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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS Of Roys. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES-II. W. Beecher's Sermon. THIRD PAGE--Rov. George F. Noyes's Discourse,

MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated. odi bana, han BY, ANN, E. PORTER,

Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

sketch is dedicated, said to me, "Why not write out the history of your friend Bertha's life? It may lead some hearts to pause before they bind themselves for life to uncongenial companions." We had known could with difficulty stand. I will go. I said : but a much of Bertha's married life, and in our hours of confidential intercourse she had given me her history, sciousness, and fell to the floor. How long I had as I now give it to my readers. But I little thought lain there, I cannot tell; but the first thing I rethat the story which I commenced arranging from Bertha's journal and letters, while sitting at the winter's fireside, cheered by his presence and approbation, would be laid aside to walk with him through the dark valley, and watch, with breaking heart and tearful eyes, his passage over the river of death.

Alone and weary I resume the pen, working and waiting till he beckons to me, from "over the river," to join him.

CHAPTER I.

THE WEDDING.

My wedding day! How vividly, at this moment, I recall it to mind! From early dawn there had been the bustle of preparation in the house for the ceremony of the evening, while in my own room, half-packed trunks, and the bridal paraphervalia, made confusion little congenial to reflection. This was well, for I did not wish to think, and I kept myself as busy as possible, that I might not have one moment of quiet or solitude. I dared not examine my own heart. Like one who had plunged into the depths of a dense forest, and now, bewildered and lost, was determined to travel on, I too would push forward, faster and faster. Right or wrong, I must proceed.

I was packing a box with gifts and home trifles. and thinking of a small antique server that had once, belonged to my mother, and formed a part of her marriage outfit, but had long since been banished fetch it.

of many years; but it was clean and orderly, for my second mother, like most New England housekeepers, sorubbings, in which the phrase, "from garret to struck five-three hours still before the ceremony! cellar." was well understood by her domestics.

I did not find the server in the place where I had chest under the caves, I sat down upon a stool to investigate the contents. I tossed one side broken toys, old picture books, and almanacs of ancient date. and such relies as may be found in every garretamong the rest a tiny bureau, a child's toy, given to me when my first doll set up housekeeping. It had marks of hard service, was minus two legs, one drawer was gone, and the corners were sadly battered; but I took it up with care, and gazed at it tenderly, for the sight of it brought to mind those proud, happy days of childhood, when I furnished my first "baby house." The high post bedstead, flatirons, the china tea-set, were all before me; but the bureau was the pride of my establishment. It was a New Year's gift from my father, and no bride. with the most gorgeous modern furniture for her drawing room, could be happier than his little daugh. ter on that day. Shall I ever be as happy again? A long drawn sigh was the only response. I opened one of the remaining drawers. A little dingy roll of your marriage, and not see my new brother?" paper was all that it contained. I opened it. when a note, clumsily folded in the form of a small letter, earnestly. fell upon the floor. My own name, printed with a pen, in stiff, awkward capitals, was upon the outside. "Miss Bertha Lee." The inside was printed, also, and ran as follows:

"MY DEAREST BERTHA-I am sorry that I cannot go to your doll's tea-party this afternoon; but mamma says I must stay at home and learn my piece that I am to speak in school to-morrow-

' How doth the little busy bee.'

But after I have spoken it to the tencher, I can go; so if Dollie will not feel too bad, I wish you would wait, for to morrow is my birthday, and I should like very much to go and see you then, and show you my room, dressed in her heavy grey silk and majestic presents. I always have plenty of sugar plums on turban, amid the folds of which gleamed a golden that day, and I will bring them over for the table. six years old then—a whole year older than you; and I'am a great deal stronger, too; so I mean to take care of you all the days of my life; and when liam. we are big enough, we will keep house together, and Dollie shall have a new satiu gown. Cousin Joe is here, and when I asked him if he would wait and

I read this little missive again and again; tears blinded my eyes, but I brushed them away, and read; then I folded it into my bosom, and let the then trembling so with weakness that the support waters flow. This did me good, and I found courage of his arm alone prevented me from falling. to kneel and pray-"Oh, God, give me strength to "Will you open that drawer for me, Willie? The go on; help me to do my duty-to crush out all sin key turns very hard."

ful affection. May I perform faithfully the vows which I am about to take upon myself, and be a true wife unto death to him who claims my hand to day!"

Impious prayer! I see it now, looking backward through a long lapse of years. I was asking my Maker to aid me in disobeying the very laws of my nature. I was acting from a sense of duty; but it was a deed no more pleasing to Him who loveth mercy, and not sacrifice, than the penance of the Jesuit or the immolation of the Hindoo widow.

I buried the papers in my bosom, and sat with my head bowed upon my hand. The old garret seemed pleasant as the midday sun came softly in through the skylight overhead; but I was soon aroused by a voice, inquiring, "Where is Bertha? Pray, where can the child have gone? Strange that she is not Not many months ago, he to whose memory this ready to receive Mr. Gray! He came in the stage. some time since, and is asking for her."

Mr. Gray! The words seemed to chill my blood. I rose to my feet, but became suddenly faint, and power stronger than my will forbade. I lost conmember, on coming to myself, was a rough hand chafing my arms, and a voice saying, "Yes, yesah, ah! she aint dead-no, only sick-faint!" and then commenced again the vigorous rubbing. I opened my eyes, but I was bewildered, like one in a dream.

"Yes, yes -see, she is alive again !" "Cousin Joe, where am I?"

"Yes, yes-ah, ah!" and from rubbing me he fell to rubbing his own bands together. "You're up in the garret, Sisy-can't you see? I came up to bring down an extra mattress, because the house is so full of company, and I found you just like dead upon the floor. Joe did n't call the folks, 'cause he guessed he could bring you back to life, if he rubbed hard enough. There, lie down upon this mattrass, and Joe will put a pillow under your head."

"Joe, is anybody inquiring for me?"

"Yes, yes-ah, ah!-nobody at-all, Sisy-was awhile ago-gone now to a relig-cous conference in the vestry !"

"Thank you, Joe; I will lie down-some cold water, if you please."

He ran down in his stocking feet, and returned as noiselessly, bringing me some water, which I thought tasted bitter, but in my eagerness to drink, I took little heed of it. Ay, Joe! it was an opiate, and itgave me three blessed hours of sleep-sleep which, for many days and nights before. I had not known. When I opened my eyes, the light came, not from the to the garret, with many other articles which brought skylight above, but from the little arched window in her too vividly to mind, (for the mementoes of a first the west front. I roused myself, and went down to love are never pleasing to a second wife,) I went to my own room. Some kind hand had finished the packing of my trunks; the wedding dress was carefully laid upon the bed, and freshly cut orange blossoms were in a vase of water on the dressingtable. The gloves, handkerchief, slippers, were all never omitted certain periodical overturnings and there, made ready by some careful hand. The clock

A strange calm possessed me. I sat down, and opened a book. It was my favorite author, Jeremy often seen it, and thinking it might be in an old Taylor, and, though I turned over the leaves at random, the following met my eye first:

"They that enter into a state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the great. est interest in the world, next to the last thrown for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness."

I do not believe that this is a day of miracles, or with its white curtains, the round table, the little that we are taught our duty, unless by the aid of reason we seek to know it. But God had heard my prayer, and was now teaching me consequences of my present course. The lesson was unheeded. At this moment my brother William opened the door.

"Oh, William, is it you? I was afraid you would not come at all. I have looked for you many days." "But I'm here at last, sister. Could I consont to

"You have seen him!" and my eyes sought his

"Yes: and the most I can say is, that he is tall good-looking, and very grave in his manner. You can't expect such a scape grace as myself to fall in love with a parson, but if you love him, and he is kind and good to you, I shall be satisfied. But I can't understand, Bertha, why you and Charles Herbert did not fulfill the promises of your childhood. By the way, he is in town, and will be at the wedding."

As he spoke, my step mother entered. She seemed taller and statelier than usual, as she sailed into my serpent with its ruby tongue.

"Do n't leave me with her!" I whispered to Wil-

"My dear, it is time the bride was dressing. I you shall have a silver plate and a gold spoon, and have come to aid you myself. Cousin Elsie has been waiting with great impatience to be admitted : but take a letter to you, he said, 'Yes, yes, ay, ay, that I Joe said you had fallen asleep, and your father forwill.' How queer he is! I hope Dollie will wait.
Your best friend, Charlie."

Your best friend, Charlie." the ceremony bravely."

My hand was clasped in William's, and I was

"I can do that for you," said my mother.

"I think not, ma," said William; "it is very hard; but it will yield after working awhile."

Soon Elsie appeared. "Come, haste to the wedbride!"

"I was afraid the groomsman would have to wait for the blacksmith," said William, as the drawer flew open: but there it is, and all the flowery, gauzy, silky contents, without which a bride can no more be married, than a soldier march without music." "There, now, away with you, Cousin Will, and be

sure not break your heart for any pretty, gauzy, silky piece of dry goods you find in the parlor this evening," and with that she took him by the shoulder and put him out of the room. But his face was peeping in a moment afterwards with the request, Please, may I come in again once more before the ceremony?"

"Yes, yes," said Cousin Elsie, "if you will behave with me, and bid Mr. Gray good night." yourself."

"By this time I was strong again. " He shall see that my nerves are quiet," I said to myself. "Who can have given him this invitation to my wedding? Some one who chose not to consult me."

was soon dressed: under the careful eye of my mother, properly so, no doubt. My bridesmaids averied that I looked "sweetly," and I returned the compliment. There were still a few minutes left. Cousin Elsie ran down stairs, and just after I heard William's step. He was coming for that promised last look. I needed it; that kind, appreciating glance of his pleasant face would do me good. 1 looked up and met-not'my brother's eyes, but 'the lear, full, penetrating glance of Charles Herbert!

Were my nerves quiet now? Did I tremble?' Did my heart grow cold with icy despair? Not at all. had no sooner felt the pressure of his hand, and heard his voice, than I suddenly became calm-quiet as a summer lake.

"William said that I might come with him, Bertha, and see you'd moment before the ceremony. '1 did not arrive in town till this evening, or I would have called before. I am late with my little gift; but not too late, I hope. You will remember that when we were children, I promised that when I became a man I would bring you a gold watch from over the sea. Here is one that has a history, and thinking I might not have time to relate it. I have sketched it down. You will find in the casket with the watch. But I must not detain you; the clock strikes-one kiss for the days of your childhnod."

He was gone. I held the casket in my hands. I was quiet. There was neither fear nor chill. I was like a sick person suddenly restored to health. And then I remembered it was always so from childhood. If I were nervous and fretful, if my playthings were broken, my lessons not learned, or my frock torn. was never sick many hours while he lived near us, children will all share alike." and the only illness of my childhood was after his removal from town. The to bald a secure

dear; Mr. Gray is coming."

A great shadow suddenly fell on my heart's sunshine. Reader, be merciful; we never know the extent of our guilt when we commit a crime.' If suffering can atone for sin, that hour's perjury has been washed away by years of humility and penance. My two bridesmaids stood at my side.

"Do n't they look beautifully, Mr. Gray?" said my mother.

"Yes, madam : but Bertha, I hope, is too much coupied with the solemnity of the occasion to think much of personal attire. You know St. Paul says that woman's best adorning is a meek and quiet spirit."

"Yes, yes-ah, ah," and Joe's queer face appeared at the door. "Mrs. Lee, Uncle James says the time is come."

Five minutes afterwards I was pronounced "Mrs. Gray" by the good clergyman who had baptized me in childhood, and who had held me to his bosom and hushed my grief when he found me weeping beside my mother's coffin.

chill came over me now. I seemed turned to stone. And yet I knew that my heart beat, and my lins moved in response to the congratulations of my friends. I smiled, too, but a smile as cold as the ripple of water when a stone falls into its depths. There was a bright fire on the hearth, and during the evening I moved toward it; but, as far as I was concerned it was brightness, not warmth to me. I remember the lights grew dim, the hum of voices your quiet dignity has pleased me; come and sit lown in this easy chair -- I know you are tired."

Now I knew I was not turned to stone, for I felt a kitchen. Joe was there in his scat by the fire.

"Cousin Joe, some water; some of that water you gave me in the garret."

sit down here while I draw some cold and fresh ket in her hand. from the well."

spicy and sweet liquid.

crowded up stairs."

As she spoke, he took my feet, which were resting upon the blackened stove hearth, and held them in his hands, chafing them briskly. The satin slippers and silk stockings transmitted the grateful warmth ding," said she, as she skipped in. "What a slow rapidly, and I felt as if again restored to life. There was a step upon the stairs. I started, but Joe held my feet firmly.

"Eddie, dear, coming for his last good night kiss." It was my youngest brother, the child of my father's second wife, a beautiful boy, his mother's idol and my own pet.

"Oh, sister, I cannot let you go away."

I pressed him to my heart: we had loved each other well, and it was hard to part. We wept together, and those tears did me good. I was human still-not turned to stone. Another step on the stairs. This time it was my mother. "My dear, let me wait upon you to your room.

Joe, cover up the fire, and go to bed. Eddie, come

I followed her mechanically. The clock in the kitchen struck twelve as she spoke-my wedding day was ended.

CHAPTER II.

THE PARRONAGE.

The stage coach was to call for us at nine o'clock in the morning. At seven the trunks were all strapped and in the hall, and breakfast was on the table, all by the direction of my energetic stepmother. Shortly afterwards Charles Herbert called. It was at my father's request, on some business matters. I had been up in Eddie's room, trying to console him for his grief at my departure by a promise that he should come and stay with us when we were settled in our new home. He had dried his tears, and now, hand in hand, his bright, round face full of smiles at the thought of helping me keep house, we entered the parlor. Herbert and my father were still talking. Mr. Gray had gone to make a call on a brother clergyman. Brother William had left town in an early stage. My father held a roll of bank bills in his hands, and said, as I entered:

"Here, my daughter, is a little spending money. A young wife is diffident in money matters, and fifty dollars will perhaps answer your purpose till you can learn the 'sesame' to your husband's purse."

"Give it to her in gold, uncle-that keeps better," said Herbert.

"Not a bad idea, Charlie; change if you can." In a moment more my purse was filled with the

bright coin. "That looks well," said my father. "Put it in a safe place; minister's wives are not generally troubled with too much of such coin. This morning I have deposited one thousand dollars in good Charlie always set things right when he came. I can do for you, now, my daughter. When I die, my

"Have you secured the thousand to her in her own name?" said Herbert. "It is well for a wife My mother's voice aroused me. "Your fan, my to have a little fund of her own, in case of misfortune to her husband."

> "The deuce, Charles! I never thought of it! What a wise head you have on those young shoulders! But never mind; Gray might not like it. How would it suit you, my boy, in case you were in his place?"

A strange expression flitted over Herbert's face as my father spoke, but it passed quickly away.

"I had it done, sir, in the case of my wife; her property is secured to herself."

"Yes, yes-I understand now; you were always proud as Lucifer-would n't take a stiver with a

wife-loved her for herself alone, I suppose." Again that expression on Herbert's face. It was strange how calmly I stood there-so strong and

quiet now-when ten minutes before I had drenched two handkerchiefs with my tears, and wished I could die before set of sun. Herbert did not speak, and my father continued:

"Now Gray is none of your romantic, high flown fellows. He just thanked me for the money, said he would make good use of it, and put it carefully away I thought of that hour now, and how cold I felt in his pocket-book. He is a prudent fellow, with a in the darkened parlor, by the coffin. The same little of the money getting spirit, which does not displease me. He said he had bought five shares in the Central Railroad. A good speculation, I fancy." "Perhaps so," said Herbert, gravely.

"Mr. Herbert," I began, my voice trembling a little, but reassured as soon as he bent the full glance of his calm eyes upon me.

" Charlie, if you please, Bertha."

"Charlie, then," I added, and the word seemed to loosen my tongue. I could now say what I wished, died away, and there was a low murmuring of "Good and went on to thank him for his present of last nights" and "Farewells," and the sound of carriages evening. "You disappeared so soon that I had no rolling from the door. I stood almost alone by the time to tell you that your gift supplied the only want fire, when suddenly a hand was lain upon my shoul- I had. I have never owned a watch before, and I der, and a voice said, "You have done well, Bertha; feel now as if it would aid me in improving time." "Why, as to that, Bertha, you were always a lit-

tle busy body, and I should be sorry if the possession of a watch should lead you to take any more stitches; repulsion which marble cannot feel. I moved away, but there is a history connected with the gift which turned from the room, and went down stairs to the will interest you. Do not try to read it till you are settled in your new home, and need amusement on a rainy day."

"While he spoke the coach came. My mother en-"Yes, yes -ah, ah, Sisy, you shall have it; but tered the room with a shawl on her arm and a bas-

"It is chilly this morning, my dear, and I laid He soon brought me a glass filled with some hot, out your thick shawl, thinking you might need it, and here is a little basket of cakes of my own bak-"Yes, yes, drink it; the rooms were warm and ing-you have eaten nothing for two days, and will my heart warmed at once toward her. need a lunch before you get to Boston."

Mr. Herbert wrapped the shawl around me; I took the basket, but left it on the table in the hall. I did not forget, however, to put in my pocket a package of candies which Joe had bought as a parting present to me. The good fellow came with the rest to bid me "good by." How droll he looked standing by the side of Charles Herbert! 'One was six feet high, with a noble head, crowned with rich masses of dark brown hair-a well developed figure, erect. broad-chested,-"every inch a man." Poor Joe looked just then like a wretched little pack mule beside a trained and equipped war-horse ready for battle. Joe's round, rusty apple face, his little head, almost bald, save a little thin yellowish hair-his bent figure, equipped in a thick gray jacket and a pair of trowsers, "a world too wide for his shrunk shanks," formed a tout ensemble, ridiculous perhaps to those who did not know the good heart in the rough casket.

"And now, Sisy, come and make us a visit soon. Joe will want to see you, and he will give you some cold, fresh drink when you are thirsty; you remember, remember Sisy," and he took my hand while the tears were on his cheek. "Yes, Joe, I will return soon; but I want you to

come and see me. Come with Eddie, and then he will not be homesick." "Yes, yes, ah, ah; shall Joe come? Do you mean

"Yes, I mean it and desire it. Joe."

"Yes, yes-ah, ah; Then Joe'll come-yes, he'll

come; Joe promises." "Your husband is waiting," said my father.

" My husband?" I shuddered involuntarily. "Yes sir," I replied, and dropped my veil over my face.-Mr. Gray assisted me into the coach and took a seat at my side.

One rainy evening the coach stopped at a small white house in the village of Vernon, on the Con. necticut river. Though dark it was not late, for as we passed through the Main street, we saw one or two family groups around the tea table, and the

sight was pleasant to wary and travelers.

This is the Parsonage said travelers, as the driver reined in his horses. We are a day earlier than I intended, but it will make no difference."-He got out of the carriage and opened the house door. The lamns upon the conchman's hox threw a few rays of light into a small entrance hall, but I could see no person save Mr. Gray, who now came and offered his hand to assist me in alighting.

"This way, driver," he said. "Bring the trunks in and place them by the side of the wall near the stairs. That will do. Your charge?"

"Five dollars, sir."

"That is exorbitant; can't you take less ?" "Regular fare, sir; charge you no more than oth-

ers." "Then you are an exception to the rule. I am imposed upon every day of my life, because of my

profession." "We treat folks all alike, sir, only now and then we give a lift to a poor woman with a baby," said the driver as he mounted the box, his rough face looking very good-natured, notwithstanding the rain dripped from his glazed cap and heavy pilot coat.

As the outer door closed, an inner one at the part of the entry furthest from the street opened, and an old woman, holding an iron candlestick with a very emaciated tallow candle in it, made her appearance.

"Why, Mr. Gray, is it possible you are here? I am sartinly growing deaf, or I should have heard the stage. Some of your people will be mighty disappointed, for they were coming to morrow night to give you a 'reception ' as they call it."

"This is my wife, Mrs. Dennis," said Mr. Gray, as she turned the candle toward me. "Good evening, good evening, Mrs. Gray. I bid you

welcome to Vernon," and she extended to me ahand, hard and rough and large, but the grasp seemed sincere and hearty.
"Walk in, walk in. I am glad now that I kindled

chilled and wet." I was so, and the chill was not all on the surface. Mrs. Dennis drew a rocking chair to the fire, took

a little fire in the sitting room stove, for you must be

my bonnet and shawl, and said kindly, "I will make you a cup of tea right away; it will do you good." " Helen is at meeting, I suppose," said Mr. Gray.

"Yes, but she will be at home soon," Mrs. Dennis replied, as she held her candle up and peered at the mantel clock. "Deacon Abram always closes arly, because he has such a long ride home."

She lighted a lamp that stood near the clock, and then disappeared into an adjoining room, from which issued the sound of a crackling fire, which I thought would soon raise the tea kettle to a boiling heat.

"You are now at home, Bertha," said Mr. Gray, but you will need a few days of rest. Helen will remain with us awhile, and I hope you will find it mutually agreeable. I think you have never seen her." . 1 d. 3

"No, but we have corresponded so long, that she seems to me like a dear friend."

Mrs. Demais's cup of tea was on the table, and we were about sitting down to enjoy it, when Helen entered, and her round, rosy face looked carnestly. at me from beneath a cottage straw bonnet. She did not wait for an introduction, but came toward me with all the eagerness of a happy child.

"My dear sister Bertha! How glad I am you bave come to night, for I can have you all to myself alittle while. Now I have a sister!" and she gave me another warm kiss. I returned the kiss, and

"Come, Helen, you are not used to be so demon-

strative," said Mr. Gray; "our ten is waiting, and Bertha may prefer a cup of it to your kisses."

"Indeed, brother, I am demonstrativo only when I cannot help it. I was demure as puss in the corner all fast evening, as Auntie Paul can testify, when Deacon Abram called. I, did n't say three words to him, though he brought you a nice roast for to morrow's dinner. But, excuse me, I must welcome you back," and she glided up and kissed his check. I looked on with amazement. That was a familiarity which I should never dare to imitate.

"There, that will do, Helen," said Mr. Gray; now pour out tea for us."

I caught Helen two or three times as we sat at table, looking at me with those great, earnest eyes. as if she would know all that was in my heart. Our first impressions are often the most correct. I loved Helen Gray at first sight, and that love never flickered or grew dim. What would I not have given that night if her brother had possessed her power over me.

"You are tired," said she, as I scated myself on rising from table. "I will have your room ready for you in a few minutes."

"It is all ready," said Mrs. Dennis; "I opened the door to take off the chill this rainy evening."

"Then let me introduce you to your little domicile," and she threw the door wide open, displaying a room just large enough for a bed, one bureau, a small work table, and two or three chairs. It looked neatly with its white bed drapery and window curtain, and its carpet, with its tiny figures of mingled green and white. I entered; Helen followed and closed the door.

"There, sister, (how I love the word,) sit down in this easy chair, and let me help you undress. You are pale and weary, and I can guess how you feel, leaving all your friends to come and live among us half civilized country people. And then this getting married, too. I do think a wedding is ten times more solemn than a funeral. I always weep when the ceremony is performed, for I think of the strength of the chain that is then forged. I think I'll never

While she was talking, I had turned to the mirror, and was loosening my hair.

"What beautiful hair, Bertha. Let me brush it out for you."

As she came toward me, she caught sight of my face in the glass, and saw that the tears were falling

"Oh, Bertha, darling, I ought not to talk so; I am Job's comforter, after all, as Aunt Paul says."

"Aunt Paul, did you say, Helen? Who do you mean ?"

"Oh, Mrs. Dennis, as I suppose Brother Calvin called her; but everybody else calls her ' Aunt Paul,' partly because that was her husband's name than whom no one could deserve such a cognomen less, and partly because she herself, is more like St. Paul than any other church member we have. Many do not like her; I do. You noticed her great, high head, and her Gibralter nose. Did you see, too, that she had not a bow, or a superfluous string or button about her, not even a cap to soften her harsh features, though she is seventy years old. I wish you could hear her exhort in meeting. She is the only woman in our church that exhorts, for brother. thinks that women should learn in silence; but one might as well have attempted to stop General Jackson, where the paid of the British at New Orkson as to stop Aunt Paul when the spirit moves her to do battle with Satan's kingdom. She is an original, I assure you-none of your chicken hearted Christians, with cant phrases on their tongues, and a poor practice in their lives, but a strong minded, whole hearted woman, who would walk through the fire without flinching, if it lay in the path of duty. I think you will like Aunt Paul. but I am not so sure that she will love you in return ; indeed, I am afraid she will think you a w ak little puss, for you do n't look a bit as if you could exhort in meeting, make speeches in a sewing society, or ask a blessing at a full table when your husband is

gone." peoted that, as a minister's wife, I must do all these things?"

"Besure it is, sister Bertha, and many more like them. You must never dress meanly, and never too well, must be versed in theology, and understand household economy, have a smattering of medicine, so as to teach young mothers how to manage the whooping-cough and measles, must set a good table at small cost, must gossip with all the old women in the parish on flannel petticoats and herb tea, entertain your husband's clerical friends with the grave matters of church government, and the religious ber, brother John, this is your home when you are operations of the day, and-"

"Stop, stop, I pray you! I did not marry the parish; and if I can only do my duty at home, I shall exceed my own expectations."

"Well, well, darling, only don't look so solemn about it. To-morrow, remember, you belong to me. Now let me put on your nightcap. Is this the one, with the lace border? What a pretty pattern on the crown and front! A grapevine, with the fruit and tendrils. I'll copy it to morrow, and have just such n one when- Stop-I'm not going to be married."

" Net to a parish, Helen." Her merry laugh was sweet as chime of silver

bells. "Not L indeed. But do n't call me Helen. I am Nellie to you, henceforth. Do n't try to read," seeing me open my Bible. "I'll handle those golden clasps daintly. Now lay your aching head upon your pillow, and I will read. Where shall it be?"

"In John's Gospel, Nellie." . "Here it is. Now lie still, and I will read you to sleep."

No opiate could be better than the low, sweet tones of her voice. I closed my eyes and tried to rest. She read till she thought I slept, and then glided silently from the room. From the depths of my heart rose a thankegiving for this sister.

The reception evening was quite a brilliant affair in the village. The little parsonage was crowded, and as the bride was not expected to talk much herself, but patiently stand to receive congratulations, and answer the commonplaces of the day, I got along very well. Mr. Gray was taciturn and sedate as usual. This he deemed necessary to the maintainance of his clerical dignity. Nellie was on the alert to shield me from the tedious gossip of the old, and the rude staring of the young. She engaged Aunt Paul to give the old ladies an account of the ravages of the yellow fever one season in New Orleans, when the old lady went down to nurse her son, who died of the disease. The young people she magnetized toward herself. I was left for a few minutes with a deaf deacon, who, fancying every one else afflicted hands imploringly-"take care, or you will be the masculine in height, her gray hair parted plainly

" Well, I'm dreadful glad our minister has brought home a wife. He'll have somebody now to help him visit the parish. I s'pose some of the gals are awful disapp'inted; but then, according to Beripture, a minister can't have more than one wife, and I suppose he has a right to pick her up where he pleases. My mother sent her respects and a cheese, and hopes to see you soon at . Scrabble."

I was thinking what roply to make to my singular companion, when my eyo encountered Helen's rogulah face at a little distance from us. She was playing 'Tivoli" with a trio of little juveniles, but I guessed by her looks that my deaf friend was Deacon Abram. and immediately my reserve thawed, and I determined, for the amusement of the thing, I would be as entertaining as possible; so I inquired all about Scrabble, and the fine farms which that little dell contained; and I made minute inquiries about his mother's health, even going so far as to give my father's receipt for a rhoumatic compound. I was happy to be relieved, however, by an old lady with a very gay cap and an exceedingly large nose, who came briskly toward me.

"Mrs. Whitney-' Aunt Ruthy,' as we call her,' said the deacon.

"Yes, yes, the young folks all call me 'Aunt," and I am aunt to a great many of them, be sure. You see, most of the early settlers came from down below, close to Boston, and were all of them related. I am glad our minister went there for a wife. We aint the most fashionable sort of folks, and do n't live in Boston style; but then there are a great many good people here—yes, some real good folksdo n't you think so, Abram?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do, and I've an idee Miss Gray will find it out."

"Indeed, I like Vernon very much-better than Boston."

"Now you don't say so!" said Aunt Ruthy. 'That beats me, arter living here forty year. I can't say but I'm happy enough, but it is nothing brought me up here to live on a farm, and e'na'most cried my eyes out."

I thought her eyes must be water-proof, for they were dark and sparkling as a young girl's, though she was seventy years old. 'She talked abruptly and fast, and was overflowing with good humor.

4. You must come and see me. I live at the foot of Mount Ararat, and my husband's name is Noah. Come and see us when you want to get away from the minister's house. You may ride horseback, pick berries and flowers in summer, and nuts in winter." "But Noah's ark rested upon the top of the moun

tain, Mrs. Whitney." "Yes, I know it; but he came down afterwards, and turned farmer, you know. They do say there are pieces of the ark on the top now, but I never aid, the poor Methodists were almost annihilated. went up to see. Perhaps you would like to go up. City folks think a great deal more of mountains than we do up here, and you can go way by the wood road kine's System of Divinity;" and the hour was genon Dobbin's back. I've heard tell that the prospect erally prolonged by his comments as I read. He was mighty nice up there."

I was quite interested in Aunt Ruthy, and determined to visit Mount Ararat; but as I was about making further inquiries, my husband came towards me with a large, portly gentleman, whom he introduced as Colonel James. He was slightly bald, his face full and ruddy with health, and his whole bearing that of a man who was turning from middle life into a green old age. Aunt Ruthy stepped a pace or curiosity and sternness.

icund Colonel to me with a pleasant, fatherly look, kind parishioners sent us little luxuries, he would a member of your husband's parish, and may be that Mrs. Brown don't know that too many cloves considered an intruder into the fold this evening; but in a mince-pie is a great mistake; so strong a spice, being an old friend of your father, I could not deny if not used judiciously, overpowers the other season-

my best friend, Captain John: but I supposed

that your residence was in Cuba." "You are correct. I left Cuba this last summer, and am at present anchored in this beautiful village. only a stone's throw from the Parsonage, and I hope to see my friend's daughter often at the 'Snug Harbor' of an old sailor. I am glad to trace a resem blance to your mother in your face. You have her hair and eves-the rest is Lee. Ah! Mrs. Gray, your mother was a noble woman, a dear sister to me. I had no sister of my own, and she supplied the place. I can now hear her pleasant voice saving. Rememon shore until you have a wife.' But I must not indulge in these pleasant reminiscences this evening. The members of your husband's parish have the first claim, and I yield precedence to them now, if you will bachelor home."

I readily made that promise. Reader, wouldn't your heart warm toward the man who had kept suppose we send it to them." your mother's memory green for twenty years?

I saw the Captain but once more that evening. A lady, who had an invalid husband and was leaving early that she might not be long absent from him, came to bid me good evening. " Madam, ' said the happy old bachelor to the delicate and care worn lady, "my carriage is at your service; permit me to set you down at your door." She accepted the offer sides wheat and rye bread. I did n't know as you'd with a grateful smile.

than I feared, and we were gathered in the little sit is n't Helen's-but it 's my way; for you know I 'm ting-room again-Mr. Gray, Aunt Paul, Nellio and principled against all outward adorning of our poor, myself.

"Now, Sis," said Nellie, "confess that you are tired, and that you consider the people of a country parish rude and unmannerly set?"

"I confess no such thing. There is more refine as much as in any miscellaneous gathering in a ment. country parish."

"Oh, Bertha! your mantle of charity is too broad, up shirts," as we call it?" Why. I heard no less than five ladies speculating upon the price of your silk dress, and one old woman told you she guessed you didn't understand housework, your hands were so small and white; one deacon asked you if you ever milked a cow, and that my duty will be just to go to work and starch another added that he hoped you would set an ex- them." ample of simplicity and plainness of dress, measur. ing with his eye, as he spoke, your rich lace berthe."

city party, Nellie, and I say sincerely that I am decommencement already, and struck up a sudden friendship with the youngest deacon."

"Oh, Bertha!" and Nellie held up her little plump her. There she stood, in the little pantry-tall,

make your heart and enough."

" Helen, take the Bible and read," said Mr. Gray. "I thought you closed with prayer in the parlor, brother."

"It is no reason why we should omit our customary devotions."

When Aunt Paul and Nellie had retired, Mr. Gray remarked that he was sorry that I had met with our old family friend, the Captain.

"Indeed, Mr. Gray, what can you mean? I thought my father would be delighted, and it seemed very pleasant to meet with one who had known my mother."

"But he is not a member of our church, a mero man of the world I fear, and as such I do not wish you to meet him often."

"Do you know anything against his personal character, Mr. Gray? Is n't he a good citizen and a moral man ?"

"I know nothing to the contrary; but he is always merry and light-hearted, as if he had no idea of the sin and suffering in the world. He holds poculiar religious views, too, I believe. You will not need to see him often."

CHAPTER III.

HOME DUTIES. Mr. Gray was prominent among the churches of his State for the soundness of his theological creed, and the stern, thorough manner in which he advocated the peculiar doctrines of his sect in the pulpit.

"Ay, ay!" said Deacon Jacob, one Sunday evening, when he came to stay with us till the evening service, "your husband is sound to the backbonethere's no heresy in him. How he did enforce the doctrine of election to day! I hope our Methodist friends who were present will see that they have a rotten plank in their creed. 'Whom he will he hardeneth.' That's it-there's no resisting the doctrine. I suppose, Mrs. Gray, you understand these doctrines like a book, and can hold an argulike Boston. I was very homesick when my old man ment on election and decress with the Methodist preacher, any day."

"Indeed, Deacon Jacob, I have given little attention to them, having a fancy for the more practical part of the Bible."

"But there's no good practice without a sound creed: the calvanistic doctrines alone can produce a good life."

I made no reply, but thought within myself that my life must be sadly deficient, because I always read the gospels instead of the epistles; and, having tried in vain to grasp the full meaning of Romans. had turned back again and again to the simple, loveing teachings of Jesus. I was glad to be relieved from the conversation by Mr. Gray, who, coming in just then, took up the subject, and, with the deacon's

My husband, finding out my deficiency, required me to read, one hour a day, aloud to him, from " Hoptook this time after dinner, when, as he said, my domestic duties would not occupy my time. He would lie upon the lounge as I read, and make his observations, and question me upon the chapter.

"Aunt Paul" remained with us for some weeks, and with Helen's aid our household affairs moved on hair and whiskers well sprinkled with white, but his very smoothlyp, I noticed that while Mrs. Dennis refused all ornament in dress, even to an unnecessary bow or button, she had no scruples about butter, sugar, spices, &c., in her cooking, so that our two back, and looked displeased, and Deacon Abram table, was admirably furnished. Mr. Gray was no eyed my husband with a strange look of mingled ascetic in this matter, being, indeed, rather critical and fastidious, and I thought seemed to understand "I am happy to see you in Vernon, said the rub himself the mysteries of the kitchen; for when our as he shook me cordially by the hand. "I am not make remarks like the following: "It is strange myself the pleasure of welcoming you to our village." | ing - she always errs in this way !" "So Mr. Smith "I think I have heard my father speak of you, sir, has sent us some of his maple sugar-burned as usual, I suppose; strange how careless they always are in this respect!" I ventured once mildly to suggest that we were very thankful for these gifts, for they showed a kind spirit in our friends.

"Yes," was his reply, "but people should remember that the Jewish law required the best and most perfect articles should be offered to the priests: but people are sadly deficient now in respect for the ministry."

This argument puzzled me, and I was silent; but I always felt troubled when a friend brought some little offering, lest Mr. Gray would perceive a defect

Aunt Paul took the matter very coolly. "Now, Mr. Grav. if you do n't like Mrs. Brown's mince pie. why, do n't eat it; it's rich, anyhow, with so much fruit, and if there is a grain too much clove in it, I promise to come and talk with the old sailor in his can eat it—just pass it to me! To be sure, there is a clove taste; but the poor Scotts, who never taste mince pie from January to December, might like it-

There were no more criticisms on the pic. Helen was absent, one week, and I went into the kitchen and asked Aunt Paul if I should aid her.

"Why, yes, I'd he glad of some help, seeing it's baking and ironing day, too. I must make a loaf of election cake-Mr. Gray always looks for that Tuesdays-and then there's squash and apple pies, bethink of helping, so I got up early and went to iron-The evening wore away at last, much less wearily ing. Taint done your way, I suppose—at least, it frail bodies, and I make no exception in favor of ministers."

I glanced at the clothes-frame for an explanation; one side was filled with Mr. Gray's fine shirts, and 1 soon noticed that the bosoms and ristbands were not ment and good breeding than I had hoped for ; quite starohed at all, only ironed as the rest of the gar-

"Why, Mrs. Dennis, do n't you believe in 'doing

"Not I, any more than I believe iu bustles and breastpins, curls and bows-nothing but the outward adorning, which profiteth not."

"I am afraid Mr. Gray will not be satisfied, and

"We must all do our duty," she said, drily, as she broke some eggs, and went to beating them, with the "But I have heard ruder things than these at a addition of two or three cups of sugar.

I wondered in my own mind whether pampering termined to make friends here, and 1 have made a the appetite was not as great a sin as adorning the body; but Aunt Paul was so sincere and earnest, that one felt little disposed to enter into argument with

with his own infirmity, called out to me, in a loud death of me, and my last words, 'Et tu Brute,' will and confined with two large hair-pins, and not even quite proud of the pure, glossy linen, though I did its dark shadows unrelieved by kerchief or collar; approbation. I hastened back to the kitchen, and cardinal virtue with her.

to Aunt Paul as to the orthodoxy of her peculiar them. views, for she was so conscientious and firm in her belief, that she had won my respect; but when I saw her rolling the lard and butter in liberal quantitles on her pastry, and putting citron and raisins, spices and eider to her mince pies, all with so much care, and with such a nice regard to proportion, and the way I wish my shirts ironed: these bosoms are help feeling a little perverse, or reguish, and I said: most people; you can hardly get too much starch in

"Why, Mrs. Dennis, do you really think it a sin them." for Mr. Gray to wear starched bosoms and gold studs ?"

She turned and looked at me over her spectacles, her rolling-pin in her hand, as if to be sure that I was in carnest in my question; but seeing my gravity, and satisfied that I was really seeking information.

"Mrs. Gray, has n't God condemned all outward adorning in his Holy Word? and are not our bodies turn to dust again? It is nothing but vanity and pride that leads us to put on jewels, and silk dresses and laces. I know a great many good people do it. but I think they fall into sin thereby."

"But did n't God make the flowers, and give them their brilliant hues, and the rich plumage of birds, and the golden wings of butterflies, and the rainbow's glorious tints, and the sunset clouds? Surely his hand painted these, and he must delight in beauty, or he would not thus have wrought."

"Ah-but, my child, none of these have immortal souls to care for."

"Then because we have a soul, must we be careless of the body?"

"The body is a poor, perishable thing, Mrs. Gray; holy, we shall be beautiful in God's sight, whether near the window." man admire or not."

"Granted: but I think God made the body as well care of it; and if he gives us beauty, we should love him more. For instance, mince pies are very bad for the body-they merely gratify the palate; lard and butter, and such heating spices, will only somehow or other I have a great attachment to it, has given it to me."

gray enough, as you see."

"Oh, but it will look well then, Mrs. Dennis.] know it will, for I like gray hair. I will wear a nice lace cap, and part my hair, that 's silvered o'er with years, upon my forehead; and then how woll it will look to my children and grandchildren! There's beauty in old age, Mrs. Dennis, if we would never been more wonderfully impressed with the it a few hours after Death had with an artist's skill smoothed the furrows of care and the lines which disease had drawn, and won back again the expression of youth."

"But then comes decay, corruption, dust." "But not till the spirit has found another body, Mrs. Dennis, beautiful or ugly, according to its moral character."

table, with the expression of a soldier who had just caught the sound of the enemy's cannon.

"Why, that before the body has seen corruption here, the soul has taken a new and more perfect dwelling-in the words of Paul, is clothed upon with a glorious body, like our Saviour's."

"Not before the last great resurrection, when the trumpet shall sound, the dead be raised, and all nations come to judgment?"

"Yes, Mrs. Denuis, before that. At death, we enter at once into a new and higher state of existeuce, and are endowed with a more perfect organization."

"Well, now, I've one more question: does your husband know of this strange belief of yours?"

"I really cannot tell. I never conversed with him ipon the subject-very probably he might differ from me.

"Differ from you! that he will; and he allows no departure from the creed of our church. He has already excommunicated some for believing that the resurrection is soon to take place, and this world be purified and made the dwelling place of the rightous. Now I advise you not to let him know your peculiar notions;" and here Aunt Paul's voice took a lower key and a softer tone, and I funcied she looked more kindly at me.

"You would n't have me conceal anything from ny husband, surely? That cannot be your idea of married life."

Mrs. Dennis had taken up her rolling pin and gone back to her pies, so that I could not see her face, but her voice had a peculiar intonation, as she said:

"I know some romantic young wives have such ideas; but I have seen families where a little concealment did no barm, and helped to keep the peace. There are few hearts that can bear to be laid open to the gaze of a fellow-being, and some husbands and wives who live very happily together, would find earth a hell, were the secret thoughts of their hearts exposed to each other. It is only when the inward fires burst forth that the volcanic mountain is dangerous; before that, there is greenness and beauty to the summit, but, after one explosion, there is ever after a blackened surface and a hard lava crust where vegetation rarely springs. If there are dangerous fires within, keep them pent up, covered dcep, if possible."

There was something in the tone of the old lady's voice, and in her hard, dry manner, that made her words sink into my heart like lead. I had finished on the contrary, to sink the soul in the lowest state the shirts, and taken them to another room, where, of humanity. they would dry free from dust; I had worked very hard over them, and some young wives will sympathize with me in my anxiety as to the result of my first attempt. I thought I had succeeded, and was | ender wife and children.

comb allowed; her gray dress made very high, not venture to exhibit them to Mrs. Dennis for her her spectacles on, and her head bent, peering con was trying to complete the froning as soon as Mrs. stantly into the bowl, lest some stray speck or insect Donnis should be through with her pice and cake. I should covet a share of her sweets. Neatness was a am sorry to say that I was very tired already, not being much accustomed to kitchen labor. My hands While she made her cakes and pies, I starched were stiff and blistered, but Aunt Paul told me that and ironed. I did not mean to instnuate any doubts was not strange, and gave me some cream to heal

"Use this when you get through, and they will not trouble you long.

She had scarcely spoken the words, when Mr. Gray appeared with his newly froued shirts upon his arm.

"My dear, said he, "I see you do not understand with a gravity worthy of a better cause, I could not not stiff enough; I wear them much stiffer than

My courage began to fail.

"Shall you need them, to day?" I asked timidiv.

"Yes, I start for the Convention of Ministers tomorrow, and these shirts suit me better than any others. I would like to pack them this afternoon." I glanced at my poor hands, and went to making starch again, without a word on my tongue, but I am sure there were tears in my eyes. I worked over these shirts for three long hours, and then my poor poor, frail, dying things, made of dust, and that will little body was so weary that I threw myself upon the bed, and wondered if I should ever learn to do my whole duty as a minister's wife.

I have referred to my sleeping room, which was very small, quite too small even for the writing table and desk which my father had given me for my special use. Mr. Gray therefore placed it in the study, remarking that ladies wrote so little, that I should probably find time enough when he was away for all my correspondence.

He never wished any one in the room when he was writing his sermons. Soon after he had placed the table in his study, I went to it to procure my father's last letter, and found the desk partly filled with sermon paper and manuscripts.

"I laid these papers there for safe keeping," said but the soul lives forever, and if that is pure and Mr. Gray, "and you may hang the key on that nail

I did so, and turned away with a feeling so new and strange, that I found it difficult to analyze it. I the soul, and, as his work, we should prize and take seemed no more to belong to myself; my identity was lost, and even my every day thoughts, which I thank him, and pray that the gift may make us had been in the habit of committing to paper, must be joint property with Mr. Gray.

Why should I object to this? I asked myself. Are those you are making there, with such quantites of not husband and wife one? The law declares them such, for I had read Blackstone's Commentaries, ungive dyspepsia and make us sickly, therefore I shall der the direction of a quaint old uncle of mine, who avoid them, just for the sake of this little body; for said that it would be a better class-book for schoolgirls than Day's Algebra or Playfair's Euclid, both and want to have it last as long as possible. The of which studies were required of my class. I had little beauty I have, I cherish with wonderful care; read and re read the chapter entitled. Femme for instance, my hair is luxuriant, and I delight in Converte," and learned therefrom that when a dressing it, and thank God, whenever I do, that he woman married, she was dead in law; but at the time I read it I was a romantic young school-girl, "But before many years its beauty will have full of a sweet fancy that it would be delightful thus passed away, Mrs. Gray-and it will be like mine, to have one's very existence merged in some loftier soul, that love made such legal nonentity the highest bliss on earth.

Why not be satisfied, now that I was in that very position so much envied by unmarried women, so much approved by mon? I was restless, and became dissatisfied with myself for my discontent." I tried to sow, but the tears fell on the linen wristlook for it—and there's beauty in death, too. I have bands I was stitching. I heard Mr. Gray's step on the stairs. He came down and walked into the beauty of the human body, than when gazing upon street: but the door was no sooner closed behind him, than I went to the study, and took from my desk a package of letters and a little box, and run like a truant child to the garret. It was the first time I had been in this part of the house, and was surprised to find it such a clean, comfortable place. In the gable end was a small window, from which I could see the distant hills, and, as it faced the west. I knew there would be a fine view of the sunset. I drew "What do you say, Mrs. Gray?" said Aunt Paul, some of my packing boxes forward, laid a clean leaving the pantry, and coming toward the ironing newspaper over one for a table cover, and finding an old broken back chair for a seat, I made myself comfortable. Charles Herbert's letters were before me; all the little relics of our childhood. I read the letters one by one, slowly, as one sips the richest blood of the vintage; and, as I read, I forgot the present, and lived only in that golden past. Time fled. and I was unconscious of its flight, roused only from my employment by the tea bell. I was startled, for Mr. Gray would surely ask, "How have you passed the afternoon, Bertha?" and what should I say?

. TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. MAN NOT A FREE AGENT.

BY D. W. HAMILTON. This earth is but a circling round-Fate rules the changing hour: Man's onward step through life is led

By its resistless power. But let no one of life complain. For Justice has the helm-This world is but the opening scene To an oternal realm!

No night so dark but hath its morn-No day without its night; Then bravely dare the fitted storm. And work with all your might!

And you, whom fate hath smiled upon, Be humble, oh, be kind To those who feel misfortune's ban-For Justice is behind!

God may seem slow, but He is sure; He's stern, but yet He's true-He'll not destroy by circumstance, Or save a "chosen few!"

So moves the world-now up, now down-Fate smiles, then frowns again : Our freedom 's like the troubled sea, Or as the driven rain. But this let all remember well.

That Principles ne'er change. All plans and systems built on them Fate cannot disarrange. Let us be kind, nor look for much Where little has been given; But aid each fainting brother on

To taste the joys of Heaven .

There is no passion so universal, or steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself with more disguise than pride: and yet, at the same time, there is not any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride, and.

Nothing is more odious than the face which smiles abroad, but flashes fury amidst the caresses of a

Written for the Banner of Light. THE AGE OF HUMAN WHONG.

BY GEORGE STRARES.

Part First. What poot has not sung of Liberty? What human heart don't cello to the song? The meanest insect strougles to be free, The steed unwilling yields to bit and thong; . But Man's proud spirit cloquently saith,

"God! give me Liberty, or give me death." All covet Freedom, but where are the Free? Go ask the despot trembling on his throne; Ack any child of toll by land or sea. Or nek the idler-Fashion's fettered drone; Or ask the soldier-nay, there is no spot Where any find the boon, or seek it not.

Put not the question on a gala day, When banners wave and rockets pierce the sky And cannons roar and human asses bray, And laborers toss their hats, they know not why, And women vocalize the poct's Jost-

"Land of the free! home of the brave and blest!" But when and where some sprig of martial law Puts forth a mandate all unworthy Man, And our bald eagle thrusts her fron claw Into the soul of an American. Spreading her wings o'er many an autocrat 24 Who for a scepter wields a "colt" or "cat;"

Then, when a boy that's "seen enough of training" And longs for home, as no good boy would not, Would use his legs, but for the vile, restraining Pear that he'd soon be taken back and shot-Ask the enlisted, if a son of Mars Knows more of Liberty than of the stars.

And callous hands, who make the nation's shoes. Build rich men's palaces, and hold the plow, And make the tools which all the artists use, And launch on every wave the argostes That fill the lap of home with luxuries-Go ask these workers if they are aware

Go to the men of toll, of sun-burnt brow

That half their earnings feed the indolent; If, at the sight of Nabob's better fare, . They have no envy, feel no discontent, Nor think the host who always carves the meat At his own table, with his guests should ent. You will not ask the slave; you know his answer :-

"Wicked! but den dis chile' do n't like to fight; But if I'se not oblige' to know I can't, sir, I'd follow dat bright star dis berry night. But Cuffy make de bes' ob tuggin' here, 'Cause like as no somehow de Lord 'll 'near." And Mrs. Crinoline, inflated thing

On whose inanity Sam seems to dote Calls her an angel, weds her with a ring Graved with her praise, but will not let her vote-Bhe thinks she is just where she wants to be; Poor thing I you know sho's anywise but free.

Once in an age, if some aspiring woman, Archly on self-omancipation bent, Court Harvard's shades to win what men presume on. And be repulsed with-"Inexpedient," † You should ask such a votary of knowledge How they rule the world who do n't go to college.

"The women rule the world!" (I wish they did; Perhaps we might get used a little better.) What ironyl they only want to rid Themselves of male mis-rule: that is its letter. In fact, the world has never yet been ruled, But all are much constrained and wronged and fooled

For little rescals there are courts and jails, While all the great ones have their will and way: There is no mercy for a rogue that falls, But loud applause for such as win the day. We eulogize the guilty conqueror's name, And give him all the glory despots claim,

There is no civil power that's meant for good; Few statesmen care a straw for Equity. There is no human court of Rectitude. · But every judge regards precedency. From Russia's sway to that of Uncle Sam. . All government is one infernal sham.

Part Second.

Thus far I wrote some dezen years ago And threw my pen and paper on the floor. The Muse was mad—the subject made her so-And left me in a doggerel verse, to pour On Devildom, as seemed Humanity, " A brimming brainful of profaulty.

But since these days my anger has abated-I find that wrong is partly accident; I've learned to pity wherein once I hated, And write Reform in place of Punishment. I see the world in such a way is moving, That, saint or sinner, none can help improving.

The autocrat is not a fee to Man; The despot is a transient human need. 'T is better far to serve one monarch, than From fear and hazard never to be freed. And in such times as Ishmaelites are plenty. We league with one to be secure from twenty.

But Man is like some other beasts of prey: 1 Though wild at first, he can at length be tamed; And so when monarchy has served its day, A nation grows of princely rule ashamed. The king, if wise, will cast his scenter down-If not, his subjects will take off his crown.

There's war in Europe; well, there should be war, To break the rule of wrongful dynasties. The people know not what they 're fighting for, Nor kings the issue of their policies. But heart is luckler than head is wise, And mankind never stumbles but to rise

War is an instrument of Liberty-The ploneer of social Righteousness. It is the ax-man of Aristarchy That clears the way for nations to progress, Till wrong is rectified war cannot cease: It is the labor-three of earth-born Peace,

Man is not wise: but when he shall become He'll find his neighbor's interest is his own A man of sense delights not to be mum, And Beauty loves not to be let alone. The fullest heart is one that gives the most. A selfish mortal makes a meager ghost.

Freedom is natural life. None can be free Till all shall know and love and live the Right. It more depends on what each falls to be. Than that for which aspiring nations fight. 'Tis not the unrestraint the vulgar crave: 'Tis only found by such as well behave.

Evil's the foster-child of Ignorance. The Age of Wrong will surely end with her. "Fools are growing wise, and there'll be no chance For selfishness or hate when none shall orr. Then every man will be his fellow's friend, And each his former errors will amend.

And fancy not Humanity is bound Within the narrow scope of fleshly eyes. This earthly life is but a single round Of one long ladder reaching up the skies. And in the world where none a fault can hide. Remembered wrongs will all be rectified.

• These are colloquial names for certain savage weapons of corporal punishment, which are said to be much employed in the army and navy.

in the army and navy.

† It is somewhat generally known that many years ago
Hanator K. Hunz, M. D., of Boston, wishing to perfect her
professional skill by all pertinent means, proposed to buy a
little of the male science which seemed to be for sale at Harvard University, by offering the price of a seat in the Anatomical Lecture Room; but thereat was politely informed
that the precepts of the College were never intended for
Woman, and that it would be quite "inexpedient" to let her
life the progress of a self-angilux Faculty. into the secrets of a self-seeking Faculty. West Acton, Mass.

Right is a dull weapon, unless skill and good

sense wield it.

Let us search ourselves in the first place, and afterward the world.

REV. GEO. F. NOYES At Hope Chapel, New York, Sunday, June 5, 1859. [A Discourse delivered before the "First Independent

Bockety."] REPORTED FOR THE BANKER OF LIGHT.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MYSTERY.

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."-1 Con. xili, 12.

Among the classic fables of the old mythology, we read of the three Gorgon sisters, whose hair was entwined with serpents, and whose eyes, once fixed upon a man, turned him into stone. The dying head of Medusa—one of the three—was set by Minerva upon her shield, and the goddess was thus enabled to petrify her opponents into subjection.

This old Pagan fable has its parallel in our modern theology. The anti-types of the three sisters—true imitators of the old originals—still keep watch and ward over error, and strive to beat back the advancing columns of Truth. They are the foes of theologic progress, the arch enemies of theologic reform. We call them now-a-days Ignorance, Superatition, Mystery. They do not, pernaps, petrify, but they transform. They take a sound, healthy man, who, on other subjects, speaks out boldly the truth he has in him, and who is fully up with his ago and its best thought in science and reform; and the moment he enters the region of theologic discussion, they hoodwink his vision, they and reform; and the moment he enters the region of theologic discussion, they hoodwink his vision, they bridle his tongue, they handcuff him into subjection. And this is the work they have been doing throughout the ages. You may talk with a man for hours, and find him outspoken and full of common sense, willing and glad to investigate in all other regions of inquiry but if you once venture on theologic discussion, you will discover that he is timid, afraid to venture outside the charmed circle of his particular system or creed. Here, he is either ignorant or superstitious; he has either taken no pains to investigate, or he is afraid of investigation. He ceases to talk plain Angle-Saxon. He is apt to take refuge in cant theologic phrases, so that some times he seems to use language chiefly to conceal his real thought.

And this timidity in theologic investigation is not the sole quality of this sect or that sect, but infects somewhat every branch of the great Christian Church. Men well informed in other matters are often very ignorant of theology. If they have any theologic doubts, they do not dare to express them. They will not think honestly, they will not talk honestly, on religious matters. They evade inquiry, they keep each other at arms' length, and thus they do not deal fairly with each other, with the truth, with their own souls. And the sad result is a lack of true vital religious life. The world is full of vigorous thought and action in matters of political and social reform; but modern religion is torpid, formal, because men are afraid to inquire and to speak out the result of their inquiries. In other sciences they are always eager for more light, but in the science of theology it does seem as if they were timid and afraid to know too much. And surely while timid and afraid to know too much. And surely while such timidity exists, there is no hope of theologic advance, no prospect of bringing back the simplicity of Christianity. The first thing to be done is to dethrone these three sisters—Ignorance, Superstition, Mystery—who still sit, like the misshapen idols which brood over the Pagan temples of the East, enthroned in our Christian church of to-day. God's truth might almost as well be dumb and silent; it can never get the ear of the people while they are thus ridden down by these the people while they are thus ridden down by these the people while they are thus ridden down by these spirits of doubt and dread. It is to be hoped that the day may yet come when men will begin really to think, to ask with longing and eager souls, what is the truth I and thus flinging off forever the spell of ignorance, will cease to tremble before these old superstitions, and cease to tremble before these old superstitions, and stand erect, as free children of the living God; will be no longer frightened from theologic discussion by the so frequent cry of mystery. Only when that good time of free, manly thought comes, can we hope for that full investigation on which all progress depends.

Of Mystery, the last named of the fatal three, we are to speak to-day. It is astonishing how potent is this spell in checking all free theologic discussion. It is the head of Medusa upon the shield of Minerva, and it is held up before the people, or thrust into the face of an eager questioner, sure, in nine cases out of ten, to

an eager questioner, sure, in nine cases out of ten, to check any further questioning, and to turn him for the time into stone. Behind this shield modern theologic error always retreats when the contest is hottest, and the danger of overthrow most imminent; and neither the eager inquiries of those who crave outspoken the eager inquiries of those who crave outspoken answer to their honest doubts, nor all the ingenuity of an opponent, can get further satisfaction. No matter how unfounded the theory, no matter how contradictory and unreasonable the statement, the people are called upon to accept this plea and be silent. Alas! that so many are so superstitious, or so indifferent, that they accept it only too easily! Alas! that it is the same old story of superstitious ignorance in America as in that olden time, when the Greeks listaged to the in that olden time when the Greeks listoned to the mysterious oracles of the Delphic Apollo, or, as in that still elder age, when the statue of Memnon awoke with its mysterious utterances the sleeping Nile, and all the people knelt down in adoration and worship. We feel that there is no enemy to free and fair discussion like this, for it is sure to meet us just as soon as we ap-proach the inner evidences and bearings of any theologic question. In the words of the present venerable President of Harvard University, "And yet, how much effect this cry of mystery, awful mystery, has had in inducing men to suppose that they believed, merely because they were afraid to inquire. After the advection cates of error have been driven from every other posi-tion, they have always been able to turn round on their pursuers and raise the cry of mystery, and unystery; and the strongest minds have been daunted, and with-drawn their objections as presumptious and irreverent, and acquiesced in absurdities and superstitions which they had again and again refuted. In following back they had again and again refuted. In following back the history of our religion, we are reminded, at almost every step, of the inscription on the forchead of the woman of the apocalypse, who prefigured the abuses and corruptions of the church—Mystery! Babylon. the Great—the mother of harlots and abominations of

Strong language, this, but it is nevertheless true. For not only have the weaknesses, the blemishes, the contradictions of ancient Paganism and modern error been thus hidden under the cloak of mystery; but the very power of investigation is taken away, when once this Gorgon head is turned toward the people. In vain, even in friendly argument—in vain, after this plea is made, can we hope to get from our brother any candid avowals, any outspoken utterances. It is like the dark liquid ejected by the pursued and frightened cuttle-fish, which obscures and muddies the water, so that the cunning fish easily escapes from his baffled en-

emy.

It is clear, then, that with the plea of mystery, the discussion is necessarily ended. There is no further appeal to be made to those God-given promptings which are the triers and indicators of truth in every human soul. There is no longer opportunity to sub-mit a theory to God's justice and love, for it is withdrawn from the sphere of investigation into the sphere of mystery. And thus end most theological discussions. You hear some theory which sounds in your ears very You hear some theory which sounds in your ears very much like blashemy against God; you see its weakness and self-contradiction; you poise your logical battle-axe to crush it, hoping thus to deliver your brother's creed-bound soul from the phantom of superstition which haunts him, when he suddenly raises the cry of mystery, and retreats behind the veil. And the greater the mystery, the more he hugs it to his bosom, for superstition teaches her votary that the more he debases his reason, the greater is his religious merit. You will get nothing from him but obscurity after this, and you may as well retreat at once, leaving your vanyou may as well retreat at once, leaving your van-quished opponent in nominal possession of the field.

It is well, therefore, to know what this plea of mystery, so constantly used to silence argument and cover weakness, is really worth. It stands in the way of all discussion; it has been the potent weapon of superstition throughout the ages. It has been the plea of the medicineman of the American aborigines, of the augurs of ancient Rome, of the Brahmins of Hindostan, of the priestly caste in ancient Egypt, of superstition and dog-matic assumption everywhere. Nay, so arrogant is this plea, that the man who ventures to doubt whether this plea, that the man who ventures to doubt whether this is a sufficient argument to support manifest contradiction and error, is oft stigmatized as wanting in faith and reverence, as unduly exalting the human reason, as puffed up with a false and wicked pride. He is told, in fine, that he claims to know too much, that he does not appreciate or admit the great fact of mystery. Now if there is one truth which liberal thinkers, in their pioneer movements toward the goal of infinite profits, here well learned and clearly set forth, it is

have well learned and clearly set forth, it is verily, have well learned and clearly set forth, it is this: that man is compassed about with mystery, in which he lives and moves and has his being. We are beginning to have a true philosophy of ignorance, to find out, after all, how little we do really know. The higher our standpoint, the broader and more extended the horizon of the unknown which opens around us. We ask the man of science to tell us the mystery of the sunlight, how the seed-corn germinates, how the flowers grow; we ask the moral philosopher to explain why to one home comes so much misery to another home so much peace; why sorrow seems to follow the footsteps of one man, while the brow of another is ever wreathed in smiles; why this man is doomed to the fetters and lash of slavery, while that man is made his master. But the man of science and the

philosopher make us no satisfactory reply. Has any man yet lived who could unfold the heauliful mystery which lies hidden in the growth of the grain? Are we gaze longingly into the hidden depths, but we infinite able to put our ears to the ground and hear the little scedling tell the story of its decay and death, and Joyful resurrection? We talk learnedly about light, and steam, and electricity, but the most earnest devotee of science will tell you that of the inner essence of these elements he knows absolutely nothing. Is not the birth of a man a mystery and a miracle? Has the eye of enger affection, as it gazed with all the quick-sight edness of grief into the face of the dying loved one, ever yet winessed the flight of the freed soul toward the upper country? Truly is there no highway or byway of life but has its sphynx, perpetually asking questions, hard to solve as those put by the sphynx of olden time in the highways of ancient Greece? The world is full of riddles hard to rend. Today we meet pale-visaged grief, to morrow bright-eyed joy; here present at the marriage feast, there at the grave of the early dead, exerywhere forced to aimlt that we are enveloped in a mystery from the eradle to the grave.

Purthermore, we recognize with warm appreciation the importance of every attempt to pierce the veil and reveal to us the mysteries beyond. Standing within the little space of known phenomena, we gladly hail any theorist who strives with honest purpose to bridge the gulf between the seen and the unseen, the known and the unknown. We feel that Augustine, and John and the unknown. We feel that Augustine, and John and the unknown. We feel that Augustine, and John and the unknown. We feel that Augustine, and John and the unknown. We feel that Augustine, and John and of the measure of the measure of the unknown. We feel that augustine, and John and the unknown. We feel that Augustine and John and the unknown.

any theorist who strives with honest purpose to bridge the gulf between the seen and the unseen, the known and the unknown. We feel that Augustine, and John Calvin, and Jonathan Edwards, mistaken as have been the results of their labors, were honest theologians, not word to speak against them or their followers, but against the system they inaugurated. We complain not that they strove to explore the influite mystery ever will come to us new truth, selves upon the simple truths of Christianity, unfettered by a legitimate and proper spirit. We have truth to speak against them or their followers, but against the system they inaugurated. We complain not that they strove to explore the influite mystery ever will come to us new truth, selves upon the simple truths of Christianity, unfettered by any creed or exclusive system; be it ours, with God's help, to guide us, to seek patiently for new truth. Not in vain, be assured, not in vain, are the many carnest thinkers of our century struggling for hard light. Holding our peculiar views subject to any but that they claim to have the exclusive patent right of theologic discovery. We complain not that they strove to bridge the gulf between the known and the unknown, but that they claim to have the only bridge which can ever be built across it, and that this bridge is no process to consider the structure of the strong transfer of the strong t is so poorly constructed and has so unsafe a founda-tion. We claim not that they admit too much of mys-tery, but too little of mystery; that they deny to mystery its proper sphere, and degrade it from its true position. It is well to notice this distinction. Suppose, then, a Calvinist and a Liberal to stand together upon the

a Calvinist and a Liberal to stand together upon the borders of the gulf which separates the known from the unknown, peering into the mysteries of the spiritual universe. The Calvinist (Jonathan Edwards, for instance) says: "My brother, if you want to cross this gulf, if you desire safe passage through the realm of spiritual mystery, if you wish, for example, to see just how, and when, and why, God saves his children from the effects of sin, here is the only true chart, and yonder is the only safe bridge. We call it the authentic plan of salvation. Only over that bridge may you enter the region of mystery, and find there satisfactory solution. Reject it at your peril." But the Liberal, (James Martineau, for example,) replies: "I don't like your chart, my brother, for it is confused and contradictory. I don't like that bridge which you call the plan of salvation, for its arches rest on assumptions which shock all my ideas of God's justice and mercy. I am shock all my ideas of God's justice and mercy. I am content with my own simple views on those great subjects; indeed, I very much doubt whether God everintended to make known with such mathematical precision all the details of his future treatment of his children. dren. Trust to your bridge of theologic dogma, if you will; my own soul will rather soar above it, upon the wings of trusting faith. One thing is certain; I know

We rejoice in the belief that God does not reveal all to us here, but will continually instruct us in the

great Hereafter of spiritual progress. We admit that some of the old mysteries which puzzled the early phi-losophers are mysteries to us also; that some things are yet to be learned; and we would wait patiently for more light. We are free to acknowledge that the finite cannot comprehend the Infinite, and to bow down with faith and trust before the inscrutable secrets of God.

of God.

Before the inscrutable secrets of God, we say; but not before all the absurd and inscrutable dectrines with which man undertakes to solve them. Into God's great readm of mystery we look with reverence and awe; but when man's little mysteries are presented to us, then we claim the right to examine and criticise them fully and freely. When the Buddhist priest, for instance, tells me that his idol can work a miracle, be sure that I will examine it, inside and out, for hidden spring and clockwork, before I will believe his pretence of the mysterious and supernatural. So when a theologian offers me a system with which he claims to solve the spiritual secrets of the universe, then I have a right

The mathematician tells us, for example, how mysteri ous before us lies the yet unexplored region of numeri-cal combination and analysis. Of course, I admit it. But if he then asks me, upon that admission, to believe part is greater than the whole, that one and one make three, that a crooked line is the shortest distance between two points, I decline, because these propositions contradict themselves on their very face. If he tells me it is a great mystery, but I must accept it, I tell him it is impossible, for God made my faculties so that they cannot accept any such contradictory state

ments. So when the theologian tells me how impossible it is fully to comprehend the nature of God, how impossible for my finite mind fully to grasp infinite proportions. I admit it, for this my soul teaches me every day. But indmit it, for this my soul teaches me every day. But when he undertakes to solve this great mystery by his little mystery of the Trinity, telling one that there are three Gods, and yet one God, three persons, and yet one person. I am compelled to deny it. He may ery out mystery, mystery, but I cannot accept his theory, for it is contradicted by itself, it is plainly untrue upon its face. I are sure to such contradiction as this exists in is contradicted by fisch, it is painty, inter aport is face. I am sure no such contradiction as this exists in the Infinite Unseen. I prefer the sublime, original mystery of God, to this artificial mystery, invented by man. I will have nothing which interferes with the simplicity of the Christian idea, which mars the all-embracing idea of God as my Father. I do not feel called upon to ntroduce any mathematics, especially incorrect mathe matics, into heaven.

Again: when the theologian tells me how inscrutable is the fact of moral evil, how little we know with certainty of the future solution of this momentous problem. I admit it. But when he attempts to solve it by what he calls his authentic plan of salvation, I refuse to ac cept his solution, because it seems' to me to be false to cept his solution, because it seems to me to be false to every idea of the justice and love of our heavenly Father, to every dictate of my higher nature, to every utterance of God's past and present revelations. If he exclaim, "It is a mystery, an awful mystery," I tell him that I infinitely prefer the original mystery which enfolded the spirit-world with its protecting wings, to his poor attempts at a solution. He may cling to his own little mystery, if he will; but for me, I will follow no will-o'the wiser like this through the unseen gateway into the he-wisp like this through the unseen gateway into the mysterious beyond.

From these illustrations, it may be clearly seen what we consider the true as distinguished from the false uses of the great fact of mystery. Because we are striving to penetrate into the realm of mystery, it surely is no eason why we should accept a mysterious theory to help us. Indeed, the greater the mystery, the clearer hould be the theologic telescope with which we seek

Moreover, we draw broad and deep the distinction Moreover, we draw broad and deep the distinction between a qualified knowledge, and a contradictory or unreasonable theory. A mystery is something partly hidden from us; a contradiction is something clearly seed to be false. If, for example, a lecturer upon animal magnetism attempted to solve its admitted mysteries by stating, 1st, that it resulted from animal electricity; and, 2d, that it originates only from mineral decomposition, we should not allow the original mystery to protect from attack his manifest contradiction. tery to protect from attack his manifest contradiction. You cannot solve a mystery by a contradiction, or a falsity. You cannot pierce the infinite darkness with

an imperfect or opaque lens.
Our chief objection, then, to some of the modern theologic systems, is not that they are mysterious, but that they are contradictory; not that we do n't under stand them, but that we understand them too well, to accept them as any guide through the great mystery

many carnest thinkers of our century struggling for more light. Holding our peculiar views subject to any change required by advancing truth, it is ours to criticise old systems, and out of the hidden things of the universe to gather, here and there, a truth which shall bring humanity into closer harmony with the Father. As the narrow horizon of thought and experience opens wider and wider before us, we shall become still more patient of mystery—still more careful in our efforts to may out the unseen things of God. A man down in map out the unseen things of God. A man down in the deep valley of superstition and ignorance, hemmed in by the barriers of creed and dogma, soon thinks he has gauged the secrets of the universe, for his vision is limited and partial. But when he is really up on the mountain-top, and gazes around upon the influite un-known, the sense of the mysterious descends upon his awe-inspired soul, and he feels like kneeling in humble confession of ignorance, rather than attempting to sketch out a full and complete chart of the mysteries

We are pioneers, thank God; and must accept the privileges and responsibilities of pioneer duty. We are here to welcome new truth, come from what quarter it may. We are here to attack old superstitions—to root out old opinions. We are bidden to move onward, forever on. God is never without a witness in our hearts of our own personal duties and responsibilities, and the higher we ascend the mount of vision, the more shall we know of his infinite plans and purposes. Now we must be content to know in part, and to understand in part; now we must be content to see through a glass darkly." but then, when we have begun our higher flight, "then we shall see face to face." And if such joy comes from our imperfect vision of truth here, what gladuess shall be ours as we walk with clearer insight the streets of the eternal city! Ever through the ages to come shall new beams of light, from the here to welcome new truth, come from what quarter it wings of trusting faith. One thing is certain; I know enough to teach me my present duty in this life. As to the mysteries of the future, I am sure that the good time."

Which of these two most plainly acknowledges the great fact of mystery?

And so of many other theories which pretend to solve all the mysteries of the universe. We decline to accept them, for they are unsupported by evidence—they are false on their very face. We have our own views upon these great themes; but as we feel that we have probably not exhausted the truth, we have not crystallized these views into fixed creed or dogma. We do not make their acceptance indispensable to salvation.

We rejoice in the belief that God does not reveal all

BY AN ODD FELLOW.

As we stretch our minds back to the ages long since past, and consult 'history for all we know or believe of men who lived thousands of years ago, we instinctively ask ourselves if such men as Xerxes, Alexander, Homer and Virgil, were very like the worried statesmen and poets who live at the present day? These worthies have been dead so long, that it seems difficult to realize that they ever did really live and breathe as mortals do now, or that they took the same views of things that we do now. Our general knowledge of the progressive tendencies in society, and the ages that have lapsed since Homer and Virgil lived, seems to make so great a chasm logian offers me a system with which he claims to solve the spiritual secrets of the universe, then I have a right to try it, as by fire, before I accept its claims. On no plen of the mysterious has he a right to demand my assent to the theory he has invented, and thus shield it from deserved attack and overthrow. He must not pretend to clear up the great mystery of God by giving me a sories or system of title mysteries invented by man. If we must have mystery, it is a joy to be assured that amid the seeming darkness is God's infinite truth. I am not so sure of finding that truth in the creeds and systems man has manufactured. In the one sphere, I am free to investigate, I am thrilled and gladdened by the conscious possession of a free soul; amid the confusions and perplexities of the other, I feel cablaned, cribbed, confined, unable to use my wings.

That we may clearly understand the distinction between us and the ancients, that it becomes a matter of doubt as to what they said or did. And hence it is, perhaps, that we are so often charmed by passages in the ancient writings which strike us as being so perfectly natural, so very like what we now to be true now; and hence we are pleased when we find that precisely the same views of things occurred to others who lived and wrote thousands of years ago. Here, for instance, is Homer's description of an orator. How often, while listening to the milded of these apt lines of this father of poetry:

"When Astrea's son harangued the listening train, Just was his sense, and his expression plain;

"When Astrea's son harangued the listening train, Just was his sense, and his expression plain; His words succinct, yet full without a fault, Ho spoke no more than just the things he ought. But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound, His modest eyes fixed upon the ground, As one unskilled or dum be seemed to stand, Nor raised his head, nor stretched his sceptred hand; But when he speaks, what clocution flows, Soft as the fleeces of descending snows, The copious accents fall, with easy art; Melting they fall, and sink into the heart; Wondering we hear, and fixed in deep surprise, Our ears refute the censure of our eyes."

On reading the minute descriptions which Homer gives of common things, we admire the justness of his conceptions, and marvel that one who lived so long ago should have been able to describe with such living fidelity to nature.

Bear in mind what superstitious notions prevailed anciently among all nations in respect to comets, while reading Homer's description of one of those strange visitors :-

"As the red comet, from Saturnius sent To fright the nations with a dire portent, A fatal sign to armies on the plain, Or trembling sailors on the wintry main With sweeping glories glide along the air, And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair."

Here is a passage, from which we may learn what views Homer entertained of "Wordy War":-

"Long in the field of words we may contend.
Repreach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd, or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong;
Bo voluble a weapon is the tongue,
Wounded, we wound, and neither side can fail,
For every man has equal strength to rail;
Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war.
Like us they stand, encompassed with the crowd,
And vent their anger impotent and loud."

In such thoughts as these does Homer address us, even when diluted into English; the original, as overy scholar knows, possesses a terseness-an aptness-of which no translation could possibly give a perfectly correct expression.

And here follow some examples from Virgil, the prince of Roman poets. In his description of Harvest Storms, he says:-

That men, by signs, unerring might behold The rains and heats, and winds that want the cold; The Bire of Nature fixed his rules on high, The Bire of Nature fixed his rules on high. Bado us the changes of the moon descry; By what prognostics winds are known to fall, And swains, with watchful heed, their cattle stail. When winds rise slow, the sea's heaved surface swells in weltering foam; shrill crash the mountain delist Shores echo deep the beat of distant floods.

And a low, hollow sound runs niurmuring through the woods."

In Virgil's Eclogues there are numerous beautiful passages, descriptive of rustic life and scenery. Thus, when Melibocus is made acquainted with the happy life of Tityrus, he says:-

"Lo! I, thus harrassed, drivo my kids before;
This goat I scarce can lead, for twins she bore
Among the hazels on the flinty rock,
And loit them, sh, the hope of all my flock!

This on my mind was dull, you withcred oak, Touched by the lightning, in present spoke of Aids the raven creaked from hellow tree, But tell, my Tityrus, say, what God was he?"

Thus, dear Bannes, I give you a taste of my Odds and Ends, and if I perceive their flavor to be agreeable to you and your readers, you shall have some more anon.

Boston, July 8, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light. LIFE.

BY GRACE LELAND.

What is life? What mortal mind can comprehend its mysteries? We may seek to fathom the depths of our spiritual nature, to explore the vast chambers of the soul, to solve the great problem of life, but in vain. Only the eye of the Infinite can behold the boundless magnitude of existence. Only the hand of Deity can unfold the vast scroll of the universe, and inscribe thereon living, immortal truths. Yet, we of earth pass on our way, too often forgetful of the great boon of existence, of its duties, its aims, its responsibilities. We move on as in a dream, forget ting that we are to fulfill a glorious mission on earth, if we would be faithful, neglecting to clasp the Divine hand which would lead us on in the path of duty, and closing our eyes to the truth which would bathe our spirits in the light of heaven. We' envelop our souls in a thick mist of selfishness, and thus too many of us walk through life with our spirits veiled, so that we cannot behold the brightness of

It is a sacred thing to live-to inscribe on the great pages of eternity our deeds, our words, our thoughts. Every emotion of the soul leaves a lasting impress on the character, and either increases or lessens our usefulness and our joy. It has been truly said, We touch not a wire but vibrates in eternity; we utter no word but rolls on with us to the throne of God." Each passing moment is as an angel bearing to high heaven the record of our hearts; it is as a tablet, on which we write, in deathless characters, our every thought. And is not each holy thought and right deed felt as a thrill of joy throughout the boundless universe?

Could we know the wondrous influence we coninually exert upon others, we should deem it no trivial thing to got, to speak, to think. A single act or word may be fraught with good or evil to those around us, while the thought we cherish in our own minds, though perchance unspoken, fulfills its mission silently, surely.

We have a work to do on earth. Not only are we to strive to be perfect ourselves, but we must aid our fellow creatures. We can be Christlike only by doing good, and our sympathy and love must extend to all of God's creatures.

Each kind word and good deed adds another sparkling gem to the mansions of beauty the faithful soul will inhabit in the spirit land. It adds auother precious flower that will there bloom in beauty neath the eye. It strikes another chord of harmony upon the spirit-lyre, which echoes back even now upon the soul, causing it to thrill with joy

The life that is, is but the shadow of the life to come. How, then, can the immortal soul be satisfled with things earthly? Seek not to stifle the deep yearnings of the soul for a higher existence, its longings for its native home; but in the fulfillment of duty here, prepare for the better life to come.

DEATH AND TMMORT. ATY.

There are many persons (comparatively speaking) who honestly disbelieve in an Hereafter. From the writings of one of the most liberal and enlightened men of the age—a Spiritualist—we therefore make the following timely extract, giving his views of Death and Immortality":—

orities but Nature and Reason. Hence, for proofs of the immortality of the soul, I involuntarily turn. from the unsatisfactory teachings of men and books, to the principles of Nature and to the sanctionings of my highest reason.

It surely is not safe, nor is it reasonable even, to believe, as many minds do, that the human soul is mmortal, and that its resurrection from the grave is inevitable, merely because it is asserted that Jesus was seen subsequent to his crucifizion and burial. Nor is it reasonable to base all our hope and faith in the immortality of the soul, upon the mere speculations and teachings of any form of sectarianism: because the reasoning mind full readily perceives the unsoundness and fallibility of such evidences; and a cold, unhappy, involuntary skepticism will be the certain consequence.

Those who believe in the authority of men and books, and base their teachings thereupon, should understand that they cannot satisfy these who believe in the authority of Nature and Reason. . . . I will state three conclusions based upon the use and universal tendency of Nature, which conclusions lead legitimately to more sublime and desirable ones, which the reader's own intuition and principle of reason will discover. We are immortal, because-

1. Nature was made to develop the human body; 2. The human body was made to develop the human spirit; and,

3. Every spirit is developed and organized sufficiently, unlike any other spirit or substance in the universe, to maintain its individuality throughout

Each human spirit possesses within itself an eternal affinity of parts and powers; which affinity there exists nothing sufficiently superior, in power and attraction, to disturb, disorganize, and annihilate. These are evidences with which the world is not familiar; but they are plain and demonstrative, and are destined to cause great happiness and elevation among men.

In conclusion, I desire to impress the reader that there is nothing to fear, but much to love, in a purely rational or non-accidental death. It is the fair stranger which conducts the immortal soul to more. glorious scenes and harmonious societies. Let mankind never lament because of the mere departure of an individual from earth; for the change, though cold and cheerless to the material senses, is, to the interior vision, and to the ascending spirit, bathed in auroral splendor. To the enlightened mind, there is no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, to those who live in constant conjunction with eternal ruth. Let tranquility reign throughout the chambers of the dying; but when the body is cold, and when the immortal soul is gone, then calmly rejoice, and sweetly sing, and be exceeding glad, for when a body dies on earth, a soul is born in heaven!

You may rest upon the strong foundations of truth; may strive to learn how to live peacefully and purely on earth; may enrich and adorn the inner spirit with gems of scientific and philosophic knowledge; may wreathe every thought with the sweet flowers of virtue; may robe every impulse with the mantle of contentment; for there is nothing lost by the putting off of mortality, and leaving the material and evanescent things of this world to pursue life's journey amid immortal beauties in the spirit-land!"

We should often blush at our best actions did the world but see the motives upon which the y are grounded.

Written for the Bauner of Light.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

DY S. B. DHITTAN.

RENOVATING POWERS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

The true philosophy of disease, comprehending its enuses and their action within the sphere of organic relation and dependence; also the relative efficacy of physical and mental agents in its treatment, and tho natural methods of physical restoration, have been but very imperfectly understood. From reading of the wonderful virtues of certain nostrums, as well as from the avidity with which thousands swallow pills and powders, one might almost fancy that health, and life, and perhaps immortality, are to be purchased at the drug shops. This state of things does not indicate an intelligent perception of the laws of life and health. On the contrary, it evinces a profound ignorance of the whole subject, notwithstanding its intimate relation to the most vital interests of the present life.

Here, I apprehend, is an evil as strongly rooted as the pernicious customs of our imperfect civilization, and as mischievous as the perverted habits of the people. Perhaps I cannot render a more essential service, in this connection, than by exposing this evil, while, at the same time, I offer some suggestions concerning the nature of the restorative principle and the renovating nowers of the mind.

Let me observe, in transitu, that the reader must not expect me to practice the peculiar circumspection which prompts certain writers to stand at a great distance from a difficult theme. I shall hope to be forgiven if I do not approach the subject with all the caution and reserve which may seem to be appropriate to the occasion, seeing that, in its discussion, so many scientific men have already exhausted their learning, and ignorant ones have exposed their folly.

· The renovating principle, or restorative power, has no place in medicine: IT EXISTS IN MAN, and is manifested in and through the living organization.

It is well known that when any part of the body is impaired, by accident, or otherwise, Nature, without delay, commences to repair the injury. If, for example, you lacerate a muscle, an unusual tendency of the vital forces to the injured part will at once be perceptible. This determination of the electric forces of the living body increases the molecular deposits which finally unite the dissevered portions of the muscle as firmly as before. When a bone is fractured, Nature employs substantially the same process, and generally with similar results. If one organ of sense be destroyed. or rendered inoperative, the other senses are usually quickened, so as to afford at least a partial compensation or indemnity for the loss sustained. Thus it will be perceived that the renovating power is in man, and that it constitutes one of the essential laws of his constitution.

Nature, I know, may be assisted-by various extrin sic means and measures—in her efforts to recover the normal exercise of her powers. But the bandage, applied to a fresh wound, only serves to protect it from the action of the atmosphere; an internal vital power is required to make the wounded member whole again. The appendages applied by the surgeon to a broken limb, subserve no higher purpose than to keep it in place, while Nature performs the more important office of uniting the bone. In like manner, when any internal organ becomes diseased, or a general functional derangement occurs, we employ remedial agents in vain; unless Nature summons her forces to the work of expelling the evil. All that she requires at our hands is, that we aid in removing the obstables we have thrown · in her way. And when the resources of modern science and art are fairly exhausted, the doctors are obliged to leave Nature to conquer the disease, and she often accomplishes her task, not only without their aid, but in spite of their opposition.

The power of the mind, as exhibited in the application of the vital forces to the organs of the body, has already been variously illustrated. Moreover, that the mind's action, and misdirected or greatly intensified, is capable of producing physical effects of the most startling and fatal character, is rendered obvious from our investigation of the laws of vital motion, and especially by the illustrative facts contained in the last Chapter. That disease, in its most aggravated forms, occurs from mental as well as from physical causes, will not be questioned; and that Death often approaches suddenly, or gradually retires from our presence at the mandate of the kingly Mind, is scarcely less apparent to the thoughtful observer. Indeed, no mere physical agent can so powerfully influence the distribution of the electro-nervous forces, and, consequently, the health and life of the body.

But if the abnormal exercise and the misdirected action of the human faculties and affections involve such disastrous consequences to the body, it will necessarily follow, that, where the mind acts consistently with the laws of life and health, rightly distributing the vital motive power, it must inevitably become the most efficient agent in the treatment of disease, and in the removal of all the causes of vital inharmony. I hazard nothing in affirming that many forms of disease may be far more effectually treated by the application of mental forces than by the use of physical agents. If the mind, when misdirected, occasions an irregular organic motion and diseased condition of the body, it can only be necessary to reverse or change its action, while we preserve the strength and intensity of the mental function, and the disease will be arrested and removed.

There are certain states of the public mind which exert a great sanitary influence. When the season is fruitful, and the hopes of the husbandman are more than realized; when the spirit of a living enterprise is in all the wheels and springs of our complicated mechanism; when Commerce spreads her snowy pinions over all the rivers and seas; when the laborer goes to his toil with an elastic step and returns with a joyful song; when the world is at peace, and every important branch of national industry is stimulated, inspiring confidence in the universal mind and heart, there will be less business for physicians, nurses, coroners and undertakers, Comparatively few persons are likely to be sick, so long as they are successful, and the world smiles upon them. Moreover, most people manage to live about as long as they contrive to make life profitable, by living truly in respect to themselves, and with a wise reference to the common welfare.

A state of mental depression acts with a destructive power on the body. Restless and unhappy people are almost always lean and sickly. The animal fluids are dissipated by the inward fires; the nerves become morhidly impressible and the mucous surfaces are rendered dry and feverish; the acidity of the stomach is increased by the asperities of the disposition; the outlines of feature and form leave Hogarth's line of beauty to be supplied by the imagination; while the muscles of the face are underscored by care, and all life is gravely accented. But the man of aspiring hopes, who perpetually looks on the sunny side of life, will seldom suffer from disease. Agreeable emotions stimulate the functions of the nutritive system, at the same time the power of assimilation is sure to be greatly diminished by the dominion of such passions as exert a depressing influence on the mind. It is worthy of remark, that the digestive function is usually strong in those persons who have large mirthfulness, and whose acute perception and lively appreciation of the ludicrous phases and aspects of human character and life, inclines them to "the laughing philosophy." Indeed, that fleshy people are uniformly good-natured, is a suggestive text from our proverbial philosophy. It is not, however, their flesh that determines their dispositions; but, on the contrary, the state of mind and feeling that induces flesh.

purpose in life. The man who has realized all that suited in his discharging the contents of his stomach. Famo and Fortune promised, and with laureled brow The great Physician of the Jews recognized this sits down to enjoy his possessions, experiences a sud- action of the mind as possessing a great renovating den and powerful reaction of all the forces of his na- power over the body. Two blind men came to him on ture. From that reaction-consequent upon the exist- a certain occasion to have their sight restored. Jesus valn and purposeless.

called my attention to several costly mansions, whose object in life-making a princely fortunes for themselvesbelow the standard of a natural tension and a healthful princely mansions had, perhaps, no object for which to live and act. Accordingly, they sought rest, and found a lasting but ignoble repose. Thus life, to the selfish man, is but a poor and profitless investment, even when

Among the agents comprehended in our eclecticism. Faith is doubtless far more potent than Physic. In fact, the articles embraced in the materia medica often derive all their medical powers from the patient's preconceived idea of their curative properties. When faith in the efficacy of any agent, however powerless in itself, is sufficiently strong, the anticipated physical results are quite sure to follow its administration. The protecting and renovating powers of Amulets, and the fancied occult influence of charms, (so much in use in past ages,) employed by ignorant people to shield their hodies from disease, and their souls from the assaults of satanic agents, are doubtless to be ascribed to this action of the mind within itself and on the body. No matter what the material instrumentalities may be, in any given case, since the results are not so directly and essentially dependent on these as on the mind's action. Papal prayers and Pagan incantations will serve equal ly well at the exorcism of imaginary demons; at the same time, a string of berries from the mountain ash the dry bones of a departed saint, or any one of the ingredients of the witches' caldron, will cure a devout ignorant man whose disease had its origin in the mind.

The most accomplished practitioners are ordinarily hose who use the least medicine, and depend most or giving a new and right direction to the patient's mind Those who disregard the relations of the mind to the body, and are ignorant of the psychical laws, can never be eminently successful. Where nothing is done to inspire the patient with confidence, very little will be accomplished by our efforts to remove his disease or to mitigate his sufferings. The specific effects of the most valuable remedies are often neutralized by the repulsive manner of the physician, while the patient's doubt respecting his capacity are often stronger than ordinary tonics and strengthening-plasters. On the other hand when the patient's faith is established and unwaver ing, bread-pills, sugar-powders, or Dr. Townsend' weetened-water, will readily accomplish amazing pay cho-physiological effects. It may be necessary to dis guise the real condition of a sick man, in order to save him from the fatal consequences which an actual knowledge of his case would be likely to produce. For similer reasons, and from the best motives, the discreet physician may resort to a seemingly innocent deception, in order to realize the most beneficent results.

The writer was once called to visit a lady who had suffered from protracted indisposition and a long confinement. She was so seriously ill that her case had baffled the skill of eminent physicians. Her physical infirmaties, originating mainly in disordered mental states, reacted with most depressing and melancholy effects on her sensitive mind. She was strongly inclined to the opinion that her case was hopeless. The number of her chronic difficulties was only limited by her knowledge of the infirmaties of poor human nature. She readily concluded that only those understood her case whose diagnostic readings confirmed her own preconceived opinions. The writer, of course, indulged her whimsicalities. (that is an essential part of the treatment,) but with an air of unusual gravity assured her that the case was, nevertheless, one that could be most successfully treated. At first she was incredulous, but at length confidence was fully established Taking from my vest pocket a box of "Hooper's Cachous Aromatises." I removed the label without attracting her attention. Having described in a most suspect the character of the freedom he professes to enparticular and emphatic manner the specific action of precise physiological changes necessary to a healthy action,) I handed her the box, with minute directions, and the positive assurance that the contents of a single box would suffice to restore her to perfect health. The lady pursued the treatment with the strictest fidelity. and was completely restored! Since her recovery she has repeatedly importuned the writer for several boxes of those electrical pills, which she desires to present to riends whose cases are similar to her own.

It is said that Pliny recommended the warm blood of an expiring gladiator as a remedy for epilepsy; and not more than two hundred years ago the lichens which grew from human skulls were the best remedy for that lisease known to the medical faculty of England. Alfred Smee, in a note to his "Instinct and Reason." (page 270,) mentions a cure which resulted from the directions given by the doctor to the nurse, who was tinually places in our way? How is development instructed to apply, if necessary, a red-bot poker to the patient's back. A physician with whom the writer is obstacles—some, those that we have ignorantly or willon familiar terms, affirms that he produced a powerful fully set in our own path, and others, such as no volicathartic action by the use of flour, moistened with saliva, and made into pills. Some days since I heard of the case of a German, who being seriously indisposed, applied to one of our American physicians for professional aid. The doctor wrote a prescription, and gain their feet? And how can a man know what is nanding the paper to the patient, said, ... There, take good for his own nature until he has tried it? and how that," presuming that he would go at once to the apothecary for the medicine. Meeting his patient ome few days after, he inquired after the state of internally, he possessed of? And, once more, how is his health, whereupon the German replied that he was it possible, then, for any other to experiment for him, quite well, but that he found some difficulty in getting the doctor's prescription down, as he was not used himself? o taking paper! S

results may be produced without the use of ordinary long and sometimes weary course of experiments we remedial agents, or other material means. Some years have ascertained that it most truly assimilates with since, while the writer was employed in delivering a our individual nature. Hence, it appears palpably series of lectures on mental and spiritual science—in enough that to scold, and fume, and denounce, and Springfield. Mass.—the statement was made, that argue even with the spirit of "blows and knocks,"

OThe following fact is related by Dr. George Moore:—
During the siege of Breda, in 1625, the garrison was on the
point of surrendering from the ravages of scurry, principally
induced by mental depression. A few vials of shem medicine
were introduced, by order of the Prince of Orange, as an infallfile specific. It was given in drops, and produced astontabling effects. Such as had not moved their limbs for months

before were seen walking in the streets—sound, straight and before, were seen walking in the streets—sound, straight and well.—The Soul and the Body, p. 225.

Whatever strengthens our confidence in mankind, whenever the mind's action can be controlled, agreeaand inspires our hopes of future happiness, must ener- bly to psychological laws, the specific action of any gize the powers of life. The faculties of the mind re- medicine may be produced by the direction given by quire proper atimulants, and when these are employed the mind to the electro-vital forces. This was boldly with a wise discrimination, they exert an invigorating disputed by the Medical Faculty; and the experiment influence on the organs of the body. Our powers all of administering a psychological emetic was accordingly decline when there are no strong incentives to action. Imade in the presence of a large public assembly—on a It is hardly possible for one to live long who has no healthy Irishman-which in less than three minutes re-

ing state of the mind—few entirely recover, while thou-said to them, "According to your faith be it unto you; sands pass away. They remain so long as they have and their eyes were opened." To the woman who an object to live for, and only die when life becomes "touched the hem of his garment," he said, "Thy fanh hath made thee whole."-[Matthew, 9th chapter.] Life and death furnish many impressive illustrations | These and other similar forms of expression clearly inof my idea. While visiting in a large New England dicate that the cures wrought by the Divinely-gifted town, not long since, a gentleman who resides there | Man of Nazareth were not arbitrary exhibitions of an independent power, but that they were in consonance wealthy owners, having retired from active business, with the psycho-dynamic laws. Cures are now daily died soon after they were fairly settled in their new and accomplished when the material agents employed have splendid abodes. Having accomplished their own great no specific action on the system, and also when no such means are resorted to by the patient or the practhe chords of being were suddenly relaxed, sinking far titioner. In either case the cure must be ascribed to the action of the mind. So important is this concenactivity. True, there were thousands of homeless wan-tration and application of mental forces to the diseased derers all around them in the world, and millions more body -so essential is faith on the part of the patient, whose lives have been a desperate struggle with "out | that without it the chances of recovery, in any serious rageous fortune:" but all such were left to terminate case, are few and small. Few persons afflicted with the fierce conflict with life itself. When no selfish ob- chronic diseases are ever cured without strong conject remained to invite the exercise of their powers. Indence in the physician or his remedies. On the other and the narrow aims and interests of a false pride and a hand, when all the energies of the soul are summoned heartless ambition were all fully realized, the dwellers in to the work of deliverance, disease is straightway forced to resign its usurped dominion.

The idea that diseases may be removed and the body restored by the agency of the mind alone, involves-in the judgment of many people-a great tax on human credulity. They have no hesitation in believing that a small blue pill, a little tincture of lobelia, or an infinitesimal dose of the fortieth dilution of some impotent drug will accomplish the work of organic and functional renovation, whilst Mind, with all its immortal powers and Godlike capabilities, is regarded as an inadequate cause of similar effects. This is the worst conceivable form of Materialism. It invests the smallest quantity of inorganic matter with a power greater than the soul is admitted to possess. It utterly denies the supremacy of Mind over the realm of material forces, forms and elements: while it virtually disputes the healing power of the great Physician, because he did not give physic to the Jews, but removed their maladies by the mightier energies of MIND.

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DENUNCIATION. .

There is such a strong propensity in human nature to condomn all who differ from ourselves-whether it nativa inutin rected education-that few persons think any advance can be made, on their own part, except they signalize their movements by denouncing those who, from blunt perceptions and lack of moral purpose, are content to hang behind. A reflecting man would naturally supnose that the greater liberty he had achieved for himself, the wider license he would wish to extend to those not yet born into his free kingdom. If liberality does not engender its own kind, then it is a mongrel and spurious, and not a genuine article. Freedom should beget freedom, according to all natural laws, and not tyranny of any species; and that man may reasonably joy, who finds that he is at any time unwilling to my electrical pills, (the description comprehended the extend to others the same privilege of experimenting

that he insists on possessing himself. What are we all but experimenters, at best? Who knows what amount, or what standard, of absolute truth will furnish the needs of all souls alike? By what rule of sense or reason is it possible that any one man, or set of men even, shall erect limits and barriers for all other men's belief? . Who can pretend to fathom, with the aid of any lead and line of his own manufacture, the profundity of another's secret experience? Who understands the mystery by which a new and fresh perception of truth dawns over the heights into the darkened valleys of another's, or even of his own soul? What is life, to each of us, but a never ending round of experiments with what faculties, powers, temperaments, forces and elements we possess, upon such external circumstances as Fate-which is God-consecured, save by a perpetual strife and struggle with tion of ours could apparently have had anything to do with? How do we stand erect, and walk firmly at last, except by continually falling down and getting up, even like the children learning for the first time to can be try the same unless he be allowed to experiment with such materials as he may, externally and or even to tell him in what way he can best do it for

Let us but understand this, and so much is gained. When this vigorous and renovating action of the We are assured of nothing for another, but only for mind can be otherwise induced and directed, the same ourselves; and we know it for ourselves, not until by a because our neighbor will not confess with his lips what we are convinced of, thus far, in our hearts, and confess, too, even in the face of his faith and reason, is the essence of bigotry itself, and has a close and natural alliance with tyranny. We are only feeling our way, the best of us. Revelation does not blaze upon us with the brilliancy of the noonday sun, but

like the rosy and, at first, dim light of the morning. We must set our faces toward the east and watch for it as it comes. No eye is suffered to become blind by the glare of a stronger light than it can easily bear. Nature kindly adjusts these things to the power of every one of us.

The favorite method with some reformers is-and it is especially true of those whose own anchorage is slight-to cry out against the existence of such institutions as we have, demanding their instant and complete demolition. They seem to think their work is merely to tear down, as if that were a work of genuine reformation. The truth is, however, they are traveling in the same fatal circle in which so many professed reformers have traveled before them, ending in power, in aggrandizement, in self. Advancement is not destruction. Progress is not performed by the spirit or the actions of a mob. There is no pure atmosphere for the advanced and exalted soul to breathe, except that serene atmosphere which stretches above the groveling passions of the world, in whose other angels may freely bathe, and impress their lofty thoughts upon our na

Suppose we consider the processes of nature in things around us-in the world of materiality alone. Take the growth of our own bodies, for an illustration. It is well ascertained that at no two periods of time, in this life, are we precisely the same individuals, physically considered. But how does nature proceed with her nice and most mysterious work? By at once destroying the body, preparatory to these wonderful transformations? Not at all. All goes forward as silently as the stars revolve in their appointed circuits. There is no jar, no fracas, no fight, no destruction; but the work is so gradual that it can, at no one particular time, be observed by him even who watches the closest. Nature, in short, does not set about renewing herself by destroying herself. She devours none of her own children, like the Saturn of mythology. Her processes

of regeneration are silent, slow, and always beautiful. The law of true reformation, then, is the law simply of growth—not of destruction, or violent overthrow Any man may be effective in the work of destruction, because that is accomplished merely by excited passions; and passions are blind when thus unduly excited. and do not act from intelligence. But it is only a calm and exalted nature that can see the good there is in existing institutions, even while seeing how much of worthlessness there is also; that is able, through superior perceptive faculties, to understand how they are, for the time, the only channels through which pour the waters—mixed and muddy as they are, too—on which the world relies for its refreshment; and that has learned to leave more to the silent forces of nature, remaining patient and steady itself as one of the fixed stars, knowing that nothing can be done if we attempt to set up private and particular aims.

When we see, and admit, that all progress is but growth, the gorm being only our own souls, we shall cease to decry the slow advancement made by others: we shall learn that neither flagellations nor grape-shot can stimulate to worthier courses, or tear out from the being those that are already rooted there. One, and the chief, trouble with us all is, that we look without more than we do within; and hence become, first, impatient, and then, passionate, if we find that our friends are not willing conformists with our views. But even we are at no period stationary, or fixed; we are forever shifting our own ground; and it is preposterous that we should seek to punish others for changing theirs also. How few stop to consider of this simple fact, that the best of us are but learners and experimenters, some well advanced and some far behind, and that none has the right to say to another that he is false or cowardly, merely because he happens to be behind himself.

The passion for numbers, with people, is a fatal one to all hopes of genuine advancement. So many like to be on the strong side. We cannot yet rid ourselves of the military notion that seems bred in us, that when we march we must march altogether, and to the music When a man is afraid to trust himself, that is, the divine principle which he allows speech within his nature, he need not hope to help his case by falling back upon others. It is this weak-backed practice that spoils so much which might otherwise fulfill its first promise. When a person finds the majority against him, he is tempted strongly either to abandon his ground, or to remain silent altogether; and yet he may know that that majority is only groveling in the mist and darkness of ignorance, and betray only their prejudice by their blindness.

comfortable, so satisfactory even, to hurrah and clap Bannen, and will occasionally furnish our readers with relaour hands; but if it happens to be over against us, no tions of phenomena gathered on his tours. argument appears more potent or imperious. We are then convinced even against our honest instincts. This is a fatal and common vice in our own country, and we do not deny that its opposite extreme, obstinacy, is quite as open to reproach and detestation.

But to return to the point with which we set out vhy an enlightened person should turn around and deal out nothing but denunciation upon another less illumined than himself, passes all reasonable comprehension. If I am on a higher elevation than you, and can see further, through a clearer atmosphere, and above the fogs and mists that confuse the sight in the valley below, is that any reason-even a bad reasonwhy I should cry out Fool! upon you who are not as high up yet, but whose toilsome course, however rugged and tortuous, will surely take you to where I am to day? Must I not remember that I was once where you now stand, and that others are far, far above and beyoud me still? May I forget that my anothema hurled that you was but a little while ago quite as applicable to myself? and that, by employing it even now, I go myself? and that, by employing it even now, I go down at once on a plane far below that on which you stand? Is there anything whatever in pure and unsullied truth, to vitiate, instead of exalt, the sentiments of the person perceiving it, or to appeal to his passions rather than tame and render them more intelligent? Alas, no: it is all a sad, sad mistake: no cause, looking truthward, can ever be helped by decause, looking truthward, can ever be helped by denouncing those who are not yet ready to lend it their sympathies. Nor ought it to be expected that any true and effective sympathy can be started, unless it is led forth by the ready hand of perception. Except, therefore, a man first perceives the truth, how are we to expect him to embrace it, or embody it in his confessions? fessions?

We might think of these things more. It is one of the most wonderful of all the wonderful anomalies of human nature, that, where we are all pursuing what is the truest and the best-professedly, at least-one sympathies of a vast number of friends, and their heartfelt. should have the effrontery to charge another with criminality itself for not going where he goes, and doing what he does. As if truth were anything peculiar or personal, a private possession as it were, and those nearest it were privileged to warn off, by threats and lenunciations, those seemingly furthest off! The significant words of Christ rise in the mind at such reflections-" He that is the least in that Kingdom, shall be greater than you all."

Spiritualism.

Prof. Felton, of Harvard College, has published a letter in which he denounces Spiritualism as an exploded humbug and declares its supporters and mediums to be impostors The Springfield Republican says: "The fact may be a lament able one, but Prof. Felton will find, if he takes the trouble to nquire, that Spiritualism is still terribly alive and in earnest, and takes no pains to conceal itself; is in fact organizing into a permanent institution and sect. It will soon become conservative and respectable, and get recognized at Harvard, perlups, as one among the heterogeneous families of believers, entitled at least to courteous treatment."-Anti-Slavery Standard.

The Spirits and their Greek.

We have been much amused, not to say edified, with the profound comments of the press on the reported use of certain Orcek words by Mrs. Hatch in her recent discourse on Geology. Small errors, like that of a latter or a punctuation point, are generally supposed to be rather common, even with the best conducted newspapers. The huge error of the Hannen's report of the lecture of Mrs. Hatch consisted in substituing the letter o for the letter e, making the Greek word Goo spell itself Goo. That was all. And upon so triffing a matter as this, cortain learned dallies in New York proceed to ventilate their minute Greek information, fly-speeks and all. We regret the error in setting up the word, but must ascribe it to the lamentable fact that our proof-reader did not happon to be educated in the fly-speck line. The spirits need to be particularly prudent, we think, in Greek matters, with so astuto a critic as Prof. Felton mousing after them.

Hallelnigh!

A paragraph has been floating about among newspapers, to the effect that the learned Greek of Harvard had bec-Spiritualist. We did not copy it, for we considered it too bad

Last week the Professor contradicted the assertion in an article for the Courier, written in that peculiar style which has disgraced the writer, Harvard College and the organ, and which reminds us more of the slang of the prize-ring than the writing of a scholar.

Until the Professor can write more decency and less blackguardism, he cannot be received as a Spiritualist—he is well situated among those who need light. There is some good in the Professor, however, and we give him due credit for ithis conscience would not allow him to inflict such a disgrace upon Spiritualism, as his company would be. When ho is thoroughly cleaned from all such venom and filth as he has spit out through the Courier upon the public, no doubt be will become a good Spiritualist and a better man. We have only the advice the Quaker gave the swearer, "Swear away, friend, and get all that bad stuff out of thy heart as quick as theo can."

The Bible not a Finality.

Henry Ward Beecher says:

"I do not hesitate to say that there will yet come a time when the revelation of truth in the natural world will stand out as the prime, the transcendent revelation. I would not undervalue the Bible, but the revelation of outward nature is infinitely to outlast the Bible as a revelation of what God has done; for the Bible is to the revelation of God a more commentary, and the text is more than the commentary."

The fact that the Bible is not the complete and final revelation of God to man in this age, is becoming apparent everywhere, even in the Orthodox Church. The common sense of every soul; Nature, with her ten thousand tongues, cries out against the narrow thought that an Infinite God reveals himself in the records of a single book.

Ferbearance and Conciliation.

The Christian Register, in speaking of the clergy, says: "How manifest is the demand for a constantly watchful spirit of forbearance and conciliation." This is the spirit we want above all others-the spirit of forbuarance and conciliation. Here is the fundamental principle of Christianity. This is the spirit of charity-its fruit is love. The clergy, as much as the people, are wanting in this spirit, and Spiritualists. as much as others, are apparently wanting in this spirit; but we think the tendency of Spiritualism is to develop this element, sooner or later, in a higher degree.

Meanness of the Traveller.

The Boston Daily Traveller, of August 12th, contains a sermon of Rev. H. W. Beecher, delivered April 12th, copied entire from our report, without giving us a particle of credit. This is pursuing a course which it would hardly doem honorable in a cotomporary. The editor called especial notice to the sermon in the issue of the previous day, that his carriers might increase their orders, and added, in a semi-religious way, that he had read it to his children once, and should do so sgain. In printing the sermon, the editor even went so far as to crase from our heading the words, "Reported for the BANNER OF LIGHT, by T. J. Ellinwood," but copied the balance of the heading entire.

Would not a little less reading of sermons and more liberal Christian example set before the editor's children, be better? We think that any one of the children could instruct the father upon this point of morals.

Taking the pains we do to have Mr. Beccher's sermons reported in the very best manner, which no other newspaper has done, we know we have a right to request a passing noof some party fife and drum. This is a great mistake. the from our brethren of the press who see fit to copy such of our reports as strike them as being particularly good.

E. V. Wilson in Maine.

Mr. E. V. Wilson, of Boston, will make the tour of Maine during the month of September, and a portion of October, lecturing on the Facts and Philosophy of Ancient and Modern Spiritualism. Mr. W. will also give reading of character through the nerve-magnetic law of the spirit in the body, or normal condition. Friends of the cause and of truth wishing for Mr. Wilson's services, will please direct their letters to E. V. Wilson, Fountain House, Boston.

Mr. W. has given complete satisfaction where he has lec-If the crowd is with us, it is so easy, so much more tured, by his details of facts. He will act as agent for the

By a letter from Brooklyn, N. Y., where Mrs. Hatch is residing, we learn that she is so far recovered from her illness, that she will probably be in Boston during the present week, and will lecture at Music Hall on Sunday, Aug. 21st. Due notice will be given in the daily papers.

Her brother will accompany her to Boston, and transact her business, her lectures being given on her own responsibillty.

The Greek Jumping the Truth.

The correspondent of the Boston Journal, writing from Saratoga, gives the following bit of fact :--

I saw on board the boat Judge Edmonds. It was quite natural to refer to the late manifesto of Professor Felton, and especially to this statement of the Professor:

"Judge Edmonds continues to write his puerile fictions in the New York Tribune, but I have never heard of a man, except myself, who has read them. Nobody but the Judge beginness a judge word of them.

himself."
Now Judge Edmonds says that so far as his making any statement like the above, there is not a word of truth in it—that he is no judge of Menander's works—that he is no Greek scholar, and nover made any such statement put into ils mouth. On recurring to our files, we find the following to be the

language used by Judge Edmonds in reference to the "doggerel" aforesaid:--

Thomas Gales Forster.

We regret to learn, by the following letter, that our much steemed wiend is suffering from illness. He will have the desires for his restoration to health :-

desires for his resolution to hearth:—

Editors Banner of Light:

Gerrs—I am desired by Mr. Thomas Galos Forster to say to you, and through, the Banner, to his many friends, and particularly to his correspondents, that extreme fliness prevents his answering very many letters which he has received. He is suffering from an extreme prostration of his nervous system, and must leave the necliumistic field for a lime if he would recover. He must be have desired the his nervous system, and must leave the necdomistic field for a time, if he would recover. He ought to have done this some months since. As it is, he should have two or three months of absolute quiet, and be relieved from all mental exertion. It is the opinion of his physician and friends that this course alone will enable him to recover his physical and popular health. Yours truly, N. A. GURNEY, Mendota, Ill., Aug. 7th, 1859.

Three Months' Subscribers.

Those persons who have had this paper three months, on our trial terms, can have it continued the remaining nine months of the year, by remitting to us one dollar and twenty-

To Correspondents.

T. E. Case.-J. L. D. Otis was taken sick at the Convention held in Lowell, in July, and has not, we presume, been able to visit you. His address is Lowell.

CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS AT PLYMOUTH.

A. H. Newton said-Truth must embrace not only what we call truth, but what we call error; for all error is the effect of truth. It is no part of Spiritualism to deny the truths of vention, and published in our last issue, were discussed, and the Bible, or truths that exist anywhere. Is there any standard for Spiritualism? Yes, all truth is its standard.

Dr. Child said-No man abrogates moral cvil, who says, that all that God has croated is right; and to say that evil is good, or a means to produce happiness in the end, is not say- M. Kinnny, and J. S. Loveland. To which was added If. F. ing, that there is no conscious moral sense in man.

Opinions, beliefs and creeds, come from external influences; knowledge comes from within. External teachings produce what we call error; the growth of the soul produces truth. Teachings from without cannot influence the soul for good or for evil; the soul can only be influenced by that Unscen Power that over works for the soul's best and highest inter-

The gem of Orthodoxy is a creed that comes from without; the gem of Spiritualism is far more beautiful-it is a con scious reality developed from within.

Spiritualism spreads out a platform as broad as the universe; it presents a creed-if creed it may be called-in which exists every other creed in the religious world; it leads its followers, inevitably, away from all opposition; away from the resistance of all evil to the sunlight of truth. "Evil and good" may be seen as being

> -"God's right hand and loft, By ministry of evil good is clear, And by temptation, virtue; as of yore, Out of the grave rose God."

Ichabod Morton made some remarks, taking the stand that the good and loving father was not the creator and author of sin: and that the world was full of sln and wrong.

Rev. Mr. Thayer expressed the same views in regard to evil that Mr. Morton did.

Mr. Lincoln, Jacob Edson, Henry C. Wright, and E. V. Wilson, made some excellent remarks, which closed the morning

ATTERNOON BESSION.

Mr. Tompkins said-I am a Shaker, and I am a Spiritualist. I have been made a Shaker by an Unseen Power, and I have been made a Spiritualist by an Unseen Power.

D. F. Goddard said-Truth is the form of infinite love; it is universal; and as love flows into our being, we have thereby developed a capacity to see truth in all things. Charity bolleveth all things. There is an essential truth underlying every creed. Error is only excess or defect. "Nothing, says Emerson, "is fair or good alone; all are needed by each one." When this charity is born in our hearts, then a perfect system of truth will be projected. The broadest, fullest charity must be had before we have the broadest liberty. Spiritualism has this charity; it bears with all mon; it accepts all men.

Henry C. Wright said that Spiritualism recognized no teacher as authority. I reject the authority of all Bibles, Shasters and Korans: I reject the authority of all teachers. all churches, all men and all women. . I recognize as authority alone that which I feel within my own bosom. The God that speaks to me within my own soul is alone my authority. Mr. Joshua Wilder said-For the great and beautiful truths that Jesus uttered, why not give the credit to him?

Daniel Vaughn Whittemere said-The spirit that Christ lived and died by, I love. I will separate myself from every creed and doctrine that men and devils have made. I had rather have one little pine tree that grows on my farm for authority, than all the books in the world. There is a book in overy human bosom; let this book guide us to truth.

Mr. A. E. Newton sald-The revolutions of God to me are external, as well as internal. In all the external world I can see the revelation of God, but more eminently is God revenied to me in my own soul.

SATURDAY EVENING SESSION.

Mr. E. V. Wilson related some very wonderful spiritual manifestations that had taken place in his experience. He sald-Facts are the basis of my religion; facts made me a Spiritualist. He said that he had seen a medium sit in a chair with her feet resting on one of the rounds, her clothes tucked up so they did not touch the floor, and in a room where three lamps were burning, and a dozon witnesses were sitting; he had seen this medium raised in the chair a foot or more from the floor, without any visible touch or contact He also related incidents where he had tangibly and really shaken spirit hands, to which there were no visible arms or bodies.

He said-I know there is a spirit-power that comes in con-Sect with matter. This power produces the manifestations of Spiritualism, and these manifestations produce facts. which facts are the basis of the philosophy of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism leads the mind to nature for instruction and guidance; it develops individuality and a common brotherhood in humanity. In nature we learn that there is an unseen power ever acting; a power which we cannot see that controls all things in the universe; and, when lead to a recognition of this power, which is spirit-power alone, Spirit-

ualism cannot be denied. Dr. Atkins delivered an interesting trance lecture, which

closed the evening session.

SUNDAY MORNING-TRIED DAY'S SESSION.

Mr. Durfee said-Evil is ignorance; progress is the acquisition of truth, and the great feature in the teachings of Spirit-

"J.S. Loveland said-A human brotherhood exists as vet merely as an idealism; it exists only as a thought. Spiritnalism affirms this idea as being a thing real and practicable, and with that affirmation the reality is beginning to be felt. We have been taught, and have believed, that one man's loss is another man's gain. This is a mercantile religion. Humanity is a brotherhood, no member of which can suffer a pain individually, without affecting the whole. We are all linked together with bands stronger than steel; and the light of Spiritualism now dawning, will show to us the heretofore hidden existence of human ties and human relations. Who would go forth arm in arm with the robel and the out cast of the earth, and not feel the withering blight of reputation, and not fear the scorn and anotherm of popular opinion ? Spiritualism will make us caroless of repute, and seekers of truth. Spiritualism will raise up every son and daughter of humanity from degradation. It will make every one of its followers, by practical deeds, say to every other one, I love

To whom shall we carry bountles? To those who have them not. Where shall the light of truth shine? Where it is needed most-in darkness. It is the downtrolden the outcast, the offscourings of the earth that need help most; to such Spiritualism carries light, love and sympathy. Let it come-let it come !

Mr. Hammond, of Philadelphia, said—I am a fanatic; I am called a horrible being, walking up and down in the earth; but I have consectated my faculties, my life, my soul, all that God has given me, to the spread of this light and love, of which our brother has just spoken-which, in one word is Spiritualism. Its beauties have spread all over our fuir land, and may the procious seed take root and spring up in every heart.

The cross of Christ was a wooden cross—the blood of Christ was material blood. This cross and this blood the material church has worshiped. The light of spirit truth sweeps away material worship; it carries the soul for worship beyond the boundaries of matter, to the conscious reality, spirit truth, love and sympathy.

Henry C. Wright said-One great end of spiritualism is to make a healthy body and lay a good physical foundation for a healthful soul. Spiritualism demands a healthy body and a healthy soul. Health is heavon-disease is hell; my heaven is health-my hell is discaso.

Of all the subjects that are to come before the world for reformation, is prenatal reformation. The salvation of the race rests upon woman's entering into true natural and healthy relations with man. The empire of woman, in ruling the destiny of the race, is absolute. There is work to do in this great feature of reform. Spiritualists, do' not think that you are going to heaven on beds of roses; you have work to do; the true life is a life of practical goodness.

BUNDAY AFTERNOON BESSION.

I. G. Hav, of Texas, introduced the following, which were

I. G. Hay, of Texas, introduced the following, which were adopted by the Convention:—

Pramble and Resolution.—Whereas, the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, by their startling significance and world-wide diffusion, have assumed in the operations of this Convention at Importance worthy the carnest consideration of all rational minds, demonstrating, as they do, the immortality of the soul, and inaugurating a purer theology and a deeper philosophy than humanity has hitherto attained, and all polinting to the slow but certain approach of the long promised era of peace on earth and good will to man;

And, whereas, the existence of these phenomena are, by the great majority of both the learned and unlearned, utterly ignorant, or at least met with ridicule and harsh opposition;

position;
And, whereas, some organization or concentrated effort for the purpose of spreading the facts of Spiritualism broadly before the world is a desideratum with every spiritual reformer;

no it therefore Resolved, that a committee of five he appointed, whose duty it shall be to call a National Convention, at such time and place as shall be deemed expedient, for the purpose of carrying into effect the oldest above monthered, and for taking into consideration the interests of Spiritualism generally.

All the resolutions presented on the first day of the Con-

adopted as the southments of the Convention. In accordance with the resolution offered by Mr. Hay, the

Convention appointed the following Committee:-I. C. HAY, A. E. NEWTON, Hon. ALLEN PUTHAM, Hon. JOHN GARDERE.

Mr. Hay said: "Within a stone's throw of ten thousand evidences, people still ask, 'Do Spirits communicate f'

THE SUNDAY EVENING SESSION Was occupied by speeches from Mr. Loveland, Lizzle Doten and Dr. Gardner, and readings by Miss Susio Cluer.

REMARKS.

The Convention was well attended, and its proceedings and haracter gave apparently great satisfaction to all present Mr. A. E. Newton stood prominently before the Convenion. He had much to do in shaping the character of its doings, that will go out to an uncharitable and opposing world;

and for this he has the thanks of many hundred warm hearts. J. S. Loveland, in our humble opinion, delivered the leading speech of the Convention, on Sunday evening. It was deep, radical, truthful, beautiful. His position cannot be overthrown. We shall publish this speech in full in a future

issue. Mr. E. V. Wilson related some very wonderful things. Some say that they do not believe them. Spiritualism tells

us to deny nothing, but wait and prove all things. Two reporters for secular papers took notes through the whole Convention. One said that he was from the N. Y. Times; the other, that he was from the N. Y. Herald. They both said they were going to make very honest and truthful reports. It is nonsense to say so. These reporters cater for the taste, and furnish food for those who read secular newspapers, and they know their "mission" and their business. and are true to it, we doubt not. The public demand not only a little lying, but considerable-particularly about Spirltualists; they want to know very definitely about all their inharmonies, follies, and manifestations of insanity. All that is crude and ridiculous about such a Convention the people read with thanksgiving, while the real, undisguised truth they care, for the present, but little about. Reporters know the people they feed, and they feed them with such food as they like. The Boston Post of Saturday evening, the 6th, has a specimen. Mr. Coffin, a Spiritualist, reported for the New Bedford Mercury.

Henry O. Wright, with his melodious voice, spoke beautifully and kindly.

Busic Cluer added much interest to the Convention by her beautiful readings. Dr. Gardner presided on Sunday, the last day of the Con-

vention. A vote of thanks was passed by the Convention to the people of Plymouth for their hospitalities, to Susia Cluer for her readings, to the Committee of Arrangements for their offerts, and to J. S. Loveland and Dr. H. F. Gardner for pre-

siding over the Convention.

Nathan C. Lewis, Jr., was joined in holy wedlock to Mrs. Eunico A. Babbitt. The rite was performed by J. S. Loyeland. The coremony was novel and interesting. Everything being ready, Mr. Loveland addressed the Convention

as follow:—
"Though Spiritualists in general do not accept some of the disabilities which the laws of the land impose upon woman, yet they do recognize the propriety of making a public acknowledgment of the fact of marringe to the community."—
Turning to the uride and bridegroom, he said:—"My brother and my sister, I ask you to make no promises to others; I impose upon you no obligations, for you have already in your hearts assumed all necessary obligations, and you have made those promises which your love has promited.

I am not here to marry you; you have already entered in you have made those premises which your love has premised. I am not here to marry you; you have already entered in spirit into all that unity which you can; but I stand here to answer the law; to legally witness and recognize the union you confess, and to ask this congregation to join with me in pronouncing a benediction and blessing on the union into which you have entered, which you here acknowledge, and which you here formally before the world complete. In token, then, of this union, which you have cemental in your souls, and which you now confess before the world, please join your right hands."

Mr. Loveland here laid his hands on the head of the bride

Mr. Loveland here laid his hands on the head of the bride and the bridegroom, and continued :-

"In behalf of this audioneo, and spirits and angels above, around and with us, I bless you in your now acknowledged union, as you start together in this new relation on the journey of life."

inion, as you start togother in this new relation on the journey of life."

Houry O. Wright said—I usually feel sad when I see a man and woman entering into the conjugal relation, knowing, as I do, that it must prove to them "a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death;" and knowing, also, that on no subject are men and women more fatally ignorant. The julpit, the press, the school, and the platform, are anxious to teach them their relations to the church and State, to commerce, and to society, but not a word do they teach them in regard to their relations to each other as friends, and as husbands and wives, and the natural and ennobling manifestations of those relations. Consequently, through ignorance, men had women rush into false and inharmonious relations, and home becomes a hell, and marriage a living death to both. If hims becomes a hell, to one, it must to both.

We have witnessed a marriage. In what did it consist? This is the sum of all the officiator said—i. e., "In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts I recognize a relation between this man and woman that already exists, i.e., that of husband and wife." This was all. This was all. This was cough.

tion between this man and woman that already exists, i.e., that of husband and wife." This was all. This was enough. Do this man and woman hold any relation to each other new, than what they hold one hour ago? I would call attention to two things:

1. Before God they held the same relation to each other one hour ago that they hold now. That man is under no other nor more binding moral obligations to that woman now, than he was an hour since; nor is she to him. Before God he was her husband yesterday, and she his wife, in exactly the same sense, and to the same extent that they are now. As husband and wife, they belonged to each other, morally, had the same claims upon each other, owed the same duties to each other thirty minutes ago, or thirty days ago, in the same sense they do now. This coremony of public recognition of a relation that already existed, has created no new moral, seefal or personal obligation of liter side; nor has it annulled any existing obligation before God. What would be pure and ennobling with the approbation of Church, or State, or both, would be pure and ennobling with the approbation of yout such approbation. Marringe is a relation above and beyond the reach of all human enactments. These cannot a create nor annul it. No legislation, court, nor ecclesiastical youd the reach of all human enactments. These cannot create nor annul it. No legislation, court, nor ecclesiastical create nor annul it. No legislation, court, nor ecclesiastical combination can, enact nor decree a man into a husband, nor a woman into a wife. A man can lie brought into the relation of a true husband, only by a true and noble woman; a woman can be attracted into the relation of a true wife, only by a true and noble man. The impure of either sex are incapacitated of attracting or of being attracted into the empolling and saving relation of husband and wife. It is a hely

nobling and saving relation of husband and wife. It is a holy relation; created by, and consisting in, a pure conjugal loye. It is an exclusive relation, and can truly exist as a purifying, ennobling and saving relation only between one man and one woman. God, as he speaks in the human soul, abhors polygamy, by whatever name it's called.

3. Husbands and wives; how to secure and perpetuate each other's love. I was glad of this feature in this public recognition of marriage; neither the husband nor the wife made any solemn formal promise to love each the other till death should separate them. This husband cannot love that wife, because he promised to love her; nor because God commands him to love her, nor because it is his duty to love her. You cannot love any object as a matter of duty, nor because You cannot love any object as a matter of duty, nor because God commands it, nor yet because you promised before wit-

nesses to do so.

Husband, do you rely upon the public promise of your wife to love you? Vain is your reliance. Do you rely upon her conscience, her reason, and sense of duty? This reliance, too, is all vain. Do you rely upon the power of the State, the Church, or Society, to perjectuate her love to you as a wife? Your reliance is all vain. No Church, no legislative body, no court, no conventionalisms, no arbitrary decree, can secure to you the love of your wife.

Your reliance is all vain. No Church, no legislative body, no court, no conventionalisms, no arbitrary decree, can secure to you the love of your wife.

To what or to whom must you then look to perpotunte and increase the love she now bears to you, as a wife? To yourself alone. If you wish your wife to love you, and if you wish to secure and perpetunte that love, as the richest and most rennobling treasure of existence, you must make yourself love-able to her as a husband. Do this, and she will, she must love you as a wife. I would then change the form of marriage. I would ask the man—not, Do you promise to love that woman?—but, Do you promise to try everment to make yourself loveable to her as a husband? Buch a promise you can keep. The other it may not be in your power to keep. If, then, you think your wife does not love you as truly and devotedly as you wish, blame not her, but yourself, if anybody. What do you do to make yourself loveable to her as a husband? Do you try to make yourself, as a husband, a necessity of her being? or do you, by your treatment of her in the Holy of Holles of her home, crush the life of God out of her soul, and make yourself an object of terror to her?

What I say to husbands, I say to wives. Do you pine for the true, ennobling, manly love of your husbands? Go, make yourself loveable to them as wives, and they will, and must, love you with a love that shall encircle your brows with diadems of beauty and brightness.

Mr. Wright presented the bridegroom and bride with a copy

Mr. Wright presented the bridegroom and bride with a copy of his work, entitled "Marriago and Parentago," as a bridal

Dr. Gardner, in behalf of a friend, presented the bride with a boquet of white flowers, accompanied with the following words :- " Mr. Wright has presented you with a volume on marriage; please accept this volume also, on theology, written by God himself; and in these evergreens, these buds and these blossoms, read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the A. B. CHILD. word of God."

The Convention at Plymouth, taken as a whole, was a success. We did not intend to publish "the marriage;" but as it has been noticed in the secular press, we give a full report of the proceedings.

We do not deny the right of parties to take this course, but we submit that Spiritualists have not yeteattained to that point of perfection which makes it judicious in them to discogard the laws of the land on this most selemn centract. If parties choose to get up any novel mode of their own, there is to reason why they should not indulge their whim, provided they first subscribe to the marriage contract before sulfable magistrates. A Convention is a poor place for any such pro- appear in our forthcoming issue, seeding as the one detailed above, unless the parties can first show that they have paid due respect to a law of the land which does not conflict with the higher law.

House of Correction in Plymonth.

The Sunday on which the Spiritualists' Convention was held in Plymouth, there were assembled in the House of Correction upwards of fifty Spiritualists to attend the religious exercises that take place there at 0 o'clock every Sunday norming. Among these kind and sympathizing Spiritualists were a number of tranco and normal speakers, who by the induess of Mr. Goddard, the superlutendent, and Mr. Thomas, the chaplain, were permitted to speak a few words ble and remunerative one. of kindness and sympathy to brothers and sisters in prison condage. The meeting was full of interest. It seemed to sight. We always intend to do as we agree. By the way, me that every one present, both visitors and prisoners, felt "The Ark" is a monthly magazine, devoted principally to the influence of the Holy Ghost, the holy spirits of the family of humanity manifesting true love. The delicate, but owerful ties of sympathy bound all hearts together; tears dropped from many eyes; self excellence, like the morning lew, vanished, the phantom of distinctions faded away, and the love that forgives seventy times seven, shone forth in all the glory of the unclouded sun of noonday. Remarks were nade by Mr. Thayer, Mr. Thacher, Mr. Atkins, Dr. Child, and others; and Mrs. Puffer, Mtss Rider, and Miss Faunce spoke in trances. Miss Faunce, a young lady of fourteen, was enranced by the spirit of Mr. Gardner, who, it is said, was murdered by Mrs. Gardner, his wife, now imprisoned here. The medium, in tears, approached Mrs. Gardner, and affectionately pressing her hands upon her head, said: "God, angels and spirits have forgiven this woman. Why will not mortals? I was your husband; I am still your husband; I have forgiven you; and why will not others do the same? Many who are not punished in this world have committed sins as bad in the sight of heaven as the sins which you have committed." Mrs. Gardner was much affected by this manifestation; she was convulsed with emotion, and wept like a child. Many present wept also.

All the prisoners were powerfully influenced by the Christ ike spirit that ruled the meeting; and all those who were drawn there by sympathy and love for those in prison, declared it to be the most beautiful meeting they ever attended, for the true, deep and hely religion that Jesus taught, was elt and manifested.

The prison-house in Plymouth, and eisewhere, too, is as nearly allied to the church of Christas is the church meetingnouse in Plymouth and elsewhere. A. B. CHILD.

Letter from Mr. Mansfield.

DEAR BANNER-This is the first leisure moment I have had that I could write you since my arrival at Baratogn. It having been noised abroad some days prior to my leaving Boston, that I would visit the Springs about the first of August, to remain a few days, many had made up their minds to give me a trial as soon as I had arrived; so I found them unxiously waiting. On my arrival, I took rooms at the residence of Dr. A. Williams, 231 Broadway, and gave notice I would receive callers, and from that moment I have had my oms confortably filled with anxious ones, desiring to communicate with their dear departed. I have given many tests of spirit identity-not one having sat with me but who has expressed satisfaction, the names of the departed having been given in every instance, and in the presence of the one so liciting the answer.

Many who had no idea of spirit communion, having read these test communications, came and made trial for themselves. Many stout-hearted have left the room in tears, con fident in the belief that they have talked with their spirit friends.

I am thankful I came here, for I am confident I may reach class of minds that could not be reached otherwise.

Many call from mere curiosity, but believe, on the second visit, that the communications are what they purport to benessages from spirit-life. 🦿

Thus you see the great and good work is spreading, in pite of the mighty opposition it meets with from these who ave not the courage to investigate for themselves. I have the lawyer, the dector, the clergy and the laity, among my callers, and as yet not one but has expressed satisfaction. so far as having talked with an intelligence outside themselves and the medium.

I shall probably stay here the remainder of the month. hough I am in daily receipt of letters from people olsewhere,

arging me to visit them before I return to Boston. Fraternally yours, J. V. MANSFIELD. Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

We think Mr. Mansfield will give better satisfaction by a our through the country, both to skeptics and Spiritualists, and will do more good than by his former mode of dealing which, however, has been, on the whole, quite successful, The demand, South and West, for visits of mediums is deep and loud, the people not being exactly satisfied with sending o Boston for their proof of apirit-intercourse. We hope My Mansfield will extend his journey South. We are constantly in receipt of letters from that part of the country, asking for test mediums, and conveying assurances that they will be

Rov. J. L. Hatch, and the Message from Rev. J. H.

Fairchild. To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

GENTS-In your paper of Aug. 6th, you publish a communiation over the name Joy H. Pairchild, which you claim to have been liven by the spirit of Mr. F., through Mrs. J. H. Counnt, trance-medium, in answer to the question sent you by a Brooklyn clergyman, "Tell us, to invisible ones, whethr or not is it right for a man to observe the Sabbath and

keen is doly?" This article I have read with no little interest and emotion, ot only because it treats of a subject to the study and investigation of which I have devoted much of my time for several years, but also, and chiefly, from the fact that it purports to ome from the disembodied spirit of a valued friend—a brother (and for several years a near neighbor) in the ministry—the ate Paster of Payson Church," South Boston, Mass.

I have, I confess, been skeptical with regard to communiations alleged, like this, to be from the spirits of the dead, With the great majority of my profession, I have not been ready to believe that such intercourse with the spirit-world is old by any at the present day. I have been taught to belleve, and have believed, after a fashion-for our faith in such wonderful things, founded on narratives in old books, written thousands of years ago, is not, and cannot, in the nature of the case, be as firm and unquestioning as that founded on the evidence of our own senses—that such interviews had ocon enjoyed, and such messages been received, in ancient times. That such intercourse with the spirits of the departd had, at some past indefinite period of time entirely ceased has been, however, my belief, or impression. The claim of the modern Spiritualists, that his intercourse with the invisible world is still enjoyable and injoyed, by numbers, I have discredited for lack of evidence. I did not seek the proof of such intercourse, and hitherto it has not seen fit to seek me.

Now, however, I feel called upon, by this voice which purorts to come direct from the Spirit-land, to throw off the cloak of indifference in which, wrapping myself closely, I lave so long hurried by on the other side, and face the facts is they present themselves, searching carefully to see whether these things are so. As I have already intimated, the spirit, one and style of this communication have made a deep impression upon my mind. I have been engaged, this morning n a careful comparison of it with some of Mr. Pairchild's rritings, published and unpublished, which I have in my cossession. The result of this comparison, when completed and my own thoughts and feelings in view of the revelation avolved in this "Mossage." I will send you for publication n your next paper-according to your general request that hose who read a communication "from a Spirit they recognize," will write you "whether true or false." These "Mes sages," whatever they may be to others, are, as you say, "tests of Spirit communion to those friends to whom they are ad J. L. HATCH.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 10, 1859.

SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION.

The Spiritualists of Adrian, Michigan, will hold a Convention on the 2d, 3d and 4th days of September, 1859. All those friendly to the cause, from all parts of the country, are cordially invited to attend. It is hoped that all will be present that can, istSeptl -Aug. 13

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

All We have placed upon our third page a Discourse delvered at Hope Chapel, New York, June 5th, by Rev. Gronen V. Norns. Bulgeot: "The Philosophy of Mystery." Itgives the dry bones of "old theology" a mighty shaking.

ZO-Ray. Mn. Benenga's Sunnon, in this issue of the BANNER, speaks for itself. Its extreme length should not deter the reader from a careful perusal.

The ninth, of the series of ten lectures, delivered by Mrs. Cona L. V. Harch at Dodworth's Hall, New York, will

AN- We shall publish in our next number the first of a series of articles, entitled "Dealings with the Dead," by a

new correspondent-"Le Rossichusian." Mr. J. V. Mansfield is authorized to receive subscrip-

ions for the Bannen or Light. SIXTH ANNUAL PAIR,-The Sixth Annual Pair of the Conrectiont State Agricultural Society, will be holden at Browser Park, New Haven, on the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th days of October next. In presenting the list of premiums the

present year, the Executive Committee feel that but little cod be said to induce the friends of the Society to use more than ordinary effort to make the exhibition of 1859 a credita-Our friends of "The Ark" will please excuse our over-

Odd Followship. It is published at Columbus, Ohio, by Alex. E. Glenn, at \$1,00 per year. The Home and School Journal-an excellent journal, by the way-says:-"We notice certain of poetical effusions directed to friends who are in heaven. Better give poetry of

the heart utterance in words and deeds of kindness to friends upon carth."

Those people who are so rabid against "table-tipping"! will find the tables turned, by-and-by. Mark that I

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both an army's wings is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

We clip the following paragraph from the Traveller: "Mr. Hume, the Medium, put his "foot into it" intely at Paris, says the Medical Times. At one of his seance, one of the audience made a grab at the moment of a spiritual manifestation upon his log, and caught in his hand the foot of Mr. Hume."

Here is a specimen of the "evidence" (?) scientific mon selze upon to prove Spiritualism untrue. In the first place, we have our doubts that the "Medical Times" ever made such a statement; and, in the second place, if it did, it only shows what blockheads its editors are, to endorse the party making it. One Prof. Eustls, formerly but little known, ren dered himself popular by this same "grab" game. Doubtless the furriners hope to profit by a similar grab.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper;' but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circum-

The Japanese are fast becoming acquainted with some of the devices of civilization. A lot of counterfeit dollars has been palmed off upon them, and they have no remedy for their loss.

Mr. Thompson, editor of the Southern Literary Messenger. purposes delivering a course of lectures in the North, next scason.

The gift of gunboats to the King of Sardinia, by Napoleon III., is a practical joke. What will the King do with his

Tricks and treachery are the practice of fools that have not sense enough to be honest.

elephant?

ree.

Sons or TEMPERANCE.-From the Quarterly Report of the Grand Division of this Order, we see that it is steadily on the increase in this State. During the last three months sixteen charters of new Divisions were granted, and more than four thousand persons initiated. In Boston alone there are sixteen Divisions, to wit: Shawmut, Mount Washington, Crystal Pount, Island Home, Fidelity, Crystal Wave, Atlantic, Neptune, Old Bay State, Koohinoor, Shakspeare, Liberty Tree, Massachusetts, American, Ark of Safety, and Caledonia, numbering, in the aggregate, 2,174 Sons, and 2,042 Daughters. Of these, Crystal Fount has the largest number of members, and Old Bay State the next largest. In the State of Massachusetts, more than 20,000 persons are connected with the Order.

Digby is a little too practical in his wittleisms, sometimes. On Friday he was accosted by a near-sighted person, with, Please, sir, can you direct me to the Blind Asylum." "Yes," aid Digby, with a sardonic smile playing upon his features. right over there!" the scamp at the same time pointing to the sash and blind depot, 181 Blackstone street.

A Turin letter in the Patrie of July 20th, says that the Hungarian legion is dissolved, and that Kossuth has gone to Aix-les-Bains.

7 Mr. Bigelow writes from Paris to the N. Y. Evening Post. hat it is now quite probable that a day will soon be fixed for Louis Napoleon's coronation, the Pope coming to Paris to officiate.

The Emperors of Russia and China have ratified a treaty etween the two great nations, which grants to Russia leave to send an Embassador to Pekin, promises protection to Christian missionaries, and authorizes a monthly mail service between Kinchla and Pekin

OBITUARY.

Died, Aug. 5th, at New Town, Matanzas, Island of Cuba

years and 5 months. His friends-and he has left many behind him-will mingle their regrets and sympathies with the sorrow of his relatives, and pray for his happiness in the home of the truly

Lecturers.

MISS ENMA HARDINGE will lecture in Columbus, Ohio, the Siles EMMA INADINGE will locture in Columbias, Onio, the Sundays of Sopt. 4th and 11th; in Cloveland, Sept. 18th; in Lyons, Mich., Sept. 25th; in St. Louis during October; in Evansville and Memphis during November, and New Orlean during December, Address No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, Rosa T. Amener will speak in Taunton, August 21st; Fox-

ADDA I. AMEDET WIII speak in Taunton, August 21st; Fox-boro', August 28th.

II. A. Tucker will speak in Foxboro', August 21st; Stough-lon, August 28th; South Easton, Sept. 4th; Randolph, Sept. 11th.

A. C. Robinson will speak in West Randolph on Sunday, August 21st. He may be addressed at Fall River, Mass., until

GEORGE ATKINS Will speak in East Abington, Sunday, Aug. 21st; and Orleans, Aug. 28th.
Miss A. F. Peass, may be addressed at West Whateley,
Mass., till the last of September.

PIONIC AT FORT LEE, NY.

The Spiritualists of New York and Brooklyn intend having The Spiritualists of New York and Brooklyn intend having another Picnic at Fort Leo, on Wednesday, August 24th—weather permitting—if not, on the following day. The steam-loat Thomas E. Hulse leaves foot of Spring street at quarter before nine o'clock A. M., and one P. M.; returning at half past three and six P. M., will land at 22d street. Each way tickets for the grounds, ton cents; fure on the boat, ten cents. A beautiful gives has been selected for the occasion, and a beaut of male one and fur these who like the deeps. and of music engaged for those who like to dance.

THE VERMONT CONVENTION.

There's a good time coming at the Vermont Annual Convention for Spiritualists, to be holden at South Royalton (which ground is hallowed by sacred memorics,) on the 2d, 3d and 4th of September, 1859. Mr. Woodard will, as usual, 3d and 4th of September, 1859. Mr. Woodard will, as usual, minister to our temporal wants upon the same reasonable terms as formerly, viz., seventy five cents perday, and enough to est. Mediums from all parts of the country are cordially invited to attend, and also all good-hearted speakers on the subject—not to get pay in dollars and cents, but to do good, and have a good time, and to gather up strength for coming labors.

To all who want a good, profitable, social and pleasant time, warm invitation is extended. N. WERKS,

CHAS. WALKER, D. P. WILDER.

HERRY W. STEVENS.

TOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Thousands of involuntary sul-I cides are committed by persons who take the metallic poisons misnamed "specifics." These pills soothe, cleanse, regulate, and invigorate the diseased and enfectled internal organs instead of irritating and inflaming them like mercury, iron, and other mineral medicines. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all druggists, at 25 cents, 63 cents, and \$1 per box. islt Aug. 20.

MOUSTAGHE AND WHISKERS IN SIX WEEKS, AND 1V 100 other secrets, arts, etc., all contained in the "Book of Wonders." Only 20 cents, by mail. (Send change.) 5000 sold. Address H. B. HALL, Burlington, Vt. 110 Aug 20

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM: OR, JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY. By GEORDE STEARNS. BELA MARSH, publisher. This book demonstrates that the religion of the Church originated with Paul, and not Jesus, who is found to have been a Rationalist. and whose Gospel as deduced from the writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, is a perfect refutation of Christianity. It contains 312 pages of good print, well bound and will be sent by mail on receipt of one gold dollar. Address

ld dollar. Address GEORGE STEARNS, May 28. West Acton, Mass.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PERSKILL, N. Y.

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

funday Morning, August 7th, 1859.

On the morning of the 7th Inst., Mn. BEEGHER delivered the following discourse at the Old School Presbyterian Church, in Peckskill, (that of the Roy. D. M. Haladay.) on which occasion the building was filled to overflowing, although it had not been publicly announced that he was expected to preach.

Text.-"But when the Pharisees had heard that he had TEXT.—"But when the Pharisces had heard that he had put the Baducees to silence, they were gathered together. Then one of them which was lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him, and saying. Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."—MATT. XXII, 34-40.

In this trief word Chuick her deven every the vall.

In this brief word, Christ has drawn away the veil from the heart of God, and let us see its very centre

secret. It is love.

The most wonderful work of art in all ages, doubt-less, was that of Phidlas—the famous Jupiter. No artist has ever equalled Phidias: probably none ever will; for we shall probably nover bave an age again whose deepest life will be expressed by the instrumentality of art; and only such ages can produce such artists as Greece had before Christ, and Italy afterward. tality of art; and only such ages can produce such artists as Greece had before Christ, and Italy afterward. This wonderful statue of Jupiter which Phildas made, was wrought of ivory and of gold. It was carved as sitting upon a throne with majestic air, holding in its left hand a statue of Victory, and in its right hand the sceptre of empire. So vast was this extraordinary work, that sitting in the chair of State it still towered forty feet in height. Into no other figure and face has art ever thrown such astonishing majesty. Men made pligrinages to see it. He was counted happy who had seen, and he was counted unfortunate who died without seeing, Phildias's Jupiter. It was placed at the end of the temple; and historians say that if it had risen up, it would have carried away the roof and the ceiling with it, so tall was it. Before it stretched a purple curtain, hiding it from common observation; but on appointed national days the crowds of citizens—excited with an untained religious ferver, wild with sacred dances, odorous-with the fragrance of costly perfumes through whose smoke they passed, as censers and altars shed them forth at every corner, and in multitudes along every square—drew near to the temple; and, now, when sacrifices were made, and the vast throng were hushed with silent expectation, at a signal the purples days hack the purple, curtain and the throng were hushed with silent expectation, at a sig-nal, the priests drew back the purple curtain, and the vast statue, white as snow and yellow as gold, shone forth with such amazing lustre that the crowd were subdued to tears—some fainted, some were caught into an nervous furor, that was counted inspiration; and not one was there among them who, for the moment, doubted the reality of the divine Olympian Jupiter.

And yet, this was a statue, that spoke not a word.

No heart throbbed there. No light waked in those eyes. It was a mere idol, that thought not, moved not, full not but set sight a walked the coart of

felt not, but sat silent amid ages—silent as the cast off trunk of elephants in African forests—silent as gold buried in the mountains. Not one of all that throng but had more life, more intelligence, more scope and magnitude of existence, than that majestic lie before which they cast themselves down, the slaves of their imagination ! No carved stone, no ivory and gold, have ever sought

No carved stone, no ivory and gold, have ever sought to express the majesty of Jehovah. They were good enough for Jupiter; they were unfit for Jehovah. From the beginning, the Hebrew mind could find nothing on earth—not even in the framework of the globe itself—to represent their conception of Jehovah. The moorning light was but the golden fringe of his garments. Not even the locks of hair were to be so likened. His slightest look they called lightning. His lowest tones were sonorous bolts of resounding storms. And when the mightiest rendings of nature were ended, there came forth a, prompting voice, saying, "These are parts of his ways, but the thunder of his power who can understand?"

God is a Spirit. Mortal eye cannot behold him.

can understand?"
God is a Spirit. Mortal eye cannot behold him. Were God to appear corporeally, it could not be God, but only a representative form. He is to be known spiritually; that is, by thought and by feeling—not by eyesight, but by insight of heart. And in the mianner Christ, in the words of our text, drew back the veil from Jehovah, and he flames forth this God of the land of the countries of the countr veil from Jehovah, and he flames forth this God of love! He drew back the veil from the counsels of his heart, and love is the secret of his wisdom, the end of his thought, the genius of the divine disposition. He drew back the veil from Time itself, and revealed the workings of history, and made known to us that to secure the dispositions of love all those events and arrangements were framed which occupied the first four thousand years of the world, and whose outlines constitute the Old Testament. stitute the Old Testament. He drew back the veil from the future, and revealed to us that this same central element is to be the fulfilling of the law in ages to come. And since the days of Christ, the Divine Helmsman has been steering the ship of human affairs right toward this lighthouse of the universe-Love: for such do I suppose to be the unrolled and interpreted meaning of the words, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." All that was recorded in the past or foreseen in the future, pivoted on this one golden centre—Love.

If men do not understand what God expects of them, it is not for the want of explicit teaching. Words cannot be plainer; nor are they contradicted by crosspassages that obscure the meaning. The whole New Testament is uniformly consistent in declaring love to

be the whole duty of man.

The human mind is a kingdom of powers or faculties which are very different, one from another, but which may be made perfectly to harmonize. When they are influenced aright, they, like a band, all of them blend and enrich each other; but when they disagree, they clash, and, as with an ill-assorted orchestra, though each instrument be good, the whole effect is discordant and detestable.

Now how shall a man carry his mind at peace with itself—in cooperative harmony? How shall he carry himself in harmony with his fellows? How shall he discharge his duty, in short, to God, to men, and to himself? Is there any royal road to this? There are discharge his duty, in short, to God, to men, and to himsel? Is there any royal road to this? There are a great many ways in which men affect to discharge this duty, owing to the different ideas entertained by different individuals, in respect to what constitutes right living. One man says that we ought to be governed by reason in all things, and that where men are governed by reason, they will live about as well as they can be expected to live in this world. Another man says that we ought to be just. He looks upon conscience as the governing element of a truly ordered life, and says, "If men were only just, how well would they live!" Another man regards worship as the controlling principle of our conduct in life, and says, "He that reveres God, and walks humbly before him, can scarcely go astray." Another man believes honesty and industry to be the prime characteristics of right living, and says, "He is sufficiently good who is both honest and industrious." Another man esteems both honest and industrious." Another man esteems good citizenship to be the most essential quality of human conduct. But high above all these, the voice of God says, "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and he who wishes to know how to carry his mind aright. ne who wishes to know how to carry his mind aright, must learn the philosophy of love. He who wishes to know how to shape his life aright among his fellowmen, must learn the way of love. He who wishes to learn how to carry himself aright toward God and man, must get divine love, with human reciprocal love. There is but one pilot from the cradle to the grave—there is but one pilot from the cradle to the grave—there is but one pilot from the cradle to the started. there is but one pilot from this world to the elernal sphere—and his name is Love. He never steers the ship upon the rocks; and no other pilot ever carried it unwrecked through.

I propose, this morning, first, to examine what is

the indisputable testimony of Scripture on this doctrine of love; second, to ask what is included in this feeling; thirdly, to inquire what is the condition in which it is to exist in us; and fourthly, to consider its relations to the work of Christianity in the individual and in the world, and the methods of obtaining and cultivating it. And first, look to the testimony of the Bible to see

whether I am right in saying that the great controlling influence of religious life is to be love to God and to man. Recall the words of our Saviour in the text: man. Recall the words of our saviour in the case.
"Master, which is the great commandment in the Master, which is him. Then shalt love the L law? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

The law and the prophets are nothing without love: this is the sum, and includes them all. Listen to the testimony of the apostle, in the 9th and 10th verses of

the 13th chapter of Romans:
For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness. Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor;

CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the Bannea we claim was given by the spirit whose name it hears, through Mrs. 2. 11. Conart, Tranco Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion

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

We hope to show that spirite carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than rimits beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

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

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

July 13—John Tucker, Marblehead; Henry Woodbury, to Samuel Woodbury, Chelsea, Vs. July 14—Wm. Follett, Boston; Stephen Ridgley, White-hall, N. Y.; Wm. Falls, to Rov. J. V. Himes; Albert Haddock,

New York.

July 16.—Mary Ushalne, New York; Betsey Maloen, New-castle, Maine; Wm. Hallock, New Oileans; Wm. Dyer; Mary Edgewood, New York.

July 16.—Joseph Lodd, New York; Wm. Parsons (lost at sea); James Lucas, Charlestown; Evil Influences of Spirits over Mortals.

July 19—Wm. Rundlett, Exeter, N. H.: John Henry Wilson

July 19—Wm. Rundlett, Excter, N. H.; John Henry Wilson and Albert Wilson, Cincinnat; Capt. Win. Elliott, Machins, Me.; Charlotte D. Tileston, Boston; Charles Gould, Banger, Me.; Joseph Young.

July 20—F. G. Welch; Elizabeth Campbell, Boston; Thomas Lang. Providence; "Who are God's Elect?"

July 21—John Waters; Nehemiah Hudson, Lynn; Maria Ellinwood; Charles Jenness, Boston.

July 22—Henry Stevens, Boston: Daniel Rheades, Boston; Margaret Wilmot, New York; Alexis Friedman, Pittsburgh; Charles L. Hayos, Clevcland.

July 23—Ben Morgan, Boston; Lucy (servant), Boston; Joseph Chipman; William Laws, New York; Jonathan, to Joseph.

Joseph. July 29—Thomas Latta, Cal.; Mary Eaton, Boston; Daniel Hobbs, Konsington, N. II.; Griselda, Alabama; Michael

Leary, New York.

July 30—Emeline L. Swazey, New York; Preston S. Brooks; Timothy Guild, Michigan; Mary Vesheldt, New

York.
August 2—Lemuel Ryeburg; Nathaniel Morton, Taunton;
Barah L. Hale, Boston; W. R. Johnson, (actor).
August 3—A. Rose, Block Island; Mary Williams; Pat
Murphy, Dover; Laws in Spirit-Life.
August 4—Mary Weeks, Boston; George Palmer, Bangor;
William Clarkson; Alice Mason, Cincianuti,
August 5—Stephen Willinic, Cherry Valley; Samuel Wilson, Mobile; Charles Hallook, Springfield, N. Y.; Mary
Thayer; Joseph Gray, Boston; Don Jose Betancoate.

Rev. Thomas Bell.

Rev. Thomas Bell.

Oh, thou Boul of all Wisdom, thou Light of all Intelligence, we would offer thanks unto thee, because thou art unfolding the mantle of thy power, and art spreading it over the untions of the earth, that they may receive of thee true light, that true knowledge that cometh from the upper life. We thank thee, oh Father, for the happy and successful migration of each soul to earth, for we know, oh Father, that each bringeth a seed of light, love and glory; and although that seed be covered with conditions of darkness and mystery, yet that seed shall blossom in glory, and shall bear fruit to sustain all nations.

Our Father and our best friend, we observe the unfolding of nature in all we guze upon. We turn our attention to the tiny flower, and it speaketh of thee in mighty tones. We gaze upon the sun, as it rides the heavens at midday, and he alike proclaims thy glory, thy power, and thy goodness. We observe the Angel of Time, oh Father, as he passed the nations of earth, and we find he hath traced on all things Progress. In obedience to thy laws, he hath said to all, "Come to be the decidence where the support which is come.

tions of earth, and we find he hath traced on all things Progress. In obedience to thy laws, he hath said to all, "Come up higher—dwell not where thou art now abiding." "Come! come! come! is the voice heard throughout all nature, and all nature responds by drawing nigher to thee.

We behold thy power in the thunder-cloud, and although it looks dark and forbidding to earth's children, yet they are sont by thee in love, in giory, and in wisdom; and we also find thee dwelling where misery and death seem to have taken up their abode where sorrow and desolution seem to reign. We believe that thou art there, also, in meroy and in wisdom; ultimating thine own self by the sorrow, causing thy children in le low beneath that which lides from them the glory of thy love, and sheds only darkness around thom.

We believe that thou art there, also, in mercy and in wisdom; ultimating thine own self by the serrow, causing thy children lie low beneath that which lides from them the glory of thy love, and sheds only darkness around thum. In answer to the call of an affilted child, who now ilos low by the hand of disease, we visit this place this afternoon. The serrowing one says: "Go, pray for me—pray that I may not pass to the higher life; pray that I may once more walk forth with my kindred. Pray and wrestle with the High and Holy One for my recovery."

Our duty is obedience to the laws of our God; and believing—yea, knowing, as we do—that our God will not err, that his wisdom is perfection, we cannot ask our Father to save, unless he be pleased to save. We cannot say: "Spirit of Wisdom, wilt theu pay especial attention to our brother, and by giving especial attention with thou ruise him from the bed of sickness, and cause him to walk forth amid the flowers again;" but we will pray, of God, that thy will be done; we pray not that thou wilt turn aside thy laws. She crieth in weakness, and thou rulest in righteousness.

We know, oh Father, that thou wilt send messengers of love to the dear one; that thou wilt answer her every call, and if it be in accordance with thy will and pleasure, thou wilt restore her to health, notwithstanding the failures of earth, and the shadows that have gathered around her.

Peace, peace, willbring child! Submit thy will to those who will care for thee, and in the time of the wise Creator thou wilt understand why thou art prestrated with sickness; why the measenger of change stands at thy bedside, beckening thee onward. Be at rest, for the great father will in ho wise harm thee: the great law of nature is working well for

why the messenger of change stands at thy bedslide, beckening thee onward. Be at rest, for the great Father will in he wise harm thee; the great law of nature is working well for thee, and soon we tell thee, yea, sooner than thou art aware, they spirit shall wear robes of light in the spirit-world Thou shalt thou thank thy Father that he hath called thee onward; then shalt thou return to thy friends here, bringing messages of love; then shalt thou assuage the grief of those who fear, and point out to these who need it, a better path of peace.

peace.
Oh, then rejoice, for thou art soon to be free, soon to join those that love thee. We bear this message to thee, knowing that it will calm thy troubled spirit, notwithstanding it will cause commotion for a time; knowing it will cause theo to pass through the gateway of change without fear and with

rejoiding.

From Roy. Thomas Boll, to one in earth-life who has called May I ask that you will publish this as early as possible.

Stephen Marden.

I have come here so that I can speak to somebody I know. They told me something about telling many things to you, but I have forgotten them. What do you desire of me? I was 29 years of age in 1841, when I died. My name was Stephen Marden. I was a native of Hallowell, Maine, and I was on board the brig Julia Ann, conling upon this coast in 1841, in the month of December. We were coming from Liverpool. There were four of us lost, together with the deckload. We were loaded with an assorted carge. Three were saved by swimming to Boon Island, a little Island in the Atlantic. I might have swam, but something hit me and I was stunned. If you recollect any thing about it, there was a hard

lantic. I might have swam, but something hit me and I was stunned. If you recollect no thing about it, there was a hard storm on this coast in 1841; but if you do not, ask any senfaring man, and you will learn of it. At the time I was lost, there were three wrecks in sight.

I have got a brother John, who sails out of this port. Boston, is it not? If there is any chance for me to speak with him, I would like it. I had a mother, but she has come to me since that time, and a sister too. I have many relatives scattered around, but none so near as my brother, and I am anxious to talk with him.

The Captain of the brig was saved. I thought at first he was lost; but as he was not, I should like to speak to him. I was an able scaman.

Boon Island, if I haven't forgetten, is about 45 miles northeast of here. We were making for Poilland, but God knows

was an able seaman.

Boon Island, if I haven't forgotten, is about 45 miles northeast of here. We were making for Poilland, but God knows what ever became of the brig. I don't know my I should turn up here to-day; but I was told there was a good chance for me to talk in Boston, and a fair prospect for my brother to hear of it. So I looked around to see where the chance was, and found it here. They told me I must be careful in giving names and dates and to tell the truth, but they did not tell me whether I would have power to send for my brother, or not. Would it be amiss for me to ask him to drop round this way? If he will come here, I'll try to say a word to him; I don't know as they will let me, but I'll try.

I have been away se long I have almost forgot how to talk in this way; It is something like the first time going on board ship, after having been ashore some time—can't handle the ropes so well, you can't hear so well, or go aloft so nimbly. This is not my craft that I am aboard of, and it seems not very easy handling it.

Have I anything more to say? Then I suppose I have nothing to do but to make sail and be off, which is easy enough if you only understand it, I suppose.

July 7.

John Dean.

Are you roady for me? Can I ask you a few questions? Well, who is leader of this company? I am not interested enough to ascertain on my side. The company is so very mixed hero—the intelligence is of so varied a hue, that I ask this. I find black and white, copper-colored, Irish, I was and Gentiles, and representatives from all parts of the carth. It seems to me there should be certain days set apart for certain classes, and others for another class. But I will not comitain. I got mixed up among so many different kinds of people, that I got delayed in getting control.

My name was John Dean. I suppose I shall claim this place as my home. I was seventy-two years of age when I left here; died of no particular disease, but a general failing of health. In my early life I was a broker; in after years a trader in dry goods, and during the latter part of this mortal giante of existence, I was not engaged in any business.

I have a boy—a son—in this city, who might be benefited if he would talk with his father. However, I am not going to

urgo film. The no matter of importance to me; but if he says, "Repent and be haptized, or you will be diamoed;" but the feel to call upon me, I shall be disposed to neaver him, I do not see as I have changed. I used to hear a great deal said of a heaven and a helt, but I have not seen either since I have been here. I sam inclined to think people of carth will be very much disappointed here. Instead of finding a place so very fullike earlit, they will find a place of which carth seems to be the shadow.

It seems to no to be a good idea to ascertain what spirits are going to manifest here at a certain time, and then invite their friends.

The parties here do not seem disposed to answer many questions. They say if you have a duty to do, go and do it, as the opportunity offers, and not waste time by finding fault with the opportunity.

Now that I have no earthly lody to support, all I want is given me; it comes to me through matural laws, I suppose; at least, they tell me so.

When I first came here, I found everything different from what I had been taught; and it seemed to be my first duty to inform myself in regard to futurity. I expected to see a God when I came here; but I see no God, save what I see all about me in nature.

Ans. Yes, I must live. Yes, they tell me life is life, from dernity to eternity. It has no beginning and no ending. I had no consciousness of my life before my earth-life, because.

My son will think this is dreadful, but I am going to say it

about me in nature.

An. Yes, I must live. Yes, they tell me life is life, from oternity to eternity. It has no beginning and no ending. I had no consciousness of my life before my earth-life, because intellect did not then dwell with me; but I lived none the less for the.

less for that,

Ans. Everything in your natural sphere, from a drop of water to mind, proves to me that this is true—that you had no beginning, and will have no ending. There are elements of life, particles of human life, in every atom about you. The graticles of human life, in every atom and of today. The results and of that thus what I had not be of the day. The solid life is fruit in it, is God. What is truth in it, is God. What is truth in it, is God. What is truth in it,

strong and progressed, and cannot long be bound by materially.

Ans. The spirit of man is life—life is God. When the spirit has left the body, the controlling force is gone—that is an intelligence, an element, which, when it leaves your present form, takes upon itself another form, and again, as it passes on, it casts off that form and takes upon itself another, and so on, until it loses itself in the Godhead, perhaus.

Ans. The spirit of man is life—life is God. When the spirit has left the body, the controlling force is gone—that is an intelligence, an element, which, when it leaves your present for the would hold their tongues about it and not talk it. I told them it was not my way; if I believed a thing, I was not ashamed to own it.

When a man comes here, he has a chance to look over the large of the large o

ent form, takes upon mean and takes upon itself another, and so on, until it loses itself in the Godhead, perhaps.

Ans. I am left to choose for myself in regard to mediums, but there are some I could not centrel, perhaps. There are media adapted to every class of spirits. There is no spiritexcluded; the Great Spirit has provided every spirit with some medium through whom he may commune with his friends.

I believe I have told you all I wish to about my boy. I do not come to urge; I shuply say I would like to speak with him, and can aid him; and that is all I wish to say. Good afternoon.

July 7.

Peter McCann.

Peter McCann.

I don't like to say I'm lost meself intirely. Indade I feel very quare here. My name is Peter McCann. Faith, I do belong in Boston, sir. I die there in August, 1837. Me face all swell up—the doctor tell me, but I forget. I sell apples and oranges; I go all around to all the shops the day before I was sick. I went home and i drank me tay, and when I wake up in the morning my face was all swelled up.
I got an old woman here and many that know me well.—I went all round with my apples in Hanover street, Dock square and all round, I died in Robinson's Alley. Before I live in Boston I live in Hallfax. I came from Ireland more than I7 years ago. I came out with my mother, my brother, and some of my cousins. I was born in Cork. I live there most of the time, but I was no Far Downer.

Some one remarked that he did not seem to have progress-

Some one remarked that he did not seem to have progressed much by being a spirit. The Irishman is the Irishman here, and the Yankee

Ans: The Irishman is the Irishman here, and the Yankee is the Yankee here.

I was a Cathelic; I don't know what I am now. I expect I was a Catholic; I don't know what I am now. I expect the old woman get the praist to pray me out. The girls all about Dock square and Washington street will all know me.

Ans. Faith I seen one praist here, but this is a little outside of purgatory, this is Boston. He shows me round here and says, Can you do just as that man does, and I say, I can do it, only I can't talk like that man—but I talk like meself. I wants to let the old woman know I come back, and I likes her to give me a chance to come back. I likes the girls to know that I can come back. They always pay me well; sometimes I wait a time, but they pays me. I wonder what they think when they did not see the old man come along in the morning, when I was dead.

the morning, when I was dead.

I went most of the time to the Moon Street Church. Mc-Carthy was praist thore. I'd like to know how'll I talk when I see the old woman? I sell at Rand's, and take them all along the street.

Charlotte Brown.

I suppose people are just the same as they were when I died; but I care not for people, or what they may say. I expect to be known; I wish I could only be knewn by a few, but I know if I would come at all, I must come in the face and eyes of those who hated me, and of those who pretended to be my friends: I was born in Augusta; Maine, in the year 1830. My name was Charlotte Brown, When I was twelve years old I left school, and went out to sorvice, for then my methor died, and my father married again, and I had no longer a home; or, at any rate, such a home as I cared to dwell ln.

longer a home; or, at any rate, such a home as I cared to dwell \(\text{Auc} \).

I lived out until I was sixteen years of age; I then went to Saco-and was employed in the mill. I stayed there until I was in my twentieth year, with the exception of a few months, when I worked in Lowell, Mass. When I was between nincteen and twenty, I for certain reasons left the East and went West. At twenty years of age I settled at Cincinnati; and I have been living there from that time until the tenth day of last April—that was the duy I died.

Before I died I supposed I could come back again; I took pains to find out as much as I could about coming back, and I told old Mrs. Cady, the woman who was with me when I

I told old. Mrs. Cady, the woman who was with me when I died, that I would certainly come back to her. I do n't care died, that I would certainly come back to her. I do I'v care to come to any one else, or to send a letter to any one else, although I have acquaintances, and perhaps some irlends. I have acquaintances and perhaps friends living in Lowell, Saco, and some in Boston; but they would hardly care to hear from me, for they think I did not do well., I am sorry, very sorry, that I lived as too many live, and died as too many die. Very few understand the cause of my death, and I do not care to exolain here. many die. Very few understand the cause of my d I de not care to explain here. I wish to tell that dear old woman that her kind

I do not care to explain here.

I wish to tell that dear old woman that her kind words are not lost, and I shall repay her for them. "Tis truo I cannot give her money, but I can give her that which is worth more, and that is knowledge of the, spirit-world. The boy she thinks is suffering in the spirit-world for sht, is not, but only because he cannot commune with his mother. He has lived in spirit-life seventeen years—quite long enough to outlive all sin—and he wishes to return and tell her this. I told the woman before I died that I could not think God was such an unmerciful Father as to send a son to endless misery, even if he had sinned all his life on earth.

She says the poor boy died with a curse on his lips. Yes, he says he did; but that curse was not enough to send him to an endless hell; but as soon as he got upon the eminence of spirit-life, he looked over all the past, and asw he was wrong, all wrong, and he at once set his feet in the right road, and for the last ten years he has been trying to speak with his mother, to tell her that her prayers for his good have been answered; but he has never been able to till new. Perhaps it may not be wrong for me to say that I have not spoken with my father since I left home; for he then told me if I went I was to come back no more—that I was not to be considered a child of his—that he had nothing to give me when he should die but his good will. I would have liked to have had that, but he cursed me, and eight years before I died I passed him on the street; I stopped, but he turned coldly away, as if he never know me. He will be sorry for that when he comes here; for If I would speak the truth, I would say that I should not have been what I was If my father had treated me as his child.

I can but love that good old woman, whom I would so dearly love to speak to, for she took me in when all my friends forsook me, and told me that she did not care whether I had money or not—I was sick, and that was all she cared for. When she comes to the spirit-world, I shall not

had money or not—I was sick, and that was all she cared or. When she comes to the spirit-world, I shall not be slow

I had money or not—I was sick, and that was all she cared for. When she comes to the spirit-world, I shall not be slow in finding her out. I told her I would come back if I could, and tell her about her boy; and she sald, "Child, you do not know when he died—so if you come back, tell me about it; and I shall know you have seen him."

I have not one word to say against those who were so hard against me after I happened to full. They, too, will understand why I did as I did when they come here, if not before, and if they are without sin, they may pass me by. When my father comes here, as he must in time, I will not turn coldly away, as if I did not know him; but I will tell him all I have the learned here, and do all I can to dispet that religious fog which so disfigures him, and makes him so hideous in the eyes of those whose company he expects to onloy.

There is no sin too great to be atoued for in time, and that which my father called sin, might have been nothing but steeping aside from a parent's command, or disobeying my father's law; for surely It was not disobeying the laws of god, when I could not respect one as a mother, who knew not how to be a mother to me.

He said I was a strange child, and he could not understand me. I will ask him if he ever tried to understand me? If he never thought that the wayward child was possessed of his I own stern will, which would not bow to another's law? He i will suffer for this sin. I suffered for all I committed—none knows how much—but he who sends the punishment, will know how much to send.

snows how much-but he who sends the punishment, will know how much to send.

know how much—but he who sends the punishment, will know how much to send.

When I was dying, I said, "If my father should come in to see me, then I should not forgive him." The dear old lady told me that I should forgive him when in heaven, if I ever arrived at that state of happiness. I wish to tell her that I have forgiven him. She said, "Poor child, you are going to a just God, and he will deal justly with you." He has dealt justly and kindly with me—he could not do otherwise without breaking his own laws—and that he will not do. My dear mother has done inuch for me since I have been here.

I want that dear old lady to know that when the last sound of the tune she sung to me, when I was dying, had died away, I awoke in spiric land; that I did not suffer much in dying. She thought I should, and that I did; but it was not so Tell her I have not forgotten about her reading the lible to me, and sometime I will tell her all I have heard about the Bible, and give her much light about it. Good-by.

July 0.

lleve it, if they do n't want to. They win, though, when ency come here.

My son will think this is dreadful, but I am going to say it—the Bible is no better than any other book; it is a history of creats. It's no more the word of God than what I 'm saying to-day is the word of God. What is truth in it, is God's word; and so is any word of truth I say; but it is only a record of events; and God had no more to do with the manifestations of that time, than he has with the manifestations

was not ashamed to own it.

When a man comes here, he has a chance to look over the Book of Nature, and particularly that page of the volume that takes particular pains with his own life; and if I didn't laugh at the blunders I had made, I am not here. To think that I could over have believed in such a foolish story can bell.

think that I could over nave believed in such a foolish story as a hell.

Some of the Gentiles would crucify every Jew they could lay hands on. Now this is not like Cirist—he forgave the mulefactor who had committed some great sin—great for the time; but Cirist forgave him right off.

I think if some of those who are so fond of sending people to hell, will only look at Christ's teachings, they will manage to get rid of hell some way. Most of them here are too fond of the Mosate law—slap me and I'll slap you; but the time is coming when this feeling will be done away with, and people will see how foolish they have been.

Got all that wrote? Then I will give you my name, so that the folks will know but lbe—there's only a few of them that will know, but they are all I care to have know about me.

Abraham Langworthy; I belong in Concord, N. H. Iddn't do anything there the late few years of my life. I was in Manchester with my boy. I was most 70 years of age. I was by trade a boot maker, and then I learned a tailor's trade, but never worked at it, so I can't call myself anything at it.

If any of them want to hear from me, I will come to them and tell them all I know—that is, as much as I can for the time I have.

time I have.

Don't think I am crazy, or that I don't know what I say,
July 9.

Idiocy.

A question which we have had given us to answer, is

A diestion which we have mad given us to answer, as this:—
"What is the condition of the idiot in the spirit-world?".
The condition of the idiot in the spirit-world varies according to the state of idiopy in the earth-life. We will try and explain to the understanding of him who has called

upon us.

If the idiot is ushered into the natural sphere in full pos-If the idiot is ushered into the natural sphere in full possession of all his physical powers, and retains possession of these powers for ten years, and at that time, by certain ill tides in life's channel, the party becomes an idiot, from that time all spiritual progression ceaser, and the spirit remains in a living tomb, unable to advance even one step. Should that one exist in mortal, forty, fifty or one hundred years after that period, it remains the same, and commences to progress after it casts off the mortal, from the time of its standing still in the earth-life, which, we will say, is the time of its ceasing to coutrol its form in a legitimate manner.

All life is subject to one law, and yet there are many departments in that law, and each atom in life has a peculiar law to itself. All animal life tends to the spiritual—is rapidly walking toward God, and although it may be turned from its course, yet that stopping aside is not eternal—only during the natural life of such an one.

The law which, has its beginning with the germ, to give sustenance to the atom on earth, will ultimate it to perfection, as sure as it gave it birth on earth.

The idiot has no chance of progression on earth. No life is open to it, and although it may be unten it ceased to control its form; and we find the idiot of fifty, sixty or eighty, a child hore, no further progressed than one of eight or ton years. But when the material is cut of, the impediment is removed, and the spirit can go on to meet its God. The spirit was crumped for a time; but it is deadined to be ner-

yeara. But when the material is cut off, the impediment is removed, and the spirit can go on to meet its God. The spirit was cramped for a time; but it is destined to be perfect, however long imperfect it remained while here. The friend who has thus called upon us, has done so from the fact that he has a son with us who was lily enpable of controling the natural form while here. This impediment was caused, no doubt, by an oversight of the parents, occasioned by a want of knowledge. We speak of this particular case, and wish our friend to understand us so.

We flud the boy was very bright—to speak after the manner of earth's people—until he attained the age of ten years in the earth-lile. At that time we find a mighty whirlwind passing over his young spirit, and by reason of this, which we shall call fright, he lost control of the mental forces, and was thus rendered an idiot. In other words, the forces connecting

shall call fright, he lost control of the mental forces, and was thus rendered an idlot. In other words, the forces connecting the material and mental became disconnected, and that storm was continually passing over the form, until death, which took place at the age of about twenty-nine years. We inform this parent that his son recommenced to progress immediately upon his cutrance into spirit-life, and that he was capable of receiving no more than a child of ten years old. The years between that affliction and his death were lost, spent in idiocy, and they must now be spent over again in intelligence.

The father must not suppose his child an idiot, or incapa-

telligence.
The father must not suppose his child an idiot, or incapable of seeing the glories of the new life, for it is not so. All the years passed in idiocy, appear, to the boy, he tells me, like a dream; he has no recollection of what was passing, because the organs of memory were deadened by fright; but now he is capable of praising his God for his new birth as ever he would have been

ever he would have been.

The father need not regret that his boy ever lived; but he may learn a lesson, and that is, to govern alone by the law of love. No other law is recognized at this hour in the life of the spirit. Why cannot all recognize it, and build for it a temple in their souls? temple in their souls?

If our friend has further questions to send us, we shall be happy to answer them in accordance with our light. We have no more to give to-day.

July 9.

Charley White, the Fiddler.

Charley White, the Fiddler.

I'm Charley White, the fiddler, and I've got something to sny. I belong anywhere around here. I was born in Newburyport, and I used to go all round through Maine, New Hampshire and in Massachusetts, fiddling for folks. Sometimes I'd got pay, sometimes I wouldn't. I was in the Almshouse two years about before I died. No, I wasn't in the Almshouse in Newburyport. I forget where it was. I'll tell you where I died. I died out doors; you know where New Castle is? Well, I was traveling to get home, and I laid down and died. The boys used to throw stones at me in the street. Never mind, I have got a good old fellow to help me here to-day. He set my arm once, and he told me I couldn't fiddle any more for two months. I fell down and broke my arm.

couldn't hadre any more for two months. I felf down and broke my arm.

I want you to tell all the folks that know mo—and there's lots of them that know mo—that I want to tell them to "go to the devil." That's what I used to tell them, and I tell them so now.

I want to get drawle cometimes: that's how I came to also

I used to get drunk sometimes; that's how I came to die.

Tell the folks to "go to the devil, every one of them." They would n't do anything for ne.

The old doctor told me I would get along better by coming

The old doctor told me I would get along better by coming to you to day. I asked him what to say, and he said he couldn't tell me that—but I must talk just as I felt.

Look here, I've got folks on earth that think themselves something, but they aint, and you tell them so—and to "go to the devil," every one of them.

I'm just the same as I used to be, and I aint been dead long either. The doctor says I've been dead 0 years. 'Taint so—that's too long. Oh, didn't I use to make money 4th of Julys and training days? I used to spend it for tobacco and rum. I could fiddle better when I had a glass of rum and melasses. I used to fiddle for the boys when I was drunk and dance for them. The Doctor wants me to tell them that. I am as well off as any of them will be when they come here, if they don't turn round and do different; and I do tell them so. I'm glad I don't live here, for I'm cloked to death—li's like the little beds they used to give you in the Almshouse. Want room enough. I used to get out and lay on the floor. I'm going now.

Francis H. Smith.

My dear much-loved father—You are doubtless somewhat disappointed at my long delay at giving you what I promised to, some months since. My dear father, I will fulfill my promise as soon as I find myself capable of controlling a sufficient length of time to enable me to do justice to myself and you; and that I may also give the long-wished for light to those around you who are in durkness, and whom you so much desire to liberate from the shadows of doubt.

Your affectionate son, in spirit, Francis H. Smith.

Daniel Burke, Oregon.

Abraham Langworthy.

If all the people went to hell that the people of earth have sent there, what a full house the old fellow would have.

Now, in my younger days, I was a Baptist. I really believed that a certain portion would be saved and a certain portion be damned. Somehow or other, I turbed to be a Universalist. I could not help it; but when I died, all those who had been Baptists said I had gone to hell; and I want to tell them I am not in hell. Oh, some of the church people, when they come here, will be disappointed. I know the Bible!

Taint so casy to speak, after all. Anybody can speak, if they know how; but if they do not know how; it takes a lawyer to do it, and I aint one.

I was shot at Rogue River, Oregon, in 1856. I went there from Michigan in 1855. I is have got a son there now, and I should like to sond him what you are writing. His unme is rhound him to shou in the breast. Oh, they know I was shot, and that I am dead, but they do n't know that I can come back. I want to speak out there, but I do n't care they know how; but if they do not know how; but if

sten all you may, and you've got nothing.

I'll tell my boy all about it, when I speak out there—how it happened, and all about it; I suppose he knows something about it now. I recken I may find a medium out there, for

It takes a long while to learn to speak, and to suit myself to somebody clee's form, and yet to be myself. I have not by which the raps we got much large talk—almost forgot how to speak to folks in this section of the country. I'll pass now.

Reflection must results.

William Page.

William Page.

I have been dead three years—most four. My name was William Page. I used to live at 52 Portland street, Boston; I afterwards lived at 25. I understand you publish communications for any spirit who comes to you. I have a wife, and son, a small boy, in Boston. I wish to speak with my wife. Can you point out any way in which I can do it? I am told I may gain an opportunity by expressing a desire through your paper. Others succeed in this way, and perhaps I may. I wish to communicate something about my son, a boy, between four and five years of age. I do not think I ought to communicate what I desire to through your paper; but If I can meet with my wife in any way, I want to speak to her. I died of consumption; was sick about a year and a half. all meet with my who in any way. I want to speak to her.

I died of consumption; was sick about a year and a half.

I was by trade a carpenter, but didn't do much at it for the
last six or seven years before I died.

The boy was about eighteen months old when I died—just
about that. Is this all I am to give? Good day.

July 12.

Betsey Pritchard.

Is it you I am to speak to? Well, what will I sny? My name is Betsey Pritchard, of Ipswich, N. H. I have been lead eight years; died in 1851. I don't know what was the trouble with me; I guess it was time I went; I was ninety-

ne years old.

I want them to know I can come back to them. I go there, and they don't see, nor hear me, nor seem to know I am there; so I come here to write a letter. I can see now; I could n't before I died.

Nathaniel Jones.

I find myself quite unhappy in the spirit world, made so because I have never been able to commune with my friends on earth, while the desire to do so is as strong and probably stronger in me than in spirits generally. For some reason or other, I have not been able to speak until to day.

With your permission, I will give a brief sketch of my life. My name was Nathaniel Jones, born in the year 1800, in Burlington, Vt.

him with me. I became acquainted with a lady on my way west, and married her. My son is living in St. Paul, and the ady is still living there.

I give these facts that I may be known. Now I desire to

Jonathan Ladd.

pationce is a virtue here, as well as with you. I wish you to know I am able to see you in all your wanderings in this mortal voil. Semetimes I see you step out of the great highway of peace; and then how I desire to commune with you, that I may put you in the way of a path of pleasure, which is without thorns. I cannot write to you longer, but will come to you at home
Your father,
July 12.

William Brockway.

Say that I, Wm. Brockway, wish to, and will, commune with my family very soon through your paper. July 12.

Samuel Pope.

My children, oh, my children, be at peace among your-elves, if all the world are at war around you. I am sure you could if you thought you could add to my happiness by so

ioling.

Lut me, as your father, point out to you a way, the best of all ways, to get to heaven. That way is to live in harmony with all, Jew and Gentile, saint and sinner, and do by all as

you would have all do by you.

If any one of my children will meet me at any medium's, I will come and speak, telling them many things I cannot give with satisfaction in this public way.

Oh, God be praised that I have this blessed privilege of coming to those I have on earth.

Samuel Pops.

July 12.

Written for the Banner of Light. "CHARLEY-BIRD."

BY LITA H. BARNEY. What a pretty song you sing, Charley-bird!

Liquid melody doth float,

Still forever on the wing, Little Charley-bird: Now a seed, and now a spring, Hopping, chirping, fluttering, Music overy other thing. Darling Charley-bird.

Charley-bird, With each motion of your throat, Graceful Charley-bird, Making azure arches ring For the heart beneath that wing Is so happy, it must sing, Loving Charley-bird!

If you, in your prison-enge. . Charley-bird, Can in such sweet songs engage, Pretty Charley-bird, In our freedom how should we, Buoyant in our liberty, Quite as full of praises be. Little Charley-bird!

As the perfume from the flower, Charley-bird. As your music from my bower, Sweetest Charley-bird, Unward riseth unto Heaven,

Bo our love from morn till even,

Should spontaneous be given

Toncher, Charley-bird !-Previdence, June, 1859.

I was fifty-fore years old—was born in Massachusetts. My father's name was Daniel. I had two brothers, Thomas and James—they are dead. I've got a wife and a son out there, and I want to speak out there, I recken I am here. I went away from Massachusetts must thirty-six years ago, you will send this letter? Postage will be ten cents, I think, Is it a large one? A newspaper! You'll not send a newspaper, but my latter. On, you will print my letter in a paper, and send it. That will do, for they can all read the paper, which is worse, the Buck is better off than me—he's dead, too, and belter off than I. By Buck, I mean an Indian. The reason of his being better off is. I fired the first shot, and wounded him first, and he died afterwards. They are a set of rusenis; if I did not shoot him, he would shoot me. They stenially out have, and beg for more—beg when they know you've got nothing. made against the question were conducted with acrimony, ridicule, and course abuse, and not with the dignity and coim argument indicative of a desire to remove by explanatory proof the so-called humbug, by laying open the scientific rule by which the raps were produced, or penderous bodies moved

Reflection must point out to every one that no occurrence of any kind can take place with the material productions of this planet, except by the influence of the laws regulating the existence and guidance of the world, and its beautiful productions; our knowledge of our system or classification of principles or laws denominated science, is very limited; our deficiencies are each moment more apparent. By taking thought, none of us can add one cubic to his stature, or explain, by demonstrative proof, why two leaves upon one stem are not alike, though nurtured by the same branch, or two blades of grass, springing from the same root, and watered by the same dew-drop, are not alike; this wonderful diversity exists in all the productions of the Infinite, from the grain of sand upon the sea shore, to the highest natural formation—the body or frame of man. No two children of the same parents are allke-there is difference in all things. Therefore, I ask those men of scientific knowledge, who claim to exercise, if not able satisfactorily to show, their right to prenounce all mediums humbugs, and investigators tools or madmen, to explain these differences to us ignorant members of the hu man family first, ere they attempt to lead our weaker minds into the higher fields of power, by which, if we say to this table, or mountain, "Be thou removed," it is done; if I am deceived, merely prove it to me; do not force from me a more trustful belief in your ideas, views or words, than you will extend to me. Be just, and firm, and clear in your foundation, then will your superstructure stand, an ornament I could n't before I died.

Tell them I know what was done with my portion of the property, and I am satisfied. If I could write, I would write a good deal; but I have n't wrote a line these twenty years. I feel strange, and I think I'll go. I used to have the rheumatism, and I aint got it now. Oh, I seel I have n't got my old worn-out body. No matter. Send what you have written, and that will do. I will go now.

I feel strange, and I aint got it now. Oh, I seel I have n't got my old worn-out body. No matter. Send what you have written, and that will do. I will go now.

July 12.

| foundation, then will your superstructure stand, an ornament to your real, unjust and ignorant to say or affirm to your brother man, "You are a fool, a humbug, a dupe, because I say you are, and I can't show how you are; but I know you are, but are demonstrate how you are. Your mediums should be all put in our State Prisons, and every Spiritualist punished for his folly." Such are the argumentative attacks of the for his folly." Such are the argumentative attacks of the newspapers in this city—coarse to almost vulgarity in their denunciations - not one capable of manifesting by a like production, through the exercise of rule or open law, the phenomena they condemned.

> From early ages it has been affirmed that the tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright, but the mouth of the wicked poureth out ovil things. As an inquirer into this question

My name was Nathaniel Jones, born in the year 1800, in Burlington, Vt.

In the year 1812 my father was drafted for military service, and he, desiring to rid himself of that I shall call an incumbrance, removed, with his family, my mother, myself, and one sister, to Norridge. But my father found that there were others faster than he, and his removal was by no means a sufficient cause to free him from service, so he was obliged to serve a little over a year. At any rate, in 1814 my father removed to Boston, and commenced to do business near Old Cambridge. He was a tanner by trade.

After doing business here about nine years, my father died and I underteek to carry on the business, but it did not suit me, and I therefore took measures to dispose of all his officet, and devoted myself to study, hoping to be able to procure a livelihood by some profession; but, after studying a few months, I saw, it was easign to carn a livelihood by physical, than by montal labor, and I thought I would learn a trade, but this seemed to be throwing away too much of preclous time, as I was old, so I let myself as clerk in a large store on Washington street. After being there for a time, I determined to go to sea; but my mother died and that hindered me. Soon after, my slister followed her to the better land.

The following year I married one Mary Bashaw; I believe she was of foralga extraction, but I nover learned which way sho was from. She lived with me two years and then died loaving me a son. After settling affairs here, I determined to washington street. After being affairs here, I determined to my child and go west. I finally settled in Minnesota, and after being there for a time, i determined to my child and go west. If finally settled in Minnesota, and after being there for a time, i determined to my child and go west. I finally settled in Minnesota, and after being there for a type, and went to Minnesota, and after being there for a time, i determined to Minnesota, and after being there for a time, i determined to my child a (called a retina;) upon its highly sensitive surface are bodies reflected, and it is the reflection of bodies you behold, and that only. He cannot tell you what the power, whether a I give these facts that I may be known. Now I desire to commune with my son, my wife, or both, or with any one who will favor me by giving certain intelligence to my wife and son. I was told that by coming here, and giving, some facts whereby I r.ay be recognized, I might perhaps receive a call to commune with them in person.

Teaunot dress my facts up in so good a style as some, but I can give truth; by it I lived, and by it I died, and I give it to boing or not. That intelligence is gazing upon this reflector. you.

I do not care to speak of the things I wish to communicate to my wife and boy to you, as yet; if I thought I should not have the privilege of communing with them, as I speak to you, I should be tempted to do so. But I will walt. Now, sir, you have my good wishes for your welfare, both here and hereafter. Good day.

July 12.

liandle, and you put forth your hand to grasp the oldest received—a hand, or portion of a material frame, or instrument, coming in contact with another material production; but that is not you, the intelligence; that is matter only, subject to the laws of matter, production and reproduction, affinity and its laws of attraction. I am inquiring about

affinity and its laws of attraction. I am inquiring about spirits and their intercourse. My dear son, you cannot, in your earthly life, conceive of any loy hulf so great as that I feel in coming to the home of my mortality for the purpose of communing with my son. The world, or its people, may talk of happiness, but all is nothing when contrasted with the pleasures of the spirit-life. My dear son, you may not and cannot realize any of those pleasures while you are on earth, but they are for you as Therefore man cannot judge a spirit, or an unseen agent, they are for rall, if you are faithful in the performance of every duty which hath been given you to do by God and your aty which hath been given you to do by God and your theory, no matter how ingeniously worded, can explain the Time seems long for me to wait to meet you in spirit, yet laws that regulate the existence, the guidance and the power of spheres, places and beings, in a form or out of a form, (of earthly matter,) whose habitation is not of this earth. Therefore all arguments of Spiritualists regarding the state, condition, powers or capacities of the spirit, are either purely imaginative, or a revealment. You must make your selection, and follow that selection into its imaginary mazes; and a lifetime of threescore years and ten is too short for the

> What, then, is this Spiritualism, its use and object, that our earth rules cannot analyze? I paused for a reply, a revealment-not man's theory-and I selected a revealment. Everything in nature brings a revealing proof of an unseen power; and one moment's consideration satisfied my mind that man on earth is indebted to revealment for all knowledge. Ills history, from his early ages, is one of progressive revealments, superior knowledge, transmitted through material agents, for the use and benefit of material man. The theory of mediums must be the same early principles in a more active condition. Man having increased, his requirements are greater, and instruments are multiplied, and necessariy so, on account of the diversity of the human family and the multiplicity of the laws. I therefore felt increasing confidence in the theory advanced by Spiritualists; read Edmoude's books, Hare's, Linton's, Harris's, &c., with more attention; but I was puzzled at the question of identity-was not satisfied that I ever had one communication from my father or sister. The power demonstrated was strong and convincing, as a power superior to all others I was in connection with: but what was the proof that these were the spirits of my dear earthly relatives? This doubt gave me a singular and important insight into natural law, and the only way by which a spirit, whose condition is progressive, and constantly changing, can prove its identity satisfactorily to earthly man. And it was upon this wise the in-

structive lesson came.

I had inquired more than once, both by pellet and mental question-guardedly put-for a certain spirit of a deceased friend to communicate with me, who had been dead for upwards of twenty years. I received an intimation from what purported to be my sister, that she saw some name in my mind she was unacquainted with, but would search and gratify me, if possible. Some time clapsed, when she informed me that this friend would communicate soon. I felt more than usual interest in this, for the following reason: I was much

attached to that early companion. "She was with me in that vernal time,
Whon childhood's dreams are summer to the heart;
For they who share with you life's early prime,
Claim remembrance never to depart."

And of course I was anxious to receive a communication from her, in order to see if the outward ties of life's intercourse extended beyond the grave.

One afternoon, some months after, I was sitting at a medium's table, when suddenly I felt, as it were, a form pass me, touching my right arm, and producing that peculiar conclousness of the presence of a cherished object, that years had not occasioned to be obliterated from the mind; the distinctive aura, or personal influence, was undeniable. Had my existence depended upon the denial of my conviction of the presence of this lost friend of earlier years, I could not bave donled it. The conviction was complete. I never, before or since, received such a proof of spirit presence—one to whom I bore no material ties of relationship. The affinity was montal, and the evidence irresistible. She glided to the

afgining it with the initials of her earth name:

My dear friend, I am here, and able to converse with you.

I have taken great delight in responding to your call, and feel shathful that you still retain a memory of her who has passed from your sight but who still feels a deep interest in your wolfare, and who is constantly doing all that a pirit can, to betteff you.

I betteff you.

I returned to my home, convinced that to withheld belief chain of evidence was complete-from the pelles tests, rapping, writing, personal influence-no deception manifested; but, to my feelings and mind, proof after proof, given with increasing carnestness, to carry conviction to the heart. I repledge that the mystic hour can alone establish, now nearly five years ago; and it was, I think, the last I received from her during my investigations as an inquirer into Spiritual-

ism:
"I am over near you, my dear friend, trying at all times to influence your ways. I love to commune with you. I will ever do all I can to increase your happiness on earth, and will be one of the first to greet your relieved spirit.

Many P."

I thus became convinced that truth was connected with the spiritualist theory, and I adopted the faith according to the modifications of my mind. Reflection had convinced me well fed, will make one hundred weight of pork, with the that as no two atoms on earth were alike, or two human beings, it was impossible for me to adopt fully the views of others. I must have a standard of my own; and this could only one hundred, at thirty per cent. neat-no, not neat, for there be acquired by prayer: man could not impart it. And the necessity and beauty of this is apparent. Were two atoms, or individuals, alike, there would not be that perfect, entire union with the Creator that does exist. Each work having its own independent, connecting link, existing in the highest form of the Divine embodiment, Jesus Christ, and he in the In the whickey, the food is all lost to the race and a greater Wather, thus his purity. The union of the Pather is perfect, and the teachings of the Saviour clear: " None can come unto the Father, except through me; and none can come unto me, unless my Father bring him." Thus does the Divine Creator dwell in all his works.

The searcher after truth, as recorded in the Bible, is beset with many difficulties, from the ambiguity of many passages, | that which will contribute most to my health and happiness, and the inability, or disinclination, on the part of the clergy, to explain and remove, with patience, the increasing doubts of the young inquirer. They manifest surprise that any such question their interpretations, instead of demonstrating the brother or sister evil, or wicked, who, having been differently reasons for their conclusion. The Church says so and so, and that is law. We want the Bible so arranged that the reader may at once observe those books or portions classed by the pity and correct, if I could, and ask the aid of science and Church as historical, literal and allegorical, so that we may learn for ourselves the application of this mysterious volume, and so remove the divisions of ideas that form the opposition forces among church membership.

I observed that Judge Edmonds, in his works, places more reliance upon the communications received from his wife than any other spirit; and this is the evident result of the conviction arising from the personal influence being recognizable. The aum of every person must, from their distinctive powers, be different, and, like unto the perfumes of a rose, no one can imitate it; for they would have to imitate the Creator's works, in all their minute formations-a power beyond the capacity of any spirit. Therefore, this aura, or personal influence, proof is, in my opinion—the only true evidence you have of spirit identity. Names are assumed every both of which will teach him thus. Then to each it will be an hour by spirits wishing to obtain a hearing; but ask for a proof of the personal influence, and the truth or falsehood is established. The spirit takes with it all distinguishing quality, or power; the body is nothing but an instrument necessary for the earth-sphere. Whether it is destined to rise again, and become united, is more than either men. or angels. or spirits, can state. The Eternal alone knows for what purpose he has formed his worlds and their inhabitants; and of this hour knoweth no man, nor the angels, nor son, but the to raise my food, or poison, on his earth, I will use it, and he Father only. I consequently regard as idle speculation and may sow his tobacco, &c., where he pleases, and pull up my uscless employment of time, the theories professing to ex- cabbages, if they are in his way, seeing we are tenants in plain eternity. Spirits know of their existence, and man of his; and all communications from one to the other can only description of their respective conditions, surrounding influences, and admonitions valuable to aid us on our earthly path. Beyond this is presumption.

I will conclude this letter with the following vision and its application, received about this period; I thought I was walking upon a highway, in a singular, bloak, barren country. On my left, as far as the eye could reach, seemed nothing but fields of molten metal cooling after the effects of fire. I had a person with me, whose face I could not distinctly make out. On the path shown the rays reflected from the bright silver light so well known to those who are favored with visions. It is indescribable in its beauty and effect. My companion requested me to look behind me, when it seemed as if I had come from a city, upon which this silver light was shining with wonderful splendor, while its reflection was only on the path I trod. He directed my examination to where I stood, and at my feet, and in advance, I beheld various rough-looking stones, whose interior possesses the purity of a diamond, and reflected light from within. My acquisitive organ was excited, and I remarked, "Those stones must be diamonds; I will gather some." I stopped for that purpose, and I thought I heard a suppressed laugh from my guide. I found I could not detach one from the ground; they seemed imbedded. I said to him, "They are fast secured-comented in; I will leave them alone." When he immediately remarked, very impressively, " You do well; for they are all numbered, and are required in their order." I started, at these words; for my dream, its visitor, and numher reshirt vividiv upon my recollection. I looked eagerly l to him for an explanation; but his form became less dis- In the physical world good and evil are not in things, but the tinet, and he motioned me onward.

· I proceeded in slience, until we came to a barrier of rows of seeming melted fron, native fron, with its purple color, when I exclaimed. "What a wonderful exhibition or proof of the influence of fire!" He motioned me on, when I immediately passed quickly over the layer, and I exclaimed, "I do not require your aid any further; I know where I am." A road lay before me, running by the side of a clear, pure stream, or river, upon which this silver light was shining. I turned to my right to ascend the river banks; but, in turn ing, I observed that the river soon ended in a water-fall down, a fearfully dark chasm, over which held suspended thick black clouds. I trembled at the fall, and hastened up the beautiful path leading to a field of rive. luxurious-looking grain, with a house in the distance, a little in advance. 1 saw two men fishing, whom I proceeded to join in their occapation, and they kindly received me.

The task of giving you all that portion of my experience that produced the strongest impression upon n.e. is now finished. My future letters will be a descriptive history of my own development as a medium, its fearful experience monitions, and my withdrawing from its exercise. A Spir itualist I am, and must ever be; but I take no active part in it, for reasons that will be explained.

I am about to visit Europe for a few weeks, and must o necessity postpone this important part of the "Experiences of an Investigator." W.

New York, July, 1859. Good and Evil.

I rejeice to see so much written on this subject, and to hear so much said. Agitation of thought, skepticism and criticism are signs and beginnings of knowledge and wis dom-not the fear of the Lord, as has often been said. When I see an article on good and evil, or either of them, I first look at the name of the author, to see whose spectacles I an to read through; for I find a much greater difference in this than in the apparent size of the moon seen through different pupils, and even that varies from the size of a cart wheel to a loa saucer.

Not only do nations have different standards of good and evil, and all religious, moral, social and political societies, but individuals in the same society often differ as widely as societies. What is good and what is evil, are questions which no God's Word revelation, nor no scientific demonstration has ever answered; therefore every speculating and theorizing mind answers for itself, or for as many others as will accept the answer, instead of thinking out answers for themselves.

This is the basis of such societies as have organizations to carry out what they call good, and to resist what they call evil. Weeds are evils in the garden and cornfield, and the farmer labors to get them out, that his cabbages and maine may have the soil and sunshine; but the same God law grows weeds as well as cabbages and corn, and, without the interference of man, rather more abundant. Is God the cause of this evil? or is it not an evil? Does God have good use, or any use for the weeds? Does man do better with his cabbages and corn? one he makes into sour krout and cold slaugh, and the other mainly into whiskey and pork-and God works up his weeds into odor for the air and manure for the soil, or gives them to the animals for food, &c. I am unable to detect the evil there by any standard.

Suppose I extend my vlow of good and evil through a corn maize as she consumes for bread; four-fifths of her crop are

right of the medium, seized his hand, and wrote the following, are evil; I have no use for them; I find myself better and my family better without them, than others, can be by and with them-better, because more healthy and happy, and as that is desirable and agreeable to all, I call it good. Now look at the man sweating off the hot days of summer, trying to kill God's weeds, and harvest the corn for the hogs and distillery, the products of which are to polson the bodies and pollute the morals of the people. And yet many people call after such evidences as these, was to be the greatest skeptle all this good, and my very thoughts cell, and tenn of them and an ingrate to my Greater that ever tred the earth. The would try to prove it by Divine revelation, or by nature. Because God had concealed alcohol in corn, and let swine live on earth. therefore it is right and good to eat and drink them. I would propose that we take the corn for bread and ment both, and let God furnish other drink from the earth and sky, celved several kind communications from this spirit, and a and lot the hogs feed thomselves, or let God feed them. If He wants to raise them, and save the four-fifths of maize crop for the poor human beings, or for famine.

But some will ask. Is not pork food? Yes-about thirty per cent, of nutriment can be extracted from it by the chemical apparatus of the human system; the rest will be ejected, except the pus of scrofulous seres, which will drag through the system, and much of it lodge somewhere more than one night.

From maize nearly seventy per cent. of food will be extracted without pus, and four hundred weight of corn meal, scrofula thrown in. Here we have the less and gain footed up: four hundred, at seventy per cont, manufactured into

never was anything neat about swine, dead or alive. But many say, people make money by raising corn and feeding it to swine, or manufacturing it into whiskey; but it is easy to see, by the figures and effects, that humanity is greatly the loser by the change of corn into nork or whiskey. evil still is substituted for corn than in the swine; but to me both are cylis, because they are lesses to man of labor. health, happiness and purity. If God wants me to drink whiskey, I will wait till he distills it; and if he wants me to eat pork, I will take that which he fattens: but if he allows me to select my food and drink, I will try to select and uso and call it good; and that which injures me, and all others who use it. I will call evil: and while I will not feed hogs. nor drink whiskey, nor call them good, I will not call my educated and trained, and inherited a different organization sees differently, and suffers badly in consequence. I would experience to show that rum and whiskey, &c., tend to bring out wrangling and strife-and pork, to scrolula, licentiousness and vulgarity. I would invite people to choose the road in life to happiness, harmony and heaven.

One other weed requires notice, which God sows and raises as he does the docks, mullens and thistles, but of which he would not find as prolific a crop usually at harvest, probably because it is not as useful in his economy. I mean tobacco of course-the weed which man has taken so much pains to cultivate and make into merchandize-not for food, or drink, or clothing, but simply to soil his dwellings, pollute his body impair his health, decrease his happiness, and greatly injure his posterity. But he did not know it was evil-does not now, nor will he, till he learns of science and experience. evil, as it is to me, and all will cease to use and to mise it, and save the labor and the suffering and misory it produces.

As we learn these lessons, and put them in practice, we grow wise and happy together. The tobacco plant, to me, is not evil, nor is the thistle, or duck, or henbane, or night shado; but when they crowd the corn or cabbage, which I want for food, I will pull them up, as I have no use for them. and have for the others; and as God has given me permission common here now.

Thus I judge of good and evil, but only for myself. I will not condomn my neighbor; I am not his judge, but I am my own. To me, that which injures me is evil, and knowingly I will not cultivate or use it, as I live for and seek happiness, and not misery. If my neighbor prefers to be drunk, I am sorry, and pity him; I feel sure he is not as happy as he would be, and I will tell him so. I will not raise corn, and make it into whiskey for him to get into misery by. . If my neighbor smokes, and snuffs, and chews, until his breath is so offensive I cannot sit or stand near him, and his poor wife and children are suffering from its poisonous and poliuting effects even more than himself, I will pity, and tell him of the cause; but I will not blame nor condemn him as evil or wicked, because he has suffered from the use of that which, to me, is evil, and made others suffer-even little children, often not more ignorant, if more innocent than the Of this I speak from experience, for I smoked the weed

fifteen years, to my sorrow, and to the suffering of myself and others, but not to my shame, for I quit forever as soon as I knew its evil effects, and behan at once to eradicate its effects in my family, and trust I have succeeded in keeping It out of the bodies and gardens of my children for life. If making money would justify persons in raising tobacco or corn for the distillery and hoggen, then the same reasoning would justify raising or stealing negroes for market, or making dies for bogus coin, or plates for counterfeit notes, etc. To me both and all are evil; to another, none of them are; to another, it is good to make whiskey and raise tobacco, but an awful crime to raise negroes to sell. How we differ! use we make of them. The fire, governed by the cook, fits our dinner; used by an incendiary, it destroys our dwelling. The razer shaves the beard in one hand, and cuts the throat in another. To me, both uses are bad; to another, one is good; and to another, both are good; and so on. Calomel kills one person, cures another, and cripples a third for life. To me its use is generally bad, and its effects evil in the human body. To another its use is an indispensable good, and he deems it the greatest blessing in the catalogue of medicines. The bite of a gnat or sting of a bee are evils to us; but it would be entering a complaint against God to call these insects evil. Probably He has a use for them different from ours.

I was greatly pleased, when a boy, at the sentence in

"'See,' cries proud man, 'all things made for my uso.'
'See man for mine,' cries a pampered goose.'"

I cannot see all things evil which I have no use for, or the use of which would injure me. But I can see the evil in the erse of that which injures me and others, and I will not use it or encourage others to do so. I am not sure that God could spare tobacco, rattlesnakes and musquitoes, but I can. As fast as I learn the laws of life, and health, and nurity, and happiness, I will observe them; but with my scientific knowledge and experience both, no person can convince me that the use of tobacco is good, or that its use is not evil or that God or nature ever designed it for human use, any more than they did docks and toadstools. Some time I will carry my neasure into morals and religion, etc. WARREN CHASE.

Rome, N. Y., August 5, 1850.

Obsession.

MESSES. EDITORS-I rend an article in your issue of July 23d upon this subject, which seems to overlook some very essential points having a direct bearing upon it, the ten dency of which, I fear, will be to frighten some of the more timid ones from partaking of the overflowing fountain of Delfie wisdom, through the agency of spirit intercourse, who otherwise would-especially the quotation from Mr. Joel Tiffany's Monthly.

It is protty generally admitted of the spirit world, what we see exemplified in every-day life, that there are different grades or planes of intellectuality; and it is equally true, hough perhaps not so generally admitted, that those of the higher planes invariably have power to control those of the lower ones, when brought in contact.

It is evident that we cannot at present draw a line of demarcation between the thoughts originating in our own minds and those emanating from the invisible world, so intimately interwoven do they appear to be (from the experience of bona fide mediums), which indicates an impossibility for us to entirely prevent a partial influx of thoughts from spirit friends; but, as a rule, mankind can successfully resist spirit influence, and not become mediums, if they choose to, although exceptions may perhaps occur in persons who, from an organization rendering a peculiar fitness for some particular work, are impelled to act as such. But Mother Natureover bountiful in her works-steps in here, and prevents confusion, by providing each individual with a Guardian Spirit, or ANGEL, whose office it is to watch over and act for his or her spiritual welfare; and no spirit of a lower sphere or plane can operate upon or control any individual, except by the concrop. The State of Ohio raises annually seven times as much sent of the guardian spirit. Taking this view of the matter, no person need to resist spirit influence from fear of obmanufactured into pork and whiskey, both of which, to me, session, unless satisfied that their guardian spirit is of a lower

their guardian spirit of the lower plane.

I understand that Mr. Tilling is an "Impressible medium, which will, perhaps, account for the ultra position he has taken upon this subject in connection with entrancement; but because he and other well educated and hannily organized individuals have become first-class modiums, without being entranced or going through a particular course of development, it does not necessarily follow that every one can or that those who do, are of an inferior class. In fact, I am satisfied that some of our best mediums are those who have passed through a longer or shorter period of cutrancement as mediums, and who could not have been properly developed in any other manner.

The above is respectfully submitted for the consideration f your intelligent readers. L. REED.

De Kalb, Ill., Aug. 1st, 1859.

What is Carbon !--- No. 3. In further proof of the theory that carbon is a compound composed of oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen, I ask attention

o some phenomena of nature. Common seedling quince trees have been inoculated with grafts from a superior apple, pear, and quinco tree, and the imb originating from each graft-bud is found to be kindred thereto in the character of its wood, and of the fruit grown thereon, while each and all of the limbs are alike dependent on the trunk and roots of the seedling for their connection with the soil and its contributions to sustain and promote their physical growth and reproductive energy. It is said that all the seeds of the apple, pear, and superior quince, grown on such grafted tree, will, in reproduction, only and alike yield an inferior quinco tree, kindred in condition to the scedling tree so grafted. Whether experiment has fuly demonstrated the truth of this I do not know; but experience shows there is analogous phenomena in the uncertainty attending the products from the seed of grafted fruits. The nursery man knows that the seed stones of his superior dums or peaches, in reproduction, will, in many cases, yield very inferior varieties. If we can but clearly apprehend why the wood of such limbs so differ, as well as the fruits grown thereon, we may therein find a key to the economy governing in vegetable reproduction, and thus learn why the seed stones of grafted fruits are so unreliable for perpetuating their varieties and conditions, while we may also better realize the rationale of the premises involved, to wit, that carbon is a compound.

The present theory of agricultural chemistry, as taught by Liebig and kindred savans, is, that the air is the appointed depository whence nature draws her supplies of carbon for the physical growth of plants, and that respiration is the mode by which plants obtain the same. Experiments carefully made in France, are said to have clearly demonstrated that the growing of a tree from a germ seed to maturity, does not involve any loss in the volume or weight of the soil used therefor. This fully sustains the theory of Liebig, while it seems also to prove that earth's contributions to promote physical growth, do not embrace therein any material ele ments or substances, such as carbon.

Science has not, that I know of, claimed there are varieties of carbon that would explain the difference in the wood of these several limbs, or that, on analysis, there is found any difference in the carbonic acid resulting from decomposition, The inference, therefore, is, that there is either a difference in the constituents of these differing limbs-whatever those constituents may be—or that if the same, they are in different proportions combined. Whether this latter alternative is reconcileable with "the law of chemical equivalents," I will leave to the savans to decide. But in either case, I have yet to learn from science what are the several elements other than carbon derived from air, if there are any such.

On the authority of these teachings, I conclude that the material substance composing the wood and fruit—whether consisting of one or more elements—is otherwise derived han from the soil, which is thus unaffected in volume of veight by growing plants therein, and know no other source of supply therefor than air and water to suggest.

What, then, does soil contribute to induce, sustain and erfect the physical growth of plants?

My answer to this will deflue what I suppose to be the conomy producing the wood and fruit referred to, and exdalu the why of the difference thereof: It will be concede that each bud, when used for grafting, is perveded by an nheront life, constituting it of a distinct and definite variety or species kindred to its immediate parentage; also, that each bud originates an organized limb in harmony with the aw of like begets like and kindred with itself; that the fruit grown thereon is allke kindred thereto. From these facts I infer that the life principle of the bud is the operating, act ing power, causing the unfolding organization of the limb, and procuring and organizing the atomic matter constituting the same and the fruit grown thereon. We must and de ascribe the physical growth to life entity, as the acting, oper ating power governing the same. As like begets like is con ceded to be a principle in nature's economy, we should expec all the wood and fruit to be alike, if we referred such growth o the life-principle of the grafted tree; but if we refer it to the life-principle of the bud, then we must expect just such results as above enumerated. Hence, I assume that distinct ind special life entities can and do associate and combine in one organism, without thereby losing their respective individuality; that each can and does therein individually exert its own inherent aspirations and power to execute the same.

If we assume that all life, however manifested in nature, ance, of the false relation. is the same in origin and essence, then it follows that the difference exhibited by these several life entities in their asperations and action thereon, may and must be ascribed to special conditions of developed being and special organiza ion, as individualized entitles. Henco we find the innumer able variaties of genera and species in organic life, and their observance of the economy of like begets like in the pheno nena of reproduction. If, then, the life principle of each limb is the acting power, procuring and assimilating the atomic matter constituting the physical, and procures the same from air and water alone, as suggested, it follows that both of these compounds must be decomposed, that it can appropriate and use such and so much of the elements or constituents thereof, as it has affinity for, and expel or reject the residue. This would indicate that the difference in the results thereof must occur either from a difference of the elements, or in the proportions of the same elements thus assimilated, or we must find some other substances, elements or properties from the soil derived, to explain the fact of the wood and fruits being different. Whether we can find such, will be best tested by carefully inquiring and learning what soil does contribute, and this I will try to demonstrate in my next.

"PHILADELPHIA."

DEAR BANNER-Agreeably to announcement through you columns, the Spiritualists of Providence, with their friends at home and abroad, made their excursion, Aug. 2d, "down the to the beautiful Grove of Portsmouth. This is situated upon the most northern section of the Island of Rhode Island, which lays in Naragansot Bay, at the distance of about 20 or 25 miles from the city, and upon which is also the famed watering place of Newbort, at its southern extremity. The island is

Spiritualists' Excursion from Providence, R. I.

or 8 miles in length, with a naturally diversified scenery of grove and meadow, hill and plain, stream and rivulet, and which renders it quite a romantic locality, and the purity and freshness (if the expression is a proper one) of the breeze rom the bay and ocean, with advantages of sea-bathing, makes it attractive to strangers, as a summer resort, from East,

West, North and South.

The "Canonicus," Capt. Allon, the largest and staunchest o our excursion boats, was crowded to its utmost capacity with about 2500 bodies, and as for the spirits, they were "legion," and gallantly ploughed its way toward its southern destination, bearing its freight of living, loving human hearts safely to its moorings at the Grove, where all possible preparations for them had been made by Mr. Cole, the proprietor. It was not expected that the turnout would have been so general and therefore the "Bake" was not as extensive as it other wise would have been, but visitors were helped to the fulles extent possible. When I speak of "the Bake," I suppose that many of your readers may not be conversant with the term. I mean a regular old-fashloned Rhode Island Clam bake and Chowder. That is what suits the appetites of the denizens of little "Rhoda." The State is small, to be sure, but there are some good caters, at least, here. All the excuse I have is, that we must eat to live, and we all, this way, have that the most dreary watering-place on our river or bay, is a king to that comfortless place, whose only redeeming fact, is the hotel, which abounds with every luxury of the season. But the grounds will not compare at all. Come to us, oh yo Boston Excursionists, and drink your fill of our ocean scenery, and eat your fill of our bivalves!

oat-load was lessened at "Rocky Point," by about a thousand, which was fully made up to us, after our arrival by two other steamers, ten sail-bouts, a sloop-load, and about

plane than themselves, or that they are cassing from a lower 150 carriages, as our friends from Taunton, Fall Biver, and o a higher plane, and are still partially under control of the country around, gathered with us, happy to come as brothren, and enjoy with un the festivities of the occasion.

After our dinner of clams, chowder, &c., we repaired to a section of the grove, where, 'neath the blue vault of heaven, and the clustering branches of the greenwood, with the vel-vety turf beneath our feet, the restless waters before us and genial feeling within our hearts, we listened to the spiritthoughts, through the organisms of Brothers H. B. Storer, of New Haven, and Robinson of Fall River,-Sisters Macomber of Olneyville, R. L. and Amanda Spence of New York, who has been our speaker for the month, and has won a high place in our hearts, by her vigorous and discriminating logic, her strong woman-sympathy, her steady battling for the right, and above all, her naturalness in the presentation of original ideas. We shall welcome her return to us in Septomber or January, as she may decide. After this, which was appropriately interspersed with selections from the Psalms of Life, by the choir, the audience separated, seeming to be highly satisfied with the remarks. I would be pleased to give a ndensed report of these, but want of space forbids.

It is a beautiful scene, when bill, and grove, and plain, are peopled with a company united in heart, and such we beheld then. Everything passed off pleasantly, and it is believed by many, that it is not nossible for any one society here to bring together so goodly a number of really well-disposed persons upon a similar excursion. There seemed to be a half-dozen or so, who went to turn our happiness into ridicule; and I heard a gentleman, who was annoyed by their loud conversation during their speaking even after remonstrance, remark, "Calvinistic ignorance!" But they soon left us, ashamed of their own intentions. We started for the city at 4 1-2 o'clock, and arrived safely at a little past 6. The day was emblematic to me of the rise and progress of Spiritualism and all true Reforms. The morn was cloudy and rather lowering, but persecution from the elements did not deter us, and keeping on our course, though a few rain-drops fell, they, soon sparkled as gems in the bright rays of the glorious sun, that burst forth upon us, bathing us in its living light.

It is very much wished by many around us, that we have another in September, and if so, there will be more present than at this time, and we hope to greet many of our friends from Boston and vicinity, as well as Willimantic and the country there. A sufficient notice will be given, and arrangements made by the friends to run trains to connect with the boats. Thine fraternally. LITA H. BARNEY.

Providence, R. I., Aug. 5th, 1859.

A Chapter on Tobacco.

THE MISUSE OF TOBACCO.

MESSES. EDITORS-In perusing an article in your issue of July 30th, entitled "The Use of Tobacco," a few thoughts occurred to my mind, which I will endeavor to clothe in words and send you for publication, more particularly as there is a tendency in some writers to confuse ideas and lead the majority of readers to conclusions which even they (the writers) did not intend. The difficulty in this case, I approhend, is in mistaking the condition of, or our relation to, a aw, for the law itself. This mistake will be apparent when he says "The appetite for tobacco is natural," and then asks, What makes men use tobacco?. A desire to do so. What makes the desire? Nature " Now although the writer may mean that the desire is the natural result of the state or condition in which the user of it may be, (which it is,) yet the reader is apt to infer that the state or condition was a legitimate result of the law of appetite itself, which it is not. This will be still more clear from one of his own illustrations

He compares the love of tobacco to the love of church worship and ceremony, and says that, "although acquired, still is natural." Now this proves my position. What are the facts? Religion being a natural faculty of the human soul, and forever aspiring after the good and the true, man being born with this faculty, in a world where certain forms and ceremonies are taught as religion, this natural faculty seeks expression in those forms, whatever they may be-whether Buddhist, Mahometan, Pagan, or Christian. So in like manner the love of happiness and enjoyment is natural to the human mind. Man, finding himself in a world where certain ingredients are used as stimulants, to sooth care, drive away ain, and transport its devotee to the seventh heaven of felicity—this faculty also seeks expression in whatever forms are in use, in the respective localities he inhabits, whether that be arrack or whiskey, oplum or tobacco. Now it is plain that it is the religious faculty which is natural, not the form it takes; that it is the love of enjoyment which is instural not the modes in which it seeks that enjoyment. In both cases they may be, and are more or less, in discord, or in false relations to an harmonious and immutable law.

If this is a just view of Nature, does it not leave an erroneous impression to say that there is not an "inclination" of ducted in the human breast but what is caused by Nature. therefore good, therefore ought to be gratifled ?-for he says it will all work for good in the end. Very true. I also believe all things will work to good results, but not in continuing in false relations to natural law, but in coming into harmonious relations with all the laws of our being, physical and spiritual. For instance, if upon putting my finger in the fire, instead of letting the feeling of pain warn me against a repetition of the fulse relation to the good and unchangeable iw of heat, I should thrust my hand and arm into it, would that work out my highest physical development? I trow not. So it will be found equally true in all the departments of being; the good is in the avoidance, not in the continu-

Again; the love of the opposite sex is a legitimate result of natural law; but who will say that a.l the inclinations and modes in which that faculty seeks expression are equally natural and legitimate? Query-Was the inclination of Lot's daughters, which ultimated in incest, a legitimate result of, or a false relation to, a good law? Evidently the latter. It may be the writer means the same; but, if so, his language is at least ambiguous. He sals nature made tobacco, and nature made the inclination. Ergo: man may do as his inclinations lead, for both are equally natural, and consequently good. Let us see where this logic would lead us. Nature made iron, and a legitimate use of that from is to be formed into a knife. Would it he equally legitimate for me to plunge that kuite into my brother's bosom, and then say nature gave me the inclination? I think not. But he says distinctly, "Nature makes us smoke, chew, and snuff," etc. Now this is most certainly a transformation of a very old idea into a new form. The first excuse we read off, for disobedience, (mythical, though it be,) was, "The Serpent beguiled me and I did cat;" and the second was, "The that thou gavest me, persuaded me, and I did cat." And from that day up to modern times all the trouble was divided between the old Devil and poor Mother Eve. But it seems a new way of shifting responsibility is discovered, viz., laying all upon the shoulders of Dame Nature. May not a better solution be found in the truth that all the laws of nature are wise and good, and that though all our appetites, passions and faculties are equally good, and given for good and legitimate uses, yet man has the power to bring those naturally good appetites, passions, etc., into harmony, or discord with those good laws, so that man has, through ignorance of those laws, actually come to be more or less in false relations to them; and, instead of saying, "There is no use in talking" about it, "because men will follow their, inclinations," there is all the more need of talk; and action, too.

We need more light to dispel the darkness of ignorance, for be assured that the great majority of tobacco-users (and I speak from experience) are ignorant of its results. Be assured, also, when the knowledge comes, all men do not follow their inclinations or passions. What is wanted then, is to exercise our reason just as fast as we get "more light," and adjust our inclinations to the immutable laws of our being, never forgetting that we are forever, "Subjects to law, but King in conditions."

Davenport, Iowa, August 2, 1859.

REVIEW OF A. B. CHILD'S ARTICLE ON TOBACCO.

Dr. Child's communication in the BANNER of July 30, upon tobacco, calls out for "light, more light." I agree with him that the appetite for tobacco is natural; but it is no more so than every other gross and groveling habit that poor ignorant man has taken upon himself.

As man rises from the I west form of human existence through the increase of knowledge, and learns by his own experience, and from the teachings of his fellow man gone beore, he catches the higher joys and gratification, and leaves a great proposalty for the latter. A week ago I was at Na-hant, in company with an Excursion from here, and must say brought the higher wisdom within his reach.

And further; I agree "that whatever is, is right;" that is, the past, taken as a whole, has been as good as it could possibly be, "and has been all right." But the great future belongs to Dr. Child, myself, and overy son and daughter that knows the difference between joy and sorrow, happiness and misery, love and hate, or high, moral, intellectual and suiritual life, from gross, animal, beastly passions and habits.

With this love for humanity, I am not willing that the

present and future should wallow in the gross sensuality of the past, secking low animal indulgences. My own happiness is dependent, in a great degree, upon the moral and intellectual standard of my neighbors. The purity, honesty and intelligence of a neighborhood adds happiness to a whole

State. Dr. Child's passivity in reference to the family of man consuming one thousand million dollars' worth of tobacco annually, is based upon the ground that the appetite is the effect of a natural cause, and, therefore, is nature, and nature is always right. I agree with him in part; but where he has no wish to lessen its present use, and see this great waste of time and property spent in carrying higher life to this igno-

rant world. I widely differ from him. Is not the appetite for rum and opinm as natural as the appetite for tobacco? And are not all kinds and manifestations of diseases as much the effect of a natural cause, as the appetite for tobacco? Filthiness and low vulgarity are the

Now has he no wish to be instrumental in changing all who may be afflicted with disease and beastly sonsualism? Can he say by these that "Nature is ever replete with wisdom and power; and to Nature's God I feel no opposition; and the use of tobacco being the effect of a natural cause, it needs no words spoken in its favor, and words spoken against it effect no good?"

If the use of tobacco can be so thoroughly "let alone" for man's best good and future progression, why not every other physical and mental weakness that flesh is heir to? Why over write or speak another word? "Nature's God is replete with wisdom and power to do her own work," independent of man, in due time. This seems to be his logic, if I can understand him. NATHANIEL RANDALL.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., July 31, 1859.

STEPHEN YOUNG, POPLAR BRIDGE, N. Y .- "I was much interested in Dr. Child's article on the use of tobacco, published in the BANNER, of the 30th ult.; but it contains one point which appears to me erroneous. He says- Nature is replete with wisdom and power, and to nature and nature's God I feel no opposition; and the use of tobacco being the natural effect of a natural cause, it needs no words spoken in its favor, and words spoken against it effect no good." And in another place—'Nature makes men chew, emoke and shuff, and it would be foolish to try to put down what nature puts up.' Now I would ask whether it is not just as much a part of nature's programme for some to speak against the use of tobacco, as it is for others to chew, smoke and snuff? And whether the use of the 'weed' is to be endless? And if not, then whether speaking, writing, and reasoning on the subject is not one of the principal natural means of enlightening mankind as to its deleterious effects, and thus leading to its final rejection as a means of stimulation? Many have abandoned its use in consequence of hearing its qualities and effects pointed out-and many more have been prevented from forming the habit by the same means. And, although the salivary god to-day exercises almost emnipotent sway over his votaries-requiring the pouring out of frequent libations'-yet I have the most implicit faith that the march of intellect and refinement will ultimately work his complete nd flual full. And to speech-to 'the agitation of thought' -may be principally due the glorious consummation."

One Man's Reasons for believing in Spiritualism. O. S. POSTON, HARRODSBURG, KY .- "In renewing my subscription for your paper, I take the opportunity it presents o offer a brief statement of my early experience in Spiritu-

In 1853 a lady medium from Ohio came to our village and nade a brief sojourn. To gratify an idle curiosity I called to see her, and for the first time heard the raps. They were very distinct-made on the table, floor of the room, and inide of the doors of a warbrobe. When made in the last nentloned place, I heard and felt them very distinctly igainst my car. I made many inquiries, and they were all endily answered. Finally, I inquired if any relations of mine were present. It was responded that there were. And the spirit described himself as my cousin, John Poston, who had lied in Clarke county, Ky. I then desired to know if he would answer me a test question. He said he would. I then asked to be informed of the day, month and year office death. He replied that he had died on the 14th day of August, 1849. I made a memorandum of the time, and put it away. In a few weeks I went to Winchester, and there examined the family Bible, and ascertained that he had correctly stated the time of his decease. No one in that circle knew the deceased except myself, and even I did not know the time of his death, not having heard of it till some time after its occurrence. That fact, full of intelligence outside of the circle. challenged my attention to the subject, and induced me to prosecute my investigations; but the strongest convictions have settled on my mind of the truth of the Spiritual manifestations, and with it the satisfactory assurance of a progressive immortality.

The teachings of Spiritualism have dispersed the clouds of

infidelity, and presented me with a rational religion, which, sustained as it is by a mass of evidence of every characters and from every section of the country, I am compelled to accept as true.

LECTURERS.

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

WARREN CHARGE R GAGGESS for September will be Lowell, Mass., from Aug. 14th to Sept. 1st, Nowport, N. H.

Mrs. A P. Thompson, Cambridge, Vt.
Mrs. Fannie Burbank Fellon, Address, until Soptember 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Northampton, Mass.

J. H. Currier, Lawrence, Mass.
H. P. Fairfield. Address at Lowell, Mass, till August

WARDEN CHARR'S address for September will

llst.

M. L. Wadsworth. Address at Ulica N. Y.
Mrs. Amanda M. Spence will lecture at Willimantic, Conn.,
in the 7th and 14th of August.
Mrs. J. W. Cunnier. Address at Lowell: box 815.

MISS M. MUNBON. Letters may be addressed to her at this MISS ROSA T. ANEDRY. Address at No. 32 Allen street,

oston, Mass.

Anna M. Middlebhook, (formerly Mrs. Hendersod.) Ad-rosa during August and September, Box 422, Bridgeport, Ct. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, (formerly Mrs. Hendersob.) Ad-dross, during August and September, Box 422, Bridgeport, Ct. H. A. Tucker. Address at Foxboro, Mass. Miss A. W. Spracue, after her engagement closes in Oswego, N. Y., will remain in that State a few weeks; after which she will go West. George Atkins. Address Boston, Mass.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT Will answer calls to lecture on Spirit-

Miss Baran A. Magoun. Address No. 33 Winter street.

Miss Sarah A. Magoun. Address No. 39 Winter street, Cast Cambridge, Mass.
Dr. John Maynew will attend to the wishes of various riends, on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit, until August Sist.
Mis. Mary Macomber, Providence, R. I.
Miss Lizzie Doten may be addressed at Plymouth, Mass.
Miss Emma Houston, No. 6 Edgerly place, Boston, (out of Jount Cetals street.)

louth Cedar street.) Miss Enma Hardinge. Address till October to No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

11. L. Bowker. Address at Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis street. BENJ. DANFORTH. Address Boston, Mass. ELIJAH WOODWORTH. Address at Leslic, Mich., till further

notice,
C. T. Irish wishes to travel West this summer, Address at Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq.
A. B. Whitting. Address at Lyons, Mich., till August 15th, Charles W. Bungess. Address at West Killingly, Conn. Mrs. Bertha B. Chase. Address at West Harwich, Mass. E. R. Young. Address box 85, Quincy, Mass.
George M. Jackson. Address at Prattsburg, N. Y., until

N. FRANK WHITE. Address, during the month of August, I. FRANK WHITE. Address at La Prairie Centre, Ill., till L. K. Coonley. Address at La Prairie Centre, Ill., till ngust 20th.

double voll.

Lovell Beede. Address North Ridgoville, Ohio.

Mas. 8. Mania Bliss. Address at Springfield, Mass.

E. V. Wilson, Fountain House, Boston.

Proy. J. E. Churchill. Address at No. 202 Franklin street,

car Race, Philadelphia, Mas, J. B. Smith. Address at Concord, N. H. Da. C. C. Yonk, Address at Boston, Mass Mas. F. O. Hyzen. Address, in care of J. H. Blood, Box 346

MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON. Address at North Abington.

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE. Address at No. 534 Broadway. ow York City.
Prof. J. L. D. Oris will spend the months of August and eptember in Connecticut and Rhode Island. Address at

J. C. CLUER and daughter Suste. Address at No. 5 Bay

Ina H. Cuntis. Address at Hartford, Ct.

IRA H. CURTIS. Addition N. Y.

VILLIAM E. RICE. Address at 7 Davis street, Boston.

Ming E. E. Gibson Address at North Hanson, Mass.

Mr. CHARLES RICKER WIll lecture on the Sabbath. Address

It is not often that we pick up a brighter gem than these

three lines of Gerald Massey's, from a poem entitled "Tho Mother's Idol Broken." They will open many a secret spring of tears, and turn dimmed eyes heavenward:-

"This is a curl of our poor 'Spleu lid's' hair!
A sunny burst of rare and ripe young gold—
A ring of sintess gold that weds two worlds!"

CONTINUED PROM THE PIETU PAGE.

CONTINUED FROM THE FIFTH FAGE. C.
therefore love is the fulfilling of the laty"—the complete minding or obeying of it.

Paul certainly understood Christ as I have explained his words. Listen again to the words of the apostle as expressed in the 13th and 14th verses of the 5th chapter of Galatians:

For, brethern, ye have been called unto liberty; where not liberty for an occasion to the field, but by

only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another. For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor

as thyself."
There you have it again. It is a terrible mistake if this is not the truth. "This is the message," says John, "that ye heard from the beginning." There never has been any other testimony, he says, but this. What is it? "That we should love one another." This is the great message to man. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." This quality of love is the very evidence that we are Christians. And again: "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us."

There are a great many people that have plenty of evidences of religion, but none of love, which goes to show that a man may have religion without being a Christian. There is many and many a man that wor-ships, whose worship is devoid of the important element of love to man. It is only those who love all men that are true followers of Christ.

We perceive, then, that love, according to the plain It is the aim to which life should tend. It is the very

It is the aim to which life should tend. It is the very design and fulfillment of God's law.

Now of no other feeling have such things been said in Scripture. It is that for which we were made; it is that for which the law was put over us; it is all that the law requires of us. If a man will fulfill this simple requirement of the law—not, perhaps, according to his meagre understanding of it, but as Scripture interprets it—he need not trouble himself about anything else. If you will strike for that central disnostion. cise. If you will strike for that central disposition, everything else will follow of its own self.

Thousands are anxious to know how to be Christians.

Thousands are anxious to know how to be Christians, and live happily, and die safely. They have rejected this plain teaching of Scripture, and changed it into something, they know not what, so that they are in doubt as to what is the true Christian course. They say, "If there was a pure line of conduct marked out which I could understand, and which I could see before me as plainly as I see the path in which I tread, I would gladly follow it, and be a Christian." Here is such a line of conduct marked out. There is no other would guary follow it, and be a Christian. There is such a line of conduct marked out. There is no other road half so plain as this royal road of God. He has paved it, not with stones, but with gold; and he says to every man, "If you will love the Lord your God with all your heart and soul and mind, and your neigh

with all your heart and soul and mind, and your neighbor as yourself, there is no other law for you. In doing this you do all that is required of you."

Many people think that living a Christian life is a wonderfully comprehensive thing; and they spend so much time watching their motives and actions—they spend so much time in plowing and planting and hoeing—that they have little or no time to attend to anything else. But, I say, there is but one thing required of any man, and that is that he shall have love. If you take care of that, everything else will take care of itself. There are other feelings and attributes essential to the soul; but these necessarily exist where there is love. I hold that as in a watch there is a spring which, if you wind it up, will of itself keep all the wheels in motion; so there is in the human soul a spring which, if you wind it up, will uncoil itself, and take care of overything related to your duties and conduct in this overything related to your duties and conduct in this world. The power to enable men to lead Christian lives resides in that. Do I exaggerate, then, the importance of this state? Is it not Scripture, not I, that ranks it as the chiefest among all the Christian graces? Must not all other questions come down as tests of relating and give negative this? ligion, and give place to this? Let us look, secondly, at the

Let us look, secondly, at the inquiry, What is included in this love? What does it mean? God has made in the hunan soul a three-fold provision for the exercise of affection. The first is love, which takes hold of youth and infancy and weakness, and which is peculiarly designed to meet the exigency of birth and childhood. No other form of love can meet that want so well as the instinct of maternal love. Benevolence is too vague, and affection too exacting. The patience, the watchfulness and the tenderness required for helpless inflaucy must have a special instinct scarcely de-pending upon reflection. This is given to all animals, with men. It gives gentleness to the lioness and the tigress; and the she wolf licks her whelps with loving,

tigress, and the sne-woit next ner wherps with loving, amiable kindness, and seems half good.

The second form of love is higher and wider than maternal love. It may be denominated personal affection. It is that love which exists between two persons of congenial disposition. It depends upon character— upon the perception of some supposed attractive ele-ment of mind. It is individual having, usually, in each case, but a single object. But though it is a glorious attribute, unknown in the brute creation below us, it is limited. It may exist in men without very high moral quality. Indeed, there are very many exceedingly selfish persons that love intensely; and

exceedingly selfish persons that love intensely; and love itself may be the highest form of selfishness, as when it exists between two individuals merely as the result of the pleasure which they afford each other.

But the third and highest form of love is that disposition which is usually called benevolence, and which consists in good-will, a spirit of active kindness, affection to all men, without regard to their character. Ordinary affection takes head to character, and we love Ordinary affection takes heed to character, and we love men in proportion as they come up to our ideas of hu-man life; but benevolence, although it regards character, and delights to see right living among men, yet exercises itself more intensely toward the weak and ignorant and sinful, than toward the strong and intelligent and good.

If I go out to seek companionship for life, or for a

journey or a voyage, I avoid persons of ill-temper, persons who are ignorant, persons whose dispositions are uncongenial to me. I seek some one who is kind, who is intelligent, whose traits all play sweetly, like summer, on my disposition. When I find such a man, I say, "There is the one I want;" and I select him for say, "There is the one I want;" and I select him for his good qualities, and the pleasurable effects he is calculated to produce upon me. But if I go out with a spirit of true benevolence, I act quite differently. When I go out seeking to do good, I do not look for men that are already good, but for those who are out of the way. If I went forth in New York to do good to the children in the streets of the city, I should not turn my attention to those clad in silk dresses, and with clean faces, that had just come from well-to-do and all-washing parents, and that seemed comfortable and happy. I should say, "They are well enough provided for already." I should go past them, although in going past them I might look amiably and lovingly upon them. I should direct my attention to the children that were meanly clad and unwashed, that had come from poor and negligent parents, or that had no come from poor and negligent parents, or that had no parents at all; and I should say, "Here are the ones that need me." I should select these, not because they were so good, but because they were so bad. If I sought a child to carry in my bosom, I should seek one with a sweet disposition, and that had been well reared; but if, in a spirit of benevolence, I sought a child that I might do it good, I should seek one that was uncared for, and I should feel that the lower and the worse it was, the more it needed me. Personal the worse it was, the more it needed me. Personal love always works up: but benevolence, or that love which is characterized by good-will and compassion, lways works down. There is nothing else like this benevolence. In the mind there is no analogy for it.

There is no evidence that any other feeling was ever meant to have such breadth, variety, and universal function as this has.

To these three forms of affection I must not fail to add a capacity for a higher love than this animal state of the mind, by which we are able to develop out of of the mind, by which we are able to develop out of ourselves a true love for that which is invisible, supreme and perfect—the ideal religious love. This is given to us that we may find our way up to God, whom we have not seen, with love and trust. This capacity, and the three kinds of affection which I have just described, form the constitutional elements in the soul by which we are to love. Now it is the whole of this nature which God designs to have developed and made apperior in which power, predominance and activity. nature which God designs to have developed and made superior in us, in power, predominance and activity, to all other things; but the leading element is to be diffusive, universal benevolence. This is the element which is to exert the greatest influence over our conduct. The man who is properly influenced by it, habitually performs generous deeds, is filled with feelings of kindness, and longs for the good of others. It may, in individual instances, take on the form of personal affection, and manifest itself in feelings of comsonal affection, and manifest itself in feelings of compassion and pity; but it consists in that whole, large, round, comprehensive mood of mind, which includes

all kind-feeling and well-wishing toward men.

Thirdly; what is the condition in which this state of mind is to exist? We are conscious respecting our feelings, that they exist in a twofold way—first, as impulses, and second, as dispositions; and it is important to discriminate between those which are important and those which are dispositions. The pulses and those which are dispositions. The former are occasional; the latter are permanent. The former are single acts; the latter are states in which your faculties abide. The former send a flash through the mind; the latter abide in its atmosphere. Now in mind; the latter abide in its atmosphere. Now in which of these two ways is love to exist in the mind? Is it to be an occasional emotion, or an abiding state?

We shall, by turning a moment aside, and examining the way in which the mind loves, come to a better understanding of what we mean by a state or atmosphere of disposition, in distinction from occasional and special impulse. There is in everyman a capacity, under certain circumstances, of using every faculty he has; but there is some faculty, or some class or combination of faculties, in each man, in which his life tends to abile; and when he is raised out of it, he tends to abile; and when he is raised out of it, he tends to settle back to it. Ife finds his natural equilibrium and rest in it. That is what we mean when we say a man has a disposition. When a man has certain traits (God dwells. tends to notice; and when he is raised out of it, he tends to settle back to it. Its flads his natural equilibrium and rest in it. That is what we mean when we say a man has a disposition. When a man has certain traits which constitute the leading features of his character, we call those traits his disposition. Thus, there are some men that live in their thoughts. They are dry everywhere except in their intellect; but there they are fully. You may, by placing a special motive better are julcy. You may, by placing a special motive before their mind, wake up some strong feeling in them; but, like dew on grass, it soon passes away. No sooner is this motive removed, than they relapse into their ordinary state. This is their habitual disposition. They have a meditative, reflective, perceiving mind, but are not men of much emotion.

they have a mention, reneative, perceiving mind, but are not men of much emotion.

There are other men who live in their imagination. They dream all their life long. On a special impulse they open their eyes, and see things as they are; but the moment the hard, practical necessity

mack they sink into their affectional life, where they feel easy, and where everything is bright and rosy as the morning sun. Such is their disposition. You shall oftentimes see these dispositions of men

displayed in the church. One man is always insisting upon the necessity of sound thought. He says, "Feelings may occasionally be well enough for those that want them, but as for me, I want to have my understanding addressed." That is his disposition. He lives to think. Another man in the same church says, "Away with your doctrinal sermons. I want something that will make me feel. What I call preaching is something that rouses up the emotions." And that is all natural enough, for he has an emotive nature. It is his disposition to desire to have his feelings appealed is his disposition to desire to have his feetings appeared to. Another man is satisfied with nothing that does not come to him through his imagination. He delights in the fanciful, the poetic. Nicely turned periods are pleasing to him. Another man who is zealous and active, says, "It is not so much how men say things." as what they say, that I look at. I like to see sermons well stored with right thoughts."

Life is full of other examples of the peculiar disposi-

tions of men. Some men are habitually in a state of industry. They are idle sometimes; but idleness with them is special—it is the exception. Industry is their abiding state. They even begrudge themselves their sleep. They are restless night and day. On the other hand, some men are habitually indolent. That is their average condition. They will rouse up under some necessity or pressure, and may be pushed into industry: cessity or pressure, and may be pushed into industry; but oh! how glad they are when the necessity or pressure ceases. Some men are habitually in a state of good-nature. Once in a while they get vexed, and exhibit ill-natured feelings; and then everybody talks about them, saying, "I saw him angry once." Others are almost always prevish; but now and then they manifest mild feelings, and you hear people say of them. "I recollect once to have seen him good-natured." Some upon are intable means a disagraceable. They

narily courageous sometimes become cowards for a moment, but suddenly fly back, like a spring, to their for-mer condition. Courage is their natural state. You are also familiar with the fact that men who are ordiare also familiar with the fact that men who are ordinarily cowards occasionally become courageous. But their natural state is timidity. So in respect to refinements; some men live in them. They appreciate that which is fine and beautiful, and they seek it, and are unhappy without it. They may at times become coarse and rude; but it is not natural for them to be so. Others are habitually gross and vulgar. They was seen to said that they carry their duties as however, and rude; but it is not natural for them to be so. Others are habitually gross and vulgar. They was seen they love to do it, but because they have what is called a secure of responsibility. ers are habitually gross and vulgar. They may occasionally be elevated into a state of nobleness, and purity, and refinement, and good taste; but this is not their

We see the same thing in business life. Some men are habitually humble and generous. It is their tendency to be so if they are let alone. They occasionally get out of this state. Sometimes emergencies take them off their guard, and cause them to depart from their usual mood; but this is not common with them. On the other hand, many men are crabbed, and kna-vish, and selfish, and hard, and ugly. They surprise everybody, once in awhile, by doing a good and gen-erous deed, and by manifesting a sweet temper; but this state, in their case, is only temporary.

These are illustrations drawn from common life, since I am speaking to common people, to show what I mean by a state or disposition, in distinction from a special by a state or disposition, in distinction from a special volition. And the question is this: What is the command of God in respect to the matter of love? Is it to be an occasional impulse? Are we, when the Sabbath day comes, to take out our heart, and select from it love as an arrow, and let it fly at the target in the sanctuary, and say, "There, my shaft has sped; I have done my duty to-day;" or is it to be an impulse provoked by occasion and necessity; or is it to be an abiding state lying behind all the activities of our nature, and being lying behind all the activities of our nature, and being those unfortunate creatures, and matter how loathmore led and directed by them? I remark, that love is some might be the offices to be performed toward him, occasion and necessity; or is it to be an abiding state lying behind all the activities of our nature, and being propelled and directed by them? I remark, that love is to take precedence of all our other feelings. It is to be the chief element of our life. It is to be our meat and those unfortunate creatures, and no matter how lonthpropelled and directed by them? I remark, that love is
to take precedence of all our other feelings. It is to be
the chidf element of our life. It is to be our meat and
drink. The great commandment of the law is, "Thou
shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and
with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with
all thy mind"—and then there is not a great gulf between the two parts of it, but only room to take breath
—"and thy neighbor as thyself." They come right together, as twins. And this is to be the power and
scope of the love we are to have: it is to be a love that
fills the head, and fills the heart, and fills the nature, fills the head, and fills the heart, and fills the nature, and fills the life. I do not mean to say that a man cannot be a Christian unless be is perfected in love; but 1 o mean to say that the ideal of a Christian life includes a heart whose supreme purpose is love—whose chief aim is to develop itself according to the divine law of love toward God and man. Thus much, then, as to the nature of this feeling, and as to the condition in which it must exist.

Fourthly, I am to ask your attention to the relations of this disposition of love to the work of Christianity in the individual and in the world. This disposition of love being that which comprehends and measures all other qualities, so it is the atmosphere in which all othother qualities, so it is the atmosphere in which an out-er qualities ripen, and in which only are they perfect. Love is itself a perfect thing. No other feeling is. Each feeling of our nature must be gilded by it before it has its proper lue and virtue. The relation of this disposition of love, then, to the understanding of God,

not, therefore, by stress of thinking that men discover God. Neither do they discover him by potency of petitions in prayer. We discover God by the reproduction of him in ourselves—by shaping in ourselves—something that is like him. Hence Christ said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." It is only by being pure that you can see him. Prayers for Christian graces, therefore, are usually answered, if at all, through long evolving processes of life. When we ask God to reveal himself to us, let us not look up, and fix our eyes on the clouds, hoping that we may behold him with our outward vision. The body will hever see God. We are to see him by our dispositions, by our affections. If we see him, we shall see him by reason of some work wrought upon our hearts and minds. By this means we may get some limited conception of God, and taking this, we may say, "Here is an imperfect specimen of God's nature; but if I imagine it to be augmented to an infinite degree, I have some adequate idea of what he is." Let those who have tried in vain to find out more of God's character from the Bible, and who have tried in vain to find out more of his character in the closet, not study the Bible less, nor visit the closet less, but let them do that which is to interpret the one, and give benefit to the other—let them undertake to live that for which they search and supplicate, and they shall find a better commentary than was ever written. Try to live right. God's na-ture interprets what our nature is to be. We are to carry ourselves toward all men in such a way that we

God dwells.

What are called Christian graces must be interpreted from this standpoint. Gentleness, peace, joy, patience, self-denial, hope—all these are the products of love. They are but this feeling of love evolved in different ways. There are two methods of seeking these things. One is to let life flow on as it chooses, making forent ways. There mo two methods of seeking these things. One is to let life flow on as it chooses, making special spiritual efforts, however, to obtain each of them. Some men think it is their duty to put on Christian graces. They read about them, and pray for them. They, for instance, desire meckness, and they look in the commentary to see what meckness means, and they ask God for it, and hope it will come to them. They seem to think that in some mysterious way he will drop the graces which they seek from heaven upon them. They seem to think that he will place them as jewels on their spiritual hand. They seem to think that on one finger of the soul he will put a diamond of love, on another an opal of meckness, on another at ruby of hope, and on another an emerald of good-will! And is it by virtue of prayer alone that you hope to obtain Christian graces? I do not wish to undervalue the power of prayer; but if prayer is answered at all, it is answered, not in the closet, but in the life. If God which disturbs them has given way, and they are at libwhich disturbs them has given way, and they are at libgives on their spiritual hand. They seem to think
that he will place them as
jewels on their spiritual hand. They seem to think
that on one finger of the soul he will put a diamond of
day-dreams, and dream up, and down, and out both
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day-dreams, and dream up, and down, and out both
dreamers. Ideality predominates in their case.
There are others who live wholly in their feelings.
They can, by effort, go out into the realm of thought;
thut they are motive in their nature. Round and full
they are with heart-sap. Sometimes they study, and
sometimes they reason, with considerable pain; but
the moment the motive to mental effort is removed,
back they sink into their affectional life, where they
may have a larger measure of this disposition. If a to him by augmenting the love in him; and when a man prays for Christian graces, let him pray that he may have a larger measure of this disposition. If a man, desiring Christian graces, goes forth with love and gentleness among his fellow-men, and is humble in their presence, and is willing to make self-sacrifices for their well-being, and counts his life rich in proportion as he is able to do good to others, and says, "I make myself the chief of all the servants of God"—if a man socks (high stan graces in that way, he shall find that seeks Christian graces in that way, he shall find that the reproduction of love in his soul is fruitful of all that he seeks.

It is wonderful that we do not take a lint in this matter, from the fact that in secular life, when we seek favors at the hands of men, we endeavor to bring them into a good-natured state. We know that when a man is benevolent and sympathetic, he is in the state in is benevolent and sympathetic, he is in the state in which we can draw more good things from him than when he is in any other state. If we go to a man to get him to do us some kindness, we do not go to him on those days when he is gloomy, when his nerves are shaken, when his health is a little below par, and when his business is going wrong; we go to him when he is full-fed, and comfortable, and genial; as it is at such times that he is most likely to grant our request. When he is in this state we approach by mand tauch his he is in this state, we approach him, and touch his vanity, and gratify his pride, and humor his feelings, and bring him into a good condition with himself; and when his mind is in a high, and rosy, and royal, and summery mood, we let out our little secret, with a reasonable hope of success. This is the worldly way of dealing with men, in order to get them to yield to our wishes. Now why do not men perceive that when they wish to grow in Christian graces they must lift their souls up into this atmosphere of divine benevolance and that out of year tweeters all long all their lence, and that out of real, pure, genial love, all Chris-

sood-nature. Once in a while they get vexed, and exhibit ill-natured feelings; and then everybody talks are almost always peevish; but now and then they manifest mild feelings, and you hear people say of them, "I recollect once to have seen him good-natured." Some men are irritable, morose, disagreeable. They are unhappy thomselves, and they make others unhappy. That is their general state; but sometimes they rise into the opposite state for a short period.

You are familiar with the fact that men who are ordinarily courageous sometimes become cowards for a modern of the performance of duties. They ways hard; but those duties which are impelled by conscience are always caustic, and those duties which are impelled by conscience are always easy. Hence Christ says, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Look at the way in which a slave bears the burdens put upon him. It is fear that drives him to bear them, and consequently they are heavy. And if you look at men who carry the they are heavy. And if you look at men who carry the burdens of pride, and avarice, and selfishness, you shall find that their faces are never handsome. Their entiously—not because they love to do it, but because they have what is called a "seuse of responsibility"—you shall find that they carry their duties as heavy burdens. There are duties, I am aware, that are impelled by conscientiousness, which are well enough, and which I do not wish to decry; but there are a great many men who live in bondage through fear of death. It is their duty to pray, and so they pray; it is their duty to read, and so they read; it is their duty to work, and so they work. It is better that they should do these things from this motive, than that they should not do they at all; but it would be much they should not do them at all: but it would be much better still if they would do them from the feeling of love. If you wish to go from one side to the other of a steep, high hill, and there is a road through it, how much better it is to take that road than to climb over the top of the hill. Now there is such a road as this to the performance of duties; and that is the road of love. If a man does the things that he has to do in any other spirit than that of love, they are irksome tasks; but if he does them in a spirit of love, how his

Think of the things a mother does for her child. She gives it her life. She cannot serve it enough. To her there is nothing but, "My babe." It is her love, her pleasure, night and day. There are offices that she has to perform toward it which are disagreeable for the moment, but her love for it enables her to perform them with willingness, and to forget all connected with them which is unpleasant. And thus are fulfilled the words of Christ, when he says, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Not that the things you do from love are not sometimes hard, but there is a way in which you can engineer over hard things so as to make them seem easy. Love, and love enough, and your them seem easy. Love, and love enough, and your burdens will not seem heavy. Love is able to steer you over all difficulty. Employ it, and it will carry you through life with power adequate to your He that knows how to love much, knows ences.

there a man who is up for examination for having com mitted some wrong, whom everybody is railing out mitted some wrong, whom everybody is railing out against; and in talking about whom everybody gets red in the face, yourself among the number? I say to you, "Stop! you do not love him; you are not competent to form a right judgment of him." The moment I find a man that loves him. I hear a different story from that which is told by those that do not love him. You never can form anything like a right judgment of a man until you can take him up, and say, "I love him as a brother, fault or no fault, and the judgment I form of him shall be formed in the spirit of love." I would place no confidence in a history of a country written by a man who was prejudiced against that written by a man who was prejudiced against that country. I would not give a farthing to know the opinion of one sect respecting another sect to which it is opposed. Judgments formed in a spirit of love are worth something; but so long as a man is under the influence of an envious, hating, revengeful spirit, he is unfit to sit in a jury, and he is certainly disqualified is unfit to sit in a jury, and he is certainly disqualified to sit on the bench, to form judgments about his fellowmen.

men.

Though men are much worse than we think they are, yet they are a great deal better than we think they are. Measured by that standard which God has given us, how wretched they are! but measured by the ordinary standards which the world has set up, there are more good things about them than we are willing to accord to them. We are so selfish that we do not give them credit enough. We are hard and proud. We cannot and the the faults of men. and he nations with them shall love them and wish them well—toward all men; good things about them than we are willing to accord not merely toward our friends, not toward the noble and excellent alone, but also toward the poor, toward the poor, toward the rude, toward the vulgar, toward the child, toward endure the faults of men, and be patient with them,

in those faults. We set in a spirit of intelerance. Influences, provided for the ripening of the corn. I do Parents cannot endure the faults of their children; brothers and sisters cannot endure the faults of each other; teachers cannot endure the faults of their and means of grace, and religious institutions, which other; teachers cannot endure the faults of meigh-bors; workmen in the same shop cannot endure one another's faults. Men cannot get along peacefully and harmoniously together, except where there is this dif-fusive kindness and benevolence. When we are per-yaded with this, we bear each other's burdens joyfully. If you do not love a man you are always aggravating in at a point where he cannot bear temptation; but if you do love him, you shield him from temptation. A loving heart is God's shield, and it is the best protection that you can throw about a man. Kindness, which is another word for benevolence, is indispensable to justice. Absolute conscience—conscience taken Kinduesa out of the atmosphere of love-is always hard, always cruel, always unjust. Conscience should never, for one moment, lose sight of love. A judgment formed from any standard except one which measures by symposium in the standard except one which measures by symposium in the standard except one which measures by symposium is the standard except of the standard except one which measures by symposium is the standard except of the standard except of the standard except of the standard except one which measures by symposium is the standard except of the

pathetic benevolence, is false.

No man can tell another man his faults so as to benefit him, unless he loves him. When I hate a man, I caunot tell him his faults, and persuade him that I am doing it for his good. There is always a sharp edge to one's manner when he tells another his faults under one's manner when he tells another his faults thruce such circumstances. This infernal spirit that takes pleasure in the faults of others, was sharply rebuked by Paul, when he uttered the words, "Rejoiceth not in iniquity." There are thousands of men that seem to rejoice in nothing else half so much as iniquity. The moment they hear the servant of the devil asking. "Have you heard the news about A and B?" they say, "What is it? Sit down and tell it to me;" and it is or reliable to reveal, and so exquisite to hear, that What is it? Sit down and tell it to me; and it is so relishable to reveal, and so exquisite to hear, that A and B have been doing wrong, and have been found out in that wrong, that they fairly gloat over it! This is the very spirit of the devil himself, and it is the spirit of human society to a great extent. There is a terrible touch and taint of it in almost every heart. It is hateful before God, and should be before men.

The man who has a true Christian spirit never takes delight in the foults of others. It mins him almost as

delight in the faults of others. It pains him almost as much to see faults in others as to perceive that he has faults himself. Tell me; does it not give you as exquisite pain to discover faults in those you love, as to discover them in yourself? Does it not cause you love. tense sorrow to find evil in your own children, who are but an extension of yourself? Do you not feel that you would give your own body and blood to save them from ruin? So ought you to feel in respect to all your fellow-men. Their burdens should be your burdens, and their sorrows should be your sorrows. When a man is actuated by this spirit, how easy it is for him to go to others and tell them kindly of their faults, and help them to rid themselves of them! They will always bear to be told their faults by a person who has this disposition, but never by a person who has it not. And that which is true in the family and among men in the world, on this point, is true in the pulpit. I

in the world, on this point, is true in the pulpit. I think there is no question but that a minister may speak what he thinks it is necessary to speak. The question is, Can he love enough to be a faithful speaker? A man who, hating sin, is always thinking how hateful it is, is not well adapted to benefit those who are sinful, by preaching to them against it. We are commanded to abhor that which is evil; but that is not the whole nor the half of it. We are not only to abhor that which is evil, but we are to love our fellow. abhor that which is evil, but we are to love our fellow men; and a minister must not only abhor evil, but he must love his people, so that when he thunders to them disagreeable truths from the pulpit, and puts the lash to their back for their wickedness, he will leave the impression on their mind that he does it because he them disagreeable truths from the pulpit, and puts the lash to their back for their wickedness, he will leave the impression on their mind that he does it because he loves them, and that he synpathizes with them, and them, and that he synpathizes with them, and desires to do them good, and is willing, if need be, to suffer for them. Let him do this, and he can say anything to them that he wishes to. I do not wonder that men do not want a minister to preach disagreeable truths to them out of a heart of coldness, or even of judicial purity. But let him talk to them in a spirit of love, and they will bear a great deal of hard speaking from him. If a man has not this spirit, he had better not be a public teacher, for it is this shoot that can give him the divine power of sympathy which he needs to have for those under his charge, in their low estato. I will say, further, that the disposition of love is to be the standpoint from which we are to judge as to whether or not we possess the Christian graces. In other words, it is to constitute the evidence of picty in us. There are thousands of persons that are longing to know whether they are Christians graces. They review their past experience, and say, "I was awakened was gonuine. I had a sense of the law of God, and of my own singthness under that law. I was in great and dreadful darkness, and suddenly there came to me a revolation of Christ, and I comprehended him by faith, and accepted him as my Saviour. Prayer and the Bible became pleasant to me, and loved to worship, I soon joined the church; and since then I have tried the libide, and are trying to keep Sunday—all of which they are their trust in Christ, they joined the church, and now they say their prayers, and read the Bible became pleasant to me, and loved to worship, last on joined the church; and since then I have tried the church, and now they say their prayers, and read the Bible, and they lack the central element, of Christian displants of over yilling and they were displants of the church they are the of your brothers and sisters, and to clutch from them whatever you could? and do they say of you, "Since my brother and sister have joined the church they seem very different from what they did before. Then they were disobliging and selfish, but now they are kind and generous, and manifest a loving spirit?" Do your tenants say, "I should have known that he had become a Christian by the way he collected his rents?" Do your business associates and your neighbors say, "How much more just and fair he is in his dealings than he used to be?" Is your nature, that was once as hard as a granite rock, now soft and mossy on the surface, so that vegetation might almost grow upon it? It is your life that is to determine whether you have the spirit of Christ or not? and if you have not the spirit of Christ or not? and if you have not he spirit of Christ or not? and if you have not he spirit of Christ or not? and if you have not he spirit of Christ or not? and if you have not he spirit of Christ or not? and if you have not he spirit of Christ or not? and if you have not he spirit of Christ or not? and if you have not he spirit of Christ or not? and if you have not he spirit of Christ or not? and if you have not less profit you have been attended by angels in long processions every day since you heard of God; I do not care if you have he not love, these things profit you nothing, and you are good for nothing. When you are converted, but you need to he, you wish to know whether you are a Christian or not, you will tok know whether you are a Christian or not, you must look for evidence of your risk; in other you will tok know whether you are a Christian or not, you have he had a christian or not, you must look for evidence of your risk; in other you will tok know whether you are a Christian or not, you have he had a christian or not, you have he had a christian or not, you have he had a you must look for evidence of your piety in other things besides the observance of ecclesiastical requirements. I would not undervalue that; but when you substitute it for inward purity, I must apprise you of know whether you are a Christian or not, ask yourself, what is the nature of my daily conduct? What do my neighbors say of the change that has been wrought in me?" Ask your father and mother, "Do you think the living in a spirit of love." Ask your companions —who know your disposition better than you know is

—who know your disposition better than you know it yourself—if they think you have changed for the better. Ask your hired man, ask your servants, "Do I fret as much as I used to? Am I as morose as I was? Do I make you as unhappy as I did?" Look about you and see what the fruits of your life are, if you want to know whether you are a Christian or not. If you want to know whether you are a Christian or not. If you want to know whether there are chestnuts on a tree or not, you look on the ground, and if you find any there, you know there are more where they came from. Go and see where the fruit of your Christianity is. It is not in your hymns—anybody can sing hymns; it is not in your prayers—any man can make prayers; it is not in your hope—who has not a hope of one sort or another? Neither is it in your profession. If you are a Christian, it is because the grace of God is given you by the Holy Ghost, in the form of love which works up and down— Golest, in the form of love which works up and down—Godward and mauward. Without this love nobody can be a Christian. To find out whether you have it

can be a Christian. To find out whether you have it or not, you must look into your life, you must examine your conduct, saying to yourself, "Have I a better disposition than I had? Is my temper milder than it used to be? Am I more patient and gentle than I was? Do I throw the mantle of charity over the faults of others?"— If you can give an allirmative answer to these questions, you have some of the most important evidences that the love of God is increasing and abid-

Let me say, here, that I hold the want of this central element of Christian love to be the grand reason of the skepticism and infidelity which exist in our time. Suppose I should attempt to persuade a nation that our Indian corn was excellent for food, by offering them the cob and husk, without the grain? I might insist as strongly as I pleased that it was full of nutriment; but after they had partaken of the cob and husk, supposing them to be the corn, they would insist that there was no nutriment in it. Now what corn is without the grain, that Christianity is without kind, genial, sympathetic love. Christianity with this love left out is nothing but cob and husk. When the corn is growing, the cob serves a good purpose as a centre for the grain to form itself upon, and the husk is a grand wrapper for protecting it from the weather while it is yet tender. I do not, therefore, speak against the cob or the Let me say, here, that I hold the want of this central

and means of grace, and religious institutions, which do not greduce love, are mere coband hask. The power of God, which is true Christian love, is to be the grain. That is to be the bread of life. It is that which is to transform a man, and lead him, in his treatment of his follow-men, to indicate him who bowed his majesty, and laid his head in the grave, giving his life to show his love for us, and to rescue us from eternal death. Have you this power of God—this love—this bread of life? Is your life productive of its fruits? Do men say of you, "Since the grace of God came to his heart he is trying to live a pure life, and to lift up his fellow-men around about him?"

I tell you, where there is this spirit, it is so lovely

around about him?"

I tell you, where there is this spirit, it is so lovely that nobody wants to doubt its reality. Where tracting on exists, nobody wants to be an infidel. Where there are infidels, there is a want of love. In a community with which we have the want of love. there are infidels, there is a want of love. In a community which is pervaded by love, infidels cannot live. This Christian disposition kills them all. Nobody wants to doubt the reality of God's love in the human soul. And I would rather have one representative of Christianity to cure infidelity than five thousond tracts. Religion is the best cure for the doubt of religion. The reality is the best cure for the disbelief of it. When ministers, and elders, and members of the church, instead of loving each other, are seen wrangling, and quarreling, and ralling at one another; when they exhibit natures as full of selfish passious as a sepulchre is of dust and vernin, it is not to be wondered at that of dust and vermin, it is not to be wondered at that skepticism and infidelity are rife among us, and that men say, "I do not want such a religion as that." Ah! it is not religion, but the want of it, that makes infi-dels. And when there is a real revival in the church, and Christians begin to settle their differences, and show kind feelings toward each other, and do things which it is hard for the natural man to do; when this

which it is hard for the natural man to do; when this transcendent power of love begins to manifest itself in their lives, then people begin to be affected, and to say, "There is something in religion, after all." I would give more for one poor woman, whose poverty makes her laugh and sing; who is contented with her humble lot; who bears her burdens with cheerfulness; who is patient when troubles come upon her; who laves every one; and who, with a kind and gonial ness; who is patient when troubles come upon her; who loves every one; and who, with a kind and genial spirit, goes about doing good, than for all the dissertations on the doctrines of Christianity that could be written, as a means of preventing infidelity. I have seen one such woman, who was worth more than the whole church to which she belonged and the minister put together; and I was the minister, and my church was the church! She lived over a cooper shop. The floor of her apartment was so rude and open that you could sit there and see what the men were doing below. She had a sort of flend for a husband—a rough, brutal shipmaster. She was universally called "Mother" She had a sort of hend for a husband—a rough, brutal shipmaster. She was universally called "Mother Rice." She literally night and day went about doing good. I do not suppose all the ministers in the town where she lived carried consolation to so many hearts as she did. If a person was sick or dying, the people in the neighborhood did not think of sending for any one else half so soon as for Mother Rice. I tell you, they was not much chance for an infield to make head. there was not much chance for an infldel to make headthere was not much chance for an inflict to make head-way there. If I wanted to convince a man of the reali-ty of Christianity, I said nothing about historic evi-dence: I said, "Don't you believe Mother Rice is a Christian?" and that would shut him up i And where there is a whole church made up of such Christians as she was, infidelity cannot thrive. You need not be afraid of its making its way into such a church. The Word of God stands sure under such circumstances, so that nothing can successfully rise argainst it. And the that nothing can successfully rise against it. And the way for us to press forward the cause of God, is to cul-

person to have. I never seek to put down wicked thoughts and incite good ones, without feeling that if thoughts and incite good ones, without feeling that if God does not help me I shall not succeed. And here we come to the very bosom of the truth I am enforcing; for what God commands us to be, that he is himself; and when we need help in our Christian course, he stands ready, of all others, to help us, working in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

Now without wishing to deal in mysticism or metaphysical arguments, I have endeavored to set before you the central duty of your life—the marrow of Christ.

physical arguments, I have entervoited to set before you the central duty of your life—the marrow of Christian living. Some of you I may never see again. In the providence of God my residence, at some seasons, will be near you; and I hope to see you often; but there may be some before me whom I shall never meet again till the judgment day. I would not say words again till the judgment day. I would not say words to gratify your curiosity—I would say words that shall take hold of the very centre of your life, and prepare you, with me, to meet our God. And if, by and by, when I stand before my Master, to render an account of my stewardship, you stand awe-stricken by my side, and without God and hope in that tremendous hour, let my skirts be cleared of your guilt. I tell you that and without God and hope in that tremendous hour, let my skirts be cleared of your guilt. I tell you that unless you are born into Christian love, you cannot see the kingdom of God. There is grace to enable us to love every one, and without that grace no man shall see the Lord. Therefore I appeal to you, my brethren, my friends, dearly beloved, though strangers in the flesh—I appeal to you to heed the commandments of God; and when Christsays, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself," take those words. They are the constitution of your life. Bind them about the brow of your memory; live in their sacred presence; let them imbue your soul with their hidden meaning; and so, imbue your soul with their hidden meaning; and so, living in love, as its very child and ward, at last you shall rise into that sphere where love shall be perfected, purified and perpetual !

J. T. GILMAN PIKE.