomes of it, if we do not anneal to reason and science, either or both, for the so lution ? And if science fails to solve the question, let her tand aside and give reason free scope to meet it.

Let me say to friend Lowis, I do mean to deny altogether the existence of any primary elements of nature cognizable to science; but my object is first to canvass the question, of what is carbon? Feeling that I can plausibly present it as a compound, then I may appeal to analogy for the next position-to wit, that its constituents, oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen, are equally compounds.

When we can get beyond the domain of arbitrary science, to reason on the oconomy of nature, we will find the con-

ceded fack that but two forms of motion-power, or life, is SpringField, MASS.-A correspondent writing from this manifested therein-to wil, attraction and repulsion-is inconsistent with the basic theory of materialism, or numerous

Randall, wife of Becator Randall, of Windsor, Vt., at the Unitarian church in that place. Her ago I did not ascertain, but she was in the bloom of womanhood, with an angelie disposition, winning the love of all who know her. She leaves eight children.

On the 4th of July I attended the funeral of Reswell Hill, who was born in Westminster, Vt., in 1770, and passed from earth at Hartland, July 2d, 1859, aged 86 years. He was ripened for the harvest. He had never heard a medium speak, but was anxious overhid his aged companion also ex-pressed the wish to hear. Consequently I was invited and ministered, where they had only heard of it before. They comed comforted. Let us all become ministering spirits unto the mourners and sorrowing."

. A New Music Book.

WINFIELD S. RIPLEY, OXFORD, ME .- "Again I write my houghts to you, Messre. Editors. Among the cheering vords in your paper of July 2d, I find a communication from F. S. Robbins, Waterbury, Ct., in which I see my own name nentioned in connection with many good words in kindness spoken. I would thank him personally in your paper, if you will oblige me by printing a short article.

I am collecting manuscripts and poetry for the purpose of ne day publishing a singing book adapted to all progressive friends and unprejudiced societies. Any one wishing to send any good plece of poetry, will be thanked most cordially: All leces will be set to new and perfectly original music, by myself, and I will, if requested, compose for any occasion.

I will say to F. S. Robbins, Waterbury, Ct.; whose kind and oving words came to the tired heart like the refreshing shade o the sunburnt and weary traveler, all the depths of my na ture thank your noble, kind heart for such words of cheering ove; and instead of making my sufferings greater by empty pity and compassion, you lifted my heart above all sufferings by your words so kindly spoken. Although my health is much better, still such good instruction is ever welcome and ever appreciated. All the words in our BANNER or LIGHT and love are dear to me, yet the personal gratification of our own desires seems to touch affection's chords better. While thinking of the words, the outward expression, I can. also think, and deeply too, of the principle beneath all the expressed thoughts which actuates overy act and deed.of kindness.

We should, to behold the beauty of materiality, look beneath the surface and become acquainted with the great principles of life that there exist as the moving and sustaining power. There is an indefinable something beneath the external form; of every living, existing thing. There is a beauty in ancient. records, not so much in the form of words as in the depths of the principles. Without this appreciation of the principles the words are meaningless. We must understand the spirit, the divine thought, the emanation from God's own love, before we can see and understandingly appreciate the smallest. atom in God's universe of love and beauty. In contemplating all these expressions of the divine essence, we may well exclaim, with the poet :---

'When all thy mercies, oh my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the ylew, I'm lost In wonder, love and praise,'''

J. H. Randall's Medium Powers.

E. D. HOUGHTON, SOMENSVILLE, CT .- "Through the mediumship of J. H. Randall, we have light given us in this place direct from the higher spheres. He is a young man of nincteen years, unassuming and unaspiring, possessing exellent medium powers; his delivery is equal to the best speakers; his language is good, flows easy, and he holds an audience completely spell-bound during his lectures. He may be addressed at this place until the first of August."

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 copies sent free.

free. LORING MOODY Will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day ovenings. Address Malden, Mass. He will speak as follows:--Dartmouth, Tuesday and Wednes-day, July 16th and 20th; Fair Haven, Thursday and Friday, July 21st and 22th; New Bedford, Sunday, July 24th; Tro-mont, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 26th and 27th; West Doxbury, Mass, Bunday, July 31st; Kingston, Mass., Monday and Tuesday, Angust 1st and 24; West Newbury, Mass., Bun-day, August 1st, and 24; West Newbury, Mass., Monday and Tuesday, Angust 1st and 24; West Newbury, Mass., Monday day, August 16th, Bouth Amesbury, Mass., Monday and Thus-day, August 16th and 16th; Amesbury Mila, Mass., Wednes-day and Thursday, August 17th and 18th; Newburyport, Mass., Bunday, August 21st. WARREN Onass announces that he will lecture in Binfialo, N. Y., Sunday, July 24th; Rochester, N: Y., July 31st; Rome,

WARREN ORASE announces that he will lecture in Briffalo, N. Y., Sunday, July 24th; Rochester. N; Y., July 31st: Rome, N. Y., August 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th; Utica, N; Y. August 14th; Lowell, Mass., the four Sundays of Reptember; October he will speak in Verment, if the friends with his services, and let him know by letter at Buffalo or Utica at the above datas. Ho would like to spend a week at each place ho visits hi Vermant, giving six or seven lectures. which may be plaid for with \$25, if the month is mostly spent in the State: address for Septem-ber will be Lowell, Mass.; from Aug. 14th to Sept. 1st, New-port, N. H. port, N. H.

port, N. H. II. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Chicopeo, Mass., Sunday, July 24th; Quincy, Mass., Sunday, July 31st; Great Works, Mo., August 7th. Ho expects to spend the month of August in Maine. Friende in that Stato wishing to ergago his ser-vice, will address him early at Greenwich Village, Mass.

Vices, with address full carly at Greenwich vinage, Mass. F. L. WANSWORTH Speaks in Northampton, Mass. July 24th; Springfield, Mass., July 31st and August 7th; Utica, N. Y. August 21st; Syracuse, N. Y. August 28th; Oawego, N. Y. Sept. 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th. All persons desiring his services on week evenings, can address Jim at the above named places at the time designated.

anco, not a moral one---a political subserviance, not a religious nover combine their souls. And Darius was murdered by his own people in consequence of that moral fear which they not understand-not of the sturs, whose periodical movements they could not comprehend, but of Darius himself, who seemed to be the centre or representative of all this power, brilliancy and splendor. The Christian religion has for its coundation no nalaces, no temples, no burnished arms, no omblazoned suns, but simply an idea of goodness, an idea of perfectness, of delty, which, as long as life shall last, can and will never be brought down to the comprehension of man Therefore, man will always be aspiring toward that. This is why the Christian religion is superior to heathenism.

The introduction of the Mahometan religion was the closing defeat-the last drop which weighed Porsia down to the bottom, where it now remains, and ever will remain; for noiwithstanding the failure of the attempts of the Greelans and the introduction there of the Mahometan religion after Christ: notwithstanding the frequent defeat of the Persians by the Greclans ; notwithstending the power, the perfectness of the battle of the Saracens-notwithstanding all this, the Per sian Empire would still have been great, and glorious, and beautiful, had not Tamarlane, with his bordes of Tartars, in walled it, and there enforced completion of the ruln of that great empire-for it was by absolute enforcement. The pres out religion is modified Mahometanism. The past religion and that which made Persia great, was not Mahometanism but true, natural, mathematical religion, based as well upon the inilitary and political prosperity, as upon high more achievements, splendor and power; for, notwithstanding they were heathens, notwithstanding they never had the light of the Christian religion, notwithstanding the Christian bible was unknown to them, notwithstanding the great records of the Christian Testament were all closed to them notwithstanding they never had an idea of an individual identified God, who, as a spirit, pervaded all matter, living in and through all things and created them immortal beings o this life and its surroundings, they had the highest and the most exalted conceptions. And among those who made and enforced the moral laws, there was a greater degree of moral Integrity, a more perfect idea of moral worth, a more absolute conception of social laws, as guided by mortality, than now exists among some of the Christian nations. Because shough they did not look beyond themselves and the forming of laws, they looked to the controlling of superior powers demonstrated by the sun, moon' and stars-thus saw, by th absolute power of physical, heavenly bodies, that there was a self-existent, positive something outside of this. To that something they determined to pay allegiance; to that something they bowed, dedicated all their splendor and lixury; and before the shrine of that great power-whatever it might be-were dedicated all the splendors and triumphs of their military achievements, all the renown of their monarchs, all the power of their courtiers, all the perfectness of their moral laws, all the structure of their social fabric-these were dedicated to the unknown gods of the sun, the moon and

stars. · Imagine, if you please, that you were a Persian, gifted with all its beauty depends upon the clearness of the mental conception and its fulfilment afterwards-heaven forbid that it that intensity of imagination which the climate and country should be made subservient to heathen custom; that spienof their empire would give, possessing all the ardor, and fire and forwancy of that nation's people; imagine that you are dor of decoration, spleudor of atchitecture, beauty of sur-Bybling, not in behalf of your mothers and families, but in bo- roundings, beauty of diction, of eloquonce, or language, half of a positive governmental religion-a power which, should be made to subserve the purpose of true religion. It

Heaven forbid that in the nineteenth century, when religion is so much an idea, so much a thing of the mind, when

Physical Manifestations, Church Proceedings, &c. J. H. COOK, PORTLAND, ME .- "It has been about eighteen nonths since I became interested in the investigation-first of the phenomena, and then the leading doctrines, or philoso phy of Spiritualism. In my investigation of the former have witnessed some very interesting manifestations, such as the lifting and moving of tables without contact; writing by invisible hands; playing on musical instruments, such a ultar, drum, tamborine, bells, all keeping perfect time and unc-the guitar often touching the plastering over our eads, in a room nine feet high, and sailing about the room so that those sitting at the table wore fanned by its motion have also received many written communications. Spirit riends have represented their former occupation through the nedium, while in a trance state; and also presented them selves so as to be correctly described, and in many ways, to umerous to mention, have given unmistakable evidence o their presence. Most of the above has been given through the mediumship of Miss Annie E. Lord, of Portland, who while seated in a heavy chair, I have seen taken up and placed upon a table, all of which has occurred in my own 10060, affording me overy opportunity of detecting decep tion, if any existed.

But, above all, do I value its most beautiful Christian phi osophy, being in harmony with common sense and our high est reason; opening, as it does, to man, the beauties of the spirit world; bringing to light immortality; teaching eterna progression and hope for the darkened soul; exaiting God by emoving the narrow, inconsistent view given of him in the church creed; teaching that the Bible is not a finality; and that all of God's word is not confined to paper, or given to the descendants of Judah-instructing them that they were his peculiar people, and consequently permitted and com manded to ride, rough-shod, over the nations of the carth socking their extermination, forbidden to spare even their vomen and children., It also teaches us that the same light of inspiration which fell upon the prophets, and raised, in

some measure, the curtain that ensbrouded them, falls upon and a more rational conception of God and his works, keepdawning of the light that is to iltuminate the world has shed its rays upon me; and, if I have sacrificed, my standing in

the church, aud, the good opinion of some called Orthodox what of that? It is not worth mentioning; not to be com pared with the joy and satisfaction of feeling that I have outgrown those narrow, is rational, and soul-darkening creeds or the soul cannot expand while bound by them.

Porhaps a brief account of the manner in which the church lealt with me, (or, rather, toward mo-for I was not, as wa Paul, permitted to speak for myself.) may not be uninterest ng to some of your readers.

First, then, I was visited about six months ago by a stand ng committee, consisting of three individuals, and catechised n regard to my views, which I gave freely. No charge was then or has since been preferred against me-no argument used to convince me of my error; no Christian sympathy meekness.

The same committee afterward proposed twelve questions

with a diversity of manifestations thereof. But before getting so deeply into the question, let my friend first tell us what disposition plants make of the nitrogen in the air they breathe, and what becomes of the carbon contained in the vegetable food consumed by animals. If science cannot demonstrate the solution of these questions, she must allow us to go beyond her for information.

reason and common sense of my readers for consideration. I will be glad to have the rationale thereof canvassed by that standard. But I cannot be confined to the laboratory, until the chemist, in resolving water, can detect the three constituents he needs to form it. PHILADELPHIA.

Lectures in Cincinnati.

DAVID H. SHAFFER, CINCINNATI, OHIO .--- "We have had ex cellent spiritual loctures in this place, by Miss Mary Thomas, L. K. Coonley, Warren Chase, and Wm. Denton. The lecture delivered by Mr. Coonley, to an appreciative audience, last Sunday, (June 26th.) on the law of attraction and repulsion, can hardly be surpassed. In one of our afternoon circles the harmony of feeling was complete, the controling intelligent influences of a high order, and several mediums were made to speak as the spirit gave them uttorance. A number of investigators of the evidence of the truth of Briritualism were present, when the manifestations, the tests and the communications were so evidently positive and conclusive, that tears of toy gushed forth. The power of the truth was seen, heard and fult. Some were compelled to speak from impression, and words and thoughts were given without preparation or refloation : and strangers acknowledged the presence of friends who had long since departed, and our hearts were cheered by hearing voices from the spirit-world."

Mrs. M. S. Townsend.

M. S. TOWNBEND, LEBANON, N. H .- "Now my good friend BANNER, if you will be mouthplece to the people for me s few moments, I will be ever so much obliged, and beside will endeavor, as heretofore, to aid in spreading thy rays of light more to the people. I want to inform my dear friends, all about that I am still on the wing, though I am sailing through the valleys and over the mountains of my own Green Mountain and the old Granite State, rather than bending to the present age, giving us greater perception, clearer views, the breezes in a more southern clime. And, as I fly from town to town, I find the fire of thought kindled in many ing pace with the progression of the age. Oh, the joy and minds that have formerly been in the icebergs of theological happiness this rational Gospel has brought to my soull The superstitions, and only crying for help from some far-off region, not realizing that within themselves are elements to bring relief.

> Since we returned to Vermont, I have been wholly unable to answer half the calls for speaking. The heart thirsteth continually, and were not the fountain inexhaustable, I am sure it would soon be dry. I came to Vermont, hoping to rest; but, dear me! even the mountains cry out for aid, and on, on, on I go.

If any of you know of a quict nook where I can ensconse myself to recruit these waning forces of my physical nature do in mercy's name inform me, and I will be there, for it seems as though I must have rest.

But perhaps when Spiritualism has breathed its last breath, as many did prophecy, we shall get tired of resting. I think, however, it is only a fover it has had, and now is convalescing. When thoroughly recovered, 't will not need extended, or opportunity sought, to restore In the spirit of so much care and nursing, but march on steadily without so much of our aid.

On the 18th of June I altended the funeral of Mrs. Abba

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Mana pinces at the three designated. Mas. AMANDA M. SPENCE will lecture at Providence, R. I., on the 24th and 31st of July, and at Willimantic, Conti, 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.

Mus. J. W. CUNNER will answer calls to lecture. Address Lowell: box 815. She will speak as fullows: East Sloughton, Mass. July 24th; Foxboro', July 31st; Waterbury, Ct, Au-gust 7th and 14th; Chicopee, Mass. August 21st and 28th, basell answer suit to bottom. he will answer calls to lecture, week evenings, in adjoining laces.

Mus. FANNIE BUNDANK FELTON will lecture in Norwich, Conn., on Sunday, July 24th. Address Willard Barnes Fel-ton, Norwich, Conn.

on, Norwich, Conn. MIBS BAEAH A. MAGOUN will answer calls to lecture in the Sundays and work day evenings. Address rance state on Sundays and week day evenings. A

Dn. JOHN MAXIEW will attend to the wishes of various friends, on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit ntil August Sist.

until August 31st. Mrss Rosa T. AMEDEY will answor calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Frieuda desiring her services are requested to Mdress her as speedily as possible at No. 32 Allen street, Boston, Mass. She will speak in Foxbore', Mass., Bunday, July 24th; Laconia, N. H., July Sist.

J. H. CURRIER will lecture at Dover, N. H., July 24th; Concord. N. H., August 24, 3d and 4th; Lawrence, Mass., August 7th.

Angust 7111. Mns. A.P. THOMPSON Will lecture at Jericho Centre, VL, Sun-Joy, July 24th; at East Cambridge, VL. Sunday, July 31st. Address Cambridge, VL, till further notice.

Address Cambridge, VL, till further notice. Mns. Many MACOMBER, trance speaking medium, will lec-ture at Putnam, Conn., Sundays, August 14th and 21st, at the usual hours of religious services. GEORGE M. JACKSON will speak in Wolcott, Sunday, July 24th: Wampevillu, July 20th: Clayville, July 29th; West Winfield, Sunday, July Slat; and go thence to the Conven-tion in Plymouth, Mass., and speak in Taunton the 24 and 34 Sundays in August. Ho may be addressed by friends desiring his services, at Taunton, until August 21st, care of Willard Tripp. Mass Fuer, Movernay hors leave to inform her friends that

MISS EMMA HOUSTON begs leave to inform her friends that

MIBE ENMA 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 lecture Sundays or week evenings. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson) will speak in Fairwater, Fondulac Co., Wis., July 24th; Misha-wakee, St. Joseph's Co., Ind., July 31st. Address, during August and September, Box 422, Bridgeport, Ct.

H. A. TUCKER, tranco-speaking medium, may be addressed H. A. TUCKER, tranco-speaking medium, may be addressed Korton, July 31st; East Stoughton, August 7th.

Norton, July Just; East Stoughton, August 741. MISS EMMA HARDINGS will conclude her Summer engage-ments at Oswego, Buffalo, Owego, Schenectady, etc In Sep-ember she starts for the West, North and South; speak-ng in October at St. Louis; in November at Memphis; and in December at New Orleans. She will return to Philadelphis n March, 1660. Address till October to No. 8 Fourth Avenue, Now York: lew York.

Prop. J. L. D. Orns having about completed the subscrip-tion list to the New England University, is now prepared to address the friends of reform upon other subjects connected with Bjiritualism. His addresses are mainly in the tranco or impressional state. He will examine the sick free of charge. He will also receive subscription and form clubs for the BANNER. Address, Lowell, Mass.

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

H. L. BOWKE, Nallek, Mass., will give lectures on Spirit-alism and its proofs, from Intuition, for such compensation, bove expenses, as generosity may prompt. He will lecture a Raudoiph, Mass., July 24th.

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

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.

MRS. ADA L. COAN may be addressed at Boston, Mass.

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

"TEXT Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."-Ern. vi, 10.

The New Testament exhorts to strength so often, and to urgently, that one would almost think that weak-ness was a sin. The idea of Christian manhood evolved ness was a sin. The idea of Christian manhood evolved by Paul, transcends anything known in human records. If you were to collect all the traits separately urged by Paul, and were to arrange them; if you were then to imagine them to be infused by the inspiration of those great influences, God and eternity; if you were to de-velop Paul's idea of vigor in every faculty, and of the tropical fraitfulness in every trait, the result would be a character for fullness, for variety, for power, and for continuous excellence, far beyond all the fancies and pareliners of romances—far beyond the experience. and pencilings of romances-far beyond the experience, certainly, of ordinary Christians

The grandeur of God is manifest by the apostle by The grandeur of God is manifest by the apostle by the grandeur of man, fit to be the disciple of such a Be-ing. In the passage for this morning, he commands us to rely upon the strength of God for our strength. He not only commands us to be strong, but to be strong in that way. I propose, first, to consider what are the usual and worldly sources of strength. I shall next consider what is meant by the strength of God. Then I shall consider the mothods of procuring that strength, exhibit the difference between it and the strength which the world affords, and show the superiority of And, first: men are accustomed to rely for strength,

for efficiency, upon bodily vigor. One of the most universal and common reliances of men for power to stand and to achieve, is upon health, upon power of muscle, upon skill, upon those elements of strength which exist in the human body when it is in a good condition, and well employed. And this bodily vigor is a very excellent thing that the despised in our day, but much to be advocated; for it is very nearly And yet, important as it is in its place and sphere, it is a very poor reliance, if it is the only or the principal rellance which we have, for manly or moral strength. Next: Strength of industry, vigor in achievement, frugality, tact, self-reliance; in short, what we mean

regardy, tack, self-remarks in short, which we mean by good management generally-this is very properly a reliance of men. It is supposed to make them strong; and it does, and it ought to. We are exhorted to have industry, and vigor, and frugality, and carefulness, and to be self-reliant. We are exhorted, in other words, to secular industrial efforts. Such efforts are words, to seen in industrial chorts. Such chorts are never to be lightly spoken of. But, on the other hand, they are not to be over-estimated. Even when they do the most that they can do, if we depend upon them alone, we are without an adequate reliance for the whele of any menheed. whole of our manhood.

Then, there is also an element of strength in con-scious knowledge, in wisdom, whether gleaned from study, or from experience and observation. And this is not to be despised; for, after all, in purely secular affairs, it is the head that governs the world-not the affairs, it is the head that governs the world—not the hands. All men are masters in proportion as they are strong in their heads; and they are all servants in pro-portion as their strength centres in their hands. The head is king in worldly things, and the body is servant in worldly things. And yet, great as is the strength of intelligence, and proper as it is for men to rely upon it, and congratulate themselves upon it in its own sphere, it may easily be pushed out of its sphere, and we may come to place an overweening estimate appen we may come to place an overweening estimate upon it. The conditions in which it acts, as I shall show in the course of my remarks, are narrow, and are easily frangible.

frangible. Still more: men are accustomed to rely upon wealth as a source of great strength. Nor is it surprising; for, in its own way and measure, wealth is a strength-ener. It was always a great power in the world, and it was never before so great a power as it is now; for, though princes seem more powerful, yet, more than anything else, to-day, is it wealth that fires, stimulates and rules the world. It does not, however, take hold of the deeper eloments of the soul. It wakes up men to all strivings and enterprises: and, employing the of the deeper elements of the soul. It wakes up men to all strivings and enterprises, and, employing the-intelligence of the mind, it is piercing like a flame into the very secret parts of the earth. But it exists only for the external man, and endures but a short time. Simple wealth power has little hope of the future in it. It is inferior to intelligence, and more inferior to genius. It is mightier than genius, but it has no such reaching forward to the future as genius has. Genius is immortal. Like stars, it is not dark-oned by use, nor extinguished by time. The stars has, Genus is immortal. Take stars, it is not dark-oned by use, nor extinguished by time. The stars which shone over Eden, hang over our dwellings yet; and the works of genius, as far back as there is any record of them, are just as fresh and just as bright at this time as they were at the beginning. But wealth, though it is intenser at the time, is only short-lived. It is hard to get, harder to keep, and hardest to trans-mit. And although it has a power to develop, and to, stimulate, it is not a safe thing for a man to rely upon, as to reide humed in or to pride himself in.

The strength of our social relations is another very natural reliance for man. Strength where men find thomselves in social position; where they find them-selves surrounded by these-that are interested in sus-tables. taining them; where they are connected, by afflances and friendships, to those that, make, as it were, the very framework of society; where men are inter-de-pendent, and help each other, and hold each other up "it is not strange that men should pride themselves upon such strength as this, and it is not improper that they should. But social relations come far short of meeting the wants of men; for all such relations, and the strength which we dorive from them are marked by this peculiarity, that they help us most when we by this peculiarity, that they help us most when we least need help—that is, in the day of prosperity—and they are utterly dissolved by the great accidents of time, by sickness, by sorrow, by death. There is not one of these external elements that, so long as a man has health and prosperity, does not stand to flatter him and excite him; but the moment that any great trouble befalls him, which touches the very core of his life, they all betray him, and are of no account to him. Indeed, often, when a may is, in the midst of troubles that often, when a man is in the midst of troubles that touch his heart to the very quick, these things, which at other times are strengths to him, become themselves his tormentors. Nothing makes a man less hopeful in adversity, nothing aggravates his trouble more, than the things which, when everything is well with him, encourage him, and make him cheerful. The strength derived from these things does not take hold of that part of the soul in which man was made to live. It takes hold of the workshop, so to speak, of our nature, and not hold of those social and moral elements of our being in which our life is colly hilder being in which our life is really hidden. being in which our life is really hidden. The most important nerves and arteries of the human body are not allowed to run along near the surface, where accidents might be easily fatal. They are hid-den deep. within, and carry on the life functions of the system in secreted ways, and with safety. And so the great master-passions of life are within the soul, and great master-passions of life are within the soul, and not running along the surface of it. The yearnings, deep as life; the aspirations, which stretch to the very heavens; the needs innumerable; the unconquerable fire of hope; the insatiable necessity of love-these lie down deeper than the skin, far within the nature of man; so that it is not in the power of all the eternal elements of strength which exist, to touch us in respect to those points where most we need, oftentimes, to be helped; and no strength that does not reach these points is fit to be relied upon. What is the use of embankments to stay the water, which is tand when the tide is out, but which school and the second stand when the tide is in? What is the use of defences against rain in dry weather, if they leak in every part, and arc good for nothing, in wet weather? What is the use of fortifications which merely defend us when no enemy is near? What reliance can we place upon those elements of strength, that are strength to a man when he scarcely needs them, and when he would scarcely miss them if they were absent, but which, when sickness, and disappointments of heart, and inward trials come, are all dumb, and handless, and helpless? What we need for strength, is something that will stand by us in the bright day, and that will helpless stand by us even more in the dark day; something that will stand by us in the hour of health, and that will stand by us even more in the hour of sickness; some thing that will stand by us in the nour of sickness; some-thing that will stand by us in the midst of friendships, and that will not desert us when friendships desert us; something that will go with us, soul and body, clear through to the end of this life, and that will not abandon us even on the threshold of the other and un-tried state. And this, none of the elements of strength of which I have soken will do. of which I have spoken will do. of which I have spoken will do, What, then, is that strength to which we are exhort-ed? "Finally, my brethren." says the apostle, "be-strong in the Lord." It seems that there is some othto know. What is it? It is that strength of soul which is drawn from God's nature, presence, great-ness, and relationship to us; from the effect upon the soul of direct and personal communion with God; and from the inspiration of God upon our nature, which springs from the divine influence exerted upon us. The strength to which we are exherted, then, is that strength of God which comes from the consciousness of

BANNER OF LIGHT.

God present with us, from communion with God, and how near would it bring to your mind the creator of it.

twice as strong as they could be if, they stood alone. The artist inspires all that follow him, and the engineer inspires all that follow him. The guide, the pioneer and the captain all have power to exert their minds upon others in such a way as to accumilate their capacities, to fortify their endurance, to strengthen their might. And if this be so where one min's mind overshadows and exerts its influence upon the minds of other men, with what a power will this na-ture develop itself if there be brought to us a Mind that fills universal space, and includes all attributes, and possibilities of being: that evidences itself to us, and is borne in upon us from every side; and that is related to us by such deeds, avowals and experiences as shall enable the soul to say, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for him; we will be glad and re-

If it is in the power of one human being to almost transform, by his influence, another human being, what power must we derive from the mind of God, if it is once made to overshadow our minds, and to inspire them with its own inward energy and power | Now God is available for just such inspiration as this; and how his manhood exerts itself when stirred up by the presence and inspiration of God. When God is brought through our affections, and through our hodies, through our affections, and through our moral nature, answering to what I have said under the head of Conknow what is our strength in God, and what is the

power of his might acting through us. We are taught, in the Word of God, that the natural world, to which we address all our senses, not only was the product of the Divine Mind, but teaches us of was designed to bring him to our mind and thought, constantly, in such a way that we should have a consciousness of his presence with us everyone. The ways of looking at nature are scientific—that is, we look at it merely in the order of cause and effect; or

they are commercial—that is, we look at it in its pro ductive qualities, and its relations to human wants. and with reference to what we can make out of it, and what it can avail us; or, they are artistic—that is, we look at it in its relations to the sense of symmetry and beauty in us, in respect to form, and color, and what not. Man's inclination to look at nature in these three ways grows stronger and stronger. As nature grows older, we learn more and more to look at the outward world from scientific points of view, from commercial or economic points of view, or from purely writistic moints of view.

But there is another way of looking at naturo, that had precedence of all others, and that is yet to reas-sume its importance over all others, which consists in looking at the physical world in its moral significance. as the grand, primal and lasting revelation of God to man. I do not hesitate to say that there will yet come a time when the revelation of truth in the natural world will stand out as the prime, the transcendent revelation. I would not undervalue the Bible, but the revelation of outward nature is infinitely to outlast the Bible as a revelation of what God has done. For the Bible is to the revelation of God a mere commentary, and the text is more than the commentary. The Word of God, written and printed, is but the means of inter-preting that which God first expressed in the nature of our soul and body, and in the nature of the world on which we tread. But man did not understand himself, nor the things around him that God had wrought, and he was, in the natural world, without a revelation, what a man is in Egypt without any means of interpre-tation, endeavoring to decipher the hieroglyphics on ancient pillars and slabs. There are the characters, and there is the ignorant man gaping at them, and be-fore he can understand them, he must have some inter-mediate revelation that shall show him their meaning. Now, the heavens and the earth, and the foundations Now, the heavens and the carth, and the foundations of things, which, if man had been regenerated and spiritualized, would have given him, in their very structure, the literature of time and eternity, stood be-fore him like an unknown book—like an undeciphered fore nim like an unknown book—like an underiphered inscription; and there needed to be interjected between them and him some inspiration which should enable him to interpret thom. To serve as a means by which man may interpret the revelation of God, is the office of the Bible. At least, that is one of its objects. It has a multitude of incidental objects; but so far as it is a revelation, it is the intermetation of another revela a revelation, it is the interpretation of another revela-tion, which is to be a later teaching and literature of

The outward, natural world, has a meaning to the hu-man soul as embodying, for the use of our sonses, God's thoughts; it has a meaning to the human soul, not as a book, set up in any mutable types of man's making, and struck off from any press which we can build, but as a sublimer book, forever printing, endless impressions effaced and renewed incessantly, and for ages, opening, whether read or unread, to declare the Such a book of God as this, according to the pasimist and the aposto, is the outward natural world. Now the power of this world to teach us of God, and to bring us the according to the according to the pasimist and the aposto, is the outward natural world. Now the power of this world to teach us of God, and to bring us into communion with him, is not to be rendered available to us by an occasional meditation upon it, nor by reading a chapter of Harvey's Meditations, or anybody else's meditations; nor by thinking, now and then, out of our windows, on Sundays, at the world. Nothing of this kind will bring us to a knowl-edge of God, and into close relations to him. Now we are to make the outward world a perpetual testimony of the presence of God with us, and of his in-fluence upon us. We are to stamp upon our soul just such a sense of the divinity of natural things, as we stamp on the child's mind of the sacredness of the Bible, of a church, of the Sabbath, and of memorable aces of the earth. There is not a child that has atfucces of the earth. There is not a child that has not tained to any degree of understanding, who has not been taught to feel that to open the Bible, and spit upon it, or in any wise to pour indifference or contempt upon it, would be a crying sin. He does not know anything about its contents, but he has been taught to feel thus respecting it. We find thousands who look upon those hideous piles called churches, as sacred. We are taught from our cradies to feel that they are sacred; and the idea of their sacredness is so associated with them, that it is natural for a man, the moment he stands inside of one, to feel, "This is God's house." The instant he enters, there begin to rise in his mind-more or less clearly, according to his education-some associations and notions with reference to the presence of God in that place. And on a fair day like this, when the bell peals forth upon the clear air, and the church is thrown open, and men assemble together beneath its roof, they feel especially moved, and say, "Lo | God is here." Not that there is in this temple anything that will com-pare, for beauty and grandeur, with what we see on ev-ery side in the outward temple of God. No such dome was ever made in earthly temples as that which lifts it self every day above our head, and which is God's own architecture. No such frescoes were ever painted as those which adorn the clouds that sail through the ai those which adorn the clouds that sail through the air every Sabbath. No such light was ever produced by man as that which is poured from the effulgent sun throughout all the alleys and ways of nature. With the things which surround us in the natural world, and which are the handiwork of God himself. with reverence and awe iron columns and blocks of while levelence and awe non contains and blocks of stone that have been wrought, by human hands, into what we call churches. From the pure force of artifi-cial education we have come to feel, "God is here in the church"—especially if it is Sunday; but when men go out of door, where God has illuminated all nature with the glory of his presence, they do not seem to thin! that they are under any obligation to, or that there i any special reason why they should, think of God. W are not accustomed to associate God with the outward not been taught to look upon external nature as a means by which to come into communion with him. What I mean to say is this: there is not a thing in this world that God did not make, and that he did not make just exactly—not for method, but for reality—as a soulptor forms a statue. And do you suppose you could behold that marble called "The Moses." carved by Michael Angelo, and not think of Michael Angelo? As you stood gazing at it, would you not almost feel as though you heard the rustling of his mantle? Would as though you heard the rustling of his mantle? Would descend to the deep to bring him up?" He is placing you not feel as though he must be near you? If, after the signals of his presence all around about you; and if having heard of this work of art, you were to see it, you will let the natural world declare to you the mos-

God present with us, from communion with God, and from the inspiration of God. Men are not made to stand alone in this world; and they never can be strong alone. They are adapted to be looked for. Accordingly, we find the soul of made on purpose, a line for half or face on canvas. It sould from ther minds, as in its power of producing impressions on other minds. The child is made, for a long period of years, to receive from other minds its spring and vigor of life. Its mind is waked, and its thought is drawn forth, by other minds. This nature, though it changes somewhat in its methods, never eaves us in prime and manhood. After we outgrow when of their stimulus, and much of their confort, much of their stimulus, and much of their confort, much of their stimulus, and much of their comfort. in connection with the earth, and its endless carpet-upon the conscious or the unconscious action of other ings; in connection with all those things which make minds upon them. Hence, life is full of instances and summer rich, which make autumn glorious, which

images which show the power of one mind to give anothes mind strength. The general infuses his thought throughout his whole soldiers. The teacher makes the minds of his scholars twice as strong as they could be if they stood alone. The artist inspires all that follow him, and the engi-tor for artist inspires all that follow him, and the engi-te of downen we have to do with these of things of him the moment our mind the artist inspires all that follow him, and the engi-tion of the store in the follow him and the engi-tion of the store in the things, and stop thinking of him the moment our mind passes to things of greater importance? Why do we speak of God in connection with things which he has done through our instrumentality, and not speak of him in connection with those more glorious things which he has done without our instrumentality, in the natural world?

natural world? When I pluck a daisy, it is not what I see, that that daisy means. What I see, is *daisy*, but what I think, is *God*. And it is just as easy to think of God as hav-ing made that little cup, as to think of him as having made a star or an orb.

made a star or an orb. This stamping of the mind with the sanctity of things is a result of cducation. But why do we regard as sa-cred only special things? Did God make the Bible any more really than he made the flowers? Did God set apart a day, the Sabbath, any more really than he did all time? any more really than he divided day from night? I do not affirm that all things are to be facered alike, and equally, and indiscriminately, and that they are all to be regarded as having the same moral signifi-cance and authority; but I ask. How does it happen that we are taught to recognize the presence of God in churches, and nowhere else? Is not God as really Jechurches, and nowhere else? Is not God as really Je-hovah upon Monday and Tuesday, as upon Saturday night and Sunday? Is not God a God of the whole carth, as well as a God of our church? And though special times and places are desirable and beneficial. e all others to be denuded and left barren and naked I think that Jerusalem ought to fill the soul with a sense of God. I think that Gethsemane ought to fill us with the tenderest faith of Christ Jesus; but is a prin-ciple of our nature so significant as this—to stop on these and not go any further? Is there not to be a God thought of in the presence of mountains, as well as in the presence of calledrais? Is there not to be a God thought of in connection with rivers, as well as in conmeetion with the baptismul font? Are we not to be re-minded of God by the harvest field and the fruit-inden orchard, as well as by the holy bread broken in communion 2

I think we neglect one of the most efficient means provided to enable us to know God, and to commune with him, when we pass by the natural world with economic, indifferent, heart-cold, unimaginative, uneconomic, indifferent, heart-cold, unimaginative, un-romantic, Saxon, occidental materialism. We think the world was made for what? For ploughing. We think the world was made for what? For blasting rocks. We think the world was made for what? For building houses. We think the world was made for what? To grow trees to build ships with, and to make sills of. We think the world was made for what? To produce coal, that we may be warm. Because outward return is words to carry a in respect to our secular nature is made to serve us in respect to our sceular necessities, we ascribe a material purpose to those clo-ments of power, those vivilic influences that pervade the globe, which are designed to contribute to the supply of our social and religious wants. We recog-nize the things of the natural world as means of bring-We recognize the things of the natural world as means of bring-ing us nearer to God almost none at all. So much is this the case, that when a man begins to think of the outward world, in any other light than that of the market—when he begins to look at the rain, not be-cause it enriches him by causing his crops to grow, but because it is beautiful—when he begins to look at a landscape, not because it embraces his fields which yield him worldly profit, but because it speaks of the presence and love of God, and furnishes food for devo-tion—then he is called a decemer. What was almost dion-then he is called a dreamer. What was almost God's only book of instruction in olden times, when the natural world — that our habits and education the natural world — that our habits and education teaches is to eschew. That which was the primary thing with them, is a secondary thing with us. Now this element of association is so strong, that it breaks out into power almost overywhere else except in relicion and Leannot but feel no though we near

in religion; and I cannot but feel as though we never shall, in great numbers, come easily to have a sense of God's presence with us, until we go back and learn, by the use of this element of association, to do that by the which the old patriarchs did, at first, naturally and easilv

casily. All the earth, I think, is now a palimpsest. Men have written over God's writing their own history in this life. In Italy—that country touching which the whole world is now exquisitely sensitive, and which has been made to occupy an important place in history. by the numerous memorable events of which it has been the scene—there is scarcely a spot where a soldier puts his foot, on which there does not rise some monn-

and in voluntarily exclaiming, " Corregio ! Corregio ! Renowned works of art are found at Bergamo, at Buringoon-watered Venice, where, in nearly every palace, are evidences of the skill of Titlan, Tintoretto, and Giorgione. Here, also, are to be seen the pale, spectral remains of numerous memorable works of genius. Men cannot do anything in marble, or on cauvas, and not have their name pronounced for two hundred years by the shadow of what they have done, so that years by the shadow of what they have done, so that the world knows them by associating them with their works. But God, for six thousand years, has carved and painted, as no man ever carved and painted, and we continually behold his works, and who says, "God?" Morning, and noon, and evening, come and go, and how many of us say, "God?" All the day long the sun pours down its life-giving rays, and who thinks of anything but "Umbrella," or "Harvest," or something of that sort? How many men look into the face of the sun, and say, "My God is a sun!" When spring comes with all its abundance, how many men, as they watch the stops of progress and developmen, as they watch the steps of progress and develop ment in vegetation, think of God as unlocking the earth? On the sea how many think, "God?" and on the land how many think, "God?" Homer-you nover see his work without thinking of Homer—you haver see his work without tainking of him. Virgil is known by his book. Ovid is known by his. Every man is known by the thing he has done. Every sculptor is known by his marble; avery painter by his pictures; every architect by that which he builds. But God, the great Workman, who made these architects themselves, who made these painters these architects themsfives, who made these painters themselves, who made these sculptors themselves—his works we constantly behold, and we never think, "God." Now I say that this is wioked. I say that we are bringing our children up vulgarly, and infl-delly, when we teach them to associate God with the Bible, with churches, and with other things that are counted sacred in the world, and do not teach them to associate him with the works of nature. I think it is much easier to think of the rugged mountain—the brilmuch easier to think of the rugged mountain-the bril-liant stars, and the effulgent sun, as speaking of God, than to think of dumb churches as speaking of him. When a person has been so trained that on beholding any natural object his mind is carried by that object to the Creator, he has no trouble in having thoughts of Cod. If all more as trained how many mound God. If all were so trained, how many people would come to me and say, "When I hear you preach, you present such conceptions of God as draw me toward daguerreotyped on my mind, I should but have them daguerreotyped on my mind, I should be in almost constant communion with him; but when I go from church, they fade away; I cannot retain them; I have church, they fade away; I cannot retain them. I have no imagination or creative power, and I cannot bring them back again?" If you would keep them, get them where I get them. Let every leaf in the forest; let every bulrush in the morass; let every blade of grass in the meadow; let every bird in the thicket; let everything that grows, and has life and vigor; let the heavens that declare the glory of God, and the firma-ment that showeth his handiwork-let these things form in your mind the habit of thinking of the Divine Presence in connection with everything in the natural Presence in connection with everything in the natural world; and then you will not have to say, "Who shall ascend into heaven to bring God down? or, who shall descend to the deen to bring him un?" Ho is nleader

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wherever you may go. But a consciousness of God's presence with us in the natural world, is only the first element from which we derive strength. The same line of romark which we conscious presence of God in the flow of events—of during strength, and discouraged, shall be lifted up into the bosom of Him who is their only strength. If God is for you, no matter who is against you. He is all might and all joy in life, all victory in death, and all immortality in resurrection. divine providence, as we call them. If there be one truth more clearly revealed, and one more blind to reason, than another, it is the fact that God is controiling the flow of events through the instrumentality of men—that at the same time that we are standing in our free agency, at the same time that we are acting freely by means of our own executive agency, he is spinning and twisting all the lines of our conduct into those threads which go to make up the fabric of the history of time. This is a truth which is taught by the Word of God, and it is a truth in which I believe. We can see, when we come to be impressed with this truth, that in all the evolutions of time on the largest scale, that in all things relating to international his-ory, that in the flow of time in periods of centuries— that in all these things men become instruments of dod to work out his great purposes; in other words that we are surrounded by a God who is not merely creative, but who is also active in human affairs.

If, on entering a gigantic manufacturing establish-ment, I utter my first impression, 1 say, "Oh, now I see the creative power. It is here, because here it is that the fabric is produced;" for we are apt to regard that as the cause which stands nearest to the effect that s obvious to our own senses. If, however, 1 stand •What causes the loom to move?" And, on investi which is itself revolving about a dram. If I go back and look for the cause which turns the dram, I find a prison-house below, which, revolving night and day, moves all this mighty mass of machinery; and I say, "Oh, I have found you at last. Here you are, old giant of strength," I say, "This is, after all, the creative power." But after a little further reflection, lowle measl utility that makes this given to I ask myself, "What makes this gigantic monster move?" There is no heart in him; there is no nerve in his oak; he has no will that he can exercise. You say that it is the mighty stream which causes him to turn? But how came this wheel to be built. There is him to a mind behind it. It had a constructor. There is mechanician who built it. So, starting with the effect, and going back, from point to point, I find the actual cause; the real creative power, to be an intelligent mind.

When we see an effect produced through a man's instrumentality, we say, "Ah, he produced that of-cot." It is true that men are free agents, and act in fect." It is true that men are free agents, and act in obedience to their own will; but where did they come from? What sustains them? What feeds their veins? What fires their nerves? What is that power behind them which enables them to act? "It is God," says the Divine Word; and, in slower accents. History it-self says, "It is God." God stands behind thrones. Ho is underneath the people of the earth. Ho holds the ways of men in his hand, and turns them whithersoever he will. They must be lost in the bog of skepticism, who say that God is not present in the flow of human affairs. fect. flow of human affairs.

Now let men walk so that they feel and see God in the natural world, and so that they are conscious of his presence in the events of providence, and it will not be difficult for them to bring themselves into com-

not be difficult for them to bring themselves into com-munion with him. But, thirdly: We are brought into communion with God by means of our affections, as well as by means of the outward world and the courses of time. When the heart begins to lift itself up in the presence of God; when our imagination is awakened by our contact with him through external things, and we imagine his preshim through external things, and we imagine his pres-ence, and we begin to commune with him, and our love takes hold of him; when one by one our affections go out toward him; though he is invisible, then we feel that we have evidence of his presence in the soul, and we say, "Now I believe, not because I was told, but by my own consciousness." Communion with God brings us into the Divine Presence, when we are properly instructed, as nothing else can.

God brings us into the Divine Presence, when we are properly instructed, as nothing else can. And is this.all? No, blessed be God; for just as surely as I stand over my child, by my throbbing en-thusiasm, and by my intelligence, to inspire and rouse up the dormant affections of his heart, and the inactive powers of his nature, so surely, I believe, does God open the bosom of his immense power, and shed him-self directly down upon the unconscious soul of man. I believe that he sheds down his arrowy inspiration so that it smites all through among the children of men. that it smites all through among the children of men, whether Christian or heathen. This is not an inspira-tion which makes us authoritative teachers; it is not an inspiration which enables us to say to our fellow men. "This is the way; walk ye in it;" but it is an inspiration which is sufficient to meet every man's individual wants. It comes to him from no secondary source, but falls upon him direct from the glowing bosom of God himself.

bosom of God himself. In these four ways, then, is the heart of man brought into communion with God: through the natural world, through the flow of providence, by our affectional na-ture, and by his inspiration upon our souls. Where these experiences of communion with God are occa-sional, they at times excite the mind almost beyond its nouver and the they wave subtractions can its power to endure; and if they were all to dawn sud-denly upon our mind, I know not what would become of us. No man can see God and live: but we can see and better.

sage which it bears from him, you will never find it world are on their way up. Glory be to God, that difficult to have a consciousness that he is with you, wherever you may go.

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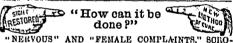
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and better. If a man goes to sleep in a hovel, and if, while he is in a state of deep lethargy, some one carries him into the midst of a palace of arts, and leaves him there, when he first wakes, thinking that he is still in his low miserable abodo, that he is still lying on his old hard truckle-bed, and that he is soon to enter upon the severe toils of another day, he opens his eyes, and be no every side, and with which the whole place is popu-lyous, he says, "I yet dream;" and as the reality comes nard trackle-bed, and that he is soon to enter upon the severe toils of another day, he opens his eyes, and be-holds the beautiful works of art which cover the walls on every side, and with which the whole place is popu-lous, he says. "I yet dream?" and as the reality comes upon him, if he is a man of sensitive nerve, and ex-

quisite taste and fancy, it almost bevilders him. But oh, how foolish is the figure. If we were sud-denly to be made to realize how much of God there is around us—how full the very air is of his presence; if some prophet were to touch our eyes, and enable us to see all that is going on, through the power of God, above us, and around us, and beneath us, I think we should be more than bewildered—I think we should be shiften down, almost, with terror, or oxcess of joy. But that which would be so terrible if concentrated and brought before our minds suddenly, we may, with safety and, profit, attain unto. little by little. And when at last a man arrives at that state in which he cole u.God is meaned accompanying the battle of feels. "God is present evermore with me; he thinks of net is boves me; he takes care of me in this life; he will maintain me in the life to come; he is a God in heaven, a God on earth, and a God all the way be-tween—" when a man arrives at that state, then he may say, "My strength is in the Lord; I stand in the might of God."

might of God." For, now, look. If a man's strength is in wealth, bankruptcy is his master, and can take away his strength whenever it pleases. If a man's strength is in his reputation, slander is his master, and can take away his strength whenever it pleases. If a man's strength is in his social connections, he may be do-prived of it at any moment: for social connections are like snow, which the first breath of spring may dis-solve. When a man's strength is in anything merely human, the changes and trials of life may take it away from him; and when it has been taken away from him, and he cries out in bitterness, saying, "This joy de-parted, has left all other joys dark to me," what is to comfort him?

I have seen a man of wealth stand by a coffin not wo spans wide, who could have said; "God, give me back this little child, and take my money, my house, and my goods. I would gladly give them all, and thrice as much if I had it, for that one sweet face to kiss my face again." But that God with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning_blessed be his name_did not restore the child, and therefore the man stand or is with a value because here is is in a side the man stands poor in his riches, because his riches cannot touch where the heart-sore is. But take a man who stands, not in the strength of

these secular things, but in the strength of God; who, when evil comes upon him, turns to God for help; who, when he sees his child laid in the tomb, seeks individual and a second and a state of the source second and the second second and the second second and the second of life, relies upon God for support-take such a man and what is there that can harm him? There is naugh There is naugh that can harm him. He can write on his banner, "I God be for me, who can be against me?" If a man has this strength, he almost needs no other

And hence it is that the strong men of the world are not always on the top of afairs. They are oftentimes found among the poor and the weak—among the off-scouring of the earth. If you could see as God sees, you would see that not they that wear the most crowns, but they that weak the most energy are the most birdly you would see that not they that wear the most crowns, but they that wear the most curses, are the most highly esteemed in heaven. It is down at the bottom of so-ciety that the most precious souls are to be found. It is, oftentimes, those that have the least exterior power, but the use those that have the least exterior power, is, otientimes, those that have the least exterior power, that have the most inward strength. And by and by will come the great revolution, when the first shall be last, and the last shall be first. And what crossings in the air will there be when they that have stood highest in this world are on their way down, and they that have been trodden under foot and despised in this

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