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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS " Of Rovs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN II. OUAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New Fork, and published verbatim every week in this paper. 1 For H. W. Beecher's sermon; see third page." For E. H. Chapin's sermon, see eighth page.

Publishers.

STATEST IN A Written for the Banner of Light. ERFINEST Way all ball o B. THE SMUGGLER'S SECRET. A STORY OF THE PAST. . Die Ani Mali BY GEO. P. BURNHAM.

CHAPTER XIV .-- CONCLUDED.

n. But the sea was too much for the little waif, that -was thus mercilessly tossed from point to point ... No shore was in sight-amid the terrific darknessthough both the skipper and Antonio sought, by their cheerful language, and assumed knowledge of the location, to keep the spirits of the men and of Eugenie up, as much as possible. They had made scarcely a cable's length of progress, except to drift away before the wind : but still the men toiled on. and still they heard the notes of encouragement from Merville and the "captain."

1 The clouds continued still to roll on and blacken ; the wind abated no job of its violence; the fury of they sea was consequently increased; but Eugenie, stupefied with fright, knew little of what was passing. It second to her agitated and weakened mind like an awful dream. But Antonio hugged her to his heart, and prayed that they might reach the shore in safety, or sink together l

And still the men tugged faithfully at the cars, and, as yet, they continued to drift; until on a sudden, having neared the edge of a reef that run out from the main land into the ocean a terrific wave rolled down and nearly sunk them, as the boat filled with water. Autonio sprang forward to assist in righting the boat, at this shock, and by the effort partially relaxed his hold upon Eugenie's form. The succeeding wave concluded what the first had left undone. And the next moment the boat was dashed upon the reer 1

The voice of the smuggler chief was heard but for an instant, as with one wild shrick he passed away. "Eugeniel" he cried, as she slipped from his hold into the sea. "Eugenie-my chi-" but the wind howled over the unfinished sentence, and the erratio father sunk amid the surge lashed rocks, as the fury of the gale dashed on over his watery'grave !

No sound escaped the lips of poor Eugenie. The skipper shared the untimely fate of his master, and but one of the crew, reached the reef alive. At the upon with a dying man's gripe.

life-boat three hours : and the wind must have forced us a long distance above the spot where the schooner. first struck."

They hurriel down the shore toward the spot where Eugenie still lay, in anxious suspense, the wrecker continuing to ply the sailor with queries re garding the lost schooner.

" Had she much cargo aboard ?" "I think not much, in bulk, but it was of considerable value," replied Louis.

This was just the information the stranger desired to arrive at. It was in the way of his profession to "protect" such stray property as might thus fall within his reach, and he now hoped that some part of the freight, at least, might find its way to the shore, for his own pecuniary benefit. The lady was duly cared for, first, and supported by the two rough scamen, she was led slowly up to the shelter of the wrecker's hut, and placed under the charge of the stranger's wife; while Louis and his now acquaintance started off again down the beach, to search for any remnant of the wreck that might, by chance, vet remain in sight.

The men were absent soveral hours. Eugenie exchanged her saturated garments for others which the woman provided for her, temporarily, and upon removing her dress, the papers and parcel which Antonio placed in her possession, at the last moment before they left the Raven, fell into her hands. Two of them contained bills of exchange upon London houses, for a large amount, all of which were duly endorsed by the party to whom they were due, and made payable to the holder of them. Antonio had done this, fearing that he might be lost, and hoping, in any event, that his Eugenie might be saved-a provision that was wisely made, and the benefit of which we shall discover as we proceed.

The wrecked ' lady found herself alone, soon after eaching the hut, the old dame leaving her for repose, which she sadly needed. Amidst her consternation and grief, however, she turned to the docu ments, mechanically, and sought to ascertain the contents of the papers which she remembered Antonio had been so anxious she should preserve. She found the bills as above stated, but was struck at the address of the last package she examined, uppi the envelop of which, in Antonio's hand, appeared the words, " To my Engenie." She quickly broke the seal, to read as follows :---

"I do not know, dear Eugenie, under what circum stances this document may find you, in the future. I prepare it with a view to explain to 'you' what you can never know, otherwise; and I shall place it in your hands, only when the prospect before me is that I shall be beyond the reach of this world's calumny, and its trials, when your eyes may fall upon the lines I now pen in sorrow and anguish. "Ah, Eugenie! how inscrutible are the ways of

moment the boat overturned, a heavy substance fell | Fate ! How little can we calculate upon the future ! against him, which, in his desperation, he seized How blind and ignorant are we poor mortale in regard to the multifold vicissitudes that Time holds met_ob -and, up to this moment, you know nothing of me cling to her dress for a moment, and in the next he or mine. But, Eugenie, there is a secret of import rolled heavily forward upon a oraggy foothold, amid which you have yet to learn the secret of poor An-the hissing spray. He rose the wave receded he tonio's life. Read it below, forgive me, and do not struggled forward; still_grasping the listless lady's ourse my memory; for, when you read this history, struggled forwara, still grasping the internation of the infortunate oring is a total of the seach of blessing or revenge !" form, and soon found himself out of the reach of the the reach of blessing or revenge !" our or the wave draught. "I am by birth a Corsicun. My father was pos-He raised the budy up, and the heart still beat ! sessed of goodly means; but he was over-indulgent . Eugenie was alive! He grasped her sturdily in his toward his only son, and I was permitted to growup amid plenty and ease, until my fond parent was by a disease which proved fatal to him attacked after a long and serious confinement. To his confi He should aloud, in his intensity of gratitude and dante and man of business he entrusted his whole 'excitement; but the wind whistled above their heads, affairs; and his estate was eventually seized upon by this unfaithful steward, who wronged me (the sole heir of my father's property) out of every farthing's value, and finally abscouded, leaving the penniless, parentless boy to shift for himself. Under such adverse pircumstances, could it be wondered at that, instead of ascending the ladder of Fortune, 1, took the road of iniquity? I have no wish to excuse myself-it is too late, alas I-but such was my destiny. I embraced evil rather than good, and years of abandonment and dissipation succeeded my unfortunate father's death, whose entire estate had been equandered by his faithless servant. My name is Antonio Erfinest. You will start at the perusal of this aunouncement, for you have heard sailor, who was scratched, but not seriously harmed, this name before, Eugenie; but I will quickly unravel the mystery you should now be made acquaint ed with. Some score of years ago, I chanced to fall upon the home of a peaceful family in Spain, and found a blooming maiden there, who loved me when she thought she knew me. I was a wild and reckless youth, and sought only the gratification of my own passing happiness or pleasure, without regard to the well being or the rights of others. I was an honored and a welcome guest at her father's house, and months of sceming enjoyment passed away, as we became more intimate together. My Isabel was fair. and gentle as a dove-confiding, truthful, beautiful I deserted this lovely flower, Eugenie, and fied !fled from Spain, from home, from friends or foes from Isabel, forever! And Isabel became a mother You suspect it all, ere this, and you will rush to the closing paragraph of this brief but mournful history with suspended breath. That Isabel, was your own mother, Eugenic! She died. You found your way to Esilrone, at last, where I chanced to cross your path, in the youthfal "the southward lay the broken hull of the Raven, out of sight, at present, in consequence of the still heavy position he occupied, to annoy you. You do not know me yet! From bad te worse I had gone on, until in the seclusion of a smuggler's life I found only safety from arrest or death. I have acquired fortune without honor or justice to my fellows. I am rich but heart-stricken, Eugenie. But you are innocent you are guileless-you have been deceived. The abbe, Dugarre, whom you remember with no regrets, was a liar and a cheat, from first to last. found him, unexpectedly, at Esilrone, but quickly recognized him as the author of my early woes, my father's robber, the squanderer of my patrimony. He knew your history; and when I seized and boro him to my camp, he told me who was Eugenie! I "Some miles bolow here, I think. We were in the saw the portrait of my ruined leabel in your hands,

beheld in the Eugenie that I had dared to look upon | with none to comfort her. with the eyes of a lover, my own child, the daughter of my long-lost Isabel 1

No more, Engenie-no more! Your father has discharged his last debt, and you need not remember him. I give you all, all I possess, dear Eugenie. means to live independently and honorably, if you survive your unhappy father. If not, you will not need it, and I shall have passed to my last account. Though he richly deserved punishment, 1 did not avenge myself upon the miserable Dugarre. He is free, and I forgive him. We shall meet no more; Eugenie. Preserve this

secret in your own breast; be happy, and forgive your unlucky and repentant father. ANTONIO." your unlucky and repentant father. A second second second

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ERFINEST FAMILY.

Paoli Erfinest, the father of Antonio, was a Corsian, and a man of considerable wealth. His wife deceased some three years before him, and the father of Eugenie was their only son. They lived retired from the world, and were happy in their hopes and prospects, until death suddenly took away the wife and mother, leaving the father to mourn her loss, uutil he was himself relieved from the sufferings of earth.

Erfinest had entrusted to Philippe' Dugarro the management of his estate for a series of years, and was in the habit of confiding implicitly to his steward for the account he 'chose' to 'render of his business affairs. During the last two years of his life, this dunning and deceitful man saw that his master was declining 'rapidly, and ho continued to get his signature, from time to time, to such documents as he pleased to draw up, which disposed of his property in such a manner that "Dugarre readily came into possession of it at his death. The final act of this desperately unprincipled scoundrel was the forging of the will, to correspond with other conveyances, which completely robbed the beir of Erfinest, of his just rights, and made the boy a pauper.

This ill-gotten gain lasted but a brief space of time, however, as has already been stated. Dugarro squandered the property, the boy became dissolute, and both son and stoward decamped, at length, and terinit to new seepes of onterprice and eccupation. By degrees, Dugarre contrived, through an austre exterior and reserved deportment among those with whom he chanced to associate, to convince them that he was really a man of probity and religion. He turned priest, at last, and obtained favor at Esilrone, in his lordship's castle. To this place, after a series of shifts and changes, he managed also to introduce 'the "orphan" Eugenia, whose history he knew, and whom he soon obtained charge over in his new quarters.

We have seen how he managed, for a time, afterwards. We have already learned how Eugenie eventually escaped from the annoyances of his sur-

and you will remember the scene of that moment. I, But this consolation was denied her, and she wept,

The anticipations of brighter days than she had hitherto known, were suddenly and terribly clouded by this singular accident, and the disclosure that so suon succeeded it. She had looked forward to joy and With this scoret, you will find, also, enclosed the continuous happiness in Antonio's society, as soon as they should reach the " home " he had painted to her, far away from all the terrors and misfortunes of her girlhood. With a single blow, all this had been dashed away from her grasp, and she found herself alone, in a stranger land, upon a barren rock, surrounded by those with whom she could not associate or appeal to, bruised and sick in heart and body. But grief, and sorrow, and pain, must have their crisis, and a termination, either in life or death. Oh, how gladly would she have welcomed the latter, at the moment when she discovered her father's secret and her own. Yet this was not her destiny, Eugenie replaced the documents in her dress, and

resolved to face her futuro fortunes, good or ill.

The sailor Louis and the wrecker returned to the hut at last. They had found the schooner nearly three miles below, lodged fast between the orags: and as the tide fell, and the gale had much abated, they were abla to get on board of her and ascertain her condition. Two or three holes had been stove in her bows, her keel had been wrenched off, and her masts were both gone by the board when they found her. Her bulwarks were shattered, and she was otherwise broken up badly ; but they found access to her cabin and hold. The freight consisted of only a few boxes and chests, all of which contained valuable and costly goods, however, that were now wet, and consequently more or less damaged. The old wrecker knew their value, nevertheless, and he appealed at once to the cupidity of the sailor, to whom he proposed their entire appropriation, the spoil to be divided between them.

"We can get the cases all out to merrow," said the wrecker to Louis, " and I will find a market for them. There is nobody to question us. The schooler will go to pieces with the next flood tide or two, and we can make a good operation out of this. What say vou ?"

"And what becomes of the lady ?" asked Louis, reforring to the unfortunate. Engenie, whom they had left behind thom at the hut.

"Oh-well-yes, I see," said the wrecker. " But that is not our business, you know ; and, besides, nobody cares much about her, do you mind. She will be very glad, I've no doubt, to escape with her life, aud get away from this place. We can get her over to the main laud, and be rid of her, as soon as we secure the merchandise from the wreck.

"And what will she do, alone upon 'the main land ! you speak of, without means, and without friends or acquaintances, pray ?"

"But we can't help that, you see," continued the We did n't cause th

tents of these boxes are valuable, if the water has n't spoiled the goods, for I heard the heimsman remark to our captain to this effect, during the storm. But I prefer to consult with the lady first, who can decide what ought to be done in the matter better than I can. I am certain she will do all that is right, so far as you are concorned, at any rate."

This plan was agreed to, after some demurring on the part of the hard headed old wrecker, who delivered himself of the pointed sentiment, that women were eternally in the way, for mischief; and for his part, he never could see what womenand especially young girls-were made for, any how." It was barely possible, he admitted, that the sex might have been intended for good ; but so far as his experience went, he had never seen any use for them, whatever! As Louis entertained an opinion entirely opposite to this, and as he was decidedly the stronger man of the two, he did not reply to the old fellow's spleen, but to assure him that if he kept himself cool, he would probably improve his pecuniary prospects in this matter. He then waited upon the lady, Eugenie, to learn her pleasure in regard to the disposal of the merchandize, and for the purpose of consulting as to what course she would herself pursue, in her present emergency.

Louis approached Eugenie with the utmost deference and respect, notwithstanding the fact that mis. fortune had rendered them equals in position, at least for the present.

"I trust, lady," he said, " that you find yourself relieved here, and are quite comfortable, under our rather straitened circumstances ?"

"To your kindness and persoverance, Louis," re plied Eugenie, pleasantly, "I certainly owe my life. But for your determination and zeal, I should un. questionably have found a grave in the deep, beside he form of my unfortunate father !"

"Your father, lady !" exclaimed Louis, with unfeigned astonishment, " who was he ?" "Erhuest, Louis."

"The i captain," madame ?"

"Yes, so he was called. There is no hope that he could have been rescued, Louis, I think ?" she asked, with tearful eves.

No, madame-no !" said Louis; "he is surely lost."

"What then remains for mof "exclaimed Eugenie as the tears burst forth afresh ; "oh ! what shall I do-whither shall I turn for counsel ?"

"I come, lady, to consult you, now, in regard to your future intentions," continued Louis, respectfully. " and to offer you my humble advice, if you do not see your way more clearly without it. We are alone here, and I trust you will appreciate my mo. tives in offering to you such assistance, in your affliction, as lies in my power."

"You are very kind, Louis. I assure you I am exceedingly grateful to you ; and I shall not forget our attentions. Have you anything to sugg know nothing of what we ought to do here. I have plenty of means, but we must leave this horrible place, surely."

It was the form of Eugenie. He continued to

, He raised the budy up, and the heart still beat ! farms, and, in a few minutes afterward, they were safely landed upon the higher borders of the reef ! the sea dashed furiously below and beyond them. and no response, save the sharp sighs of the poor girl, in her distress, was heard above the storm ! Antiperson and the Course of the

CHAPTER XV.

THE SMUGOLER'S SECRET.

" Portunately, in that latitude and at the season of the year when the disaster occurred, it was not very cold. It was hearly daybreak, when the only two "survivers of the wreck' were thrown upon the rocks, and as soon as any light was afforded them, the mounted a higher peak beyond him, to ascertain where they were, if possible. Over a mile up the shore he saw a curl of smoke

rising from the rude chimney of a fisherman's hut. 'The lady beside him had so far recovered her strength as to be able to understand, imperfectly, how they were situated ; and he proposed to leave her reclin-'ing upon some dry seawced that he had gathered, while he hurried away to the cottage and learned whether the occupants might be able to befriend them there, or not.

During the man's temporary absence Eugenie became more herself, and finally saw pretty clearly the awful dilemma into which she had been thrust, through her own recklessness and want of reflection. There was no present help for all this, however. The boat had been shivered in pieces, and no fragment of it could be seen anywhere. Far away to of sight, at present, in consequence of the still heavy . . but now improving weather, but so confined between two rocks as to be secure from further motion, for the present, as the sea had considerably abated.

The sailor found the hut occupied by a wrecker, who heard his brief story, and immediately started with him to aid in removing the injured lady from the ledge-secretly supposing her to be a person of "rank, perhaps, who would eventually reward him, accordingly, for his pains.

"But where is your vessel, did you say ?"

- "Gone to the bottom !"
- "Where did you strike ?"

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. . .

veillance ; and how the "abbe," too, was forced from the castle, and borne away to the emugglers' camp; and we have also seen how and why Antonio was lenient toward him, after he discovered who Eugenie was.

And here it may be appropriate to inform the reader, that the pretonded "abbe," after his release from the hands of Antonio, lost no time in returning to Esilrone, where he magnified the sufferings he had experienced during his absence into a most marvelous outrage, from which he had barely escaped with his life by means of stratagem, and threats. All this was duly believed at the castle, and a force was got in readiness to go in search of the abduotors; but after a fruitless and tiresome jaunt of two days and nights, they returned to their lord, covered with dust and worn out with fatigue, without getting a sight, even, at the "rebels" they sought to arrest and bring to punishment.

The family name of Isabel-the mother of Eugenie -was Bertald , and by this name the daughter had always been known. She had heard of Erfinest, but she had never been informed of her paternity-being too young, at her mother's death, 'to appreciate the unfortunate secret of her birth; and subsequently the parties into whose hands she fell had no interest in giving her any information as to these details. Thus she grew up in ignorance of her real name, and learned, for the first time, who and what she was, from the astounding disolcsures made to her by means of Antonio's final letter.

We loft Eugenie at the wrecker's dwelling, with this document in her hands. Ah! how the hot tears of mortification, and sorrow, and pain, coursed down the cheeks of the delicate girl, as she still pored over this shocking narrative! True, no blame could at tach to her ; surely, she had no controlling power over this sories of circumstances; but she was, personally, the poor orphan victim of all this deceit ; and there was now no one left to her, in the whole wide world, to whom she could turn for sympathy, or in whom she dared to confide her cruel, terrible

ال الي والي ¹ ما الج في قرار الم الرئيل العم إذ الم المراجعات ا secret. Besides all this, she had loved Antonio-not as the relative that she now saw he had Been, but as one upon whom she believed she could properly lavish her heart's first affection. The Antonio whom she tirely within the following four and twenty hours. had thus favored, from the hour they chanced to meet, was her father h. She had never dreamed ithat any such disparagement existed in their ages. He was so attired when they had casually met, from time to time, that she had mistaken him for a much younger would she have buried her aching head in his bosom. Louis objected to this course. and recognized him still as her best earthly friend. "I know," said he, "pretty well, that the con-

and she must send to her relatives, or do what she chooses, after we get her safely on terra firma." "Have you any children, old man?" asked Louis, with evident feeling.

"No, no-I do n't want any, either." " Have you a sister ?"

"No---no relations but my old woman at home; and she 's quité trouble enough to me."

"Well, this lady is a stranger to me, but I have a sister, far away from this, and a mother, both of whom I love. God grant that they may never find themselves wrecked upon this inhospitable shore, without some one to care for and protect them."

"What do you care about the sniveling girl? Look out for your own interest, and never kick fortune aback, when it comes to you in this way."

"Look you, old man," said Louis, nervously ; " you are not the kind of being. I had hoped to find you, nor are you the person whom I care to have in this gripe," he continued, setting his teeth and clenching his hands firmly. "But if you attempt to rob that unfortunate woman, and to pillage the vessel in the manner you have hinted at, I will as surely dash your brains out upon these rocks as I now speak these words !"

"What !" exclaimed the hardened wrecker, alarmed and evidently disappointed.

." I mean just what I say," responded Louis. " Try me, if you doubt it." "But-see-the goods are not hers."

"I will have no buts, but justice, old man. If you

choose to respect the lady's, rights, in her peculiarly unfortupate predicament, come along, and I will aid you to save the property from the wreck, and you shall be handsomely rewarded for your trouble, and labor, and attentions. If you decline this, L will stand by her, and the Raven may, go to pieces, and swamp her cargo." -"You aro a foolish fellow—"

"[havo said all I will say, then."

"Come on," replied the intimidated wrecker. "I was only trying you, do you mind? Have it your own way."

The next morning the two, men got the boxes all ashore in safety, and the "Raven" disappeared en-

Les J Las average a PUGENIA AND LOUIS DUMONT.

As soon as the property was got into a position where it could be examined, the old wrecker was man than this fact would seem to warrant. But he exceedingly anxious that the cases should be opened, was gone, too. Bad as it had resulted, could she in order that he might determine what should be his have turned to her father for sympathy in her pres- share of the plunder, and to ascertain how good a ent distress and personal misfortune, how gladly job he had made out of it. But, for the present,

"Yes, madame-at once. If you happen to have anything of pecuniary value with you-" " Oh, I have money in plenty, Louis-checks and

bills upon London bankers, and jewels-" "That is just what I want to speak to you of. I

say, if you have any valuables, keep them out of sight, here. We shall not need them at present. Your father-or, that is, the 'captain,' as we knew him on board the Raven-was the owner and shipper of the goods we had in the hold, you know, madame."

"I heard my father say that there were some boxes or chests of silks and laces in the vessel, that belonged to him; but I know nothing of the particu-

lars, further." "Well, madame, we have found the schooner, but she has since gone to pieces, entirely. We got out the goods, and they are near by. What will you have done with them ?"

"Mo? . I-I-really do n't know anything about them, Louis. What are they ?" "We have n't opened the packages at all, and they

are injured, undoubtedly, by the water with which they have been drenched for two days ; but, we wait your directions in the premises."

"I. can. give no directions, Louis, really. Where are we? How shall we get away from this miserable hut? Can it be that Antonio, my father, is lost to me forever.? What shall I do, Louis ? : You must answer for me--- to your hands I entrust my interests-in your honor I will confide."

Eugenie was too young to assume any particular position, in her present frightful circumstances, and her spirits were so depressed and her mind so harrassed, that she had no clear idea of what would be best 'to do, under the circumstances. As to the property that was contained in the chests and boxes that had been saved, she scarcely gave it a thought -entirely ignorant as she was of its amount or value, and caring little about it, in any way, if she could but depart from the scene of her last terrible misfortune o She urged 'it upon Louis to examine every spat in the region of the place where they were first thrown upon the 'rocky reef, in the hope that the romains of her father, at least, might be found, if possible. . The sailor attended faithfully to her request, but Antonio's body could not be discovered anywhere, nor was it over seen or heard from after the night of the fatal wreck of the Raven.

The merchandise was finally taken out and examined by Louis and the old wrecker. It was found to consist of rich silks, costly lacos and embroideries. velvets, cloths, satins, and fine linens-the whole bearing a heavy value, had it not been for the damage occasioned by the submersion of the boxes in the.

OF LIGHT. BANNER

water. After further consultation with Eugenic, and years. When he went on board the Rayen, he had her protector were on their passage to Yarmouth, repeated proposals and compromises between Louis | but recently arrived at Bayonne, from the wreek of England, in a first class packet that plied between the "Prince John," a brig of which he was then first that port and Cherbourg. and his companion in the rescue of the property, it

was agreed that the friend of Eugenio should select officer, that had been lost near the coast of France, from the mass such uninjured articles as he thought after a violent hurricane in the Bay of Biscay. Ho understood that the Raven would return immediately equitable, under the circumstances, and the remainder, valued at the least at eighteen thousand francs, to England; good wages were offered him; he was should go to the wrecker. To this the old man redestitute, and he joined the crew of the smuggler, to luctly assented, with the further proviso, that, (as it learn her real character on his arrival at the depot was entirely unnecessary to say anything about the of the camp of Antonio. He resolved upon quitting affair, for the present.) he should keep the matter a the Raven, at the very first opportunity, and was secret; and further, that he should at once provide rejoiced to learn that she was about to proceed the means for the transportation of the lady's share, toward England so soon after he arrival at the together with himself and Louis, to the nearest con-Eyrie." They embarked with Ostrello and Eugenie venient port, from whence they could sail for Engon board as passengers-Merville, as skipper, and four hands. His experience as a scamen was of Louis went about the work of selecting such of the great service to the commander, and he was, at last, merchandise as he deemed most valuable, and least the only man who reached the shore, when the Raven in bulk, and after some delay and protests, on the was stranded. wrecker's part, from time to time, as he proceeded in

Louis was about twenty six years of age. His complexion was originally fair, and his features were manly and regular. His skin was now embrowned by long exposure to the sun and sea air: but he was a good looking man, of fair education, and a thorough-bred sailor. He had come up from the cabin-boy, and had passed seven or eight years of his sca faring experience in the forecastle. He had been second officer upon two voyages, and when he was wrecked (in the "Prince John") he was then first mate of that unfortunate vessel.

His father had long been dead. Louis was the idol of his only remaining sister, and the support of his aged mother. He toiled hard from year's end to year's end: but he had not been able, thus far, to accumulate the means that his application and long service really deserved. But his reward-though he did not realize it-was, finally, near at hand.

"You tell me, Louis," said Eugenie to her protector and associate in the late disaster, "that you have a sister in England near my own age ?"

"Yes, madame-that is, she is your senior, somewhat. I think. Lucie is now nearly twenty years old."

" And you love her ?"

"With a true sailor's love, madame," replied Louis, ardently.

"And your mother is living, too?"

"Yes, they dwell together."

"You do not meet them often, I suppose ?" "No. once or twice in a year, perhaps."

" How long since you saw your mother and Lucie?"

"Five months, come Sunday next."

"That is a good while."

"It seems longer, when one meets with so much visissitude as has followed upon my last two voyages."

"Wrecked in both, you say?"

"Yes, madame. But my time bas n't come yet, you see."

"Would you not like to see your mother and Lucie ?" asked Eugenie, cautiously.

at present. By and by when I get some l'argent, 1 will go; I am now penniless; and that would not do,

you know." "Where will you go, Louis?"

"To sea, again; I can do nothing else. I am a sailor; I love the sea-though old Neptune does not treat me over well of late. However, ' better luck next time,' we always say, after an accident. There is enough that is new and novel to be met with, and so much to learn and amuse one with-barring the. bad storms, which none of us like that the life of the sailor is a happy one, in the main, lady, after all."

. "You say you will go."

"I must, madame, very soon."

"And leave me alone, Louis-friendless, without a protector? A fatherless, motherless girl, in a strange land_" "No. no-I won't do that, you see."

"What will you do?"

"I will find you a passage to London, or to Havre, or where you please."

"If I decline to go?"

"But do you not wish to go?"

OHAPTER XIX.

THE HOME VOTAGE.

How buoyant is the heart of the mariner, when the warm sun gladdens the sea and sky, when the even breeze fills the brond, white sails of his gallant. craft, and he is bounding forward before the prosperous gale toward the home of those he loves! Such were the pleasurable emotions that animated Louis Dumont-though he was now only a passenger-as he paced the deck of the beautiful bark which was bearing himself and Eugenie Erfinest to his English home.

She had adopted her father's name from choice. and out of respect to the memory of Antonio; and by this name she was subsequently known. From the hour when she found herself indebted to the energy and kindness of Louis Dumont for her life, she experienced the liveliest emotions of gratitude toward him. When she subsequently had the opportunity to witness and realise his disinterested but kind devotion to her weal, and especially after the disclosure made to her when Antonio was no more, those sentiments ripened into a stronger esteem. When she came to feel, at last, how all alone she was in the world, and reflected again that she owed to Louis her safety-when she learned that he had a mother and a sister in his quiet English home, who might be a mother and a sister to herself, was it unnatural or singular that she should think of other relations that might possibly grow out of all this accident and mishap, if Louis proved worthy of her higher respect, or, eventually, of her purer affections? Thus it turned out, at all events. And before the termination of the voyage, though scarcely six weeks had passed since she first met him, Eugenie had, in her own heart, promised Louis Dumont her hand, if he were bold enough to claim it.

Louis did not suspect this, fairly, however. He saw how kind and attentive was Eugenie, and he was very certain that his companionship was not irksome to her, for he was constantly at her side during the voyage from Cherbourg, homeward. Yet he dared not presume to speak to her of love! He was too modest-sailor though he was-too diffident to have his conduct towards Eugenie construed into anything that should seem like assumption or rudeness. He felt that he could afford to wait awhile, and trust to his fortune, which he really believed had now taken a suiden but clearly favorable turn. And in this state of feeling the silent lovers went forward, happily and contentedly, toward the home of Louis Dumont.

They were within twelve hours' sail of Yarmouth. and the voyage hitherto had been unusually brisk and prosperous, when on a sudden the wind changed from southwest to northeast, and a thick for bank was seen rising from the westward, near the land. ahead. The change was very quick from pleasant, bracing weather, to a cheerless and cold atmosphere.

"How far are we from Yarmouth, Louis ?" she inquired of her friend, as soon as they reached the

" That is a long distance, then."

port before midnight but for this queer change in,

The sailor smiled cheerfully, and said, " well, this speak of."

"Do you not feel disturbed, then, amidst such forsafety."

the neat but plainly furnished apartment, "I told drew you near and nearer the true and good-and a you that you would find no splendor here. But let love that made your spirit strong, and taught you ine commend you, Ma'am'selle Erfinest, to the favor through that love to seek the high and pure-that of my dear mother and my sister Lucie. You will brought you oven to the portals of Heaven? Then soon get acquainted, all of you, for the sake of fancy what it is to have all withdrawn-to have the Louis," he added, "and I know you will be very staff broken, and the mighty will, the glorious love, happy together."

"You are very welcome, madame," said the mothinto a pleasant chat, Louis went out to look after the two chests of merchandise he had not yet taken from charges.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light, LIFE. (FIRST VOICE.) Oh, this dreary world is a "vale of tears," And its shadows are long and deep, And weary pilgrims, 'mid dangers and fears, But hardship and sorrow may reap : Oh, this earthly life is sad and dreary, And as I pass on I'm lone and weary. (SECOND VOICE.)

In the "vale of tears" the bright sunbeams play, The smiles of our Father in Heaven, And these love-beams chase the shadows away. And peace to the sad one is given; Oh, 'tis sweet to live in this world of ours, And as we pass on let us cull its flowers.

(FIRST VOICE.) Oh, life on the earth is a cloudy night, And I wander uncertain here, And over my pathway there beams no light My sorrowing heart to cheer ; And the tempests wild break above my head, And their flerce-drawn breath fills my soul with dread.

(SECOND VOICE.) If such, let our life be a starry night; The clouds from our spirits arise-Away with our doubts! and the star-beams bright. Their radiance will shed from the skies; In tompest and storm, if we look above, Our Father still guides in wisdom and love.

(FIRST VOICE.) Our life is a tune of discordant notes, That painfully jar on the soul,

And like the white cloud that in ether floats. Or the ocean, whose waters roll In melody sweet, oh I long to be From these painfully-jarring discords free.

(SECOND VOICE.) Our spirits are lyres, and on them we wake The music our earth-lives inspire; Dark thoughts and wrong deeds saddest discords make

In the great universal choir; Then let our spirits in harmony be

With the music of Heaven-pure, hely aud free. FLORIA. East Medway, Mass.

Written for the Banner of Light. ETHEL CLIFFORD THE WIFE'S STORY.

BY ISABELLE EUSTACE PARKER.

Never saw I a being more lovely, more queenly, than Ethel Clare, as she sat beside me in my cosy little room, attired in her morning garments. Already had twenty-nine summers and winters lavished mother's love welcomed the wanderer. Ab. Eds. I their warmth and cold upon her, and even now had she tasted, ay, drained her cup of bliss and woe.

Early wedded, the one who sought and won her hand had, already, "after life's fitful fever," passed hold a pure love from a parent? But, Eda, the away, and left her, young and beautiful, to battle deepest feeling was for him alone. I never shall with life alone. The world said Ethel Clare was heartless, and wept not over the death of Percy when, one bright summer's day, he sought me in Clifford. They went so far, the oruel gossip, as to say my home. she deemed Hymen's silken chain a yoke, and was through the framework of her jetty tresses, that fell in long spiral curls around her delicately moulded pent up love, calling, 'Ethel-my Ethel Clare !' form ; her small hands clasped tightly, and her red terrible load. upon her the conqueror; the rosebud lips parted, and the white hands were loosed, and she, the favored ceived a warm welcome from my parents. and haughty, came to me, in the gleaming of that beseeching.

all gone. Eda, oh God I why hast thou forsaken me?"

Oh, I could not weep as the proud head, in all its er, in a bland tono; and, while the ladies entered marvelous beauty, lay prostrate at my feet; I could only pray that her spirit had sought its mate in that long, death-like swoon. I bent over hor; I. the vessel, and which were subject to revenue even I, applied restoratives, and saw the mournful eyes gleam forth, still deeper and more spiritual;

finally the voice came ; I checked it not.

"Eda, dost remember how ambition has always been my ruling passion-how I craved worldly honor and fame? Ab, there was a time when naught, it seemed, should stay my purposes. Dost remember ' Leila, the Song Bird ?' "

I started. When I visited the city of --had heard at the last opera the "Song Bird," which was some years ago. Such a voice was that of the radiant being who greeted the vast assembly-so wild, liquid and passionate-she chained the hearts of the audience to her will, and the stage her light foot had pressed was strown with flowers, her wreaths of fast spreading fame. Ab, well I remembered, and the voice was murmuring on :

"Eda, I was 'Leila, the Song Bird ;' and as the flowers fell, I noticed a singular boquet, and I stooped and pressed it to my bosom. I know not what made me, unless it was his will; it was not handsome; it was a cluster of deep, rich violets, the bud of a white lily, an opening rose. They were bound together by a laurel, and a slip of paper, on which was written, 'Be thou like the violet, modest and humble; like the lily in thy purity, and fresh and blooming as the opening rose; and oh, in fame forget not thy womanhood.' I have that even now: it came from Percy. 1 know not our first introduction; I believe it was at a grand party. I well recollect the sensation that was mine when first we met, when his hand clasped my own. Oh. Eds. a new life seemed flowing into my spirit-a new purpose dawned upon me-a higher, more aspiring one. Never will his image fade from my mind-his high. pale brow, his noble head, and deep, serious eyes ! Oh. Eda. I loved him; my whole soul went out to meet his. Peace, that passeth all understanding. was mine; and, from that hour, I lived for Perev Clifford.

A year from our first meeting rolled away, and the esteem of Percy Olifford and Ethel Ulare ripened into a love, stronger, mightier than death. He had never spoken to me of his love. No word had he breathed to me of that pure and holy passion that was binding our souls together with inseparable ties. Eda, that year was like a bright, delicious dream to me, fraught with a free, high harmony, and a woman's true and pure desire. I only needed to be with him, and, silently powerful, I felt the vast torrent of his love rolling on, on, to me. What life I felt when near him! How the blood would course through my veins! My spirit bound upward with a woman's first, holy love! Ah, I wished no more to bask in the sunlight of fiattery and worldly fame. Henceforth I prayed to be better ; that, when he came to me, he might find all his expectations realized.

I returned to my own quiet, beautiful home, and a knew in our busy little town Percy would remember me. I laid bare the outlines of my heart's wish and life to my mother; for what child should withlose the thrill of happiness that entered my being,

Thinkest thou ho surprised me thus early? Ah. glad when it was broken. I ween they never saw no. The night before, Eda, I went to my room early, that proud head bent low, with its wealth of raven bidding a kind good night to my beloved parent. I tresses weiling the pure, sinless face, and hiding from disrobed myself, and donned a cool wrapper, and unfeeling eyes the weight of woe that laid a heavy drew my cushioued chair to the window. As the burden in the broad white brow, and hovered over night was very warm. I threw up the window. The the sweet lips, quivering them in agony. Ah, Ethel sweet south wind, laden with the breath of many Clifford was mourning her life away in deep, bitter flowers, stole in, and dallied lightly with the white grief, that seeks for no recognition, no sympathy, muslin curtains of my bed; it crept over my brow. and no vain words ; her grief was pure and hallowed and lavished kisses thereon. Luna, from above, from mortal eye, and ever from her heart the still flooded my room with a soft, silver sheen, and the nale face of her Percy, in all its nobleness, gazed low, sad notes of the whip poor will floated dreamily forth upon her, weaving around her a strange calm- to my ear. I bent my head upon my hand and ness and seeming happiness which, when alone, burst gazed upon the world of sleeping beauty, enwrapped forth in torrents of bitter woe, and ceaseless repin- in the white glory of the moon. Suddenly my whole ings for the love that had woven itself into every being seemed to thrill and vibrate, as though a mastendril and fibre of her strong, passionate heart, ter hand had touched all the chords of my soul and Now she was before me, a weird light burning from body, and distinct and clear I heard Percy Clifford's her tearless eyes ; her marble like face gleaming voice. Ah, Eda, even to my dying hour shall I remember it, so unearthly sweet, with its burden of I sprang up : my spirit oried. . Percy Clifford, ever lins glowing and burning with the pent up agony of thine !' And again, sweet as the last, breath of the her heart, which was struggling to free itself of its zephyrs dying away into a soft, low whisper, his voice replied, ' To-morrow, Ethel.' And I knew, to-The hour had come. I knew Ethel Clifford had morrow, at that hour. I should hold hallowed conwrestled long with her grief, and now it had turned verse with him who was as the other part of my soul. This is why he surprised me not, and he re-As night drew near, in the west there were signs bright autumn day, meek and tendor. She raised that betokened a storm. Looming up from that horiher dark, impassioned eyes to my face, while her zon was a fearful cloud that had arisen and hung hands clasped mine with almost frenzed engerness. like a pall over the crst fair face of nature. Most She spoke ; and her voice was soft, low, carnest and anxious were my fears for my dear parents, who had left their home that afternoon to call upon a sick and "Eda Lee, I have struggled long with a great woe destitute family some two or three miles distant. that is lving heavy upon my soul, blasting all my Oh. I would have given worlds, at that moment, to life's grand aims; crushing me, Eda, body and have known where my beloved father and mother spirit. Gaze upon me, Eda, and read in this erst were. But I strove to quiet my fears, and yielded ranquil face my woo; pity me, Eda, dearest; fold all. with unwonted calmness, into the hands of my God. She crept closer to me, like a wounded dove, and 1 Peroy and I were alone, *alone*, in the gathering bent over her, and twined my arms around her, and darkness of the little quiet room. Not a breath of kissed her pale, we crowned brow; and her eyes air floated in upon us. All was still and silent as glowed bright, and flashed forth the yearnings in her the grave, while without, heavy masses of clouds soul. She murmured on-her voice, now low and were piling up over the latent, screne and smiling soft, like the dulcet notes of a bird; now wild, pas- sky. Darkness and gloom pervaded all. Solemn and sionate, shricking forth for that which came not; mysterious hour, drawing forth the deepest feelings ! now hollow and hoarse, like the wail of a spirit I was sitting where once was our little fireplace. Percy was opposite me, on the lounge. Ay, even "Oh !" she said, "I am dying-dying, Eda, for then I felt a magnetic influence, that sent thrill after my loved one; there is dearth here "-and her thrill over me. A strange, indefinable feeling of exhand was pressed against her beating, throbbing quisite pleasure filled my soul. Anon the grave, 'Ethel, come hither !' I could not refuse. I heart's secret chamber bereft; there is yearning, wished not. I went to him. I stood before him, wild yearning, for him, the loved and the fied. As even in that gathering gloom. I could see his eyes bours speed on there is no happiness for me. The burn and glow with brilliant light. He whispered master hand that tuned this fiery heart and drew love, and clasped my hand. 'Ethel, can you see to sweet music therefrom, is cold and still. Oh, Eda, bring your harp?' I bent my head-passed through Edal didst ever know what it was to love, wildly, the room into the parlor-brought my bright, beaumadly, passionately? Didst ever know what it was teous harp and set it down by him. 'Thanks !' he to have a will, strong, mighty, and all tender, sway- replied; and still his voice was low and measured as . •

"Oh, yes, very much. But I must not go home

that soon drove Eugenie below.

can In.

" Less than thirty leagues."

"A mere triffe, Eugenie. We should have been in the weather; so sudden, too."

"Yes; and I feel the increased motion of the sear also. Do you observe it ?" she inquired, with some alarm. "Does not the vessel rock badly, Louis ?"

motion is beautiful, Eugenie. But for such agreeable company as yours, 1 assure you I could quickly and sweetly fall asleep with this 'rocking' that you

bidding prospects, Louis-you who have seen so much of accident, with similar warnings, too? I shall be glad when we reach the land again in

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land-all of which he agreed to do forthwith.

his duty, he succeeded in securing an invoice of

splendid materials, which he packed in two large

trunks, and the business between himself and the

old man was concluded. He then informed the

lady what he had done, to all of which she accorded

"We are now ready to leave, madame," said

"Oh, let us go at once, Louis-immediately. I

"I do not know, Louis, why I should go to one or

the other place, particularly. I have no friend, in

either country; and, surely, I cannot return to Por-

tugal !" she added, "for who is there left to love or

"We can proceed with this miserably avaricious

old man to the main land, and thence to Cherbourg,

in France-from thence we can go-that is, madame,

you can go whither you will," added Louis, correct-

"But, Louis," exclaimed Eugenie, instantly, "you

"No, no, madame-I will go with you-that is I

will attend you to Cherbourg, and see that you em-

bark in safety for such destination, subsequently, as

you may elect. But I am a poor sailor, only; and

have no means but my courage and my hands to

provide for myself and those who depend, in a

measure, upon my protection at home-a widowed

mother and sister, madame. I cannot loiter by the

"Let us proceed, then, to Cherbourg, forthwith,"

"And you can discover no traces of poor Antonio's

"None, madame, though we have devoted our-

"Then we have nothing more to bind us here,

The two chests were placed on board the wrecker's

'boat. Eugenie took a kindly leave of the old man's

dame; and, with a pleasant breeze, they started

from the inhospitable reef of the outer shoals of

Guernsey, on their way to the headlands of France.

They arrived there in safety. A vehicle was soon

obtained, and Eugenie and Louis proceeded on, with

all convenient despatch, to Cherbourg, where they

found comfortable quarters, and where Eugenie

halted for repose, and for the opportunity to deter-

mine what should be her subsequent course and

"Do not leave me, Louis," she said, immediately

"You may rely on my devotedness, lady," replied

Louis. And Eugenie thought she discovered an em-

on their arrival at Cherbourg. "I need your coun-

Louis. I am ready, whenever you think proper to

selves assiduously to the task, since you requested

replied Eugenie. "I will speak with you, further,

at four leisure. You say you have satisfied these

way. but must seek new employment, directly."

people, here, for what they have done for us?"

"Amply-amply, madame."

"And the Raven is shattered ?"

"Gone to pieces entirely, madame."

body ?"

3t."

start."

destination.

.

sel and protection."

would not tarry here an hour longer."

"To France, or England, madame ?"

Louis, soon afterwards, "whenever your convenience

her prompt approval.

and pleasure suggests."

care for me?"

ing himself, quickly.

will surely not desert me, there ?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARCHA SAILOR'S FORTUNE.

in this well turned answer

The band that remained behind, in the mountain "passes and promontories of the Sierra d'Estrelia, over whom for so long a period Antonio had presided-under the assumed cognomen of Ostrellohad not the slightest idea when the "captain" left them, on board the Raven, that he would be absent, at the outside, over ten or twelve days.

* At the expiration of the period set down for the farther detention of Dugarre (under their chief's 'order,) as he did not return, the pretended abbe was "duly escorted from the limits of the camp, in safety. We have already learned how he found his way back to Esilrone, and with what success he managed the expedition afterwards, set on foot at his suggestion by the ford of the castle-but of which Ostrello's -men never heard a syllable, or had had any intimation whatever !

They watched and waited at the "Evrie" and every speck upon the ocean was scanned, for days Wand days after the time had passed by, when he should have returned; but the Raven never appeared in sight, and they watched and waited in vain. A fortnight-a month-six weary weeks elapsed, but Ostrello did not come! It was passing strange to the minds of all the band, except to that of Malech. He knew of the abduction, and the subsequent disposal, for awhile, of Eugenie; and he felt satisfied, at length, that love and a beautiful girl was at the bottom of the mystery. The captain had fled with his prize! Malech was certain of this, for he had taken away with him the bulk of his valuables, also -a fact which was only discovered a month after he had gone.

Nearly three months expired, but Ostrello did not show himself again at the camp-when Malech was elected chief in his stead; and matters soon assumed their wonted routine, under the direction of the newly-chosen captain, who was really a brave and accomplished rogue.

Louis Dumont, the unfortunate companion of Eugenie, first arrived at the Eyrie, in the Raven, when she made her late trip to that spot. He had shipped on board the schooner at Bayonne, where the vessel stopped a few days on her way from England. (so her clearance papers denoted,) to " Lisbon and a market." He had no idea she was a smuggler, and knew nothing of her destination or employment. when he shipped. He was an Englishman by birth. but spoke the French and Spanish languages fluently-his parents being French, residing, however, on English soil.

He had followed the life of a mariner for twelve • • • • • • • • • • •

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. "Whither?" "That is for you to arrange, madame."

"Then I may go where I please, Louis ?" "Of course you will do so, lady."

"Then I will not go to London, or Havre, at all

Louis, if you please."

"Where, then, madame ?"

"Where is your home, Louis?"

"On the bosom of the bright blue sea, lady! I have no home but that."

"Your mother and sister, then; where do they reside ?"

"At Yarmouth, on the southern English coast." "Then I will go to Yarmouth, Louis, by your leave; and you shall give me a letter to your mother and to Lucie."

"That would be very nice, to be sure!" said Louis, gaily. "Really, this did not occur to me at all."

"No, you are not very forward, Louis," continued Eugenie, half in earnest. "But you see it now?"

"Oh, clearly, clearly, Madame. And a very good arrangement this will be, upon my word. Though I must tell you, at first, that we are poor enough, and you will not fancy our mode of living much. But Lucie is so gentle and loving, and my good old mother is always so kind, and attentive, and pleasant, that everybody loves them just as I do, I think, and you will be sure to be pleased with them, I know."

"I do not doubt it, Louis; I will go forward at once. You prefer to write, rather than to accompany me to Yarmouth, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, no !" continued Louis, reflectively, as light now began to break in upon his naturally heavy sea rolled up its long waves in dreary succesopaque understanding; "not at all, lady. If you wish it, I-I shall do-that is, I will go with-where you direct me. But, really-this proposition of anything. Before midnight, the storm passed over. am surprised I did not think of it before."

"So am 1, Louis !" replied Eugenie, archly. "But you see how very awkward it would be for me to go | Wight. there alone_"

"I see, 1 see-exactly, madame. Command my services whenever you are ready."

"Why should we not go at once, Louis ?"

"True, madame." "Then be it so," said Eugenie. "My father has eft me with ample pecuniary means, and I will be glad to share it with the family of one who has been so faithfully my friend-when I so much needed his own lips when he reached home at last. friendship-as you have been, Louis. Secure our passage, then, at your early leisure ; and we will de repose, and as much happiness as I can enjoy, in the society of those you love."

Louis Dumont was one of the happiest men alive, his mother and his pretty sister. that night. Within twenty-four hours Eugenie and | "I told you, Eugenie," said Louis, pointing around ing your soul into tuneful harmony-a will that he said, 'Ethel, sit here beside me, and listen to the

"Where we have the sea-room that we have in the Channel here, we feel no uneasiness, ordinarily," said Louis. "Besides, you observe, the motion is easy and uniform, though it is certainly violent."

" All hands on deck !" was shouted at this moment from above the forecastle.

"What is that for, pray ?" exclaimed Eugenie. overhearing this summons.

"Nothing, I think. That is not uncommon. They wish to shorten sail in a hurry, perhaps. I will go up and see how it looks."

"You will soon return, Louis ?"

" Immediately."

The aspect above was by no means cheering or agreeable to Louis, sailor as he was, and he immediately passed to the man at the wheel.

"How does she bear it ?" he asked.

"Now, boys, lively ! Lower away that foresail, or old Boreas will save you the trouble !" should the mate, as he bustled forward, after getting everything snug abaft. "And look to the jib, there. Stand by to let go at the word! This comes like a thief on us. Steady, Brayson, steady ; keep her head up." "Steady-so," responded the weather-beaten Brayson, at the helm.

"By Jove and old Neptune," said the first officer, "this is the sharpest blow I've seen in a twel'month. Let go your jib-haul in, boys, haul in! Stow her snug, and clear away there, for'ard."

The barque was under bare poles, soudding before the squall, and night set in, as dark as Erebus. For two long hours the wind blew frightfully, and the sion around the staunch and well found vessel, alarming poor Eugenie greatly, but doing no damage to yours is so novel, yet so very agreeable to me, that I the clouds dispersed, the sea calmed considerably, the fog blew up, and the barque cracked on all sail again, and stood upon her course once more for the Isle of

> "It is now quite over, I assure you," said Louis. encouragingly, to Eugenie. "It was a serious blow. for the time being, but it has passed, and we shall be in Yarmouth harbor by noon to morrow."

> The mother of Louis was not yet looking for his return. Some anxiety had been felt that his vessel had not lately been heard from, but they supposed it to be safe, and only learned of his two disasters from

At two o'clock on the day succeeding the storm, the good barque came into the harbor off Yarmouth, part for England, where I do not doubt I shall find | in safety, and Louis, with his lady in charge, proceeded at once to his mother's humble dwelling. where a joyful meeting succeeded between the sailor.

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your arms around me, oh kind friend !"

doomed to despair.

heart ; " there is want here, ceaseless cravings after sweet voice of Percy broke the solemn stillness. the absent. Oh, my household idol is broken, my

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BANNER LIGHT. OF

song I sing.' Ho swept his hand across the over her and called her name, but it disturbed her harp, and his deep, rich voice rolled forth into the not; and the weeping mother told me ber daughter grand anthem, 'The Lord reigneth.' Ob, how it had lain in an unconscious state for an hour. The flooded that room with its full, liquid swellt Wave breath came soft from the closed lips, and we knew after wave of music swelled and gushed forth, as she still lived. During the stay we were near her. though the imprisoned soul of the singer could no and watched her breathing, soft and low, as in her longer abido its restraint, and had burst all bounds breast the life-tide was rolling forth toward the and soared to worlds of brilliant costacy. I hushed mystic shore. Slowly and grandly the sun began to my broathing, and I. even I. was more than ever sink behind the western hills; softly his beams bound to him. I crept to him, closer, and my soul, streamed in at the window, and kissed the pale faced in that hour, responded unto his. He finished, with prostrate one; the gleam seemed to awaken her. the room echolug that free, grand gush of melody ; for she unclosed her eyes, and a smile swept over and as the echoes died away, the storm burst forth her countenance, as she whisperedin all its fury; tall trees bont like reeds; and the

spoke to me:

A fitting time, Ethel, in this solemn, mysterious

heart for you. Oh, Ethel, my Ethel'-(ah, Eda !

which each fully shared; and we felt each other's

pain. The lightning flushed brighter, and wrap.

from his breast, put aside the dark, damp tresses of

ted as the beautiful Mrs. Clifford, ever remain my

'Oh, Percy !' I oried, 'spirit of my spirit, even

I will not tell you, Eda, of our simple, unostentatious wedding; and, Eda, nine years sped by that

Percy and I lived together as husband and wife.

His will was my command, and mine was his. Oh,

those blissful years, fraught with so much happi-

ness! But alas! I found my idol to be passing

away. Yes, upon the dearly-loved consumption had

sot her fatal seal; and as I bent over his couch, I

knew he must die. A strange calmness was mine.

I watched his dark eyes' impassioned flow; I saw

each faultlessly chiseled feature. One eve, as I bent

my hair, and whispered :

purity l'

their children.

"Mother, Eda, Percy and I have been wandering lightning flashed, and the thunder swelled, peal on the bright Elysium shores. Mother, Eda, he calls peal; and the arms of Percy Clifford encircled me me. My harp !"

and drew me to his breast; closer, ay, closer, he I handed it to her; she raised herself with almost drew me to him, as though in that embrace he would supernatural energy, and, bending over it, she swept blend soul in soul; and he bent his proud head to the cords with her hand, and, accompanying the music with her melodious voice, gushed forth the me, and pressed ono long, pure kiss upon my lips. Full and sweet his voice, in its deep earnestness, glorious anthem, "The Lord reigneth." Higher

swelled the music, and it seemed as though her spirit must go forth on those waves of melody. gloom to tell you of the love that is burning in my Paler she grow as the liquid notes flowed from her lips in that falling twilight; and, as she finished. his voice dwelt on my name as though 't were loth I laid her gently back, and in a whisper faint she to leave it) - in this hour I feel as though these said:

fierce elements are uniting us together. Here, in "Mother, dearest and best, I go to that land this Egyptian darkness. I pledge myself, before God whence no sorrow cometh ; I go to meet my beloved. and Heaven, as your soul's mate. Ethel, Ethel, my The angels bright are near, mother; I hear their spirit's bride, dearest in life and death, thou art whispering voices, bidding me 'come up higher.' mine as I am thine. Come nearer, still nearer, Mother, those who gavest me being, weep not for me. Ethel. Let us, in this hour, while the artillery of Farewell. Eda, friend !"-and the dark eyes sought the sky is uniting itself in grand harmony, let us mine-"I go to him I love; my spirit is impatient, make ourselves one. Ethel, in silence we will give and crics, 'Come, Angel of Death, come quickly.' our spirits unto each other.' He wrapped his arms The veil that hides the glories of the spirit world is around me: his forehead touched mine; cheek and being rent in twain; the mystic gate opens, and the lips united ; and our spirits henceforth were one and voices of the freed ones greet me. Sister and friend, the same. We had no purpose, no thought, but farewell."

She sank gently back upon her couch, a slight snasm convulsed her frame, and we gazed only on ped us in its gleaming sheet; and Percy raised me the casket-the spirit had passed on. At that mo ment the chords of the harp vibrated to the touch of an unseen hand, and discoursed angelio music-now 'My bride, my wife ! Oh, ever in the world, sweet and low; anon swelling forth into a grand Ethel, when you are crowned with flattery, and salu-pean of praise and triumph. It ceused; when suddenly a paper fell at our feet, upon which were written the following words:

"I will return and snap the harp strings, loose as thou dost love, so love I thee, and life shall see me the silver chords, and henceforth quaff the fountain over thine !' And then it seemed as though the of life's bright waters."

Silently we bent over the beautiful casket, and floodgates of the sky were opened, and the rain fell in torreuts upon the glad earth. The dark clouds whispered, "In life and in death they were one. The swept away, and the sweet setting sun gilded the Lord gave, and He hath taken away; oh, bless His world once more with its rays of departing glory. holy name !" We buried her beside his grave, and All Nature seemed to smile and welcome us. We many a tear of sympathy has bedewed the sod where were married, and the parents' blessing went with rests the remains of the devoted child of holy, passionate Love!

> HENRY WARD BEECHER AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Evening, July 10th, 1859.

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

TEXT.—"But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doublies, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord; for whom I have sufficient the loss of all things, and do gount them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own rightcousages, which is of the law, but that which is through the fulth of Christ, the righto-ousaes which is of God by laith; that I may know him. and the power of his resurrection, and the followship of his suffor-largs, being made conformable unto bis death; if by any his face grow radiant with celestial glory; and methought an angel had lent all its grand sublimity to over him, he whispered, 'To night, Ethel, I go to the dim and shadowy land, to await your coming.' My fortitude left me, and I shrieked forth, 'Dis 1 means I might attain unto the resurrection of the death ; if L Oh, my beloved, there is no death for such as you ! PHIL iii, 7-11.

I need not tell you that this is the language of Paul. Percy, return; return / Thy bride will languish at Its fullness, its richness, its positiveness, all mark it as his; for the New Testament, in treating of Christ, thy stay l' A holy smile illumed his countenance, and he, replied: • Ethel, I will return, and night shall find me still with you. I will return to play upon the harp-to his faith, as the confession of his soul's experience. He snap those strings. I will return to loose the silver gives the inward history, alluding to his carlier state of unprofitable legal conformity, to the change of that state, to the contentment of another and a higher rechord-to quaff the fountain of life's waters, and ligious life, and to the fruit which follows this lifenamely, religious development. That night, Eda, the spirit of Percy Clifford, with

There are three histories in which the soul may be his face pressed against mine, as in our bridal hour, his face pressed against mine, as in our bridal hour, passed to the dim and shadowy land, and the harp-chords vibrated, and mournful, tender music gushed through the room. As the spirit freed itself, higher and higher pealed the harmony; 'Victory over Death' was its burden, and I kept a night vigil there, and form was close to his, and heavenly music joined in the spirit tender between the view of the spirit there is the spirit the spi am going to Percy each night. The sobbing harp, swept by his hands, sighs forth, 'Come to the bride-groom come oh come.' Eds. I never went for him. A strange happiness was mine before the world; quence of this revelation. I propose to glance at each of these histories; but with reference, particularly, to the last. First: A man may be undisturbed in conscience, and so he may have religious rest. (if you please to call the negative of religion, religious.) if he is only ignorant enough—if he is only indifferent enough. Where God's law of human life and conduct is hidden, or where it is vulgarized, and reduced to such a degree of degrada-tion that it covers all the meanness and littleness of a selfish life with approbation, we may suppose that a man may be contented. Where very lax and accommo dating views of duty are held, we may suppose that She sprang up and pushed aside her luxuriant hair from her noble brow. She indeed looked still in health and free from death's withering hand; but in the eye there was a supernatural expression, on the brow a high spiritual look, that made me feel deeply that the angel of death hovered near. "Eda"—and again she bent low to me—"I have listened to the *Wife's Story*. You have learned why she is deemed cold in regard to her bereavement. Oh, Eva, when I am gone, unfold to the world the love of Peroy and Ethel Clifford." gent and easy performance of external duties_and chiefly those which human laws make obligatory, or chiefly those which human laws make obligatory, or which reign by force of public sentiment, or which stand in the relative conveniences of men in neighbor-hoods and in partnerships. Thus, by excusing and permitting that which is bad, and by enjoining only external, easy, and negligent duties, men at last come to think that the performance of such duties is enough: that it is safe for the future, and sufficient for the pre-sent; and that if a man does perform them, he is all that we were meant to be in this vale of tears. A man who has come to think in this way is never went to the door and tapped lightly for admittance. Her mother, who had arrived that very morn, opened it. In a subdued voice, blent with grief and resignation, she bade me enter. "Oh," she said in a low whisper, "could I have known my dear child was dying I should have been with her ere this; but her letter was delayed, and not until to day was I able to leave my home. Dear not until to day was 1 able to leave my home. Dear Miss Lee—for Ethel wrote concerning you, and 1 know you are that friend—come near the bedside of my daughter." Lapproached quickly. On the face of the calm is looked at principally in his secular relations, as a creature of time, and by the ontside—not as as son of God, spiritual, and immortal, and destined to the in-effible glory of the eternal state. Where, then, men succeed in vulgarizing the law of God, and substantially annihilating it; where their conduct, in consequence of this, has classed to stand up in the light of that law; and where they feel that there is a sort of rest in an easy and nermissive way of living energy in wild neglect, and the morning sun orept in and shone upon it, giving it a deep, rich, purplish tint so rarely seen; about the full lips a mile, even heavenly as an angel's, played. I bent is a sort of the sort of

But next: Look at the condition of the soul when perfect peace in the midst of sin and transgression. But next: Look at the condition of the soul when this torpidity ccases—when, by the teaching of the sanctuary, by the better reading of God's word, or by the working of his own moral nature, a man, at last. Comes to get a higher and truer view of his relations to God and his destiny. Let the haw of God be under-stood according to its true meaning, and not according to what self-lowe and self-indulgence interpret it to mean; let it stand up and make the declaration, "Thou shalt lowe the Low! The low of the declaration, "Thou some measure, the character of Christ. Is there in our sources to get a dight of the declaration, "Thou some measure, the character of Christ. Is there in our means tow the Low! It of the declaration, "Thou some measure, the character of Christ. Is there in our sources the character of the declaration, "Thou some measure, the character of Christ. Is there in our sources the character of the top of the construction of the sentence anything anologous to Christ's relation to the sentence on the sentence on the sentence on the character of the sentence on the sentence shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and some measure, the character of Christs, is there in dur with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself"—let the such a thing as our standing in another's wisdom, in law of God stand before the mind and be understood thas, and what will be the effect? The first effect will ing in them in such a way, that we shall derive from

thought and feeling and motives to God's spiritual haw of life and holiness. This will stand first; and outward scolety, always perceive, if they have discrimination, that it manifests faults and imperfections, when meas-tion inward purity. In short, man's life ured by any scale or rule of right; and they say. "However good the child may be, we have an imper-fect and faulty child." The question is, then, do the father and mother love as a man gains a clear view of what God requires in the spiritual law; just so soon as he comes, by an applica-tion of that haw to himself, to perceive how, in every faculty, he comes short of obeving it just so soon as

faculty, he comes short of obeying it; just so soon as and to love it out of their own nature of love-that he finds how, in the whole course of his life, vice and causes them to love it because there is in their heart sin are the rule, and not the exception; just so soon as he finds that his charactor is tarnished and flawed by be finds that his character is tailing and having part open and habitual violation of God's law in every part of it. In spirit and in letter-just so soon as a man does of it, in splitt and in letter-just so soon as a man does this, he comes, I need not tell you, to a state of very

great discontent, if he has any moral feeling left. As I have already explained, a man who is so stupified that he makes no struggles toward leading a pure life, and feels no need of making any, may have relative contentment. But lift the soul of such a man up into illumination of God's law, so that he shall feel what its actual state is, and what it must become in order to be acceptable with God, and then see how diferent his contentment is, under such circumstances, from what it was when he was in his former state.

There are many ways in which men seek religious contentment through endeavors to become what God requires us to be; but I shall mention only two of them. occause these two include the most of all the others. The first consists in their attempting so to perform every duty that they shall have complacency as a result of obedience. They endeavor to live so nearly right, that, looking upon their right-living, they shall feel a certain degree of satisfaction and contentment therein. Now peace is to be had by men from the viewing of their obedience, only in the proportion in which they are ignorant and insensitive; and contentment and rest will lice away from them just in the proportion in which they become enlightened, and their moral sensibility increases. In other words, the more men's moral nature is cultivated, and the near they approach to that state which the law of God requires us to attain, the more exquisite is their preparation for discontent, and for suffering, in consequence of that fear which springs from guilt. For when a man attempts to measure his character by the law of God, and applies that the full the measures of the sub-transfer of the subthat law to all the processes of thought, to all the shades of feeling, to all molives—when he attempts to watch himself, and to analyze his conduct, and make it con form, in every particular, to the law of God—ho be-comes im pressed, at once, with the immense perplexity of the task he has undertaken. And not only that; he begins to feel that the mere living, from hour to hour, with correctness, is but little. with correctness, is but little. Here is the development of this nature, here is the

augmentation of these powers; and the influences which

law of God as a mirror to see that we are distorted with will be by and by. ugliness, that our face reflects not the pure lines of the And what is true of the parent in this respect is also ugliness, that our face reflects not the pure lines of the beauty of holiness, but imperfections-it is this that makes a man wretched, if he be noble, because consclous imperfection makes a man miserable; if he be ig-noble, because he fears the wrath of God. It is, then be ig-

pre, that the parent has toward the child. And what every true parent and every true teacher do in this respect, every true friend does. It belongs to the very nature of love to do it. And in our earthly relations, when we are the subject and object of such treatment at availant from how me are contracted. righteousness of his life, and rejoices in it, and justifies himself before God; and there is a lower way in which himself before you, and thing. For instance, if a man to the very means the subject and object of such stands, according to his integrity, with clean bands, he relations, when we are the subject and object of such says, "I have never taken a bribe; I have never knowing-ly cheated a neighbor; I have endeavored, in all things, hend it. That is to say, when, instead of being the parent, we act as the child; when, instead of being the teacher, we act as the scholar; when, instead of being the teacher, we act as the scholar; when, instead of being the teacher, we act as the scholar; when, instead of being to act justly; and I stand in my integrity, and say that I am upright." Well, as before men, and using the law of society as a measure, a man has a right to say this—and it is noble; but no man, taking the higher conception of integrity, which makes it to consist in the fulfilling of the desire upon the human mind in its formation and development; no man, looking at himthe superior, we act as the inferior, and we look at ou earthly relations in the light of our experience, we are soli in the light of God's law, ever did, or ever will, uature can love a little nature, how a just nature can love a statistical in my integrity." No man, looking at love an unjust one, or how a generous nature can love a solitable of the other faculties of his mind, says, in a scelence, and all the other faculties of his mind, says, in the presence of God and before him, "Thom, God, seest own imperfections, the mother's love and care is not that all my faculties are properly employed. Then, a subject of examination, but a subject of simple con-knowest that every pulse and throb of my being is right. sciousness; and it feels, "I am bad; but oh, what a I am like an organ attuned and well-played before thee." It is a monstrous failiney to suppose that a man can nt - 1 it is so with us in our relation to great and generous tain a state which will enable him to speak thus. No man ever did, and no man ever will, attain such a state. Vo man ever was, and no man ever will be, able to say, 'I have done my whole duty before God." But this same struggle oftentimes takes on another orm. Men are endeavoring to find rest, as they say, form. Men are endeavoring to find rest, as they say, in Christ. They are attempting to prepare themselves, solves conscious of imperfection. It is the everlasting anchor of life in this world to find those natures whose peace. And this preparing of their souls for submis-sion to Christ, amounts to precisely the same thing as the preparing of a man's soul for obedience to the law of God. They never feel that they have renounced the shadow of a tree, as well as larger and nobler creations. world completely enough to admit of their going to the Lord Jesus Christ; they do not feel that they have re-pented of sin with sufficient depth of sorrow, and enerpented of sin with sufficient depth of sorrow, and ener-gy of revulsion, to make it consistent for them to go to him; they do not feel that they have such large views of Christ as to justify their going to him; they do not feel that they have yielded themselves up to Christ with that faithfulness which is requisite to fit them to go to him; they do not feel that they have given up the things of earth with a heartiness that will excuss them for seeking peace at his hands,—and so they stand waiting, and praying, and weeping, and striving, uncestful and suffering, in the presence of Christ, endeavoring to pre-pare themselves to go to him and have rest in him. pare themselves to go to him and have rest in him. Under such circumstances, you might as well call Christ the law, and the law Christ. A man is attempting to do the same thing, whether he seeks to find peace in obedience to the law, or whether he seeks to find peace in Christ's acceptance; for in the former case he makes the law as Christ, and in the latter case he makes Christ as the law. Where a man attempts to find peace Imakes the law as Christ, and in the latter case no makes Christ as the law. Where a man attempts to find peace in Christ as the law. Where a man attempts to find peace in Christ's acceptance, there is no Saviour recognized, and the whole of the New Testament is abolished; ho bas gone, back to the Old Testament. A man who is and says, "I am not repentant enough, I am not good enough, to go to Christ; I desire, I long for, I yearn for peace in Christ; but I am not yet prepared for it," does not understand the first elements of the disgred the chains of ceremony. With all these processes, then, there will be nothing and of all the suffering in the world that is silently burs struggle, and defeat, and disaster, and suffering; a person no rest, I think there is none that can com-pare with that which many nen, great in moral istarre, sensitive, and strong in conscience. undergo, from the daily perception of the discrepancy between moral in-tentions and fulfilments. They do not know how to get rid of it. They try to be better; for ten years they itry, and fail to come up to their standard; for ten years more they try, and fail to come up to their standard; for ten years more they try, and fail to come up to their standard; for ten years more they try, and fail to come up to their standard; for ten years more they try, and fail to come up to their standard; for ten years more they try, and fail to come up to their standard; for ten years more they try, and fail to come up to their standard; for ten years more they try, and yet they do not couchit; for a score more of years they try without reaching it. All their life long they wear sudness as a garment; and they dise if wears and is in a more having the more they they and they do not couch it; for a score more of years they try without reaching it. All their life long they wear sudness as a garment; and they dise daily perception of the discrepancy between moral in-tentions and fulfillments. They do not know how to get rid of it. They try to be better; for ten years they try, and fail to come up to their standard; for ten years more they try, and yet they do not touch it; for a score more of years they try without reaching it. All their life long they wear sadness as a garment; and they die sorrowful and repinne, never having known the peace sorrowful and repining, never having known the peace that comes from the righteousness of Christ, instead of from their own rightcoursess. Thirdly: Look at that peace which Christ gives to us, and the way in which it comes. Before we can have peace, there must arise in our minds a view of God's nature in Christ, which shall bring us, with all our sins, and flaws, and faults, and imperfections, and infelicities, and infirmities, to him; before we can have peace, we must have a view of Christ, into which we can go with a full consciousness of our low moral es-tate; for no man lives that does not sin; no man lives that does not repeat his transgression from every part of his nature, and every day of his life; and if there is to be peace for man, it must be a peace which is pro-pared for imperfection, for sinfulness—not which justihes it, but which, at the same that it makes the heart more sensitive to sin, and the sinfulness of it, and at made him God. Because, from centre to circumfer the same time that it gives the impulse of life more and from circumference back to centre, it was the earnestly to righteousness and holiness, also gives nature of God to save by loving, was the very reason

thus, and what will be the effect? The first effect will ing in them in such a way that we shall derive from be to apply to man's thoughts and feelings and conduct a new measure. They will be measured by a higher before. This change will take place: whereas a man has been accustomed to measure hinkelf by merely out-side obedience, he will begin to perceive that the first and chief thing is inward purity—the conformity of thought and feeling and motives to God's splitual law ers, and to cone under the influence of the world and of life and hollness. This will stand first; and outward

with all its imperfections, and sins, and wrong-doings, and to love it out of their own nature of love-that such regality of love that they know how to take an object up, though imperfect, into their own true father-hood and motherhood? I know there are some dry fathers and some dry mothers-I know there are some

hearts that are like summer brooks, which are all grav-el, and have no flowing streams of water; but true fatherhood or true motherhood is that quality in parents which teaches them how to take up a little faulty creature, and love it, because it is so feeble, because they cannot help loving it, because, in short, it is

their nature to love. Do you suppose the sun revolts any more when it shines on a lizard than it does when it shines on a dove? It is its nature to shine alike on the just and on the unjust; and it is the nature of large benevo. lence or love to over-pour on its own account. What ever the object may be, the heart must be true to this royal divinity, namely, to love, and love, and love; and we see the most tender expressions of it in the pa-rental relation. Every one knows that it is not because parents are simply indifferent to the child's faults that they love it and care for it. They love it and care for it because it needs to be loved and cared for. A parent may mistake virtues and faults in the child; but there is no being in the world that is so sensitive, according to his own scheme of right and wrong, to the faults of another as the parent is to the faults of the child. And that is not all; the love of the true father or mother is quickened by the con-sciousness that the child needs more love on account of its faults.

This sympathy becomes waxy with some. They come to have no great positiveness of being. They sort of sail through life as feathers do through the airsoft, and smooth, and graceful. There is nothing to give them a hold on our affections. There must be some saliency to love that rouses up the hearts of those about it. And I think we love our worst children the most: not altogether because they are the worst; not There is nothing to ions. There must be nerely because they make the greatest demand upon our attention and loving affection; but because our true parental love is stirred up by the compassion we feel for those that are out of the way and doing wrong. I think love is like this creative matter in trees,

which, if you cut the bark, produces granulations, that reach over and cover the wound, and heal it, and that reach over and cover the wound, and heal it, and leave a new bark in its place, thus preventing perma-nent injury to the tree. The moment we see our chil-dren's faults, we attempt to cover them over and heal them with our own vigilant care. Parents love and augmentation of these powers; and the influences which operate upon the mind are so subtle, the degrees of at-tainment in excellence are so many, the task of carry-ing such an organized soul as man's uprightly, purely, symmetrically, and with predominant love, that the more one understands these things, the more unavoid-ably does he see and feel the discrepancy between de-sire or intention and the actual performance. Now it is this discrepancy between what we know of right and our actual life; it is this holding up of the law of God as a mirror to see that we are distorted with

true of the teacher. Every true teacher does the same by his pupils that the parent does for the child; for the teacher is but an artificial parent, grafted in later. noble, because he fears the wrath of God. It is, then, He has to stand in just the same relation to the pupil a hard and hopeless task for a man to attempt to find that the parent does to the child; and he is conscious must be considered and he is conscious to the child; and he is conscipatited; and he is consc There is a way in which the psalmist conceives of the ple, that the parent has toward the child.

conscious that there is in human society the quality of disinterested love; and we do not trouble ourselves with the mysteries and refinements as to how a great It is so with us in our relation to great and generous natures. There is a kind of rest that we have in some people, which springs from the sense, not so much of what we are to them as of what they are to us. It is the overshadowing of a great soul over ours that gives us the life-beat and life-hope, and joy and peace in them, and oftentimes in the proportion that we are our-solves consolous of imperfection. It is the everlasting nature? And may we come, with all our his and evils, to God, and lind rest in him, not in ourselves? Can we do this, not because we are good, but because we mean to be good—not because we are proximately obe-dient to the law of God, but simply because it is the nature of divino, excellence to inspire rest in all those that come into his conscious presence and communion? I hold that it is so. I utterly repudinte-with scorn and disgust I repudiate-the idea that God's love or mercy to this world was a thing prepared. I hold in perfect contempt the thought that there was a sort of forever and forever atonement; that is, it is strength to weakness, it is pardon to sinfulness, it is that which bears with things to be borne with. Atonement is a Atonement is a manifestation of God's nature and fullness; it is not a thing of God's arrangement. Therefore, although I would not speak contemptuously of any form of words that is endeared to any man's experience, yet I may be permitted to say that, so far as my own experience is concerned, I utterly abbor all such terms, applied to the work of man's redemption through the Lord Jesus Christ, as, a plan reitemption through the Lord Jesus Christ, is, a plan of salvation; a sit three had been culless plans and arrangements for the deliverance of mankind from the bondage of sin, and at last a means was devised by which they might be saved—a conception which is totally at variance with the true character of God. God's heart palpitated salvation; God's heart throbbed cultation; God lived it; it was in his vary being; it salvation; God lived it; it was in his very being; it

of salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ. This vasinees of the love of God is the world's hope. And what the sun is in the physical universe, drawing toward is the planets of the solar system, and keeping them in their respective orbits, that God is in the moral universe, drawing us toward him, and keeping us in circuits of

drawing us toward him, and kceping us in circuits of duty forevermore. Now the moment a man comes, by the right reading of God's word, and by the teaching of his spirit, to comprehend the glory of his infinite fove, and to under-stand that he so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to die for it, that whosever believed in him should not perish, but have everlasting life; the moment a man stands and says. "It is God's nature to betwee here though I am not worthy, to let me let me love him though I am not worthy, to let me rest in him though I am not worthy, to have pity for me though I am not worthy, to put his arm round about me and sustain me though I am not worthy, to say to me, 'I have devised glorious things for thee,' though I am not worthy:'' the moment a man comes to realize that it is the ineffable nature of God to love, to care for, to strengthen, and to save; the moment a man stands before this flaming central truth, and feels, "It is so i it is so i" that moment his heart is saved. To feel thus is to have faith: it is to have that faith which works by love—which, taking hold of this great element of love in God, answers to it, and says, "It is —it is that to be God!"

-it is that to be God!" The moment a man geta this view of God's nature. it is to his soul what sunrise is to the natural world. You may light as many lamps as you please between , here and the place of the sun's rising, but all is night till the morning star appears, and the majestic orb of day comes trooping up the east, all bannered and decked with light; and then the darkness flees away. And you may put before a man's soul as many hopes and encouragements as you please, but there is no such thing as rest and joy to him till he stands almost in the glory of the power of love that there is in God's nature, so that he can at least say, "I see it yonder; I know what it is to be, here; it is the abounding love of God to me.

But how does that love take hold of us? What is its nature? It is the realization of it that makes it saving. It is the perfection of it that takes hold on the mind. You plant your seed, and say, "I have found out that God has established such a chemical relation between it and moisture and light, that if I place it in the ground it must surely come up." The power which causes the seed to grow is in the sun; but if you plant it in a box, and nail down the lid, and put it way where the light cannot penetrate to it, and put it away where the light cannot penetrate to it, and there let it remain, summer shall come and go, and ages shall roll around, and, although the sun is pouring forth its vivifying influence all the time, it will never do any good to your poor hidden seed. If the sun is to help it, and make it grow, you must bring out your box, and remove the cover, so that the light can reach it. As soon as the sun comes to shine upon it, it will do its work. And if you shut up your heart when God comes near

you, this glorious power of divide love, which stands for eternity in heaven, although it flames for others, will not reach you, simply because you need to open your heart and let it shine in. The momenta man does open his heart, and the love of God does shine into it, and he recognizes, and feels that it takes hold into it, and he recognizes, and feels that it takes hold, of him, as the sun takes hold of the seed when, it shines upon it; the moment a man recognizes the glori-ous truth that God's everlasting love is shed abroad by the Holy Ghost upon the whole world; the moment that great truth smites a man's soul, he has found Christ, and he begins to have the light of faith. This view, then, is the interpretation of what we mean by faith in Christ.

This view interprets, secondly, what we mean by self-renunciation. Christ has told us that we must lay down a great many things; and men go about with a kind of mechanical wishing that they knew what to kind of mechanical wisbing that they knew what to hay down. They think that they nust hay something down, and yet they have got nothing to hay down that they know of. Deacons and elders in the conference room, and ministers in the pulpit, have much to say about our duty of laying things down for Christ. I reinember how I used to try to lay things down. I took up a figure and rode it to death, and it came near upon figuritive sayings in the Bible a literal construction, have perverted our notions of truth, and well nigh spoiled us.

A great many persons think, "What can I lay down for Christ's sake?" What do I want that have A freet many persons think, what can hay down for Christ's sake?" What do I want my child to lay down for my sake? I want him to lay down nothing that belongs to his nature. I want him to take up more than he has got-more intelligence, more moral power, more physical stamina. I want him to build up, not to tear down; and the more he makes of him.

up, not to tear down; and the more he makes of him-self, normally, rightfully, the better I like it. Now what do we ronounce in going to Christ? Nothing in the nature of our normal powers-none of , the faculties with which man was originally endowed. We simply say, "I have been trying, in this inclusted state of existence, to get peaco. Hore I stop. I.re-nounce myself as the ground of happiness. I. take Christ. I lift up the arms of my faith and of my loye to him. Hore it is not I that is to make my for Christ. 1 lift up the arms of my laten and of my love to him. Hereafter, it is not I that is to make my joy, but Christ that lives in me." For, it is to be remem-bered, we are to look to that which is greater than we, instead of to ourselves, if we would find peace and joy. This view interprets, too, what is meant by being This view interprets, too, what is meant by being clothed with another's righteousness. Oh, woe is you, if this sweet thought shall not preach of father and mother to you. I am clothed with my mother's right-cousness to this hour, although she died when I was yot an infant. My memory of her is as of some faint cloud, far in the horison. But though my memory of the fact that the horison of many wash. her form has so failed, during the lapse of many years. yet the consciousness of her goodness, her serene wisdom, her pure, disinterested nature, and her devoted dom, her pure, disinterested nature, and her devoted love to me, and my brothers and sisters, has gone with me all my life long. I feel conscious that the effect of her nature on mine was to enrich me. Among the things that I esteem, and among the things that I wear in title, nothing is so dear to me as the remembrance that I am the child of my mother. And the very name I have is not so dear to me because I have lived in it, and filled it in some way, as because it was given to me by my mother, and was murmured by her over my, unconscious head, and was solemnized by the sign and symbol of baptism, and was mentioned in the house of By all the fondness I have for my mother; by the regrets, ten thousand times repeated, which I have felt, that she did not walk with us longer in this that my memory of her has had upon me; by the feeling which I have had a thousand times in temptation, that she beheld me, that she restrained me, that her was yet with me, sorrowing and rejoicing, as I sor-rowed and rejoiced—by oven these fragments of expe-rience, I know what it is to be clothed with another's righteousness. And that which I have had in this small measure from my mother, has been fulfilled to me in more glo-rious measure by my other parent, who was my father when I was a child, and to whom I am father now that I should be sorry for any one that did not know what I should be sorry for any one that did not know what such a relationship was, through father or mother, or some one that stood to him in the place of father or mother—that did not know what it was to have the goodness and power of others transferred to him. And is when I speak of being clothed with the rightcousness of Christ. I banish all idea of going to a wardrobe and getting a garment in the form of some Christilke vir-tue, and throwing it over a human being. I put away all notion of annutation like that of taking out the beart of one man and putting it into another man. I do not for an instant entertain the thought of a ride transfer of the qualities of Christ to man. To be to not for an instant entertain the thought of a range transfer of the qualities of Christ to man. To be clothed with God's righteousness, according to my understanding, is this: A generous nature, with the spirit of love, looking upon the love of God, feels, "He surrounds me; he stimulates me; I am clothed with his goodness, rather than upheld by my own." This view also interprets the formative power on life and character of love-principle. In other words, it interprets the change of experience which takes place when a misinstructed person, seeking Christ, and endeavoring to get ready for peace by the inspection of his own moral state, is at last led, by some means or other, to look away from himsolf, and to obtain a or other, to look away from himself, and to obtain a more comprehensive view of the Saviour. Men think they can get peace by retrospection, and so they go to work and study their temper, and disposition, and motives; but they find them bitter, and acid. The examination of their moral qualities brings them no. peace. It seems to them that they have no right to go to Christ till they are about right; and as they do not arrive at a state in which they are conscious of being so, they keep away from him, and thus deprive themelves of the rest which they micht obtain he being so, they keep away from him, and thus deprive themselves of the rest which they might obtain by going to him while yet in their sins. The idea of a man going to Christ after he becomes perfect, is like of a man going to a doctor for help and comfort after he has got well. A doctor can do noth-ing for you if you are well, and therefore he can afford you no comfort; but if you are sick he can aid yon, and thus contribute to your peace. What if a man should carry his watch to a horologist when there was nothing the matter with it? The horologist would say to him. "Why did you bring it to me if it runs right?" Now if you obtain peace from Christ, you have got te Now if you obtain peace from Christ, you have got to go him unfixed, unregulated, uncured of wrong, with your pride and your selfishness betraying you, with all

8

our souls again together in that spirit land. Eda, I the soul, and in which there is discontent from groom, come, oh come.' Eda, I never wept for him. but alone I mourned the master hand. Eda, before the last. another week, Ethel Clifford will jein her spirit." Slowly and falteringly, yet full of buoyant hope,

carry you in my bosom, home."

the voice of Mrs. Clifford still went on.

"With you, Eda, and my mother alone, do I wish to die. Eda, next Wednesday night 1 go. Do I look like it ?"

She sprang up and pushed aside her luxuriant

Percy and Ethel Clifford."

I have kept her wish. The next week came, and Ethel seemed the same. I watched her narrowly; and noticed she kept her room, and rarely went forth except to her meals. I had seen a gentle yielding of nature-that the beautiful countenance grew more ethereal each day. Wednesday drew near-come-and Ethel had not left her room. I

not until to day was I able to leave my home. Dear

- I approached quickly. On the face of the calm alceper before me was a high spiritual look that betokened the dawn of immortality. Her face was pale as marble, and inspiration seemed to rest on each feature. Her wavy black hair streamed over

LIGHT. BANNER OF

your morbid feelings at the time rending your heart; you have got to stand up in the gigantic conception of a multiform and miseducated nature, of a character all full of llaws, which God, if he should look at it justly,

would have, which God, if he should look at it justly, would hate, but of which, in the charity of his divino mature, he says, "i take it to care for it." Peace is to be found, then, not in the consciousness that you are fit for Christ, but in the consciousness that Christ is fit for you. The moment a man fiels, "Christ has just the nature to cure me, a sinner." that moment for and neares been a dawn on his soul.

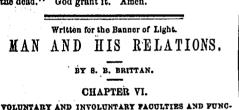
""Christ has just the nature to cure me, a sinner." that moment joy and peace begin to dawn on his soul. There is one other point that needs explaining. It may be asked by some of you. "If there is this loose intercourse between God and the soul, what is the motive to obedience? Does it not make temptation to sin very great?" You are anticipated in this ob-jection. The apostle had the same thing urged upon him. He had been making this same argument, and he proposed this same difficulty—that if God has such a loving nature that he will accept men while they are yet sinful, it is safe for them to go on sinning. The purport of the apostle's answer to this objection was, that when a man acts from a sense of love or gratitude, he is less noting that use a low of you are so that when a man acts from a sense of love or gratitude, he is nearly from a sense of love or gratitude, he is less inclined to sin than when he acts merely from a sense of duty. sense of duty.

And is not that so? Have you not found it so in your own experience? Compare, for instance, the fidelity of servants with that of a child, or a husband, or a wife. The fidelity of servants turns on duty. That is the highest motive they reach. A sense of duty may make them faithful. But the fidelity of a child, a hus-band, or a wife, does not come from a sense of duty, but from a sense of love; and do you not expect more from them than you do from a subordinate? We all know that men will perform more from a sense of love than from a sense of mere obligation. Fear will make men obcellent; duty is a much higher motive to obcell-ence than fear; but love as a motive to obcellence, is high above everything else. The moment a man comes to have an appreciation of this royal love of God, and bigher burger to group the desite on the feature will be feature to be a sense. his heart begins to respond to it, and he feels, "I am the child of Christ," he has received the most power-ful motive to right conduct that man is capable of receiving in his mortal state.

ceiving in his mortal state. So that the doctrine of God's repairing love, instead of laying the foundation for a laxity in the perform-ance of moral duties, lays the foundation, more than any other doctrine, for loyal obedience to God's re-concernents. quirements.

any other doctrine, for loyal obcdience to God's re-quirements. Are there any souls that have been wandering in the dark? When your distress came, pallid Fear, perhaps, eame to you, and took the wheel; and what has been your navigation, amidst rolling waves, and dark and pelting storms? Oh, what thunder-cracks have terrified your soul, on boiling seas, with Christ asleep in the ship, and with Fear steering 1 Or, if you took Conscience in the ship to guide and pilot you, how hard a master has it proved, and how little comfort has there been in navigation 1 Now then, yo that have been toiling night and day. Christ is in your ship; and if you will go to the stern. where he sleeps, and say. "Lord, dost thou not care that we perish?" he will lift himself up, and rebuke the winds and waves, and there shall be a great calm. And it is only when Christ speaks to the soul-to all the bad elements about it—that it can find any such thing as peace.

soul-to all the bad elements about it—that it can find any such thing as peace. Let me read again, in closing, the passage with which 1 began: "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss to Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ and he found in him not having ming loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith; that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." God grant it. Amen.



TIONS.

"Who reigns within himself and rules Passions, desires, and fears, is more than king." Milton.

The human economy presents at once the most beautiful organic arrangement, and the most complicated modes of action. Here, indeed, we find the perfection of organic relation and dependence, and the very " poetry of motion." When we ascribe the corporeal functions to vital electricity, as a proximate agent, we are quite sure that the alleged cause is adequate to produce all effects, though these are such complex and amazing revelations of inward power, as to require the most subtile and potent principle in Nature. Nevertheless, the electrical element is but the subordinate agent of Mind, in which all motion has its origin. Whether as it relates to the human system, motion be voluntary or involuntary, the active power belongs to the spirit, and has its material residence in the brain; while the chief office of the heart appears to be to regulate the vital momentum, or to measure the quantity, and to determine the rapidity of the circulation. The heart beats not of itself: the nerves vibrate only as they are pervaded by a subtle energy that is disturbed by cutward causes, or swept by the invisible powers of thought and feeling. Within the vital precincts of this ingenious mechanism, is the enshrined and unapproschable presence that moves the whole-the

ued exercise of the mind will weaken the digestive a nervous woman has doubtiess endured more pain public assemblies, when deeply interested, listen with TALITY I

fixed and breathless attention. Determined mental or physical effort immediately after eating, renders the process of digestion labored and imperfect, because it diverts the electrical currents from the stomach, where an increased measure of that agent is demanded to facilitate the chemical process. For this reason, authors, and other persons whose minds are too constantly exercised, are especially liable to suffer from indigestion, as well as from a general decline of nervous energy.

It has been observed already that the mind acts directly on the electrical. or nervous circulation. and through that governs the distribution of all the grosser forms of matter in the body. Thus the molecular deposits are increased or diminished, in the several parts that. Why, man, God made all your faculties of sense of the human system, in proportion as the different faculties and affections of the mind are called into action, and their appropriate organs are correspondingly exercised. It follows, therefore, that the action of the stand that word "sacred," as applied to one work of mind may derange or equalize the vital forces. The organic movement may in this manner be accelerated or retarded, and the whole body wasted or renovated. This power of the mind is supreme. When misdirected or improperly applied, it is not only capable of disturbing the vital harmony, but it is liable to produce the most terrible forms of disease, and may suddenly suspend the vital functions.

When the voluntary faculties of the mind are properly disciplined and fully developed, their superiority over the powers of involuntary motion is strikingly dis- Thus Bible-teachings often chance to be such as "the played. Nervous impressibility may be greatly diminished by a resolute effort of the will, and the convulsive action of the nerves and muscles of involuntary motion may be resisted by a strong and unwavering purpose. In this manner a violent cough may be checked, and the paroxysms in hysteria greatly modified or wholly subdued. In certain deranged states of the nervous system, the patient is irresistibly disposed by turns to indulge in passionate weeping and immoderate laughter; and these symptoms are most prevalent among females, who are ordinarily more inclined to yield to involuntary impulses, at the same time they are less distinguished than men for executive capacity, or for strength and continuity in the exercise of the will.

But there are more striking illustrations of the power of the mind over the forces and functions of involuntary motion, and in which the superiority of the rational mind over the natural operations of a merely phyiscal agent, will be clearly seen. Many persons have the Nice, and the cat-and dog-ism of the churches over its power to drive pain from the different parts of their own bodies, while some are able to infuse new energy away with the notion that human hands can stain the into a feeble organ by the voluntary agency of the mind. It is possible for a man of heroic disposition to resist - by the force of his will-the reflex nervous painful surgical operation without so much as moving

without shrinking, really suffers but little in comparison with the timid mortal who instinctively recoils at the sight of the scourge or the knife. This problem in firm and resolute man, fortified by his own unflinching courage, braces his nerves against the shock. By the power of his will he prevents the nervous forces-when they are disturbed at the extremities or on the surface -from rushing impetuously toward the seat of life. He feels but little pain, because the electrical currents. through which impressions are conveyed to the brain. are but slightly disturbed. The vital balance is pre-

served by the firm and steady action of the mind. On the other hand, the irresolute and cowardly man-by the subjection of his will and the recoiling action of his whole mind-permits the nervous circulation to nerve to writhe in the intense agony of the hour.

The voluntary power of the mind to resist pain and every other faculty, may be augmented by appropriate outward avenues of sensation as to render the physical of a human book? organs entirely inoperative. It is well known that a rson in a complete state of magnetic coma will not cal insensibility may be self-induced. St. Augustin was so great that his body could be subjected to terture without his being conscious of the injury inflicted. It is also alleged respecting Marini, the Italian poet, that while engaged in a revision of his Adonis he became so deeply absorbed that he put his foot in the fire, and kept it there for some time, without the slightest consciousness of his exposure to the devouring element. The Fakirs stop respiration, seemingly without injury, and in some instances vital motion is wholly suspend ed for an indefinite period. Mr. Charles Lawrence, with whom the writer was. for several years, on familiar terms, possessed a remarkable voluntary power over sensation and vital motion. He could so paralyze the ensor nerves that his skin might be punctured without causing pain, and a violent blow did not occasion the least suffering. By the power of his volition he could immediately accelerate the pulsation in a surprising degree; and he could also entirely suspend the heart's action in three minutes! These effects were repeatedly produced in the presence of the writer, be fore public assemblies, and to the satisfaction of several committees composed of members of the medical profession.

function and retard all the vital processes. While the while seated in the dentist's chair, than the most illusorgans of respiration move involuntarily, they are like trious martyrs of Liberty and Religion have suffered on wise provided with nerves of voluntary motion, and the scaffold or at the stake. The historian has chronitheir action may be temporarily suspended by the ex- cled the names and deeds of moral heroes who were centive power of the mind. But in certain mental scemingly so exalted in spirit as to be above the reach states the respiratory organs are directly acted on, and of their persecutors. In their serene joy and sublime their functions at least partially arrested, when the in- integrity; in the generous enthusiasm of a great, undividual is wholly unconscious of any voluntary effort. selfish purpose, and the fervor of intenso devotion, It is well known that intense thought will almost sus- they walked in holy triumph before God-wearing pend respiration; hence the familiar observation that mantles of consuming fire-up to their great Innon-

Written for the Banner of Light. USE OF THE BIBLE. BY GEORGE STEARNS.

Why should we not read the Bible as we do any other book-without any prescriptive limits to the exercise of Reason, touching its history and contents? They tell us it is God's book, and we should be careful how we handle it, lest we profane its sacred character; but they have never told us the meaning of these words. Can any biblist deny that God is the author of Reason? Yet nobody speaks so reverentially of and soul, but you seem to apprehend no danger of profaning them, as I judge from the freedom with which you wipe your nose. Pray tell me how I am to under-"Holy Writ," because they were written by Divine Inspiration. Well, be it so; are not my hands holy, too, since God fashioned them? Holy hands will not pollute a holy book. Yet the Bible, make the most of it, is but an earthern vessel: the Revelation is neither English, Greek nor Hebrew-not in the letter, but in the spirit; which spirit is in men and women-the live souls of to-day. It is REASON whereby "the Inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." saints" would have us all ignore.

Why should I fear to take hold of a book which. whether of God or not, was originally written by the instrumentality of human hands, and which has been subsequently re-written. translated, compiled, abridged, interpolated, revised, printed and reprinted, and in every respect made what it is, by men who had no claim to a sacred character, and not one of whom ever pretended to be divinely authorized or in any way mysteriously qualified for such a work? If fallible book-binders, compositors and scribes have not profuned the Bible; if uninspired translators, editors and compilers have not profaned it; if it have suffered no profanation in the hands of conniving priests and kings, who are rarely known to have a scruple of conscience in the way of self-emolument; if in fact it has not been profaned by the unprincipled censorship of Constantine, the temporizing policy of the Council of inharmonious readings from that day to this, then book.

I protest against the Christian usage of reverencing rather than studying the Bible. There is no sense in action, and to calmly submit to the lash or to the most | this exclusive reverence; for all things in Nature are of God, and his alleged word is no more to be wora muscle. The brave man, who thus bears the trial shiped than his creative acts. Are not the flowers of Spring and the fruits of Autumn all veritable works of God? Yet biblists never worship these. They make no genuflections when they approach a garden or an human experience admits of an easy solution. The orchard; and when they shuff a rose or munch an apple, they are as little constrained by religious conceit as others. Christians call it idolatry to worship even the Sun, one of the most magnificent of God's works, compared with which the Bible is less than the mote of a sunbeam. Pray tell me wherein consists the merit of Bible-worship, if there is none in Sun-V qidarow

No intelligent being can act without a motive. Therefore everything which God has made must have some specific use, answering to the foresight and moving purpose of its Creator. The Bible is no exception to this law; if God-made, it has its Use; and this use it rush with great violence from the seat of the injury to is our duty to discover and our privilege to enjoy. the sensorium, causing every smitten and tortured That it is not meant for an idd, is settled by its own teachings, especially by a mandate of the Decalogue-"Thou shalt have no other gods before me-thou shalt to influence the involuntary functions of the body. like not make unto thyself any graven image, the likeness of anything under the heavens, to bow down to it and worexercises. The soul may be so far withdrawn from the ship it." Call the Bible Divine-is it not the likeness But its Use is positively designated by its purport of Divine *Revelation* to M suffer from a corporeal injury. But this state of physi- of some sort from its author to its effective readers. A volume of Euclid's Elements of Geometry is a revelarefers to the case of a priest whose power of abstraction tion only to such as study till they comprehend his propositions: not to such as indolently memorize them. How ridiculous a man would appear to call himself a mathematician, without pretending to understand the science-hugging an ancient version of Newton's Principia and making a merit of faith in what is thus written, but ever and anon blaming others who, refusing to cherish the book in this blind way, were bent on demonstrating its problems, and, perhaps, like Bowditch, finding some mistake therein. Yet such a proceeding would represent very aptly the way that believers undertake to profit by their Revelation of God. But I tell you God cannot speak to Man except through Reason; else he would also reveal himself to brutes, and a dog would be as religious as any of us. Truth, therefore, which is all from God, whether by the medium of the Bible or not, comes to the individual mind only through thought. The only way to get at the biblical revelation, then, is to give full scope to our rational faculties, discarding every phase of external authority, and testing the merits of each scriptural proposition by its harmony with all known truth. For all truth is correlative; and in every human brain their is a Divine Standard of Truth, or Law of Reason, which we call Conviction. Belief, conjecture, fancy, authority-all are nothing till ratified by this Word of God to every soul. Thus, when I read in one part of the Bible that "God is not a man, that he should repent," there is a law in my own mind which at once determines my assent to the proposition as being true, though I neither know nor care to know who wrote it. For Truth is eternal, and not to be affected by the accidents of its human discernment. God inspired my brain with the sentiment of the text before I read it there, and I am not surprised to find that this lesson of Divine Tuition was the same in ancient times as now. But when I turn to another page of nominal Holy Writ, and read that ... it repented God that he had made Man on the Earth, and it grieved him at his heart," this assertion strikes me as a plain contradiction of the former, and I find it impossible to accept both on any extraneous authority. That is, there is a law in my own mind which at once determines my dissent from this statement as being false. What have I to do with making this false and that true? I can only acknowledge or conceal the verdict of Conviction-the inner voice of God. It is my privilege always to do the former. So I read the whole Bible, and every other book in my way, always desircareful observation, that the mind may so act on the ing to learn what is truth, but sometimes finding myself wiser than what is written. It is a question of very little moment to me. who wrote the Scriptures or who compiled the Bible. It is pear on the earthly objects of an angelic guardianship, sufficient to know that all Truth is of God, and equally in the temporary suspension of feeling, so that any holy; but that falsehood is of a lower origin and always violence done to the mortal body may occasion neither to be eschewed. So natural inspiration, that is Reason, pain nor inconvenience. In view of these facts we is just as Divine and just as much to be revered as the may rationally infer that those who have all their facul- alleged miraculous is supposed to be. In fact, the old ties excited to action, and focalized in some mighty special revelation, if there ever was any, is so obscured endeavor, may be quite incapable of suffering. Many and corrupted by mistranslations and willful mutila.

tions, that its Author should vouchafe a new edition the heart, that now afflict the universe. Stimulants, after the manner of the old, unless he intends that the only mode of treatment hitherto attempted, caunot Reason-the latter method of inspiration-shall supply quell the disease; they do but heighten the delirium." this want. And according to these premises, the only practical rule for interproting Scripture is, to accept only what is reasonable. Applying this rule, we shall find three classes of texts :-- 1. The known true. 2. The known false. 3, The unintelligible.

It is self-evident that all the words of God are trues and since all Truth is of (lod, when men utter truth they only repeat what their Creator and Supreme Teacher has communicated. The wise truth seeker is aware of this, and learns to respect all mediums of Truth, revering pre-eminently Truth itself. Moreover, since Reason is the only method of human knowledge. it is impossible to know any proposition to be true which is not reasonable. Every unreasonable proposition is either known to be false, or is unintelligible ; and if the latter, no matter how many may have supposed it to be uttered by God, it contains not a word of Revelation. Nature is the only Book of God, and of that Reason is the only Expositor.

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OUR THREE MONTHS' SUBSCRIBERS. Those of our subscribers who took advantage of the extraordinary inducements we offered for trial subcrip- lons, can have the BANNER continued to their address uring the balance of the year, by remitting us one collar and twenty-five cents, on receipt of a notice rom us that their terms of subscription have expired. This notice will be sent in the BANNER two weeks previous to the expiration of their term.
SLEEP AND ITS FORCES. Sancho Panza spoke much more profoundly than he enew, when he called down blessings on the head of he man who invented sleep. It is a great "institu- ion," and that there is no denying. Not a man, wo- man or child in all creation but welcomes it as the riend that is nearer and dearer than the brother. It

buries the whole beleaguering host of cares. It reduces great and small to the same level. The high is on the same plane with the low, and the learned knows no more than the unlearned. The rich man is no more nor better than the poor man, and both alike draw sweet and insensible invigoration from the same sources.

There has always been, among the penny-wise class of philosophers, a canting set of phrases current, in derogation of sound and sufficient sleep; and these have seen thumped and drummed into a generation of heads, till the notion has become a rooted and grounded one that if a man really dares to sleep "eight hours," he s hardly better in his babits than a "hog." And thousands upon thousands have actually deprived themselves of the refreshing sleep they knew they needed so sorely, lest they might come under the ban of this same senseless anathema. Those old proverbs were only got n to frighten neonle into something like a show o cency in their habits, and to keep them awake to see the coming light of a better civilization; they are not needed now, when the opposite fear is expressed so constantly that the world is trusting to its reason too nuch. When we come, all of us, to know more of the office of sleep, and to understand better about its nature and its forces, there is little question that we shall give purselves up to indulgence in this baimy "restorer" a great deal more than we do. We have got to learn. irst of all, that what suffices, in the way of slumber, for one man will not do for another. Four hours may be very well for Humboldt, at the age of eighty and upwards; but a man of twenty-five, thirty, or forty, convicts himself of utter folly, who undertakes blindly to pattern after him. No two are physically alike emperaments differ as widely as the gifts of the spirit and it is the work of a mere mechanic to seek to reduce two natures, that are at all points dissimilar, to one common standard. The evidence of force is not chiefly in action, though the majority of people seem to think so. Actiou is of no sort of use, unless it chances to be the time for ac tion. A deed out of season is as ugly a feature as can be found on the face of all nature. The scythe that rings tunefully against the mower's rifle in June, would set the whole system ajar if heard in the dead of winter. There is no more popular error than that of supposing that mere activity is action, that bustle is business. or that driving somewhere is getting ahead. There is a profundity of life in the sleepy eye of the Creole, though the lid scarcely swims over its liquid surface. Silence is full of the loftiest eloquence, which only they who have acute spiritual perceptions may hear. Unless there is repose, there is no need to look for power; for one as much accompanies the other as night follows day. The men of the greatest force are not heard all through the day, but only at intervals, when the spirit of the populace itself shall have been refreshed to enjoy still more. About all this matter there is a law, and a very simple one; but our stingy economists are so wise that they would fain kill the goose that lays the golden egg, so as to get their gold all in a single lump. In his charming description of the Old Manse-which one can never tire of reading-Hawthorne holds this expressive language :--- Were I to adopt a pet idea, as so many people do, and fondle it in my embraces to the exclusion of all others, it would be, that the great want which mankind labors under, at this present period, is-Sleep 1 The world should recline its vast head on some convenient pillow, and take an age-long nap. It has gone distracted, through a morbid activity. and, while preternaturally wide-awake, is nevertheles tormented by visions, that seem real to it now, but would assume their true aspect and character, were all things once set right by an interval of sound repose. This is the only method of getting rid of old delusions, and avoiding new ones-of regenerating our race, so that it might in due time awake, as an infant out of dewy slumber—of restoring to us the simple perception of what is right, and the single hearted desire to achieve of this weary activity of brain, and torpor or passion of fuith to believe that it will eventuate as it should in the end.

It is every word true-gospel truth itself. Not business men alone, not professional men, not the men who span rivers with bridges in the air, or those who send their names into every sea and to every nation, need rest and sleep; but those likewise, and in particular, who are in such misguided haste and impatience to see the world all made over again. Reformers need sleep more than all the rest. They should agree to let the world alone for a little while. They might, perhaps, remember that the Creator has tolerated this measureless mass of error until now, and will be likely to until it is overcome by the superior positive force of the good and true; and, surely, if He can afford to wait-wait through generations, and centuries, and ages-would it be such a very hard matter for them to learn to possess their souls in patience? Besides, these impatient reformers-with their hasty suggestions, their free denunciations, their lack of charity, and their hot and passionate words-need chiefly to be reformed themselves; for they have yet to learn that, though it may be theirs to sow the seed, they must wait in trust and faith for the slow germination, the steady and almost imperceptible growth, the opening flower, and the final fruitage. And he who cannot wait hopefully for all this procession of changes, is rather puffed up with a conceit of reformation than inspired with its real spirit and power. So that the reformers need sleep quite as much as the rest of the world.

While we lie stretched in unconscious slumber, the spirit, from which has been generously streaming forth currents of magnetism in all directions and upon all objects, is absorbing that vital quality again from the recumbent body. The reservoirs of power are filling themselves up once more. What has been spent during long hours of incessant action, is now made up. And since there is no life, not even for the body itself, except through the spirit, it is of all matters most important that it should renew its power after its own chosen and mysterious methods. And no method is so effectual and thorough as the very simple and infantile one of sleep. Oh, that we all had better and higher and truer views of the philosophy of sleep-that we understood more thoroughly its secret offices, and knew how ever-blessed a gift it is-instead of enjoining it upon others to deny themselves the boon almost altogether, and ignorantly teaching them that it is only so much taken from life, instead of being really added thereto! We are not content with that we have, but must needs seek some way by which we may transcend Nature, or, if not exactly that, then cheat her. But forever and forever she refuses to be cheated; she has ten thousand eyes and cars where we have one, and, unless we obey her like the very children we are, she will surely have her revenge. There is no escape from the penalties of her broken law; we may be penitent when it is too late, but mere penitence does not, after all, change the law.

Again and again we are told by our physicians that the only trouble with us is "sluggish action of the liver,". when it is simply want of refreshing and recuperating sleep. We have parted with our magnetism -which is our life itself-and it is a natural conse quence that we should feel exhausted; nothing will restore us but the restoration of the magnetic fluid and force; the reservoirs need to be all filled up again; the currents require to be set in vigorous motion once more. But this cannot be accomplished if the waste be suffered continually to go on; we must stop, now and thenand oftener, in fact, than most of us think for--- to make repairs, to haul up and scrupe off the barnacles. to lay in fresh stores, and equip the ship properly for another voyage.

No man can long be a man of living force, unless he permits himself to sleep well, and sleep enough. You may cite Napoleon, sleeping in his traveling carriage, and but three or four hours at that; but, depend upon it, after all, Napoleon got sleep; he never suffered himself to go without it, any more than without food. Daniel Webster said, in his reply to Hayne, in the United States Senate, that he had not only slept on the gentleman's speech, but slept soundly. He, of all men with vast intellectual activity and power, knew the worth of good, sweet, wholesome sleep. Mr. Choate was said to have slept but little, comparatively; but there is no telling how much greater would have been his force, and how much more majestic must have been the sweep and swing of his mind, if he had built up a solid and well-knit constitution by taking all the sleep he needed. And we should not have to regret the self-exile of Theodore Parker to-day,

"Immortal spirit of the chainless mind."

But what has the mind to do with the pulsation, and how can volition influence the involuntary action of the vital organs? There are times when the mind is apparently at rest; seasons when the judgment is powerless; when Reason, like an unfaithful sentinel, slumbers at his post, and-to our consciousness-not a single thought moves in the silent halls of the soul. And yet, at such times, the vital motive power is at work, and the necessary functions of being are still performed. Here I may observe that the mind has its voluntary and involuntary powers, and these are related as causes to the voluntary and involuntary functions of the body. The passions and affections, in which the very rudiments of motion, form, life and sensation appear to have their incipiency, are involuntary. We cannot love nor hate at pleasure; nor do we believe or disbelieve from choice. But the ability to recall past events, and to trace the relations of external objects, may be-within certain natural limitations-voluntary powers. It is no less true that whoever has the capacity may reason or not reason, according to his inclination. A plain distinction here finds a foundation in a fundamental difference. All the functions and processes that may be prompted or suspended by the will, are voluntary. Of this class the powers of locomotion and speech afford familiar examples. There are other organic functions which do not depend on volition, such as the action of he heart, the process of digestion, the assimilation of foreign substances, and the secretions. These functions may be produced by the spirit acting (unconsciously to the external mind,) on the physical organs, through electric currents in the nerves of involuntary motion. Thus the involuntary powers of the mind doubtless govern the involuntary functions of the body. By this silent, involuntary and unconscious agency, the human heart pulsates more than one hundred thousand times in twenty-four hours; and yet this motion continues, in some instances, more than one hundred years. Mysterions, beautiful and wonderful, indeed, are the phenomena of life! We are amazed that an organism so delicate and complicated should keep in repair so long, and that it is even capable of sustaining a power so vast in degree, and so multiform in its modes of action.

But the involuntary functions of the body may be strongly influenced, if they cannot be absolutely controlled, by voluntary mental effort. Some of the more familiar illustrations of this point may be seen in the effects which intense and protracted thought and feeling are liable to produce on the functions of respiration, digestion and secretion. In proportion as the forces are unduly attracted to and expended by the brain, the supply demanded by other vital organs is necessarily diminished. Hence a vigorous and contin-

Brave men seldom speak of their pains, and they are cravens who suffer over much. Whenever the powers of the mind are all engrossed in the contemplation of a great subject, or concentrated for the achievement of

ome noble purpose, the nerves of sensation lose their susceptibility. We close the gates that open into the citadel of our being, and assume a defensive position and attitude. We resist all impressions while the whole electric force is being concentrated on the nerves and muscles of voluntary motion, through which the mind aims at a free, forcible and effective expression. As all sensation belongs to the spirit, a man is not likely to experience pain, in consequence of a bodily injury, when all his faculties are otherwise and elsewhere em ployed. This suggests the reason why men do not suffer from physical violence when they are under the influence of a strong mental excitement. The writer has a nephew who has an intense passion for hunting. While pursuing his game, on a certain occasion, a companion in the chase discharged the contents of his gun into one of his lower limbs, neither party being aware of the fact for some minutes; nor was the injured man the first to discover the accident. Those who are wounded in battle are often wholly unconscious of the fact until they faint from loss of blood. I have learned from personal experience, as well as from long and sensational medium of the nervous system as to produce many strange and startling physiological effects. Invisible spiritual powers may likewise be brought to

f he had not undermined over books without end.

There is great power in sleep for the entire organization, both physical and spiritual. The hours given up to it, instead of being wasted-as the prudent old proverb-makers would have us believe-are only so much gained. A man is worth nothing unless he is wideawake; and to be this, he must first have had all the sleep he wanted. He may, perhaps, force himself up to his work, try to rouse himself to do what he knows must, at some rate or another, be done, and resolve to shake off the fetters of his periodical sleepiness; but that is not doing his work with all his might, and with the best powers of both body and soul; no work can be lone, under such circumstances, from the pure love of it; it must at best be but fractional, behindhand, and altogether unsatisfactory; and, meantime, he who is engaged about it has only been dragging out an existence, neither active nor passive, neither giving nor receiving.

While we sleep, we are gathering up all our vital forces for new efforts and fresh successes. All the magnetic currents are flowing in the right and the healthy direction. What the over-active brain has drawn from the body and given out to others, it is now seeking to restore again. During the hours of sleep the spirit lies receptive, and gains new strength for the time of action. And this offers a hint that deserves to be more generally considered than it is; that, by an excessive activity, we undertake to give before we get, and vainly think we can perform before we have received the power by which alone performance can be sure. It is necessary that we give closer attention to this important truth, which seeks to assert itself at all points through our lives. We should not waste ourselves, because of our ignorance alone. Better far take friendly counsel with Nature, and so possess ourselves of a power that will never cease to delight us and surprise everybody else.

The Armistice.

The latest European intelligence, giving an account of the amistice that has been entered into between the Emperor of France and the Emperor of Austria, has been the cauge of no litile astonishment on both sides of the water. Nobody was looking for such an event. It provides that there shall be no noro fighting on either side until August 15th, and that, during the interval, the Adriatic shall be free to the navigation of vessels of whatever flag or nation. No one seemed to have had the least intimation that it was Napoleon's intention to propose any such step to the Austrian Emperor, ud hence the surprise was all the greater.

The career of this man-Louis Napoleon-is truly a wonderful one. To doubt that he is directly controlled by the power of superior beings, is almost to question the fact that there is such a man in existence. He keeps his own counsel altogether. These who do not understand that his movements are as regular and plain as their own, consider that his life is wrapped in a complete mystery. But there are powers all around him that guide and control him, and by becoming entirely submissive to them he is able to achiere the wonderful successes that have made his name so famous. Hence, though no one was advised with in reference to the present armistice, there is little doubt that Napoleon was it; both of which have long been lost, in consequence carefully counselled by other persons, and he has implicit

BANNER OF LIGHT.

Mr. Choate's Death.

The decase of Rufus Choule is deeply fold among all classes in our ommunity. Ills remains came up to floaton in the steamer by way of St. John's, on Friday last, and the funeral seremotics were duly selemaized on Saturday, in the church of Dr. Schomluh Adams, where he was a constant attendant. The chirch was filed to overflowing with sympathizing spectators. The services made a decided impression upon the multitute, and during the progress of the funerul the city seemed to be plunged into mourning. A putto meeting of the eltizons of Boston was held in

Fancuil Hall, on Friday, at twelve o'clock, to offer some proper expression of sorrow at the death of so great a man and so billiant a genius, and of sympathy with the family of the decised. It was addressed by Mr. Everett and others, in a stran suitable to such an occasion. The members of the Buffolk far hold a meeting, which was crowded, in the Superior Court Rom, at which addresses were made by the leading lawyers and counsellors, and appropriate resolutions were adopted. Gov. Banks was present, and offered some very interesting remarks, well-timed and full of liberal thought The speech of Richard H. Dana, Jr., too, was especially interesting and was well received. On every hand we hear nothing ut sincere expressions of serrow for the going out of so brillant a light from our midst. The papers abound with simiar testimonials. Boston must begin now and look to the yoing men who are coming forward.

The Sickles' Sensation.

al.

The regnt reconciliation of Mr. Daniel E. Sicklos with his wife, whole conduct with the late Mr. Philip Barton Key was the ause of his murder, has caused a great deal of talk everywhere. The newspapers have not refrained from induling in the freest comment on the matter-so novel in sochl history-and to their remarks Mr. Sickles himself has addessed a general, though an unsatisfactory, reply through the plumns of the New York Herald. Mr. Sickles's great which ho endeavors to make in his lotter-is, that he did of know before that it was wrong to forgive a woman. Peop, however, are not yet generally convinced by his logichat to Torgive his wife necessarily implies a willingness live with her once more in marital relations. They thinkhat if, as he declared in his frenzy, he took the life of Barto Key because he had forever dishonored his bed, of courshis lying in that bed again would never wipe out the stainef dishonor. If, too, we remember with any degree of accurry, Mr. Sickles was the most concerned in the first of it, becase his wife's conduct was publicly known-known even trough the negro quarters of Washington; if he is ready | maguantmousis brave that knowledge on the part of the ubile now, why was he not just as willing to brave it then and show the same spirit of forgiveness he is willing to excluse now, by forgiving his wife then and staving his hand fin the commission of the highest crime known to the laws offod ?

Sectarian Feeling.

At threcont anniversary Commencement of the Cambridge DivinitiSchool, a resolution expressive of sympathy with Rev. Theore Parker, and of a sincere wish for his speedy restorate to his friends and family, was introduced by one of the mistors present. This resolution gave rise to a good degree odiscussion. It was frankly stated, in the course of the remass of one speaker in particular, that inasmuch as Mr. Park, by his preaching, had done nothing but damage to their das (sectarian). In his own heart he could not find a disposition to pray for his return amongst us ! He confessed that he tay sympathized with Mr. Parker in his sickness, as well as ithis compelled separation from his friends; but still he wain no sense willing to offer up a petition that he might spdily return, since his coming back argured no good to theause to which he (the speaker) was attached I This is a illustration of Christian charity. Hood might

well exclait as he did in relation to another topic-" Alas, for the rarity

Of Christian charity, Under the sun !"

Ohrist enjhed it on his disciples to pray for their enemics ; but the Camidge Divinity School have adopted a very different system (ethics, and hope to spread it, through preaching and prot, over the world. They will find it a hard matter. To would have done better with it a hundred or two year ugo.

Verbatim Reporting.

Mossrs. Buind Lord, our reporters of the Rev. Dr. Cha-plu's sermons, orm us that in all their professional experionce, the olof twoive and the other of two years, em-bracing six sessi, as official reporters in the U.S. Senate, they have nover i.d. on the whole, so difficult a speaker to fullow as that derivan. Public speakers vary in their rate of speech from 80 $\frac{1}{100}$ words a minute, the average being 120. These who sp at the maximum rate are few, and seldom keep it up many consecutive minutes, though sometimes they are hit to exceed it, reaching near 200 words. Our reporter we always noted the exact length of Dr. Chapin's discout even to the fraction of the minute, and sometimes they've noted the time in the midst of the sermen, at the breat place the sermon, at the breat places. Upon actual count of the number of words prin the rate of speed has been the minimula is worked in the rate of speed has been found to average generally 1 140 to 150 works a minute, the sermon through. But the rmon of May 20th averaged 154, and for the last twenty n_{tes} 166; and in the sermon of June 26th, the result is as f_{tes} . Number of words in the whermon, exclusive of text,

7888. Time of delivery, 48 mms. Average per minute, Average per minute, 101 average per minute, Average per minute, 101 average per minute, Average per minute, 191 5-6.º It will be remembered that the ad calculations are based least five per cent, short of the avea cause the reporter generally omits re ons of phrases and prunes redundances. And it will all obsorved by the reader that Dr. Chapin uses a great r ong and unusua words. Taking into consideration th ts, we think f will be difficult to produce a parallel eat performed by Messrs. Burr and Lord.

Losturers.

Our Now Hampshiro friends should bear in mind that PROF. S. B. BRITTAN IS to lecture at Milford, in that Blate, on the last Babbath of this month,

FROF. J. L. D. Oris will spend the months of August and leptomber in Connecticut and Rhodo Island. Ho will be happy to address the friends of reform, either upon Education or Spiritualism, or to attend the sick, at any of the following places, or in their vicinity, viz., Norwich, Willimantic, or Now London, OL, during the month of August; and Frovidence, Newport, or Westerly, R. L. during the month of Beptomber. He will speak either upon the Sabbath or week days, for such compensation as the friends may feel able to give; and will also receive subscriptions and form clubs for the BANNER of LIGHT. Friends desiring his services will address him at Lowell, Mass., provious to August 1st. After that time, at Norwich, Ct.

Mas. A. P. THOMPSON will lecture, in the trance state, at East Cambridge, Vt., July 31st; also, at Fletcher, three miles south of Joricho Centre, (in the grove,) August 7th. She will also receive calls to attend funerals, if desired. Address, Cambridge, Vt., till further notice.

[For a fuller list of Movements of Lecturers' see seventh page.]

Office Editors.

Henry Ward Beecher is decidedly a practical man. He olds the following truthful language in reference to "Office Editors" :----

The world at large do not understand the mysteries of a The world at large do not understand the mysteries of a newsgaper; and as in a watch, the hands that are seen are but the passive instruments of the spring which is never seen, so, in a newspaper, the most worthy causes of its pros-perity are often least observed or known. Who suspects the bunefit which a paper derives from the enterprise, the vigi-fance, and the watchful fidelity, of the publisher? Who pauses to think how much of the pleasure of reading is derived from the skill and care of the printer? We feel the blemishes of writhwr, if they exist, but solden observa the blemishes of printing, if they exist, but seldom observe the excellencies. In like manner, how few of all our readers droam that the Independent owes a great deal of its excel-lence to the springs that lie colled up in the office, named Office Editors, in distinction from the editors who originate the articles that appear upon the editorial page?

"The Western World," Dekalb, Ill.

This paper is decidedly reformatory. It shakes off old sins, and in their place takes on virtues. . The editor says what he pleases to say, for the reason that he knows no fear. He appears to be a man of true religious cast, and we guess he don't subscribe to any "creed." We quote the following from one of his leaders :

"The spirit of religious bigotry and intolerance is rapidly "The spirit of religious bigotry and intolerance is rapidly vanishing. A fow yours ago, members of different churches would not fellowship, who now meet as brothren, of the same great Father; and this feeling is extending to all classes, and we are proud to say that Dokabi is not behind. Here we have Baptists, Muthodists, Mormons, Universalists, Infidels, Spirit-ualists, and persons holding other religious fathes, yet all meet on a common platform, regardless of religious or polit-cal bolief, and all are treated with common civility and cour-tesy. Heaven insiten the day when every son and daughter of Adam shall recognize all as brothers or sisters, regardless of belief or circumstances."

> Written for the Banner of Light. THE STARRY DOME.

> > то о. м.

'T is said that youder starry dome. Whose diamond worlds give night its glory, Contain the wished for, peaceful home,

Foreshadowed oft in song and story. The savage in his forest wild. The dusky son of Afric's soil.

The Asiatic's swarthy child, All, like the Christian, for it toil.

- The dving Indian calmly sits And gazes on the setting sun ;
- A vision o'er his fancy flits-The happy hunting-grounds are won.

The Arab on his desert path Lies parched with thirst and gasps for breath. But dreams of flowing founts he hath; And joy lights up the face of death.

Why does the Hindoo victim leap Under the wheels of Juggernaut? 'T is but the climbing of a steep

That loads him to the land he sought. And why do Christians at the stake, Say to the flery faggot, "Come!" 'T is but the charlot they take

To reach the land in yonder dome. That land is filled with hope and joy, For friendships there are always pure, And happiness without alloy Unending kindnesses ensure

Dear friend, such gentle friendship thou Art over exercising here; 'T is thus thou mak'st a heaven now,

Ere yet the heavenly heights appear.

May all thy loves and friendships be Requited with an equal love, That'thou may'st feel an ecstaoy Akin to what is felt above.

And may those friendships all endure

ness," and undervalue percential virtue. Belf-denying mis-sionaries visit many a far-off hand "to bring the hrathems to Ohrist." Buail good coines of it; but did they denie indus-try, thrift, letters, honesty, temperance, justlee, mercy, with rational these of den and Man, what a conversion there attents there are there in the United States, all "conso-trated to Ohrist." Buail good coines of it; but did try, thrift, letters, honesty, temperance, justlee, mercy, with attents in minkers are there in the United States, all "conso-trated to Ohrist." Buail good coines of the United States, all "conso-trated to Ohrist." Buail good coines of the United States, all "conso-trated to Ohrist." Buail good coines of the United States, all "conso-trated to Ohrist." Buail good coines of the United States, all "conso-trated to Ohrist." Buail good coines of the United States, all "conso-trated to Ohrist." Buail good coines of the States, all "conso-trated to Ohrist." Buail good coines of the States, all "conso-trated to Ohrist." Buail good coines of the States, all "conso-trated to Ohrist." Buay of them are ablo thene, earnest and devoted ; but, their evers howd, winked, and their hands chained by their theology, what do they bring to pass" and creeds, it being the commencement of a course to be con-tined through the month. I have preached against the Fundament and pro-which follow thence. Preaching such dockrimes in a place so public, and apply-ing them to life, I am not surprised at the heatility I have

Frenching such doctrines in a place so public, and apply-ing them to life, I am not surprised at the hostility I have into with from the various sects. In no country would it have been less, or tempered more sweetly; no, nor in any ngs; for certainly I have departed from the Fundamental Principle of the Catholles and the Protestants, denied the fact of a miraculous Revelation, given exclusively to Jews and Christians, denied the claim is supernatural authority, and ulterly broke with that Vieuriousness, and the blood of a crucified Jew Instead of excellence of character. Of hale years the hatred against me scenes to have abated

a crucified Jow Instead of excellence of character. Of late years the hatred against me seems to have abated somewhat; old enemies relaxed their brows a little, and took, back, or else denied, their former calumnies; may, had kind words and kind deeds for me and mine. "Let bygones be bygones "is a good old rule. bygones," is a good old rule. The fundest, the fairest, the truest that met,

Have still found the need to forgive and forget."

Acuecneek. Boston : Shepherd, Clark and Brown. 1859. This book has 336 pages, 12mo., very neatly executed. Its ontents are sketches of foreign travel and essays on various subjects. The author's name does not appear on the title page of the book, but whoever he be, he has a deep under standing of human life, and describes it so the interest of it stands out before his readers without a shadow to dim its beauty. Ho describes things as they are, and makes a vivid picture before the reader's eye; he is not a prawling misanthrope of one idea, who sees only one side of the octagon whose eight sides make up a whole truth; but he looks calmin on the whole, sees all sides, "is blessedly content." From the dally walks of life he fishes up deep, fresh thought; and has writton them down in the Aguecheek. We can commend this book to all our readers as being usoful, instructive and interesting.

The Use of Tobacco.

It is estimated that the human family, at a very moderate computation, consume, annually, one thousand million dollars worth of tobacco in the indulgences of smoking, chewing and snuffing. For what is this immense expenditure-expenditure of time and labor in producing the tobacco, and a much larger amount of time in its consumption ?

I do not wish any one who reads this article to infer that in it the use of tobacco in any form is advocated : neither would I wish to utter one word of regret because it is used nor blame its devotees for using it, no more than I would blame another for doing anything the world calls wrong. would simply speak descriptively on the subject, and present facts as they exist. Millions on millions of people now or the earth make daily and almost constant use of tobacco in some form, for the ostensible purpose of stimulating, exhibit rating, soothing and quieting the nerves. Whatever may be the object sought in the use of tobacco, the fact exists that innumerable multitudes do and will produce it, and use it. Is there an overruling power and wisdom that governs hu manity? If there is-which I do not for one moment doub -that power and that wisdom has not stood aside for the usurpation of the wrong or evil which we have unhesitatingly attributed to the use of tohacco. If the use of tobacco was not meant to be, why did nature produce it, and why did na. ture produce the appetite for its uso?

The appetite for tobacce in all nations, and among al classes of men, is as yet ungoverned, and by man it seems to be ungovernable. Writing, preaching and talking, swearing off and signing pledges, and all the influences brought to bear against the use of it, do not lessen the appoilte for it in the least degree. The appelite is natural, for it is the effect of a natural cause, and nature stops for no preaching or talking, no swearing, no promises; like the running river, she moves on. Make a dam across the river, we stay for a moment the running current, but only to make the water fall more rapidly; starve the natural appetite, and we only create the excessive indulgence which follows.

The use of tobacco so general, so extensive, is a powerfu argument in havor of the good it shall do, of a truth which is to us yet in darkness. When the intelligence of men has grown up to light, to real spirit progression, I cannot doubt that they will behold the evils through which they have waded, as having been in their condition the best possible means for the greatest possible good-not only all the evils resulting from the use of tobacco, but all the evils to which the human family are subject.

What makes men use tobacco? A desire to do so. What nakes the desire? Nature. Some would answer a deprayed appetite-a wicked desire for indulgence. But trace back this depraved appetite and this wicked desire, step by step, and credit must be given to nature at last. It is nature that makes tobacco and the use of tobacco, and all the preaching of the world against it, thus fur, has not lessened its use, and I have not the least confidence that it ever will. We might as woll blow against the wind to stop its blowing, as to fight against the tide of nature, thinking we can stop her courses. The religions of the past have taught us to war with nature; and long, in pretence, has the battle been fought. But, after all, naturo is uninjured; she has the same power, and does her infinite work the same, and men and women will obey her-they will act natural, though they wear the flimsy discuise on the surface and protond to act m

best for healing and tests, Mrs. Stowo, holds a prominent outlif place. Among her circle of healing spirits is Hahnemann. the founder of Homeopathy.

She has lately performed an operation-removing a won from the face of a lady, who blesses her name for the safety and case with which it was accomplished, she having been first entranced by the spirits through Mrs. S., who was herself entranced.

After this, Mrs. S. was awakened in the night by a voice asking her to "Help my sunt," and found the same lady, with whom she happened to be alconing, going into a violent fit. She was about to scream for assistance; but the same voice said, "Do not call-we will help you;" and she commenced operating upon her, and soon had her restored : after which the spirits said they had brought the patient there in order to have her where they could work through Mrs. S., and that she would have died without such assistance. Many instances of her strength in healing I might give ; but this I write as another evidence of the love and watchful care that our friends bear to us. She is also a good test medium, as I know by personal experience and observation.

A lady in our circle had lost a father, who had, by his willdisinherited one child, which fact was unknown to any here, except the daughter and her mother, who was on here mak-Ing a visit. The spirit controlled Mrs. S., relating these occurrences, ismenting the course he had taken, and commending that of his children, who had agreed to an equal division of his property. This was very convincing to both, especially the mother, who had seen very little of Spiritualism, but yet was interested in the theory.

But why multiply these tests? Not for myself, nor any Spiritualist, but for skeptical readers, who seek the new dawning light that shall yet illumine the broad heavens, and shed its golden radiance within every dark cavern, and into every sorrowing heart.

Mrs. S. is now before the public as a test, healing and developing medium. [See card in another column.]

Yours for Truth and Humanity, LITA H. BARNEY. July 10th. 1859.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The celebration at Plymouth, on the occasion of the laying the corner stone of the National Monument to the Forefathers, will take place August 2d. Distinguished men from all parts of the country are expected to be present.

Dr. Nehemiah Adams preached a sermon on the life and charactor of his lamented parishonor, Hon. Rufus Choate, on Sabbath week, in which he seemed to have a haunting doubt for the salvation of that noted lawyer and statesman. Mr. Choate has no living enemy who would wish him one moment's pain. Is God meaner than men ? The blasphemy of bigotry makes one shudder.

Nature is an open book : and there is no time, no place, in which we may not read her lessons.

LITTLE.-Rev. Dr. Cheever's society, of New York, have excommunicated Rev. J. L. Hatch, for heresy. The principal margo against him is his disbelief in the authority of the Christian Sabbath, finding more reason in the Bible and out of it, for the observance of Saturday.

"SPEAKING IN MANY TONGUES."-This is the subject of No. 8 of the series of articles on Spiritualism by Judge Edmonds, published in the N. Y. Tribune. We have received a revised copy from the Judge, but it came too late for this issue of the BANNER. It will appear in our next.

The anniversary of the West Indics Emancipation will be observed at Island Grove, Abington, on Saturday, July 30th.

One of our Western editors, speaking of a large and fat ptemporary, said that if all flesh is grass, he must be a load of hay. "I suspect I am," said the fat man, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

"THE WELCOME GUEST" Is a welcome guest indeed. Our friend Hackstaff makes a very readable paper. We wish it success. It is printed at Coldwater, Mich.

Charles Lover, in one of his stories, tells of a dashing individual who boiled his hams in cherry wine; whereat an honest Hibernian exclaimed-" Bedad, I wish I was a pig neself I''

VERBIAGE.—A correspondent, sending us a communication or publication, vory coolly remarks, by way of parenthasis, "It is all right, except phraseology and punctuation!" We have too much of this sort of matter to rectify. Writers should be more careful in preparing their compositions for the press. Wo often reject communications solely on this account.

CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUM .-- MISS Cofran, of Manchester, N. H., desires to obtain a situation as clairvoyant. See advertisement.

Miss Loretta Nickerson has been appointed Postmistress at Bouth Harwich, in place of her father, John F. Nickerson, deceased.

No Weekly Paper in the Country furnishes so great a variety of Reading Matter. THE RELIGIOUS will find their wants supplied by the TIFFANT'S MONTHLY is a talented periodical. Our readers

ont direction from that he was directed to, the result of which was that the "leather" wasn's lough enough to withstand the force, and an exclanation of pain was the consequence. "Awf right i" said the Dr., turning to the audienco. The "leather man" immediately left, to be tanned ver again, probably.

5

We have received a copy of the CONNECTIOUT DANK NOTE LIST AND CITY OF HARTFORD MONTHLY ADVERTISER. It is very useful publication, and every merchant should subscribo for it-and many no doubt will, when they fearn that the subscription price is only 50 cents per annum. Its publisher is a man of probity, and therefore cannot be bought up by stock exchange or any other kind of brokers. Oscar, King of Sweden and Norway, died at Stockholm.

July 8th.

Great preparations are making among the Methodists of Eastern Massachusetts, to attend the Camp Meeting at Hamliton in August. Those interested say it will be the largest similar meeting over held in this country.

Treasure to the amount of \$2,200,000 has arrived at New York from California in the steamers Golden Gate and Cortez.

THE PIKE'S PEAK BUBBLE BUBST .- It has turned out just as we expected—exactly as we have been telling our readers all along. Greeley owns up that he has been imposed upon. An extra from the Pacific City Herald says :----

"The statement of Horace Greeley and others was greatly exaggerated, in consequence of the impositions practiced upors these gentlemen by interested parties. He thinks, in a very few instances, \$150 to \$300 have been taken out of certain, claims in a day; but these instances are exceedingly rare."

William F. Johnson, the well known comedian, a native of Boston, died at Milwaukle, July 18th.

It is refreshing, in this selfish world of ours-where everybody, almost, is prone to underrate each other's efforts-to now and then find one's labors duly appreciated. We, therefore, are under obligations to many of our cotemporaries for their commendatory notices, from time to time, of the BAN-NER OF LIGHT. To let our readers know what the secular press think of us, we copy the following, as one instance, from the PROVINCETOWN BANNER :---

"The Banner of L ght, a paper which, though devoted to Splritualism, has perhaps more good things in it than any other paper published in Boston, reports Beccher's and Cha-pin's sermons—the most important lectures of the day—and in various ways sheds a deal of Light upon this growing world. Its success, we are glad to learn, is also in proportion to its merits."

"RAT" OFFICE .- The Portland Advertiser brags on the argest raf. They say one was caught there weighing thirteen pounds, and about two feet long. That rat must have been their "devil."

Beauty in the face of women, and folly in their hearts, are two worms that fret life and waste goods.

Answers to Correspondents.

MANY INVESTIGATORS .- J. V. Mansfield is in the business you refer to. Address him at No. 3 Winter street. Mrs." Conant gives no manifestations outside of our circles. You will also find, in another column, an advertisement of a medium for answering scaled letters.

G. L. B.-Mediums sometimes write poetry "by direction," which poetry is not always original. Can you guaranty that the lines you have sent us were never published before? Please answer.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

A OINCLE for trance-speaking, do, is hold every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Ad-mission 5 cents.

MERTINGS IN CHRISEA, ON Sundays, morning and evening at GUILD HALL, Winnisimmet street. D. F. GODDARD, reg-ular speaker. Reats free.

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

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

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

Boxboro'.--Tho Spiritualists of Boxboro' hold free mest-igs in the town hall every Sunday, at half-past one, and five o'clock, P. M.

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

several present. DODEWORTH'S HALL .--- Meetings are held at this Hall every Sabbath. Mrs. Hatch is engaged through June.

THREE MONTHS FOR 37 CENTS!

WE WILL SEND THE

BANNER OF LIGHT to an any person who may feel a desire to read the paper, for Three Months.

to ascertain whether it will be an agreeable companion for a

Thirty-Seven Cents!

longer period, for the small sum of

• The report in the Spiritual Telegraph of was found to contain 6059 words-1820 wor the average per minute of the whole sour and of the just 15 1-2 minutes, 183. ne sormo than ours; 126 words

Spiritual Manifestations in Ir We make a few extracts from the Belfast from our friend, G. D. G., Philadelphia:

We hardly know how to describe the leading of

have occurred in Belfast, since our last publication, tion with the "revival " movement. The remarkab prestrations which have resulted in at least hu cases, the prolonged comates condition in which prostrations which have resulted in at least hu leaf cases, the prolonged comatose condition in which m of sons remained, and all of the subsequent manifestat relie the wildest forms of conjecture, and act and react most extraordinary and contradictory manner. Meetin b held in some of the Presbyterian churches; and, especi-Berry street Church, the attendance is exceeding initiance only when a number of others leave it. On Fra-evening the services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Has the Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Lecompher, and some laymen. Abd nine o'clock some persons became affected, and had to be moved. On being brought into the air, they uttered distre-ting circle. At a later hour, some persons were removed moved. On being brought into the air, they uttered distress a ingcries. At a later hour, some persons were removed of cars; and the shricks of ane woman, in particular, were enough to make the blood run cold. Two young females were subsequently removed; and each of them appeared in a fainting state, having no coutrol of themselves, physically or mentally. They were respectively raised to cars, and con-veyed to their homes. In other churches, we might say that erowds, and several persons were necessarily removed from the buildings, shricking or almost paralyzed. This paper mentions numerous cases of persons, young and

This paper mentions numerous cases of persons, young and old, who are suddenly stricken down in the street, and in their houses, and in factories, while at work, and are thereby so prostrated by this unseen influence as to be entirely help iss, requiring the aid of physicians. In most of the cases there is manifested a wild excitoment, amounting to temporary delirium. Newspapers published immediately in the districts of Coleraine, Ballymena, Ballymoney, and Rasharkin, also contain long accounts of the same startling and extraordinary manifestations in a large number of other towns in Ireland. Are not these well-marked cases of obsession ?

Spiritualists' Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Lowell and vicinity will hold their Annual Piculo at Harmony Grove, Reading, on Thursday, July 28th, 1859.

Professor Brittan and other prominent speakers are expected to be present and take part in the exercises. Oars leave the Northern Depot, Lowell, at 9 o'clock A. M. Returning, will leave the Grove at 6 P. M. Tickets for the excursion 50 cents. Good music will be in attendance. The friends in Haverhill, Lawrence, and adjoining towns, can make arrangements with the Boston and Maine Railroad Co. at reduced rates of fare.

A general invitation is extended to all friends of Spiritual ism to be present. Should the weather prove unfavorable, the picate will be holden on the day following.

To bless theo in you distant Directed by a light as pure As beans from yonder Starry Dome.

New York, July, 1859.

Book Notices.

THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCE AS A MINISTER; with some account of his early life and education; contained in a letter to the Twenty Eighth Congregational Society of Boston Rufus Leighton, Jr. Boston; 1859.

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This book contains nearly two hundred pages, written in the characteristic and able style of Mr. Parker. It is dated at Santa Oruz, April 19, 1859, in reply to a very affectionate letter writton to him after his illuess, and signed by over three hundred of his congregation. Every man of every religion should read this book, and keep it to read again. Leave out the bitterness and sarcasm that blot its pages, and the whole book sparkles with transcondent beauty.

We make the following quotations:

In the last forty years, I think no New England college.

In the last forty years, I think no New England college, collective Reculty or pupils, has shown sympathy with any of the great forward movements of maukind, which are in-dicated by some national outbreak, like the French Revolu-tions of 1830 or 1848 From this fatal defect of our scheme of culture, it comes to pass that the class which has the superior education— midisters, professors, hawyers, doctors, and the like—is not only nover a leader in any of the great humane movements of the age, where Justice, Philanthropy or Piety is the mo-ity out is continually returned all efforts to reform all evil ustitutions, or otherwise directly increase the present wel-tre but is continually roturial instincts of humanity, and easist the instand, neither the personal convictions of free, or the flection, nor the traditional commands of church we but the chanting Pierpont Emerson, Ripley, Mann, Ran-ally, Summer, and a fow, others, only couffrm the con-try that the educated is niso a solish class, morally avance of the mass of men. ance of the mass of men.

preached the equivalency of man and woman in some particulars is infurior to the other, but, on Mankind and Womankind, though so diverse, are their natural faculties; and have set forth the more to both from her present inferior position, from the high places of social or political trust. to contains the most intellectual nations of the Ch tem belonging to the domithut Caucasian race, fam occupying regions very friendly to the do-ing highest faculties of man. Theirs too is the velopment in occupying regions you find any when the busi-superior time highest faculties of man. Theirs too is the donestic, neary of civilization, pullical, ecclesiastical, connect incomparison of man. Christendom is war, science that interest of man. Christendom is war, science that interest of man. Christendom is war, science that in the interment of man. Christendom is war, science that in the interment of man. Christendom is war, science that interest of peace and kind But Fenre, skill to organize and administer man-the Jows, the Christian has no moral superfortive over at all commentum each at the Frankmins, the Buddhists, sum of public with this intellectual power. In the Greek. For fittedra, the Turk is before the Christian ed and neeled, and kincel years the Jows, a nation scattersum of puoling with this interfectual power. In the Greek, For filterin, the Turk is before the Christian ed and peoled, and irred years the Jews, a nation scatter-true religion have held to most degrading influences. In ance, chastly, how the Christians 1 In temper-of Christian and the second second second second second of Christian and the second second second second second of Christian and second sec true religion nave near to most degraning introduces, in anco, chastity, hoferthove the Orbistians! In temper-of Christendom Difference mercy, are the leading nations lianders at Japa? be Soull-Asintics, the Chinese, the thans "a moral superioriver those "heathons" equal to their mental superioriver those "heathons" equal to Why is this so, which the is notorious they have not, why is this so, which the is notorious they have not, religion was Love to Orderistians worship a man whose admit to Heaven only fa Love to men, and who would only for lack of it? Each theousness, and sond to Heil natural goodness he religd they wonsure him, reject the Christ which maketh free and trust in the "blood of theology, with its vicantific all sin." It is this falso morality or jety, only by themena, salvation without has bowitched the leading are abaved doctrines, which practical mischief. A falso we controlled the strongest practical mischief. A faise way of the earth mischief as a spiritual faculty, leading media and the strongest in "imputed righteous-

natural.

Some men will use tobacco, and some men will not; nakes no difference what is said by other people, men wil do as they are inclined about tobacco, for or against its use just the same as they do, and will do, in regard to other evils Nature is the ruler and the governor of humanity-nature f the God of humanity, notwithstanding the denial that she is God, and a further off God is looked for with intense devote cess. Nature makes men smoke and chow and spuff, and i would be foolish to try to put down what nature puts up.

It is a fact that the taste and love for the use of tobac couired by habit; for this reason it might be said that the appetito formed for it was unnatural. So has been the taste nd love for church-worship been acquired by use. Nature ends us through many dark avenues. There can be n polination or desire of the human soul that is unpatural whatever it may be-for all life and all matter, all motion ower and inertia, all visible and invisible existence is no ture. 'Nature is certain and unerring in her work. Nature is really and truly all we known of God. Nature has purpose ceans and ends. Nature is replete with wisdom and and to nature and nature's God I feel no opposition ; and the use of tobacco being the natural effect of a natural cause, i eeds no words spoken in its favor, and words spoken agains t offact no good.

Mauy incidents have we passed in life which we have ounted ovil, and which begin now to appear as the greates blessings; so it shall be with all that we now count evil. Out of evil cometh good.

Some, probably, even many, will think that these view here expressed on the use of tobacco will make its use more general. No; it is not what is said here or anywhere else that will make people use tobacco, or will make them leave off using it-but all are, and ever have been, ruled by their nclination and appetite, both of which are natural.

Viewed alone from a material standpoint, no one will don that the use of tobacco is a palpable and noxious evil; but rlowed comprehensively, with the conviction that all evil is preguant with wise purposes of goodness-is in the order of nature-it is a reasonable inference, though yet unproven that out of this ovil will come forth good. A. B. CHILD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., CORRESPONDENCE

HEALING AND TESTS.

DEAR BANNER-After a long silence-but not one of choic -I again take pleasure in sending a good word to you from Providence, the land of Roger Williams and Quakerism though the latter holds but an inferior position to what it did here soon after the welcoming Indian's "What cheer?" saluted the ear of the founder of this goodly, but, (as the pro prietor of the Bunyan Tableaux probably thinks, on accourt of the non-patronage he has received here,) ungodly city. It is a pity that his fine paintings have not been more sought after, for, after all, Bunyan's dream should teach us many good lesson.

The warm woather generally thins away the ranks of all church-goers; but I do not know that Spiritualists have su fored much-probably because our lectures have been so in teresting, that people had no opportunity to excuse them solves from attendance. We have been favored with the presence and cloquonce of Rosa T. Amedey ; Mrs. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio-oditress of the Agitator-a true hearted and whole-souled woman, who has dedicated her life to the elevation of her sex, and who made many friends hero; Mr. Wads-

should have it. For sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street. Conscience is a domain on which no human foot must tread The Promenade Concerts at Music Hall by the Germania Band are excellent, and, we are pleased to know, well at-tended. They are held every Tuesday and Friday evenings. Single tickets, 15 conts; tickets admitting a lady and gentleman, 25 cents.

GOLD .--- The whole quantity of gold which has been extracted from the surface and bowels of the earth, from the earliest times to the present day, is estimated to be nine thousand millions of dollars.

> AN OLD JOKE IN & NEW CLOAK. 'I cannot conceive," said a lady one day, Why my hair all at once should be growing so gray; Perhaps (she continued) the abavas Perhaps (she continued) the change may be due To my daily cosmetic, the Essence of Rue." That may be," said a wag, "but I really protest The Essence of Time (*thyme*) will account for it best!"

Rarey, the horse-tamer, has returned to London from a cessful tour in Prussia and Russia, having taken the rard out of most of the horses in those countries.

Thackeray is to receive \$1750 a month for thirty-two months, for his contributions to the new monthly magazing of Smith, Elder & Co., of London, which has been started in opposition to Dicken's "All the Year Round."

The Boston Common Council have concluded to pass a vote of thanks to Mr. Summer for his Fourth of July oration. Mr. S. will probably send them back, having already received them from another source.

POPULAR ERRORS CORRECTED .-- That the annexation of Lombardy to Bardinela will increase the supply, or diminish the prices of Sardines. That the French troops at Rone are supported on beef from the Pope's buils. That the Emperor Napoleon was injured by the Papal Buil which intoly go loose and gored King Victor Emmanuel as reversly. That the Anapoieon was injured by the raph i built which lately got loogs and gored King Victor Emmanuel so reveroity. That the Emporor Napoleon gives irequent dinner parties to the cor-respondents of the English and American papers, and taks over his plans with them. We are assured, our good authority, that these common impressions are entirely erroncous.— Transcript.

When Lyman Beecher made proposals for marriage, the lady to whom he proposed was taken by surprise, and said that her "answer would require reflection and prayer." Upon which Mr. Beecher said, as he knelt down, "Let us pray."

A SHARP REBURE.-It is told of a distinguished clergyman in New York that a few Sundays since, seeing a poor woman tottering up one of the aisles of his church, waiting in vain for one of the congregation to offer her a seat, he paused in his sermon, descended from the pulpit, showed her into his own pow, and quietly returned to his deak again. The re-

The papers say "Sickles has taken back and gone to living with his wife." If so, Digby desires to know if the Sickles pair should n't hereafter be considered "forbidden fruit?" Bad temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization. To be happy ourselves, we must endeavor to make others happy.

"I live by my pen," said a vulgar author to a lady. "You look, sir, as if you ought to live in a pen."

Excess is the pickpocket of time. The sun does not wait for his hot water or his boots, but gots up at onco.

The "dootors" have ascertained that the person who has been exhibiting himself as the "leather man" in various parts of the country, is tinctured with "humbug." The fellow at one of his exhibitions got a "Dr." to drive an awl worth, of Maine, a fine speaker, and who, though young and through his-leather's-wrist. The Dr. drove it in a different

Weekly Verbalim Phonographic Reports of the Sermons of HENRY WARD BEECHER

EDWIN H. CHAPIN,

The Philosopher and Metaphysician will peruse our Reoorts of

AND

RALPH WALDO EMERSON,

and other advanced minds, as they utter their thoughts before Rev. Theodore Parker's Society at Music Hall ; as also in the series of articles now being written for us by

PROFESSOR S. B. BRITTAN,

an eminent student of the Science of the Mind.

THE LOVER OF ROMANCE will be attracted by the choice Stories which will be found in our columns. At the conclusion of the story which is now publishing, we shall commence a highly instructive and entertaining Novelotte from the pen of

MRS. A. E. PORTER, Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c., entitied,

Bertha Lee OR.

THE UNHAPPY MARBIAGE.

Mrs. Porter is one of the most genial writers of Domestic tomance in our country.

THE REFORMER will find ample provision made for his tasie. s we furnish Reports of the Lectures of

CORA L. V. HATCH,

EMMA HARDINGE.

and other distinguished speakers who visit Bosron AND NEW YORK, in both of which cities we have au

ABLE CORPS OF REPORTERS.

LOVERS OF FREE DISCUSSION will find a portion of our paper et apart for the free expression of the

THOUGHTS OF THE PEOPLE.

the only limit being avoidance of personalities and uncharitableness. These who wish to aid a paper which aims. not to be sectarian, but to appropriate and present to the public TRUTH, WHEREVER TO BE FOUND,

are requested to avail themselves of the offer above made, and give their neighbors an opportunity to earlch their minds, at a triffing cost, for the next three months.

> BERRY, COLBY & CO., Publishers, No. 3 1-2 Brattle street, Boston, Mass.

73 Country papers inserting the above will receive a copy of the BANNER for one year free.

MUNSON'S BOOK STORE.

S 'T. MUNSON No. 5 GREAT JONES STREET, keeps of the second strength of the second strength of the day, as well as all the popular Magazines, Periodicals and Newspapers. Orders by mail attended to promptly. Henry Ward Boecher's Works; Theodore Parker's Works; A. J. Davis's Works; Judge Edmonds's Works, and Swedenborg's Works, constantly on hand, and sent by mail to those who order. Catalogues sent on application. If July 3 order. Catalogues sent on application. tf' July 9

MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, M. D., TRANCE-SPEAKING Modium, Cluirvoyant Examiner, and Prescriber for the Sick. Address 64 Kneeland street, Boston, July 23 1p⁹

DR. I. G. ATWOOD, MENTAL AND MAGNETIC PHY-BICIAN. ROOMS, No. 100 Fast lath street, New York. tr May 17

buke was a severe one, and must have been felt.

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the HARNER we claim was given by the spirit whose name it hears, through Mra. J. H. Cowars, Trance Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed. We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the errone-ous idea that they are more than risking world as it is-should bearn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mertais. We ack the reader to receive not comport with his reason. Rach expresses so much of truth as he perceives-no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives an advited - Our slittings are free to any one

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false? June 28-Sarah Franklin Bache; Edward Howard, New

Yerk. June 29-John Winchester, Boston ; Matilda Harris, Goffs-

town, N. II.; Joseph Jones; George Parker, to his wife; Dr. Noyce. June 30-Joy H. Fairchild, South Boston; Daniel Perkins,

June 30-Joy II. Faircanu, Bourn Looka, Looka, Looka, July 1-Henry Wilson, of Lowell Mechanic Phalanx, 1848; Jamés Harlow, Boston; Harriet Louisa Portor, New York; Barah J. Bargent, to her husband; James Watson, East Cam-bridge; David Gilbert, Boston. July 2-Jonas Chickering, Boston; John Robinson, to his son; John Edson; William H. Wing, Dennis, Mass.; Charles

son: Joan Ecson; William H. Wing, Dennis, Mass.; Charles Atwood.
July 5-William Holbrook, Boston; Mary Eliza Washburn, New York; "Why do spirits commune in this public manner?" (a question answered;) Nathanlel Morton, Taun-ton; William Barnes, Illinois.
July 6-James Finlayter, London, Eng.; Billy George, Wheeling, Va.; David Bascoin, Philadelphia.
July 7-Stephen Marden, Hallowell, Me.; John Dean, Bos-ton; Feter McCann, Boston.
July 9--Charlotto Brown, Augusta, Me.; Abraham Lang-worthy, Concord, N. H.; Idlocy - answer to a question; Charley White, (iddler) Newburyport; Francis II. Smith.
July 12-Daniel Burke, Oregon; William Page, Boston; Botsoy Frichard, Ipswich, N. H.; Nathanlel Jones, Minne-sota; Jonathan Ladd, (to his son); William Brockway, Samuel Pope.
July Is-John Tunkar, Mashlahard; Hangy Washburg to

sota; Jonathan Laad, (10 mis sour, Samuel Pope, July 18-John Tucker, Marbiehead; Henry Woodbury, to Samuel Woodbury, Chelsea, Vt. July 14-Wm. Follett, Boston; Stephen Ridgley, White-hall, N. Y.; Wm. Falls, to Rev. J. V. Himes; Albert Haddock,

Maii, M. F., Whit raits, White S. et al. Marss, Moles Haddoda, July 15-Mary Ushaine, New York; Betsey Maloon, New-castle, Maine; Wm. Hallock, New Orleans; Wm. Dyer; Mary Edgewood, New York.
July 16-Joseph Ladd, New York; Wm. Parsons (lost at seea); James Lucas, Charlestown; Evil Influences of Spirits over Mortals.
July 10-Wm. Rundlett, Exeter, N. H.; John Henry Wilson and Albert Wilson, Clicianati; Capt. Wm. Elliott, Machins, Me; Joseph Young. Me.

Me. ; Joseph Young. July 20-F. G. Welch ; Elizabeth Campbell, Boston ; Thomas Laug, Providence ; "Who are God's Elect ?"

Lucy Monroe,

Lucy Monroe, I shan't never try to come here again—it's too hard work. You see I was told to come here, and I do n't know what to say. My name was Lucy Monroe; I lived in Boston, and died four years ago, in Cross street. I do n't want to tell who wants mo to come here. I want to them, and they sent me here. I was a colored girl. I want that six dollars Mirs W— owes me, to give to some folks down there. She's a woman I washed for—cleaned her house for her at times. That's when I was trying to be good; but she did n't µay, and the rest did n't µay. I, guess I had a fit when I died—had two before that— 'speci it was that. They want me to come back here, and tell what I done with that money. I never had it—saiJ I never did. I never stole it.

stole it. I wish you were all niggers here-then I could talk. We live together here. I want to say something; if you were all piggers, I'd say it; but you'r white. Nigger's always a

Tell Mrs. W ------ to pay Jim that six dollars. She live on Chamber street. She knows me, and I know her, too. Jim lives down here where I died. June 24.

David Willey.

David Willey. Man is constantly passing through some change; on-stantly stopping from one milestone in life to another; but how of no change so great as that which is experienced by the splitt, who mit takes upon itself a cumbersome form of form, The task is not an easy one, though self-imposed. The men and women of earth may suppose that we who do form that nover did and never can belong to us, we are abliged to suit ourselves to the capacity of that organism, are easy one, there is not an earth dwelling in such that nover did and never can belong to us, we are obliged to suit ourselves to the capacity of that organism, ere we can control it at the super stant belong to us, we are obliged to suit ourselves to the capacity of that organism, ere we can control it and the super stant belong to us, we are obliged to suit ourselves to the super that organism, ere besed of certain powers that oblige are not possessed of; or fit they are, they are in an unoultivated state. We who do is the wave fortunate enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate on the splittual dow on earth. I have the kaw that govern both the splittual dow on earth. I have that have the to enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate enough to adapt ourselves to the form and they are fortunate e There is that man is constantly changing, however duite he may appear to be. I have two sons and two daughters, and I have a great desire to commune with them. My youngest child is now iwenty-two years of age; my eldest is forty-one. I have been parted from them eleven years. I suppose the time seems long to them, and porhaps they have partially forgotten me; but it is not so with me. I could not forget those I once cared for, if I would; I could not cease to desire to hold. once cared for, if I would; I could not cease to desire to hold communion with them, nor do I think I ever shall, however far I wander from carth and its scenes. But shall I meet a kind reception; will the children know me, will they under-etand me; will they appreciate my labor in coming to them? I know not, yet I hope they will. I was bound by no particular religious faith when on earth, nor do I think my children are. Therefore I think I shall gain access to them more readily, than if they were bound to seme church and creed.

 want something more real than that. I do believe in God's mercy, but I believe I have committed some sin in my day, and I suffer for it.
 for him or her by nature-a path peculiar to himself or her-mercy, but I believe I have committed some sin in my day.

 and I suffer for it.
 The next question is-* Are not all men faillets?" I think doctrines as you do. Well, I need not wonder at it, for there are many like you here. They are all indicis here. It seems as if I was surrounded with infidels on all hands. I have a dear one on carth-1 have a desire to speak with that dear one, but I would not have the friend know ame here, for I would not lead that dear one astray. For God's sake, whom I hope you will one day serve, do not tell any one I canne here. I am sorry I gave you my name. I tried to deal honestly in trade, but I suppose I must have defrauded some one. I'll pray for you all, for God knows you are in no state to pray for yourselyres. Oh, I am so nunangory, heing surrounded as I am by s set of infidels. Oh, if God calls me home to onjoy his happy smiles. I shall blees his name forever. If he consigns mote an end-less hell, I shall own his judgment just. I commit a sin by comming here to-day; I am twice as miserable y te. I fol-coming here to-day; I am twice as miserable by it. I fol-tiwe only evid desires to come to-day, and I must suffer for it. I'm golug. I wouldn't stay here a minute longer for ithe world.
 I for him or her by nature--a path peculiar to hisinelfor her-mercy be and the second bar of the second of my conditions in the second of my conditions here and an an accommodating for my edit schement for the reception of the reception of the message, or that he has noticed it?

 I in pray for you all, for God knows you are in no state to pray for yourselves. Oh, I am so unimppy, being surrounded as I am by s set of infidels. Oh, if God calls me home to enjoy his happy smiles. I shall bless his name forever. If ho consigns me to an end-less hell, I shall own his judgment just. I commit a sin by coming here to day; I am twice as miserable by it. I fol-lowed my evil desires to come to day, and I must suffer for it. I'm going. I would n't stay here a minute longer for the world. June 24.

Lewis Winslow.

Thank God, I ain't afraid I'm on the wrong track—the only fear I had was, that the crowd was too large for me to come. For my part, I like a good broad road and plenty of room—a broad road is the place for me. That old fellow is trying to get through so narrow a road he can't enjoy him-

I thought I should go crazy listening to the old fellow. If

In thought I should go erazy listening to the old fellow. If he's crazy, one thing is certain, there are no insame bospitals here, and he will have to run at large.
To begin with, my name was Lewis Winslow. If I had lived a month longer than I did, I should have been twenty-two years old. I was born in Springfield, New York State. I died at Nobilo six weeks and three days ngo; I may not be right in the days. I died in the full belief that I could come hack, but I supposed it would be kicking about tables. I have been practicing in New York.
My mother thinks, I suppose, that I have gone to that wicked place. Well, I was little to bad when I was here in my own form, but I am pretty well off now, notwithstanding I was a little rough and fast on carth. I want them to know this.
I believe you publish these things, do n't you ? Well, how in the name of all that is good do you get the paper to the parties who are spoken to here?
Bay that Lewis protends to say that he is pretty well off-thinks he is as well off, from what he can learn here, as if he had been a member of some church.
I went to Mobile with a man by the name of Charles Brown. Wo were going to form a copartnership—well, I do n't know shits.
J be heaven, tell Brown I should be back, and he laughed at me—but hore I am.
I was not site kong; had a kind of fever, induced by—well, I dank alitto hard one uight, and I slept in a place than anything else.

Bay, will you give me a rub or a pull? I died of consump-tion. Name-Bill Allen. You know I went down there to Boylston street; well, I have been sick ever since I left Cause-way street. I lived too fast. I made a sort of a promise to come back to three or four of my friends. Charley Dame, Joe Callaghan-I made an ex-press promise to them to come back if I could, but I did n't know any time.

heres provines to them to come back it reould, but I than it know any thing about it. By heavens! this is a good place; after you get acquainted it is good enough. I'm a little disappointed here; I fare bettor than I expected, though. Jerry Agin helps me to day ----I left Court street pretty shortly after that scrape. It's hard elimbing up hill after you've been running down bill all your life.

o rely upon self hero. If you were alone I should like to talk about some matters that happened six years ago-you showed me up then, and I'm showing myself up now. I can't talk any bet-ter now than I could a day or two before I died, so I do n't think it will pay for me to stay here; when I get a little bet-ter acquainted, so as to keep off this weakness, I'll come again. Good afternoon. June 23,

BANNER OF LIGHT.

Eliza Bicknor.

Eliza Bicknor. I am anxious to speak; but 1 do n't know anything about it at all. The friends that have just been communicating I used to know and 1 berged the privilege of the medium to speak a few words. It was n't my time—it belonged to another, but he kindly gave it up to mo. I know but little of these things, for I have only been in the Spirit-land a little short of six weeks. But a friend of mine asked me to come to this place, about a week before 1 died. I was here a week before 1 died; but, for some reason or other, there was no session, so I did n't got an opportunity to see anything. But I have been told, since here, that I was brought here by my Spirit-friends. who wanted to give me a little light, knowing I was soon to come to them. I died of paralysis. I was slok only a short time—a fow hours. I lived in Dedham; my brother lives there. He is opposed to these things and I will not therefore give you his name. My name was Eliza Bicknor. My object in coming here to-day is, that some of my friends here believe, and I want them to know I am quite happy, and have come back here, and awill commune with at some time. Bay that I have been here, and am happy, and desire to

friends who are opposed to this I shall commune with at some time. Bay that I have been here, and am happy, and desire to come in near communion with those who wish to commune with me. I am so excited to think, the last time I was here, to see things so clearly as I now do, I had my own form. To think how suddenly I was brought to the Bylrit-world I if I had been told I was coming to Sylrit-life six weeks ago, I should have thought I was all unprejared. I want to tell my friends that I was conscious the day be-fore I died. I was conscious at times, all day, but I was rendered apparently unconscious after a few hours. I cannot talk any more now, and must go. June 25.

James Lewis Thompson.

Jame-bit here I am.
I was not slok long; had a kind of fever, induced by-well, I drank a little hard one uight, and I slept in a place to the was rather hard. I guess, for me-more like out doors that was rather hard. I guess, for me-more like out doors in the land where we don't want food so much; I feel just and i a lidbefore I died since I controlled this body, and I want something to eat. Give me something to eat P or on the lisbody and I want something to eat. Give me something to eat P or onthin, the must come to mo; I shan't go to him, but I for wants me, he shan't hide, as Adam did. If he wants me to shovel coale, he must set me at it himself. I'm not not going to be afraid, as that old fellow is; he is afraid of being sent to hell, and trightened because he's not. So he's miserable, any wey."
I only come to let the folks know I am pretty well off, and I would n't be anything else, if I could. I suppose not law to be there and I will the to think I was a saint, but I got a cance to talk, and I did. If any of my friends want to tak to me, let them go there and I will tak to there. I've been there for to times. I was sole at work at his trude-a boot and shoe maker. I was a fool to leave him; he told me so, and I was. I lost overything I had, and lost myself, and and body to take acre of me, noting to eat. I have a sider would like to think I was a saint, but I got a chance to talk, and I did. If any of my friends want to tak to me, not here's name. I for the same year; he in the last true as low as a meas term one. I mote so fere for going as the old chap was whore some thering to water of the same there is farild of the some of thims to anything lese. I'm mote so fere for going as the state to me, the did n't know me, or I him, but I got a true to the so me before me—I'like the some there for the some the some there is a not sole effect. Wey there some shead the to alapsod before I was to the same year; he in the land the some to dim have the same year; he in the land the soppon

My brother heard I was murdered, and I want to correct the mistake. I was, in one sense, but not in another; I was left to take care of myself and starve to death. The folks I met on the way had enough to do to take care of themselves --when one has half a loaf of bread he do n't feel like giving it away to another. Caleb thinks I was murdered for money, but it was not so. If he has any idea of moving from Call-fornia, he better stay where he is. I do n't know much about this talking; I heard of it before I died, but it was new to me. I find this new country the same as earth, only you do n't get hungry or sick. When I came here I feit as I did before

bettor than I expected, though. Jery Agin helps me today.
I oft Court street pretty shortly after that scrape.
It's hard elimbing up hill after you've been running down
Bin and vere line in these things, and that when I
I was forty-three years old; my brother two years younger.
I ded.
I was forty-three years old; my brother two years younger.
I do n't care much about it now, but I should like to talk on the formed it here in feit as a state of the boys here; prehaps
I might get a chance to taik.
I laid n't lose so much as my friends
I had n't large and they are all mixed up now, I suppose.
Well, if this is n't one of the wonders of my time. It's a great thing to come back—better than it is to go. But I do n't know that is chead of me at all. Yes, I heard Jerry came back here. Well, I thought it might be so. Got a chance to taik and of strange did n't beliere it, but thought it might be so. Got a chance to the now, though. I am about as well off as when of the you shore; you is a sing as I had a slilling, but it may the so. Got a chance to taik a bout though it was kind of strange did n't beliere it, but thought it might be so. Got a chance to thing to come back—better than it is to go. But I had n't any, it was, 'o'l, Low, I can't say with you. I had n't any, it was, 'o'l, Low, I can't say with you. I had n't any, it was, 'o'l, Low, I can't say with you. I had n't any, it was, 'o'l, Low, I can't say with nyou. I had n't any, it was 'o'l, Low, I can't say with you. I had n't any, it was 'o'l, Low I can't say with nyou. I had n't any, it was 'o'l, Low, I can't say with you. I had n't any it was 'l was a stek, and I should have a chance agala.

chance again.

Abraham Lynde.

hen, and I'm showing myself up now. I can't talk any bei-er now than I could a day or two before I died, so I do n't link it will pay for me to sata pere: when I get al little bet-er acquainted, so as to keep off this weakness, I'll come again. Good atternoon. June 23. William Hewins: I was a native of Sharon, Mass. I find the way open for me as well as for others to lay, and I hope my friends will not wonder at my coming. I

giase of the past. And as he beholds them he will naturally for, whether the huge granite which forms a bash of the call for aid in solving them, that he may perfectly understand mountains, which seems to be immovable; or the iron which mountains, which seems to be immovable; or the iros which

clist of the past. And as he beholds them he will naturally for, whicher the huge grantle which forms a bable of the mountains, which seems to be immovable; or the irea which them, and as may perfectly understand them.
As he was sitting quilty thinking of his past life, and contrasting that with the present, the question he has given me found a place with him, and as he had some idea of the composition of the interval and by which are question. If is a beale of the complexity is the stat. If is no whee semante is have ever locked upon with a kind of reverence and love will come to me and answork or day, not because I expect to create a certain individual, as to be able of the life. The other, that there is an intelligened in the is an intelligened to be able of the source of the his at home. He inclusion is the is a not need with the solution to be able of the source and or wells in darkness.
The conclusion, I will as y my good friend must not look abroad for that he has at home. He inclusion is the is and form of the billing a certain individual, as to be able of the life of the source and or watter what it may be, and he may be sare it is in accordance with the 6 doot whit a bisloud to be saved.
But it will be well for him to enter into the closet of his soul, and if the dod within exps. "Go do this thing," it is an isour for you shall know that happines is in store for you shall know that happines is in store for you shall know that happines is in store for you shall know that happines is in store to sanswer, say that I did not come here to answer, say that I did not come here to answer, say that I did not come here to answer, say that I did not come here to answer, say that I did not come here to answer, say that I did not come here to answer, say that I did not come here to answer, say that I did not come here to answer, say that I did not come here to any thought to meant in the warding in the horeafter. The one of the ware to istath is thightabapent in the horeafter, as well as he o-day. I am Lorenzo Dow; the friend to whom I come will under

tand me. Farewell.

Written for the Banner of Light. EARLY TRAINING.

BT WILLIAM A. LUDDEN.

June 28.

When but a lad, say three feet high, They told me God dwelt in the sky, Sitting upon a "great white throne;" Of course I thought he was alone. Although Creator of all things, And one who ruled both priests and kings; Whene'er His law they disobeyed, His anger was at once displayed ;

His thunderbolts were seen to fly From out His throne in yondor sky. They told me every child that nursed Was born in sin, and from the first:

That every prospect of this life

Was cursed by Adam and his wife.

He pictured man below the beast. He told me of that burning hell,

If they did not believe his creed,

Or in his church from sin be freed,

My reason now shall be my guido-

At morn, at noon, at eventide;

Since in all nature I perceive

The love of God, I must believe.

That glistens in the azure, far,

It tells me plainly God is there-His wisdom shineth overywhere.

The tiny flowor, the ocean grand,

The gentle zephyrs, soft and bland, Bespeak the presence of His mind-

Almighty, vast, and undefined.

The most degraded child of earth Belongs to God, who gave it birth : For God, the Father of the whole,

He fills all worlds throughout all space,

In Him all creatures have their place;

Thou dwellest in all things that move;

CORA L. V. HATCH At Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, June 12th, 1859.

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

THE PRIMITIVE ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY.

Our theme to-night is not a religious one. Perhaps many

who are present consider that it is an unhallowed theme for the Sabbath day. We consider no subject too sacred for any

day, and no day too sacred fer any subject which has the in

terest and happiness and welfare of humanity at heart.

by a Providence which in itself is the very embodiment of sauctity and holiness. Therefore, our theme is always sacred :- The Primitive Elements of Chemistry, or chemistry

reated as a general subject; applied, however, to practical

purposes. Of course you do not expect us to give a treatise

upon the science of chemistry. We have no implements, hemicals, nor illustrations to givo. Our discourse must be lacking all which it requires in that respect. We shall treat of it more as a philosophy than a science, for we cannot give

cientific illustrations and demonstrations to-night; but we

an lead you to understand how to investigate the science,

and we can embody many of our ideas, thoughts and sug-

gestions which, perhaps, you have never thought of before.

Chemistry is taken from an Arabic word, signifying fire, or

ourning, originating from the ancient alchemists, who,

hrough various processes of burning, understood many of

mystic ceremonies, with which they awed the superstitious

regards its primitive illustrative experiments; but, as a

The greatest beauty and perfectnoss connected with the

all the other sciences, we have but the physiological s

ture, the mechanical structure, the simple form of

hemistry leads us into the soul and life-the acting, y

principles. Chemistry, compared with other science

the breathing human form compared with the cold s ike the living landscape to the lifeless picture. C

therefore, is the life of all sciences; but chemistaup-

means embodied in so small a compass as manyed as

1. Primitivo Elements. 2. Mineralogy. Anics or

There are supposed by chemists-thoug-four, print-

fy no means

.

pose. It embraces many departments, and may b

ot treat about this evening.

even onter with the gase

ollows :

Is but the life, the very soul.

And all that mortal eye can see,

Oh. God | thou art a God of Love!

Has lived from all eternity.

All life, all motion, is a part Of Thee, Thou Universal Heart,

New York, July, 1859.

And when I look on yon bright star,

And as I grew and heard the priest,

Where every child must surely dwell,

nor do I think my children are. Therefore I think I shall gain access to them more readily, than if they were bound to some church and creed. I have a particular desire to speak freely with some one or all of my children; but I do not care to stand two hundred miles off to speak to them in this way—in a public way. No, I have words that are for them alone; to serve only them for good, and I ask them in all houesty of spirit to meet me, to listen to them, and I will not only speak with them, but Wowtlidm some knowledge of an hereafter, which is now only a belief to them. My name, when I was here, was David Willey; I was born is Conway, N. II. I died in Newport, R. I. I died at the house of my second son, who then lived in Newport, and now lives in Albany, New York Blate. His name is Charles. The spirit who comes to earth to meet his own, cannot but be anxious; a certain fear and joy possesse him, and oh, if they are but well received, it seems to me that all fear would fade away and joy must be complete. But they who meet a rofusal—how intense the sorrow! They cannot be content, for a part of their spirit is on earth, and false education only bars the door to their heart. But they tell mo the day is not far distant when we shall be sought after by the people of earth, who will lend that material ald we so much need to build this bridge between the two worlds. As the sun shinces by day and the moon by night, so sure

the two worlds. As the sun shines by day and the mean by night, so sure will the time come; for they who have told me of this are good and true and possessed of wisdow, and they would not tell me wrong. I would it had been my fate to come in this happy time, but as the Great Giver of all gifts hath ordered it otherwise. I am content.

happy thue, but as the Great Giver of all gifts hath ordered it otherwise, I am content. One of my children stands in great fear of death; con-ditions at the time and previous to his birth render him un-happy. Oh, I could take away this fear and open to his understanding that which has not been opened yet. May I be so fortunate as to reach him is the earnest prayer I daily offer to the Great Source of all things. I have nothing more to offer.

June 24. I have nothing more to offer.

James Lovejoy Morse.

I believe I am doing wrong in coming here to-day; upon my soul I believe I 'm doing wrong, but I cannot help it. Thousands are coming this way, and I know it's the broad road that leads to derth, but I could not stay away. I know the Bible says no oue shall return. It speaks of the bourne from whence no traveler returns. I read my Bible for thirty years, and I know what is in it.

This spirit insisted that this quotation was from the Bible.

This spirit insisted that this quotation was from the Bible. I know you were all infidels before I came here. I know I come, I know I speak, but I know I am doing wrong. I beliere in the Bible; but I had so much desire to come back, I could not help it. I was a Christian all my life, but I am not happy—not happy. My name was James Lovejoy Morse; I was born in Bos-ton; I went to the Old Bouth Church; I beliered in all I heard there. Where do you go to church I thought so-I thought I should get into the company of infidels and Sab-bath-breakers, and I shall be punished for it. I died in 1841. Nearly all I meet with are allied to infidelity, and they want to talk me out of this thing. They seem to be happy, but you know the wicked shall fourish like a green bay tree, but the time comes when they shall be cut down. Obrist a medium I the Son of God, the great and holy one, a medium! They teach that infidelity wherever I go, but I

friends are walking in spiritual darkness 7 I used to wonder how the angels, if they were cognizant of their friends sor-rows on earth, could be happy. I could not fully believe the angels could be happy in heaven, when they knew their own friends were suffering in hell, or sorrowing on earth. I tried to believe this, but I could not be happy in trying, and I doubt if my friends are happy in the belief. I will set them right about this, if they will maet me where I can speak with them. I suppose they will want certain facts, whereby they may identify me, and I have tried to furnish myself with a few, which I hope will be satisfactory to them. I understand I have a near and dear relation, who is ma-king some inquiries into these things. I will here say that if that relation will profit by the hints I have thrown out here.

will ensure him a rich reward. I died of pulmonary consumption. June 25.

Mary Elizabeth Fisher.

Mary Elizabeth Fisher. My dear and much-loved friend—I have many time tried to come into communion with you since I left my form of clay for one far more beautiful, but have not been able until this time to obtain an opportunity so to do. My dear friend, I see you often think of me, and wonder if I am with you. In answer to this question I will say, Yes, I am very often with you, in spirit. And will this brief epistic be acceptable to you? will you not question my identity, and ask me to come again? Yes, I hope you will, for then I shall have a double opportunity of coming to you. I have many things to say to you that cannot be said here. This is no time or place When last I met you. I thought not of dying so soon; but the Great Giver of life called for his own, and thus I was deprived of meeting you in mortal form.

but the Great Giver of the cancer of the own, and cancer a man deprived of meeting you in morial form. Oh, may you welcome me in spirit as you would if I dwelt in my own form, and talked with you face to face. My dear, dear friend, will you not give me an opportunity to speak with you? I will then tell you what I cannot here. Mary Elizabeth Fisher, of Dedham, to Mrs. B, of Philadel-June 25.

nhia A friend, seeing the name published in our list, assures us that the statements here given are true, and the names of the parties correct.

Fisher Hewins.

Ny name was William Howins; I was a native of Sharon, Mass. I find the way open for me as woll as for others to day, and I hope my friends will not wonder at my coming. They do not come simply to gratify myself, or to satisfy my friends or to gratify their curiosity; but I come to benefit myself and them. They do not know. I can come; they have no just conception of the spirit. His; they do not think I have power enough to commune with' them. On the contrary, I have both power and desire, else I should not be here to day. When a spirit passes from the mortal body, it takes all its friends consign it to the grave, and shed a faw tears over it; but the spirit, they think, has gone afar off, to a life of happi ness, or one of the spirit, and it sees all that the carth is also the home of the spirit, and it sees all that the carth is also the home of the spirit, and it sees all that the carth is also the home of the spirit, and it sees all that the carth is also the home of the spirit and it sees all that the carth is also in now do, when it sees the material part of earth. My friends are religious, and I know their belief is sacret to them, so I will not say aught against it. I will not tell you, I will say that to them which I cannot say here. Tam not perfectly happy. How can I be, when I know my friends are waiking in spiritual darkness? I used to wonder how the angels, if they warpy. I could not fully believe the sath of he sub. There is no waiking in spiritual darkness? I used to wonder how the angels, if they warpy. I could not fully believe the set and seven years of his most is where in ow word if in spiritual set himself in shadows; he wraps himself up in that which is naught, and so he closes his earth-life in dark-ress on earth, could be happy. I could not fully believe the set and finds much to do in the second state of existonce. If

that which is naught, and so he closes his enth-life in dark-ness, and finds much to do in the second state of existence, if he heed not my request. June 28. he heed not my request.

Lorenzo Dow.

One friend of mine, dwelling in mortal, who holds an office under your city government, has requested me to como here. Ho gave me no particular time, therefore i take my own time, which is now. He desires me to say what class of individuals residing on

He desires me to say what class of individuals residing on earth stand in nearest relation to God and true happiness. I can 'only give my own opinion upon the subject, and my friends must not suppose what is mine is everybody's. I am a God, a life-principle of myself, and therefore I cannot be expected to harmonizo with every other shoot from the tree of knowledge. He might as well have said, tell me what class of people there are a cash, well have said, tell me what class of people

there are on earth who will be most happy after death. That class who are at all times true to themselves—that class who at all times are willing to how to those laws that

That class who are at all times true to himself, or herself, will be class who at all times are willing to be themselves—that class who at all times are willing to be themselves—that class who at all times are willing to be to those laws that govern themselves. The individual who is true to himself, or herself, will be true to all others. The individuals who will do their duty to self, will be pretty sure to do it to all others. The Great Law-giver, Nature, dees not require any more of hor subjects than the subject is capable of giving. Every man and woman is capable of doing right or wrong, of yielding obedience to Nature, or of similing against Na-ture. Now, the man or woman who would sin against the laws that govern self, will be untrue to another; if they would take the life of self, they would of another. How can you expect him to be true to another who is not true to self? It is a moral impossibility. If my friend wishes to know who is able, at all times, to walk with God has without; who iccegnize no law except that the Lord God hast given him to walk by; who goes forth, not asking how he may defraud his neighbor, but how he may be true to his own nature; is who bows not only one day in seven, but hows every day to the law oflove; who is constantly heeding that monitor who tells him what is right and wrong. Such a man walks with God, and will see heaven. No man or woman can sin against self without sinning against another; ior there is a great life-principle running through all humanity, and when one sins against himself, he sins against others—yea, he may commit a sin against on ownom he has never seen and may not see for thousands of y cars. I am well awrot I am stocking my hand over a ting spoor of time; but if my friend John does not crealizo this now, he will soon, and perhaps sconer than he antici-pates. Truth, like a sunbeam, is glistening non overy soul if its

Fisher Howins. I believe your last communicant's name was Howins. That is mine, also, but we do not appear to be one and they same. My name was Wister Hawins, of Dodham, Masa. An old schoolmate of mine has a desire to obtain a little in-formation, and if you have no objection, suppose I give it here. He wants to know if he is constantly attended by any guardian spirit. I happen to be one of the company that sometimes attend him, and I answer, Yes, he is. Next question—"Do spirits have the power to read the thoughts of their friends at all times?" No, not at all times cessary that we control a medium, or entrance one; but we nuest draw from some one a certain fuld, imperceptible to you, in order to read the minds of our friends. The next question is—" Have I any spirit friend, or friends, whe have marked out a certain course for me to follow while I live here on earth?" I do not know that it is the duty or privilege of any spirit to mark out a pathway marked out every man and woman seems to have a pathway marked out

settled fact-to be from fifty to sixty m their relative, positive substances in nature, vilationship to tionships to matter, and their peed, or divided each other, have nover been spinct, it may be into any greater number of primarditions of matter supposed, or presumed, from the know primitive sub-

stances are known to exist, that is but two, absolute there really exists only a few, ovever, is a matter of primitive elements in nature. Westigations and new speculation, and always open trases-such as oxygen, heories. However, all the among the primitive hydrogen, carbon, &c,-are sions of these, as taught elements: and, the various and minerals, constitute n mineralogy, the variounat exist around you, and he vast masses of earth p composition of vegetable

Antrinsio department, treats nd animal bodies. Chemistry, however siple of what are supposed inmore especially of these action which is going on among minerals her

terest and happiness and welfare of numanity at near properties which are easily properties which are easily always through the influg of caloric, or heat. always through the influg of caloric, or heat. always through the influg of caloric, or heat. To illustrate: Sugar the second controlled and guided are and hydrogen—thr apple elements—when heated to a To illustrate: count inple elements—when heated to a gen and hydrogon—thr/fluid, from which alcoholic sub-certain degree, becomy when heated to a still greater stances may be extry when heated to a still greater extent, it becomes far; when heated to a still greater extent, it decompose they were taken and the extent, it decomposed the oxygen and hydrogen and the absorbed into atm pro, whomes they not the same absorbed into a main hele substance, as obtour. The same carbon remains gb chemical action will induce life, will principle which for decomposition. The same combina-also induce do or matter, under different influences of tions and prove of lineter, under all the portions of your heat, will at which are now seemingly full of life and physical systeriain influence of heat, are inhaled, they vigor, if, up and fill the air with strange miasms. That become por your life, now that you are healthy, and which sying beings, would destroy your life under other active, ys. Those chemical properties which are conthrough various processes of burning, and the subtle mysteries connected with chemistry-not as a tained lete and filled with life; under other combinacircumin your system, under certain combinations because decomposition and decay.

to mix these, and intermix them, to supply the deliciencies

of the soil. He must understand the properties out of which , these vegetables or crops are composed—in other word, he

must be practically, whether he is scientifically or mt, a

chemist. He must understand all the various combinations

by absolute experiment-not by the chemical knowledge

which he acquires in books-for it is of very little use tothe

agriculturist to know the different names of the various oils .

and substances, unless he can apply such knowledge picti-

cally, and render his farm or his business capable of rpro-

ducing all that its value is to him. Again: The mechanical departments of life are me or

less controlled by chemical action. The physician, piose profession leads him so intimutely into all the pysiogical action of the physical system, must understand choising

before he can know how to apply the remedies to his plient. He must understand, not only the physiological at me-

chanical action of the system-he must not only undistand

the anatomical structure and muscular form and costruc-

tion connected with physical life-but he must undstand

the chemical department. He must understand howood is

absorbed into the stomach, and how, aside from the nchani-

cal process of digestion, there are also chemical optations there which require a knowledge of chemistry to didte and

control them. He must understand how, by the peess of respiration, all the various particles of our atmosphere are absorbed into the system. He must understand ho the at-

mosphere comes in contact with the cutaneous surce and

Caloric, or hoat, which means fire, or burning, is is essen-

tial material used in making experiments. In fac without

this, very little would be known of chemistry; an indeed,

without heat, very few chemical changes could occ, for all

primitive substances would romain in their origal posi-

tion, and matter, by the natural attraction who it pos-

sesses, would all bear to one distinctive point, we it not

for the repulsion of heat existing in the univoe among

particles. This repulsion causes not only the value com-binations, but various separations, and, through ese sepa-

rations, other combinations. And in this many of

the chemical changes that exist among the differit depart-

ments of animated life are caused by the actionf heat, di-

The mineral, or metallic kingdom, which to he savage was known but as a deep, imbedded, hard of the iron, which was detected simply by its appearance among the

rocks and the soil, has now, by the process of eat and the

intellect of man, become the moving, contring, active agency in all mechanical and commercial life, and how has

this been done? Not only by physical force, it by the ab-

solute power of chemical action upon each answery depart-

ment in the kingdom known as the iron kingm. Copper,

which enters to a great degree into the complition or your mechanical purposes, was simply known as a Aseless ore

existing in the soil, not understood-never fugh by the

savage mind to be adapted to useful purphs, and now becomes one of the greatest implements of y' political and

Again: Each and every mineral which extracted from

Again: Each and every mineral which "extracted from Again: Each and every mineral which "extracted from the soil and rondered subservient to cor^{orolal} purposes, must be done so by chemical action. T action must be heat, and through heat various combin/hs of mechanical structure. These ores are thus absory from the soil. Be-fore gold, even—for it is pure and per in its natural con-dition—before gold can be rendered duffal and fit for your purposes, it must be first taken fy the soil in which 't is embedded, and washed; and thro, a process of heating, until it is absolutely melted, it m become subservient to the various forms in which we fits. How essential, then, it is that you understand the vence which heat exercises upon every chemical action cycled with inanimate as well

it is that you understand the steel with inanimate as well upon every chemical action cycted with inanimate as well as animate life. For, while things a kingdom has a sepa-as animate life. For, while this this is those chemical

as animate inc. as, com A with itself, those chemical rate chemical action conn A with itself, those chemical properties which are essAl to practical purposes are properties which are essAl caloric, or heat.

commercial machinery.

rectly or indirectly, upon primitive substances.

thus is absorbed into the system by the blood-vesse

tion have said before, heat is the great active, moving and ignorant masses. Chemistry, however, is very old as An all chemical actions. Acids, which are strictly in their combinations, and which are formed from known and positivo science, it has but recently taken its place upon the tapis of investigation, and still more recently Ating of these primitive cloments. For instance, sulnal substances, assist in the dissolution, or dissolving, or to acid dissolves copper, or absorbs it, and makes the atiful green salt; but with iron it makes a beautiful blue The greatest beauty and performers connected with a fiful green sais; out with iron is makes a contained one of chemistry is, that it admits us into every known. When the solution of the copper add, or copper sais, is iclence of chemistry is, that it sumits as have every anothe. When the solution of the copper acid, or copper sait, is department of life by the absolute investigation of matter. Acced with iron, the acid at once leaves the copper, and department of the by the way, is a part of chemistry thes hold of the iron, thus showing that, aside from the mechanical process connected with chemistry, thore are what are called or known to chemists as affinities existing between different atoms, or different primates, connected with matter, or decided preferences which many times seem as capricious as the preferences of the human mind, and per-haps more so. These distinctive attractions, or affinities, no exist in some primates to such a degree that they will only combine under certain circumstances which are absolutely forced by the introduction of a third agency. 'Two or more properties will not combine, brought together, but by the introduction of a third, which neutralizes the effect of both, when they will combine. For instance, water and oll never will combine together. Alcohol is introduced, and the oil at once combines with the alcohol. Thus you will discover that there are some properties in nature, or some combinations of

1. Frimitive Engineers, 2. Interactor, anics or Pharmacy. And then follows the simple of life-chemistry, as adapted to the practical deput we can-such as brewing, tanning, dying, &c.-all primitive elements, which absolutely refuse to blend together, because there is no chemical affinity or attraction between them. This is the case in the chemical properties which control the human system; as, for instance, in the introduction of that most poisonous of all substances, known as hydrocyanic, or prussic acid. The gases, or primitive elements which compose the human system, are in thomselves so volaand the diversity of forms in which will be discovered cause instant death. Hydrocyanic, or prussic acid, is the tile or capricious that slightest interruption will many times most subtle of all the acids in nature, and therefore produces at once a separation ; and what little degree of affinity exists among the parts or primates that compose the physical system, at once are separated, especially those which constitute the chief elements of life. How essential it is, then, as we have said before, that those who profess to understand the human system, understand also the chemical relations which it holds to each-to every primate in nature.

There are many things in chemistry which seem inconsistent, but, when solved by absolute experiment, become beantiful and perfect. Thus, the atoms of matter are supposed to be perfect, though an atom, probably, has never been seen, or felt, or known; but atoms may be arrived at, or atomic relaanimato substances apposed to be dead and lifeloss, i tions, by grains. Twenty-five grains of quicksilver, mixed

June 25.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

with two grains of sulphur, becomes what is called Ethop's with them, and seem to hold communion with them every mineral. Now, to every twenty-five grains of quicksilver night, he cannot be so struck with their beauty and perfectness as the student of absolute nature upon this earth, even there must be added always two grains of sulphur, else the same combination cannot occur. There is no two-thirds of as the student of chemistry, who, by dissolving or analyzing the grain, one-half, or one-third of the grain. There must be one small grain of sand, can give you the precise analysis of s whole one. And if two more grains are added to the same the whole sea shore, or of the deep strain of rock.

amount of quickeliver, what is the result? A beautiful fourths of grains, or atoms, because atoms cannot be divided, will, if you investigate the science of chemistry sufficientlywhich you will all understand.

Again: there is connected with chemistry that most mystorious of all agencies, known as electricity, which is said to be an element outside of it; but it is not. It absolutely appertains and belongs to the investigation of chemistry. To this alone it must be traced ; and, until it is joined and connegted with the science of chemistry, it can never be understood. Wherever there is any phenomenon in nature which is not understood, electricity is said to produce it. Wherever scientific men are balked, electricity is always the cause.

Wherever there is anything which they do not know, that substance is called electricity. Now this is not true. Electric manifestations are simply the result of known and positive chemical combinations, that occur in the atmosphere, in the earth, or wherever electric manifestations are known. Phosphorescent lights are the results of phosphorous, connected with atmosphere, and produce nearly the same effects as electric combustion, which is naturally and positively a part of chemical investigation, which exists overywhere; and whereever a combination of different materials occurs, there combination will surely result. Oxygen is the active agency in combustion.

Again: there exists in nature some materials which, ac cording to strict chemical investigation, are absolutely the same, yet which are not the same in their effects. Pure black carbon, and the sparkling diamond, are composed of precisely the same materials, yet in different degrees or combinations. Sand upon the sca shore, or flint, united with soda, constitutes the beautiful, transparent and most useful substance of practical life, known as glass. And yet glass possesses properties which neither of these two substances very well could possess, and which, under different combinations, they could not possess. Therefore, chemical union, or the properties belonging to chemistry, refer strictly to the additional functions produced upon matter by the combination of two more primitive elements. Oxygon and hydrogen, as gases, are nothing, except they be imponderable airs, inhaled perhaps into the lungs; as water they compose the great vivifying agency of life. Again, through the chemical process of heat they are transformed into air, and become apors, imperceptibly.

Now water possesses in its functions not one chemical quality added to it from its composition of oxygen and hydrogen. The chemist cannot discover anything, though he analyzes these two elements separately, in the atmosphere, condenses them into water, and then analyzes them. We cannot discover anything in the water which he does not discover in the two elements taken separately. What, then, constitutes the difference of power? Simply and only in combination These flowers, [taking up a boquet which had been placed upon the table,] which, with such diversity of hue, and form and shape, forms study for the botanist, are, in themselves no great wonder. They may be composed of precisely the same elements; they may be composed precisely of the same primitive qualities-carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and perhap nitrogen. These, with the mineral properties which are absorbed from the soil, constitute all there is of the flower. And yet how varied is their form, and hue, and perfume. The different degrees of combination constitute the difference The soil is the same in which they are planted. The chemist cannot discover any difference; all the properties of the sol are the same. The water is the same which falls upon them The sunlight is the same. Where, then, is the difference but a chemical difference-a difference in the combination of the materials out of which they are composed ? From the light each flower absorbs such rays or beams as is appropriate to its purpose; from the heat each one absorbs such a quantity and such a power of heat as it can bear ; from the soll each seed, according to its own peculiar formation, according to its properties, according to the requirement of its growth and purposes, absorbs from the soll such mineral properties as will extract such shades of light as are required in its production. How wondrous, then, is the construction of the flower, and yet how simple. And, if you say that the flower cannot be composed of the same material as the sand, or the raindrop, or the sunlight, we say it is composed of a combination of all these. It yields what, as its result? what but perfame? the elements of which, in a diffused form, even the chemist cannot discover, but which, in the form of a concen trated extract, he will tell you is composed of the combined derstand how rocks and soils are formed; by mineral combiproperties of the soil, the sunshine, the heat. In other words, the dew is the distilled nectar of the flower, distilled absolutely from the flower.

It is wonderful to trace the effects of heat in all its various departments upon the structure of plants and animals. This we have not time to do on this occasion, nor perhaps to do it only of the surface of the earth, but even of the rocks emat all without absolute experiments. But your own concentions of the variety and perfectness of the universe, will lead you to the same wonder, when we tell you that the composi-

By the analysis of one grain of sand, you can understand color, known as vermillion, from the same combination, but what elements compose all similar grains in the whole world. different in quantity. Nature is always consistent; for every lip the analysis of one combination of soil in a certain postton or twenty of any distinctive mineral primate there must tion, you can tell, wherever you go, and under whatever cirbe some ton or twenty, or a corresponding number, or what cumstances you may find it, what is the position of another. ever is to blend with it. There are no thirds, 'nor haives, nor By the understanding of one strata of different soil, as the geologist understands them, wherever you may go, and under but must always go in full numbers. This is proven by abso- whatever circumstances you may see the surface of the earth, lute experiment-which we cannot illustrate, but which you you know precisely the chemical properties that are embedled beneath that soil, though you cannot see it, though you

have not the power of clairvoyance to penetrate it; still, with mental vision and absolute conception of the mind, you can analyzo overy particle of earth beneath your feet. The quick eye of the geologist, in that department of chemistry, learns by the surface of the earth what exists beneath, simply by the appearance of the structure and combination of the soil upon the surface; the combinations of the different mineral proporties that have existed beneath them, that have como in contact with the air, and through vegetable life, and through heat and light.

We cannot trace to you the different relationships between plants and the mineral kingdom-how each mineral element is absorbed in the plant, and how various combinations of life and heat will affect it; but we can point out to you the relations of natural philosophy to chemistry. And those positive facts upon science must be well understood; and though the student of natural philosophy may have a general knowledge of all the sciences, he must understand distinctly each separate science, and the different relations of the other, before he can be a true student of nature. You cannot be a geologist, unless you are a chemist; you cannot be an astronomer, truly, unless you understand geology; you cannot be a perfect chemist, unless you understand all the material properties connected with the soil as well as experimental facts; and you cannot be a chemist, if you understand only the classifications of the science of chemistry without any absolute experiments. Every person who has seen a taper burn, or the effects of light, or has seen glass made, has seen its form and combination. Every person who has seen the process of vaporization connected with water or crystalization in various combinations of acid with mineral substances, has seen chemical effects. Now you must understand their causes, you must know why sulphur will combine with iron to form one salt, and with copper to form another, and why it will leave iron for the copper-you must know all this, if you desire to adapt it to the perfect, beautiful conception of science and of art,

The science of Daguerre, which has now become so beautiful and perfect as to almost represent the image upon the plate, which was formerly a mystic science, confined only to a few, now the merest child can learn to understand. And why is this? It is strictly a chemical process; for, while the effects of light have long been understood, and while lenses have been prepared to reflect the light in such a form as to produce upon the camera obscura all the combinations in their perfect and natural condition of art, transmitting them permanently to plates and retaining them there, even when they come in contact with light, was an art never dreamed of, until Daguerre perfected it, and which you would scarcely believe had you then lived and been told it existed. He was conceived to be a fanatic, as all persons are who make new discoveries. Now it is not only dreamed, but is known by actual experiment, that colors, and hues, and shapes, as well as the image itself, can be transmitted to the plate; that all the lines connected with the surface of the skin can be transferred; that all the light shed in its different/divisions can be transformed, as well as the white light which originates the ploture. This is done simply by chemistry. If you are a daguerrear artist, in that degree you are a chemist; if you are a physician, and properly understand your profession, in that degree you know something of chemistry; if you are a druggist, everything you do in connection with your business is chemistry; if you are a dyer, or a tanner, or a brewer, you are in that degree a chemist-for it is simply by a chemical process that the ale is made to foam, and it is by a chemical process that dyeing is performed, or tanning is done, that leather can he made in all the beautiful forms which render it practical and useful. How essential, then, it is that you understand. in each and every department, not only the primitive elemonts and facts connected with physical life, but how, by its understanding and comprehension, you can be let into all the mystic recesses of the universe, for absolutely by chemical analysis this whole world, which seems now so wondar, fully mysterious, can be solved into a few primitive substances and you can take upon your table and in your laboratory, with the assistance of fire, every primitive known substance; you can solve the structure of this whole globe. Crystalization, with all its beauteous forms and perfected images, can there be understood. By a combination of acids you can unnations you can understand how each separate mineral substance is transformed to make soil ; by various combinations of gases you can concentrate them to form even living, palpable substances; and upon your own table, in your own room, you have a secret key to unlock the mysteries, not bedded beneath-even the very centre of your earth.

tion of the human form is precisely the same, and contains shell of an egg, compared with the bulk of the egg, and that your feet-that of all the mineral properties in the earth. We shrub, and animal life, exist there, with nothing but this shell between you and the burning heat which keeps your earth in motion. Therefore, to every outward action, or every mineral or chemical change, or every geological change, may be attributed the influence of heat; to every concen trating process, to every contracting element may be attributed the influence of cold, which is simply a lesser degree of heat. Now the atmosphere, when it comes in contact with any element which has been embedded beneath tho soil, oxygenizes it, and thus produces its capability of combustion. Thus, if combustion existed beneath the surface of the earth, with fire and heat, your earth would constantly consume itself, and there could be no physical surface, there could be no formation of rock and soil; but such is not the case. The atmospheric influence prevents them, and the surface or structure which is thus created, gives the beautiful perfection of nature which is seen around you. We cannot enter more deeply into the subject on this occasion. In our next lecture we propose to illustrate more perfectly the science of geology, which, as we have said before, is a part of chemistry, though it contains also the physlology of the physical universe.

Written for the Banner of Light. LOVES OF THE ANGELS, A VIBION.

BY ORANVILLE HABRIS.

Through the other, where the azure Greats my eyes, so mild and soft, I can see those forms familiar. That on earth I 've seen so oft.

Nearer, nearer they are coming ; Brighter, brighter they appear; More familiar are their faces. As they gently hover near,

Loved they all are, but one dearer To my heart than all the rest, Is she who in earth-life taught me, How a mortal man was blest,

- Once I though no more to see her ; Thought that angels stood between The spirit of my spotless Ada. And this sombro earthly scene.
- Darkness then the earth beclouded; Darkness to all spirit-light : All the loved ones that departed,
- Disappeared from mortal sight. Disappeared, save on the tablet

Of the aching heart and brain. Where their impress, food for sorrow, Ever, over did remain.

Now. around me they are seated-Beauty, purity and love: And in raptures they are telling Of their happy home above.

She who while in mortal casket Taught me how the angels love, Tells me thus the way to travel

To her happy home above : "Come up higher I dear companion Of my youthful, mortal days ! Loves of angels shall assist you Through earth's dark and devious ways. Broad and beautiful the road is-Broad and beautiful indeed; Ev'ry mortal travels o'er it,

Every name and every creed. Though some weary in their travel, While earth's errors make them moan;

All shall reach that blissful region Where we happy angels roam.

Troubles on the road, like pebbles, Though your journey they annoy, Heed them not, but onward travel To the realms of endless joy.

Love the rich, the vain and haughty; Love the poor, the vile and mean; Love them all, for all are children Which our Father will redeem.

Aid the lone. the sick and needy; Shed thy light where darkness reigns: Dry the tears that flow around thee, Out of feeble error's stains.

Know that ev'ry good theu doest While thou art a mortal one, Gives a joy that cannot perish

During all thy life to come. None are higher, none are lower-One kind Father loves us all; His embrace is all around us;

Though we faint, we cannot fall. Heed me, then, thou once companion Of my youthful mortal days;

Come up higher, where the angels Live and learn, and love and praise

Heed me, when my form you see not For my love will then be near, And your deeds, for good or evil, To my vision will appear.

Fare-thee-well, is not for angels ; Those are words that mortals say: Words that tell of time and distance Death and years, and night and day,

Blessings, then, thou dear companion Of my youthful, mortal days; Blessings of our heav'nly Father Crown thee, through earth's devious ways."

Correspondence.

Experiences of an Investigator .- No. 4. MESSES. EDITORS-After the last incident, my investigations were transferred to other and more important fields. I had satisfied myself that I was liable to impositions, and knew the medium was desirous of manifesting powers that were without the line of her development, and that very great care was essary, in receiving all communications, or indications of

the first, or rather second, to me, astounding circumstance connected with my researches into this mysterious subject, the truth of which I had still questioned.

Early one morning, after my first sleep, I iny awake in bod, when suddenly I observed a white form enter my bed-room window, and, as it approached the bed, I perceived that it was a fentale form, of a gentle, but commanding aspect; her face was bright, wearing a serious, but kind and hopeful expression. She was clothed in a flowing white robe, circled at the waist with a dark or blue band; her hair, which was dark, hung in scemingly undressed order, down nearly to the walst, but on the back, so as to leave the countenance fully exposed in its expressive sweetness. As she glided toward the bed, her right hand beckoned, and I aroso-a perfect and distinct form-out of my natural body. She approached, placing her hand upon the left shoulder, and directed my attention to the bed, in which I plainly saw my natural body laying in seeming slumber. Langungo cannot convey the feeling of wonder and amazement that possessed mot my faculties seemed to brighten, and my form to expand; I felt another befrig, more incomprehensible to myself than ever, for my active form, standing by the bed with the hand of the mysterious visitor upon me, had all the feeling and sensation of life, while it was debarred from knowing the condition of the body in the bed, though linked, as it know it was, to it. Some conversation passed, (but of what nature, I, in my natural condition, knew not ;) the visitor kissed my forehead, and withdrew, and I returned into my frame, seemingly by the breast, having immediately lost sight of the visitor. I instantly started up from my bed, walked about the room, visited my child, spoke to my wife, and used a variety of means to prove myself awake. After reflecting for a few minutes. I came to the conclusion that I had had a singular dream, which I attributed to my investigating Spiritualism, and, therefore, spoke not of it. I laid down again, after ascer taining the hour, (3 A. M., I think,) when, in a few minutes, I heard singing-the voice floating above the earth-and plainly distinguished a number, three times conveyed. This I also attributed to fancy. I soon after slept a deep, dreamless, singular sleep for three hours, which made a peculiar impression upon my mind. I determined to keep the affair to myself, to avoid ridicule, and never mentioned it to my family. I was at that time visiting the rooms of the Association in Broadway, and was much interested with the physical manifestations I observed there, one of which I will record : There were about six persons present in an upper room, when the centre table-a large, heavy loo table-began to rock by itself, there only being one lady, a stranger from Brooklyn, and a private medium, near it. She remarked, I think, "That table will move across the room by my pointing my finger to it." She did so, placing her right dexter finger about four inches above it so that it was distinctly seen. She was not in contact with the table, when off it started, moving gently across the room, (one of about sixteen feet,) twice, much to the surprise of all of us. I laughingly remarked, "If that is spirits, I wish they would bring that table to me, and put it in my lap "-it was then eight or nine feet from me. I had no sooner expressed the wish, when directly toward me moved this wooden instrument, and turned over, so as to rest upon my knees. I felt its weight very perceptibly, and was glad to have it removed, which was done upon my requesting it to be moved into the middle of the room. We then desired that the table would rock to and fro by itself, creak, as if disjointing, and imitate the noise of a ship at sea, all of which was complied with. I also witnessed the experiments with the lock, so frequently described in our papers. During my visits to the rooms of the Association, I witnessed very many highly interesting manifestations. I saw one gentleman, a confirmed skeptic, a military man of about sixty years of age, enter the same private room, when this Brooklyn lady was present, in all the firmness of a rooted prejudice, but with an inquiring mind, leave that room in tears, the lady having personated a long lost wife so faithfully as to touch some hidden string in "Memory's harp," that vibrated throughout, leading the scoffer from the path of egotism and ignorance, to one of reflection and consideration He entered in ridicule, but left in the tearful influence of

should commence bearing children at the age of twenty-five, and should have one child every fifty years, there would be at the present time-allowing one foot of standing room for each person-about three hundred there of persons all over the face of the globe, land and water included. Bloreover, if there was no death, there would be no spirits, and, consoquently, no use for either heaven or hell."

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Signs of Progress.

MISS ROSA T. AMEDEY, FOXDORO', MASS .--- When I first lectured in this place, there were but few who dared to avow themselves Spiritualisis, who had only at first a meeting oocasionally. Now the Town fiall is occupied as a place of worship for regular Bunday meetings, supported by strong minds and willing hearts-those who are not afraid to invest in the Bank of Truth for fear it will fail."

[Miss Amedy writes, in connection with the above, that she as had a severe attack of illness, and experienced immediate relief from the hands of Dr. Tucker, of that town, who is a healing medium.]

TO HATTIE.

I 've kept your bouquet, till the gay tints have perished, And the petals have dropped from their parental stem: But perfume still floats from the buds that I 've cherished, And mingling sweet olors I'm breathing from them.

And so may its giver, when Youth's morning passes,

And Time leaves the traces of wearisome hours-When Nature gives way to wig, wrinkles and glasses-Then Nature gives may a may the scent of her flowers. Be sweet in her soul as the scent of her flowers. Will.

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.

S. B. BRITTAN will lecture in Milford, N. H., Sunday, July 8Ist

Sit. Lonnos Moony will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address Maiden, Mass. He will speak as follows:—Tremont, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 20th and 27th: West Duxbury, Mass. Sunday, July 31st; Kingston, Mass., Monday and Tuesday, August 1st and 2d; West Newbury, Mass., Sunday, August 14th; South Ames-bury, Mass., Monday and Tuesday, August 15th and 16th; Amesbury Mills, Muss., Wednesday, and Thursday, August 17th and 18th; Newburyport, Mass., Sunday, August 21st. Wapper Quada Ranounces that ha will lecture in Rechar-

17th and 18th; Newouryport, Mass., Sunday, August 21st. WARREN CHASE announces that he will lecture in Roches-ter, N. Y., July Slat; Rome, N. Y., August 4th, 5th. 6th and 7th; Utica, N. Y., August 14th; Lowell, Mass., the four Sun-days of September; October he will speak in Vermont, if the friends wish his services, and let him know by letter at Buffalo or Utica at the above dates. He would like to spend a week at each place he visits in Vermont, giving six or seven lec-tures, which may be paid for with \$25, if the month is mostly spent in the State; address for September will be Lowell, Mass.; from Aug. 14th to Sept. 1st, Newport, N. H.

Mass.; from Aug. 14th to Sept. 1st, Newport, N. H. Mass., July Sist, and will spend the month of August in Northannyton, Mass. She will lecture in Fortland, Me, tho four Sundays of September; in Luwell, Mass., the for Sundays days of October; in Providence, R. I., the four Sundays of November. She will receive calls to lecture on week eve-nings in places in the vicinity of where she lectures Bundays. Address, until September 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, North-annuton, Mass. nuton, Mass.

ampton, Mass. H. P. FAINFIELD will speak in Quincy, Mass., Bunday, July Sist; Great Works, Me., August 7th; in Lowell, Mass, Bun-day, August 21st; in Dover, Vt., Sunday, August 28th; in Milford, N. H., Sunday, September 4th; in Button, N. H., Sunday, Sept. 11th; in Lemuster, N. H., Bunday, Sept. 18th, Friends in the vicinity of the above named places, who may ends in the vicinity of the above named places, who may h to engage his services for week evenings, will address as above.

BOVE. S. L. WADSWORTH speaks in Springfield, Mass., July 31st and August 7th; Utics, N. Y., August 21st; Syracase, N. Y., August 28th; Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th, All porsons desiring his services ou week ovenings, can ad-dress him at the above named places at the time designated.

Mas. AMANDA M. SPENCS will lecture at Providence, R. I. July 31st, and at Willmantic, Conn. on the 7th and 14th of August. Invitations for her to lecture in the towns adjoining Providence and Willmantic during the week days, may be pirected to her at either of those places during her stay there.

Mns. J. W. Curnizar will answer calls to lecture. Address Lowell: box 815. She will speak as follows: Foxboro', July 31st; Waterbury, Ct. August 7th and 14th; Chicopee, Mass., August 21st and 28th. She will answer calls to lecture, week evonings, in adjoining places.

evonings, in adjoining places. Miss M. Musson, trance-speaker, will lecture in New Bed-ford, August 21st and 28th, and at Cambridgeport, Bept, 4th. Letters may be addressed to her at this office, as she requests. Miss Rosa T. AMEDEY will answor calls to lecture on Bpiritualism. Friends desiring her services are requested to address her as speedily as possible at No. 32 Allen strees, Boston, Mass. She will speak in Laconia, N. H., July Sist. J. H. Cunaten will lecture in Concord, N. H., August 24, 3d and 4th; Lawrence, Mass., August 7th. Meas A. D. Twankers will beckure in East Combridge.

MBS. A P. THOMPSON Will lecture in East Cambridge, Vt., Sunday, July Sist. Address Cambridge, Vt., till further no-

tice. GEOROFE M. JACKSON Willspeak in Clayville, July 20th; West Winfield, Sunday, July 31st; and go thence to the Conven-tion in Plymouth, Mass., and speak in Taunton the 2d and 3d Sundays in August. He may be addressed, by friends desiring his services, at Taunton, until August 21st, care of Willard Tripp

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson) will speak in Mishawakee, St. Joseph's Co., Ind., July 31st. Ardross, during August and September, Box 422, Bridgeport,

II. A. TUCKER, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at Foxboro', Mass. He will speak in Norton, July 31st; East Stoughton, August 7th.

Miss A. W. BRAGUE, after her engagement closes in Oswego, N. Y., will remain in that State a few weeks; after which she will go West. She is to be in St. Louis, Mo., dur-ing the month of December.

believe the human form contains portions of each and of all the gases in the atmosphere. The human form contains por tions of each and of all the known primitive substance These have absolutely been found, with few exceptions, and we think those are not exceptions, every known primitive element existing in the human form. Where then consti tutes the difference in form, in hue, in shape, in action, in life? It is simply from a different combination of atoms an properties. Gold, sliver, lead, copper, sulphur and ammonia -all the different primitive elements-are here found in refined, perfect and beautified state.

What is the difference between the property or element existing in the soil, or combination of elements known as lime and the lime which is to be found in human bones, or th bones of animals? By a chemical analysis you will find that they are just the same, absolutely the same; yet when placed upon soil, the bones of animals produce vegetation whilst lime produces the opposite, causes death to the soil. Why is this? The chemist cannot tell you. It is simply be cause lime, which exists in the bones of animals, has more perfected; the parts and stoms have been more progressed. I we may be allowed to use that word; they are better adapted to the condition of the soil; for, whilst the lime in its origi nal state is but a dead composition, when it has passed through various forms of animated life, through vegetation up to animal life, it carries with it all the properties of life which it has acquired in vegetation and in the bones of ani-mais; and therefore it can enrich the soil and produce the vegetation and animal life; and perhaps it has entered thousands and thousands of times, first from the soil into the position of plants, and animals, and men, then back again, until at last all becomes perfected and beautified, and life is born along with it. Marbjo and chalk are ohemically the same; yet ono is oxceedingly hard, and the other very soft, in it as structure. Why is it? The chemist cannot toll you. He can only tell you that, analyzed, they are precisely the same properties, precisely the same primitive elements, and in the same combinations. The only difference is in the pro-gression of the atoms, or in their combination toward one am-other. That is the difference—not the chemical difference through various forms of animated life, through vegetation other. That is the differenco-not the chemical difference-

other. That is the differenco—not the chemical difference— and yat it is a chemical difference; for, were chemistry per-fected, it would be seen and told how and why that difference exists. Chemistry is not alone to tell you what are the primitive ele-ments and substances connected with nature, how many they are, how they are to be classified, and what their forms and different combinations are; but chemistry is to tell you why these exist, what are the absolute conditions under why these exist, what are the absolute conditions under which these changes occur, why certain primitive elements will, under certain circumstances, occupying the same relative position to each other, be entirely different. This is the object of true chemical experiment. We cannot illustrate every diversity and variety of form, the different results of exneriment connected with chemistry. We can only illustrate by way of a few instances, as those that we have given of the beauty and perfectness of this art; but, in all its diversified orms, and in all its perfectness, the student of chemistry will be led to adopt more perfectly the system with wonder and astonishment, as connected with the structure of the earth while studying chemistry, than in any other science; for, while the astronomer may be led to wonder, as he gazes upon the structure of the stars, and measures their vast distances, and scarcely is able, with mathematics, to determine their distances, and relation to each other-while he may converse

From the Welcome Guest. Spirit Portrait Painting. STURGIS, MIGH., JUNE 30, 1859.

MESSAS, EDITORS-I design to state a few facts through the

wide collar he used to wear in earth-life. While we were

It must speak. When the first portrait was taken, I remarked that it tooked perfect, excepting the mouth—the lips did not protrude enough. This was at Dr. Packard's. When we got home we took our seats at the stand, and he soon made us acprotrude enough. This was at Dr. Packard's. When we got home we took our sents at the stand, and ho soon made us ac-quainted with his presence. He said, "Father, the reason you did not recognize my month is because my teeth, (four of them,) are in my shoe in the bureau drawer." This I could not understand until my wife told me she had four of his front zeth in his shoe as stated, and she went to the drawer and produced them. He also stated that he had a scar over his right eye, and had it painted in the picture. We had not noticed it at this time. The next morning we went down to see if we could find it, and, sure enough, there it was, as na-tural as life. There have been quilt a number to see the portraits, who were well acquainted with my boy in early life; they all say it is a perfect likeness of the culid. The portraits and coat are at my house, and we are happy to show them to any one who wishes to see them. The follow-ing are some of the names of those who were equainted with my boy: Charles Peck, Moses Sprague, Abagail Sprague, Ruth Howard, B. Howard, Ruth Sprague.

intelligence, that were connected, with darkness. I therefore relected all evidences done in the dark, and in my fature examinations culled from my experiences those that I considered the most reliable, a portion of which I will now give you, as received during a period of two years' scrutiny, among me diums of the following professed powers : tipping, writing, trance-speaking, and seeing, in the order I have placed them. Of the truthfulness of these media I am satisfied, as in no instance have I detected imposition. My first visit to the table of Mr. Conklin was singularly attended. I was only occasionally permitted to remain in the circle. The work would be sus pended, and indications for my withdrawing from that circle given. I found that when only two or three persons were present, my experiments were the most successful, and in no in stance were one of my pellets erroneously selected ; and they were of the usual tenor, and never less in number than four or five, sometimes prepared before my visit to the medium This encouraged me to renew my investigations, and I dismissed all prejudice from my mind that the incident with the raps might have produced. But my investigations were chiefly conducted during daylight, with open blinds, so that could see the whole performance.

The principal intelligences still professed to be those of my ather and sister, the control of the latter being stronger with these modia than the former, and the test questions for identity, in pollets, were invariably correct. But this vexed question of true identity cannot, in my opinion, be established by either mental questions or pellet tests. There is only one method, which will be described hereafter, and I regard its proof unquestionable. Among the communications I recived I select the following, as the strongest characteristic of the natural qualities of the solvits said to be communica ting; though I hold to the opinion that if the intelligence can read a question in your mind, it can also take from your mind sufficient record, or date, by which to frame an acceptable re ply. You therefore cannot be satisfied that you are not duped by a mischlevous spirit, or one desirous to gratify itself at your expense. Both my father and sister have left this carth nearly thirty years, and my memory of their affection is linked with childhood's hours:

"My son, I am always with you, always trying to instill good and holy thoughts into your mind. Do not let any ob-stacles prevent your continuing your investigations. You will have many difficulties to end unter, but will surmoun hem all. There is a great and glorious future in store for and all. Act well your part, and your reward will be in m. Let it be your duty, my son, not only to seek for elf, but continue to scatter these blessed truths to all. you and all. e hopeful." Feb ruary, 1854.

My intercourse with this spirit was limited through media, out very important, affectionate, and fearful, after personal development, as will appear in due course.

"My own dear brother—In your calm and silent moments, endeavor to realize my presence more than you do. I am with you often—indeed, I may say always; for spirits love to linger around those on earth to whom they were attached by the strong ties of affection and love. Let your mind be free, my brother; let it soar upwards, and you will soon fuel flowing into your inmost being a shower of pure, holy light and love. You are what you were tool you would be-much happler than you were a short time since. The promise you have spoken of (the answer to he letter) has not been forgotten. It will be fulfilled. Why do you not sit often at home? Spi-rits will try to manifest to you, if you will only let them, You day ou not love to hear us sound you a welcome from our heavenly home? We will do so, if you will sit passive. Your sister, JARE. "My own dear brother-In your calm and silent moments,

These selections are given in order to show that the finer qualities of nature predominated in their characters; and Bible idea is that God's intent was that there should be no this must be borns in mind when perusing the personal ox- sin, and consequently no death. Let us see where this idea, perionees after development. I shall now give an account of carried out, would lead. In six thousand years, if each couple

revere the Godike in man and going beneath the surface. we see the noble aspirations and the heavenward tendencies of spirit, and we then love our brother man, and deem him no more a being totally depraved.

awaking thought. So it is with us all; in a moment the

most unexpected, the sliver cord is touched, and our Divine

Maker's mercy shines in dazzling, penetrating rays over the

creatures of earth, lifting the human heart in reaction to

exclaim, "How wonderful is man ; how passing wonder he

who has made him such, who has centered in our make

such strange extremes." I left that room a wiser, if not a

better man. My hour had not come, but it was approaching

when identity was brought home to my stubborn heart, and

I felt that there were more things in heaven and earth than

Mr. Ambler in Salem.

DRAB BANNER-Listoning to the beautiful and soul-cleva-

ting discourse of Mr. R. P. Ambler, on the Sabbath morn, I

eemed it indeed a pity that so few wore present to judge of

the truths and principles of Spiritualism, so vividly presented by the inspired speaker. The theme was: "The Spiritual In-

terpretation of Human Nature," and troly the views pre-

sented were those of the broadest charity, the most elevated

character. Man, viewed as a physical being, by the eye of

science only, was a more machine; and questioning the life-

less body, it made no reply. But when we come to the knowledge, that it is the spirit which is the individualized

man; that the power of spirit lights up the eye with intelli-

gence and pales the check with emotion, or dyes it with the

crimson fife-flood; when we learn that by the command of

the spirit the body moves and the mind acts, we also learn to

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was dreamed of in my philosophy.

New York, July, 1859.

In the city's vilest haunts, where vice and crime and infamy hold rovel, we find the lowest, most degraded forms of humanity, rushing madly in pursuit of the ficeing phantom Pleasure, even as the more refind and cultivated seek it in less revolting forms. But even there, beneath the fluttering rags, in those squalld dens, in those degraded souls, live better thoughts, and holler efforts slumber; and it is this we are to direct the eve and urgo the consciousness; by the spiritual interpretation that finds some truth and goodness, some reflex of the Father's love in overy human soul, can we learn to ove our fellows, fulfill toward them our highest duty.

I cannot in this short space give even an outline of the reat truths, the glowing eloquence and poetic imagery, with which the lecture abounded, as with a perfect shower of gems Brother Ambler lectures in this city of peace throughout the Yours, for truth, nonth. COBA WILDURN.

Salem, Mass., July 18, 1859.

Picnic at South Montville, Me.

MESSEE. EDITORS-The 4th of July was truly a glorious day for our spiritual friends through this section of country. At an early hour our grove was thronged with people from twenty adjacent towns-ladies and gentlemen-well dressed, good, orderly, and the most respectable and sound-minded the country can afford.

At half-past ten A. M. the vast assemblage of from three to four thousand persons was called to order by Dr. N. P. Bean of Searsmout, and Hon. T. M. Morrow elected President for the day. His opening remarks were sound, giving a clear and lucid representation of the occasion of so vast a gather ing of the yeomanry to unite their hearts and hands in so glorious a freedom from sectarian bigotry and mental servitude of the past. Then followed a sweet strain of music from the band. The Scriptures were read, and followed by an appropriate prayer. Bro. Gibson Smith, of Camden, spoke one hour on the "Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse." The subject was handed in a manner which gave satisfaction to believers and unbelievers. It was truly an able production, delivered in strains of stirring eloquence, which forced conviction home to many a heart.

In the afternoon Bro. A. P. Pierce for one hour poured forth one continued strain of eloquence, love and good will to man, as it descended from the snirit-world, giving all hearers more wisdom and higher thought. Our zealous and active friend Hodges, next spoke, in thilling tones, of freedom from mental slavery and degradation. He was followed by others ; and the day's services closed, joyous and happy to all. Not an accident occurred to mar this pleasant reunion. Truly Heaven smiled upon us, and we retired to our several homes

more than over impressed with the benign influence of spirit communion. Much inquiry was made for Miss E. E. Gibson. If sho

hould make another visit to Maine the coming autumn, her friends #ould be glad to meet her at the grove. For her past labors in this section of Maine, she is remembered in kindness Fraternally yours, and affection.

N. P. BEAR.

No Death.

E. BOUGHTON, BATTLE CREEK, MICH .- "The Orthodox

GEORGE ATKINS, will speak in Milford, Mass., July 31st Orleans, Mass., August 7th.

REV. JOHN PIERFONT will answer calls to lecture on Spirit-talism. Address at West Medford, Mass.

MISS SABAH A. MAGOUN will answer calls to lecture in the rance state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

DR. JOHN MAYHEW will attend to the wishes of various friends, on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit until August Slat.

Mns. Many Macounza, trance speaking medium, will lec-ture at Putnan, Conn., Buudaya, August 14th and 21st, at the usual hours of religious services.

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

Miss EMMA HARDINGS will conclude her Summer engage-ments at Oswego, Bullulo, Owego, Schenectaly, etc. In Sep-tember she starts for the West, North and South; speak-ing in Octoher at St. Louls; in November at Memphis; and in December at New Orleans. She will return to Philadelphia in March, 1860. Address till October to No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York New York.

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

H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass., will give lectures on Spirit-H. L. BOWKER, MARCH, MASS, Will give reduces on opirit-ualism and its proofs, from Intuition, for such compensations above expenses, as generosity may prompt. He will lecture in Randolph, Mass., July 24th.

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

ELIAH WOODWORTH will discourse on the "Spiritusi philo-sophy, history unfolded, as written in symbolic narratives, ex-pressed through the personflection of words and names in the Hebrew and Christian oracles." He may be addressed pressed through the personification the Hebrew and Christian oracles at Leslie, Mich., till further notice.

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

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

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

LOVELL BEERE, tranca speaker, will answer calls to lecture wherever the friends of spiritual reform may require his ser-vices. Address North Ridgeville, Ohio.

Mns. S. MARIA BLIES will lecture on all the various subjects that have been presented before, together with physiology and phrenology, entranced by spirits. Address her at Springleld, Mass.

E. V. WILSON, Fountain House, Boston, will answer calls to be very where you have a base of the answer can be to be practical uses of Spiritualism, and its truths, relating many wonderful incidents which have taken place, with name and place for proof.

MISS A. F. PEASE has engagements to lecture till the first

Mns. BERTHA B. CHASE will answer calls to speak in the state. Address, West Harwich, Mass.

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

PROF. J. E. CHUNCHILL, can be addressed at No. 203 Franklin treet, near Race, Philadelphia, to lecture on Reform in Re-igion, Politics, and Socialism.

Mns. J. B. SMITH, clairvoyant, test, and tranco-speaking medium, may be addressed at Concord, N. H., for the present, DR. C. C. YORK will answer calls to locture in the trance state. Address Boston, Mass

Mas. F. O. Hyzen may be addressed, in care of J. H. Blood, Box 340, P. O., St. Louis, Mo.

Mas SURAN M. JOHNSON WIll receive calls to speak on Sum-ays. Address, North Abington, Mass. lays.

IRA H. CURTIS, Hartford, CL, will answer calls to lecture.

LIGHT. BANNER OF

EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Bunday Morning, July 17th, 1869.

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REPORTED FOR THE BANKER OF LIGHT, BY BURR AND LOBD.

Text, "Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also fileth the pools," Peales ixxxiv, 6.

It is doubtful whother this word "liaca," designates some actual place, or whether it is a general name applicable to any barren way-any sud and dreary passage of human experience. The meaning of the fext appears to be this: that those who, in the periodi-cal visits of the tribes to Jerusalem, went up to the temple, and to the worship of God with carnest and devoted hearts, made their journey joyfal and blessed by this spirit that was in them, so that the roughest path became pleasant, and the most arid waste like a spot refreshed with rain. This appears to be the special meaning of these words as they stand here; but they set forth a principle of very wide application. That principle is sufficiently apparent. It is the spirit of a man-that has the principle of very wide applications of his life. Ma-fact, in a profound sense, it makes the world in which he moves. This is a very familiar truth, but nevertheless it may be profitable for us to turn our It is doubtful whother this word "Baca," designates nevertheless it may be profitable for us to turn our attention to it for a little while.

attention to it for a little while. I-repeat, then, we make for ourselves the essential character of the conditions in which we are placed. The circumstances around us reflect the hue, and take the attitude of our own souls. To the jaundleed eye, the attitude of our own souls. To the jaunateed eye, the world is all yellow; to the troubled spirit, every-thing seems like the perplexed and tossing sea. It is no matter what things are absolutely in themselves—I speak of their practical effect—and in their practical effect it matters little whether the facts are so, or effect it matters little whether the lacts are so, or whether they only appears to. If the eye were diseased with a quality of redness, the landscape might as well be red. If the light within a man be darkness, how great is that darkness I Each man sees the world for himself. He stands practically in the centre of it, and it is interpreted by his own consciousness, and not that of other men. Existence may be full of jublice to you, but you cannot make it so to your neighbor when the dark cloud is upon his spirit. ... As he that taketh away a garment in cold weather..." says the wise man; "and as vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to an heavy heart

songs to an heavy heart." It is not easy to estimate the misery that grows out of these social incongruities—the assumption that others feel as we feel, or carelessness as to whether they feel with us or not. What a mistake people often make! They come to men in trouble, in distress of body or mind, and they say: "Cheer up, do as I do; do you pot see how heaves 'tem?" do you not see how happy I am? why cannot you be the same?" Looking at the thing entirely from their own standpoint, they do not estimate the inextricable conditions in which another is placed; not sympathizing with him, but merely endeavoring, without any degree of sympathy, to lift him up violently to their own point of view.

Now the largest and richest natures are characterized by a penctrative sympathy, that entors into the per-sonality of other men, so to speak, appreciates their conditions, and understands their point of view. And, therefore, when such natures undertake to administer consolation, and lift their neighbor from the dark pit and the deep shadow of his tribulation, they do not bring their own cheerfulness into rude collision with his misery, but endeavor in some way to appreciate his distress, to bear his burden, and then by a participa-tion of the afflicted man's sorrow, they are enabled to impart a portion of their joy. We must help to bear the burden of others, if we would help throw it off: we must see into another man's darkness, if we would enable him to see through it. By so doing we respect the truth that I am attempting to illustrate—the truth that the world is to every man according to the spirit that is in him; it is light or darkness reflected from his own soil—to the sensual eye a pleasure-ground; to the devoit mind a cathedral; a system of splendid problems and unfathomable wonders to the philosopher; a brick-field, or a market, to the clown. The geography, the scenery, the entire local character of a town or city, is to us according as we have enjoyed or suffered there. For this-not for what it is in itself, but for what it For this—not for what it is in itself, but for what it has been in our experience—it is indebted to our like or dislike, and we call it disagreeable, or pleasant. You will find that the association which people have with places, and their descriptions of places, have very

often little to do with the geography or the appear-ances of places, but a great deal to do with the dispo-sition with which they have beded them. or, as I have

said, with what they have enjoyed or suffered there. To a childlike nature the world even now is like Eden, unfolding fresh beauty, and pervaded with the presence of God. Every man in some sense comes into the world like Adam into Paradise, but too often in his conscious guilt and alienation, man becomes like Adam outside of Paradise. Yet this ensues, not from change of scene, but from the unfolding, the deeping, the darkening of his innost experience. This has turned the flowery way and the fresh verdure into a desert swept with the siroco of passion, while the tree of knowledge becomes a bane, and we hear the voice of the Lord God no more, or we hear it only to tremble of the Lord Goa no more, or we dear it only to treinble and try to hide away. But a transcendent faith, a cheerful trust, turns the darkness of night into a pillar of fire, and the cloud by day into a perpetual glory. They who thus march on are refreshed even in the wilderness, and hear streams of gladness trickling among the rocks. "Passing through the valley of Baca they make it a well; the rain also filled the pools." pools.

But to dwell longer upon this well-proved fact is as

is all laward: when he never goes into himself; when he naver hats in this hurrying match of life, to ask himself, "Why and placed hear? Whoarn 17 Whither on 1 bound, and what am 1 doing?" It is a dreadful thing to find men, as we often do, afadid to go into themselves. They do not want to stop and meditate, the naver bats and ask and ask and ask and ask and ask and ask and a the second of witnesses, is a great race course and field of noble effort. In which men press forward to the highest thing to find men, as we often do, afadid to go into themselves. They do not want to stop and meditate, the monet, when a second meditate. They say, "Oh, let us have something to do." It is torture to them to listen to the inward monitor, to re-treat within, and have memory utter its many voices, and conscience speak with its accusing tongue. They do not like that. Anything but that. And to drown it they rush into the activities of life, to get rid, as it the to the velation of his own soul. There are times, it is true, when extraordinary activ-ity is a whole-ome medium. When a man is a prey to

hally to be alve in the outward, without regard for the inward, is a great evil—one of the greatest evils of this age. The age is splendid-in_its_externalities. We have the most gorgeous upholstery of civilization that has ever been woven since the world was made, the most splendid implements, the most glorious vehicles; but I do not think we have as true an inward life, as correct a conscience, as deep and thoughtful a heart as

industriously, soberly. That is a good thing, and so far all right; but what have you made out of it? Not Idrail right; but what have you made out of it? Avos what have you begun to grasp, not what you can measure and count up. What are you? The discipline of stern necessity that has borne you into rugged labor and daily hardship; the poverty of which you boast because you may have preserved your integrity in it, what else have you gained out of it? Have you gained a barrier foith a submission spirit, an unrendming

a larger faith, a submissive spirit, an unreplning patience, a life that has been unimbittered? For the great trial of adversity in this world is, that it makes people sour and harsh. Have you kept sweet in your trouble? Have you made the valley of Baca, through which God has called you to pass, a well of blessedness for yourself and for others? There is the glory—to keep ourselves continually employed in externals, and Keep ourselves continually employed in externals, and not ask ourselves what have we gained, but what have we made out of life. It is to hold all external life and all that pertains to it as of very uncertain tenure. For there are two evils here to be considered. It is true men may too much calculate upon the future in a sad way—may have too many evil forebodings. We know that two-thirds of the trouble in this world is borrow-ed trouble. Men do not heed the Saviour's beautiful injunction. "Sufficient unto the day is the avil there. injunction, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil there injunction, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil there-of." People are continually holding their present joys tainted by future fear. There is not a fruit of God's bounty that they put to their lips, that is not cankered at the core. They look around on their family relations only to sigh and say, "Ah, yes, but a great change may come presently." So there may be, but God has not brought it yet, and what business here you to anticipate it? They look on their present have you to anticipate it? They look on their present happiness and see the dark ruin of the thunder coming over the horizon long before it has approached them, and where they know, perhaps, that possibly, by some chance, the wind may blow it out of the way alto-

gether. It is a great mistake, therefore, to be fore-boding and forcensting evil. On the other hand—I speak now especially to those who are depending on externalities—it is a great mis-take for them to calculate simply the good that comes

from those externalities in themselves. It is a great from those externations in themselves. It is a great thing for them to forget that all those have an uncer-tain tenure, and that the man who is really prepared to enjoy life is a man who is ready, by inward balance and reflection and meditation, to gain and to lose. That is the man who enjoys the greatest blessing; the That is the man who enjoys the greatest blessing; the man who feels that he holds it by an uncertain tenure. while he thanks God that he does hold out the tenure; who feels that in the present it is certain; who takes no joy as though it were sure and complete, no earthly, outward blessing as though it never could fall him; who has that prepared and equal mind which enables him to take the joys of life properly, fully, without too much forecasting of evil, and yet to estimate them for what they are worth, and to hold them in a thank ful spirit, believing that they may leave him at any time, and that everything in respect to them is uncer-tain. tain.

Oh, it is a common-place thing to say, but it is a grand thing to achieve the truth, that all real loss and gain are inward and personal; that we cannot lose any real treasure if we have our hearts stayed on God and our souls calm in him; that we cannot meet with anyblessed experience. Yes, oven now the blight may come on the crops that are crowning the blight may golden diadems all over the land; the farmer's hope may be blasted; the merchant's prospects may look

We construct the revention of his own soul. There are times, it is true, when extraordinary activ-ity is a whole-some medium. When a man is a prey to morbid introspection, when trouble would drive him too much into himself, and become too much to bear, it is a wise prescription to say, "Go into extraordina-it is a wise prescription to say, "Go into extraordina-it is a wise prescription to say, "Go into extraordina-it is a wise prescription to say, "Go into extraordina-it is a man whose spiritual vision is open, not only sees a man whose spiritual vision is open, not only sees to an use whose spiritual vision is open, not only sees the test of the test open is the second to be t a man whose spiritual vision is open, not only sees above and beyond him the spiritual realities in the midst of which he lives, but he has them with him, he feels them in him, he is part of them. And what a transfiguring power that has exerted and will exert in life, only the experience of those who have felt it can testify. But I wish to urge upon you another point here. I

correct a conscience, as deep and thoughtful a heart as men of other ages have had; and one of the great things we need is, to counterbalance this external tendency by coming back a little to the inward. And not only this, but we must remember that if we are living in the outward entirely. If externalities completely ab-sorb us, we are losing the real resort of all life. Your riches, you know they are nothing in themselves. Your poverty, of which you may be equally proud-for some men are as proud of being poor as others of being rich—is nothing in itself. Your joy or your sor-row is not in outward things. All this is to be sum-med up in what you are. What have you made out of your wealth? You have made it honestly perhaps, industriously, soberly. That is a good thing, and so nockories and decits. It is quite the popular ground of statement, at the present day, that in regard to the greatest truths, in regard to the highest facts of religion and of life, man has no direct perception of absolute realities; that he only sees things as they come to him interpreted by the cross-lights of his own faculties; that he has only distorted views and unstal more maneanting. interpreted by the cross-lights of his own faculties; that he has only distorted views and partial perception; that he has no vision of that which is real and absolute. Oh, my friends, I cannot believe this entirely. Man, as I said last Sunday, cannot comprehend God; he can-not take in all his fulnless; he cannot see him in his infinity, but he can apprehend him. He can have, as it were, a miniature reflection of the infinite; if I may use such a paradox; he may have something within him which sees what he is. He cannot tell how it is that man can have relations to the infinite; he may not know how to get at the logic, the dialicities of it; but he can have an immediate perception of what God is; and this view he has through the Lord Jesus Christ. And that is my overlasting argument for the trath of And that is my overlasting argument for the truth of Christianity. I say that in no possible way could man apprehend God, or have a direct vision of what he is, except by that manifestation of the divine and the human, God in Christ; not in nature, because nature cannot represent the will, the affection, the intelli-gence of God, as a man can. Therefore, enshrined in the human came the divine nature of Christ, and man, as the genetic of construction of the statements. not being capable of apprehending God, apprehends Christ, and sees what God is. Therefore it is that man is not continually confined to his own perceptions and interpretations; but if he will look to Christ Jesus he will get the idea of the real truth; something higher than his own soul will be the source of his own light. and he will get a revelation as to his own spirit, which will at the same time strike out through the spirit on the world round about him, and he will interpret al things in that light. So, I repeat, we are not left to stumble in our own vague conceptions, we are not left our own dark fears and our own vain conceits Dark and inexplicable indeed would be the world if it

Dark and inexplicable indeed would be the world if it were so. But there is a light to give us the clew of life and show us the meaning of things, and even in this uncertain world to make a well in the valley of Baca, and to fill the pools with rain. But I will remark still again under this head that not only do our true peace and real joy depend upon the spirit within us; but, on the other hand, our view of life furnishes a moral test of our inward state. Our judgment of the world, for instance—the judgment we neas on things and men around us—is a revelation of judgment of the world, for instance—the judgment we pass on things and men around us—is a revelation of ourselves. What do you say of the censorious man? Does it ever strike you that he is a good man, a pure man, a just man? A man who is all the time criti-cising and battling with the things about him, do you not feel that he is looking through the dusty and thaved windows of his own soul? What do you say of the man who is always suspicious of others? Do you not feel that there is someting withich innot feel that there is something within him which in terprots men? His ideas of men are so exaggerated, he applies his rules so indiscrimately and oppressively. that you feel that he can only form such a suspicious judgment of others by being in himself something he ought not to be. It is inevitably the judgment we

There are some persons who are perpetually criticis ing the world. Everything seems to come wrong, and the undertone of their speech is all sarcasm and ridithe undertone of their speech is all sarcasm and rid-cule. No doubt there is a great deal in the world to be ridiculed. I believe there is a great deal that God has done that appeals to our faculty of laughter. Laughter is human as well as tears. There is no say, "I meet with no loss that can really rob me; I creature on earth that can laugh but man, and I believe creature on earth that can laugh but man, and I believe and that is fadeless; for one thing is certain: God can may appeal to our sense of humor. But that is very different from the sarcastic, ridiculing spirit very different to the sarcastic, ridiculing spirit very different to the sarcastic, ridiculing spirit very different to the sarcastic. may appeal to our sense of humor. But that is very different from the sarcastic, ridiculing spirit—very dif-ferent certainly from looking on all the earth, and overything in life in this ridiculous and sarcastic way. These people look entirely on the reverse side; they these people look entriety on the leverse such they discover nothing noble, nothing holy round about them, but they pile up the faults and follies of the world until they hide all that is glorious and beautiful. They are suspicious of all men, holding up all men as hypocrites, more or less successfully marked. They have no faith in virtue, and all they do in this world any merit is to see and all they too. apparently is to snear and disparage. Now, what is the judgment you pass on such people? At once, you say this is the smallest, the meanest, vilest of attitudes, for a man to come into the great universe of God, and sit down with a little stool of contemptuous criticism and mean depreciation. To view the world in that way does not prove the world all to be so mean and base; but it does prove the critic himself to be mean and base. He is confined to this point of view evidently because there is sometning in binn that gravitates to this point of view. Of course a man may err by limitation of vision on the other side, and many do so err. Some people will not see any evil in the world at all. They look at the world through a kind of sentimental mirage, and they see nothing but cases of goodness in everything round about them. But, after all, we cannot doubt which is the course that the true, high and noble nature takes the course that the true, high and noble nature takes— not always commending, not always approving, some-times looking with horror and with sadness on things, but never, contemming. You never see a really high and true nature that is not above contempt. It, is always at least pity, it is hope, it is trust. And if it is re-buke, it has love in it. There is more love mingled with it than wrath

persistently, is the sort of estimate that people will nake of us

But let me say, in the next place, that the general in the rot my my in the next place, that the general fruth set forth in the text has not only a practical beaulag, by indicating what each of us, by his own spirit or disposition, makes for himself, but it leads us to reflect on what a different world we may make of it for others. I have shown you what a world we make for effect on which there is the new of any many of re-for others. I have shown you what a world we make for ourselves out of our inward disposition or spirit; I say, consider for a few moments, as we close, what a different world a man may make of it for others-a different world a man may make of it for others-a different world by his disposition, by his general spirit and tomper. Because we are not to take the selfish consideration only. As we pass through the valley of Baca, we must make it a well for other people as well as ourselves. We have companions in this pilgrimage: we have those who are going with us, and as we pass through the valley, if we will, we can make all who pass with us blessed. We really do not know how to measure our influence. Though we stand a far off some times from the result we really reach in life. In little remote corners, we may be affecting the universe, for aught we know. The infinite God does not go into mensurements of great and small in the instruments he ises. It may be a public, it may be a planet. He makes an infant to achieve more than a king. He handles his tools in a strange way, which to us seems sometimes little, and sometimes big, but you cannot say what is to do the great work. The only thing for us to know is that we can do some work, and can influnce others more than we can tell.

It is a beautiful poem that Browning has founded on this idea in the description of a little Italian work-girl. Pipa, who has but a single holiday of twelve hours. and goes out thinking what a little insignificant thing she is in life. But she takes it cheerfully, all the time going carclessly along singing her little songs. But as she sings, the words enter palaces, artists' studios, and places of a grave and solemn import, and those few words which little Pipa sings, change the whole current of people's thoughts and lives. She startles, wakes and inspires the indifferent, encourages the ful-taring and emitter the guiltre hourt. Thus, little Pina tering, and smites the guilty heart. Thus little Pipa passingly touches springs of immeasurable purport and Thus little Pipa result.

So you and I, even the smallest of us, may never know the influence we exert. Mercly in the life which we live-mercly in the motion of our lives, without per-haps any direct or conscious action, we may be making a very dry place in this world for others, or as a valley full of water. The atmosphere in which a man lives, he inevitably imparts; that is certain. You say of people that there is an atmosphere round about them. There are some people who come upon you like a fog-bank driven by the east wind off from an iceberg, that chills you all through. There are others that make you happy in their presence always. They are like fruits and flowers, and they retain their fragrance and fruits and flowers, and they retain their fragrance and aroma, oh, how long 1 They send it out to us contin-ually from their hearts and lives. Men are moving zones; the climate in some seems to be frigid; come very near them, and very likely it will make you shud-der. Other men are like the tropical heats in the South, they always consume us. Others are calm and temperate, and like the still influence of our northern spring, or like the solemn midnight, Again, there are those whose presence comes down on you with an irre-sistible influence. There is a power even in the inward disposition or heart of a man that flows out and makes life different to others, and they take knowledge as it was said of the disciples of old, that they have been with Jesus

I think that is the best way people can take knowl edge of our religion-not in our loud-mouthed profes-sion, not in our direct utterance of religious words, but in the way in which we live it we shall preach it. I never had any great confidence, unless particularly re-quested, in going and sitting down with people, and breaking the subject of religion abruptly in set terms. Nor do I think a great deal of religion is communicated in that way, for a good many feel, after all, that it is all words. It rings hollow, it has a counterfeit sound, all words. and if it is real, it is evidently constrained. The man seems to be talking religion because he thinks it is his duty. But, instead of that, he should live religion; he should let it stream out of him with its mighty power. would not give anything for the most eloquent preacher in the world, who had not back of that the cloquence of a life, of moral power, of a consistent character; and then it is not so much the words that are said, as the unction streaming, as it were, from God himself, that has the effect. And so anybody may be a preacher; yes, the humblest person that sits in a pew, not ac-quainted at all with theology, not giving to talking about religion, but who lets religion stream out from

bim. Oh, it is a tremendous thing to think of the silent Oh, it is a tremendous thing to think of the silent Influence that inevitably goes out from our lives. You are affecting others for good or for evil every hour you live. You cannot escape it; there is no getting rid of it. The tong and atmosphere of your life, the very spirit that is within you, consciously or unconsciously turns others to good or ovil, and you are making life a desert for them, or a valley illed with water. Remember that in this world the disposition to do things is of that in this world the disposition to do things is of more consequence than the mere power. They never ought to be separated, of course; but the power, with-out the disposition to do, is terrible. Where there is but little power, the desire to do good is very effective, for when a man looks around him, he finds a thousand opportunities to do a little good. He finds life rich with possibilities, and the disposition in him makes him neverful in kindling never in others. For to opt the disposition to do, is terrible. Where there is but little power, the desire to do good is very effective. For when a man looks around him, he finds a thousand opportunities to do a little good. He finds life rich with possibilities, and the disposition in him makes bim powerful in kindling power in others. For to him that hath shall be given. So a man must remem-ber that by the sort of disposition in him, he not only makes the valley of Baca a well for himself alone, but for others.

Finally, the disposition indicated in the text is active

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July 2

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unnecessary as the illustrations themselves are innu-merable. Let us urge the truth to some practical point, in the first place, as it bears upon ourselves. Very ob-viously, then, my hearers, this general truth set forth in the text, urges us to look for the sources of our true peace, and our real joy, within. All that is essential in our life, all that is enduring, we carry with us-we carry in us. An old truth, indeed, but oh, how slight-ly is that truth headed 1 It is the great thing that we have to keep preaching about and preaching at, genera-tion after generation--this simple fact, old and thread-bare as it is in statement, neglected as it is in practice --that all that is enduring, all that is really worthy, all that is essential in life, we carry with us, and we carry in us. in us.

That this truth is slightly heeded, is indicated in the absorbing interest with which men plunge into out-ward pursuits, and seek after outward good. Now do not let us fall into any impracticable cant upon this point. Man is placed here to be active. He is placed here to enter into the world around him, and to subdue here to enter into the world around min, and to subdue it. It has no other explanation than this. Even Adam, amid all the glories of Eden, was sent into the garden, not to fold his hands in meditation, not merely to think upon himself, but to look out into that field of beauty, and to till and to dress it. There was enough of imand to this and to dress it. Increase was chough of im-perfection, there was enough of want, there was enough of stern demand for effort, even in Paradise, to call forth his labor there. And the world itself has its ex-planation as the theatre of vast and varied outward activities.

It is not true that the chief end of life is for a man to retire from its activities into his own soul, and dig into retire from its activities into his own soul, and dig into himself morally, as a great many people seem to think. For a great many, when they come to give their ideas of life, tell you they feel as if it were rather an evil ne-cessity which forces them to their daily labor. They speak of the distracting influence which business has on their religion, and they regard all they do in this world as a kind of compromise between God and Satan. And consequently their consciences are troubled, and they come to feel that that not is religion which is rethey come to feel that that only is religion which is rethey come to feel that that only is religion which is re-deemed and set apart from active work and secular av-locations. Now we are jammed up into such an alter-native as that, exactly. I repeat that it is not man's chief work to go apart and dig into his own soul--to keep probing his motives. In this way a man assumes a very selfish object. He assumes that he is placed in this world merely to seek his own salvation--the salva-tion of his own soul--and thet it is to consist imply in tion of his own soul—and that it is to consist simply in

tion of his own soul--nau that it is to consist simply in the development of his inward powers and faculties. Now a man does not get even his own salvation in this way, because the powers within him, the light within him, is called out and developed only by outwhich min, is cancer out and decloped only by out-ward activities. A man can hardly know himself, ex-cept as that which is in him is elicited by outward ac-tion. Men are not only ignorant of the world, who live a cloistered and ascetic life, but of themselves, and what is in themselves. What temptation in the clois-ter can be compared with the monitor temptation what is in themselves. What temptation in the clois-ter can be compared with the pressing temptations which summon out the good as well as the evil of our nature in the street and in the market? What efforts of charity that we may make by a constrained service, are to be compared with the spontaucous exercise of charity, elicited by God's providence, in the action of every-day life? And so I say the world is that theatre of discipline by which that inward life is developed; and, therefore, when I say that men are too much aband, therefore, when I say that men are too much ab-sorbed in outward things, that they are too much de-voted to external activities. I would not be understood to mean that the right way is simply to put aside all ac-tivities, as far as possible, and retire into ourselves. The true course is to weare them together—to carry our inward meditations on the affairs of life into the field of outward work, and from that field of outward work is the say the say for that field of outward work

But it is a terrible thing, it is a greater fanaticism, if anything, when a man is all outward, than when he

fire, the inspiration of being, and the source of com-fort. I cannot be deprived of God, though I may be of everything else. I cannot be carried away nor borne so far away that his hand shall not rest on me and his presence will not be around about me." Is it not a blessed thing that even the poor sinner can feel this? When despair comes almost to crush him, there this? When despoir comes almost to crush him, there is still this thought: He may say, "I do not look for comfort to outward things; I know I am a sinner; I know there is nothing in the world without that helps me at all; but the trouble with me is. I can hardly find any comfort within me. Memory accuses me, con-science upbraids me, dark forms of retribution rise up in my soul; what shall I do?" Yes, there is one thing left even for you. God will not forsake you, old sin-ner; he will not leave even you. You are cared for by him, and though you may be hidden under the rubbish of all your sins, though you may be cast away and of all your sins, though you may be cast away and scorned by men, he will hunt for you as for a hidden jewel. There is a spring of comfort, there is a source of hope, even to the poor dispairing sinner, when he calls up this truth in his mind. The valley of Baca becomes as a well and the rain filleth the pools.

I say, then, it is a great thing for us to remember practically that the source of our peace and joy is with-n. And we must remember likewise that in all great hanges it is not the world, it is not the things around u that are to change, but we are to change. Give a man a microscopic or a telescopic eye, and ho would be in a different universe, he would be entirely in another world. And I am not sure at all but what constitutes the real essence of immortality, so far as it is an exter-nal fact, rather than an internal experience, will be the simple development of natural powers—not so much a shifting of scenery in the universe, not in going to distant regions and beholding things that nover have met our eyes before, but in sceing all things in a new aspect, sceing all things with new eyes, we being new

That is the way the apostles felt. They were in a That is the way the aposites let. They were in a new world; they were in the kingdom of heaven; they were in the new dispensation, when the old Jewish blindness had melted away and the scales had fallen from their eyes. Do n't you suppose Paul saw a new world when he beheld him who was in visible? Do n't

Are there not times when we cannot bear with any Are there not times when we cannot bear with any-thing less than just such a change of feeling and spir-itual vision within us? when we must have that or nothing? It is no use to speak kind words to us; it is no use to proffer sympathy. We value these, we realize them; but only God Almighty, as it were, unseals our inward vision, until we perceive the world in new re-lations, until we see his hand in the world, until we behold the changed aspects of things which come from this new view. Only this can comfort us and enable valley of Baca is without this, but with it what a change comes! The rain, as it were, fills the pools, spiritual vision is altered, and faith-vision springs up

All noble natures are hopeful. It is a remarkable All noble natures are hopeful. It is a remarkable fact, that the purest people are the most charitable people. When a great sin occurs, when scandal arises in society, you do not find the purest people to have the most bitter words to say of it, but those that are more nearly on a level with the same kind of sin, are the most bitter. And when you come, for instance, to some noble minded, pure hearted woman, you will be sure to find that the word of charity, the judgment of merry, and the heart of nity-rises above all other im-

mercy, and the heart of pity, rises above all other im pulses. There is one remarkable thing in the character of

world when he beheld him who was invisible? Do n't you suppose the martyrs and Christian herces, when they saw him who was invisible, beheld a changed world? They did not need any change of scenery; they did not need any New Jernsalem to come down from heaven to carth; they only needed a firm, clear around them, and giving them a falth-vision and the transforming power, strength, to alter the aspect of li life.

they were rightcoust, and despised others. They were the only class that ever fell under anything that was edged with scorn from the Saviour's lips. Although he rebuked the sinner, he prayed for him and toiled for him and did not despise him. And that is what I

valley of Baca is without this, but with it what a change comes! The rain, as it were, fills the pools, spiritual vision is altered, and faith-vision springs up in our souls. See what a view such men as those to whom I have allided have of this valley of Baca. This is a dry, dull, sensual world, some people say. "Oh." they dull, sensual world, some people say. "Oh." they though it were spurned from the foot of God." Not at all so to him who has something of the vision of God, and who rises to the greatness and intensity of that vision. The apostle, in the clorenth chapter of the

energy and constructive nower. Passing through the valey of Baca, the good and true man makes it a well. He becomes a co-worker with God. I do not care what he becomes a co-worker with double that he becomes and becomes a co-worker with double the world better if he is good and true. He puts forth some constructive influence, and you know the world is better. If he is a great man, civilization becomes doveloped by him; if he is a small man, life, at least, is illustrated by him. Thank God for the lowly and beautiful livers -for the men who wear no crowns, who walk in no coronation robes [Though they never lead armies, not sit in sciencies, though they have no voice in the field of literature with the tongue or pen, though they never speak from the pulpit and platform, thank God, they, in their own lowly, quiet, humble ways, live out God's life in the soul, and show that there is something better than animalism, sensuality, skepticism and baseness in the world—something good and holy that God gives to the heart of man. They do more and better than he who builds a city, or launches a ship. They make a new life, and give the world an illustration of God, and Christ, and give the world an illustration of God, and Christ, and heaven. If you plant nothing but a tree, if you make nothing but a literal well, but have the spirit indicated in the text, you have at least done something good in the world, and are a co-worker with God.

So was Christ a great worker, and not a mere image an abstract vision of goodness. I think of him, not merely as seeking the solitude of communion with God. but with the beaded sweat upon his brow, and the dust on his sandals, toiling, working, and saying, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," And so you, and I, and every person, must do something to be co-workers with God, and help to make a well in the valworkers with God, and help to make a well in the val-ley of Baca. God, in answer to all the prayers that go up to him in this world, not only gives to those who cry to him, but he calls upon their fellow-men to answer their prayers. When there is a poor, needy soul that says, "God help me." God calls upon you and me to help that needy soul. And I am thankful that the riddle of life becomes explained in that way. For, if in no other way. I can explain the inequalities in this world in this way. in this world in this way. God sees that it is profitable not only for the poor, troubled soul, but for those who are disciplined by helping him. Ob, it is beautiful to e great and good works come out of evil in this way. t does not, perhaps, reconcile us to evil, but it helps

I was looking lately upon some French caricatures I was looking lately upon some French caricatures of the war in Italy. Most of them are witty enough, but there was one that stood out like a gem. It represouted a French soldier supporting a poor, lame Aus-trian, bandaged in both legs, and the French soldier says, " When he cannot stand on his feet, he is no longer an Austrian, but a man." There is a sentiment that comes right out of the cannon's mouth, under the gleam of swords, haptized with blood, but full of broad and noble humanity. So God, in the ovil of this world, disciplines not only those who suffer, but those who aid the suffering; and he calls upon men to be co-workers with him, to bring evil out of good, to make wells in the valley of Baca

My friends, it is a practical subject. Ask yourselves, "What is life to me? What is my judgment of it? What influence do I shed forth upon it? How do I help God in it?" Ask yourselves these questions, and you will understand the meaning of the text, and, passing through the valley of Baca, you will make it a well, and the rain shall fill the pools.

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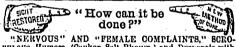
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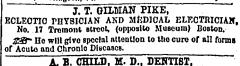
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