

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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EDWIN H. CHAPIN
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April 3d, 1859.

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TEXT.—But he answered and said, It is written, man shall
not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth
out of the mouth of God. —MATTHEW, IV. 4.

As Jesus was in all points tempted like as we are, it seems
no strained or fanciful interpretation of the text to see in
the wilderness to say that they represent different classes or
orders of temptations as they occur in the personal history of
men; and if such is the case, then it may be affirmed that the
particular temptation to which the words in the text refer,
symbolizes the distinction between the claims of the flesh
and the claims of the higher life. Or rather, I may say,
these words vindicate the jurisdiction of man's higher life
against the unlawful encroachments or usurpations of his
lower life. Here was an appeal to hunger; a solicitation to
sacrifice his right and duty to appetite. No matter what par-
ticular interpretation we give to this sentence; whether we
take it as a literal temptation of a personal Saint; whether
we take it as a vision or a suggestion arising in the mind
of Christ from the nature of the condition in which he was
placed, the essence of the temptation was that he should per-
vert the powers which were given for the highest end, and
use them for the gratification of appetite. The reply which Jesus gave, was, "Man shall not live
by bread alone." There is another and a nobler condition of
living: man's truest and most essential life is sustained in
other ways than through his bodily appetite. "Man shall not
live by bread alone," but by every word that proceedeth out
of the mouth of God.

It seems to me that whatever else may be indicated by
these words, these two different ideal conditions of life are
indicated. There is a life which is nourished by bread alone,
and there is a life which is nourished by the word of God.
The material, bodily utilities which bread represents and sym-
bolizes, and observe that the claims of this kind of life are not
denounced or repudiated in the passage before us. "Man
shall not live by bread alone," is the declaration. These
claims of the body, these material necessities are allowed.
While man abides in his present form, and is involved in this
earthly condition, he must live by bread. Christianity is not
asceticism. Throughout the New Testament you will not
find a hint that anything that is made, has been made in vain,
or is to be looked upon as a mistake, or as a delusion, or as
shameful and avoided. It is a very singular fallacy, it seems
to me, that takes the present condition of this world as the
rectification of a mistake on the part of God, instead of being a
development of his steadfast intention from the very first un-
til now. Therefore I say that bread has its place. Whatever
God has ordained, and whatever he has made, is good in its
sphere and right, and should be so regarded; if for no
other reason, because God has evidently ordained it. But
when in the course of man's career upon this earth the
question arises whether the life of the body or the life of
the soul, whether the life of the senses, or the life of the
spirit, and the affections are to be sacrificed, whenever such
conflict shall arise between the two, then we are to fall back
upon this declaration of the saviour—"Man shall not live by
bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the
mouth of God." It is simply testified to in every man's ex-
perience, and may be illustrated as I proceed in my remarks.

Let me then speak of these two conditions and ideals of life,
each in its sphere necessary and compatible with the other,
and yet let me so enunciate them that, under any pressure
of temptation, and under any crisis of adversity, you may
have no doubt as to which is the higher and the truer life.
In the first place, then, is that condition of being in which
man lives by bread, or by that class of things which bread
symbolizes and represents. Now if we take this condition of
life apart from the true nature of man, we find that he is
to live in that way alone, just consider what it implies, and
what it leads. In the first place it represents man as utterly
subservient to material necessities. We know how much
force and meaning there are in that phrase, "the necessities
of life," the bread which we must eat or die; the clothing
we must have or perish. We know how all our earthly con-
ditions stand secondary to these. We know, also, how these
things, and things akin to them, are often made to take a
place above all spiritual and divine things, bread alone being
considered the great object of life, and man, the whole man,
made subservient to material necessities. In this condition
the second place look at the consequences of this condition
of life where man makes himself, or is made, wholly subser-
vient to material necessities: it makes him to be merely an
instrument. Now as I view the purpose of man's creation, he
was made to be a creature of God, and to be a creature of
circumstances, or by his own will, he is subservient to ma-
terial circumstances, he is made to be merely an instrument.
In order to procure bread, which is one of the means of liv-
ing, his work, his services, must be of sufficient value to
others in the great exchange of the world, to receive from
them in return these means of living. In this condition, the
most important and benefit of this condition of things,
which is the foundation of the great order of labor, and
the beautiful law of reciprocity. It is a curious and wonder-
ful fact that the springs of man's noblest life are implanted in
necessity. God has made it so that the noblest life, the
walks in leading strings in the noblest actions of his life;
there is a mould cast for him. We may charge this doctrine
to divine decrees, or what we please, there is a mould cast
for him, by which in the outset he is started, by which he is
impelled to that condition of life, and by which he is led
to his highest good. For instance, it is not for his highest
good to pick out that course of life which will lead to his
highest good. He is forced by necessity into labor. The
great law of effort, the only true condition by which any true
development either of the body or of the soul is attained has
its spring in the law of material necessity. I repeat, man
is not left to his own effort; he is not left to pick out the
way of effort; he is forced into effort; a wondrous and
beautiful necessity which arouses the mightiest impulses,
which unfolds the best faculties of our nature, which wakes
up and dignifies the lowliest man, and which, by the aid of
a lever which moves the world, and the beaded sweat that
glistens on his forehead more glorious than a diadem, out of
whose inexorable hands emerges beauty, out of which comes
all the marvellous utilities of civilization, and the attendant
train of art, industry and the sturdy owner of a house; a
grand march and procession of power, and peace, and order,
transforming the wilderness into a garden, and making the
solitary place glad—steadily as the sun shines and the earth
turns, sowing its seed, binding its sheaves, and from age to
age, and from continent to continent, and unrolling a splendid
panorama of life and of victory.

How beneficial is this requisition for labor, when we come
to look at it, this requisition for effort, by the necessity of
having bread. Man, made a creature of appetite, of hunger,
and of thirst, by the imperious demands of these appetites,
is forced into those efforts which lead to the highest and most
glorious results. How intimately has God interwoven that
kind of labor which comes by the sweat of the brow, with
the greatest problems and the most momentous interests of
humanity. Neglect this great interest of agriculture, the
working of the soil, and the world would be a wilderness of
all your glory? What are your vast navies, your wooden
walls? What is all the gold of your mines and your places?
nay, what are your institutions of education and of govern-
ment even, if in any way you neglect or pervert this great
fundamental interest? Why, every political economist knows
that the bread question is the deep question. Upon the con-
ditions which spring out of the earth depend thrones and
dynasties, peace and war, order and anarchy. Take the bread
from the mouths of the starving populations of Europe, and
questions would be settled in a month which diplomats
playing at peace and war, take years to settle. Therefore I
say, God has made this a fundamental necessity, and out of
it springs the great benefit of that effort, by which alone
comes any true development of body or soul. And another
element of man's noblest life is unfolded by the necessity for
immediate action; for his seeking for his daily bread, he
speaks. Another characteristic of this law of effort is mutual
help, mutual service. Man cannot live isolated from each
other. One man cannot utterly separate himself from an-
other, even if he would. Each needs the other, and it is found
so all the world over. Man shall not live alone. He is not
in himself completely furnished. The animal may grow
solitary for his food; let him, if he can, live in isolation. It
is not in the nature of man to be alone. But how shall these
noble affections, these qualities for mutual love and service
be developed? Man, by calling out the necessities of his
daily bread in such a way that one man cannot obtain the
whole, but that it must be obtained by the system of giving
and receiving; very selfish, perhaps, in its origin, yet lead-
ing, by and by, to a nobler and more spiritual comprehension
of service. Man's service, Man's service, Man's service, the
mutual dependence he has upon his fellow-man, is led, by and
by, to see the spiritual affections which link him to his fel-
low-man, and the noblest results of Christian, self-sacrificing love.

come out of that necessity, the want of daily bread. No man
alone can get his daily bread; he must be helped by others
in one form or another. All the magnificent lines of com-
merce, of trade, or of service, throughout society the
world over, rests upon the fact, the necessity, the want of
daily bread depending upon the mutual action of one upon
another, by which man, needing bread and the means of liv-
ing, must in some degree become an instrument, must bend
himself to serve and minister for ends out of himself.
But on the other hand, the great evil of this world, the im-
mense evil of that state of things in which man becomes and
remains a mere instrument, in one way or another living
merely in subservience to that class of things which bread
represents. There is a condition, evil in this world, and there
spring up temptations similar in character to those which
assailed Christ in the wilderness. Thus man sometimes be-
comes merely an instrument for getting bread, nothing more,
nothing less. Sometimes he is so by the very force of cir-
cumstances. Man—and it is a fearful thing to think of—is
sometimes forced by circumstances to become an instru-
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and live in this world. Ample as the earth is, and crowned
by God with plenty, hundreds and thousands of millions are
merely able to live by every effort of muscle, and brain, and
soul, and soul, and soul, and soul, and soul, and soul, and soul,
man is reduced to being merely an apparatus for breathing and
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early luxuries, remove me from the idea of sharing a humble home, a subordinate station. And—not the faintest whisper of my heart has ever announced to me that I should harbor an inclination that would lead me to sacrifice my brilliant hopes and expectancies, and become contented with a simple, contracted life, as happiness. You have requested candor from me; I have given it without reserve, and can only regret that by my friendly manner, which I deemed owing to my father's business friend, I should have awakened feelings of which I had no thought of, and with which I can have no sympathy, my views of life and the world being so entirely different. You have the assurance of my esteem, and that of the strictest discretion."

"And from me take this friendly advice," said Mr. Hunter, who now suddenly appeared, having heard from the adjoining cabinet all that had been said; "in future be more careful and less precipitate in your offers of marriage to wealthy heiresses, unless you are prepared to receive a more prompt dismissal than has been given you by my daughter. I am sorry to have been deceived in you, for your frankness has lost the show of virtue, and appears to me as the poor, natural lack of a knowledge of the world and its wisdom. Though I may not distrust your honesty for your bold endeavors to win a rich and beautiful maiden, yet must I acknowledge that your self-confidence appears as wonderful assurance, which, alas, in our day, is so characteristic of young people who possess some talent. I am sorry for what has occurred, for I esteemed you, and am the more surprised that you could so totally overlook the distinctions drawn by wealth and station in life. Even commerce has its aristocracy, and is proud of it, and I would never give my consent to a marriage which would cause my daughter to descend; only to him who would elevate her in the social ranks would I joyfully award her hand. I am sorry to inform you that I shall no longer be in need of your services in my business affairs, and you will find, after this declaration of ours, that your visits to us would not be desirable."

A polite bow accompanied the close of the harangue, and denoted his dismissal. The unfortunate Herborn, who had vainly endeavored to reply to these cruel accusations and wounding taunts, was still unable to articulate a word; stricken, overwhelmed, bewildered, he staggered from the room.

"I pity the poor fellow," said Helena, with a touch of feeling in her voice. But her father's anger was not yet calmed, and broke forth afresh in the words:—

"I am not sorry for him, but I grieve that I can no longer make use of his business talent. It is unheard of! A poor wretch, whose meagre practice scarcely supports his life, demanding the hand of my daughter! Did not our physician say the other day that he was the son of a petty under-magistrate in Hanover? that by charity he followed his studies, and that a part of his incomings was sent to his parents, to keep them from want? And from such a family he dares to look up to us? to speak of love, 'eternal and happy union'! Unheard-of impudence! As if the establishment of life could be prepared from such a foundation, dreams, enthusiasm, and love speeches! The most miserable results follow in marriage from such poetic, sentimental ideas. Gold is the only sure foundation-stone for the so-called earthly happiness; and where that is wanting, here and there, for pastime, a little spring-flower may bloom, but never will the refreshing and nourishing fruit of Autumn ripen. Have I left London to give the pride of my age, my only daughter, with my wealth and influence, to a poor, unknown creature, who brings as dowry nothing but a tender heart and a moderate talent for law? Have I this?"

"Dear father, calm yourself!" interrupted Helena, gently, and she softly stroked his reddened brow; "you know that my hopes and wishes in regard to the future are entirely your own; you have nothing to fear for my heart; its choice will be worthy of itself and you. Yes, that you may not be troubled with any further doubts, I will acknowledge to you that I have half chosen, and hourly wait the declaration, that I may fully decide."

"What do you say, child?" replied the father, greatly surprised. "You have done this quietly, and I have not remarked— I hope—may I know the name?"

"The Count von Reichenstein," announced the servant-man, and a significant smile played on Helena's lips, and told the ambitious merchant this was the chosen one.

The count appeared in the most elegant and fashionable toilette, addressing father and daughter with the conscious condescension, the studied, affable indifference, so much affected by the young aristocracy. Helena's cheeks were suffused at his approach.

"Miss Helena," he began, laughingly, "I appear before you to-day like the knightly hussar, St. Val, in the operette of Franchon, on his first appearance. Indeed, it was a similar adventure that deprived me of the felicity of finding myself within the charmed circle of your grace and beauty, a few moments sooner. My fiery impatience—I count the seconds till the blissful hour arrives that brings me to your presence—my impatient speed, caused me to tyrannize over my good Arabian. Foaming and flying, he bore me over the *Jungfernstieg*, (a well-known walk), and as I was turning the corner of the new wall, a neat little flower-girl was passing, and struck by Amurath, she fell to the ground. My steed stood still at my command; I sprang from the saddle, threw the reins to my groom, and hastened to the girl's relief. The poor thing was unhurt, only bewildered by the fright, and with St. Val I could have sung:

"Upon the maiden's breast I saw
A flower so like to thee,
A fragrant, fresh and blooming rose,
I thought thy cheeks to see."

Yes, dearest Miss, the entire fragrant contents of the flower-basket lay strewn upon the ground; only this rose I found upon the white apron of the little girl. I paid for it the value of the entire basket; and, in view of this flower's glorious destiny, have obtained it at much below its worth; for, if my fervent entreaties are heard, the queen of flowers will exhale her perfumed breath upon the gracious hand of the queen of beauty."

With a graceful obeisance he presented the rose, and with embarrassed gratitude and thankful smile, the lady accepted the gift. Mr. Hunter was lost in admiration of the aristocratic grace and manner of the nobleman; and when the conversation became more general, he could not refrain from telling him that his deceased wife had been the descendant of an ancient noble house in Scotland; so that, on the maternal side at least, his daughter could boast of gentle blood. It appeared as if this remark caused a sudden and pleasant effect upon the count, strengthening a hitherto vacillating thought. He turned suddenly towards the merchant, and reminded him of the promise of an ancient and rare work, of

which they had spoken; the obliging father comprehended the request, and smilingly left the room, leaving the self-conscious sprig of the aristocracy alone with his daughter.

The long wished-for moment had arrived; and Helena awaited, with beating heart, the words of the count. The declaration of his affection was like his usual conversation, borrowed from some leading play or farce; for he was sadly deficient in originality, as well as in heart. He was one of those actors in real life, who play their parts, studying effect, and making use of every favorable opportunity; but his heart remained cold and untouched in the play of life; for with him all was calculation; and there was not a word of truth in the story of the flower-girl; neither was there in the protestations of his love. But Helena's judgment was blinded by her own worldly hopes and expectations; she could not see beneath the mask he had assumed, and she received the offer of his hand with deep, inward joy. When Mr. Hunter returned, he was overwhelmed by the announcement of the honor that had been bestowed upon his child; the matter was so far settled, an early day named for the solemn betrothal; the proud, triumphant Helena, giving not one thought to the wounded and devoted love of young Herborn. She was immersed in golden day-dreams, in glittering fantasies, that promised an unclouded future.

CHAPTER II.

It was the evening of the same day, that Herborn was passing through the much-frequented *Jungfernstieg*; the last rays of the mild spring sun colored the immense basin of the Alster with gold and purple, that it glistened like a fairy sea; the innumerable boats, with their wind-filled sails, and floating streamers, skimming over the waters; the graceful swans that quiet and peaceful sailed majestically along, they passed like phantasmas before the sight, dreamy and beautiful. From the land of fancy the thought returned to the busy, striving, every day world, as the eye glanced downwards through the friendly growth of the lindens to the thronging, surging mass of beings of every class, intent on the pursuit of business or pleasure. What a contrast! The poetically glorious picture of Nature, the Alster-stream, and the sinking, fiery orb, the deep, blue heavens—all so still, so grand, and solemn, so wondrously beautiful to the heart; and beneath the fresh, May-green tree ranks, the thronging crowd of God's noblest creatures, few of whose glances turned to the wonders of the good Creator. The looks of the many were directed within, where calculation had taken its place in the heart, anxiously striving to solve the great arithmetical problem, how to win much, much gold. This universal eager desire, was partially explained, by the view of the proud palaces to the left; the shops, with their mirrored windows six feet high, and the dazzling exhibition of the costly luxuries that, objects that, by their glitter, have often extinguished the sunlight of contentment in weak human breasts; have destroyed many a humble home's repose, and cast from its happiness many a foolish, longing heart; that, roaming the world in search of fortune, never attaining its desire, at last found a grave in the shelter of the almshouse.

These thoughts coursed swiftly through Herborn's brain; he saw the ideal and the beautiful forgotten, amid the hasty, maddened search for wealth. He had left the merchant's house as if under the influence of some dark and pursuing dream, and only when he reached his modest room, did he appear to awaken from the nightmare weight that oppressed him. But the awakening was terrible! For the first time he felt the curse of poverty resting upon him; his spirit rebelled beneath the tyranny of the rich man's despotism, and a deep, burning wound was in his heart, inflicted by Helena's ungrateful hand. He cursed his own blindness in permitting the mention of his holiest feelings in that house of wealth; but he had not thought of his poverty, nor her wealth, in the discovery of his love, that was as pure as the outspoken prayer to God! He had approached Helena in the noble consciousness of his manly worth; he had not thought of the difference of fortune; for he would have taken her to his heart and home, without a thought of dowry; and for a humble and contented lot, he deemed his efforts all sufficient. The bitterness of his feelings was in the thought that she, whom he had deemed so loving and true, harbored the egotisms, the mercenary calculations, of worldliness; that sacrificed every pure emotion in the endeavor to gain social advantages and position. He remained locked in his room all day, with the great pang gnawing at his heart-strings; with lifeless hopes and aimless life. His best feelings had been most grossly outraged; his claims to happiness scornfully denied. As evening approached, the first keen storm of grief subsided, and left exhaustion in its place; he thought of Helena, the proud, the unattainable, and of the necessity of resignation to his fate. Then he thought, with reverential filial affection, of his aged parents, by his industry shielded from want; he thought of his noble profession, that was to obtain their rights to the unfortunate and oppressed, and for these aims he resolved anew to uplift the burden of life, and cheerfully to fulfill his duty.

The solitude of his chamber weighed heavily upon him, and he hastened from the house to seek a friend, the only one he had found in his life-path, who was true and reliable. He came to the *Jungfernstieg*, passing through the motley crowd. The departing sun, disappearing beneath the far, blue waters, seemed like a symbol of his own destiny; for his most cherished hope was lost in the deceptive flood of life. He had attained the furthest end of the walk, and was passing the friendly Alster-pavilion, when he heard his name called. It was Mainert, the friend he was about to seek, and on his usually cheerful countenance there lingered an expression of undisguised trouble and silent sorrow.

"I am glad that you have come," he said, cordially grasping his friend's hand; "from you at least I shall hear tones that speak to the heart. For an hour I have been listening to the voices of the crowd, and have waited vainly for one harmonious sound; all is terrible discord; there is not a breath of melody there! Even at the social tables in the pavilion there is no soul-music; all is strange and discordant, there is no pure, national melody. Let us seek solitude, my friend, for I wish to unburden my heavy heart to you; perhaps I shall then feel better."

He drew Herborn up the friendly enclosure that surrounds the pavilion on three sides; and they sat down at some distance from the building from whence they could behold the evening gilded mirror of the stream; they two were the only persons who had sought retirement in that lovely spot.

"Here we are alone," said Mainert, "the softly

rolling Alster-waves at our feet give forth far more harmony than the human waves left behind us. Let them flow on—they speed towards one common aim; life is music, and music is life; every tone in music is a picture of life! Uttered and dying, gay or sad, tender or threatening, its every light is a step towards death. But if we guard the life-tones within us pure, we shall overcome much of the discord without; and the harmonious utterances of soul, when death arrives, shall change to the music of the spheres, and render our departure welcome. You look surprised at my serious mood; you have been accustomed to the laughing pictures, the sunny views of life I placed before you. To-day I arrive at the consciousness that existence is more than a merry dance. You knew of my pure, devoted love for Marie; hear now the end of my blissful dream. Her father has dismissed me, and she has banished me with tears; yet I cannot feel offended, for both are honest, and have been candid with me. You know her only by the description which I have given you, but this was given by a true heart, I assure you again. Father Jager is one of the best of men; but early, bitter life-experiences, have drawn to his soul a gloomy fanaticism he miscalls religion; and this is the only dark spot in his truthful, pure soul. Chance directed me to his house for lodgings; he looked on me at first with coldness and distrust, and appeared to regret that he had rented me the rooms without further inquiry into my character and profession—for he did not seem to like the idea of having a music teacher in the house. In the course of time, however, I succeeded in gaining a portion of his good will; I was honored during the summer with invitations to visit his neat little garden outside of the city, and in the winter I was admitted to his family circle. I even succeeded in persuading him to permit me to teach singing and music to his daughter; but the permission was given under the express condition that I should only teach her sacred music. I kept my promise, but it certainly was not the first time that, during the singing of the church-hymns, the heart sang to another melody. We thought it right and natural, and deemed it no desecration to mingle our thoughts of love with the anthems of divine love—mingling our gratitude for its bestowal with the praises of the Good Father, who in his goodness and beauty gave to his children the precious boon of love.

We loved each other purely and fervently thus for a year, and I deemed it my duty to speak frankly to Marie's father, and demand of him her hand. In place of answer he desired to know my life-history, and true and candidly I told him of the past. But when he heard that I had studied theology, and had left the priestly road because the new philosophy which I had adopted with all my soul had aroused doubt and thought within me, and that I could not admit that the church dogmas of the Middle Ages could in the name of Christianity bless the present, and for this was compelled to withdraw from the necessity of playing the hypocrite in holy places, and of keeping the people who thirsted for enlightenment, in the olden darkness for governmental pay. When I told this to the old man, his face grew darker at every word; and when I ended by telling him I had chosen my noble art freely and gladly, and in its exercise found the peace of my soul, that I had lost amid the logical conflicts, he started angrily from his seat, and vowed he would never consent to his daughter's union with me. It was in vain that I attempted to prove that I had acted from conscience, that I entertained him to view my motives, to hear my defence. He remained unmoved; he said that a man without religion, who could frivolously throw aside the blessed ministry, should not be entrusted with his child; for such a man could never stand trial and temptation, either for himself or others—he could find no consolation in misfortune, and would despair at every stroke of ill, and leave those dependent upon him in misery and wretchedness; for faith alone, doubting not and searching not, could give strength, courage and elevation in every position of life. It was in vain that I endeavored to make him comprehend, that with the form and husk I did not cast away the spirit; that I esteemed as holy the essence of Christianity—that I believed its moral divine. He remained steadfast; whoever threw aside the dogmas and the revelations could not be called a Christian, for it was only through them that religion could be received.

The end of our disputation was the announcement that I must immediately leave the house. Marie with her innocent, childlike heart, was terrified when she heard from her father that I was not a Christian; with burning tears she informed me that, had she known this before, she would have fled from me as from the Tempter of souls; now she would pray to God to efface my memory from her heart!

Thus ends my blissful dream of life, the brightest hope I thus am I robbed of the treasures of cheerfulness, that I guarded so warmly in my breast. Tomorrow I leave the house in which the tender blossoms of my love have perished, and from this time I dedicate my life to the heavenly muse. Enterprisers shall be my bride! I will be faithful to her with my latest breath; and she, too, will never forsake me, for she will not be terrified by my belief, and she will find the purest harmony of heart and reason in my religion."

Herborn had taken his friend's hand in token of his earnest sympathy for his sufferings. He hesitated not to return a like confidence, and he told Mainert how he too had smarted beneath the despotism of pride and wealth.

"See, friend!" he said in conclusion, "thus has fate, in one and the same day, destroyed for us the loveliest flowers of being; but let us, in manly strength and united action, seek to overcome the pain. Let not our noble powers be broken; they have been given us to fulfill our duty, even in a holy cause. We can serve mankind, and henceforth, in the welfare of all, must seek our happiness!"

"We will thus seek it!" replied Mainert solemnly; "and the heavenly breath of the true, the good, the beautiful, will heal the burning heart-wounds, so painful now! Our friendship shall be the sacred shield against all storms of the future; it shall be faithful and eternal!"

"Faithful and eternal!" cried Herborn from his inmost heart, and there was silence between them. Hand in hand they looked up to the brilliantly lighted dome of heaven, that, with its starry splendor, showered consoling light upon all darkened, grief-worn souls.

Only noble hearts can feel true resignation under deep trial, for their spiritual strength has power to overcome sorrow with reason—to cause them to forget their woes in sympathy for others' sufferings. Our friends were blest with this spiritual strength; it was mighty and active in their bosoms, and forbade there the admittance of despair.

The front side of the Alster pavilion, which gave

the prospect of the *Jungfernstieg*, was, as is usual on mild and cheerful evenings, filled with visitors, and the tables surrounded with merry guests. Apart from the crowd at the Count Reichenstein, looking impatiently among the passers-by, as if he expected some person. At last a young man, pushing his way among the throng, reached the spot, and said breathlessly:—

"Here I am at last! such a time! I missed the omnibus, could not find a carriage, and so was compelled to march the long way; it is a sacrifice I would only undergo for you."

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. I LOVE TO BE NATURAL.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

I am Nature's son-child—I am wild and romantic;
I love the green fields and the shady old wood;
And the songs of the streamlet—oh, they drive me most frantic!

As they dance o'er the pebbles in frolicsome mood!
There's the old rustic bridge that was built by our fathers,
And the wall by the cow-path, so mossy and old,
Is more dear to my heart than a bag full of dollars,
Than the rustling of silks, or the shining of gold.

And oft, when my hopes in the future do falter,
And visions of darkness have shrouded the mind,
With a mossy old stump in the woods for an altar,
Have I prayed that my heart be kept gentle and kind.

Let those who delight heaps of gold to be piling,
Pile on, if they choose, till it reach to the blue;
But be sure that when Death sends his arrows a-flying,
That a balance of credit has been given to you!

I know it is thought, when the beard has grown stronger,
And a row of dark whiskers has mantled the face,
That we should not be childlike, and gentle no longer,
And to "become like a child" is a perfect disgrace!

The lips that once praised the good Father above,
And danced at the sound of a musical stream,
Will oft curse His name; while His bountiful love
Is not worthy of thought—pass by as a dream!

Just let a man live in accordance with Nature,
Appear as God made him, and use common sense—
He would soon take a trip out to Taunton or Worcester,
Where his board would be paid at the public expense!

I know that my friends are oft shocked at my capers,
And wish I would learn to behave like a man;
Wear fashionable airs in preference to Nature's—
And I'd like much to please them, but its more than I can.

They may laugh at my notions, and say that I'm odd,
But I care not a whit for the laugh or the sneer;
If I'm true to my nature, and true to my God,
'Twill be well with me always, with nothing to fear!
Thatchwood Cottage, 1850.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE OCEAN BURIAL; A LEAF FROM MEMORY.

BY AN EX-BURGEOIS.

The only cabin passengers on board the ship *Odine* were a Mr. Clifford and his two lovely daughters, orphan girls of eighteen and twenty years. The former—a fine and robust looking man, apparently about forty-five years of age—had been for long years engaged in the East India marine trade, at Calcutta, in which business he had succeeded in amassing a large fortune. The motive which had induced Mr. Clifford's return to his native land, from which he had, for nearly a quarter of a century voluntarily exiled himself and family, was the ill health of his eldest daughter, Marian, which had, since the death of her mother, some ten months previous, excited no slight degree of anxiety in the minds of her remaining parent and sister.

Having been introduced to Mr. Clifford by Captain Hyatt, a day or two after our arrival in port, I took occasion, while strolling through the principal street of the city, about a week after, to enter the trading-house in which Mr. Clifford was the senior partner. The latter received me with great courtesy, at the same time presenting me to the junior member of the establishment—a Mr. Bancroft—a young Baltimorean, of pleasing address, and whom I afterwards learned was betrothed to Marian Clifford, the heroine of this simple sketch.

In the course of our somewhat lengthy conversation, my newly-made friend, Mr. Clifford, informed me of the sad bereavement which he had recently met with, in the loss of a dearly beloved wife, who had passed to the spirit-world after a lingering sickness of nearly four years, of that much dreaded and terrible disease—consumption. Finding in me an interested and sympathetic listener, the kind-hearted merchant spoke most feelingly of his children, adding, with an expression of undisguised sorrow, that the feeble health of his eldest daughter, Marian, was a source of considerable alarm to his own mind, as well as to that of her sister and numerous friends in Calcutta, who agreed, with her attendant physician, that a change of scene and climate was necessary, and that nothing would so speedily and perfectly ensure the invalid's restoration to health, as a long sea-voyage. Judging from my profession that I was a man of some experience in such matters, Mr. Clifford politely asked my opinion upon a subject which he had for weeks held in earnest contemplation in his own mind.

I told him that delicacy would prevent any interference upon my part, in regard to a case that was now in the hands of so experienced and trustworthy a man as I knew Dr. Harlowe to be; but that if it was his desire to learn my views upon so important a subject, I would, with his permission, embrace the earliest opportunity of calling upon his daughter, previous to offering any advice in the matter.

The merchant seemed to fully appreciate the sentiments expressed in my last remark, and on parting with me a few minutes later, thanked me kindly for the deep interest I had evinced in regard to the welfare of an entire stranger, and with renewed protestations of friendship, and the most urgent entreaties to visit his family often during my stay in port, cordially bade me farewell.

The morning succeeding that of my interview with Mr. Clifford, I received an invitation to dine with the family of the latter, the same day. As courtesy forbade the refusal of so high-toned a compliment upon my part, I immediately returned an affirmative answer to my merchant friend's note, and then went to apprise Captain Hyatt of my intention to take dinner on shore.

Four o'clock in the afternoon found me at the door of the residence of Mr. Clifford. A Hindoo servant received me, and at once ushered me into the darkened but tastefully furnished drawing-room, where were assembled the merchant's small family, including Mr. Bancroft, the junior partner of Mr. Clifford's establishment, with whom I had exchanged a few words the day before.

At my entrance into the room, my friend rose from his seat, and with a hand-grasp that would have made even the most distant and bashful of men

feel himself thoroughly at home, conducted me to the further end of the apartment, where the ladies were sitting, and gracefully presented me in turn to each of his daughters—girls of such varied and wondrous beauty, that one, in beholding them, might have momentarily closed his eyes, and believed himself an inhabitant of fairy land, or a willing captive in some Turkish harem.

Dinner being speedily announced, mine host at once led the way to the dining-hall, closely followed by Jessica (the younger daughter, to whom I had gallantly offered my arm), and myself; Mr. Bancroft and the invalid Marian "bringing up the rear," as military men say. Luckily the seat awarded me at the table (which, by the way, was spread with a most sumptuous repast), was directly opposite to Mr. Clifford's, while the young ladies occupied their customary place on the right hand of their fond and indulgent father.

One could see at a single glance that the merchant prince was proud of his motherless girls—and justly, too, for two lovelier creatures than Marian and Jessica Clifford never delighted the eyes or gladdened the hearts of earthly parents.

Marian, the eldest daughter, of whom I wish chiefly to speak, was one of those tall and lithe shaped creatures, which we often meet with in northern climes, and particularly in America, where beauty and frailty seem to be inseparable characteristics of woman—beings whose every movement is full of grace and poetry, and whom we gaze on with feelings of reverent awe and admiration, yet dare not rest our earthly hopes upon, lest the mortal casket should be shattered at our feet, and the enshrined spirit, taking wings, soar away to its native bowers. Of such a delicate and heavenly mould was Marian Clifford. A small, but well-shaped head, was carefully poised upon a neck whose symmetry of form might have served for a model to even the most chaste and fastidious of sculptors; a complexion in which the rose tried vainly to compete with the purity and whiteness of the lily; eyes of a deep violet color, shaded by a long and dark fringe-work, that in repose imparted a sad and mournful expression to orbs otherwise beaming with love and tenderness. Add to this, hair of a pale, golden hue, rippling in delicate waves over a somewhat lofty brow of Parian whiteness, and falling in a luxuriant shower of curls over a small comb of African gold at the back of the head, and you have but an imperfect picture of Marian Clifford, as she sat before me in her exquisite fitting dress of black crepe, her snowy arms bared nearly to the shoulder, and clasped by bracelets of richly carved gold, forming the only ornaments to that simple yet elegant mourning costume.

In striking contrast to her spiritual sister, was the dark and regal beauty of Jessica. In stature an inch or two shorter than Marian, yet looking by far the older of the two, in her full and womanly proportions, she was, both in form and feature, what most persons would have pronounced a brilliant Spanish beauty. The more I dwelt upon her oval-shaped head, broad, but low brow, olive complexion, large, piercing black eyes, and hair of ebony darkness, the more I became impressed with the idea that Jessica Clifford was a child of old Castile, and perhaps an adopted daughter of Mr. Clifford, between whom and Jessica I could not possibly trace the slightest resemblance.

Before the dinner hour was fairly over, however, I was relieved of this suspicion by remarks made by Mr. Clifford relative to the birth of his children, and by Jessica's expressing total ignorance of the Spanish language. Marian, the eldest daughter, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, the native place of her deceased mother, and from whom she had inherited her blonde style of beauty and fragile constitution. Jessica, two years the junior of Marian, was born during the first year of Mr. Clifford's residence in Calcutta, which fact accounted in a measure for the great difference in looks, form and temperament, of the two sisters.

In conversation, Jessica Clifford was particularly brilliant and witty; while her sister, though less gifted in point of eloquence, was nevertheless equally agreeable in her quiet simplicity of language. With the exception of a slight hoarse cough, Marian was to all outward appearances perfectly well, though in speaking about her with Mr. Bancroft, her accepted lover, while enjoying our meerschaums after dinner, I was told that it was Marian's nature to always look upon the bright side of life, and to conquer, as far as possible, the slightest trace of indisposition upon her own part, knowing, as she did, that since the death of her mother, over whose couch she had hung untiringly for months, refusing all offers of relief in the midst of her long watchings, the anxious hearts of both her father and sister were over on the alert, to detect the slightest inroad made by the hand of disease upon her heretofore sound constitution.

Feeling that Mr. Bancroft was perhaps unnecessarily alarmed in regard to the state of his lady-love's health; I strove by a variety of encouraging remarks, to dissipate the sense of uneasiness and alarm which hung like a cloud upon the mind of the devoted lover. A speedy terminus was now put to our gloomy conversation by the entrance of Mr. Clifford, who informed us that the ladies were waiting our appearance in the drawing-room, having refreshed themselves by a short siesta.

The evening passed off most agreeably to all parties concerned. To my surprise and delight, I found that Marian Clifford played the guitar quite artistically; accompanying herself in a sweet-toned soprano voice of almost birdlike quality. Upon my inquiring if either of the ladies played upon the piano, (which, by the way, was one of Chickering's seven octave instruments), Jessica replied that she sometimes played for the entertainment of her father and sister, who were extremely fond of music, and that if I would not be too severe a critic upon the performances of an amateur, she should be only too happy to extend the same favor to her father's guest.

Could anything have been more elegant and complimentary to the feelings of a stranger, than Jessica's reply? I think not; and as I rose from my seat, and, offering my arm to the beautiful girl, led her towards the piano, I did not marvel at the deep flush of pride which suddenly rose to the brow of Mr. Clifford, as the snowy folds of Jessica's muslin robe brushed gently against his knee, as, leaning gracefully upon my arm, she moved proudly towards the instrument. I must confess that I was entirely unprepared for such wonderful brilliancy of execution as now greeted my listening and admiring ears. Jessica Clifford was indeed what might be called a natural musician; art having done, comparatively speaking, little or nothing for the dark-eyed beauty, as one might easily have divined, after once hearing that rich yet strangely untutored voice burst forth in song; a thousand times more sym-

thetic and touching to my heart, than all the florid arias and ear-startling cantatas with which female operatic singers love to regale their auditors.

After having pretty severely taxed the vocal and instrumental powers of the sisters, my host proposed a game of chess for me with the charming Jessica, while he occupied himself by a perusal of the "London Journal," which he had just received that day. Meantime, Marian and Mr. Bancroft enjoyed a cosy little tete-a-tete upon the veranda.

After having lost two games by the dexterity of my handsome partner, who in point of skill was slightly Morphyish, I declined further playing, on the plea of the lateness of the hour, although, in reality, not a little ashamed of my ignorance or ill-luck in the matter.

The next time that I met Mr. Clifford was some ten days later, at the residence of Dr. Harlowe, the old, port physician, whither I had been invited to consultation, by the latter, at the request of the merchant. My friend seemed pleased when, after listening to the doctor's description of the invalid, I agreed in recommending a sea voyage, as the surest means of restoring Marian to her former good health.

After the departure of Mr. Clifford, however, my business engagements called hurriedly away from us. Dr. Harlowe informed me in terms of strictest confidence that only a day or two previous he had sounded the lungs of Marian, at her earnest desire, and learned the truth of what he had long feared, namely, that a hardening of the central portion of the left lung had commenced.

Upon my asking him if his patient seemed much startled and alarmed at such announcement, he replied that, on the contrary, she had exhibited the most wonderful composure; her only fear being on the score of keeping such a thing secret from her father and sisters, to whom the old doctor had promised not to divulge a word concerning his examination or its results.

Once or twice, after my interview with Dr. Harlowe, I called upon the Cliffords, who were busily engaged in making preparations for their intended voyage; Captain Hyatt having kindly consented to receive them as passengers in his ship, now homeward bound. After a month's stay in Calcutta, orders were given one Sunday morning, to all hands to hold themselves in readiness to leave port early Monday morning.

Mr. Clifford and his family delayed coming on board until the last hour, although the captain and myself had seen that all articles necessary for their comfort were carefully provided in the cabin awarded them. A large party of friends, mostly English residents in Calcutta, accompanied Mr. Clifford's family to the ship, for the purpose of wishing them God-speed! on their voyage to America.

Leaving lightly upon the arm of Mr. Bancroft, Marian came on deck, her blue eyes filled with a tender love-light, and her pale cheeks flushed with excitement. At their approach, Captain Hyatt was standing arm-in-arm with me, near the stairs leading down to the cabin. He was a handsome, dark-complexioned man of about thirty-six years, with a true sailor's heart, and a firm but gentle temper, that made him one of the best disciplinarians and the pleasantest of companions on shipboard.

Upon Mr. Bancroft's presenting Marian Clifford to the Captain, (who, being a man of much natural reserve of character, had never made the acquaintance of Mr. Clifford's family, although this was his third voyage to that particular port,) I noticed that a sudden terror passed over the strong man's frame, as nervously relaxing his hold upon my arm, he cordially extended his hand to meet that of the young girl. The sensation which I experienced, was similar to that of an electric shock, supposing my friend, Captain Hyatt, to be the battery used upon the occasion.

How to account for this singular coincidence, except on the ground of human sympathy and magnetic influence, I could not tell; but one thing is certain, that no such violent bodily emotion was perceptible, when, a minute or two later, Mr. Clifford advanced and introduced Jessica to his business friend, Mr. Hyatt.

The time for bidding friends adieu at last arrived, and I trembled inwardly, as my car caught the whispered pledge of love and constancy which passed between Marian and her truly devoted lover. Once, I thought, I detected a tear-drop start to the azure eye of Marian, as Richard Bancroft fervently embracing the idol of his heart, looked down into the pure, sweet face uplifted of his own, and said, sorrowfully, "If this parting, dear Marian,"—"should be our last on earth!" he would have said, but the lightning-like glance which Marian quickly turned upon Dr. Harlowe, who stood near by, as a suspicion that he had divulged her secret to her over-anxious lover flashed upon her mind, startled the young man and arrested words that even the invalid could not bear to hear one, whom she sincerely loved, utter.

As I anticipated, the old physician interpreted the meaning of that look, for, moving rapidly to the side of his patient, he said, in an undertone, "Marian, do not reproach me for what I am not guilty of!"

The cloud that had momentarily rested upon the glowing features of the young girl was at once dispelled, and with a light, rippling laugh, she turned towards Bancroft, and said, "Do not be surprised, Richard, if upon my return to Calcutta, some two years hence, you see in place of slight, tall Marian Clifford, a mammoth woman, weighing a hundred or two pounds more than you do now. There's no knowing what a revivifying effect the sea-breezes may have upon my constitution, Dick, for my new-made friend, the surgeon here, is determined to make a sailor of me; aint you, doctor?" and the merry-hearted girl turned an appealing look towards me, which seemed to say to my sickening heart, "Do please endorse my sentiments, and help me to keep up this mock game for a few moments longer."

Of course I wreathed my lips into a smile, and tried, by the utterance of some careless remark to join in the levity of my fair companion. Commending Marian to my care during her long voyage, and enjoining God's blessing upon us both, Richard Bancroft once more pressed his lips to the pale brow of the invalid, and shaking hands with Jessica and her father, drew the arm of Dr. Harlowe within his own, and descended the side of the ship to the wharf.

Amid the waving of handkerchiefs and hats on shore, the Ondine, with its precious and beautiful freight, passed out of sight.

For several days Marian seemed as bright and joyous as a newly-fledged bird, and as I watched her rapidly pacing up and down the deck, leaning on her father's arm, or hand-in-hand with the dark-

eyed Jessica, I could not but feel within my own heart, that the destroyer, consumption, would, in the case of Marian Clifford, be cheated of one long coveted victim.

A creature more full of life and happiness than Marian was, during the first three or four weeks of our passage, I never witnessed; it seemed as if she had been born a child of the rolling sea, so much did she enjoy its, to her, ceaseless attractions. The sunlight of joy appeared to spring into existence in her warm heart, diffused itself throughout the entire ship's crew, who christened Miss Marian "The good fairy of the Ondine," so surely did her sweet smile and gentle words win their way to their rough hearts. At first Captain Hyatt seemed shy of making the acquaintance of one who seemed almost involuntarily to exert universal homage from all on board. By degrees, however, I observed that even he found it difficult to resist the witchery and fascinations of the simple and artless Marian.

For his amusement, she often sang her sweetest songs, joined often by her sister's voice, and occasionally by the captain himself. Mr. Clifford appeared delighted at the perceptible improvement in his eldest daughter's health, and privately remarked to me that he should never regret the sacrifice he had made in business affairs, for the sake of renewing Marian's lease of life. Dear, devoted Jessica, with her warm, womanly heart, also found her chief pleasure in the contemplation of her sister's perfect happiness.

But alas, for the frailty of human hopes! One morning I thought I observed a perceptible change, (would to God I had not to write it!) for the worse in the countenance and spirits of my patient, who since the time of our departure, had apparently laughed defiance at medical advice and doctor's prescriptions.

There was a full and glossy look about the eye of Marian that I did not like to see, and a slight appearance of bodily lassitude, which I had never before remarked, as she stepped on deck after her morning meal. A hoarseness of voice, too, when she cheerfully bade me good morning, grated unpleasantly upon my ear.

By degrees the slight and hacking cough with which the young girl had been for months troubled, assumed a more fearful form, so much so as to excite the attention and startle the ears of all on board, by its dry and hollow sound. At last the young girl could sing no more, for the hoarseness which had so uninvitingly thrust itself upon her, seemed determined not to be overcome by medicinal power. This circumstance was a source of regret to all on board the ship, for even the hardy sailors, would beg permission of the captain to ask Miss Marian to sing them a song of the sea at nightfall.

It was really painful to witness the hard efforts of the invalid to keep up her former buoyancy of spirits and gaiety of heart. Sometimes she would break forth into one of her old joyous laughs, such as old ocean had once loved to echo, but the attempt was sure to be followed by such a violent coughing fit, that all hearts seemed reproached for thus exciting merriment upon her part.

Each week Marian Clifford grew bodily weaker. The once elastic step became feeble, a hollow, sunken look about the temples was visible, while the cherry lips grew colorless, and through the transparent skin one could clearly trace the delicate net-work of veins beneath. In the centre of each pale cheek burned a round crimson spot, the hectic flush with which consumption so often flatters and deceives its victim into the idea of returning health.

Still the invalid had bright days, when all that noticed her animated spirits and sparkling eye could not but feel a ray of hope illumining the darkness of their souls; days, when supported by the manly arm of Captain Hyatt, (whose attentions to the fast-fading girl seemed hourly to increase), or her anxious father, she would walk several times slowly up and down the length of the deck, pausing occasionally to press her thin fair hand firmly against her aching side.

Sometimes she would sit for two or three hours at a time, bolstered up in a softly-cushioned arm-chair, brought up from the captain's own state room; one thin hand clasping her sister's, who sat upon a low stool at her feet, looking out upon the vast expanse of water which bounded her horizon on all sides; or carelessly toying with the soft, golden curls that were now permitted to float unrestrainedly over neck and shoulders, because, as she told Jessica, even the weight of her little golden comb made her poor head sore.

The oldest and choicest of wines, and the daintiest of delicacies, were now set before the invalid, to tempt her miserable appetite—but in vain; and soon the very odor and sight of food became distasteful to her delicate senses.

At last the invalid was no longer able to remain on deck, although Captain Hyatt once or twice disobeyed my orders so far as to wrap her carefully in his cloak and carry her in his stout arms upon deck, as if she were but a mere baby, for the purpose of feasting her eyes once more upon the beauties of the rolling deck, which she had so often loved to gaze upon. Jessica now spent her entire time with her sister in the cabin below, and if perchance at my earnest request she appeared for a few minutes upon deck with her father, one could easily see that her eyes were red and swollen with long weeping.

Every moment that Captain Hyatt could now conscientiously steal from duty, was spent at the bedside of the rapidly declining Marian. At about twelve o'clock one Sunday night, just as the ship was crossing the line, the Captain was roused from his uneasy slumbers by Mr. Clifford, who informed him that his darling was evidently dying, and that she had expressed a strong desire to see and speak with Captain Hyatt.

How can I faithfully picture to you, my dear readers, the agonies of that parting scene, with one who had been at first the life, as she was in her last hours the pot, of the entire ship! I shall never forget the few affectionate words which she dictated her sister to write, as a last farewell to Richard Bancroft, the dearly beloved of her heart; or the tender and touching language in which she expressed her thanks to the Captain and myself, for the kindness and care with which we had ministered to her numerous wants; or the deep and unutterable look of gratitude which she turned upon all assembled around her couch, after the power of speech had been denied her, and death had set its seal upon her lips, that were still warm and moist with the fervent kisses of an agonized father and weeping sister. Just as the alarm bell struck the hour of one, the gentle and peaceful spirit of Marian Clifford winged its way to her mother's arms in Heaven.

The following afternoon, it being Christmas day,

the beautiful form of the deceased was brought on deck, the coffin being placed in a firm frame work, although the water in the tropics was almost calm and motionless. Like a rare piece of sculpture looked the dead Marian, in her snowy robes, with one hand grasping a soft, bright curl, as of old, which now fell about her bare neck like a golden sheen of vell, and a sweet smile still wreathing her exquisitely chiselled mouth. At the head of the coffin stood Jessica and her father, their faces blanched with grief that could not find vent in tears, while drawn up in a semi-circle stood the ship's crew, with sorrowful faces and downcast eyes. Since the hour of Marian's death, Captain Hyatt had lost, as it were, all control of self, refusing his food and showing strong evidences of insanity. At the request of Mr. Clifford, I read the impressive burial service from the Episcopal Litany, and offered up a prayer to the memory of the holy dead, in the presence of the living there assembled. The simple, yet solemn funeral rites over, both Jessica and her father turned to take a last lingering look of their sainted dead, and press a farewell kiss upon lips now devoid of feeling, and then slowly descended to the cabin.

As one of the sailors advanced to screw down the lid of the coffin, in the bottom of which he had previously placed several leaden bullets, preparatory to committing it to the deep, Captain Hyatt suddenly broke loose from the hands of two of the crew who had supported him during the progress of the funeral ceremonies, and with a quick movement, was about to leap from the railing into the calm and placid sea beneath, when the first mate, divining his purpose, seized him firmly by the skirt of his coat, and pulled him backward upon deck again. Without a murmur the calm, blue waters of the tropics received their long coveted and beautiful prey. A quickening breeze filled the sails, and the gallant ship sped nobly on towards its destined port. For weeks Captain Hyatt was confined to his state-room, with that melancholy and alarming disease, brain fever. Jessica Clifford, the loving and faithful friend, watched constantly beside his sick couch, and it was then, in the midst of his violent ravings, that we all learned the fact of Captain Hyatt's deep, but hitherto unspoken, love for Marian Clifford. Years have passed since the events here narrated occurred, and Jessica Clifford is now the affectionate and devoted wife of Captain Hyatt, now a partner in the house of Clifford & Bancroft, in Calcutta, from which the former some time since retired. Richard Bancroft is still unmarried, constant as ever to the love that dwells in Heaven.

Written for the Banner of Light. RECOLLECTION.

BY LITA H. BARNETT.

Once in my weariness,
With none to love or bless,
I wandered onward in my pathless way
In deserts never lit by golden ray.
Where happiness ne'er dwelt,
Nor sunlight e'er was felt;
But all was gloomy in the deep midnight,
And owls and demons came, as passed the light,
I wandered on, but still the darkness deep
Was lighted by no star,
No sound of love to break the silence deep
Came echoing from afar.
And when I faint would lay me to repose,
And in forgetfulness lose all my woes,
The very air seemed full of clattering apes,
Dragons and devils, and uncouth shapes
Who, taunting, crowded near
My agony to hear,
And to exult in all their hellish spite,
Above the ministers of vanished light,
Their lying tongues I heard
Breathing the slanderous word,
Striving to blast, with whispers foul and dark,
The light that burned within my soul, Hope's spark.
Thank God, there's "silver lining to the cloud,"
When close the tempest seems to wind his shroud,
And just before day's dawn
The dismal forms are born,
That bear us seeming down to dark despair,
Until we deem the world holds nothing fair;
But, lo! the morning breaks,
And all the heaven awakes
To join the earth in matin hymn of praise
To the All-guardian power that guides our ways—
So the long night of sorrow hath its end,
And while "our Father" lives we have a friend.
Oh, then, my Richard, though to me unknown,
Thou came, and placed within my heart thy throne,
A loving brother thou
Hast been from then till now,
And 'tis all meet thy friendship pure I sing,
Which raised my soul and plumed its glittering wing,
Which made me know that love was yet for me,
And bade me find a trusty friend in thee.
Mankind have deemed it strange
That thus thy thoughts should range
And flow in sympathy's far-spreading tide,
And on affliction's waters choose to glide,
That thou should'st sail thy bark
With me, to light my dark
With lovely glimpses of thy noble soul
That upward gleams, as Boreal lights the pole,
Rather than with the gay
To choose thy gladsome way,
And shine within the sphere thou wilt could fill,
So dear beloved for thine upright will.

But ah! they know thee not,
Those friends of sunshine hours,
That deemed thee worst but formed
To reveal all sweet bowers.
But soon I learned thy heavenly worth,
Thy noble heart, home of love's birth,
Thy woman's spirit, tender, kind and true,
Thy manly courage, and thy wisdom, too.
Others may fill thy home
As distant far I roam,
Yet memory silently delights to dwell
On by-gone days, recalling fond and well
Thy words and acts of blest encouragement
That broke upon my spirit, heaven-sent,
And my poor, erring pen
Would bear my soul's refrain
To thee, wherever in the world thou art,
And yield its tribute to thy loyal heart.
Now, shades of rest night
Have veiled the earth from sight,
And I, within my cosy little room,
Have bade my gas-light keep away the gloom,
Just as thy pleasant words, in days gone by,
Became a sun to brighten mine my sky;
And thus my muse takes wing,
Because my heart will sing,
As thoughts of thee invade my peaceful rest,
While Morpheus wonders at my couch impressed.
Live high and holy, brother mine,
Bow only at Truth's mighty shrine,
Fear not to stoop to raise a friend or foe,
Whether by sorrow or by vice brought low;
Ye cannot do a single deed of love,
But it shall lift thee nearer the Above,
But it shall bind thee stronger
Unto the angel-throng,
The blessed bands that bend around our way,
And turn the deepest night to brightest day;
Oh, they shall love thee well,
And love with thee to dwell—
Shall linger near at morning and at night,
And bathe thy soul in memories of delight—
I shall guard thee from a thousand ills that wait,
And lead thee on through Heaven's open gate,
Attended, March 7, 1859.

A WAY FROM HOME.

BY EMMA D. R. TUTTLE.

Away from home! Away from those we love and cherish! Away in the great wilderness of joys and sorrows, strife and confusion, wealth and poverty, of gratification and suffering, we term a city. Better be in the densest woodland—there the trees are all friends and the flowers all cousins, and not an iota of selfishness to be found. All are happy, and loving and gay. On the hard pavement hard hearts travel, and what if you meet thousands, if the whole thousand jostle you! The more you meet the more you will be jostled, until the eye grows dim, and the brain sick with the endless press of stereotyped faces, bearing the low, shrewd lines of cunning, and the seal of care, anxiety and avarice burned with the brand of Mammon. The moral dwarfs hurry hither and thither, like ants over their little mound of earth, deeply engaged in their soul-crushing nothings. Oh, thoughtless, miserable, soulless warfts, with the good and true all blotted out—my heart is sick!

Away from home, sweet home! How the thoughts dwell on thy familiar landscape! What new lustrous memory flings around the little brook which meandered across the old farm! How fresh and green the black walnut, peach and apple-trees arise, under which the hours of youthful life were passed! How the little things of by-gone years come, fresh as yesterday! What a lesson is taught by absence! Let the youth who never has been from the kind and watchful care of those who love, go away hundreds of miles into the midst of strangers, and feel for the first time the corruption and hollow-heartedness of the much-boasted world, and contrast its actions and friendship with the love and affection of the dear ones of the old homestead; then will he fully appreciate home.

A letter from home—a letter from home! Give it to me—give it to me! Heart, why throbs you so? Why tremble, hand? It is a letter freighted with love. Yes, you do not travel over the lines half fast enough. I read again—three times I read. Strange how this little piece of paper, with its few black lines, places me in rapport with all the loved ones at home. I see my mother bending over the desk tracing them to me. How her heart throbs with hopes and expectations. She hopes they will find me well, and that the good angels will watch over and guide me to goodness and greatness.

How much she expects of me! Can I ever fulfill her high ideal? She says brothers are at home; and wish I were with them. Here sister has written a line of love!

What a mysterious connection binds us all together! Let me travel to far-off Ind, yet these ties are not severed. Still I hear my mother's voice in my dreams, as I sit in the midst of the family circle. Last night, in slumber, I walked in the fields of the old farm, and heard the glad notes of the horn calling across the meadow to dinner. I started from sleep to hear the dying echo of an engine thundering by.

Such are the bonds of friendship which preserves the loves of the world. Hard-hearted being who breaks the golden cords which twine around kindred hearts!

Going home! Some one will welcome at the depot, and the breath of pulsating hearts will surround me. Cars, thunder on the iron rail; steamer, puff on the rolling river; ocean, calm thy swelling heart to bear my iron ship. I'm going home—oh, give me swift and propitious gales, and bear me safe to that green oasis in the Sahara of the world!

Walnut Grove Farm.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

We copy the following from the "Trumpet and Universalist Magazine" of December 29, 1849. The reader can make his own comments, whether or not it is "rank Spiritualism!"

"A farmer, in one of the Western counties of England, was met by a man whom he had formerly employed, and who again asked for work. The farmer, (rather with a view to be relieved from his importunity than with any intention of assisting him,) told him he would think of it, and send word to the place where the man said he should be found. Time passed on, and the farmer entirely forgot his promise. One night, however, he suddenly started from his sleep, and awaking his wife, said he felt a strong impulse to set off immediately to the county town, some thirty or forty miles distant; but why, he had not the least idea. He endeavored to shake off the impression, and went to sleep again, and awoke a second time with so strong a conviction that he must start that instant, that he directly rose, saddled his horse, and set off.

On his road he had to cross a ferry, which he could only do one hour at night, when the mail was carried over. He was almost certain he should be too late, but nevertheless rode on, and when he came to the ferry, greatly to his surprise, found that though the mail had passed over a short time previously, the ferryman was still waiting. On his expressing his astonishment, the boatman replied, 'Oh, when I was on the other side I heard you shouting, and so came back again.' The farmer said he had not shouted; but the other had repeated his assertion that he had distinctly heard him call. Having crossed over, the farmer pursued his journey, and arrived at the county town the next morning. But now that he had come there, he had not the slightest notion of any business to be transacted, and so amused himself by sauntering about the place, and at length entered the court where the assizes were being held. The prisoner at the bar had just been, to all appearance, proved clearly guilty, by circumstantial evidence, of murder; and he was then asked if he had any witness to call in his behalf. He replied that he had no friends there, but looking around the court amongst the spectators, he recognized the farmer, who almost immediately recognized in him the man who had applied to him for work. The farmer was instantly summoned to the witness-box, and his evidence proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that at the very hour the prisoner was accused of committing murder in one part of the county, he was applying for work in another. The prisoner was of course acquitted, and the farmer found that, urged on by an uncontrollable impulse, which he could neither explain nor account for, he had indeed taken his midnight journey to some purpose, notwithstanding it had appeared so unreasonable and causeless.

'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.'

Is it a mere idle speculation to suppose that the spirit of some departed friend should have perceived the extreme danger of the poor laborer, and also the only means by which his innocence could have been

established; and hurrying on the wings of love to the sleeping farmer, suggested a journey to the scene of interest and danger; reiterating the impression with a dictate of imperative authority? This must have been so—and what songs of joy rang through the aisles of Heaven, at the redemption of the innocent from the bondage of a cruel and unrighteous law!

The correspondent who sent us the paper containing the above, is "curious to know whether Mr. Whittemore would endorse it now, in the manner he did; and whether he would confine the good deed, done by our *essential fellows* to the farmer of England, or those whose servants he was?"

Written for the Banner of Light. INTEMPERANCE.

BY G. WARDEN.

I ask not for a pool's name,
Or laurels from the wreath of fame;
I seek to reach no faded height,
To tell of things which ne'er had light,
I come not with a lofty theme,
A gaudy tale, or fancy's dream,
My only muse is studious thought—
I speak but what experience taught;
And all I crave is power to show
What sorrows from the goblet flow;
What pain and grief, disease and shame,
Are hidden in its liquid flame;
What pallid cheeks, and blood-shot eyes,
And orphan's tears, and widow's sighs;
What broken hearts, what want and fear,
Have found a final birth-place here!

Within that cup there lurks a foe;
A fiend who fills our land with woe;
A traitor to the human race,
Who only shows a rosy face,
But hides beneath that treacherous guise,
The source where floods of sorrow rise;
And men, for sake of paltry gain,
Have listed in this demon's train,
And like spiders in their den,
With webs to trap their fellow-men.

Yes, they who have the drunkard made,
And still pursue the baneful trade;
Who still the liquid fire display,
And freely sell, in open day,
With each device they weave a charm,
Persuade the cup contains no harm;
'Tis but a jolly, punch, or sling,
A very pleasant, harmless thing;
But ye who lift the cup, beware—
An adder's sting is hidden there!
They surely know, and know it well,
'Tis liquid poison that they sell;
'Tis ruin's bane; 'tis misery's worm;
Why call it by a milder term?

A rose is said to smell the same,
If called by any other name;
By this same rule a poison will,
Whatever called, be poison still.
Oh, is it not enough to bear
The ill to which the flesh is heir,
Without the aid of poison's breath,
To strew our land with crime and death?

Is there no power in human laws
That punish crime, to stop this cause?
Is there no power can stay this flood,
Now reeking with its victim's blood?
Is there no help; can naught be done?
Or must it still roll reeking on,
While thousands, trembling on its brink,
And thousands yet unborn must sink—
Sink deep beneath perdition's wave,
Where none can help, where none can save?

North Dana, 1859.

Youth is eternal; the spirit's joys, celestial love, knows of no age. The roses of true affection are imperishable, for they are watered by the dew of holy baptism, and warmed in the sunlight of Divinity. Youth is the spring-time of the soul; its attributes are the divine attributes of God; unchangeable, spiritual, vast and glowing.

Strength is the power to overcome, and every soul possesses it; it is prayer in immediate action against temptation; it is law against disorder; love against hatred; God in the soul, arrayed with power, against the animal propensities. Strength is wisdom taught by love; might is conquest over the low and degrading. It is beauty in man, and a sceptre of glory in his hand. To woman, the magic wand of superiority.

Immortality is the continuation of everything true, beautiful, ennobling, vast and grand. Only the so-called evils, the wrongs and disorders, shall be annihilated; but love, purity, goodness, truth, are imperishable as the source from whence they sprang.

Influence is shed upon the lowliest thing. The perfume of the forest flower is carried for miles; the ocean breezes send their healthful greetings to far, inland towns. The distant stars are reflected in the little pools; the air of heaven play amid the garden roses; the sunlight, warming worlds unknown, falls on the child's upturned brow.

Thought, from inner and upper realms unheard of, come to the soul, and find embodiment in language.

CORA WILSON.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 8, 14 is a bird.
My 15, 3, 13, 4 is a volcanic mountain.
My 10, 7, 16, 9 is used in the manufacture of ladies' ornaments.
My 2, 12, 18, 12, 13, 17, 19 is a kingly bauble.
My 6 creates as much of vice as 2, 15.
My 4, 10, 6, 2, 15, 16, 6, 5, 9, 13 is a polished authoress of the South.
My 11 if taken from 19, 1, 6, 10 would furnish light upon the subject.
My whole is the name of one of Alabama's most gifted daughters.

J. R. M. S.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 11, 3, 6, 9, 10, 14, 7, 8 is a natural division of land.
My 2, 10 is a conjunction.
My 3, 2 is an adverb.
My 4, 14, 9, 10, 14 is a river in Europe.
My 5, 2, 12 is a plaything much used by little boys.
My 6, 3, 8, 14, 13, 11, 12, 14 is a quadruped.
My 7, 9, 13, 14 is a river in Africa.
My 8, 9, 3 is a metal in common use.
My 9, 7 is a proposition.
My 10, 14, 13, 4, 2, 7 is a river in British America.
My 11, 5, 9, 4 is a name of the masculine gender.
My 12, 9, 10, 14, 4 is an island in the Caribbean sea.

My 13, 14, 10, 6 is a river in Asia.
My 14, 5, 7, 6 is a mountain on an island in the Mediterranean sea.
My whole is a city in Europe.

NELLY WELLS.

SUM.

A says to B give me one of your geese and I will have twice as many as you. B says to A give me one of yours and I will have as many as you. How many had each?

Banner of Light.

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THE BLESSINGS OF POVERTY.

Nature is said to have her blind side, and only they who can see it get the best views of life. We behold our blessings, somehow, rather when we are cast down, than when we are elated. Hardships and obstacles press the noble qualities out of us, so that we, for the first time, become aware that we are possessed of them. If a man is rich, he cares for nothing more, and of course is a stranger to himself always; but strip him of accidental aids, these temporary floats that buoy him up above the heads of the rest, and he finds time very soon to study the vast resources of his own. We think we are best off when, in fact, we are poorest off; and hence we ought to be patient under all circumstances, rather seeking to discover the blessings they strew in our path, than repining because the blessings are not just such as we expected. It is, in truth, the blesseddest thing of all, that we have not the making and shaping of what we call our fortunes.

Lord Bacon says, in his Essay on "Adversity," "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in need-works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a light-some ground; judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed; for Prosperity doth best discover vice, but Adversity doth best discover virtue."

This is an oft-quoted passage from Lord Verulam, but cannot be quoted any too often. And still, no such sentiments need induce us to give over effort for the betterment of our conditions, for that is a law to every healthy nature; they do furnish, however, the most ample solace for what we should otherwise lament as wretched disappointments. Were society what we all would like to make it, though our wishes are most strangely contradicted by our practical conduct, there would be an opportunity then for all alike to have what they really needed; for the world is certainly large enough to supply at least the wants of us all, only our social arrangements come in to thwart, or at least delay, the designs of the good Providence that has placed us here. But this grand revolution in the views and practices of men cannot be secured, except with long patience, and long suffering, too; we must not only, therefore, labor for so desirable a consummation, but we must make up our minds to wait also. And until the event is secure, and each man can sit in peace in the shade of his own vine and fig-tree, we must needs solace ourselves with sentiments like the foregoing, oft-repeated, and presenting new meanings every time they pass our lips.

There really is, in the experiences this world has to offer us, a vast amount of good to be got out of what we call our wretchedness. We need never be disappointed, if we do not wish to be. We have it in our power to gild every loss and every sorrow with the brightest colors, just as Midas changed every object he touched to gold. If we will but allow the sunshine of our spiritual natures to break full and free upon the mute strings of our hearts, they will give forth melodies far sweeter than those which flowed from the strings of the statue of Memnon. Life is just what we choose to make it: The beggar can dance if he will, and the poor cripple can sing. It is in crushing precious flowers that we get their indescribable fragrance, and the dazzling diamonds burn just as purely though buried fathoms deep in the bosom of the earth.

Besides, it is a mistaken idea to take it for granted that the mere possession of money provides happiness. It can do so in no true sense whatever. Money may give us comparatively free license to gratify our appetites, our passions, our desire for power—but this is no happiness to the nature that has reached any marked stage of development. Money cannot help our wants; if these wants chance to be seated in the soul—in the heart of a man's better nature; and if he once thinks it can, by that very thought he confesses that his soul, as yet, is asleep, has no wants, but is subordinate to the changing whims of appetite and passion. The truth is, if we live at all, it is at the centre of our being, and not upon the circumference; and when this is really the case with us, then all the outer and external faculties, qualities, possessions, and circumstances—then talent, position, wealth, fame—all obey the superior law of this inner and truer being; are the mere servants and creatures of it, do nothing but its bidding, and the result to ourselves is harmony and happiness; harmony in respect of all our outward relations, and happiness in respect of that real nature which alone is capable of supplying it.

Some of the most beautiful lives we ever studied have been sheltered and shaded from the brassy glare of a worldly light, by the kind screen of poverty. We do not mean the lives of such as sniffling and sullenly submit to their lot, because they know they cannot mend it; but rather of those who bravely and contentedly, with high cheerfulness, and hearts still pouring out the rich wine of their love, accept their condition as if it were the very best the world had to bestow. These put the selfish world to shame. These make the merely rich men, the men with houses and stocks to prop up their names, hang their heads with shame. We admit that such souls are rare enough; but they do exist. Even they know what it is at times to be weary, but the whole tenor of their lives tells the truth respecting them. And, strange as it may sound, it is not always, if indeed it is generally, that such beautiful examples of courageous content and cheerful self-trust occur among the stronger sex; in fact, the most attractive one we were ever led to behold, in its sweet privacy, was

that of a young, delicate, frail, and altogether spiritual woman. She shamed us day by day, for our impatience and fussy intermeddling, by her ever calm, trustful, true, and loving contentment. We saw at a glance that a state of perfect childhood for the human heart was the only state in which it could be in health, and always prepared to receive the divine influxes that alone bring happiness.

Poverty certainly does allow the largest play to faith, to hope, and to true philosophy; and these are strong points in the estimate of any human life and experience. When we are compelled, by the force of circumstances, to become submissive, contented, and truly calm, then, for the first time, we become thoroughly acquainted with ourselves; and no other wealth can come to us of a title of the value of that; for to know oneself is the top, and height, and crown of all earthly wisdom. And out of this collision of the restive and rebellious faculties of the nature, engendered by a knowledge that nothing is left us but submission to fortune, proceeds a breadth and a strength of character, as well as a sweetness of temper, and a wholeness of trust, such as no money can purchase, no mere riches can secure. It comes from the being itself, and from no fortuitous externals. There is no other experience in life, we might all of us finally come to think, that is equal to this. It enlarges and enriches so silently and so surely. Under clouds we behold how much more beautiful is the sunlight; in unknown places we find the most delightful company; in neglect there is an abundance of friends; and in utter solitude the soul is peopled with voices that will sound in its chambers forever and forever.

THE BIBLE QUESTION.

Another step has been taken in this question of the Bible in the public schools, but to our mind it is a step backwards. Judge Maine, of the Police Court, before whom was brought the case of assault growing out of the punishment of the boy Wall by his teacher, Cook, undertook to decide that the statute providing for the daily reading of a particular version of the Bible was not in violation of the liberty of conscience guaranteed by the Constitution, and therefore that the punishment inflicted by the teacher upon the pupil was neither unjust, nor, under the circumstances, excessive. For, says his Honor, in relation to the last point, the boy had it in his power to bring the ratating to an end whenever he chose to relent; and it necessarily follows, of course, that because he did not relent, in a matter of conscience, too, he deserved all the punishment he got, and it was not excessive! A second Daniel!

Justice Maine holds that the statute requiring the reading of the English version of the Bible cannot conflict with the Constitution, because, if it did, the Bible would at once have to go out of the schools! A sort of a *sequitur* for which he has no stomach at all. For if a boy may lawfully refuse to read a portion of a particular translation of the Bible in the school, he may, on the same principle, refuse to have it read to him; which Justice Maine esteems a dreadful thing. He means, evidently, to have the practice of reading the Bible sustained, even if the Constitution, and its professed toleration, goes to the dogs.

There is a great deal of unworthy pettiness in his opinion, and that detracts by just so much from its value. We propose to give a sample of it, thus: "From the argument, it is understood that in this case there are conflicting rights, the rights of conscience of the scholar, the rights of the parent over him, and the rights of the defendant as master—and that these rights are to be upheld by compromise. What the compromise is to be, the Court is not informed."

Can it be that those pupils whose religion teaches them that the Douay version of the Bible is the only true record of the Scriptures, shall be permitted to read and repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments from their own Bible? Grant the requests, and what follows? It is enacted by the statute that the School Committee shall never direct to be purchased or used in any of the town schools any school books which are calculated to favor the tenets of any particular sect of Christians.

So by such a compromise, we see the very thing would be done which is now complained of, that of favoring the tenets of a particular religion.

But what is the enforcement of the Protestant, instead of the Douay version upon the scholars who have been instructed in the latter, but "favoring the tenets of a particular religion?" If Justice Maine's decision does anything, it does just that thing, and no other. He insists that the Bible shall be read in the Schools because the statute says it shall, whether it is constitutional or not; and he further insists that the Bible shall be the common English translation.

But again he asks:— "Is the compromise to be that of a division of the school money, allowing separate schools to be carried on in accordance with religious views? Our Constitution declares that no money raised by taxation for the support of Schools shall ever be appropriated to any religious sect for the maintenance exclusively of its own Schools."

Here he travels out of the record, and troubles himself with wondering what may happen, provided he should be so rash as to decide this issue constitutionally.

We have one other point of this most miserable and sectarian legal "decision" to present, and we have done. It is as follows, in the Justice's own language:—

"The last point for the consideration of the Court is, was the offense one which required punishment; had the master the right to inflict corporal punishment; and if he had, was the punishment excessive, or inflicted through malice?"

The apparent magnitude of the offense depends somewhat upon the standpoint from which it is viewed. From one aspect, it appears to be of the most innocent and simple nature. A child desired the privilege in school of reading the Commandments from his Bible—the only one that his religion would allow him to read. It would seem to a generous mind tyrannical to deny so simple and innocent a request, and it would indeed be so, were that the whole of the matter.

May not the innocent pleading of the little child for its religion in school, if granted, be used like a sliver, to thrust into the heart of the heretic, and which lies between Church and State, and when once secured, may not stronger cords be passed over it, until cables which human hands cannot sever shall have bound Church and State together forever?

Is it not really a disgrace to our professions of religious toleration, that such stuff is permitted to be promulgated as law from the bench even of a Police Court? It is proper, then, to hush the promptings of a child's conscience, because we do not know what awful traps Catholicism, or Judaism, may have set beyond! We may do wrong, for fear a greater evil may overtake us if we do right! Law is made subservient, then, to the nightmare fears of a timid man, because, if it were allowed its own free play, it would possibly do mischief to somebody's very narrow prejudices! We are to read our Constitutions only by the flickering light of probable results!—and those results, too, such as bestride the brains of weak men in the shape of phantoms and impossible ghosts! What a state of things, surely, is this, for free men to live under, and all the while professing the most liberal and enlightened sentiments, and the largest possible toleration!

It is reported to us, on good authority, that a civil suit will be brought on this case, and tried as speedily as possible before the highest judicial tribunal of the Commonwealth. We may at least be certain that it will there receive the thorough and comprehensive discussion to which it is entitled, and thus the minds

of all thinking men will be apt to be exercised as they ought to be upon those great principles on which our entire social and political fabric rests. It is time that we all know what toleration means—if it do indeed mean toleration, and nothing less; or if it is only used to imply the right of a temporary numerical majority to do as they please. It is time, also, to know if our views of right are to be warped, modified, or restrained by thoughts of results, whether those results may now seem to make for or against us. The trial of this great issue will be apt to shake this Commonwealth to its centre.

NOT DONE BY THE SCHOLAR.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the Scholar is the man of progress, or the man who is appointed to introduce great events, and Professor Felton ought to think of this fact. He, for example, may be thoroughly posted in the history, literature, and philosophy of Greece, and still be perfectly impotent to deal with new events. We say, therefore, that he should not fail to think of this thing.

Theodore Parker touched upon this very idea most felicitously, in an Address before the Literary Societies of Bowdoin College, not a long time ago, and spoke as follows:—

"The great events of the world have not been set on foot by the scholar always. Look at Moses, the runaway slave, Jesus, the carpenter of Galilee, Mahomet, the Arabian pedler. The scholar does not command the work of civilization in the wilderness, but enters in when all is finished, and dinner is ready. Look at the great moral reforms in the world to-day; none of these have been begun by the scholar—temperance, anti-slavery, peace, women's rights. The scholar, when he has appeared in the ranks of such reformers, has been the exception to the rule. The scholar is not a practical man. No wise lawyer would ever submit his cause to be tried by his twelve brethren at the bar, and were the speaker to have a case in court, and the jury were twelve ministers, he would need the prayer, 'the Lord give you a good deliverance.' The scholar has the name of a democrat, but he has none of its spirit. The modern scholar is selfish; this scholar is ashamed of the class from which he sprung; this scholar is a snob. He is well represented by the boy whose father sent him to Harvard, while he sold milk in Boston, and who, when he saw the milk cart coming through College Green, hid himself in his fellow-student's room."

That is about the way with scholars, both old and young. They are the most timid creatures in the world. If a great enterprise is to be undertaken, anybody but a scholar is the man to lead it. If a new step in social reform is to be made, the scholar is the last man who is likely to have anything to do with it. He has no courage; is afraid of his own shadow; is given to everlasting weighing and balancing, criticizing and clipping off; has the 'sineu', in fact, taken out of his heart. It would be well for young men, as well as educators of the young, to remember a fact that is of such decided significance.

REFORMATION.

If the BANNER OF LIGHT has done no more good, it deserves credit for having reformed and revolutionized the spiritualistic press.

In two years' time it has driven the leading journals into imitating its course, in order to save themselves from utter wreck. Having seen what they termed a "mushroom" grow into a favorite with the people, by the display of a little enterprise, they take pattern by it. We are glad we have been able to show them the right road to the people's affections, and hope now, that they know it, they will have sense enough to keep in it. As fast as they get up to the BANNER in style, we shall have new attractions to present, and endeavor to be, as we have thus far been, the star which shall lead them "onward." If they start on this road, we hope they will lay in a large stock of endurance and liberality in expending their means, for we assure them the end of the journey we have laid out is a long way ahead, and it will cost some means to reach it. We have not realized our ideal of a weekly paper yet, gentlemen, and shall be pleased to have you with us in this good work.

A WEDDING.

On the evening of April the fourth, Charles L. George, M. D., was married to Miss Hattie H. Jenness, by Rev. Mr. Cleverly. The wedding took place at the residence of Mr. C. C. Shaw, No. 11 Lagrange place, whose house on the occasion was full and running over with bounties provided, and kind hearts that partook of them. Miss Jenness having recently given up her house at 13 Lagrange Place, was invited by Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, to have the highest esteem of both herself and Dr. George, to have the nuptial ceremonies performed at their house, which invitation was accepted with pleasure and reciprocated with gratitude.

Dr. George is a young man of spotless character and fine abilities. He has recently graduated in medicine at Philadelphia. His new wife is his equal, and more than his equal, in one respect; as a clairvoyant, for the correct examination of disease, she has probably not a superior, if she has an equal, in the world. They intend soon to go West; and we heartily commend them to the confidence of those with whom they become acquainted.

ANGLING.

Spring has conquered old Winter with her smiles, and nature is rapidly getting her wardrobe ready to appear in new costume in honor of the fair queen. The rivers, brooks and rivulets have burst their icy thraldom, and are singing away through plain and field, and although the waters may be a little too high at present, it will require but a little while of this present weather to insure the most excellent opportunities for angling. It is quite an old foggy idea that you can't fish with success until the last of spring or first of summer. Trout will bite ten to one during the earlier part of the season, owing to the great lack of their natural food, and their consequent hunger. We therefore bid our numerous friends who are surrounded by running brooks to trample the grasses on their banks before two weeks have gone by, and they will not come home with empty creels.

J. L. D. OTIS.

We are pleased to receive information that Mr. Otis is again in the field as a lecturer, having recovered from his severe illness. He will answer calls to speak, and may be addressed at Lowell. Subscriptions to the new school which he is laboring to organize, now amount to \$2,400, and a meeting has been called, to convene on May 24th, for the purpose of choosing officers and maturing plans for location and construction. See advertisement.

BE SURE!

Be sure to write the name of your town and State, when you send us a subscription. Also be sure to write all names plainly. Delay is frequently caused by carelessness.

LEVEE.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Association of Randolph will hold a Levee and Fair at Stetson Hall on Wednesday evening, 13th inst. All friends of Spiritualism are cordially invited to attend.

A MOVEMENT FOR WOMAN.

The New York Legislature has a bill before it, whose object is the better protection of the property and earnings of married women. Its main provision is, that any married woman may invest or use her property and earnings, or any portion thereof, in any trade or business, and that such investment, with the profits and the labor bestowed thereon by her or her agents or servants, shall not be subject to the disposal of her husband, nor be liable for his debts, but may be used by her, and continue her sole and separate property; and all contracts executed by her in any trade or business in which she may engage, shall be in all respects as valid as if she were single.

Of this salutary and most humane measure, long ago demanded by the professions and pretensions of our civilization, the New York Tribune remarks as follows:—

"The bill consists of a single section, of not many more words than we have given above, but it establishes a most salutary provision. There are hundreds of hard-working wives in this State, more especially in the large cities, whose unceasing efforts to support themselves in respectability, and to decently provide for their children, are perpetually thwarted by lazy, profligate and drunken husbands, who, in many cases, seize by force upon the hard-earned pittance of the wife, and spend it in the first-grog-shops that they can reach. Surely, it is time that this wretched abuse should come to an end, so far as it is countenanced by law. The old statutes and the present practice put the wife's property and earnings pretty much at the mercy of her husband and his creditors. We do not think that any Legislature could do a more popular, certainly not a more just thing, than to extend their protection over neglected and abused mothers. We trust that some good friend will see that this bill—which we are glad to learn has been reported complete—is not forgotten in the rush and whirl inevitable at the close of the session, but that Gov. Morgan will have the satisfaction of affixing his official signature to it, thus making it the law of the land."

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

Mr. Charles Partridge, the publisher of this journal, announces new features and attractions for his eighth volume which commences April 30th.

Among these are reports of Chapin and Beecher's sermons, of Cora L. V. Hatch, T. W. Higginson and Rev. John Pierpont; the debates of the New York Spiritual Lyceum and Conference, and of the New York Christian Union.

We give the above synopsis of an advertisement which arrived too late for insertion in this number of our paper.

MESSAGE VERIFIED.

WILLIAMSBURG, March 25, 1880.
DEAR SIR—I saw in the Banner, of this week, a communication from my mother; a few weeks ago there was another one from her. The reason I did not answer the first one was, I wanted to ask my mother through a medium if it was her. I waited some time before I could see a medium; at last I found one, and my mother wrote through the medium that it was correct. The communication published by you is correct, and in it is an answer to what I wished to know. I am very grateful to you for the communication. My mother's name was Abigail Simpson. I was very much delighted with her advice; it was always good. I am alone; and as regards any communications my friends all laugh at me.
MRS. B. K. BARRELL.

The message of Mary Goding, published in No. 26, Vol. 6, is pronounced to be very correct in all the points admitting of proof to us. She says she is murdered, which is not susceptible of proof, but circumstances favor the truth of her statement even in this particular.

NEXT SABBATH.

Henry C. Wright will speak at the Melodeon next Sunday, in the afternoon, at three o'clock, on "the facts and fiction of Religion," and at half-past seven in the evening, on "The living present and dead past."

NOTICES.

All notices intended for insertion in the Banner of Light, must be handed in at the office as early as Saturday preceding the issue in which they are to be inserted.

NEW WORK ON SPIRITUALISM.

Hon. J. W. Edmonds writes us as follows:— "I wish you would mention that I have lately had submitted to my personal manuscript of a work on Spiritualism, by Robert Dale Owen, late Minister from the United States at Naples."

Mr. Owen has been four years abroad, and is now in England on his way home, and the book will be published on his arrival. It is an exceedingly interesting work, and cannot but think that it is the best we have had. He has investigated the subject very carefully, and particularly its appearance in Europe, where, it seems, there is a great deal more of it than we have supposed; and the book is full of valuable information and of strong, clear, vigorous reasoning. I shall be impatient to see it in print.

I have received a letter from London, from an English gentleman of high attainments, who writes:—"Since coming to town I have seen something of Dr. Ashburner, who has lately recovered from a severe illness. I went, the other evening, to a meeting of Spiritualists assembled to hear a paper from Mr. R. D. Owen, being the introduction to the work on Spiritualism, which he is about to publish. It is an exceedingly well-written and interesting preface, and calculated to raise high our expectations of the work itself."

I met there, amongst others, the Howitts and Mr. Wilkinson, and mentioned to them, as I had to Dr. Ashburner, the hope that you would pay a visit to this country before long, an announcement which they all received with great pleasure, and desired me to say how glad they would be, one and all, to welcome you."

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

Dr. John Mayhew will lecture at Pontiac, Mich., April 11th and 12th; Flint, April 13th and 14th; Flushing, April 15th; Ypsilanti, April 17th; Dowagiac, April 18th and 19th; Napoleon, Ill., April 20th, 21st, and 22nd; and at Waukegan, Wis., April 24th. Thence he will proceed to St. Paul, Minnesota, and visit the friends from Sweet Home to meet him on the morning of April 27th, at Dr. Post's office. From the first of June to July 14th he will attend to the wishes of various friends, on or near the Great and Milwaukee route, for the purpose of visiting the friends of the region round about. From July 14th to August 31st he will be on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit. All friends desiring a visit for one, two, three, or more lectures, will write him early in May, and direct their letters to Doctor Mayhew, Sweet Home, Wyoming Post-Office, Chicago Co., Minnesota.

Mrs. S. Maria Bliss will lecture on all the various subjects that have been presented before, together with physiology and phrenology, entranced by spirits. Address her at Springfield, Mass.

H. P. Fairfield will lecture in East Taunton, Mass., April 17. Warren Chase lectures in Chicago, Ill., June 10th and 20th. Loring Moody will lecture in Charlestown, Sunday, April 17. See Seventh Page.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JUVENILES.—"The History of the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," and the "Ugly Duckling," are both illustrated books for the children. The former is hardly up to the mark for "teaching the young idea how to shoot," being filled with the giant and fairy style. The second is not liable to this objection, and is capable of teaching a lesson which will be of service in all time. Published by Shepard, Clark & Brown, Philadelphia.

IVANHOE. By Sir Walter Scott. T. B. Peterson, Publisher. This is No. 1 of the series of Waverley Novels, in paper covers, retail price 25 cents, or the twenty-six numbers for \$5. Shepard, Clark & Brown, 110 Washington street, have it for sale.

SYMBOLS OF THE CENTRAL, or Civilization in New York, N. Y. A. D. Mayo. Thatcher & Hutchinson, 623 Broadway, N. Y. The author is a liberal Unitarian clergyman of Troy, N. Y., and his name alone is guaranty enough for an interesting and readable book.

LECTURE BY RALPH W. EMERSON.

Wednesday Evening, April 8th, 1880.

The attendance at Freeman Chapel to-night was not so large as the week before; but yet large enough for all practical purposes. His subject was "Clubs." The lecturer said that we are delicate machines, and require nice treatment to preserve our maximum of power and place. We need lives, but must have those which cost little or no reason. The flame of life burns too fast in pure oxygen, and so nature has tempered it with the nitrogen. Thought is the pure air of life, but would be poisonous untempered with the things of the external world—food, conversation, exercise, etc. But of all these conditions, the best and safest is society; and every healthy and efficient person passes a large portion of his years in it.

Conversation is varied—science, love, thought, singing, experience, in all their variations. A man must have society of some sort. A library full of good books is no recompense for a lack of it, and so leaving his books he seeks it, for books have at times no thoughts for him. Some companions are less wise than he, but their experiences are just as good. In society rigid laws are to be observed. He must have learned to be himself.

I remember the indignation of the college president when it was proposed to do away with the toasts at the college dinner, because they interfered with the hilarity of the occasion. Not enough allowance is made for blood and spirits. Some men only love to talk where they know they are masters, among ladies, and in shops, where they are at liberty to go out and come in when they please. In conversation there must be information received as well as imparted. What kind of a pump is that which delivers without drawing?

In olden times sphynxes and riddles were sent from king to king by their ambassadors, and he who could answer a question so as to admit of no other answer was the best man. And in old Norse mythology we find the gods putting their heads in forfeit for the answers to each others questions—a sure way of finding out who were the gods.

Some time ago an American chemist, traveling in England, carried letters of introduction to Dalton, the chemist of Manchester. He was received quite cordially; but the Englishman, out of civility, scratched a formula on a piece of paper, pushed it across the table, and asked him if he had seen that. The American drew another formula—the result of his own experiments made with sulphuric acid—and rejoined, "Have you seen that?" The attention of the chemist was struck, and a close acquaintanceship was the result.

Good nature is stronger than towering dignity. What can you do with the man of wit? No gag-laws, contempt of court can contrail him. His first word will undo your whole work; his thought is too quick for you. Who could stop the mouth of men like Mirabeau, Talleyrand, or Chatham?

The lecturer was of the opinion that the history of clubs, during the first and middle ages, and later in England and France, would make an important chapter in history. He referred to the Harrington Club of Oxford scholars, which finally became a political debating society; of the "Mermaid" Club, of which Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Herrick and such like, were members, and of the record left us of great sayings in that reservoir of Elizabethan genius; of another club made up of such men as Sir Christopher Wren, Isaac Newton and John Locke; of Addison's "Spectator" Club; of the club where Goldsmith, Johnson and Boswell met, with others we know as well.

We are always wiser for receiving what others have and are willing to impart; but the channels are choked up unless there is an equal sympathy which can draw them out and receive them. Every man has his facts and experiences, and you can have them at your own price, if you can only get his keys to unlock them. In this man is all Boston comes; another man is full of railroads; another of science. Now what an immense storehouse we should have at our disposal if we could find a cross-cut road to each man's experiences—if we could see them all in the same picture books. They would be no poorer, but we would be rich indeed. Memoir proposed to enter and view every man's experiences at leisure by his hot-bed of magnanimity; but unhappily the bubble broke. When man sees ingots of gold he knows he can get at the metal only by crushing and fuming; and if man would arrive at experience by a short cut, he must lose sympathy with high souls themselves. Again, experience cannot be exchanged penny for penny and pound for pound. It is always paid on demand, without receipt or note.

At California and Pike's Peak there is gold in the quartz. It always has been there; but the quartz must be pulverized and the gold washed out, before it can be turned into currency. So man has his experiences ground out by contact with his fellows. The gold in them sleeps, and would remain asleep forever, unless some power ground it out. And this work is one which clubs seem particularly fitted for. There are men who can be benefited—who can be "brought out" in a club; but there are others who have the propensity of the bat, to fly against the light, and put it out—disputers and quibblers.

In forming a club, the speaker said it was best to keep out any person whose presence would exclude any single subject of conversation. You want men who are fearless and independent; who take everything said for granted, and who have no darling creed or philosophy to jealously guard or look after; men not afraid to look any subject in the face. We can hardly tell why, but the young prefer the society of the gipsies to that of the bishops; young ladies often leave the parlor for the society of the Millenials in the kitchen. So the club must have as great a variety of minds and tastes as possible. There are heroes in jockey jackets, as well as in Balaklava. Politics or education may be discussed in the club, for Burke said that when bad men conspire good men should combine. Some men are misers of their facts; but if such men want give away their corn, if you have as good of another kind, they may be made to swap kernels for kernels. Each sprightly story at the club is of benefit, for it calls out another. The dinner is said to be the best place to set a charity foot. Pedantry and business are left at the door, and the wits have free play. History exaggerates, no doubt, the dinners of the wits of Rome. Xenophon gives us no data of his; but it is believed a poor dinner is better in good society than a good dinner in worse company.

Mr. Emerson gave, in a humorous way, the experiences of his own at an English club called the "Pot House Society," not so bacchanalian as the name implies, however—made up of some of the most accomplished men of London. When he entered, a philosophical mind was discoursing on diamonds and lenses, and tests applied to the former; but soon a man with a louder voice drowned him out in a description of race horses, which gave rise to many a droll story—which he related to the audience with marked effect. Then was the turn for the naturalist to exhibit to the club a shell which, when placed in water, became invisible—and so on.

He said he could never forget that nature was always in earnest, and that the old Spartan rule of one to one was always silently enforced. The best conversation is between only two. While in London he fell in with the literary executor of Jeremy Bentham, and accompanied him to the house of the lately-deceased philosopher. He found in his reception-room only two chairs, and was informed that he made a rule of never meeting but one visitor at a time, although hardly a distinguished man in Europe had not at some time sat in that chair.

The lecturer indulged in a prophecy of what experience conversation and blending of thought would do for the world, as he closed.

HEALING THE SICK.

From a letter from Judge Edmonds we extract the following request, which our readers will of course respond to:—

"Your request to furnish me with instances of speaking in many longues has already begun to be answered. Letters are pouring in upon me from all parts of the country and I shall have a valuable collection of evidence on that topic. I wish also, in the same manner, to ask, for instances of healing the sick by the laying on of hands."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JEREMIAH SMITH, CHESTERVILLE, OHIO.—We are not able to interpret the characters you send us.
F. M. W., CHESTERVILLE.—Best terms at the head of fourth page. Will send to another town.

BOSTON THEATRE.—In the production of Faust and Marguerite Mr. Barry has fulfilled all his promises. Much was expected by our public, and their verdict has been one of unqualified approval. We have yet to see a spectacular drama put upon the stage more superbly in all its details, than Faust and Marguerite by Mr. Barry, says the Evening Gazette. It is indeed a superb spectacle, and we predict for it a great run.

George Atkins, healing medium, has taken rooms at No. 7 Eliot street, Boston, where he will receive his friends. He will also receive calls to lecture.

The Busy World.

This issue of the *Banner* is a star number. It is consequently superfluous to enumerate in the usual table of contents the various topics treated upon. All will repay a perusal.

Our subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly, are requested to notify us of every such omission. Our P. O. stands on "speculative ground." Just now, and the "bulls" and "bears" of State street are after it. This may account for the irregularity of the mails; we do not say such is the case, however.

We shall publish a long message from the spirit of Judson Hutchinson in our forthcoming issue.

An Aquarial Museum has lately been opened at No. 21 Broad street. It is one of the most instructive lessons in natural history we have ever seen.

A single type made a blunder for us last week in our report of E. S. Wheeler's lecture, as we did not like to have happen. "In genius, one never loses his selfhood," should have read *lose*.

Dr. Chapin, this week, is eminently spiritualistic in some parts of his discourse on our first page. Perhaps he don't know it, and perhaps it is well that he don't.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.—Steamship Quaker City, from Tehuantepec, with San Francisco dates to March 31st, arrived at New Orleans on the 8th inst. The steamer John L. Stephens took down from San Francisco \$1,000,000 in treasure. The Vanderbilt line of steamers had stopped running. The excitement at Shasta was amicably settled. The troops sent there had been successfully landed, and marched to Mohave. Money was tight, and the trade depressed, in consequence of large expected arrivals of goods. Sugar was active. Dry goods importers are doing little. Boots, shoes, naval stores, and provisions, dull.

The Sickles trial is progressing slowly at Washington. On Saturday Mr. Graham consumed the entire day in his opening argument for the defence, which was eloquent and powerful. Dutton's Home Melodist, just published, contains an excellent selection of many very popular songs, ballads, etc., adapted to family use.

Sunday last was a delightful day, and from the deep recesses of our soul we gave thanks to the Good Father for the manifold blessings he has so bountifully bestowed upon his children.

BROOKLYN'S LITTE TRIO.—The volume called "Life Thoughts," a series of extracts from the sermons of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, is said to have reached a sale of forty thousand copies. The popularity of that divine needs no better proof than this.

Those people who are flocking to "Piko's Peak," will, in less than six months, we opine, with themselves in "Happy Valley."

Miss Susie C. Cluer will give an entertainment, consisting of Reading and Recitations from the Poets, in Hall No. 3 Mercantile Building, Summer street, on Thursday evening, April 14th, 1859, to commence at 7-8 o'clock. Admission 15 cents.

God's love and man's are of the self-same blood, And he can see that angel at the door Of fullest heart the angels and the yet Knocks, to return and cancel all his debts.

HIGH AUTHORITY APPEARED TO.—In his charge to the jury in the Stephens case, says the N. Y. Com. Adv. Judge Roosevelt said, "We have the highest authority for saying that a man hath will he give for his life." A writer in the Rochester Union, commenting upon the statement, says:—"Holy writ informs us that 'Satan answered the Lord and said, Behold, I am here, and all that man hath will he give for his life.'—Jon. 3:7. This doctrine of the Judge may lead to several serious questions. May not an amendment to the Constitution be necessary to give to Satan in the city of New York higher judicial authority than the Court of Appeals? The jury in criminal, as well as in civil cases, must receive the law from the court. Is a juror in the city of New York competent, who has conscientious scruples against accepting the Devil as the highest authority? These and kindred considerations may produce some embarrassment in the courts of the metropolis."

On the 4th inst., the Legislature of Maine passed bills appropriating one million and a half acres of public lands to aid the Aroostook Railroad, and the European and North American Railway.

The "New York Weekly" is publishing a revolutionary romance from the pen of our friend Dr. J. H. Robinson. The present number gives a portrait of Mr. Robert Donnor, the publisher of the New York Ledger.

A RELIGIOUS IDEA OF THINGS.—The Baptist "Watchman and Recorder" says:—

"The fact, wishing to praise our good city for its freedom of religious thought, and its charity to all teachers of new doctrines, calls Boston 'the Parthenon of America.' We have long been of opinion that the contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the preachers at the Music Hall, not to mention some of the correspondents of the *Post*, worshipped other deities than the God of the Bible, but we were hardly looking for an admission of the fact from so good an authority."

AIN'T IT QUEEN?—An old lady was highly delighted and edited by a view of the vessels on Long Island Sound towing their boats astern. "L-a-w-d-a-massy!" exclaimed the innocent old soul, "how perfect is all the works of nature! Even the great big ships have all got their little ones runnin' along after 'em just as playfully as lambs."

A speaking illustration of the supremacy of nature over theology recently occurred in a family "away down East." A little boy had waited for his breakfast during the morning prayer, and, being seated at the table, was again commanded to wait the saying of "grace," broke the silence of the moment by exclaiming, "Now, father, I aint going to wait no more prayers at mornin'—I aint 'goin' to have any such works as that." This child's organ of reverence cannot be very large. He will never be a minister of the old school—that's certain.

According to an official estimation of the diamonds of the crown of France, their value is twenty-one millions of francs.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.—The Roman Catholics of Cambridge are about to petition the School Committee of that city to discontinue the practice in the public schools of repeating the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments.

CASTING OUT THE DEVIL.—We learn that a Catholic priest in this city has recently "become possessed of the devil," and his majesty talks through his organism very strangely. The bishop learning of the matter, proceeded at once to call upon the possessed priest, prepared to cast out the evil spirit, when he was received with great courtesy, and told that he need not trouble himself, as he would be very likely to come back again; and moreover, that his prayers were not needed in behalf of poor sinners, as he had been out of purgatory. The case is regarded as a deplorable one.—*Buffalo Sunbeam*.

CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.—The new gun-boat is in the dry-dock, coppered, and otherwise in a state of forwardness. She is to be called the "Narragansett." The new sloop-of-war Hartford will shortly be fitted out for sea, and is likely to go on squadron duty very soon.

TIPSTAFF'S MONTHLY for April is an excellent number. For sale by Dea Marsh, 14 Broad street.

The human heart is like a feather bed—it must be roughly handled and well shaken, to prevent its becoming hard and knotty. With propriety comes the withering discovery that opulence is not happiness, for the shadows around us are darkest when the sun of our fortune is brightest.

An ill-natured epigram says the women all use paint, and he sets his face against it.

A TIME THOUGHT.—A Greek poet implies that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain. There is a nobler bliss still—the rapture of the conscience at a sudden release from a guilty thought.—*Duvaler Lytton*.

The Investigator tells the following story of a sectarian minister located in the State of New York.—Desirous of making a sensation, a few Sabbaths since, in preaching on the Crucifixion, the preacher instructed the sexton, when he got on that part of the discourse where he describes the darkness overshadowing the heavens, to draw down the gas, giving light only to make the darkness visible. The sexton, however, awkwardly put out the gas altogether, so confounded the preacher that he was unable to proceed. Some of the trustees of the church hurried to the sexton in the lobby, and inquired what was the matter. Greatly to his chagrin and mortification, as well as that of the preacher, he was obliged to explain.

The Evansville, Ind., Daily Enquirer of March 24, says:—"Hon. Warren Chase's lecture at the Court House last night, is said by those who were so fortunate as to hear it, to have been a most glowing, eloquent, and argumentative exposition of the subject of spiritual existence. A good audience was present, and all were highly satisfied, and agreeably prefaced by the discourse. He lectured again to-night, in Crescent City Hall, and also to-morrow in the forenoon, evening, and at night. Those who disbelieve all the views and teachings

of Spiritualism, are generally those who have read and heard the least about it; and no one should sneer at any doctrine before investigation. We should accept the truth and reject the error in all doctrines and creeds of men. While we have gymnasia for exercising the body, schools to develop the mind, and temples of worship to better the heart, let us cultivate our spiritual nature, and at least fear not to court the investigation of what has absorbed the attention of many who are both good and intelligent."

B. of T.—At a meeting of Eureka Division, No. 43, B. of T., of East Brighton, on Thursday evening, March 31st, the following persons were elected officers for next term:—E. D. Littlefield, W. P.; O. M. Smith, W. A.; W. S. Spear, R. S.; A. J. Beale, A. B. S.; J. Simmonds, F. S.; I. Beale, T. S.; C. M. Packard, C. O. F. Packard, A. C.; J. Keith, I. S.; J. Palmer, O. S.; Rev. George Winchester, Chaplain.

The flowers of Spring have bloomed. We were this morning (Monday) presented with a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers, picked at Plymouth by Mrs. Capt. Simmonds. She has our thanks for this, as for other "formal" favors.

Digby saw a note lying on the ground, but knew that it was a counterfeit, and walked on without picking it up. He told the story, when the latter said:

"Do you know, Digby, you have committed a very grave offence?"

"Why, what have I done?"

"You have passed a counterfeit bill, knowing it to be such," said Ike, without a smile, and fled.

A driver of a coach, stopping to get some water for the young ladies inside, being asked what he stopped for, replied, "I'm watering my flowers."

No man has a right to do as he pleases, unless he pleases to do right.

The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it.

The best light to light a man through the world, is a pair of gentle, bright eyes, in a loving companion.

Banner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

Publication Office, No. 5 Great Jones Street.

EMMA HARDINGE.

Miss Emma Hardinge occupied the platform at Dodworth's on Sunday the 3d, and delivered the first of a series of lectures on Religion. We shall endeavor to give a few of her introductory ideas. After reading a portion of 23d Matthew, the lectures proceeded:—"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Never were these words more fully realized than in the present moment. Our numbers are small, but are not our hearts aware of the presence of the spirit? If this be so, may not we be the cross which, uplifted, shall lift the world? It is enough for us to know that though we be few or many, our God is with us. Our subject to-day is Religion. Nothing new, nothing strange, except that the addresses upon it have for their aim the benefit of all the world, and we trust a panacea for all earthly suffering. Every heart knows for itself that the aggregation of all its thoughts is Religion, while aspiration to something higher is the culminating point of every human thought. Men call this religion. What shall we say?

Bear with us; it may not be made clear in one or many addresses, but with God's help, the day shall come when in the midst of human life we shall lift a living cross. We shall be met, as we often are, by those home philosophers, that whatever is right. This comes from a satisfied, careless spirit, which has settled into that state, resultant from the fact that self is entirely provided for. Tell us not there is no wrong, no suffering. Tell us not because God is perfect, man is not imperfect. We are not alarmists, and do not conceive that dynasties are rocking more in this age than in other ages. We do not think all earthly institutions will fall because they lack stability; yet there is a spirit, rise in this age, which never rose before, and under the universal spirit of change the age shall step forward into the light of new morning. Let us look at the progress of to-day through the medium of a vision.

There sits at the spirit-circle one upon whom the snows of seventy winters have fallen. In that lofty brow is stored up the wealth of the intellect in ages past; for what is the present but made up of the great results of the past? In this man's mind all the world's wisdom is heaped up. It has unraveled its wealth of knowledge and developed him to what? A knowledge of man. And there he sits at the spirit-circle, with scorn upon his lip. The manifestations were too simple for his intellect, and when his turn came he was asked to question the spirits. He declined to do so, saying, "If God wishes me, let him speak to me. I know nothing of this something which you denominate God. Let him speak." All were silent, each looking inquiringly at the other, and it seemed as if in that silence the angels were bearing the message to God. Suddenly the man raised his hands in reverence above him, and bursting into tears, cried, "I have found my God!" Through the world was ten thousand years old, and though the circling ages had bowed at his feet, his wealth of knowledge, never till then had he discovered that there was a God, and he as the child of God, should live forever. This is the wealth of the nineteenth century, and this the spirit of change.

To-day we shall ask you to consider whether there are points on which the human family agree. We find in man, and in all things which think, five conditions, which together comprise all that man can be. These are the sensual, the affectional, the moral, the intellectual, and the spiritual. The first manifestation of the babe's is sensual, the evidence of pain or pleasure. Sensation is the first lesson he can learn. Pain and pleasure are the sentinels upon the walls of sensation. Here you all meet on one point. These again learn to distinguish those whom I love, and another stratum is lived in home life—the affectional. Here you meet again. Then the child in its dealings with its fellows, in its little associations, how does it display? It has some sense of right and wrong; it dislikes to please; it does not know why. It is hedged in by that innate something in the heart. Men call it morality; here men meet on a third point. The savage looks upon nature as she puts forth her flowers and fruits, and upon the stars as they flash out in the deep, dark sky; he loves them, he knows not why. The artist does; the poet does. The schoolman would say it was the dawn of intellect in the savage. Who has not stood upon the brink of the grave? Who has not turned away from where the falling clouds fell upon the coffin encasing the form of some loved one—turned away to muse on the far future, and think upon the destiny of the spirit just gone? Then the dead and the living stand side by side in the unity of souls. In all these there are five points of common agreement where all do meet. When we can give a greater impulse to these, we shall find the panacea to all earthly ills.

The established church claims to teach three things, which were it faithful to, we could ask no more. First—to teach men God; to offer a certain and universal state of life and practice—one that shall prove the joy resultant from well-doing. Second—the absolute necessity of a sustaining hand. Lastly—an over-riding power, or communion with the world from whence we came, to which we are tending. Religion claims to do this, and if it does, it does all; for in this the five points of man's nature are fully called into action. Our purpose is to show that Religion has had a power similar to this, and has used that power. We believe this power has been conceded to her because she claimed to teach men God. And through her men have certainly learned to know that the lamp of their life should never be darkened.

There is no action, however great, however noble that the soul of man may not be trained to, if you will only show to him that there is a God. It has long been to him too dim, too shadowy, and the clods of error are holding him too strongly. This power the church has had; let us look how she has used it. The Sabbath looked upon the stars and called them gods. Their religion was one of practice. They prepared for their future, fought their battles, and all because of the influence of their starry gods. In the view of teaching a life-practice, religion had to do with men's thoughts in the earlier days. What but religion would have banded together the barbarous Jews? Age after age rolls on, and still the Wandering Jew is awayed by his religion; the name of Moses, the link between himself and his God, is his talisman; the temple laid in dust, remembered in its splendor, is his heaven. What could have called together the wild bands of the desert and placed them under one leader, but the trumpet of religion? Ages and centuries may pass away, and still Mahomet will be the guiding star to every Arab. Religion, it has changed India, Asia, Egypt, and it will over to that religion will be strong and nations will bow to the name of Jesus, Brahma, Zoroaster, and Confucius.

In the orange groves where Socrates taught, in the theatre of Greece where was learned the art of reproducing forms in colors and in marble, religion was the ruling power. What but religion could have called together the wealth and

power of Europe and laid so many heads upon the plains of Aescalon? This is the power which has made man inextinguishable to pain; that has made him go to the stake, as to his marriage bed, and sing amid the writhing flames his Hallelujah. This power has put the sword into brothers' hands and steeped it in brothers' blood. Legislation as you may, oh, philosopher, religion rules the world! It is not enough to say, religion consists in forms, it consists in teaching of God and immortality.

It is to be hoped, that we may find in the spirit of change something to vitalize the claims of religion. Oh, religion! although thou mayst have been arrayed in the red garments of a brother's blood, although thou mayst have been proscribed with peace and the love of mercy in the one hand, and cruel injustice in the other, although thou mayst have been followed with clanking chains, deep dungeons and battle plains where noble heads have pressed the sod, thou hast never relaxed thy hold upon the destiny of the world; thou hast ever been the power, the life, and the impetus to human action. Never more sweet art thou than when spoken by the lips of a father or mother. Oh, may we make you pure. Nothing is outside of religion. It is said religion has hurled its thunders at every advance in science, at every new discovery in art or nature. Yet in the religion of the human heart art had its birth—in true religion—and the church sanctified it by appropriation. We have another evidence of her sovereign power. To-day laboring men bow even as did the worshippers of the Juggernaut, and let her ride rough-shod over the spoils of their labors.

Cora Hatch.

Clinton Hall was a little fuller on last Wednesday, than on the week previous, and from among the audience the usual committee of three was chosen to select a subject, which read as follows:—"What are the evidences of the Immortality of man outside of Spiritualism?" After an impressive invocation the lectures began:

Immortality is a theme of which poets never weary, ages never tire, theologians never flinch in speaking of, and darkest souls grow radiant in listening of. What are the evidences outside of Spiritualism? We are glad the question came in this way for two reasons. First, we like to speak of it because of its own merit, without reference to any particular faith. And again we can find different evidences of the great fact, and no two can think alike—and what is evidence to one is nothing to another. Immortality means eternal life. The immortality of the human mind means the eternity of the human mind. Therefore, immortality may always be comprehended in two words—eternal life.

In speaking on our subject, we shall allude to spirit and soul. We have defined life to be a spirit in all things. I life is a separate thing from God, life is also a God; if God is not life, he is not omnipresent. All we know of God is what we know of life, and all we see of God is all we see of life, as is all we hear of God is all we hear of life. If there be life in the sun, stars, in unknown planets, we conceive God is there; if we conceive of places where nothing exists, there is no God; but we can conceive of no such limit to life. Man is the most stupendous work of God, and yet you cannot prove he has a soul—you cannot see it, hear it, taste it, feel it, no sense in any way points to a demonstration of the supposition. But assuming that man has a soul—that by some process it was developed—we must then admit that it is to exist forever. No words, no sophistry or law can blot it out of life. No change in the body can alter the condition of the soul. There is something in the mind of man which supercedes all conventionalities, all rules and governments, and which remains firm in its purposes. If all this is the result of matter, why is there any thought? Why is there the power of inspiration? Why do you reverence the names of Washington and Webster? Why is the name of Franklin written in the blue of heaven when the thunder rolls and the lightning flash? A belief in immortality has always been peculiar to every nation—among the nations whose glory has long since set, as well as among the aborigines of America. The very immortality of mind or thought proves the immortality of life. We can conceive of nothing which is without a cause. Man has a desire to exist—hopes to exist beyond the grave. If there were not a cause, he would not entertain such a desire. And such desire is universal. We have yet to find what the world calls an Atheist—a man who will candidly assert that he does not believe in an overruling power, or a man who asserts that chance made a world in which order is visible, and to which mathematics will, with unflinching correctness, apply. He who thus reasons himself out of all reason, is convicted in his own unreason.

If you could throw a stone beyond, outside of your atmosphere, it would revolve forever around it, and no power could call it back. So God has thrown the world out into time, and it will revolve forever, and he cannot call it back.

You will always find that the greatest infidels are those who are disgusted with some particular faith, or with the blood shed by religion.

The very satisfaction men experience in believing in an existence beyond the grave, is a most favorable proof of its truth. A belief in immortality at once establishes a desire for truth, a desire for knowledge, and a desire for happiness. Happiness is always paramount. A desire for earthly happiness is not so great when men contemplate a life of joy beyond. Aside from the internal knowledge which the soul always has, there is no evidence outside of Spiritualism to prove its immortality, for Spiritualism has all of inspiration, all of miracles, etc.; yet if there were no such, immortality would be a fact established by the intention of the soul. There is that in the soul to comprehend immortality, as also an amount of evidence to the senses could engender such a belief. No amount of study, no amount of investigation, can develop in a man that which is not inherent in man. It is claimed by Paul of Christ, death and resurrection, that the whole truth of immortality rested in that. Yet Christ did not claim it, or even mention that he did not think immortality already established. It was not sent to prove immortality, but to point the way to happiness beyond the grave.

Paul simply attempts to prove that because Christ was resurrected, all men should be resurrected. In the same chapter he alludes to the two bodies—the natural and spiritual—and shows that the spiritual would inherit the other world. Immortality did not originate with the Christian religion; it was the belief of the world long before its advent. The everlasting quality of memory proves it, and the calm soul knows it is true. Some look upon nature and find a God. In the universe they find order, and order proves intelligence. Others think that because when man is dead there is no intelligence, what, made him so must, necessarily, be existent elsewhere. This is a beautiful and poetic argument; but the whole theory may be comprehended and fully expressed in the fact that nature proves life, and life, if in existence, is existent forever; and this is immortality.

As usual, many questions were asked, and many very applicable replies made; and much satisfaction was manifested at the close, although our feeble efforts at reproducing the ideas expressed fall far short of the original.

Popular Arguments.

It is a most lamentable fact, and one which produces unfavorable results, not so much upon the class as upon the individual, that men who are ever ready to sneer at a new subject, whatever it may be, will not advance some sort of reason, founded, as all reasons should be, upon experience or testimony, for so doing. Now it is universally common for all classes of men, not thinkers, perhaps, but Christian men, to hurl their surplus spleen in the face of the spiritual philosophy. All its multitude of witnesses are separately considered, by these self-styled judges, as witless, domed, insane, etc., all reasons for which come under the general head—they do not believe as we do.

The man who relies blindly upon the records of by-gone ages, and who never devoted one moment of his time to the important developments of to-day, coolly repeats the well-worn phrases of "honorable, humble, etc., while if he would devote a few hours to candid investigation, he could not fail to find the one as great in degree as the other. Men have found it convenient, too long, to rely on that authority which says, "Do thus and be saved." They thus, in a measure, avoid self-action, and we find the Christian to-day distinguished rather by his cold, repulsive aspect, than by a countenance which is radiant with the light of inward aspiration.

A practical system, such as that claimed by the Spiritualist, is one which of necessity will set aside this Christian faith of giving your individuality into the keeping of other—subject to the control, as well as indebted for salvation to others; and it is not a wonder that this is the case under the teachings of the church. The man who relies upon testimony, can never feel the depth of conviction that is felt by the man who seeks demonstration. A student may read the fact, that, subject to the constant law of gravitation, a stone thrown into the air will surely fall; yet if he never hurled a pebble into space, he is not half so firm in his conviction as the farmer's boy who has broken many a string in humming a stone from his sling.

Thus the Spiritualist has at least a little advantage over his opponent, when it comes to the point of illustrating, which, if it is conducive to no good result in his argument,

has surely never been known to do him harm. It is little to say such a thing is true, philosophical and reasonable, and on being asked the simple question, Why? answer, because John Smith has so written it, and it has been defended by a long line of generations. Yet no two churches agree, and each has its foundation firm, true, and infallible, because it has been written and defended for ages. Has no error been exploded, after having had the world in its train? Did the sun, revolving under divine impetus, obey the command of a finite being engaged in war and carnage, to witness the scene of blood, itself a type of victory? Did Galileo suffer for a truth or for an error? A man that undertakes to show the world wherein it is in error, at once becomes the world's enemy, and an arrow of contempt is too sharp to be sent at him from the full-strung bow of public opinion; but after years of labor entirely philanthropic, when the grave closes over his form, and his spirit goes to a more generous community, his truths still living, still restless, come to be popular, are elevated far beyond the reformer's expectations—never beyond their limit, for truth has none; and the world begins to see its error; yet to-morrow, and still again it goes through the same mummy, battling every new truth, until time, the universal conqueror, forces an unwilling community to admit facts which its obstinacy only had refused.

Thus the almost infinite array of facts, bearing directly upon the truths of Spiritualism, are looked upon to-day as intruders upon ancient customs and long established rights. Yet how many supposed truths have been found, after having stood for ages, to be but masses of error enclosed in the polished hull of logic? There is no sort of physical or mental manifestation which is not occurred under the condition known as the mediumistic relation. There is no lack of witnesses to facts above the possibility of reference to any other known cause but that claimed by the Spiritualist. And there is no lack of honesty and intelligence among these witnesses. And it seems to be the simplest way to arrive at an explanation, to accept the statements of those claiming to be agents in producing these effects. Yet the world, ignorant not only of Spiritualism in full, but of its inculcations, is ever ready to make use of all these elegant expressions which so quickly characterize it as the coward, not the man—the slanderer, not the investigator.

We do not expect much immediate change in the old foggy-ism of the times; but if, perchance, there should be a little more universal honor among men, as far as regards a proper treatment of the opinions of their fellows, we shall not despair of the success of our cause, impelled as it is by so many who have been forced, not from desire, but from their inability to successfully controvert its truths into its advocacy.

Sonnet.

BY GEORGE BOWEN.

The brave, the pure, the earnest and the good,
Upon the earth God's mighty army are,
Which through the ages manfully have stood,
On evil ever waging holy war.
The van went forward at the break of morn,
And fought, and toiled, and fell, ere we were born.
Ours is the central post; on us is laid
The stress and travail of the mid-day fight—
To rally under Heaven's high standard—Right
None are too weak in that inspired host
To hold an honored place. To such his post
(Equal in merit, though diverse in fame),
Assigned is, By virtue valiant made,
Men yet shall wrest the earth from wrong and shame.

An Old Spiritualist—No. 7.

No. 7 of the "Old Spiritualist," is unavoidably postponed until next week. It cannot fail to be a rich treat to those who have been close investigators in the physical department of Spiritualism, to have an accurate history, as our series will constitute, of the best authenticated, as well as some of the most wonderful of these manifestations laid before them. It is doubtless true that every man should be able to deduce some sort of conclusion from his belief, let it be what it may.

Philosophical Society.

This society held its meeting last Thursday evening at Cooper Institute. There was quite a large attendance to listen to Professor J. J. Mape's remarks upon "The Progression of Primaries in Nature, Isomerism Compounds," &c. Many of Professor M.'s ideas are similar to those advanced in our columns, in other applications of the same truths, but their observance in organic life, or material existence, was first noted by him.

E. S. WHEELER AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday Evening, April 24, 1859.

"The Law of Impulse" was the subject treated by Mr. Wheeler in the Melodeon, on Sunday evening, the 24th inst. After a brief introduction, showing that the impulse of the infinite was the law of the universe—that of harmony, harmony forever—of perfection, perfection forever—and of discord, discord forever—he proceeded to speak of human impulses as originating in the human organization, physical or spiritual, and his object was to show that the impulse of the infinite, lived in the human impulse, must live an angular and discordant life, and yet it was notorious that this kind of impulse designated the fact that it led to the true life. It was not, for higher, greater, more divine promptings regulated the course of our existence. While every man's heart, the true law of God is enshrined, but enshrouded by neutralizing defects, and until he has perfected every faculty of his being it is unsafe for him to live by the rule of his impulses. Personal examination would convince every one of that fact, and prove that, in most things, we did not act on our manhood or our reason, but on our impulses; whereas, we are taught to be in him, in order to qualify him to administer law to his condition, a recognition of order, which was an impulse of omnipotence. So much, however, were we under the rule of physical subjection, that a higher principle of law only could save him from the law of the senses. Hence, it was every man; let him then look for health—for a healthy man can only be a good or a religious man. An unhealthy man cannot exercise the God-given impulse, or approach to it, until he expels the disease from him with which he is afflicted. These were the things which he has their origin in the total depravity of the soul, we must not believe the assertions which they exist because we have lived antagonistic to the true law of our being. We have committed sin in this respect, for we let preachers preach as they may, and let theology prove what it might, we have no vicarious atonement, and we are generally a poor, wretched, nervous, and unsteady, and we must suffer the stern consequences of the inevitable law of our own prostituted nature. Can it be otherwise? Surely no one can conceive it possible that man can rush into certain danger and at the same time escape it. If a man puts his finger into the flame, it will scorch him; if he throws his body into a furnace, it will kill him; if he subjects himself to the greater severity of cold and frost, he will die. How, then, can he look for healthy or divine impulses from a body which is diseased and imperfect in its every function and whose law is to die? We must not say, "No man can be saved by the rule of negation; for it is not pious which asserts merely because the faculty of beings depraved in certain shapes may not exist. When there is no foundation in the physical being of a man on which an impulse can rest, he may not even credit for suppressing one, or character for a virtue which he has not. Hence, the law of nature, or of religion, or of a purely physical diseased organization assumes, in proof of its own weakness. A man of strong, physical health, with strong feelings and impulses, who struggles hard to conquer what is evil in him, and succeeds, must be the more virtuous and noble; and he who conquers the law of nature, and obeys his own more noble subject cannot but be regarded as the greater man. There is a philosophy in nature which is a stern teacher of truth; but it must be sought and found ere these truths can be manifested. So with religion and virtue; their triumph or their debasement must be found only in the demonstration of the impulses which give them reality—not in the absence of all impulse to give them vitality—in the positive state of feeling and not in a negative one.

The law of impulse must govern a man; for as he is unhealthy in his condition, in the same measure will his impulses be found. Thus, when comes the necessity for a higher law of government, which intuition lends the mind to recognize, acknowledge and live by. He who exists by the guidance of impulses, lives lawless, although the circumstances in and around us hinder us from the realization of this truth. Men are generally a poor, wretched, nervous, and unsteady, and we must suffer the stern consequences of the inevitable law of our own prostituted nature. Can it be otherwise? Surely no one can conceive it possible that man can rush into certain danger and at the same time escape it. If a man puts his finger into the flame, it will scorch him; if he throws his body into a furnace, it will kill him; if he subjects himself to the greater severity of cold and frost, he will die. How, then, can he look for healthy or divine impulses from a body which is diseased and imperfect in its every function and whose law is to die? We must not say, "No man can be saved by the rule of negation; for it is not pious which asserts merely because the faculty of beings depraved in certain shapes may not exist. When there is no foundation in the physical being of a man on which an impulse can rest, he may not even credit for suppressing one, or character for a virtue which he has not. Hence, the law of nature, or of religion, or of a purely physical diseased organization assumes, in proof of its own weakness. A man of strong, physical health, with strong feelings and impulses, who struggles hard to conquer what is evil in him, and succeeds, must be the more virtuous and noble; and he who conquers the law of nature, and obeys his own more noble subject cannot but be regarded as the greater man. There is a philosophy in nature which is a stern teacher of truth; but it must be sought and found ere these truths can be manifested. So with religion and virtue; their triumph or their debasement must be found only in the demonstration of the impulses which give them reality—not in the absence of all impulse to give them vitality—in the positive state of feeling and not in a negative one.

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