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NO. 6

The Sabbath Morning Discourses EDWIN H. CHAPIN and HENRY WARD

EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, April 24th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURR AND LORD. TEXT:—If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.—Colorstans III. 7

which are above.—Colossians III, 7.

There can be but little difficulty in understanding the Apostle's meaning in this place. He has been speaking of those who were buried with Christ in baptism, those who were dead with him from the rudiments of the world. And now proceeding with the association of ideas he speaks of those who are risen, or who were raised with Christ. Those, having entered into spiritual relations with Jesus, are called upon to live upon the same spiritual plane with their risen and ascended Lord. He exhorts them to set their affections on things above, and not on things on earth; by which antithesis I understand the contrast between good and evil, the pure and impure, the estimates that are according to the standard of the risen Jesus, and the estimates that are according to the standard of our own ovil affections and desires; not literally of heaven and earth, but estimates from above as compared with esti-mates from below. The good as contrasted with the evil; that is what I understand the Apostle to mean evil; that is what I understand the Apostle to mean when he directs them to set their affections on things above, rather than on things of this earth. "If ye be risen with Christ," the idea is, live upon the same spiritual plane with Christ; live and move in the same atmosphere, in the very spirit of Christ. This was an exhortation fitted to those early Christian, then, and it is an exhortation fitted to Christians and everybody

But I wish especially, in this discourse, to call your attention to the peculiar suggestiveness of these words—"If ye then be risen with Christ." Whether we interpret these words as referring to the significance of the act of baptism, or to the internal experience and assimilation, they certainly indicate a resurrection in the present tense, and in the present state of existence. And they suggest the spiritual and instant significance of our Saviour's resurrection. Here then opens before us these truthful words which, upon this faster Sunday, I propose to urge. This is the general proposition which I base upon the words of the text: that the most essential element in Christ's resurrection; the most essential element in what may be called the results. most essential element in what may be called the resurrection of any man, is spiritual. Its chief result, no matter where you place the resurrection, no matter what mode you may adopt in your thought for the resurrection, its chief result is the uprising and victory of the soul. No one has ever drawn aside the veil of the future life, so that we could look full upon its realities. For al-though Christ spoke of it as a truth, and demonstrated so that we could look thin upon its relatives. For although Christ spoke of it as a truth, and demonstrated it as a fact, he left its interior features hidden in their own grand shadows. We look to-day in his open sepulchre and see the angels sitting there; but we behold nothing distinct beyond that point of view. Yet in all the shapings of our fancy, in all the conclusions of our reason, our most essential idea of the immortal state is, that it is a spiritual condition, a mode of existence in which we are freed from the despotsm of the flesh. We believe that there we shall discort absolute truth with clearer vision; that we shall neither linger for appetite, nor halt for repose. Our language shall be the speech of action. There we shall know even as we are known. There we shall see the great and the good whom death took long ago; now the beatified, over whom death has no power. There we shall commune with Christ, not through the distinctions and doctrines of time, and the perplexities of interpretation, but face to face. There no anxieties shall trouble our worship; and no doubt overcast our faith, but we our worship; and no doubt overcast our faith, but we shall batho in the stream of uncreated being, and dwell

Now there is such a thing, to be sure, as conceiving of the future state, of the immortal state, as too exclusively spiritual; that I do not doubt. We refine it away until we have nothing at all; until we leave man no vehicle through which the soul can act, and no form upon which it can act. You must remember that some-times the most intense spiritualism is really the grossest materialism; it comes round to the same point by the minuteness of its details, and the very claborativeness of its spirituality. But while we thus should not conceive of the immortal state as exclusively spiritual, still with that state into which we are introduced by the resurrection, we associate all that implies deliverance from general frailty and blindness. Whatever may be its external scenery, or surrounding glories, its accessories will derive their harmony and plan, not a much from any intrinsic qualities as from the light in which each soul shall perceive it; for, set a man anywhere in this world, or in any other world, and the same place cannot be the same place to the sinner as to the sainted being.

And now I proceed to observe that, out of the doctrine of the essential spirituality of the resurrentian

in the eternal noon of God.

trine of the essential spirituality of the resurrection state, grows another proposition; the proposition that state, grows another proposition; the proposition that the essential resurrection may take place even now and among existing conditions. The great crises of a man's existence does not consist primarily in changes of place and in external fortune; but in changes of state or inward condition. Any one here can verify this from his own experience, if he will. How common it is for a man to say—I feel just as young as ever; my pulses of enjoyment are just as quick within me as when I of enjoyment are just as quick within me as when I was a boy; nature looks as beautiful as ever; and my heart beats in sympathy to-day with all this fresh springing life; my faculties throb in accordance with the budding trees, with the bright sunshine, and the growing grass; and I feel just as young as ever." Now, in saying this, a man virtually confesses that fading complexion, and wrinkles, and grey hairs do not make any change in the real substance, in the real quality of his being; and were it not, for some share quality of his being; and were it not for some sharp intimations, exterior to ourselves, we should not realize that we were growing old. We are convinced of it at that we were growing old. We are convinced of it at last by some external intimations, rather than by any

internal consciousness.

And yet, my hearers, the man of the most screne outward conditions, the man with whom time has dealt most gently, will find that he is changed. Perhaps he cannot tell precisely when he passed from boyhood to manhood; but he does not take a boy's view of things any more. The most frivolous being does not make life all a play-day. The time does come when he finds that he has not the light-heartedness, that he has not the sound sleep, that he had when he was a boy. There is a shadow on his thoughts that never lay there in his boyhood; the shadow of great realities, that, like the shadows of mountains to which we are coming nearer and nearer, throw themselves over the soul. There, too, is another lens for the soul to look through than he had before; he looks through another glass; he than he had before; he looks through another glass; he has changed the glasses of his soul, as a man changes the glasses for his physical seeing. He sees into the future more; he sees wider, every man does, no matter how limited his genius is, how short his culture is. No man passes from the stage of youth into that of maturity and manhood without seeing things differently, and looking from a different point of view. It is no compliment to a man to say he is just the same at forty years of are, As he was when he was only twenty. forty years of age, as he was when he was only twenty.

Just the same 1 And he has passed through all those strange experiences of life, taken the full cup of bless-

with these changes of outward condition? Therefore, I say that, though it may be unconsciously to him, the plane of his personality has been shifted, and he is enveloped by sadder shadows and screner lights.

The real crises of a man's being are not in the changes of outward fortune, but in whatever has made him a different being—in whatever has elevated or de-pressed the tide-mark of his thoughts. Now, for in-stance, a change may come to us in a moment, or the element of a change may come, producing more radical results to us as human beings than a long passage of years. The conviction, the resolution, the sorrow of an hour, I say, may produce a greater change radically and essentially than the passage of years. For instance, when some great truth has flashed upon the soul—have you not all felt it sometimes, when you have been reading the Bible, or have been listening to the uttered word, or have heard somewhere some an-nouncement of the truth, and it has, like a star from heaven, flashed upon your soul, and revealed relations you never saw before, and explained anomalies that have troubled you all your life? shown you the face of God? revealed the attitude of Jesus Christ? let you see your own soul? In an hour you have been changed into a different man, and the changes of years have been produced by the sharp shock of truth. So in the case of a great and sudden resolution, when a man arouses himself, up to a consecrated purpose, and takes hold of a work from which he has shrunk, feeling its call, feeling its trumpet sound, what a changed man is he? Those things which were stubborn grow plastic in his hands; the dream of a possibility that was so narrow and rigid, widens and stretches far away when he stands in a different universe.

I need not ask many of you if sorrow does not make different beings of you. Who of you has looked out in a great bereavement without saying, "This is a new heaven, flashed upon your soul, and revealed relations

a great bereavement without saying, "This is a new world to me now;" to whom the world, perhaps, has grown tasteless and worthless, because their souls are shrouded in the darkness of the grave; or it may be the world has grown grander and more significant, because they have looked up to the immensities of God's purpose, and with the planetary sweep of faith. I say, then in either instance, a man is changed; what ever the impulse may have been, for good or evil, it makes a different man of him. Then the case of a sudden temptation, when a man yields to a sin. It is a terrible possibility of our nature, that a man may go on for years in the path of respectability, right and virtue, and then in a moment some great sin trips him up, and away he goes. He is an entirely different man after that. Outward events only furnish occasions. The real crisis is the change of inward condition, and is marked by the position of the thoughts and affections, or the will.

Now, my hearers, it must be plain to you that the vast moral change which Christ's truth and spirit produces in the soul of a man is potential—is actually a resurrection of that—and may take place even here and now. Look at those early disciples, and see what they were before and after the change that came upon them. Look at Reter and James and John, with no world wider than the Galileean Lake, and with no theatre of wider than the Galileean Lake, and with no theatre of action upon that world of more importance than a fisherman's boat. Think of that change that came over them when the lowly stranger came to them and taught them words of divine wisdom, and lifted them up until their vision began to brighten and their souls to kindle, and they were fitted for their great work. The scales fell from the eyes of Peter—the scales of any or they they were the scales of the scale of the s narrow Jewish conceit-and he saw that there was nothing common or unclean. And John looked on the vision of the future state while on that aprealyptic island, and saw the New Jerusalem coming down from the heavens. And these lowly peasants, as they were, these money-changers, went forth with a power that shook and changed the world—with a truth that shall survive when nations and kingdoms shall have passed away, and thrones and principalities shall have tot-tered and crumbled into dust. Think of the power that came over the Jew and the Pagan when Christitianity first came upon them. These Romans to whom Christ spoke, or this Church of Colossians to whom these words were addressed: think as they were buried with Christ in baptism, and saw some apprehension of his spirit and truth, and came out of the streams of their sins; think if that was not a resurrection and the essential significance of Christ's resurrection. That same resurrection takes place now, when from sinful-ness, selfishness and indifference, we awake to spiritual realities, and live as though heaven were around us and God was present.

Of course I do not deny the experiences of a future world; I do not deny the different conditions in some experiences of a future world. But we must not draw sharp a line between this world and another. There are innumerable errors that have sprung from that; such as making too much of death, over which Christ, on this Easter Sunday, walked in coronation robes, and over which the martyrs have passed in glorious procession, the saints singing psalms. Death I it is but a narrow bridge, a physical change, after all. We must not make too much of it, and in us will remain the deeper and more spiritual realities. Any experience which a man may have in this world or any other, can hardly be greater than that when ever his deed soul more be greater than that, when over his dead soul moves the divine influence, when he stirs in his grave clothes of evil habit, and leaps from the sarcophagus of sensual indulgence, and comes into spiritual life, when he re-alizes that he is a denizen of eternity, and a child of

God; then there is a resurrection trumpet's sound, and a resurrection of the dead.

Now I want it to be distinctly understood that I do not consider this matter as merely figurative; that I am not talking, that I am not elaborating fancy, and carry-ing it out to analogies. It is not merely the symbol of ing it out to analogies. It is not merely the symbol of the resurrection; I do not say it is not the form of it; but it is not a mere symbol. The essence itself, the main point in the resurrection is for a man to rise from his sin and his selfishness, his doubts and his fears, into the spirit and truth of Jesus Christ; and that will be

the main element in that resurrection.

We know but little of the details of the future life. Some people are very curious about it: they are anxious to look through every cranny, and get a description of its accnery, the way in which beings live there, and what they do. But, for my part, from the very fact that Christ said but little about it, I infer that these things are not essential, they are not the main things in the system of the immortal world. What Christ dwelt upon was the condition of the human soul, not the external surroundings of the human soul. For my part. I believe it is well that we do not have any microscopic intelligence and views of that hidden realm, but that the grand object is to leave it to the telescope of that the grand object is to leave it to the telescope of faith, so much is left for imagination and for hope. To me there is something thrilling and exulting in the thought that we are drifting forward into a splendid mystery, something that no mortal eye has yet seen, no intelligence has yet declared. There is something inspiring in the very expectation that foreruns experience, which it seems to me is far better than if we knew it all now. For I say once more that I think we know all that it is necessary for us to know; we know that the essential thing in the resurrection is not the sensual, not the mere method, but the uplifting of the human spirit from all sensuality and sin. It is the change of state rather than the change of place.

The old simile of the butterfly and the chrysalis I have never thought a very forcible one, so far as it was an argument for the future condition of man, for another state of heing; not very foreible. I say, so far as it fur-nished proof of another world. But take it in another forty years of age, as lie was when he was only twenty. Inshed proof of another world. But take it in another Just the same! And he has passed through all those strange experiences of life, taken the full cup of blessings and of sorrows, stood at the marriage altar and at the death-bed, seen life's light grow dim and finally minglo with that great mystery, known its cares, duties men said about the best things that have been said; and responsibilities, and is just the same! I ask if when they made that analogy of the butterfly they any man can suppose that he can live, and the spiritual depths within him be utterly unbroken and unmoved.

rounded by the same conditions. Look at it; the butterfly is in the same world as the worm from which the the spiritual resurrection; he knows why he lives. A butterfly was evolved. But low changed, because of the new capacities involved in its own being. So the butterfly was evolved. But how changed, because of the new capacities involved in its own being. So the resurrection of man may be regarded as the involving of inner capacities, the development of his spiritual being, rather than a translation into a distant sphere. The wings may be growing in his soul all the while, which shall spread when he bursts the chrysalis of the grave, and when that chrysalis bursts, he may find himself in no strange place, only moving with larger powers among familiar scenes. Because a man can find himself in another world in two ways. He can find himself in another world by going to a different quarter of this world, or by seeing this in new lights and in new relations. I do not say this is so, but simply that it may be so. It may be so, and it may not be so. We do not know anything about these details, but must leave them where they belong, in the region of expectation and speculation. But what I do say is, that it may be so, and yet all the essentials of immortality be livered in the first I do say is, that it may be so, and yet all the essentials of immortality was the first I do say is, that it may be so, and yet all the essentials of immortality are non-with Christ. Oh, how that appeared to the livered in the first I do stay that I am not refining away the carly Christians; that is the difference. The doctrine

spirit, the substance, the significance of it is spiritually and essentially present. I would not deny any great truth that leaps out from the dawn of this Easter morning. I would not deny the fond hopes that are fanned into new life upon this day. I would blend my voice with all the joy; my heart-throbs with all the anthems of rejoicing Christendom to-day. I do not say there is on fairer region into which we shall enter through the class of the group. I have already said my hearers to a few, and after him it was a mighty fact present to a few. and after him it was a mighty fact present. no fairer region into which we shall enter through the door of the grave. I have already said, my hearers, that the expectation of new realities and scenes that the eye has not seen, nor ear heard, is full of inspiration for us. Let the best hopes we have indulged, the noblest conceptions we have entertained of the future state, be cherished by us still. Let the intellect anticipate the condition when freed from the limitations of our mortality it shall drink from the streams of interior wisdom, and with its wings of thought best nuveral. wisdom, and with its wings of thought beat upward through trackless paths of mystery. Let affliction cling to the hope that its most tender and solemn dreams shall break into reality, and that the departed shall come to it again, and their faces, remembered, glorified, yet the same, shall beam upon it, when earth's best relationship shall become angelic, and love shall wear a crown of amaranth. Let faith look forward still with stendy vision, for there is a rest this world can never reveal for those who have prayed, and toiled, and trusted. I say the true life, the essential life of heaven, the power which Josus, hope triumphant from his sepulchre first breaks upon us when we disc

from his sepulchre first breaks 'noon his whon wo the from scenes of sin, and go forth into that transcendent vision of unworldly views. Not all the accessories of it, but the essential part of it, takes place here and now. If, then, my friends, I have interpreted the suggestion, it is right in these two propositions.

Let us come linally to consider some of the characteristics of the man who has really attained that spiritual resurrection. First, then, of course, he has a new life; there is a new element of being in him. It was not a mere figure of speech that Christ used. It was one of the most wonderful things that he said; one of those things that tyou can look at through eternity and one of the most wonderful things that he said; one of death should be met with stoic firmness—that was all, those things that you can look at through eternity and find something new in it all the while. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." It was one of those things that was not a mere figure of speech. He spoke of the power and the inspiration which his truth and spirit kindled in the human soul. He who has broken the crust of sensualism, who has leaped from the pit of sensual habit and has gone forth into the region of knowledge, and duty, and Christian life, has really more life within him; than the man who runs in the grooves of worldly wisdom, the servant of his anne.

I suppose it is a quality of all truth, is it not?—of all goodness—that when it gets familiar to the mind pass through the gateways of death to another state, and heart, it becomes a larger and a richer quality of being in a man's nature; while error and sin really paralyzes a man, clogging and breaking him down in of Jesus with tenderness, with love, with submission of Jesus with tenderness, with love, with submission that the distinct with submission with his essential vitality. So with the physical part of to the divine will, and with self-sacrifice, there you man; it is true that the drunkard, the sensualist, the rise with him. Here [it was Communion Sabbath, and slave of his passions, has not so much life in him as the speaker pointed to the table.] stand the symbols the man whose faculties are all clear, and whose habits of Jesus Christ; not, to be sure, in fact, but the pouredthe that the total root. Now make his there in John the total transfer and purity, that spirit of through one golden tube? Life! This is the essential devotion and self-sacrifice, which was the characteristic difference between men. Clothes, rank, social position, are rags and nonsense compared with the essential are you strong without Christ's sacrifice, amid the ward of the enort of truth and goodness that man that to the communion-table? For, as I have said over acquires a new life. The more acquaintance a man and over again, too bad you cannot be. Come; let gets with facts the more he lives. The more he knows any one who is bad come, for he needs it. Let all who of the past and the present the more is his life extendation feel the need of help come and rise in the spirit of ed. He holds the treasure of nature in his own being. Jiesus, rise in his strength, and then you will get the He lives the past again; he is Plato and Newton, he real significance of the resurrection of Christ. You sympathises with excellence, the more he goes out roin himself, the more he lives: the broader and deeper is his personality, until his life fills the compass of the world, and he is quickened by the very heart of God. where the company of the very heart of sin, the very white heart and scorehing point of hell to grow mean, poor, shallow in your very being, to nar-row down into the mere elements of sensation, until at

death a man is nothing but an old, quenched, empty tabernacle, to be tumbled into his grave. Heaven: that is a wider reach of sympathy, a richer acquisition of life flowing in and out of blessed souls; they have more life. He who has got into communion with Christ, and who has risen with him, has more life. Then again, he who has risen with Christ, he who has experienced this spiritual resurrection, has who has experienced this spiritual resurrection, has new standards of life. When you consider how it is with men ordinarily, you will see exactly how it is with him. They speak and act without reference to God or eternity. They live merely for earthly ends; they sow corruptible seeds and reap corruptible harvests. Business, pleasure, ambition comprise their entire ideas, and absorb their life. Heaven with its infinity, earth with its change and decay, death, disappointment and sorrow, do not move them: neither do the manifestations of Divine excellence, and close the manifestations of Divine excellence, and glory, and innumerable blessings, nor the examples of true and holy life. They are of the earth, earthly; they ideal is entirely of this world. The point upon which we fix our measurement, the centre from which we start, that makes all the difference in the results of start, that makes all the difference in the results of living. Many men start from the world, and therefore come to worldly conclusions. They think that earth is more substantial than heaven; dollars weigh down truth; outward success eclipses inward principle. This runs into nations; it is only downward when it This runs into nations; it is only downward when it strikes in itself and becomes epidemic. It is a terrible thing—it is an awful thing—to see the chief men of a nation develop a system of material standards, and neglect the demands of eternal justice, and have no vision of God. It is a terrible thing to see a great people without any official conscience, with only a consciousness, only a heart of ambition, a hand of power pushing into manifest destiny. Oh, it is a terrible thing when the dome of the capitol shuts out the infinite heaven; when the genius of history writes its record in a shadow; when men eclipsed tumble over infinite heaven; when the genius of history writes its record in a shadow; when men eclipsed tumble over ancient land-marks; when reason is stricken down and cries, like the blood of Abel, from the violated ground. Oh, one wishes there might be a moral resurrection there, starting men to their feet, making them feel their souls, shattering their splish policies down, making their lives to speak as do the epitaphs from out the tombs of the early heroes and martyrs, who knew why they lived and for what they died. This is

literal fact; I do not deny the literal resurrection, but the process answering to the resurrection. I do not deny that there is a great change to come; I do not hold to the old heresy, that the resurrection has passed.

No. I say it is essentially present: I mean the great spirit, the substance, the significance of its spiritually and essentially present. I would not deny any great as a nonline, and it went but a little way. Now are one with Christ feel that; they know it because they are one with Christ. Oh, how that appeared to the carly Christians; that is the difference. The doctrine of immortality was held before Christ came; it was reasoned about fully. I do not suppose we have added one single grain to the natural argument since Plate hold to the old heresy, that the resurrection has passed.

No. I say it is essentially present: I mean the great his villa, and wrote so gloriously about it. What was spirit, the substance, the significance of its spiritually as a nonline, and it went but a little way. Now Christ it was merely a philosophical opinion, limited to a few, and after him it was a mighty fact present to the hearts and souls of the many? What produced this change? There is no effect without a cause. Was there not some grand transaction that must have made such a vital conviction, so that the lowly, the poor—the humblest not the philosophers only such a conviction of it?

Walk through the early catacombs where the Christians used to have their churches when they were afraid of persecution, and mark the difference in the epitaphs there. There were the philosophers and the epicureans on the one side, and the Christians on the epicureans on the one side, and the Christians on the other. One of the epicureans says, "While I lived, I lived well; my play is ended, so hid me farewell, and applaud me. Another says, "Indulgences ruin the constitution, but they make up life; then farewell." Then comes the tender offering of another at the grave, without hope—"Oh, relentless fortune, who delights in cruel death, why is Maximus so early snatched from me?" Now turn to the epitaphs of the Christians. On the "Let her sleep." On another—"Varian sleeps in peace." Also—"The sleeping-place of Regina." Is not that an echo of those wonderful words that were uttered at the tomb of Lazarus?—"He is not dead, but sleepeth." Or when he said of the ruler's daughter. attered at the tomb of Lazarus?—'He is not dead, but sleepeth." Or when he said of the ruler's daughter, 'The maid is not dead, but sleepeth." Is not that, I say, an echo of that wonderful teaching of Christ, that death is sleep? Who could have wrought such a change in the world? Where could it have come from? Philosophical opinion? No; that produced nothing but epicurean epitaphs, which taught that death should be met with stoic firmness—that was all, with nephaga here and there a value of faith. Yet

grooves of worldly wisdom, the servant of his appetite, and wound up in helifishness.

and significance of Christ's resurrection. Then rise with him; rise in his spirit. Not only believe that are all steady. The intellectual man has more life in out wine, and the broken bread, too. When you take him than the fool. How much life is there in your ut in the full significance of these symbols, they speak to tion, are rags and nonsense compared with the essentare you strong without Christ's sacrifice, amid the tial quality and quantity of man's being. It is the retemptations of the world? Are you too good to come ward of the effort of truth and goodness that man thus to the communion table? For, as I have said over is Shakespeare and Channing; his mind sweeps the will get the power over death, and over sin, which is wide orbits of Saturn and Neptune; the splendor of the sting of death. Come into communion with him, the Pleiades glitters in his thoughts. The more he and amid the peals and anthems of this Easter Sunday. rise, rise evermore to share his joy and achieve his victory.

Written for the Banner of Light. SPIRIT PRESENCE. BY FLOBIA.

Holy eyes are looking downward, Reading every thought of mine; Spirit arms are thrown around me, Round me lovingly they twine.

Oft I hear their gentle whispers In the dark and trying hour; When assailed by sore temptation. Then I feel their mighty power. When with saddened, weary spirit,

Come those gentle, loving voices, Speaking of a brighter day; Telling me that life is holy, Faithful I must be below:

Then, my carthly mission ended,

Angel voices still I hear.

I might falter on my way,

Joy celestial I may know. When the sunshine lights my pathway, And the sky above is clear, Bidding me be grateful ever,

When my soul, from earth retiring. Unto apheres of light would rise, Music sweet, from harps angelic, Btealeth o'er me from the skies.

Oh, that music i softer, sweeter Than the music of the earth: We shall hear those strains celestial Usher in our spirit-birth. EART MEDWAY, MASS.

Written for the Banner of Light. HONORIA

THE SPANISH DOUBLOOM

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CHAPTER L

Steadily fell the blinding snow, and bitter was the blast, as it howled around the bare weather stained walls of an old building that stood gaunt and grim by itself, just without the village of Norwood; but, though gloomy and forbidding, only the more consistent on that account, for it was dedicated to the Goddess of Poverty-it was the village poor-house. But of course paupers are not supposed to appreciate the beautiful, or if they do, it is too great a luxury to indulge them in, so the building was refused a site in a lovely, secluded spot, unsusceptible of cultivation, and resolutely planted on the middle of a wild moor beyond the pretty portion of the town, where the scorching sun of summer, and bleak, cutting winds of winter alternately melted and froze the unhappy inmates.

By a window of the largest room, devoted to the oldest and most decrepid paupers, stood a little girl about seven years of age. She had left the fire-place, and come away to this chilly corner, to gaze sadly out upon the fast-falling flakes that had already sheeted the brown, frosty earth, and with her ear against the sash, was listening to the dirge-like wail without, a wistful sadness overspreading her face and softening her eyes. She was not beautifulthis lonely, neglected child-sho was too thin, pale, drooping and reserved to realize the ideal of rosy, merry infancy; yet the scant and rusty black dress she wore could not obscure the pliant grace of her figure, the refined cast of her features, the luxuriance of her black hair that hung in plaits to her slender waist, or the luminous depths of her dark, almond eyes; the last two alone redeemed her from being merely a plain, sickly-looking child. She was an orphaned stranger, and the old folks by the fire indulged in whispered speculations concerning her singularities of speech and manner, and as every incident in their monotonous lives furnished matter for a nine days' wonder, reverted, as the grey gloaming settled down on the world without, and deepened the dusky shadows on the bare walls within, to the death and burial of the mother, but three days previous; and the muttering of these toothless crones, and palsied old men, with trembling hands outspread to the blaze, as they cowered deeper into the cavernous chimney corner, mingled strangely with the moaning gusts that swept wildly round the house, or filled with hollow sighs the bleak chasm, up whose sooty sides the glittering sparks vanished.

The preceding week a quadroon woman and child had been found in a drift by the roadside one evening, and conveyed to the work-house, by their discoverer, the overseer. The little girl was soon restored to consciousness, but the woman was too much exhausted to recover from the exposure. She stated that she was a fugitive slave, attempting to escape from pursuit with her child, and after linger ing several days in a delirious state, died. Just a few moments previously her reason returned, and, calling her daughter to the bedside she made the awe stricken little trembler promise solemnly to keep fresh in her memory the date of her birth, and never to part with a medal which she then tied around the child's neck, saying it would act as a charm in averting danger or misfortune. The trinket was a most singular one. A Spanish doubloon. originally, a Roman cross had been neatly cut out from the centre, and on either side of the lower limb were carved the letters P. T. in capitals. So neatly were these figures taken from the metal that they appeared to have been struck with a die. There seemed little danger of its tempting the cupidity of any person, for its value, as currency, was destroyed, and its unique singularity would have no charm for any save a collector of curiosities. Its owner now stood gazing thoughtfully upon it, thinking over the changes of the week past, and as she occasionally glanced at the group behind her, a vague perception and appreciation of this weird, strangely-appropriate scene filled her mind. Across the dreary waste came the faint sound of sleigh-bells, and presently the noise and bustle of an arrival penetrated to this distant apartment. A stern, hard-featured matron came to the door, and looking into the room, said: " Honoria !"

A look of wistful intelligence, peculiar to herself, lighted up the eyes of the child, as she came forward in obedience to the summons. Taking her by the hand, the woman led her through the dark passages to a large, finely-furnished room, where, by the fire. sat the overseer, and a stranger in a furred overcoat, buttoned to the throat. This was the workhouse parlor, and these persons objects of terror to many a poor soul.

" Is this the child ?" inquired the overseer as the matron entered.

"Should think it was," replied the other man; ait's three years since I seen her; growed considerable."

There was something in the speaker's face, coarse and inflexible as it was, that struck the little girl favorably, and when he added: "Come here, sis, and tell me your name," she unhesitatingly complied, though generally shy of new acquaintances. Pleased with her confidence and ready answers, he talked some time with her, and then inquired her mother's name.

"Rosalie Phillips."

"That was n't the name you gave us," said the overseer, to Brownell.

"Of course not; you aint up to the tricks of these niggers. It would n't do for a runaway to keep her master's surname, but Phillip was the Christian name of the man I bought her of."

All this was said while Honoria looked on in silent wonder. She knew nothing about slavery, or that her mother had been a slave, for fearful lest the child should betray their position, Rosalie had kept her in ignorance on the subject, so that the latter knew no more concerning it than an infant.

"Well, I guess it's all right," said the overseer. "At any rate we won't make a fuss; you'd better take her, as you seem to have the best claim."

And the speaker eyed the child critically, thinking that it would be a great while before she could be servicable, and that, after all, she bid fair to be a sickly, feeble thing; might die on their hands, per haps, after she had been an expense and trouble to them for several years. Indeed, that view of the case appeared not at all unlikely. As for consigning her to slavery, he quieted his conscience with arguing that the law was on the stranger's side, and he seemed good natured in a rough way; maybe she would n't fare so hard in the end, and then, again, maybe she would n't live to be a slave at all. So he arrived at the conclusion that it was just as well she should be delivered up.

Meanwhile the trader was busy thinking, too Three years previously he had purchased the quadroon Rosolie, intending to sell her in New Orleans; but the same night she escaped and could not be traced further North than Pennsylvania. Being very valuable, every effort was made to recover her, but it was not until within three weeks that Brownell had been successful.

Finding that the pursuers were on her track, Rosalie fled, and that for the snow-storm, in whose drifts she lost her way, would probably have escaped to Canada. As it was, they traced her to this forlorn refuge.

Now, when Brownell had purchased her, there was no mention made of any child, but in consequence of her taking it with her, although the mother was a complete loss, he had still something as a compensation in the daughter, whom he had no soruples appropriating to himself, without informing her master of the act. He had discovered Honoria's existence from the overseer in season to avoid betraying ignorance, and as it was settled that he should take undisputed possession, after paying all expenses incurred on behalf of the fugitives, he, on his side, was well satisfied with the lucky speculation. There being no one to object to this comfortable arrangement, when the trader departed Honoria accompanied him.

A few days sufficed to convince Brownell that he had made a much better bargain even than he supposed. There was a grace and charm of manner, a quickness and originality of mind that would render her very attractive without positive beauty, which he doubted she would ever possess although something far better might supply its place. On arriving at his destination, he at once placed her in the country, with injunctions to allow as much free dom and as little restraint as possible thus laying the foundation for sound health and a fine physique. When this object was attained she was carefully educated and accomplished, for Brownell intended to double the price he had paid for the mother in the sale of the child.

CHAPTER II.

Nine years had elapsed, when Honoria returned to her owner at the age of sixteen. At sight of her he was somewhat staggered in his former belief that she would never be a beauty. True, she had not that luxuriant development, the large, flashing, jetty eyes, the rich, glowing complexion, or the dreamy languor that characterize the young quadroon. But in their stead a tall, graceful, slender figure; clear. proud, brilliant eyes, as far removed in their almond estal transparency from the Africa stamp as possible; a skin of creamy fairness and satiny texture, without color, and classical braids of waveless dark hair crowning her intellectual head; these were united to a manner haughty and reserved, yet so elegantly self-possessed as to leave no room for any improvement, save that of a few additional years.

Not a spark of genius had she; but intellect of the highest order, joined to a quiet, but ruling ambition, which lent to her whole person and expression a striking look of power and style that would have attracted instant attention among a throng of beauties. Rosalia had been almost white, and it seemed as if the last trace of tainted blood had disappeared in this girl, as thoroughly European in mind as in person.

Indeed she rather awed her rough, but kind master, when she thanked him for the advantages he had given her of finding, in knowledge and study. defence and solace against adversity; and so uneasy did she render him in her presence, without any such intention, that he resolved to sell her the first opportunity. When at his request she displayed her various accomplishments, he felt as if some member of the blood royal were condescending to entertain him, and altogether was as distressed and puzzled as the poor man who drew the prize of a Royal Bengal tigress at a raffle!

So little did he realize she was a slave, and his property, that he could not remind her of the fact by exhibiting her for purchase like live stock, while the high price made applications very rare. When he, one day, ventured to hint' that he could not afford to keep her longer, she turned deadly pale; then, with a lightning glauce and ominous composure, replied in resolute, yet even softer and calmer tones than usual, that if any disposition were made of her against her will, she should starve herself to

There was no doubting that quiet, unflinching determination, and poor Brownell was more puzzled than before. Not long afterward he met with a young gentleman whom he thought likely to assist him in his dilemma; and mentioning the beauty of Honoria, requested him to call and pass judgment. The next afternoon, as she sat alone, this gentleman, accompanied by a friend, was announced.

Never for an instant suspecting her race, the guests exerted themselves to their utmost to impress this haughty, distingue young lady; wondering, meanwhile, what possible connection existed between herself and the trader. When the latter entered the room, a covert significant look revealed the actual state of the case.

So incredible a revelation astounded the visitors

between them; and gradually unbending from her being with a living, thinking soul, and a nature reserve, she appeared in her true light as a refined, demanding sympathy and love. cultivated, attractive girl, who would make a most interesting and fascinating woman.

manner was laid aside, and she no longer acted upon, the defensive, that his noble nature, which would not contaminate herself by suffering her robe to not have permitted disrespect to any woman of whatever origin, actuated Mr. St. George to increase his deferential address, and deeply to lament her most proud blood, would be spurned from the sight of its unhappy fate, rendered doubly so by her great su- stern relative. periority of mind.

The moments flew; and when the gentlemen rose to depart, Brownell urged them to come again. St. George, accepting, glanced toward Honoria, as if passed over her-she drew herself up loftily, and

"I neither visit, nor receive visitors." For the rankling iron that had been briefly lifted, fell upon her soul again with redoubled weight. In that moment she loathed herself for being what she mpulse; frankly and impetuously extending her hand, she said:

"I shall always be happy to see you." And with one of her rare, bewildering smiles, she swept from the room like a princess.

Of all the women in Europe or America, titled and simple, whom St. George had ever met, none had so this slave girl of seventeen. No sconer was she gone, than turning to Brownell, he exclaimed:

"She is fit for a crown—I must make her mine mercy of the highest bidder."

"Not exactly that, either," replied Brownell, reshe 'd do it, too!" he added, admiringly.

"No doubt," remarked St. George; "but give me fair play, and I believe I may influence her to leave you quietly."

Much relieved, Brownell agreed to keep Honoria tress. Could he have concealed her origin, he would ploring her to listen favorably. gladly have chosen her for his wife, beside whom

plied in a voice calm with benumbing anguish:

others."

"Do so, then; it is in your power."

cried; then, in sudden despair, "but you will-you his companion, hissing between his teeth: must."

"Honoria, I cannot bear to see you suffer thus." "Do not pity me; I am a wretched being. I have deceived you-stooped to deceit; I, who all my life have boasted of my truthfulness. You say you love the next morning. Honoria, deceived by his calm me; you will do so no longer. Cecil St. George, I

am a slave—a quadroon!" He again took her hand. "All this I knew within the first hour of our noquaintance," was his calm raply. Then with emotion: "Oh, Honoria! do you indeed think so poorly of me as to believe such a trifle could influence my affection? Are not you yourself a priceless treasure, and are not your noble nature and glorious mind sufficient to obliterate, or rather gild every antecedent, because connected with you?"

Honoria was silent from excess of amazement a noment, and then said slowly, as if scarce compreending his words:

"And you knew all, yet treated me as a being of superior creation—you loved me with a full understanding of my base blood, and would now take me to your heart, thinking it no stain? Oh, Cecil!" she continued with a burst of wild tears, "I am not bent down to kiss her. As he did so, a bright smile proof against such superhuman love!"

follow him the world through, to die for him, and, ago. Hastily bidding her a silent farewell, he hurwhat is sometimes harder, to live for him. Yet one thing she exacted-that the marriage ceremony, mere empty form though it was, should be performed first: for with the clearer eye of conscience she saw, beyond the sophistry with which man would disguise the holy truth, that in the eye of Heaven all races are equal, and that the solemn vow of marriage; pronounced by whomsoever, and wheresoever, legal or illegal in the law, is hallowed and binding in the sight of God.

This. St. George also felt; yet he gazed sadly at the fair bride beside him when the nuptial benediction was invoked on her young, bended head, as she country, he was unable to give a husband's protection, or secure to her the rights of a wife, was a bitter thought indeed. But he resolved the more firmly to shield her from sorrow, and be the whole world to despairing cry of unbelief was silenced by the assuher, himself. Honoria's conscience was now satis. rance of those present that it was but the truth. fled; and blest in the devotion of him who formed heed of the past, and no thought for the future.

CHAPTER III.

not a little; but on Brownell's desiring her to re- ened by constant association. But the birth of a silky hair around her finger, and gazed eagerly upon desire continually tempted her to class little Lily in ourls close, and having dressed the child as a boy.

main, the younger of the two devoted himself exclu- daughter, which had brought joy to the parents in sively to her, while the trader and his acquaintance one sense, had also brought sorrow and commiseraconversed together. Honoria's companion, Mr. St. tion. For this lovely little one, who was as a sun-George, a resident of New Orleans, was a brilliant beam in their dwelling, must ever lead a lonely, conversationist; and unaware that her rank was be- isolated life, under the curse of society's ban; there trayed, Honoria had never appeared to greater ad- was no bright future for her-no acknowledgment vantage. There was a perfect congeniality of tastes from her fellow mortals that she was a human

Often did St. George realize sailly that his beautiful wife, for such he named her even in thought So charming was she, now that her repellant would never have any other associate in the wide world save him; that his haughty mother would come in contact with Honoria, and that; even this child, his child, in whom was a portion of her own

All this which the father felt, the proud, sensitive mother experienced with keener, because more personal, emotion. But as the months sped onward, this first sharp sting of grief became deadened; they awaiting an invitation from her. Instantly a change were too happy in affection to be troubled for the future; yet, though Honoria sometimes feared these returned to her original state, as she coldly replied: summer days were too uninterrupted for a long continuance, as no clouds appeared in the horizon, she banished such sombre thoughts as soon as they presented themselve. St. George, immediately on purchasing her, had made out her free papers, but on was, and could have taken her life for forgetting her account of her extreme sensitiveness had never bondage, and being lured into such happiness as the mentioned the fact, so that she still supposed herself last hour had afforded. But meeting her companion's a slave. With a hatred too deep for words she look of surprize and wounded feeling, after a mo- regarded the whole African race, and though a genment's hesitation she yielded to an uncontrollable erous, was a haughty mistress; for each member of her household, although unaware of her origin, reminded her that she was degraded, despised, as much a mere chattel, as the lowest and darkest among them.

One of the few visitors to this isolated home, was a former schoolmate of St. George, Alfred Maxwell, a Virginian of excellent family and a favorite in completely enthralled his senses, and exceeded his society. Something of an exquisite, and a good deal ideal of graceful command and majestic nobility as more of a satirist, his easy, complaisant assurance and complimentary address formed a superficial cover to the covert sarcasm and selfishness beneath. From the first, Honoria rather disliked him, perhaps What price do you ask? Heavens! to think of that because she considered his admiration of herself too elegant girl being an article of merchandise, at the evidently expressed for respect or politeness; but as St. George enjoyed his society, she made no mention of her annoyance. But Maxwell, although obliged peating her threat in case of compulsion. "And to treat her with that deference which his friend exacted from all, regarded her as only a beautiful slave, who had in some mysterious manner bewitched her master into a state of infatuation. But vainly did he strive to enter her good graces; to no purpose did he pet little Lily, and offer innumerable gnorant of the fact that her situation was known to presents; the child also shrank from him, and he the gentlemen, leaving the rest to the ingenuity of finally desisted in the pursuit, inwardly vowing that her admirer. And let us do him justice; his heart the proud Quadroon should be his ere long, cost was really touched, for the first time, with pure, what it might. In despair of accomplishing his honorable love. He would have given all he pos. wishes, he at length grew desperate, and one day sessed, had she been even the lowest white girl; paid a visit to Honoria while St. George was absent. then he smiled in scorn, that one in whom no more He had lately altered so much in his manner toward perceptible trace of base blood lingered than in the her, that she felt willing to treat him more cordially. reins of his own aristocratic mother, should be a Delighted at this favorable change, Maxwell, whose slave, and classed with the darkest of her race, be lideas were not particularly clear on this occasion, cause generations ago the had had a dusky ances forgot all reason, and wildly avowed his love, im-

Perceiving his slightly intoxicated state, and all her disdainful European sisters waned and faded. shooked beyond all measure, Honoria rose to leave But this was impossible, and yet she must be rest the room; but grasping her hand, he forcibly cued from the dreary future that would inevitably detained her, reiterating his protestations and entreaties. Her situation was distressing, for she This interview was but the commencement of dared not call the servants less they should learn many others, until at length St. George formally de- her secret from him, and could not escape from this clared his love. A pang shot through Honoria's unpleasant scene without so doing. While she thus neart at this long-dreaded conclusion of an acquaint- stood, undecided what course to pursue, the door anceship too sweet and pure to be ended before. opened, and St. George, entering, beheld Maxwell in Withdrawing the hand he had gently taken, she re- his attitude of supplication, clasping both her hands. firmly, and pouring forth his evidently unwelcome "I should have prevented this unhappiness to entreaties. While Maxwell sprang to his feet, St. both of us. which I foresaw. Alas! guilty creature, George was motionless with amazement. They l bring only a curse on him I would bless above all stood eyeing each other an instant, and then with a sudden bound the latter sent his false friend reeling against the wall. Honoria had fled before this, and "Oh! do not despise me when you hear all," she as Maxwell recovered himself, he glared fiercely at

"You have done that which no man may do with impunity. This must be avenged."

"I am ready to give you instant satisfaction." And by another hour a meeting was appointed for manner, never suspected that St. George was on the eve of a duel. Several times he wished to speak with her on some subjects, by way of preparation for the worst, but could not face the scene that he was aware must follow. He knew he was an excel-

lent shot; so heping for a safe conclusion, he remained silent. But he held his beautiful child closer than usual to his heart, and realized with deep melancholy how utterly desolate and un pro tected these two dependent beings would be in case of the event he dared not anticipate. Honoria attributed his excess of tenderness toward herself to sympathy for the position that exposed her to such trials, and slept that night as peacefully unconscious of impending evil as in the days of childhood.

The next morning, before he departed, St. George gazed mournfully at his sleeping wife, and at length flitted over her face, and she murmured his name, And in that hour she professed herself ready to for she was dreaming of a pleasant incident of long ried from the room, unable to remain another second.

When Honoria awoke soon after, she was a little surprised at finding him gone, but without any apprehension, made her toilet, and descended the staircase, expecting to hear him call her at each step. Just as she gained the hall, a confused sound of voices reached her ear from the garden, and immediately after, a group of men entered bearing the bleeding form of her husband. In an instant she understood all, and as they laid him on a couch. waved them imperiously away, clasped him in her arms, and implored him to speak. He raised his knelt in child like faith. That by the voice of his eyes, and feebly smiling, muttered brokenly: "Poor child! who will protect you now!"

Frantically she demanded that aid should be summoned; but he answered, "Too late," and her

When that conviction forced itself upon her, she her heaven here, and hope hereafter, she worshiped excluded every one from the apartment, and supher idol blindly, living but in the present, taking no porting his head on her breast, awaited the final close with awful calmness. She watched the gradual change that passed over the drooping lids and pallid lips, not a fluttering sigh or failing breath Thus time fied, and four years passed away. The was lost to her agonized perception. With strange same deep affection existed as at first, only strength- composure she twined the thick golden rings of his

papers are in my private desk. Our child_"

"Do you wish to see her?"

shrieak:

"Cecil! Cecil! you shall not, must not die. Ah! he is dying-dying !"

And shuddering, weeping, she clasped him closer, her lips. Thus the silent moments glided on, and still she gazed steadily into the fast glazing eyes wise for five years. Then came the ashen hue, the failing breath.

I am going fast; kiss me." Then with a last, expiring effort. "God bless you, my true and faithful wife!"

Without a tear, she closed his eyes, and pressed one farewell kiss on his pale, cold mouth,-those lips that would respond to her caress no more! That lifeless arm would never shield her again: that voice she would never hear,-all hushed forever. In all the dreary years of the future they would meet no more-nevermore.

CHAPTER IV.

When the wretched Honoria recovered her senses she gazed wildly about, forgetting the past, and wondering at her exhaustion. Then the whole rushed upon her memory. Fierce paroxysms shook her soul: in her madness she hated herself, scorned every living thing, loathed the thought of her child, and even cursed heaven itself. But when this insane excitement passed, she shrunk at the recollection of it, imploring forgiveness in abject humiliation, and asking strength to bear the burden of this great grief.

Then she sought her weeping child, who vaguely omprehended that some mysterious change had happened; pleading to see her mother, that she might sob out her frightened spirit in those arms that had never deserted her in trouble before. She nearly startled the little one by her vehemence now-she strained her'to her heart at one moment, and the next, held her off, to search piercingly in each feature for the resemblance she had been said to bear to her father. No careless examination would now content her-yes, it was there, in the bright blue eyes, the curling golden hair, the beautiful forehead, and the full, curving lips—she was a perfect miniature likeness, scarce needing the addition of feminine gushed up, and mingled its bitter sweet waters with the original fount.

As Honoria opened her jewel-case, to take thence one hundred thousand dollars.

he sole substitute for his living, sustaining presence a collected, composed self-reliance of heart and brain. new comer. It seemed awful, that while he was yet lying in his sleep in the next chamber, she should steal forth on Maxwell!" such an errand; but there were duties to the living, and it was the last counsel of him whose lightest brain, and seemed to brand themselves into her menword had ever been a law to her.

veil she wore precluded the possibility of recognition. | vowed. indeed. The check was paid, after a close scrutiny, and comeven in the court of death.

observe that his marriage ring had, since first placed final, solemn farewell.

From the leaden pressure of lonely grief which was fast plunging her into fatal apathy again, Hono- bided his time, in small doubt as to the result. ria was roused with startling force. She and her already held in secret, should be paid her; but as the means of escape in secrecy. no mention was made of her freedom, and no documents to that effect were found, this passed for by Mrs. St. George.

Vainly Honoria struggled, as in some painful dream; she was utterly powerless, and her mistress. to whom she was adjudged, ordered her to be sold. But for her child, the almost frantic mother would be less likely to betray them by questions or surprise. have committed suicide, and even now, an insane if somewhat stupefied, she clipped the long light

him, as if to make him wholly hers until greedy her arms, and seek eternal oblivion in the dark blue death should take him from her sight forever. I'res- waters for them both. But reason did not entirely ently he raised his still, clear blue eyes, and faintly give way, and she was restrained. We cannot die said: "You will not endure that most herrible of when we will, and she had yet to "dree her weird." all sufferings, my precious one. You are free; the She had yet to learn the extent of human capacity to bear sorrow and maddening fate.

When grown a little calmer, Honoria could not be-"No: it would injure her, and agitate-ah! lieve but that her free papers would be found; but this is death!" he added, as a sudden pang solved as day after day passed, with no such result, the first him, and the mortal pallor increased. For one brief frantic torror returned. Once only did she see her space Honoria was roused from her apathy of despair. mistress—his mother—who owned her son's wife and Clinging wildly to him, she uttered a startled child, and in selling them, as she purposed to do, sold her own flesh and blood!

On this occasion Lily was leaning from a window do not leave me alone! You cannot part from me of the apartment assigned Honoria, and gazing into not yet! Ceoil! speak to me! Oh, merciful God! the court yard at the antics of some little negroes, when Mrs. St. George passed by on her way to visit a sick slave. Evidently at the instant the child met hiding her face on his bosom like a terrified child. her eye, she was unconscious of all save its wonder-But seeing the agony of his face, she hushed her ful beauty. Then came the sudden recollection the heartbreaking sobs, and not another mean passed likeness to Cecil revealing her identity beyond doubt.

In the first quick rush of feeling, that, overleaping every barrier, drew her irresistibly toward the sole that were fixed on her with the devoted expression relic of her idolized son, she impulsively advanced they had ever worn,—she had never seen them oth- toward the window, apparently to address some kind words to Lily, who must have won the proud woman's heart by her artless answer. But ere the words were "Honoria," he whispered as she bent over him, spoken, Honoria had seen the look of intense and yearning interest.

As a lioness springs to the defence of her young, so did she bound to her child's side, and, drawing it close to her heart, seek to guard it from the glance of affection or admiration more anxiously than from the dreaded "evil eye." An immediate change succeeded the carnest expression of the elder lady; the young mother's face had caused an entire revulsion: her half-defiant attitude brought a realizing sense of the impassible gulf, and the chilling disdain returned -it was merely the haughty, unrelenting mistress who now swept past her bond-slaves.

But Honoria was trembling in every limb; a narrow escape, yet saved, nevertheless; in that glance she had read separation from her child, the last drop of bitterness still wanting in her cup of misery. That danger was now averted for the present, yet she kept Lily out of sight when Mrs. St. George, in again crossing the court, half turned, as if wishing to see once more that face so like to her dead son's.

Their eyes met full. As before, the cold, hard look resumed its original sway in Mrs. St. George's countenance, as they tacitly acknowledged each other. The old scorn closed the newly-opened fount of tenderness, and both mother and child were classed in the same scale of being as formerly-mere animate

No fear now that the proud lady would part them. retaining Lily to lavish on her the fondness of a parent. Desolate as the future had looked an hour previous, it seemed bright compared with the thought of what might have been.

CHAPTER V.

The dreaded day came; no indignity was spared her. In company with several others, Honoria was sent to the auction-room, and when the rest were softness to his wonderful, luxuriant beauty. Deep disposed of, was placed upon the stand with her as had been the mother's love before, a new spring child. But a deathly faintness chilled her as shee heard several in the crowd object to both making but one lot, and a frantic resolution to kill her little one and herself, if sold separately, gave a strange lustre nicture which would never leave her neck from to her dilated eyes. In accordance with the suggesthat hour, she saw a little note addressed to herself tions, Honoria was offered singly. Although startin St. George's handwriting. She hurriedly opened ing with a high bid, there was no lack of competiit; the date was that of the night before; the con- tion, but a rapid increase, until only three were left tents stated that, in case of his death, fearful lest, to contend the point. Honoria gazed in dismay upon by some cruel artifice, she might be deprived of, or them—one was the person who had objected most delayed in obtaining possession of the provision he loudly to purchasing her child; another was evidently designed for her, he had enclosed a check for the not the man to buy what would yield no immediate amount, thus placing it in her power to claim her profit, and the third was a coarse, but pompous, own, and advising that she should draw it as speedily fellow, who intended her for himself. Presently the as possible in the event of his decease. The sum was second bidder ceased; the contest was renewed with fresh zeal between the remaining rivals, till all at A thrill of agony swept over her, that this proof once the first faltered, the other named a slight inof protecting love in him who was gone, should be crease, and the hammer was just descending to emhasize the yet unspoken " gone !" and support. Hard, cold coins for her stay in this thrilled every nerve in Honoria's body, bid another dark world, in place of his encircling arm! Yet hundred, and, not recovering from this unexpected torn with anguish as she was, the thought that she attack in season to take advantage of the auctionmust nerve herself, and gather up every energy for eer's momentary pause, the too confident individual the sake of their child-his precious child-brought had the chagrin of hearing her knocked off to this

"Twenty five hundred dollars, and sold to Mr.

These were the words that rang through Honoria's tal vision. The murderer of her husband-and she None saw her depart, or return, while the thick was in his power! This was the vengeance he had

While yet stupified by this blow, Lily was offered parison with the signature of St. George in the pos. for sale; the sound of her child's name aroused her, session of the banker, and with the precious package and, with agonizing interest, she watched the proshe returned to her desolate home. That night she ceedings. At length it appeared probable that a spent beside the still cherished form which had held Kentucky planter would be the purchaser, and then, the soul of her idol. Clasping the icy hand, resting no longer able to contain her distress, Honoria flungher head on the same dreamless pillow, for the last herself at Maxwell's feet, imploring him to save her time. On the morrow he would be carried from her child. Immediately he stepped forward, and bid off sight forever; his proud mother, who would not come the little one, who recognized, with delight, a familiar under this despised roof, had directed that the empty face among so many strangers, and one who had tenement of her son's spirit should be brought to her been "papa's friend." In the first moment that dwelling, thus keeping up the distinctions of caste | Honoria clasped Lily to her heart, all fears for the future faded away, and when they did return, secure When morning dawned, she severed some curls in her treasure, and strong to brave danger for its from his temples, and smiled with sad triumph, to sake, the mother's heart was nerved for any conflict. On one thing she was resolved-speedy flight on his finger, become immovably secure in the little beyond the power of pursuers. Several days of prechannel it had worn. No haughty mother, or care paration were necessary for this step; during that less attendant, could wrest from its place that little time she refrained from displaying her scorn and shining token of an union as golden as its emblem. horror of Maxwell, but was unable to assume any-Honoria now brought Lily to gaze for the last time thing more friendly than a quiet coldness. Her mason her father, enjoining her never to forget his fea- ter was well satisfied, however, thinking it natural tures, and then, alone with the dead, took her own she should be reserved, and trusting that gratitude for having purchased her child, and treating her with marked consideration, would finally prevail, he

At length Honoria was ready to carry out her child were claimed by the heirs of St. George as plans. Deceived by her apparent resignation, Maxtheir property! Having heard from his dying lips well had somewhat relaxed the constant watchfulthat she was free, the helpless wife had not thought ness of the past week, and, having ordered that she to look for her papers, or inquire about the will, should be allowed as much freedom as was consistent The letter, she was told, directed that the money she with her safe keeping, she had been able to provide

A slave-girl slept in the room as a guard, and was remarkably wakeful person for one of her race. nothing, and the sum as well as herself, were claimed But on the night selected for the escape, Honoria mixed some laudanum with her food at supper, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her in a slumber too sound to be easily disturbed. Then giving a smaller quantity to Lily, also, who, she judged, would

gased with blinding tears at the alteration thus watched the receding shore. All the events of her effected. So complete was the change, that even to past life rose up fresh and clear in memory—the the eye of affection she looked scarcely recognizable, land of her birth, whereher childhood had been spent-Then darkening her own complexion to that of a mu | that had been the scene of her happy love, and bitter latto, she hastly dressed horself like a smart nurse, desolation-and she would never see it again. Here not omitting a gay turban and carrings, and taking was an enforced exile, and doubly sad, for the cause Lily's hand, left the chamber.

As she passed stealthily along the halls, the distant sound of voices in the drawing room, where his innocent child, as beautiful and delicate as an Maxwell was entertaining a party of friends, reached angel. her car, and she shuddered as she quickened her steps. But the rest of the house was quiet, for it was late, and she knew the outer door would be unfastened; so taking courage, she noiselessly opened one that formed a side entrance, and passed out into the dark night. The nearest stage office was only London-the city Honoria had so often wished, but about two miles distant, and on the way to her place of nover expected to see. Preferring to view her posidestination. But with zare prudence she resisted the tion in every light before taking a new step, she entemptation to proceed in that direction, and take gaged lodgings, and proceeded to enjoy that repose passage in the coach which was to start early in the so much needed, and also the delicious sense of permorning, believing that however much she might feet security, to which, from her earliest years, she gain at first, Maxwell would surely overtake her; it had been a stranger. Although her sorrow for the was also the course she would naturally pursue, and loss of St. George was as deep as ever, the suffering, that was an additional argument in favor of the bold anxiety and variety of scenes through which she had scheme she now determined to execute. This was so lately passed, had dulled the first unutterable none other than to travel in the opposite direction anguish, and restored the healthy love of her mind. all that night, and remaining concealed during the lt was not long before her plans were decided. An next day, engage scats the following forencon, thus advertisement met her eye in the newspaper one arriving at the stage house from whence she would morning, offering a lease of a country residence, at naturally have started at first, a day and a half after some distance from London, on exceedingly low her escape: by this time her pursuers would not terms. This was admirably adapted to her wishes, have returned from their search, so that the danger and in a month's time she was settled at the Willows, of exciting suspicion, and being identified, was greatly near Hatherstone-a quiet little country village. lessened.

All that night she pursued her long, dreary route by the faint starlight, never stopping to rest, although ford Coningsburg, of Ashford Park—a haughty, midfatigued by the weight of Lily, whom she was obliged dle aged baronet, the last of his family, and the to carry the greater part of the way. They rested oracle of the county. At the same distance, on the on the morrow, keeping carefully concealed, and as other hand, appeared the gables of the Parsonage, the news of her escape had not penetrated in that and from the drawing room window the chateau-like direction vet, found no difficulty in procuring seats roof of Bellevue Lodge was distinctly visible the in the ceach the following morning.

As they approached the neighborhood of Maxwell's residence, Honoria grew faint with apprehension, and when they stopped at the coach-office to change horses, nearly shricked on beholding the bills that were pasted up all about, offering rewards for hercapture. Despite the alteration in her appearance, which was now as unlike the description as anything could well be, she felt that every person must recognize her identity with the fugitive at the first glance so conscious are we by nature, that although Lily's natural complexion was preserved, she felt far less fear of her detection.

The singular coincidence between her own and her mother's escape, brought the circumstances of the response to the plea in behalf of "fatherless children latter event vividly before her, and she shuddered as she realized the agony that mother must have endured in that fearful flight. Again the howling neath her veil, and choked her utterance. But the blast and whirling snow seemed to pierce and blind her, as, in imagination, she again toiled over the tious little curate intended to be eloquent and proweary, trackless waste, spreading out on every side found, but succeeded in being merely flowery to the leaden horizon. From these melancholy retrospections she was aroused by the summons to reenter the stage-coach.

Her heart nearly failed her with blank terror, when the driver, holding the door, scrutinized her with keen, distrustful glances. But with a mighty effort she assumed a careless, indolent air, and handed him a pass, purporting to have been signed by a planter some distance up the country, and stating that his little nephew, accompanied by his nurse, was returning home to -, the nearest sea-port.

The man read the pass, and again scrutinized the fugitives. The dark, intelligent, and honest face before him, the neat, appropriate dress, so entirely in accordance with the taste of an upper colored servant, the thoroughly high bred air and delicate look of the apparent boy; but, above all, the little bundle held by the tied four corners, were entirely convincing to the driver, who had no idea that a pretty quadroon, "quite capable of passing for a lady," as the advertisement expressed it, would assume the disguise of a mulatto servant, or that a colored child could be transformed into a gentleman's son, a listless, petted darling.

The ordeal was accordingly passed in safety, but Honoria, who knew that there was nothing to hope for now, should Maxwell recover her, was too intensely anxious to appreciate this fortunate circumstance, until far beyond the scene of her imprison. ment and escape.

CHAPTER VI.

It was toward sunset when the coach containing the weary fugitives entered the city of -... The sight of the sparkling waters beyond was most welcome to Honoria, who felt that there was liberty, that across the blue expanse was rest and freedom, and her heart swelled into her throat with a giddy joy at having approached thus near the haven in

With her exhausted child she sought lodgings for the night, intending on the morrow to engage passage in the first packet bound for England. A sound, refreshing sleep restored her mind to its natural tone, and with all her old courage and confidence she made the necessary inquiries and preparations. Intending that all clue to her should be lost from the time she reached England, she determined to preserve an appearance of poverty during the voy. age, and carry an outfit with her, so as to resume at once, on landing, that position she had held as the wife of St. George, and which she would never lay limits placed to her schemes of aggrandizement. aside again.

It was the night before her departure from America and Honoria sat thinking over the important changes of the last few days, and the probable chances yet to come. From this state of deep abstraction she was aroused by the city clocks striking a late hour. She remembered the necessity of rest, and rising, gazed with satisfaction on the evidences of having completed the arduous part of her undertaking. There were her boxes packed, secured, and ticketed, there her garments which were to replace in the morning ner so high-born yet affable, dignified yet fascinating, that hateful disguise to which she owed so much, and there, too, was the bill of exchange, procured that very day in the name of Mrs. Cecil, for she dared same time unaffected, that her visitors, entirely not give that of St. George till out of the reach of subjugated, longed to spread abroad the fame of this harm.

With a sigh of relief she laid down beside her sleeping child, and was soon unconscious of those became equally enthusiastic, and a warm friendship cares which weighed so heavily in waking hours. At was the result. The captain, of course, had declared the first approach of morning she arose, and remov- himself the loyal subject of the "Queen of Hearts." ing the stain from her face, laid aside her slave at as she was styled, at the commencement; and the thre for plain but suitable garments; then rousing reserved baronet entirely thawed from his freezing Lily, she dressed her in clothes better fitted for her sex, and having settled with her landlady the night edging to himself that he had at length seen the before, quietly left the house, went on board the packet, and despatched a porter for her baggage.

of its necessity galled her proud spirit, and roused her anger, as she recollected that it extended even to

During the voyage, Honoria was not idle, but, keeping as scoluded as possible, employed her time in making up a wardrobe suitable to the position she intended to assume. The passage was a very pleasant one, and a bright day witnessed their arrival in

Above the trees that spread into a wood at the left. rose the chimneys of the Hall belonging to Sir Radabode of Mrs. Clarence Saville and her bachelor brother, the Hon. Captain Frederic Annesly. These were the only immediate neighbors, but they were sufficient for one who sought seclusion.

The first Sunday that Honoria attended service in the old churh at Hatherstone, every eye was turned upon her and Lily, whom she led by the hand. The exquisite guardsman stared deliberately through his double eye-glasses at the fair stranger, and even the grim and stately knight condescended to abate his rigid survey of the chancel. As she listened for the first time since St. George's death to the impressive words of the liturgy, a fresh sense of her desolation overpowered the lately acquired serenity, and the and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed," was unspoken for the blinding tears that fell fast besermon quite restored her calmness; the conscienand superficial; yet the baronet, being a staunch churchman, received it all as inspired teaching, while the simple crowd of rustics listened with opened mouth, and closed understanding.

Wearying of the long display of second hand theological rhetoric, Honoria, during this lengthy discourse, noted the beauties of the quaint old chapel, the brass tablets of past generations of Coningsburgs, the marble hachments of later worthies, and the various other objects transformed into rare leveliness by the stained diamond panes, which claimed her attention till the sermon was concluded. Then emerging from the low Saxon porch into the sunshine beyond, she slowly proceeded along the shady avenue to the Willows.

The Hon. Frederic astonished his sister, on his return from church, by enthusiastic praise of the young widow in close mourning, so recently arrived in their

"'Pon honor!" declared the captain, "a splendid woman—elegant figure, aristocratic air, well got up regular thorough-bred altogether."

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Clarence Saville, "I have not heard such a panegyric on woman since your passion for Lady Emily was a week old."

"Lady Emily be -" began the young gentleman. impatiently. We will proceed no further with the ejaculation, however, but merely remark that it consigned the unfortunate female to a most undesirable

Sir Radford Coningsby, on arriving home, forgot to record the text, and make a synopsis of the sermon through meditating on the charming new neighbor. and wondering what chance had procured Hather. stone the honor of her presence, while the curate speculated concerning her general circumstances, and suggested the propriety of a speedy call. To this his lady readily assented, being extremely curious to inspect the stranger and her establishment more minutely.

CHAPTER VII.

Accordingly no time was lost. As we have before stated. Honoria was ambitious :- and conscious of her ability to command and sustain any position, the fact of being among strangers, of having the entire control of her destiny for the first time, aroused every fraction of her pride within her. Never in her whole life had she known what it was to feel on a social equality with every person she met; to be free as the idle winds; and above all, to have no She determined to atone for pash humiliation, by a future whose brilliancy should swallow up the darkness of her preceding life.

The curate and his lady were ushered into the drawing room at the Willows, where sat the mistress of the mansion, looking more queenly than ever in her mourning robes, and bent upon securing the most favorable opinion possible. It is needless to say that she succeeded perfectly. Deeply impressed by her great beauty and elegance, her mancompleted the charm which her person awakened; and her conversation was so brilliant, but at the rara avis.

But a short interval clapsed before Mrs. Saville hauteur in the presence of Mrs. St. George, ackowlwoman who could worthily fill the position of Lady Coningsburg, and perpetuate that ancient line. Of With a mixture of indescribable feelings Honoria this great distinction which her neighbor of the Hall increasing yearly.

meditated conferring upon her, Honoria was however ignorant: and had she known it, she believed her heart was buried with St. George. This was unhad taught her the impressive lesson, "lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," and that all things in this life are uncertain, had just stopped Jows:] short of inducing her to "lay up treasure in heaven." She thought her heart was with the dead, but it was yet bound to the cares and pleasures of the world.

In her deepest period of affliction, a dim perception of these truths had entered her mind, and for a time the balance trembled between a return to the over? old course of ease and self-love, and a new one of strict duty from Christian principles. Her proud. aspiring nature, which required a double amount of discipline, had rebelled, and gained the ascendancyshe was more wordly than ever, and ambition rapidly increased, overshadowing that sorrow which was soon manifested only by violent emotion when any incident recalled her husband, or her isolated condition. By degrees even such outbursts became less frequent, till, at the expiration of two years, her past experiences seemed to have occurred in a previous state of existence. Meanwhile suitors had not been wanting, but to all the same answer was given, till at length she became the type of everything desirable and unattainable.

Wearying at length of her retirement, Honoria purposed to leave Hatherstone and spend a season in London, where, through several valuable acquaintances which she had made, an easy entrance into the world of fashion could be effected. This announcement occasioned a general dismay through the Hatherstone borders. Mrs. Saville threatened to make a round of visits during her friend's absence ; JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM. the Hon. Captain Annesly talked of exchanging into a regiment bound for India; while Sir Radford Conngsburg asserted "that his power as a magistrate authorized him to imprison all dangerous persons, and a notorious purloiner of hearts Mrs. St. George this speech, but the lady was unmoved by even this demonstration of regard and homage.

Honoria was musing alone, gazing vacantly at the elegance of her surroundings, and thinking that perhaps the gayety of the city might disperse the settled ennui of two uneventful years in the country. She heard light footsteps on the stairs, and a birdlike voice singing a snatch of song. Looking through the open door, she beheld Lily leaning against the balustrade, the light from the hall window above streaming down on her veil of curls, and already slender, girlish figure.

Mrs. St. George gazed in silence awhile, marvelling at the perfect beauty of the child, and thinking how best to secure to her those advantages of society which she herself had never enjoyed. While pondering these things, she trifled unconsciously with a bracelet that always formed part of her attire. It coral heart that had been a baby ornament of Lily's, a tiny medallion containing one of St. George's curls, and the doubloon given to her by her dying mother.

Although hating her own race with unutterable scorn, and loathing all reminiscences and monitors of her origin, she yet retained this keepsake, governed by an impulse she could not control : and from the time when she stood at the window of the poorhouse after her mother's funeral, looking mournfully at the falling snow, and holding this medal, it had been her custom in any trouble or anxious reverie, to clasp it softly, as if a magnetic relief were thus obtained.

Presently, as the child's voice ceased, Honoria called her name, and Lily sprang into her mother's called her name, and Lily sprang into her mother's less to know what it taught. How much even of outstretched arms. In the midst of a frolic which my eight volumes of manuscript—the record of only the playful little girl demanded, a tall, stately figure three years research—could have been rapped out was seen advancing up the avenue, and presently Sir Radford Coningsburg was announced. Lily at once claimed the attention of her old friend, but resting on it, if he had only waited long eneugh to Honoria observed that the gentleman caressed his see it move without a hand's touching it. Such petted favorite in an absent manner. Thinking hasty conclusions are always painful to me, and are that he might have come on some errand of a prito approach the subject of his thoughts. A short silence ensued, which Sir Radford broke thus:

"My object in calling at the Willows this morning, my dear lady, is one which I hardly dare flatter myself will meet with success."

Honoria was almost alarmed at this degree of ceremony in a friend of such long standing, and wondered what it might portend.

"I am well aware," he continued, "that a woman young and beautiful as Mrs. St. George, has only to be seen to be admired; and should she leave us. many no doubt may seek, and perhaps one more fortunate than the rest may win her; but if before her departure she would think of one as sincere, though' doubtless less deserving than many, she would make an old and devoted friend most happy."

Honoria was silent from astonishment, and construing it into encouragement, Sir Radford continued yet more earnestly:

"Dear Mrs. St. George, may I not hope?" Honoria mentioned the name of Lily, and the duty he owed the child.

"She shall be as my own daughter: Hove her for her sake, as well as for yours, and she shall never reproach you with filling her father's place to her injury. I know I am much your senior; but the love of a young man is not so unchanging and concentratedpardon me, it is not presumption to say that you shall never repent giving me the right to protect yourself and your child."

Honoria covered her eyes and remained silent, uncertain what course to pursue. She was well aware that as the wife of Sir Radford, every ambitious scheme could be successfully carried out, and a brilliant future secured for Lily. The baronet was a that he had declined a higher title as less illustrious than his own ancient name. Honoria also reflected that grief for St. George should not prevent her from advancing the interests of herself and her child, to origin. She thoroughly respected Sir Radford, and electricity and magnetism only by their effects, so pride did not fail to use every argument in his favor. by the distress which its interruption causes. She raised her head with a calm decision, and ex-

tending her hand, said, quietly: "It shall be as you request."

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

If every one of the prominent public men in the United States should be swept out of existence to-

THE SPIRIT WILL COME.

[A young lady of uncommon medium powers, who has distinct perceptions of spirits and spirit life, after repeated attacks doubtedly the case; but that grief for his loss which of hemorrhage of the lungs, apparently fast sinking into the arms of death, was questioned by a very dear aunt, and asked if her spirit would come after death. Her answer to each question was sweetly and calmly given, impromptu, as fol-

> Will your come again, when your spirit is free? Oh, ves I will come When my spirit is free From its wearisome fetters, And tarry with thee.

Shall we kee you again, when your sickness and pain is

You shall see me again, The pains and the tils Which life's pathway beset, How will you come?

I'll come on the wing Of the soft summer breeze.

In the waving green trees. For what will you come? When with a mother's fond care. You lay your dear boy to rest.

And melodies sing

An angel, his slumbers to bless. Soft, while his laughing eyes sleep. I'll bear him in spirit away, Where cherubs their revelries keep, In the land of perpetual day.

Will you come at our call?

Oh, call me, loved friends, but in name, And my spirit will surely be there: And claiming in yours, still, a share

From the N. Y. Tribune.

NUMBER THREE.

THE CIRCLES.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

I devote this paper to the circles and the condiunquestionably was." A gallant bow accompanied tions best adapted to the due manifestation of the spirit power.

But as it happens that some are already induced by these papers to investigate the matter, I ought to utter a word or two of caution.

In the first place, then, I remark that the evidence is generally so personal in its character, that it is quite impracticable for any one to convey it to another as vividly and forcibly as it is realized by him who receives it directly. Thus when my person is touched, I can know it certainly, but no language that I can use can convey to others the same realizing sense that I have of the fact. And so when my secret thought is revealed, or something is said that is known only to me and one who is dead, it is quite out of the question that I can make any one know the fact as unmistakably as I know it. And we are thus warned to be patient with those who are obliged to receive our testimony, instead of obtaining it for themselves, and are admonished not to be too ready to receive that of others, especially when the direct evidence is so attainable by all.

In the second place, I remark, so great is the variwas a plain gold band, with three pendants-a little ety of forms in which the manifestations come, that we cannot safely reach a conclusion until after long and patient investigation. I was over two years in vestigating before I became a believer; and even now. after more than eight years experience, I find I am all the time learning something new. Six or twice or thrice six times beholding it ought not to suffice. Let me illustrate. I once had a Reverend Bishop at my house, who witnessed the manifestations for several hours, and apparently to his satisfaction, till I asked him how he knew that all he had heard had not come from the mind of the medium? So the medical professors at Buffalo, after a few sittings, attributed it all to the toe or knee joints of the medium, while a little patience would have shown them the power displaying itself by ringing a bell. The Harvard Professors, after five of six interviews, pro-nounced it injurious to virtue, when they had not beheld enough to determine that it existed, much letter by letter in half a dozen sittings! And Pro-fessor Faraday would not have ascribed the movement of the table to the magnetism of the hand

vate nature, she soon sent the child away. Still her of investigation, the assemblage of a few persons, guest seemed to hesitate, as if undecided how best from four to twelve, is very advantageous, and often to approach the subject of his thoughts. A short necessary. It is now, as it was of old, where two or three are gathered together, that the spirit power can most readily descend in their midst. It was when four were together that Moses and Elias appeared again on earth, and it is now of common occurrence that a "circle" of a few persons greatly

aids the manifestations. It is generally best to have an equal number of both sexes, and the advent of the power is often hastened by taking hold of hands or laying them on

It often occurs that the display of the power, is interrupted by the withdrawal or the addition of some one after the manifestations begin.

So, too, it is not a little advantageous that all the circle should have a calm, gentle, and devout feeling, and hence it is that music and prayer are always beneficial, and sometimes indispensable.

Now why is this? Who can tell, so long as we are as ignorant as we are of what is the power at work? We know little—a very little—about it, and, until science shall aid us with its researches, it is almost idle to speculate about it. But what we do know may as well be stated. Electricity is one element used; this we know from various experiments, and the use of an electrical machine has at times been serviceable. Magnetism, both mineral and animal, is another. Sometimes the use of a large magnet has hastened the display, as has the presence of those who possess animal magnetism.

But there is something more than these elements. and, among other things, is that which the German writer, Reickenbach, calls Od, or Odio force. This is an extremely subtle fluid-invisible to most persons -which is emitted by the magnet-by crystals and by the human body, being the product in the latter, of the chemical action of respiration, digestion, and decomposition. I have, myself, beheld it issuing from both ends of a magnet, and forcing itself out, like a pale, shadowy smoke, from under its armature. I have seen it issue from the human head and fingers. On one occasion, I beheld it so plainly, that, in a dark room, I saw my own hand in superior man, immensely rich, and of so old a family that which issued from the head of the person who stood by my side. It is that which the artists have so long been painting around the heads of their saints and glorified ones.

It is ever, as I understand it, generating in the advancing the interests of herself and her child, to human form, and its natural flow can be disturbed whom she owed some reparation on the score of or interrupted by strong emotions. As we can see we often know of the existence of this element only

I have tried very hard to learn more about this, but the answer to my inquiries has been that science must discover it, and that until it does, it will be in vain to attempt to describe it to me. Con the occasion, through a very reliable medium, was dislayed the manner in which penderable obligates we word. I published the thing has however been done to enlighten me a little. jects wer moved. I published the account of it in which appear to my first reliable on another maior I am discount of it in Spiritualism." stantly, and the stock of ability and learning is increasing yearly.

"On another to my first volume on "Spiritualism."

On another to my first volume on "Spiritualism."

Ton another to my first volume on the first v

rounding spirits, I saw similar streams issue, but in greater quantities, and with more force. The streams united, and gradually filled the room from the coiling down, as smoke would. I could trace it in its gradual descent, by the pictures on my wall, and the books on my shelves, and I observed that as soon as is descended so far as to envelop the heads and breasts of the circle, the medium was influenced, and the manifestations began.

This is as far as my knowledge extends; and how carnestly I would that they who, from their scientific attainments, are far better fitted than I am for the investigation, would pursue the subject to a better understanding of this mighty and mysterious power. But from what we do know, it is easy to see how important the topic of "conditions" is, and how easily they can be disturbed, when even emotion can

The investigator, to be successful, must not only himself be in a proper condition, but he must conform to those which experience has shown to be necessary. This is a stumbling block with many, but surely it ought not to be. How can we see without being in a condition to have light? or hear, without being in a condition fit for the transmission of sounds?

And, as to his own condition, of one thing the investigator may be assured, and that is that he will be most successful when he approaches the subject with a feeling of devout and solemn reverence. And why not? He is talking face to face with immortality. He is, while yet in the mortal frame, communing with the spirit, holy and divine. And now, as of old, it cannot do many mighty works, because of unbelief; and to the question, "Why could not we cast him out?" the answer is of old, "Because of your unbelief, for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you. Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." J. W. EDMONDS, April 18, 1859.

P.S.—You are right in supposing that I am not willing to enter into any controversy on this sub-ject. The object of these papers is to state the testimony and the deductions which flow from it. If my deductions are not satisfactory, let each draw his own. If my testimony does not answer, let each seek for himself. My purpose will be fully attained when I can get people to look for themselves, and not take any one's word, either for or against it.

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH LAN-GUAGES.

There is no doubt that French is not destined much longer to be the language of European diplomacy. It has had its day. The brave and sinewy English tongue is making its way over the world, like its own hardy colonies. A recent article in a French journal confesses to the wane of the old power of the French tongue, in an interesting article from which we make a few extracts, as follows:-

"In modern history, French has been for a long time the official language; the language of politicians, of diplomats, of international relations of sciences, of arts; in fact, the language in which, by a sort of tacit understanding, the different nations of the world agreed to express and to interchange common ideas. France represented the empire, the popedom, the monarchy of the spoken as well as the written word.

But, alas! there are now signs enough abroad to indicate that we shall have to go into mourning for this monarchy. The fact can no longer be hidden that the French language is losing ground; that from year to year, it is descending the steps of its throne. It is not now only that we see this down-ward movement; but our attention has been recently drawn to it again by a book published in London, and in English, by a Fronchman. The work of which we speak.—M. Louis Blanc's "Reply to the Marquis of Normandy,"—was prohibited in this country, and it has consequently not come under our eyes—we, of course, never reading forbidden books. Besides, we cannot occupy ourselves in this place with either the past opinions of the ex member of the provisional government, nor with his present position. Nevertheless, we must confess, that the simple fact of the original publication of M. Louis Blanc's book in English has struck us as a symptom of the abandonment of the French language.

We will only express a general idea, when we say that thought will always and at any price find its expression. If not in one language, it will discover in another the means of doing so. When truth has descended into a human soul, and has fructified it, the flower will spread and extend, whatever obstacles may intervene. Silence, under such circuminfanticide. Light is not made to be hidden un-der a bushel. He who has received it, holds it merely in trust, bound to communicate it freely for circulation through the world. 'The revolutions of whole ages,' as Milton admirably expresses it, often do not recover a lost or neglected truth; yet in default of that entire nations must suffer forever.'

It is quite certain that, in the great concourse of human utterances, the freest language will ultimately triumph, and become the speech of the world. It is like the most open road, which everybody prefers taking-like the course of great rivers, along which nations travel. It matters little where they take their source: they belong to all in common, having no particular creed, no color, no nationality. The same with the languages. The one in which men can speak most, longest and oftenest, is sure finally to vanquish the others, and to ascend the throne.

Formerly, if any subject-invention, discovery, treaty, &c.-was desired to be spread and to be popularized, it was either written or translated in French. If men of different nations met each other, they, as a matter of course, spoke French. French was the language of salons, of academies, of theatres, and of courts-the language of everybody who could read and write. And our nation knew this so well that a Frenchman never thought of acquiring a foreign tongue—sure to find his own spoken wherever he might go.

"Ah, how all this has changed! Look around you, and see how English is spoken now-a-days quite. as much as French. And in ten years hence it will be still more so—there being scarcely a child who does not learn the English language. England, too, has a great advantage in this rivalry of languages; she has colonics. Already the whole of North America speaks English—which means that one day South America will do the same. India speaks English, and China and Japan no doubt are going to learn it too. Of all nations, England is the first to set foot on any coast, known or unknown; and not only does she set foot, but plants her standard and her language. There never was a Robinson Crusoe who was not an Englishman.

"All that France formerly did in propagand and in colonization, she did by means of her language. It was her idiom which, by universal consent, had been recognized to be the clearest as well as the fittest for the interchange of general ideas. Why is French not now so wide-spread, so popular in the world? The answer, we are afraid. would lead us too far; we therefore limit ourselves here merely to state it as a fact."

VOLUMES OF SERMONS .- The great sale for volumes of modern sermons proves nothing else so much as that a new age of sermonizing is upon us. Theological terms from the schools are laid aside, and religion is introduced into the every day life without. sectarianism, and in the language and with the illustrations of every day life. The change and prograss which the last twenty years have witnessed in this, department of our literature, as well as in tha inpressed sales in this business by leading American. publishing houses, are as great, or perhaps greater, than that witnessed in any other department of letters.

Bunner of Night.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

Published at No. 3 1-2 Brattle Street,

THOS. GALES FORSTER,
J. NOLLIN M. SQUIRE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Persons sending us clubs, may add to the club at any subsequent time, names either in their town, or any other place. Moneys sent at our risk; but where drafts on New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss. Procure drafts on New York, if possible.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sen.

Address, "Banner of Light," Boston, Mass.

Colby, Forster & Co.

NOTICE.

Hereafter, our Circles will be steld on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons only, as business calls us to New York on the remaining days of the week. W. Berry.

WRITING SERMONS.

There is always danger of repetition degenerating into mere mechanism. Let the act be ever so noble and true in itself, by being practiced a certain number of times, or at stated periods, or with always the same circumstances and surroundings, it is liable to become bald and barren formalism. We know it is so even in spiritual matters, the essence managing somehow to clude the grasp as the effort is repeatedly made to cast it in the proper form of words. Every writer knows how much depends upon his mood, that is, his inspirations; and clergymen ought, of all other men, to be able to testify freely to the same

Sermon-making is by no means what it ought to be; not, perhaps, because the men engaged in it are not competent men to produce such discourses as are generally esteemed good and proper, but because the sermons themselves are not the vital things thev ought to be. They lack life and inspiration, and are overloaded with the weight of century old theologies. They read as if they were ground out of some ingenious mechanical contrivance, like machine poetry. They are sliced up, according to set rules, into their firstlies, fifthlies, and seventhlies. They hum and drone like a housewife's spinning-wheel. One knows beforehand what they are going to say to him, and thinks he may as well sleep as listen, though he has not courage enough to stay away-altogether.

A Baptist D. D., who edits a religious paper in New York, called the Chronicle, lets us into the secret of sermon-making in the following manner:-

"There are probably ten thousand persons in these United States, whose chief occupation is that of sermon-making. As the period of the week for going forth to this battle comes, the minister begins to feel like a man awaiting a surgical operation; come to it he must, however his reluctance may cause a temporary delay. He enters his study, takes up his Bible, turns over its pages, and reads one text here and another there, but all are alike scaled up or unsuited either to his mood or to his idea of his people's need, and hence he rises and takes two or three rounds in his study—then he stands and looks out of the window, and feels anew the attraction of this great book of nature, walks out, looks at the leaves, the flowers, the meadows, the cattle, the clouds, and with unconcentrated thoughts gazes into the boundless expanse.

But still those two sermons for next Sabbath. where are they to come from? He goes back to his house, plays a little with the children, talks a moment with his wife, fumbles the newspaper, looking here and there on its columns with his eyes, while his mind is wandering to the ends of the earth in search for those two next Sabbath sermons which are still non est, but calling louder and louder for a place among the actual and experimental. He hums a tune, drums with his fingers, and does a variety of unconscious things-so absorbed is the intricate machinery of his mind in the vain endeavor to work out the problem. After these various turns, like the gyrations of a hawk before he pounces on his prey, the minister rushes back to his study, seizes his Bible convulsively, as if to force it to yield up a text, and to make sure of no failure this time. he falls foul of the first that comes to hand, as a sort of Hobson's choice, and at it he goes with might and

Now such a kind of sermon as that is not calculated to do any good, and it is profitless to think so. Such discourses are of that large class which Curtis describes as making the listeners bald by striking their pates and glancing off, instead of going through! They, at least, are not such as Beecher preaches, or Chapin, or Bellows, or Putnam, or Starr King, or Parker; and the signal fact that people will go to hear these last-named preachers, but will not go to hear the former, is proof sufficient and incontestible that what is in any true sense spiritual and inspired will always be in popular demand.

Blackwood has an article on the subject, in a recent number, in which he lays down certain proponitions and rules that certainly deserve serious consideration. It is something, when such a matter is taken hold of by the secular press, and by talkers and thinkers everywhere. As is very truly observed by Blackwood in the article referred to, sermons compose a very important part of English literature. and constitute a portion of the standard illustrations of our native tongue. The vocation of the preacher he declares to be, to keep us persuaded of the reality. the certainty, and the truthfulness of those things and persons which we cannot see. He then asks if it is worth the while of some hundreds of people to spend the prime of that Sabbath day, which is our only legitimate and sacred festival and holiday, listening perhaps to the formal, perhaps to the careless. perhaps to the original and eccentric composition which clergymen have produced because they cannot help themselves, because to-morrow is Sunday, and our reverend friends must do their duty. "Is it worth our while, do you think, most excellent preacher," continues Blackwood, "after we have sung our psalms, and made our matutinal thanksgivings and supplications, to sit in decorous stillness for an hour, or a half hour, according to your notion, to learn what is your disputed opinion upon that disputed passage, or wherein you agree with Gesenius, or differ with Augustine? If you do not happen to be a genius, and have nothing to say to us, why insist upon saying it? Genius is not necessary: eleverness is not necessary. We have heard men preach who had no appreciable endowment of intellect yet whose honest voice made the heart swell,

and encouraged the soul." The reasons for this difference in religious teachers

is apparent enough; it lies with their spiritual development alone. This development, when healthy, of course includes sufficient growth and expansion embracing, should be in active and steady play. The true noble is measured by his service to humanity. sensibilities are to be awake. The love of the soul is to be fanned into a perpetual flame. The lowliest and most despised of all must not be overlooked This tenderness is perfectly compatible with the most good, strong minded man was worth twenty thousand such open bravery, too. A preacher need part with none of his individual force in order to express and employ his most sensitive sympathies. The great fault is, these very sympathies are now employed far too

Dr. Holmes, whose series of papers in the "Atlantic Monthly" are the topic of general remark and admiration every month, has some most excellent observations on theology, sermonizing, and humanity at large, in the May number of that popular periodical; and we extract as follows:-

"The good people of Northampton had a very remarkable man for their elergyman,—a man with a brain as nicely adjusted for certain mechanical purposes as Bubbage's calculating machine. The commentary of the laymen on the preaching and practicing of Jonathan Edwards was, that, after twenty three years of endurance, they turned him out by a vote of twenty to one, and passed a resolve that he never should preach for them again. A man's logical and analytical adjustments are of little consequence, compared to his primary relations with nature and truth; and people have sense enough to find it out in the long run; they know what 'logic' is

"A man's opinions, look you, are generally of much more value than his arguments. These last are made by his brain, and perhaps he does not believe the proposition they tend to prove,—as is often the case with paid lawyers; but opinions are formed y our whole nature,—brain, heart, instinct, brute ife, everything all our experience has shaped for us by contact with the whole circle of our being."

"The heart makes the theologian. Cor facit theologum. Every race, every civilization, either has a new revelation of its own, or a new interpretation of an old one. Democratic America has a different humanity from feudal Europe, and so it must have a new divinity. See, for one moment, how intelligence reacts on our faiths."

"The one matter that a real human being cares for is what is going to become them and him. And the plain truth is, that a good many people are saying one thing about it and believing another!"

CHAPIN'S SERMONS IN BOOK FORM.

Messrs. Thatcher & Hutchinson have sent us two discourses printed in octavo form, making a very Gaming," and the other on "Shameful Life." It is and lust. needless for us to bestow any compliment upon them, for it is guaranty of their merit to say that in Coldwater, Branch Co., Mich. The prospectus says: "It they are selected by Mr. Chapin and revised for publication, from among his best efforts. They are printed on thick and white paper, with large type- of the BANNER, and is issued weekly at one dollar per year. and are well calculated for preservation. Price of each sermon, ten cents. Address Thatcher & Hutchinson, 523 Broadway, New York.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

The Summer Street Spiritual Assembly has leased a large hall, for three years, in which to continue Sabbath meetings, and which is to be christened with the name of "HARMONY HALL." It is at 419 Washington street, a few doors above the Adams House, and is to be neatly fifted up and ready for use on Sunday, May 8th. It is expected that A. B. Brittan will be the first to occupy the desk, two Sabbaths, to be folwill not allow us to give'a nonextended notice at this time; but wo shall do so in our fext issue.

There is to be a free Spiritual Convention in Boston, com nencing on the 23d, to be continued to the 28th of May, inclusive. We shall publish the call in our next.

LECTURERS.

LORING Moony will lecture at Melrose on Thursday and riday evenings of this week, instead of Medfield.

Mrs. L. S. Nickerson will speak at Berlin, May 22d. J. H. CURRIER, of Lawrence, will lecture in Concord. N. H. May 5th and 6th; Laconia. N. II., May 8th, 9th and 10th; Franklin, N. H., May 13th, 14th and 15th; Portsmouth, N. H. May 22d : Lawrence, Mass., May 20th.

H. P. FAIRFIELD, trance speaking medium, may be adressed at Greenwich Village, Mass. H. I. Bowker will speak in Woburn on Sunday, May 8th

at 21-2 and 61-2 o'clock, P. M. Subject, "Intuition." WARREN CHASE will speak in Cleveland, Ohio, Sunday May 8th.

LECTURE BY RALPH W. EMERSON.

Tuesday Evening, April 26th, 1859.

It rained smartly this evening; but yet Lower Music Hall vas well filled to hear the last lecture of Mr. Emerson's course. We saw there, as we have seen at nearly every loc ture of the course, men of such intellectual substance as Revs. T. Starr King and Edward E. Hale-preachers of the most thoroughly Protestant proclivities-Protestant, because they are always found protesting against everything their better judgment does not authorize; Rev. William R. Alger, one of those few who can admire the beauties and goodness of God; threatened with civil war, It is said that Gov. Cummings whether he finds it in the tomes of celestial Confucius-in the legends of old Vishnu-the poetic inspiration of nature-loying Zoroaster, or the roughness of honest old Moses; at Provo, which had given great ald and comfort to the Mor-Dr. Dewey, who, as he grows old, seems to have broken out of his theological chrysalls, and is now as progressive and independent as he used to be conservative and dogmatic. There, too, we saw the sunshiny-smiling face of the little

moral power of the world lives back of all. When asked what was the world made for, Plate answered, "for good!" Not a show of things is this universe, but it is for all benefit that all exists.

He is immoral who is acting to any partial end; he is noral who sees others as well as himself, and seeks the good of the whole. He who is moral, sees himself a citizen of a world of souls, and in this measure he is a man. The poor grub, after serving its term of probation in nature's meaner plane, casts aside its ugly hull, expands its wings, which it did n't know it had before, and file off into the sunny day.

What man does outside of moral law reacts only upon him self. It is impossible for a man to do this or that, because he will. He cannot shift the wind by blowing against it, nor dike out the incoming tide with his cane. The sun, the rair and the elements are everybody's benefactors. The man who is a helper of others becomes conscious of his own superiority in this country. So we go. to the selfish and immoral. Such persons are real men, while those not acting for virtuous ends are false and specific. Good men are a constant magnet.

Society would crust over but for its great men, who are rare indeed. Goethe was a man before whom all the walls of the soul fell flat. The wits excluded from the academie came together into clubs, and threw the academies into the shade. Bonaparte was a reader of men. An Apprican politician foresaw and foretold the change of parties in our electivo field, and when he reflected where he sould go, political assumed a new phase. This man's name was greater than his character. Some men are proposited wish, because they never say anything foolish.

When these rare men embrace both goodness and greatness -teach both intelligence and morality-the people are too apt to run them into a sort of divinity, and make gods of them. This was the fortune of Bocrates, Jesus and Mohamin all other directions to make the character harmo- mod. Many persons, however, have a nobility which will not nious and to preserve its balance. All the resources stand examining into, How many men will you find in a are called out, and their free and unrestrained use Parisian ball-room in gowgaws of nobility hired at the costells sensibly upon the hearers. Especially is it the tumers'f It is interesting to see them color up when the case that the sympathics, naturally large and all-

> The lecturer said he once talked with an old pioneer settler of the West-one who had felled the first trees, laid the stone for the foundation of the first houses of Western America, and fought the incursive Indians; and he said that one men as cities afford; they are the strong timbers on which society stands. These substantial men are all alike, independent of nationality, as the lichens of Cape Cod, Java and Sweden are the same, and are alike all over the globe. Even

> superficial France had her Pascal, Fencion and Moliere. Mr. Emerson related a legend of Basil, an old Catholic monk. He was excommunicated by the Pope for heresy, and an angel was sent to find a place for his soul in hell. But Basil was perfectly satisfied with his location, and so the angel took him deeper down. But the result was the same ; and he was not only happy himself in hell, but his presence seemed to make others so, and even the angels proposed moving down to where he was, to share his presence. Under hese circumstances, the Pope reinstated him, and he was afterwards placed in the calender of saints.

> Everything in life is the result of an omniscient design. He who is able to state a question, is already in the way of its solution. We properly measure our wants by what we have

> o spare, and grow rich by giving to those poorer than we. We seem to value ourselves above the English. We make more account of punishing a regiment of English soldiers than winning a whole series of battles of the Mexicans or Indians. Bunker Hill is with us a continual encaptum. The words, that all men were created free and equal turilled the world eighty years ago, and an echoing response came up from all over the globe; but it is not much to our credit that our judiciary now declares that black men have no rights white men are bound to respect. We graw up to our nationality through many stubborn strata, and I feel this to be a blasphemy. It is neither wise, loving, just nor brave.

MR. EMERSON.

Mr. Emerson lectured at Music Hall last Sunday morning, on Wealth. The lectures before Mr. Parker's society are, in his absence, generously and nobly provided by the enterprising efforts of that society. Mr. Emerson is the "aloe flower" of our age and generation; he is, in our humble estimation, the brightest genius and the most religious man amongst us.

The Busy Morld.

ABLE LECTURE.-Under our New York head will be found an able lecture, delivered at Clinton Hall on Monday evening, 25th ult., by Mrs. A. M. Spence, the subject being the Present Condition of Society and the Relations of the Sexes." All true men and women, who have the good of the human race at heart cannot fall to perceive and endorse the senti-ments embedded in this lecture. The time has come, we think, when the grosser passions of earth should be outgrown, thereby giving place to the spiritual element of man, neat pamphlet. One of these is on the "Evils of that happiness and purity may supply the place of selfishness

> "THE WELCOME GUEST" is a new reform paper, published is neutral in nothing, independent in everything-tolerating candid inquiry and free discussion on every subject. Our aim and our desire is "Truth." It is about one-half the size

> Apothecaries, physicians, and all others who are purchasing Botanic Medicines, will find at B. O. & G. C. Wilson's, Botanic Drugists, 18 and 20 Central street, Boston, the largest assortment to be found in the countryconsisting of every variety of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Barks, Seeds, Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Extracts, Ointments, &c. Also Brandy, Wines, Bourbon Whiskey, and other liquors, perfectly pure, for medicinal purposes; Glass Ware, Medical Books, Syringes, &c.

We print the sermons of Messrs. Beechen and CHAPIN, this week, on new and beautiful type, of a larger size than heretofore used.

Museum.—The comedy of Lord Timothy Dexter which was put upon the Museum stage last week has had a successful run—flattering alike to the author, (Mr. John T. Trowbridge) and the manager. Mr. Warren- gives us another of his protean styles of acting in the part of the eccentric lord, and Mr. Ring as the negro is a splendid impersonation. The play embraces nearly all of the talent of the Museum, and they

The papers denominate the recent Sickles' trial " a horrible that the verdict of "not guilty" was what had been all but universally expected; and that it was perfectly in accordance with the course of things at Washington, where the only law that is known is club law.

The Supreme Court has overruled the decision made by Chief Justice Shaw in the Rockport case, and declares against the enforcement of the nuisance act in ways that would have made it a nulsance act indeed.

A resulte has been granted in the case of Mrs. Hartung, at Albany, who was sentenced to be hung for murder on the 27th ult., in order to give her a rehearing, the opinion having gained credence since the verdict that the evidence of har guilt was insufficient.

MUSICAL .- The Boston Brass Band-one of the oldest and best in the United States, composed of the most talented musicians in the country, under the direction of Mr. D. C. Hall, assisted by the celebrated musician, Mr. Eben Flagg, as second leader—is now prepared to furnish music for milatary and firemen's parades, civic processions, &c. &c., at the short est notice.

C. F. Hovey, the well-known dry goods dealer in Summer street, died last Thursday, after an illness of several months Bishop Donne, also, is dead.

The dallies of Saturday publish important news from Utah, the purport of which appears to be that the territory is and the military are at loggerheads; that the Governo issued a proclamation in regard to the proceedings of a Judge mons, and, according to a number of affidavits which have been forwarded, has led to the assumption of a hostile attitude towards the troops, upon their part.

There, too, we saw the sunshiny-smilling face of the little.
"Autocrat," as philosophical and pleasing as, but very different from, the man he came to hear. Others of the ministorial cloth were there, and lawyers, and doctors, and authors we cannot linger to name, and all were pleased, we do not question, with the new idea Mr. Emerson advanced on the subject of "Morals."

He thought that Morals were the what, and not the how, of life—the substance, and not the show. The whole use of life is moral, and life's trifles are most useful to guide our actions in the path of virtue. I value morals, said the speaker, because they tell me what to de to-day and to-morrow. The moral power of the world lives back of all. When asked DISTURBED STATE OF ITALY .- We regret to state that our

The Crystal Fount Division of Sons of Temperance will celebrate their third anniversary by a supper at the Adams House on the 10th inst. Miss Matilda Sawyer was burned to death in New York

city on the 20th ult., by her clothes taking fire from the explosion of a camphone lamp. THE INVESTIGATOR came to us last week in quarto form.

England has signified her willingness to accept Secretary Marcy's proposition substantially for the exemption of all private property from seizure on the ocean; but Mr. Buchanan insisted upon a condition respecting blockades, which

It is edited with marked ability.

effectually provented the conclusion of the negotiation. Lord Lyons has been entertained by the President at a diplomatic dinner. He is getting to be quite a lion already

Mr. J. V. MANSFIELD intends paying the Philadelphians a visit about the middle of this month. He will remain until the first of June. Our friends in that locality who have desired to witness his manifestations, will govern themselves accordingly.

M'me Bosie, the gifted opera singer, is dead,

The recent Brooklyn Water Celebration was a great affair. The procession was of immense length, being over two hours

The Russians say we must have Cuba—that the possession if the colony is indispensable to the security of the Amerin nation.

Bunner of Wight.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1850.

Publication Office, No. 5 Great Jones Street.

Amanda M. Sponco at Clinton Hall. We give the following abstract of a lecture delivered b

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, on Monday evening, April 25th. The subject of this evening discourse is, as was announced of the delicacy of this subject, and of the extreme sensitiveness and serences of feeling which its announcement apparently creates in the minds of many; yet, at the same time, we know that it is one which comes home to every honest soul, and therefore we will fearlessly approach it, although for so doing we should be hanged, or drowned, or crucified The very mention of this subject awakens fear and alarm in the minds of some, and a bitter spirit of antagonism in others; yet the scale of the closed book are broken, and the secret history of society is being thrown open to inspection, and high above the groans, the sighs, the lamentations, the confused uproar and the cerseless wall of men and women, we hear the prayer of humanity for justice, and therefore we will draw nigh unto the truth.

We are creatures of circumstances, and, therefore, the present conditions in which we are living, and which no single individual can either change, or entirely escape from, overcome us; and hence, though public opinion condemn us, and the law condemn us, and our friends condemn us, and we are self-condemned at the bar of our own consciences, still we are swept down by the deep, strong current into which our bark has been launched, and we continue to run in the same course of error and of wrong. Still the better nature of humanity does not court error and wrong. In the hopes to be saved from evil, and the prayer of the human heart is, "what shall I do to be saved?"

It is said that man is free; but the facts of individual and about free will and moral responsibility; but stern realities, like descending avalanches, crush all such theories into atoms, and grind our most splendid speculations into powder. We must have semething better than theories-semothing solid and substantial—something real—something that takes the past and the present as they are and as they have been, and makes those realities the solid granite upon which to walk with firm and sure tread into the future.

Listen at the theorizers. One says, "Unlock the prison doors and set the criminals free; instead of using harshness and severity, appeal to their benevolence." Another says, vants and hirelings into your own social and intellectual sphere." Another says, "Gag those preachers, shut up those tion which is connected with them, and all the suffering which flows from them." The anti-marriage folks cry, "Be free: come out of bondage, and live as nature dictates."

The feeling which prompts all these utterances is right-'tis pure-'tis noble; yet it is but the language of feelingof sentiment-of love, which, though strong, is yet blind. Those reformers who proclaim such noble utterances of man's emotional nature, have not yet realized the true marriage within themselves-the marriage of the heart and the headoflove and wisdom. They are acting from the power of the affections only, unguited by the intellect. They are like the fond mother, who, in her selfish affections, clings to her darling boy, and refuses to let him leave her presence, to go forth and try his powers and develop his strength in the out-door world of experience. Folded in her arms, or hanging to her anronstring, she deems him safe from wrong, and vice, and temptation, little dreaming that he is losing vastly more than he is gaining. But the intellectual father, with perhaps as much love as the mother, sends him away from home to school, to be boxed and cuffed about as early as possible, to prevent his being boxed and cuffed about by the world when he is older: sorrow and suffering, as well as by the joys and pleasures of

life and liberty; and what though the feeble and the helpless of a higher order; and Christianity sanctions, and the civil-sink and perish beneath the Prising, domineering power, ized world practices, monogamy. Yet where is there a marand majesty, and might of the strong and the boid? The atruggle has developed the higher powers of all, and in no other way would they have been developed.

Man moves with the sun. Progress is westward; and, in that westward march of human progress, whoever cannot go with it is either driven before it, or trampled under foot, 'Tis true the Indian was the first inhabitant of this continever could have built the railroads, steamboats, engines, that stands in the way of his progress.

The present spirit of emancipation and abolition is, in many respects, the maternal spirit of the race—the blind impulse of the heart without the clear-seeing light of the intellect It looks at the enslaved negro, without books, without hever again to be reunited; it sees one to-day sold upon the market block, to-morrow with the warm blood streaming of affection-the maternal emotions of emancipation and this: this shall not be! I will wade to my knees in human gore, and sacrifice my life and that of my brother man to free the helpless victims of slavery!" Yet in this severe school the negro has been profited; so much so, that if you were to take him back to Africa he would hardly acknowledge his

kindred blood. Oh, thou gentle voice of affection, and thou fearful glare, and terrible growl of wounded love, remember that in the cart bursts with grief for the loss of those who are linked excelsior," has ever struck terror into woman's heart, as the voices of the past and visions of the past. I see the strong man bending to his little ones, while their pale-faced mother throws herself upon him and sobs aloud, as he kisses her and them for the last time; I see the sister clinging to the brother, and the mother clinging to her manly son-they ge to the field of battle, and their homes are desolute. I see blood and tears, and widows and orphans; I hear the wail and lamentation of the suffering, the bereaved and the broken-hearted. Yet with all these there have come liberty, human progress and human development, and nature has ecomplished her purposes. Who, then, shall complain? Affection ever-wisdom never. Why should we condemn anything? From a principle.

When should we condemn anything? When principles have cisen un to pronounce sentence upon it, and declare that its -not universally at once, but by degrees. Hence the time must and will come, when tyranny and servitude will slough off by a natural process-not, however, without sufferingnot without agitation. Therefore, let the agitation go on; it will prepare the way, not only by awakdning the feelings and emotions of our philanthropic nature, but also by shedding an intellectual light upon the relations, and influences and destinies of races, that will guide our love into that course of action which will enable its atrong arm to execute what is best for all who are related to and mutually influence each other.

We condomn not the past for not doing the whole work; it has received from the past. But what was once right is not always right; and therefore governments and society must and do gradually change. The agitation is going on; slavery has become a national question; its influence upon the white man, as seen by a comparison of the free and the slave States, is claiming attention, and therefore humanity will be free in due time. Thus the universal man is shed-

ding his wrongs, and his errors are sloughing off. We now approach the second branch of our subject-the having rison above the human, shall live the disine life

relations of the sexes. The sexes are isolated from each other in the spheres of their activity. It is an isolation that has enfeebled weman's body, and paralyzed her mind. The moment a woman engages in any kind of business, as a seamstress, a shop-keeper, a school-teacher, she loses cast, and becomes, at best, only second-rate society. While she is dobarred from competing with man in pursuits of an intelloctual character, her lot is still more unenviable if inclination or necessity invites, or drives her to an occupation of manual labor. The present false ideas of society demand that she shall, at all times, be the delicate, attractive angel, rather than the healthy, blooming woman, with a clear, at the close of our last lecture, "The Present Condition of active intellect in a sound and well-developed body. Descriptions of the Bexes." We are fully aware billity, frailty, and helplessness of mind and body, are expected of her; and accordingly imperfection becomes her daily study. What if her ribs do lap a little; what if her tottering gait and her trembling, lily-white thands tell of falling vital powers! She is helpless—she looks like an angel, and is just the thing that society expects her to be. It would he a dreadful thing for one of these angels to know anything that is worth knowing, and when knowledge has, in spite of herself, found its way into her mind, she nevertheless feigns ignorance. The world allows her to know something of the floating, gossamer literature of the day; but history, science, the mechanical arts, are all masculine—they are out-door things, like steam-engines and reaping-machines-to her mysteries, only to be gaped at, and wondered at, but not to be inderstood or talked about. Thus woman has been shoved out of both the physical and mental spheres of action, and therefore both her body and her mind are shorn of their strength, elasticity and beauty. Talk about her voting-what does she know about law and government more than the benighted negro of the south?

Why should not woman enter the intellectual sphere on an equality with man? She has the same number of faculties as man-so say the phrenologists at least-but she has not taken rank with her brother in the world of mind, because nature of humanity does not court error and wrong. In the circumstances, opportunity and custom, have neither invited, midst of overwhelming temptations humanity wishes and driven and invited man. We are aware, and we freely admit, that there are differences in the male and female character; but in the department of mind it is a difference in tone, not universal experience tell us otherwise. It is easy to theorize in the number of faculties. Whatever this difference may amount to, and by whatever name it may be called, we are willing that it shall be taken into the account in determining the proper sphere of woman, and her true relations to manand it will be.

In the earlier times, might made right. Man was then strong and muscular—a creature of force, and upon his strong arm woman leaned. It is yet an abiding instinct in woman to admire the well-developed muscle, for to her it is significant of that protecting power which her nature seeks in man. In those early times of physical force, man's mind was as barren as woman's; but physical wants and animal neces-"Free the negre forthwith; take him and the reaming red sities (as we have shown on a former occasion.) set his mind man of the forest inte your folded arms, and bring your ser- in motion, developed his intellectual powers; and as mind gradually took the place of muscle, and did the work of muscle, man's physical system became softened and modified: churches, and put an end to all the fanaticism and superstind, as his active mind awakened his affections and his moral nature, his passions were subdued, and he ceased to be altogether a creature of force. Thus the masculine nature has approximated the feminine in a degree—thus man and woman are gravitating towards the intellectual sphere, where they will ultimately meet as equals. Mind has no sexuality. In the purely mental sphere there is no sex-no man, no woman-nothing but mind. This is the great truth which we now feel. Under the shadow of its coming realities weman now stands, demanding equal rights with man. She feels the coming events, hardly knowing, however, the precise nature of that which is coming; and hence, under their inspiration, she may, at times, place herself in false positions, and claim that which her nature never can receive-never can appropriate—but no matter; all this is evidence of a veritable outward expansion of the female mind, and though is may meet with opposition, yet it is a natural growth, and

nothing can stop it.

We still feel the influence of the age of force, because we have not yet outgrown the animal hature. With the progress of the race new questions of right and wrong have ever arisen. Charity now throws her broad mantle over the for experience he must get, and that by severe lessons by polygamy of the past, and declares that it was all right then. But with the awakening of man's higher faculties, the question began to be asked, "Is polygamy right?" It was any In the same way nature, seemingly without feeling, heaves swered in the negative, and monogamy became the law and individuals, and nations, and races of men, out into the the custom. Abraham, David, and Solomon, practiced polyggreat sea of human strife, and warfare, and contention for amy, but Jesus and the apostles preached purity and virtue ized world practices, monogamy. Yet where is there a marriage of ten years' duration, in which the legally mated are happy? Outward appearances may declare one thing, but a different verdict is written all over the secret feelings of husbands and wives.

Look at the fearful murders that are daily recorded in our newspapers-husbands murdering wives, and wives murdering husbands-all telling us that our marriages are not nent, but not its first cultivator. If he has been swept from happy—are not right. The secret, unuttered prayer, all over his native soil, he has been superseded by a higher race, who the land, is for relief—for death—any kind of death, any kind have done a work which he never could have done. He of change, which will bring relief to the agonizing spirits of men and women, who are reaping the bitter fruits of error sowers and reapers; he never could have felled the forests and wrong in the marriage relations. 'Tis felly to deny it; and reared these mighty cities with their temples and monu- the present conjugal relations are unhallowed; and as the ments—their civilization and refinement. Man removes all unhallowed effects of such relations are visited upon their obstacles, changes all conditions and exterminates all life children, as well as themselves, the purity and happiness of the present and of future generations demand light, more light, to guide them out of the false into the true relations.

This honest and truthful presentation of the subject is met with the cry of free-love. What is free-love, and who are the free-lovers? Wherever there is an unsatisfied contrade and without the facilities of acquiring either; it sees jugal nature, there is free-love.—there the eye and the affecfamilies to-day huddling together in the warm embrace of tions will scan the moving world of the opposite sex, seeking kindred affections, to-morrow scattered over the broad earth rest, rest, rest ! This unsatisfied nature, though it may be held within the bounds of order and decency, yet no conscience, no sense of propriety and of right, can keep up such down his naked back from many a deep gash, and the spirit perpotual vigilance but that it will, at times, escape their watchful eye, and follow with admiring gaze some one of the abolition, rebel against it all, and declare, "Oh, how cruel is passing multitude of the opposite sex. The soul will seek its mate, because monogamy is the true law of its being.

Then why is there so much misery in the present monogamic relations of the civilized world? Because people are ignorant of themselves do not understand the demands of their own nature; and also because woman, not being permitted to take her true position in the intellectual sphere. and in the sphere of labor, has been forced, oftentimes from necessity, to depart from her hollest loves and her highest grand procession of nature it is not the negro alone who intuitions, and choose the wrong instead of the right. These bleeds, and dies, and mourns, and weeps, and whose swelling considerations, together with the inequality of woman's wages as compared with those of man in the same occupato him by the ties of blood, and the still stronger ties which tion, have over prevented her from being self-sustainingbind soul to soul! . Nature's grand purposes are baptized in have ever kept her in a state of dependence. When to all blood. That flashing banner of the foremost nation, on which this we add the fact, that woman is educated to be a wife, or are the stars and stripes, has been drenched in the salt sea rather, to secure a support and a position in keeping with of human lears, and that shout of the vanguard of progress, her own and her parents' ambition, we can easily understand how it is, that marriage is a traffic of profit and loss, she responded to the bold voice with a shrick, and pressed and courtship a system of fraud and deception; and how is her helpless babes to her bosom. Out of the past come up is, that husbands and wives are bought and sold upon the same principles that we buy a good work-horse or a fine racer. Woman gets all she bargains for-some one to take care of her-her victuals and clothes.

Let woman, then, enter the intellectual sphere, select her own pursuits adapted to her capacity and tastes, walk side by side with man as his equal, and then the most fruitful source of false and unhappy marriages will be cut off.

Those who imagine that the abolishing of the marriage laws would remedy the evils complained of, look only at effects, not at their causes. We must endeavor to raise humanity above the law, so that they, by a natural growth, shall be enabled to step out of its sphere of action. Laws are necessary. Society needs was to bind its members, and to make them perform their duty to each other and to their children. Yet, at the same time, all, in duty to themselves day has passed. The principle of freedom will have its rule and to humanity, must seek a higher development, and with t a higher life.

The present severe experiences are necessary to bring us up out of the juvenile into the adult life. All development is the result of experience. It is a law of nature that the agitation (whether of joy or of sorrow) which accompanies all experionces, brings growth, progress. Even the oppression of the negro slave develops in him the principle of freedom, and the philanthropic spirit in the white man. So our experiences are teaching us the necessity of seeking the cause and the remedy for the misery and suffering in our marriage relations. The question has not come upon us prematurely; society secretly rejoices that it has come; and the angel neither do we condemn the present for the inheritance which world, with clearer perceptions than ourselves of the magnitude and importance of the subject in all its relations, are projecting before us their ideas in reference to it, and are forcing upon society new conditions and new experiences. n order that the growth and renovation of its members may be hastened.

Thus will we be prepared to welcome the new proclamation, which is soon to be made from the spirit-world, for the establishment of the nucleus of a brotherhood on earth, who Cora L. V. Hatch at Clinton Hall.

At the opening of the meeting on Wednesday evening, 27th ult., Mr. Gibbs announced that, as it had frequently been suggested that the spirits should be allowed to select their own subject, it would be left to the audience to decide whether, on the present occasion, that suggestion should be followed, or whother the usual course for selecting a subject should be pursued; whereupon it was moved by Professor Mapes that the spirits be allowed to choose the subject for the evening. This motion was unanimously agreed the mountain, the storm, the tornade, the vale, the ocean to by the audience. We give an abstract of the prayers and and the river, with greater beauty than they really possess discourse which followed.

PRAYER.

Infinite Spirit of all Light, thou who art forever the same whose life and light and love pervade all things, and who fillest our souls with thankfulness and prayer, that we may give to thee the offerings of our spirit's devotion, we would bless and praise thee-bless thee for the constant blessings which we receive: praise thee for the well-springs of loy which come up within our souls. We bless thee, our Father for life and knowledge and truth. We bless thee for each thought of thy divine perfection which beams upon our souls. We bless thee for the splender of the external world, though we know that all its splender, beauty and perfection is naught except in the consummation of thy divino plans We know that beauty fades, that decay is everywhere, and that life itself is uncertain, as regards form. Therefore, we bless thee for that undving, everlasting something, which is light, immortality and perfection. We bless thee for the secret consciousness of immortality which belongs to every soul, and which no care, sorrow or depression, can crase from the mind. We bless thee for all conceptions of thy invisible, mysterious world, which remains yet untrodden by these thy children yot towards which they can aspire. We bless thee for every-day life, with its vicissitudes, trials, joys, cares and blessings; for each thought and emotion adds new vigor to the soul and from every well-spring within the spirit there comes some new life and power, with each succeeding day's experience. May our utterances be of truth; may our thoughts and aspirations be pure and holy; may our words, though simple and unworthy, still express the spontaneous utterances of our soul; may we know and feel that thou art near, and that thy spirit controls and guides us; may we realize that wherever our feet may tread, whatever our hands may do, and whatever thoughts may impress our minds, thy soul is still among us; and may we understand that in every department of human experience, there is a divine purpose which belongs to thee and thee alone. And forever shall we love and praise thee, and render thanks to thy holy name. Amen. DISCOURSE.

It has herotofore been customary for the audience to choose from among their number a committee, as their representatives, for the selection of the subject to be considered. This practice, it seems, has become wearisome. At at any rate, the subjects which have been presented have been so similar that any variation is acceptable. We therefore propose to reality, and represents it in words, and you call that fiction address you to-night upon a theme of our dwn choosing. It he simply represents the reality of which you have seen but is one which, to some of you, may not seem unlike others the fiction, and you say he is dreaming. The poet converses which have been discussed in these lectures; yet we think it with the stars, the sun, the winds, the ocean-wave, the moun is one which has a distinct and positive bearing in another tain storm, and the forest trees, and he knows the intellidirection. It is strictly a metaphysical subject, and is also combined with poesy. It is this: The Real and the Ideal; or, Facts and Fancies.

Philosophers have, in mind, divided the world the universe, into two distinct departments. Between these two the intelligence that guides it; he sees the power which departments they have always drawn a positive line. One is called it into being. And your world, reasoning upon this the world of mind: the other is the world of matter-one is the world of fact; the other is the world of fiction. Upon all is simply the illustration of a reality, presented in such a way subjects where reason, or philosophy, or science, or religion that you can understand it. To a tale of fiction, or an alle has been brought to bear, these two separate spheres have been recognized in the universe; and in all the details of human life the distinction is made most palpable between mind and matter. Our object this evening is to illustrate the true distinction between the real and the ideal-to show where the real leaves off and the ideal commences; and which controls the universe.

Mind, it is assumed as the basis of all mental philosophy must control the universe; matter, it is assumed as the basis of all material philosophy, must control the universe. So mind and matter, reality and fiction, facts and fancles, have constantly been in antagonism with each other. The world of fancy and the world of fact have ever been striving to gain the supremacy. The materialist claims that his God is a material, palpable, self-existent Being; the spiritual philosowithout form or substances, but all mind. The materialist urges that the mind of man has no existence except through matter, and that from various combinations of matter thought is outwrought; the spiritual philosopher urges that the mind of man has its origin in some outside, superior intelligence, that the world of mind's distinct and positive in its nature, and that what exists in the external world is simply a repre sentation of what exists in the mental world.

We do not propose, on this occasion, to endeavor to search out God, or flud out what he is. We shall simply illustrate our subject by reference to material developments. Now we hold that there is no such thing as an ideal world. Ideal, in the English language, implies something strictly imaginarysomething which has no foundation in fact, but which has its origin in mind, instead of matter. We claim that all thoughts reality in anything which belongs to this world. The life e real, and that matter itself is not real. We claim that the only world of reality is the world of mind, and that the only world of fancy is the world of matter. The world of truth taste, and smell, and hear, the things which surround you, and perfectness is the world of mind and the world of change; decay and destruction is the world of matter. We know that matter, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral, is nothing unless it is pervaded by life. We know that the wood and stone which compose this building are nothing but dead, cold substances, wrought into their present form by mind, or life. We know that the tree from which the wood was taken was once pervaded with a living element of power, which soon passed basis. They even found their hope of immortality upon maaway after the tree was cut down, so that some invention of terial things. If they can feel, or see, or hear their immerthe human mind is required to protect it from the elements. or it cannot be preserved. We know that everything in the They rear splendid palaces, and accumulate large fortunes, material world decays, or changes its form. We know that what to-day seems perfect and beautiful in the tree, and flower, and leaflet, is to-morrow swept away. We know that the bird, which seems immortal, dies. By death we simply mean change of form.

- Now if there is no reality in thought, how, can we conceive of form. As we have frequently had occasion to remark, there can be no form without intelligence; there can be no expression of life without intelligence; there can be no arrangement, organization, law or order, without intelligence and that intelligence must be self-existent, positive, creative in its nature. The life which existed in the tree, before it was removed from the roots, rendered it self-preserving. So long as that life remained, there was organization, and decay would not set: in but the moment that passed away, the principle of self-preservation, which the tree possessed, was gone But let us pass on.

It is said by material philosophers that no thought can be conceived, unless there has been some previous material impression made upon the mind; that man derives all his intelligence from matter; and that man increases in intelligence only as material forms are impressed upon the retina of the eye, and conveyed thence to the brain. Strange I is it not? But we will prove to you that intelligence is creative. While every image of which the mind conceives must be impressed upon the retina of the eye, the intelligence which grasps at the image is capable of reproducing it with ten thousand beautiful variations. The image of the bird, with its gorgeous plumage, when impressed upon the eye of the artist, is carried to his brain with hundreds of beauteous images. The sculptor carves from a cold and lifeless block of marble, what represents his thought of a beautiful face or form. Now you would not proteud to say that the block of marble suggested to the artist the idea which is represented in this face or form. It without intelligence. You feel, yet you may be deceived; was suggested by the life existing in some person possessing a beautiful face or form, which responded to the life in his that you think are real, and perfect, and true, and steadfast, own brain, and with the aid of the creative power in his own mind, he fashions from the cold stone an almost living image, world of fiction. Although matter may be used by man to representing-imperfectly, yet as well as lifeless marble can be made to represent—the image in his mind. Nor would thing permanent. No sooner do men place their hands on you pretend to say that this representation has taken the material things, and say, "Here do we fix the foundation of image from the artist's mind. It has not; for although its our intelligence, our hope, and our spirits' everlasting safeproduction is accompanied by the most intense thought and tv," than there comes some new change in the condition of feeling on his part, when it is fluished he is still dissatisfied things, overthrowing these foundations, and startling the with it. He would have it live, and breathe, and think, and act: he would have the beauteous image step from its pedes- looked upon as fact, was, after all, naught but fancy. And tal and come forth to greet him; he would have it respond to so the world goes on from fancy to fancy. Your thoughts, the intelligence in his own mind; but it does not. It is based upon the true foundation of human intelligence, are simply a representation. There is no life in it. It is stone-

The architect who fashloned this house, of wood, stone brick and mortar, tells you it is not a house, but simply the sculptor; and paints and canvas are invaluable aids to the representation of a house—the ideal of a house which he had artist in his representation of his ideas of nature; but never in his mind. When you look at it you do not see a real mistake the sculptured image for the reality; nover mistake house, but only the image of that which was a reality in his the painted picture for that which really exists. mind. If this were a real house, it would not be subject to

could not be fashioned by man, but would be self-created. As a proof that the reality is greater than the image, the architect is never satisfied with his work. The structure never comes up to the conception in his mind. The work may be said to be his ideal, while the reality still in his mind is the model for a greater attempt,

The painter who portrays upon canvas scenes from nature has in his mind conceptions greater than he can represent He does not, in his representations, as some suppose, endow the mountain, the storm, the ternade, the vale, the ocean, The beauty of these objects in nature have a reality in his mind, and, so far as he is able, he clothes the scene which he represents upon canvas with this beauty. Gazing at the picture which he has fashloned, you say, "I never saw such a sky, or such shades in verdure, or such grass, or such water; the artist has greatly exaggerated nature." He has merely added the reality of his conception to what you see in nature He has looked upon nature with an artist's eye, and he pictures it not as you see it, but as he himself sees it. The re-ality in your mind is not so high or beautiful as that in his mind. Therefore, the picture to you seems exaggerated. If you could watch nature with artists's eyes, you would see it as he sees it.

Everything which man produces has its origin in his mind, Houses, ships, cities, etc., all rise up as representations of realities in the human mind. Everything which belongs to art and science has a reality in man's conception. All visible forms are representations, merely, of realities. The leaf which you see on a tree in spring-time is not a real leaf, but simply the representation of a reality. The tree itself is not a real tree, but the representation of a real, living principle in nature; for the tree dies, and anything that dies cannot as we have explained be a reality. A principle or intelli gence superior to the tree, represents itself in the form of the tree. And so it is with all things in nature. Steadfast and unchanging as your world seems to be in its organization, it would be without motion, order, or symmetry, if it were not pervaded by absolute, self-existing intelligence; and if there were no other way of proving the existence of a Delty, it would be proved most plainly by the fact that matter is constantly changing, and yet is pervaded by life. The conclusion cannot be avoided, that matter is nothing, and mind is the reality-that matter is simply a representation, while thought is the absolute, the constant life.

Think of the numberless changes which are unfolded in the history of the human race. Look at literature, and the arts and sciences, in all their grandedr and perfectness, and remember that they are the result of mind, and not of matter. Matter, excepting where the human mind is active, remains the same. When loft to itself there is no change in the properties of its original elements. What has caused the changes which it has undergone? Evidently mind, evidently reality, has caused them; and fiction illustrates what the reality can do. It is said that when the poet writes or speaks of nature, and pictures natural scenes, he exaggerates nature. He does no such thing. He simply discovers the gence whereof he testifies. His soul is in communion with their soul, or that intelligence or power which gives thom form. He does not see a tree as you see it; he sees the life of the tree, and it whispers to him of its existence; he sees basis, is not a reality, but an absolute, a positive fiction. It gory, there is always a moral. The object of an allegory is to illustrate some absolute principle. So the object of nature, matter, and all material forms, is to represent to your minds positive realities. Nature is an allegory, written by the finger of Delty, to convey to your minds a conception of his power and goodness. All forms in nature are fletitious tales to illustrate the principle of life. The human form itself is a fiction. If it were a reality, it could never die; but it comes to you like a fictitious tale, exists a short period, and then passes away like a dream, and is forgotten.

Thought, mind and soul, can nover die. Though the asher of a great man, which long since passed away, may be forgotten, yet he still lives. Thought, like the unseen spirit of adocum, is everywhere present, and like the reality of the illegory, represents itself in different forms, through all time. pher claims that his God is a spiritual, impalpable Being, If the world were a reality, there could be no death—no change-but a forest tree, once grown, would always remain, and neither storm, wind nor decay could destroy it; and a temple or a pyramid, once reared, could never pass away. But it is not a reality; it is a fancy, or a fictitious tale weven with the web of real life, that you may the better understand your own existence, forms, orders and laws. Everything connected with material things die; but rules of thought methods of action, principles, and motives, always remain the same. A moral code once established as being good, can nover dia an absolute mural truth can never fude an abso lute thought, founded upon the inherent property or principle of the soul's organization, can never die. But kingdoms, and governments, and palaces, and cities, and thrones, and temples, and mountains, shall all pass away. There is no von are all living is but a fable. You may reason into the conviction that because you can feel, and see, and the life you are living is a reality; but, we repeat, it is all a fable. You simply represent in material things that which has a reality in your own existence. You accept, every day of your lives, for facts, things which are simply fancies: and when men tell you facts, you call them funcies. The world is inverted. The world of reality is made the world of dreams. Men build their desires and expectations upon a material tality, they will believe it; if they cannot, they doubt it as though eternity was to be spent on earth; and yet they can see that paluces are destroyed by the elements, and that splofidid fortunes are swept away by a single turn in the wheel of mind. They know that Death opens the palacedoor, and steps in, and takes the life of man, and leaves behind the glittering toys of earth; and yet you build the fabrle of your happiness, your intelligence, your philosophy and your science, upon these deceptive things.

Science, though it claims no perfection, still claims as facts things which are simply fancies; and the world, because it does not know the difference between facts and fancles, accepts the fancies and rejects the facts. That which you deounce as the ideal world, is, after all, the real world. Every thought, every aspiration, even every conception which forms the basis of what you call a dream, is more real than the fleeting, visionary, dying things by which you are surrounded in the world. Build your soul's happiness upon matter i Why, the very winds are so fickle that the mariner has to depend upon his own intelligence. The very matter which you tread upon is so changing, that were it not for your knowledge of the dangers which it presents, your life would be in constant jeopardy. What, then, is substantial, and safe to be relled upon? Thought-nothing but thought. If men could not think, there would be no commerce. If men had not existed, ships would not now be sailing in every direction upon the sea. Columbus would not have conceived of a new continent, and your country would not now be the centre of all the world. Had not we originated something which matter did not demonstrate, the power of steam, which is now the motor-power of the globe, would not have been known.

The very fact of your being here to-night is not known so well by your forms, and faces, and outward manifestations, as by your thoughts; for your forms and faces are nothing you see, yet you may not see accurately; but the thoughts Then dwell more in the world of reality, and less in the demonstrate the real, yet it can never be relied upon for anyworld, when they find to their dismay that what they had your only safeguard. Matter has its use in the representation of realities. The lifeless marble serves an important purpose in the reproduction of the idea in the mind of the

At the conclusion of this discourse an opportunity was decay or change. If it were an absolutely positive thing, it given for those present to make any inquiries they might de-

courtesy and attention; and we trust that this passing out into the world of reality, from this world of fiction which surounds you, will be to you like taking from the artist's representation an idea of that which he intended to illustrate without taking the picture with you.

Then followed this short prayer :-

We thank thee infinite Father, for all of life and all of powor, which thou hast given us; and whether thou dwellest in matter, as the diffusive element of-life, or whether thou art in intellect identified and personal, we still must adore and bless thee, we still must acknowledge the wonder of thy power, we still must endeavor to take in that higher conception of thee which thou hast given us in miniature in our own souls. And to thee, forever, shall be all-of real thought, and earnest aim, and high endeavor, of which we can conceive.

Prof. Payton Spence and Amanda M. Spence will respond to invitations to lecture, addressed to Jamestown, N. Y., or o New York city, care of G. W. Westbrook.

"Old Spiritualist, No. 8," is unavoidably laid over until our next, owing to the crowded state of our columns.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Lectures at Sansom Street Hall.

DEAR BANNER-Sansom street Hall was filled the num DEAR BANKER—Sansom street Hall was filled the numbers caper to listen to the concluding addresses of our brother, Thos. G. Foster. The Sabbath morn was clear and cold; and as bracing as the air and sunshine without, was the beautiful, elequent and instructive discourse presented to the reasoning minds assembled.

The medium took his text from the 5th chapter of 2nd Kings, the 12th verse: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and he clean?"

of Damascus, botter than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?"

The application of the story of Naaman, the inculcations of charity and humility, the soft and gentle redukes administered to the spiritual and worldly pride of the day, will live long in the memories of the throng assembled on that Sabbath morn. With the poetical beauty of description that characterizes this speaker, he told of the multitudinous streamlets, that, flowing from the one great fountain source of truth, passing adown the mountain sides of the better land, came pure and pellucid to irrigate the soil of the soul in this; he spoke of the repugnance evinced by those in high land, came pure and pellucid to irrigate the soil of the soul in this; he spoke of the repugnance evinced by those in high places to accept the lowly-born, beautiful truths of Spiritualism, just as in ages past, the teachings of the Nazarene were spurned because they bore not the approval of the great. Thus many prefer the muddy waters of Abana and Pharpar to the clear, pellucid stream, whose white-capped waves are glided by the suillight of eternity; in whose waters they could bathe and become clean, physically, socially, and morally cleansed. There are many Namans, who, finding truth so simple, reject it, and turn away in a rage. When the stream is caim, the golden stars of heaven are therein reflected, and even the agitation of its waves is productive of good. The barriers placed in the way, to obstruct the progress of the many humble little streamlets, but impede their direct course for awhile; beautiful and meandering they wend their way. many humble little streamlets, but impede their direct course for awhile; beautiful and meandering they wond their way, irrigating the arid wastes, and bringing the melodies of the better world to earth. It was so customary for the fashlonable and the would-be dignified to turn from the lowly manifestations of truth; the tmy raps, rejected so scornfully only cloven years ago, now resounded in the Vatican, and filled all Europe; and truth came to those assembled around the table of the Lord.

This, said the medium, may sound like sacrilege to some; but if God is not there when we call for our dear denarted

but if God is not there when we call for our dear departed ones, where shall we seek him? As God is everywhere, can any place be devoid of his presence? Truth and consolation, the perfect identification of spirit friends, have been given Why shall we not call it the

table of the Lord?
The medium enjoined upon his hearers the cultivation of humility, the practice of charity; calling upon them to forsake the sectarian banks of Abana and Pharpar, and hasten to bathe in the crystal waters of cleansing and everlasting truth. He spoke of the catish, living in and delighed with muddy waters; on being taken from his native mire into the clear, pure clements, he sought the bottom, and arising once to the surface, bespattered with mud all those surrounding him. So with many who have come over from Abana and Pharpar; unused to the clear, pure waters of spirituality, they sought their native mud, and cast its stain around, and then the denouncing cry of the world went forth. We should not despise little things, but accept truth, no matter from what humifle source.

what hundle source.

He told of the spirits hovering near and above that crowded audionce—of the little cherub children whispering recognition and consolation to their sorrowing parents. He spoke in verse of a daughter addressing her father, assuring him that where she dwelt there was no death. I wish I could repeat for you that allowed and substituting the country of the countr for you that eloquent and soul-stirring poem, that was so deeply imbacd with the boly tenderness, the melodious breathings, of spirit land and love. Many tender-hearted women and strong men shed tears. Thank God! They were tributes of joy and gratitude; no more the despairing dows of

they would admire and worship the justice of that God who sent him there. Beneath such teachings the mind of man was darkoned, and his intellect and affections cramped; and now Spiritualism, a white-winged messenger of peace and love, came to man, teaching him his true relations; bidding him bow to no creed—no man's authority; teaching him to seek only voluntary associations, to eschew all formal prayers, all chosen creed, and all forms of ceremony; bidding him pray with his feet in the beautiful fields of beneficence—with his heart in earnest aspiration, and love to God and man; but to allow no other to do your praying, nor lay down rules of faith to guide you; but by the God-given light of conscience, to stoor your own bark of individuality, assured that with a firm purpose, and true and carnest heart, it will ride safely to a haven of security and peace. Spiritualists were warned when upon the topmost wave of prosperity, as then their bark was more in danger than when breasting the waves of adversity; to spurn the false pride of the world, clinging only to that which disdains the commission of a mean act or wrong; keeping ever bright and clearly trimmed the guiding soul-inamy within. Spiritualists were enjoined to eachew all shander—all suspicion of each other—to encourage the social feelings, and live the lives of love and charity, that are to bring about the harmonization of society—the practical outworkings of the law of love.

A vory imperfect abstract this, of two of the finest discourses that ever delighted the ear and touched the hearts of our Sansom street audionces. Brother Forster leaves many friends—true and steadfast friends—in this city. He has been in ill health for some time, owing to his multiplied and arduous duties; therefore have the readers of the Bankar, been debarred from hearing from him. He goes West, to recuperate his falling strength and health. As so earnest and loving a teacher caunot be spared from this darkened sphere, we trust that long may he be spared to earth, a worthity cho

chosen messenger of glad tidings unto men. He has strongthened, elevated and consoled many battling, tolling, aching hearts. Friend of the lowly and the peor, as of the intellectual and the great, Philadelphia Arcelves him gladly, and parts with him in sorrow.

Non Wilden.

Philadelphia, April 25, 1859.

[Reported for the Banger of Light]

LECTURE BY MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON.

Sunday Evening, April 24th, 1859.

Sunday Evening, April 24th, 1859.

Miss Susan M. Johnson lectured in the trance state at the Melodeon, on Sunday evening, April 24th. Subject—"The Element of Falth in the Human Soul."

The speaker began with the affirmation that true falth and its true legitimate oxercise in human life is rarely found even in this mineteenth century—this age when religious faith is so preferable—when faiths of all kinds predominate and rule mankind—professelly. The element of falth is the voice of the soul that perceives and conceives of spiritual realities, of absolute principles of truth, of justice, of jurity, of love. The element of falth is the controlling element of the body—but the controlling element of falth is the controlling element of the body—but the controlling element of the body—but the controlling we profess faith in God, yet our practical lives, our manbood and wemanbood, contradict our professions, and our practical life proves unmistakably that we have not the faith with we profess, but that we have not the faith in the soul of Josus, and these truths when have been handed down for thousands of years. There is no real element of faith is the controlling element of the soul professions, and our practical life proves unmistakably that we have not the faith which we profess, but that we have not the faith which we profess, but that we have not faith in the soul of Josus, and these truths when have been handed down for thousands of years. There was real faith in the soul of Josus, and these truths which have been handed down for thousands of years. There was real faith in the soul of Josus, and these truths

sire on the subject which had been treated of. Many questions were propounded, all of which were answered by the medium, to the apparent satisfaction of the audience. After having replied to the inquiries that were made, the inciding said —

In the remarks we have made we have endeavored to put forth our idea distinctly and positively; and they are since for the present time, whose precisions so nearly correspond with their practices, and their practices with their professions of conference and we trust that this resamp out voice of the son is slienced by the externalities of human life. voice of the soul is slienced by the externalities of human life who feel that the voice of their consciences is hushed, who feel that their souls are sold to more expediency and formali-

feet that their souls are soid to more expediency and formali-ty, let their answer.

Did Christ ever consider expediency in the utterance of a truth? In no single instance is the fact recorded, but, on the contrary, in every single instance in the record of his life and his teachings, it is shown that he bid defiance, and maintained resistance to all outward and external forms and maintained resistance to all outward and external forms and forces, and stood up with courage against the opposing elements of his life, and overreached them, and conquered, Again, we say, that faith has not been transmitted to any considerable extent. Although we profess faith in God, yet we are continually discussing him—although we profess faith in Christ's example, yet practically we deny the whole. How many churches are there in this city to-day who, if a living Christ—a veritable representative of the dead Christ in the past—should appear in their midst, and advocate the same principles, express the same rules, and do the same deeds—how many churches are there who would not cry out.

in the past—should appear in their midst, and advocate the same principles, express the same rules, and do the same deeds—how many churches are there who would not cry out, as did the ancients—"Crucify him—crucify him?" There is not, we pretend to say, any church in these New England States to-day, who would not send a second Christ to crucify fixen—who would not barb the arrows that should piece his body. This may be an unpleasant truth, but the evidence all tends toward this conclusion. Our faith in God is measured by individual and collective knowledge. Really and essentially every man is his own God, and every ynan's and every woman's God is but a reflex of themselves. Again, we say that there is evidence—ample evidence—that in this nincteenth century this faith of a Christ does not enter lub the hearts and souls of his professed followers. What I have faith in goodness, and yet assume to be the judges of goodness? Have faith in God's Providence, when you depend entirely upon human action! Have faith in God when, practically, you deny his existence! I tell you there is no such thing as faith that does not vitalize and energize works. You have no faith in God's justice when you assume to be judges, you have no faith in God's love when, in the exercise of hatred, you destroy the only emblem of his love. You have no faith in God's love when, in the exercise of hatred, you destroy the only emblem of his love. You have no faith in God's love when, in the charity and the mercy—when you only attribute to him the charity and the mercy—when you only attribute to him the charity and the mercy—when you only attribute to him the charity and the mercy—when you only attribute to him the charity and the mercy—when you only attribute to him the charity and the mercy—when you only attribute to him the charity and the mercy—when you only attribute to him the charity and the mercy—when you only attribute to him the charity and the mercy—when you only attribute to him the charity and the second of the providence when you assum

to you? You overlook entirely his presence; you overlook entirely his justice; you assume that it is justice, and act accordingly.

You legislate as to justice and truth, and that is the standard by which you act. Now, then, where is your faith in God's justice, when you pronounce that the man who takes the life of one of his fellow-beings is a criminal, and therefore shall be punished as such, by the taking of his life by the majority, while in the same breath you pronounce culcifums upon the man who has taken not only the life of one of his fellows, but of millions, and you call him the executor of justice;—you crown his brow with laurels, and strew his path with flowers. Is this God's justice? It is only the predication of your own ideas in reference to God. You profess a love for God, and yet you never stop to question, in the punishment of a criminal, whether God loves him or not, You do not love him; if you did, you would not visit upon him the punishment. You may profess a faith in God and his love, but that faith will luspire your action, and that action will determine your faith; and the action of the nine-teenth contury thus determines the character of this faith—and what is it? It is faith in externalities—of the external machinery of life; it is the faith of the dollar; it is faith in the gallows; it is faith in human hatred, and not faith in Godly love. All the churches are but the reflection of the high-est conception of individual life. All the educational systems are but the reflection and embediment of the high-est activities of the human intellect, and God's providence has nothing to do with them.

It is very easy, however, for men and women to attribute any disagreeable neglect of duty or of justice to a special providence of God. It is very convenient, and this is your own belief in a special providence. If you are bereaved of anything that your soul held dear, and ospecially if yet are conscious that that bereavement was chiefly owing to your own mistakes, it is very consoling to find that

practices and your works bear but very little resemblance to your professions in life.

You speculate as much with regard to the character of the Delty, as you do with regard to the character of Western lands. You calculate as much with regard to your religion as you do in respect to your dollars and cents. These are positive facts, and they tend to show what? that you have not that faith in God—that you do not believe in God—that in reality there is no such thing as God apart from the individual men and women and their lives—and the God which is commonly recognized is arbitrarily created, and has no thing to do with your lives—not you so much as the sun. women and strong men shed tears. Thank God! They were tributes of Joy and gratitude; no more the despairing dews of sorrow.

In the evening, the medium took as his text the 12th verse of the 2nd chapter of the Epistle of James: "So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty." He then proceeded to trace the origin of Church organizations from the earliest period of their existence down to modern times, giving the dates for each separate ors, the historical facts attending the despoism enacted in the Church's name. Of course my poor memory and tardy pon are completely at fault here, for I cannot possibly recall such a stupendous array of dates and facts; but I know that the discourse was a feast to the lover of history—to many of the liberalized and knowledge-seeking minds there present. Bringing down the facts of the deleterious influences of Church organizations to the present time, the lecturer proved, by the facts of history, that the unholy union of Church and State had always been productive of the abridgement of the people's liberalized. Althe horrors and despotisms committed in the past, were perpetrated for what estensibly the people quarrel against each other for, every Sunday, in Phaladelphia—for the love of God!

The people had been taught to implicitly believe that they would go to heaven, while but for one sin their dearest friend, their relative, would be groaning in helt; and they would go to heaven, while but for one sin their dearest friend, their relative, would be groaning in helt; and now Spiritualism, a while-winged messenger of peace and to go within the chambers of your own souls, and hearkon to go within the chambers of your own souls, and hearkon to go within the chambers of your own souls, and hearkon to love, cannot to man, teaching him his true relations, believed. women to slaughter each other. Government does that now. When you have better governments, you can have better works; and you will have no need of butcheries and warfare. We say again that your faith is lacking when you profess love for all men, and yet despise your neighbor. We would ask each one of you, in the name of God, or that over-ruling power which governs and controls our destinies—we would ask each and every one of you to go within your closets—to go within the chambers of your own souls, and hearkon to the convictions that speak out justice, trath and love. Make no outward professions; but let your lives be your only witness to the love which you bear to humanity, and which you express toward God. express toward God.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.] JOHN PIERPONT AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday Afternoon, May 1st, 1859.

Mr. Pierpont spoke to-day to a comfortably well filled house. After a few remarks explaining his idea of Spiritualism as a religion, he read, and the choir sung, the hymn from the Psalms of Life, beginning:

"The outward world is dark and drear. When friends we love are seen no more; But hark! their happy sengs we hear In music from the spirit shore."

and then lifted up his voice to heaven in a submissive and devout prayer of thanksgiving and praise. He then took his text from 1st John 1. 1-3:

"That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."

He proceeded to speak in substance as follows:--

rolved in mystery. In Christianity, we are told of many myses, and asked to receive them as matters of belief -- asked to believe what we cannot comprehend. I, for one, don's took to such a doctrine as that. Any hypothesis I see no log-

to believe what we cannot comprehent. It of one what we cannot comprehent is a to a hold to such a doctrine as that. Any hypothesis I see no logical reason for, I will not accept.

"Well," you may say, "do you heleve a blade of grass grows?" "Yes," "Do you know how it grows?" "No." and the see that we will not believe in mysteries?" "No." You are industing in a sophism. We know that the grass grows, but the process of its growth no one can tell, nor does it matter. We know what it is, but the how is entirely a different thing. I don't believe, because I don't know, and have no means of knowing. What a man tells me, I must believe, though I don't know it, provided I have no knowledge to the contrary. How these spiritual manifestations are produced, is a mystory, though from their own nature we know there is an intelligence behind them. The result is semething, and so of course it comes from something, and there are but two ways of gotting over the matter. The first is, in Inguring the whole thing, and refusing to believe that such things are done; and the other is, in taking each thing as it comes, and for just what it is worth. Whatever is, is from somewhere, and of something.

Ever where he was a second to the contract of the provides the second and that the other is, in taking each thing as it comes, and for just what it is worth. Whatever is, is from somewhere, and of something.

something.

Every church in the world is built upon its creed, and that creed stands in the relation of fact to that church—whether the creed be the Apostles' creed, the creed of St. Astanasius, or the Nicene creed. Each dogma is a corroborated fact (to them, though it may not be to us.) Now if Spiritualism stands upon anything, it is upon fact—for belief is one thing, and fact another. We believe Jesus Christ was crucified, because we have it more good subjects, and have no cylidence. to them, though it may not ue to us.) Now it spiritually stands upon anything, it is upon fact—for belief is one thing, and fact another. We believe Jesus Christ was crucified, because we have it upon good authority, and have no ovidence to the contrary. And it is not too much to say that Deity himself could not repeal a fact which has in the course of nature transpired, and cause it not to be a fact. If Spiritualism stands upon a basis of fact, no power under heaven can shake it, though no living, breathing soul accept it. How do I know such a man as Julius Cæsar ever lived? Not because I have seen him, or heard him, but because of the testimony of those who are generally believed, and who could have no possible reason for deceiving me. It would require no strong evidence to make one believe that the man who was altve and was walking yesterday, is dead and in his coffin to-day; but the testimony must indeed be stronger to convince one that the man who was dead and in his coffin to-day; but the testimony must indeed be stronger to convince one that the man who was dead and in his coffin testerday, is living and walking to-day. But whatever is possible and subject to the scratiny of living and competent witnesses, we are compelled to believe, as occurring, on their testimony.

Here is a table in the centre of the room; and a sircle of men and women is formed around it, holding each other, by the hand, and no one near the table. The table turns over quick as a finsh, and is spilt. This I have seen, heard and felt; and I cannot ignore the testimony of my three senses; and you will say, what object could that old gentleman have in getting up here before these three or four hundred people and telling a thing that was not trae? Surely popularity or pecuniary inducement could not he, for he sacrifices both in coming before the public in this way.

After a young man steps over the threshold of the Lawronce Scientific School in Harvard University, the first proposition he learns is that all unatter is naturally at rest,

sition he learns is that all inatter is naturally at rest, (inort) and will remain so to all eternity, if not moved by some force sufficient of itself. If this is true of one atom, it is of the whole globe; and if true of the globe, it is of the whole material universe, and nothing can move except by some power behind itself. Matter and spirit comprise all the universe of substance. Matter cannot control matter, and so it must be controlled by mind; thus the spirit is the only power which can move substance.

controlled by mind; thus the spirit is the only power which can move substance.

A well-known literary gentleman (I will not give his name, lest the Courier be upon us again,) once said to me, that he thought Spiritualism was the "result of some as yet undiscovered psychical law." To this theory I would suggest two objections; first, that something that we know is the result of something that we don't know, is no logic at all. Second, according to Blackstone, law is a "rule of action," or, it is defined chemically as a "statement of conditions." It is very evident that a "statement of conditions." It is very evident that a "statement of conditions, I the conditions I'No law of God or man can do anything, of itself; it is only the means by which, or the channel through which, something may be done. Can anybody question this logic? If they can, I would thank them, and the audience would thank them to do so, and I'll stand back and listen. I have no end to gain—only to find out what is the truth, for that is the only substantial thing in the world.

to gain—only to find out what is the truth, for that is the only substantial thing in the world.

Those manifestations I have referred to, are not all—only the smallest part. There are other phonomena which imply intelligence. When questions are asked, the answers come correctly. All the progressive skill of the world never invented a machine to think independently, or manifest discriminating intelligence. Some say it is electricity—an electric telegraph. Well, if it is, who is at the other end of it? That would be a queer telegram you would get if the wire was not controlled by some intelligent man or woman. ontrolled by some intelligent man or woman.

The lecturer related several experiments made with odylio lights, by direction of the spirit of Swedenborg: experiments. the results of which no scientific book contains, nor no school ever taught, and coming to him in a most wonderfully convincing manner, and he challenged my other solution of this than a spiritual hypothesis. He said:-

We are told by one of the distinguished family of Beecher, that these things are produced by diabolical spirits. I do not know but that is the fact; but if it is so, I must have a greater faith in the laws of progression than I have ever had before. In conclusion, he said:-

In conclusion, he said:—

I have been known more or less in Boston for forty years, and have attained some sort of a character for veracity. If it is a bad one, I cannot injure it any by a belief in the truths of spirit communion; But if good, perhaps my words will have weight with some. My object is the truth; and no dogma, or creed, or fore-established belief shall stand in my way. That Jesus Christ was crucified, and rose from the dead, I do not know; but what I have seen I do know, and have drawn inferences which I shall state in my lecture this evening.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Bosron.—Rev. Jour Pierronr will speak at the Meledeon Washington street, next Sunday, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M. Admission ten cents.

Meetings for trance speaking are held every Sabbath, at usual church hours, in Democratic Hull, (room No. 3.) Mercantile Building, Summer street. A circle is held at the same place every Thursday evening, for which the best mediums are energed. Admittance 10 cents.

A Cincia for trance-speaking, &c, is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Ad-mission 5 cents.

ORITHARIES.

Died in this city, April 17th, Levi B. Loveloy, formerly of New Hampshire, aged 40. Through a long and painful sickness the new philosophy was a great solace in sustaining and smoothing the passage of the spirit to the brighter land. Ten days before his death the time was presented in a dream to one of the members of the family. Miss Rosa T. Amedey officiated at the funeral, and gave the friends an appropriate and sympathetic address.

The spirit of Dorr B. Bradley was freed from its mortal tenement at Burlington, Vt., April 26th, 1859. aged nearly twenty-one years. Our brotter had a long and painful sickness, (lung fever that resulted in quick consumption.) which he bore patiently. He was a young man of rare promise, and of sterling integrity of character, which endeared him to a large circle of friends. He died a Spiritualist, and during the last few weeks of his sickness was developed as a medium, so that angel hands and angel volces could cheer him in his hours of pain and suffering. His mind was clear and strong up to the moment his freed spirit joined the loved ones in the higher home; and we feet that he is not lost to us, only gone before, and that he will ad and help us in our lifejourncy here and assist other spirits who minister to our needs. Our Heavenly Father had a work for him in the higher home, and we can but say, "Father, thy will be done."

PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

THE SEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING OF PRO-

THE SEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING OF PRO-CRESSIVE PRIENDS WIll assemble at Longwood (near Hamor-tou), Chester County, on FIRST DAY, the 29th of First month, (May), 1859, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue its sessions three or four days.

The friends of Truth, Purity and Progress, of every shade of theological opinion, are carnestly invited to participate in the proceedings of a Religious Society which sets forth no creed, imposes no fatters upon the intellect, encourages the utmost freedom of speech and inquiry, and labors, according to its best light, to inspire and diffuse that love of God whose fruits are seen in love to mankind, in offorts to enlighten. fruits are seen in love to mankind, in efforts to enlighten, elevate and ennoble Humanity, to reclaim the fallen, to break he chains of the slaves, to promote these principles of peace and universal brotherhood which are so beautifully illustrated and universal brotherhood which are so beautifully illustrated in the life of Jesus of Nazareth, to search out and remove the causes of human suffixing, and to carry the principles of pure and undeflied religion into every relation of life and every institution of society. The object of our assemblies is not to build up a sect, or to afford opperiunity for the discussion of abstract points of doctrine, but to edify one another in love, to devise and execute measures of practical reform, and to cultivate those religious faculties and aspirations through which we are consciously allied to the beneficient Author of our being, and by which we receive the blessed assurance of immortal life. We therefore invite the presence and aid of all those, however named or nameless, who, while earnestly wishing to avoid the spirit of sectarianism, yet feel the need of religious association, and wish to share the privileges and joys of spiritual communion and fellowship one with carnessly visual the the need of religious association, and wish to share the reges and joys of spiritual communion and fellowship one another.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE. OLIVER JOHNSON, SIDNEY PIERCE CURTIS, ELIZABETH JACKSON ELIZABETH JACKSON, FRANK DARLINGTON, EDWARD WEDE, THOMAS GARRETT, PERSCILLA GAWTHROP, JOHN G. JACKSON, MARY R. SULTER, MARY P. BRITH, WILLIAM BARNARD.

ALICE JACKSON. ALIGE JACKSON,
SIMMONS COATER,
SARAH H. HALLOCK,
JOSIAH JACKSON,
HINNEY M. SHITH,
HENRIETTA W. JOHNSON,
MARY P. WILSON,
LYDIA E. COX,
JAMES T. GAWTIROP,
REBECT & FREEER, REDRCCA FURSELL. ELIZA ACREW.

COMMUNICATIONS for the Meeting may be addressed to oseph A. Dugdale, Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa., or to Oliver ohnson, Anti-Slavery Office, New York. JOHNSON, Anti-Slavery Office, Now York.

LONGWOOD MEXING-HOUSE IS ONE mile west of Hamorton, on the road leading to Kennett Square. Strangers are informed that a daily mail-coach runs to the latter place from Wilmington, Del., passing directly by the meeting-house. The distance from Wilmington to Longwood is thirteen miles. Between Philadelphia and Wilmington there is daily communication both by Relligned and Steamboos.

nication both by Railroad and Steamboat.

The Messenger.

Each asticle in this department of the Harner, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Cowast, Trance Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the errone one idea that they ar more than rivirg beings.

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals. We ask thereader to receive not destrine put forth by spirits, a those columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each ean speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held every day, except BATURDAY and MONDAY, at our office, commencing at HALY-MART AWO, after which there is no admittance; they are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

Notice.—Hereafter our circles will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afterneons only, as business calls us to Now York on the remaining days of the week.

W. Berny,

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false? March 30-Nathaniel Norton (New Bedford) Solomon Town-

March 30—Nathaniel Norton (New Bedford) Solomon Townsend (Providence), Robert Foster, Freddy (to Aunt Wells.)

March 31—Peter Goede (Boston), Loronzo Dow, Clara Augusta Stevens (Cincinnati), Bill Poole (New York).

April 1—Larkin Moore, Charles Todd (Boston), Patrick McGlingis (Dublin), Lightfoot.

April 2—William Chapin (seaman), William Hamilton (Boston), John Wesley (to George Stockbridge), Mary Elizabeth Hamilton (La.), Farrick Murphy (Dover).

April 4—Eben Clark (Tuftonbore), N. H.), William Harrison (Thomaston, Ma.), Charles II. Barton (Wallingford, England), Don Juan Luvadio (Gastile), Margaret Stevens (N. Y.), William Campbell (Block Island), Mary Jane Lefavor (N. Y.), Charles H. Jackman (to brother Ben)

April 5—Thomas Harrian (Boston), William Downing, (to Chas. Brown), Charles Spence (to J. S.), Thomas Shapleigh (Albany), Samuel Noyes (Boston).

April 6—Charles French (dumb), Peter Smith (Hartford, Ct.), Mary Hall (Banger), John Eldridge (Boston), Alex, Phillips (to his brother), Johnny Peck (Syracuse, N. Y.), Calvin Gutter, M. D.

April 8—Gardner Bennett, Boston: Samuel Garland, Jorgen

April 8—Gardner Bennett, Boston; Samuel Garland; Jere-miah Williams. Boston; John Boston; Gilletter Gilletter Garland; Jere-

April 8—Gardnor Bennott, Boston; Samuol Garland; Joremiah Williams, Boston; John Rogers Clinton, New York; Ellen Maria Chetwood, Albany.

April 9—Joseph Greendell, N. Bedford; Henry Adams, to his brether; Joshua Houston.

April 12—Honry Wendall, Groton, N. H.; Robert Stone; Dea. John Gould, Hanover, N. H.; Emma Clark, Portland; Benjamin Hackhurst, Philadelphia; Edward Haskins, New College.

nenjamin Hacknurst, Philadelphia; Edward Haskins, New Orleans.

April 13—George Henry Henderson, Johnstown, Vt.; Rev. Frederick T. Gray, Boston; Mrs. C. Hemans, to Helen Yandoult, Richmond, Va.; Philip Bunley.

April 14—Waupekesuck; Wm. R. Goodall, to Chas. Alliston; To Thomas Ellinwood, New York; Josiah Graham, Illinois; Evelyn Lewis, Boston; John Howard.

April 18—Alexander Tibbetts; Robert Earle; Joel Nason, Boston; Laura Davis, Troy, N. Y.; Abby Ann, to a visitor.

April 19—John Eckhart, N. York; Lemuel Mason, Springfield, Mass.; Samuel Templeton, to Mother in Troy.

April 18—Charles Jones, Chespeake City; Martha Jarvis, Boston; Benjamin Harlem, Brocklyn, N. Y.; Dan. Gibbens, New York; Timothy Gilo, preachor.

April 19—Calvin Somers, scaman; Mahala Davis, Ashland; Joshua Caldwell, Boston; Patrick Murphy, Dover; James G. Hammond, to Margaret Hammond.

Joseph Chiawen, Boson; Tatrick Auriny, Dover; James G. Hammond, to Margaret Hammond. April 20—Dr. George U. Stone, Dracut; Nathaniel Hadley; Richard Levens, Troy; George Washington Furbush, to Wil-April 21.—Ben Johnson, New York; Samuel Hedgdon, Bos-ton, to his son Wm. Henry; Henry Hall, New York; Capt, Thomas Geyer, to his wife; Joseph Lathrop, Brooklyn; To

Thomas Geyer, to his wife; Joseph Lathrop, Brooklyn; To John Caryl.

April 25—Gen. Wayne; Thomas Foster, died at sea; Dea. John Norton; John Dix Fisher; Charles Todd, Boston; Zebadish Tinker, Barre, V.

April 20—Samuel Leighton, Rockingham, N. H.; To William Campbell, Boston; Wallace Bliss, to Geo. Hartley, Manchester, N. H.; Jane Cary, to her children.

April 27—George Wilson, Kennebunkport, Me.; Jorry Gordon; Charlotte Copeland, New York; John H. Lawrence, to his friend Page.

Samuel Osgood.

Bamuel Osgood.

How true it is that overything in nature bears the mark of God's goodness, and how true it is that all men are ever prone to distrust their God. When they are enjoying health, they are not satisfied; when the hand of sickness is laid heavily upon them, they cry out against their God; and when the missenger of death comes, the cry is mighty—"Not rendy to go." When they are changing, the friends say, "Why is it that God has dealt thus harshly by us?" We have committed some sin, and thus we are chastened by the Father.

Now I think that God is all wise—that his geodness is in everything. Burely his goodness is found in health; and when man, by reason of indiscretion, has brought disease upon himself, or disease has come from some cause not under the control of the mortal, and the form is feeble, is it not good in God tofree the spirit from that diseased form?

One says, "Why does it rain to-day? Why could it not have waited until to-morrow?" Another is happy that it is sent. Oh, that mortals but knew that overything that is placed upon them is right; that there is nothing without its use. I have come here at the request of a poor, sick brother. He says, "God is unkind to me. Why is it? I do not merit such punishment." A few days since his physician told him he had but a few days to live; and instead of kissing the hand that brought the blossing, he curses it, and says he does not feel the time has come when he should die. This brother has said, "I leve my God—I will serve him, and follow where he leads."

Now, as this kind brother has violated the laws of his phy-Now, as this kind brother has violated the laws of his physical form, the kind Father has called him to go higher—kindly told him, by signs unmistakable, that he is to be freed from that old body that has caused him so much trouble. But in his distrust and discentent, he calls for me, and says, "Come, if you can, and tell me if my time has come—tell me if I shall be happy in the other world."

The first question we can answep—the latter depends upon himself. If he comes here willing and submissive, he will be happy; but no child of the Father can be happy in rebellion—it closes up every avenue to happiness, and drags the soul down to misery.

down to misery.

Our brother must look at this thing as a rational man Our brother must look at this thing as a rational man would. He must take the law that governs himself in the one hand, and the great law of the Almighty in the other—he must compare them together, and passalis judgment according to the law. Now this passing from earth is in obedience to the laws that govern himself; and as nature is never at fault, he should bow submissive to her will, and bless her for releasing the spirit from a suffering body.

I sympathize with the brother; I know that the pains he bears are hard to be borne. I know he has kind friends, and the attachment he bears to these friends and to earth; but if he would be hanny, he must free his soul from that which

the attachment he bears to these triefs and to eath; but he would be happy, he must free his soul from that which marks his God with dishonor. Every child should be subject to the Father's will—If they are, they will not find unhappiness in the spirit-world.

You will say that what I have given is from Samuel Osgood, in answer to a call from Daniel Lathrop, of New York

oity.
Publish as early as possible. He will probably remain only about three weeks—not much over that time.

April 26.

What is Death ?

What is Death?

We have been called upon to come here and define the word Death. We cannot do so according to the theory of man. Death to morials hath heretofore signified Dissolution; but death, as defined by the inhabitants of spirit-life, signifies a change—a passing from one state or condition of life to another. Death is but one of the mile-stones upon the journey of life; and we will here assure our questioner that there are many such. When the change, known under the cognomen of Death, has been passed through, the spirit will find there are many like changes to pass through. He will find that once in so long a time the spirit passes through a change equivalent in nature to the change of death. They deposit the sacred dust of their friend under the surface of the earth. They tell us they do this because their friend has ceased to exist—the body is dead. Now it is not so; for, while that body is a subject of change, it cannot be dead. The particles of matter that went to form this human frame, have only become decomposed by natural law, that it may go to form another body. Perhaps we see it first in the grass that springs forth upon the hill-side. Could mortals discern the attraction and connection between the body and plant, they would agree with us in saying that the plant is but an off-spring for the dead body.

When the change called death takes place, the spirit goes forth to make a new inhabitant of the spirit-world, and the body goes forth to earth to give life to those still abiding on the earth plane. The body does not in reality die—it merely passes through a change, and when the spirit that once inhabited that form becomes spiritual, or stands on a plane high enough to see the connection between the and carth, and between it and the planets beyond earth, it will immediately see that the body has once inhabited the earth, must pass through these great variety of changes in order to become perfected.

through these great variety of changes in order to become

through these great variety of changes in order to become perfected.

The philosophy of Spiritualism comes to teach men there is no death. It comes to strike out that word from the calonder of human hearts; and when the word has gone, the fear will have gone also, and the sons and daughters of our God shall not go through the streets mourning because one of their number hath changed worlds.

The philosophy of death is both simple and divine. It partaketh of the lower order of nature, and also of the higher; it rests with our God, and dwells also beneath the surface of the earth. The darkness of the past and present hath clothed doath with a mysterious garb; and although the vast multitude who people earth have been crying out for light, it hath remained a mystery. They know that all must pass through the change of death, but beyond that, they can tell you nothing; they know nothing of the change the body is passing through, nor that the spirit is enduring. Spiritualism comes to rob the grave of its gloom, and to teach men that they are parts of the Gothead, and must be attracted to him, and must, in time throw off garment after garment, until the stars in the far-off spheres of celestial life are attained, and the spirit is linked closely to the Great Eternal.

we will answer, the sons and daughters of humanity mourn because of the darkness. The jeast bath not been able to satisfy them of the future; and the present, like an open-ing bad, shall give forth progression, and the stars which are coming shall give now life, new light, to futurity. In conclusion, we will say death is but a mile-stone in life —one of the many that are found in this world, and in the spirit-life.

Buirt-life. We ask no blessing upon our thoughts, well knowing that

Our name may be found written on yonder cloud; it may also be found beneath the surface of the earth, but in the sorrowing elements of humanity, it is not written—we have none.

March 24.

James Adams.

I don't know as I understand your manner of proceeding here. My name was James Adams. I died at Lowell. I've been dead nearly nine years—died of billious choile.

Now I have a mother visiting in Boston, and I am very anxious she shall get this communication. She'll probably remain here three or four months. If it's possible, I want to speak with her. I died very suddenly, and at my place of business. I suppose I drank a little too much, and that was the cause of my slekters. But have remissaled here or ever every contract of the scale of the sca business. I suppose I drank a little too much, and that was the cause of my sickness. But nover mind; I've got over that now, and I'll say little about it, for it, makes me a little shady, and will not help my friends. I want my mother to know that the read is just as clear for me to come buck to her as it was to go. My mother's name is Elizabeth. I wish you would tell my mother that I was with her when she came to Boston, about three weeks ago, and, to prove I was with her. I saw that she had the lible that was, mine in her pocket. It was mine, and was sent to another party, but, by a little mistake, she got it. It is just as well. This is for a test to her. She didn't come to Boston when I was liting. She lived formerly at Manchester, N. H. I believe there is a little break-up, and I can't tell whether that is to be her residence, or she is going somewhere else. March 20.

Joshua Heath.

I suppose it matters little to you who I am. I am come I suppose it matters little to you who I am. I am come for something. The world's a good stage—a great many folks in it. I've only get behind the scene; but I am just as much myself I recken, as I ever was. My name is Joshua Heath. I've got a son and a daughter, and I want then to know I can come back. I want them to know that what will kill the body will not the soul; so I am round again. I've been dead about two years; no matter how I died; I alut going to say anything about that. I didn't come back to make a speech; I couldn't do it, if I was to try; but I want my, son and daughter to know I can come, and some other folks, too, and can hear and soe what's going on. I don't want to tell where I resided. 'Taint no sort of matter where I died, or how I came to die. died, or how I came to die.

died, or how I came to die.

Don't want to tell where my son and daughter live, nuther

I died, or how I came to die.

Don't want to tell where my son and daughter live, nuther. I got it all fixed about their getting this. You wen't have to do it; they 'll go after it.

Yes, I made arrangement about coming here. Before I died? no; I had n't time to make any arrangements—I went off in a hurry—did n't have time to arrange about going.

I want to let 'em know that I can tell all I see, and can see all I want to, and they must be careful I don't see nothing out of the way. I want you to tell what time of day it is. I can't. I can tell, but I don't want to. I've got it all fixed before I came here. My son wen't get the whole of this, but he'll get a piece of it. He'll get that part of it that belongs to him, 'cause that old fellow round there says he'll see't he wust father that ever lived, nor the best. Nor I aint lost my cycs or cars, ofther; and I can borrow a tongue whenever I want to, and can tell all that's going on; and if they don't go straight I'll tell of it.

My son's jest as well where he is as anywhere. Now I'm jest as sure to watch over overything that interests mo, as I am to live. Now I ain't very good-natured, and may not always do what folks think jest right; and I'm jest as likely to tell what they don't want me to.

Ny scenuntion? 'that's no matter: I could shee a heas lost.

I am to live. Now I ain't very good-natured, and may not always do what folks think jeat right; and I'm jest as likely to tell what they don't want me to.

My occupation? that's no matter: I could shoe a hoss jest as well as anybody; don't know as I could now, though.

Oh, yes; I have borne ill feeling agin him—have n't forgiven him nor my daughter, elther; I'm jest the same. I ain't smart enough to forgive. I'm smart enough to have revenge; that's in me always. No; I ain't bound to forgive; I would forgive if they'd ask me to forgive them; long as they don't. I shan't. No; I ain't happy; would you be happy if you was forced into a place before you wanted to go?

They're good quarters—things wou't go along as folks think they will, with thom. They'll have a chance to do something worse, and I'm going to stop, such proceedings. Let'em do anything wrong, and they'll hear from me straight. I'll not leave them day or night. I'll drive the devil away. I'm going to be so much more ovil than those that are around them, that they'll be afraid to stay there.

I was an honest, hard-working man, and always did what was right—don't care if the mother does say I was wrong, and has been here a good deal longer than I have. She says I was to blame; don't believe it, if she does say so. Invite lier to come here? Yes; and she'll tell a pretty story 'bout tree. It'll come neteral to her to tell about me.

for to come here? Yes; and she'll tell a pretty story 'bout me—it'il come natral to her to tell about me.

lier to come here? I ce, to be about me.

I'd rather shoe horses for a livin', than to live here. Got sent here without any clothing fit to wear among angels, and nobody will furnish me with any better ones.

Toll that boy and gal for me, I'm round, looking after 'em.

Now I'm going, if I can go—don't know as I can.

March 20.

This man was murdered by the son and daughter, it is thought, who were simple-minded.

John Philbrick.

I find that God still works in a mysterious manner. I find that we, his children, are quite as unable to understand him after death as we were before that change took place. Now they tell me that the voice of God has been calling me through one I used to know when on earth, and that voice says, "come back and tell us of the joys of heaven and the

through one I used to know when on earth, and that voice says, "come back and tell us of the joys of heaven and the serrows of hell."

Speaking of hell, I, as yet, have found no such locality—
nothing that I should be willing to call hell;—so then I cannot answer for the serrows of such a place, if indeed there be
one in God's universe. But of the joys of heaven I can say
something. He who finds himself most content with selfknows something of heaven: but he who is constantly mur nauring against the decrees of wisdom, cannot find a realiza-tion of heaven. I believe there is no local heaven, or, at least, I do not find such a place. Heaven is the state or con-dition of each individual. What might be heaven to me iltion of each individual. What might be heaven to me might not be such to another; and as God's children are all illiferently constituted, and governed by a different branch of God's law, each individual must have a heaven to sult himself. It must be found in the soul. It cannot be found in the surroundings of the individual. This heaven must commence within and work its way out.

I find no such God as I expected to find, nor heaven such as I anticipated; and I find nine-tenths of the theological sto-

I find no such God as I expected to find, nor heaven such as I anticipated; and I find nine-tenths of the theological stories of heaven and God are fulse,—without the shadow of truth. They are the out-gushing of a soul seeking for God, but incapable of finding him—incapable of seeing him in his creation. Such an one must have a personal object clothed in flesh and blood and rainent. Now I have been taught to believe, since here, that the great intelligence of intelligences, pervades not only all minds, but all matter; and as nature works out perfection in the minorial and vegetable kingdoms, so she will in the animal and spiritual. Men need not go abroad to seek for heaven or hell; they have only to turn within to find what they seek for.

The dear brother in the Christian faith will see I am right when he casts off mortality, if not before. I am aware the

The dear brother in the Christian faith will see I am right when he casts off mortality, if not before. I am aware the nan stands upon the threshold of the spiritual world. I am aware he wishes to receive light from that world; but as it will not reach him in accordance with preconceived opinion be will not receive it. He will say, it is true he answered my question; he heard my call; but I am not satisfied.

Now our wise Nather hath given unto man all time as his ways, and as he he hath liberally because the the gluenched the gluenches.

wn; and as he hath liberally bequeathed the glorious be own; and as nath morally bequested the giorous hoon to his children, surely they need not be alarmed that they cannot see this hour, this day, this season; for as all time hath been given them to perfect themselves in, surely they may expect to receive all their conception. Eye hath not seen, nor car heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of the glories God hath prepared for his dear children.

children.

Then my dear brother may pass out peacefully, although he is in doubt; and when he shall become an inhabitant of the new life, he will look back, perhaps, and wonder he had not seen as I have done. Yet he will have no regrets, for he has lived up to the highest light he has had; and surely they are not worthy of censure for themselves or those around

Now I will not ask our good Father to bless and specially vide our brother, as he passes through the change of death, or I know that as nothing escapes God's notice, he will send good and true and hely ones to guide our brother over the

Jordan of death.

Say that what you have received came from one who was
John Philibrick, formerly of Rye, N. H. March 26.

Bridget McQuinn.

Will you write for me? Well, I want the folks to know I'm not dead; but I was burn up in Thatcher Court, about tw not dead; but I was burn up in Thatcher Courk, about two years agone, and I'm not resting at all here. I was burn up, and I got two childer around, and I wants to see them taken care of, and I was fetch here to spake this time. If Mary Cady takes and rades that paper—and I think's like as eny body is going to it—I'll try to go and spake. Faith, I'd like to have her spake to me cousins all about it. My name was Bridget McQuinn. I was burn up. I did n't know at all what bring me where I was, till I look round and see my own body, all as black as a crisp. You'll be doing a great service if you'll put down all I say. I likes them to take good care of my childer, and bring them all up good Catholics.

I thanks them, too, for saying mass for my sowl; I thanks them for it.

Tell them also I'll come again. I didn't feel any pair about it, only I feel myself so strange. My husband wa Good bye, sir. God bless you. Marc March 20

William Prescott.

William Prescott.

I want to know if you can help me any. Four years ago I used to live in loston, but I got enfleed away from home, and went West. I left a wife and children, and I believe they have not heard of me since. I have been told they had heard of my death, but I hardly think it's true. My name was William Prescott. I left two children—a boy and a girl—the girl, when I went away, was a baby, and the boy only two years old. Now I suppose my wife has sent me to the lowest hell a thousand times, or wished me there. It's all right, and I do n't want anybody to think I am coming back to ask her to forgive me, for I do n't want her to—sh'd be a fool if she did. I went to see her once, about six months after I died. I went, and I thought perhaps I might impress

Men and women might as well clothe themselves in mourning because the seasons come and go. The finger of nature hath written change in the elements, and hath written the same on the human form. Why, then, send forth walling because one hath passed from thence to a higher state of Herr but she married against their will and she's too proud to go. I saw she was suffering, and I want to see if I can't, by coming round herr, induce her to go home. Here full and is well or go, I saw she was suffering, and I want to see if I can't, by coming round herr, induce her to go home. Here full and is well or go, I saw she was suffering, and I want to see if I can't, by coming round herr, induce her to go home. Here full and is well as suffering and it hat her been able to satisfy them of the future; and the present, like an opening but, shall give now life, new light, to futurity.

March 20.

George Weston.

George Weston.

So, then, I am to identify myself to my friends by repeating anch passages in my life as may come to mind?

The truth is, I do not know what to say. It seems I have been called for by quite a number of my friends. What part they whis me to take here, I cannot tell; and as I have had no leart assigned me, I don't know but I am at liberty to choose my own part. The stage is quite broad here, and there are a great many actors here; and I believe they all have the privilege of choosing for themselves. My time is somewhat limited in this new country, and I have not grined a thorough knowledge of affilirs yet. I don't think I am hardly competent to do what is required of me. But as I have all my faculties as keen as ever.

My disease? That's a worn-out subject, and I think I'll say notling about it. I had an insight into this new subject before I left earth—enough to give me a lift back again.

Now, as I do not know what my dear friends want of me, suppose I employ your good paper to ascertain what is wanted.

You seem to be secretary rather than manager here, and I shall begin to believe I have arrived in a free country, and can do as I please. Just say that if there is anything I can do to help any one over the read, I'll do it. I will take any situation I can fill, from prompter to manager.

This is Boston; well, I died in Now York Batate. As I said, I have been here but a short time, and as eternity is a large of the provide of the provide communication to my friends, if I can do so. This place seems to be a general reservoir for all; and if you wish to adventure anything to your friends, if must be such as the public will read.

My name was George Weston. I was an actor by profession. I played at the Bowery. Oh; I was a sort of a traveling duck—did n't stop any great while at any one place.

Well, suppose I make my exit? Which way do I gogge—just as you please. The boys will understand me by either name.

Dr. Paris B: Brown.

I have visited you before, sir. Perhaps you will recollect me as Dr. Paris B. Brown. I find your incidium in ne very good state to-day, and therefore I shall be as brief as possible in answering the inquiries of my friends in Burling-

ton, Yt.

I believe it is the duty of every individual, whether in the

ton, Vt.

I believe it is the duty of every individual, whether in the form or out of it, to do all they can toward enlightening the race. I believe they should never refuse to answer any question where the futures is involved. The past has thrown but little light upon the future. On the contrary, the teachings of the past have casta misty veil ever the future life, and men have learned to dread it. Even the stoutest heart will quall before the messenger Death.

My own friends do not believe it is possible for me to return and converse as they had heard I have done. They believe it is possible for the spirits of the good to hover near, but literally impossible for them to speak to their friends through the human organism. But, notwithstanding all their unbelled, they have kindly thrown aside a part of the prejudices, and have invited me to come, if indeed it be possible, and answer a few questions.

Now the questions are of a private nature; yet, to satisfy my friends, and to furnish them with light, I will answer them.

them.

One question is, that I will give my age as near as possible.

I was in my 31st year when I died. Now, then, I liave two
questions in one; but as my friends have seen fit to divide
them, I will answer them as well as I can. One is, were you
married or single? I was single. The next question is, who
should you have married, if you had lived? I do not deem it
prudent to give the name entire, but will give enough that
they may understand; so, then, I will give you the name of
Frances.

they may understand; so, then, I will give you the name of Frances.

The next question is, what profession should you have followed if you had lived? I should probably have followed the profession I chose some four or five years previous to my decease. My friend has heard I intended to change; it was not so. The next question is, where did you intend to go the next year, had you lived? To Europe. How long were you intending to stay? Until I had perfected myself in my profession. Are you happy? Yes; quite happy. Having committed no sin that cannot be atoned for, I find myself on the highway to perfect happiness.

I have answered these several questions as briefly as possible, and have nothing further to say, except to ask my dear friends to give the subject as much consideration as it demands. I ask them to look at it carefully and without prejudice, and if they find anything worth holding on to, to do so until I can come to them personally, and give such other facts as may meet the demands of the case.

March 28.

Aunt Ruth.

Oh, Lord bless you, I've been so long getting here! I thought I should never have the breased privilege of coming here again. Some of the folks think I'm so far off that I can't speak at all, but I'm getting diong well. I want you to tell them I ain't forgotten them.

The folks up to Woreester think, because I have n't been here to speak for so long, that I have got so far away that I can't speak, so that I am really dead now. They need n't be at all afraid of my coming back; I shant do them any harm.

And I was n't crazy; I had so much trouble! felt bad sometimes, and used to get up nights and walk round; but I want crazy.

Crazy.

Say that I am well and there's no such thing as getting sick here; and you'll please say one thing in particular, and that is, I am independent, here; dependent upon no one but God. They'll understand it. I'll come again. March 28.

Jerusha Beck.

Idon't know hardly what I'm here for. Some of the folks said I'd better come here; I don't know what for. My name is Jerusha Beck; i belonged in Newcastle, Maine; I died of old age; I was ever ninety years old. The children were all scattered before I died. They went away some-

died of old age; I was over ninety years old. The children were all scattered before I died. They went away somewhere, and died, I suppose, all of them. I lived by myself. The children used to bring me things—the children all round—overybody's children.

I aint felt so tired and so weak since I went away, as I do here to-day—so tired and so weak. The children will remember me, Lor' bless you, there was Susic, and Fanny, and Lizzlo; and the little varmints used to plague me. They used to get, my hood, and cane, and cloak, and dress it up, and put it in my bed. And they used to bring me lots of plas; I had a great big ball stuck full of them, that the children brought me. I used to go round begging, and when the Lord was good, I had enough. I did n't starve to death. I don't feel so old when I am away from here; I would n't feel so bad all the time for the world.

The woman what talked to you a few minutes age, said they used to call nor Aunt Ruth. Well, they used to call me Aunt Jerusha. Yes; they used to dress my cane all up, and stick it into bed, and when I came into the room I found it.

Lor' bless you, I don't want to stay here. Tell them I thank them for all their kindness to we the tell to be the server.

bless you, I don't want to stay here. Tell them I thank them for all their kindness to me; that's all March 28.

. Harvey Turner.

My dear sister—I died at Chagres, on the route to the mines, of fover. I intended to write you after getting settled, but you will see I had not time to do that. I was sick only seven days, and could not obtain the service of a physician. If you will go to some good medium, to meet me in private, I will give you all the particulars. This is new business to me, but I shall get used to it after a few times coming—so they tell me. Don't ask me why I did not write before waiting so long to make up my mind to. Oh, a thousand cares, and as many hindrances prevented; but it is all over now, and I am free, and will tell you all about it when we meet in private. Love to all who inquire for me. Hanvey Tunner, to his sister Olive.

March 28.

John King.

I was thinking. I suppose we spirits have a right to think as well as anybody clee, though some people on earth don't think we have any right to do so. I was thinking whether it was best for me to answer some of the questions put to me a little while ago. Some of the folks down in the eastern country was to the must be the most of the documents. country want to know what kind of material I used to produce manifestations through the boys. I want you to tell them I use the same materials they used to make up fools them I use the same materials they used to make up fools with in the olden time. And they want to know how I managed to make so many different sounds with one pair of hands. You can tell them I am not confined to two pair of hands by any menns, throwing in my own. Sometimes I have two pairs, three pairs, five or six pairs. They are foolish oneugh to suppose I used the boys hands. I am preparing to do something strong, and I will let them know whether I have got hands larger than the boys', or whether theirs are larger than mine. larger than mine.

And some of them want to know when I am going to do

And some of them want to know when I am going to do certain things premised. Give them my compliments, and tell them just when I get ready to—that's the way people of earth do. If I am making a model machine, I am not obliged to precent it to the world before it is ready.

Now there's a would-be wise man about a hundred miles from this place, who says he can just a stop to all the manifestions through the boys, by coming into the room. I want him to know that when he comes into the room, he will receive notice from me; and I want him to take good care of his head, for I shall give him forcible demonstration of the fact. He wants knock-down arguments. fact. He wants knock-down arguments. Bly! I don't refer to him. He do'n't trouble me any, nor my manifestations at all. He is like a snarly puppy dog,

going round a Newfoundland dog.

Some people are not satisfied, except with a knock-down argument; and I am disposed to give the knock-down argument, if they want it. I will be pretty civil, if they are to me; but if they say, "John King, cut my threat," I'm bound to do it hereafter. I'm not responsible for their folly as I know of.

but a medium, and as susceptible to such influence as any on have. Tell that good-looking disciple of Esculaptus that I am

going to give bim a regular knock-down argument, and he shall see who can stand and fall, What time is it? Ten minutes of three! then I must be What time is it? Ten minutes or three; then a minutes gone. I have an engagement at ten minutes past.

March 29.

Chas. Wollington Ohristian.
For the last ten months I have been manifesting, in various rnys, to a circle at Portsmouth, England. All members of hat Urcle are decidedly skeptical—the medium excepted, of

ways, to a circle at Portsmouth, England. All mombers of that Ercle are decidedly skeptical—the medium excepted, of course—and for the last three months they have been constantly importuning me to come here, saying, "Give us this last test, and we will ask no more." But I have provided them with proof equally as strong as I bring here, and I find them still skeptical, still wondering from whence come these strange things. But as duty seems to point this way, rather than another way, I have wandered here this afternoon.

I was born in the small town called Carlisle, England. I removed to this country in early life, and romained here upon the American continent until I changed; since that time I have been striving very hard to convince my friends of the truth of the new light.

I was seventy-one years of age when my days on earth were numbered. I parted with my wife and all my children, save one, some fifteen years prior to my own change. The remaining one, a son, I have twice communed with, as he has been present at our circles that number of times. He admits that the theory is strange and past his comprehension; yet he can't believe that his parent does indeed return and manifest through media.

I have now given you all the facts relating to myself that I have given across the water. Now all that remains to me to say is, I trust the friends will have much patience and a great deal of charity; and while they sit for manifestations, may they be fatthful subjects of the Lord our God; for by his will we come, and by his will we act, and by his will we convince our friends of our coming—If they are convinced at all. You may add that what you have received is given you by one purporting to be Charles Wellington Christian, or one calling himself the guide of the "Olive Branch of Feace,"

William Wilson.

William Wilson.

Aye, aye, sir, I'm ready for you, too. Now you've got to give me a bit of information as to what you want.

That's a long yarn to spin. Suppose I've got a bad memory—what then? The old man's been here a long while age, and he wants me to come. Do you remember Captain James Bennett? Well, I sailed aboard the whaler Alice, and died aboard of her. I am a native of good old Boston. You see I was n't exactly fit to be ashere, and so the old man sent me off to see with Captain Dennett, bound for the Indian Ocean. They tell me my father is in this port now. What's the reason I can't see him now? Just tell him that I came into port this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and if he'll haul in here, too, I'll meet him. My name was William Wilson. I expect to be a second Captain Cook. After I have been round here all I wantite, I shall go aloft; but I forget—I'm aloft now. (One remarked that he was not up very high.) Well, I can go further up.

Don't you want to know the old man's name? Well, Joshua Wilson. He was a boss carpentor when young. If he's alive now, he must be over eighty—they say he is. Then just tell him I've been round here, and want to see him.

I'll tell you in a bit of time how long I 've been dead. 1850, did you say? I've been dead eighteen years then, sure's you're born—most nincteen. I've been playing off, waiting to get a chance to ship. I just stepped aboard a new craft—did n't step to ask where she was bound. If I was in a strange port, I should want my protection.

You see I'd been sick two or three days, and was rather week.

stop to ask where she was bound. If I was in a strange port, I should want my protection.

You see I'd been sick two or three days, and was rather weak—did n't feel exactly right. The captain said he guessed I would n't make a good sailer; I thought I could, and went aleft about three days after being out; something struck me and knecked ue overboard, and I was numbed. I had no business to go aloft—It was n't my duty; but I went. I was not furling any sail—never feried a sail in my life.

Well, just toll the old man I am round, and would be glad to speak to him. Oh, I was a wild fellow. March 29.

Charley Young.

Charley Young.

I don't want to speak, 'cause I don't see anybody here I know. Yes it does matter, 'cause I don't want to talk to folks I don't know. I want to talk to my mother, and I thought she would be here. She called for me, and I expected she would be here. She called for me, and I expected she would be here. She said she wished I'd come. Ain't that calling for me? My name was Charley Young, and I've been learning to come here, and my grandmother helps me, and I expected my mother would be here, and she was to come here. I'm just dead only a little while. I was sick. No, I don't know what the doctor called it. I don't like doctors. I don't know what the doctor called it. I don't like doctors. I don't want to tell, how old I am. I want to see her myself. I cau see her all the time when I go there; but I can't talk to her. She thinks about me. Don't she know I am there when she thinks of me? What you going to do with what you are writing? Publish it? What paper? That's what my mother reads. No, I didn't tell her I would come; I could n't talk to her. I know where I can go to talk to her. Don't you know that lady that has so many go there? Yes, I know her name, but I don't want to tell you. I can speak I' I'm a-mind to.

I know her name, but I don't want to tell you. I can speak if I'm a-mind to.
I don't want to tell you my mother's name. Yes, I was more than three years old; I was a big boy; were jacket and trousers. Yes, I did go to school.
Won't you tell her I have been here? Don't want her to come when I ain't here; don't know when they will let me come here again.
I'm going up to see that lady that has so many flowers; I know what her name is. No, I won't tell her name; I can, but I don't want to.—I'm going now.

March 29.

"Viscio."

By virtue of the laws pertaining to the masters of earth, we are not bound to answer the friend whose cognomen is "Visclo." March 29.

OUR FRIENDS-WHERE ARE THEY? BY LITA H. BARNBY.

When the souls of our friends are away from us sped, Tell me true, do they rest in their lone, narrow bed? 've strained their last gaze at their motionless f When we've strained their inst gaze at their motionless fac
And laid them away into earth's cold embrace;
When deep lay dur hearts with the friends that we mourn,
When 'tis said, that "all living to dust must return "—
Does the spirit yet cling to its earthly abode?
Oh, is there no future? and is there no God?
Or, springing from earth, can we view them arise
To be holy and happy henceforth in the skies—
To find a long home in those regions remote,
Beyond our poor, limited circlet of thought,
In glorious manisions forever to rest,
Chanting heavenly songs from a love-laden breast? an gorious mansions forever to rest.

Chanting heavenly songs from a love-laden breast?

Oh! do they forgot us, those friends we have loved,

When distance and time have them from us removed?

Will they never stretch toward us their lingering gaze?

Do they think Heaven's bliss such denial repays?

When their deep, longing eyes have looked on us their last,

Then say, is our intergrammunian all past? Then say, is our intercommunion all past? Must we think of them, only as far, far away. Must we think of them, only as far, far away,
While alone we pass on in life's wearisome day?
Or—terrible thought! they may not be forgiven,
But the sins here committed may drag them from heaven
To a place where the spirits of darkness must dwell—
To a "bottomless pil."—to a no'er ending hell!
Is "our Father" not Love, and shall implous man,
With arrogant voice mar creation's broad plan,
With arrogant voice mar creation's broad plan,
With arrogant voice mar creation's broad plan,
With histon so finite, set bounds to the love
Of the Infinite, Omniscient Spirit above?
Is heaven, for the parent, the Elysium of Joy,
While flames are consuming so fiercely his boy!
Oh, what earthly father, with cruel heart bent,
But some spark of pity would make him relent?
Illis vengeance would melt, and his anger expire,
And he 'd soothe in his besom his son from the fire!
What is carth's deepest love but a semblance, (how faint!)
Of his which the prophets of old failed to paint,
Which all tongues, in all worlds, through all ages of bliss,
May sing and adore, but can never express?
Then, away with horrible phantasy! Still Then, away with horrible phantasy! Still

Then, away with horrible phantasy! Still We'll acknowledge his Power, and submit to his Will, Rejoleo in his Justice and rest in his Love, And in unity, peace, and true harmony, move. An! let me believe that the friends always dear, Who have passed on before us, are still lingering near, That when our temptations, without and within, May cause us to doubt, or incline us to sin—When they draw us away from the Fountain of Love And make us forget we've a Father above—That they curb our wild footsteps wherever we roam, And lead back the "prodigal" safe to his home; That they are around us, through storms and alarms, And ever enfold us in love's circling arms; That the child, so beloved, who has gone from our sight. And ever enfold us in love's circling arms;
That the child, so beloved, who has gone from our sight,
Untiringly watches the long, weary night,
The couch where its mother in slumber is bound,
And fills all her dreams with angelical sound.
That the father may come and keep watch o'er his child
Who hath taken its last look in such agony wild;
That the mother may brood o'er the loved ones left here,
And look, with bright prospect, to days drawing near,
When in one glorious circle her family 'll meot,
And prostrate bow low at their Father-God's feet;
That the husband, born new in ethercal life,
May guard the dear being he cherished as wife: May guard the dear being he cherished as wife: May guard the dear being he energined as who.

That friend may with friend most harmonious moot,

And know that Heaven's life makes his love more complete. And know that Heaven's life makes his love more complete, E'en now, to my vision, bright forms are around, And filling the air with harmonious sound—
Their heavenly symphonics fall on my ear,
And I drink in their music from fountain so clear;
Their gauzy wings dim in the morning's dawn-light
That breaks on them, watching my bod through the night;
Thoy're the forms of blest friends, to my memory dear,
Rabdel indistingtiv through lave's falling tear. ield indistinctly through love's falling tear. Then say not that friends, when they re passing away, May never more view us through life's changing day; We may see them no more, but to us they shall come, and lift up the heart to our leved Spirit-home.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A Veny Good Idea.—A friend who, has grown very nearsighted thinks that persons so afflicted should give public
notice of their affliction. "Twice," he says, "have I been
accused of cutting my best friends; three times have I been
told by ladies that I looked at them, and pretended not to see
them; and, what is still worse, I bow to persons whom I do
not know, who look upon me as a presuming individual."
He asks advice. We should say spectacles or eye-glasses.—
farette.

Correspondence.

Mrs. C. F. Works at Plymouth.

Miss C. Allen, Plynouth.—"I feel that to let pass unno-ticed the very interesting meetings we have had here during the last week, would not be doing justice to the medium who favored us with her presence. On the 17th and 24th we listened to the spirit-teachings from Mrs. U. V. Works, a lady of no common capacity as a trance-speaker; the first of the Above-named two Bundays the hall was well filled, though not crowded, and all present listened with deep attention to the solemn truths to which she gave utterance. Throughout the week we had gatherings nearly every evening, during which the numbers increased, and all seemed to manifest much interest.

As Mrs. Works is of the first class of test mediums, the apdience continually received excellent and striking tests, which went far to prove the truths of spirit-presence and spiritcommuning. On the last Sunday she seemed to be more and more gifted with divine inspiration, and spoke to full audiences, very much to the gratification and satisfaction of all who were present, to gather in the rich gems of wisdom and truthfulness which emanated from the speaker's lips; and the crowded assembly who greated her on the last evening of her addressing us, gave the assurance that a greater degree of interest was felt, and a stronger desire manifested in the hearts of the people, to know of a surety that it is Indeed the fellowship and communion of our departed friends that now surround us, giving striking proofs of their actual presence, and convincing us that we, too, in our turn, when free from earthly fetters, will also be permitted to return to this mundane sphere, and manifest ourselves to our friends, whom we may leave in the material form.

The visit of Mrs. Works to old Plymouth has certainly had a tendency to awaken a deeper interest in, and create a greater desire for, spiritual food."

Spiritual Books for Sunday Schools.

TRUTH, WATERFORD, N. Y .- "Many BANKERS are circulated here. The paper is much read and much liked by all classes of society. We have an organized congregation here, made up of Spiritualists and reformers; and also a Sunday School, which is getting along vory well. The light of reform is not kept under a bushel. We are very much in need of suitable books for a Sunday School Library. Perhaps your paper may find it convenient to publish a list of books suitable for a reform Sunday School."

We believe every book sent out to the public, that does not full "still-born" from the press, has in it some of the elements of reform. It is this alone, at the present time, that gives a book popularity. Examine all the newly published, popular books of all sects, and Spiritualism and reform will be found on every page in some of its infinitely varied forms. Every popular writer is a Spiritualist, tacitly or confessedly, it matters not which. It is the influx of spirit truth that makes any man and every man a "smart man." Henry Ward Beecher is one of the best Spiritualists in Americanot professedly, but what is far better, in reality. His writings are read by thousands and tons of thousand. Why? Because they are spiritual. Ralph Waldo Emerson is another-Theodoro Parker is another. The writings of these three men are more extensively read than any other three men twice told in this country. We venture the assertion, that the most popular writers are the most truly spiritual. We do not mean by spiritual, what the church means by the use of the same word. We mean by spiritual, the principle that lies behind and beneath all life, and all motion, all thought and action. Were we to select a library for children or adulfs, we would select that which they loved to read most; that which was most popular, pleasing and agreeable. Let men follow their inclinations, and let children do the same; for they will, whether we will that they should or not.

Complimentary Notice, &c.

J. F. Asper, Warren, Ohio.—"I have received the Banner since January last, and am highly pleased with it. The sermons of Beecher and Chapin are a grand feature-one that recommends itself to the people of liberal minds throughout the country. I feel that they are from the lips of living men: in ethics, sound; practicable in application; warm, glowing and genial in spirit; full of the most sparkling and beautiful illustrations; and, while I do not agree with the theology of either, still I feel that I could not well do without them. I have shown my paper to others, and the result is the list

which I send you.

Your paper is excellent in every department; its matter is good; its arrangement unsurpassed; and is the thing needed hy hundreds and thousands who are sick of the dogmas of the pulpit and religious press, and who have never been satisfied with the spiritual papers heretofore in the field. All that I have seen before have too much transcendentalism about them to meet my mind. This I think was the fault of the Spiritual Telegraph, Tiffany's Monthly, and the Spiritual Universe. How they are now, I could not say, for I have not seen them lately. I trust you will go on in the good work. and if your paper continues as it now is. I shall always desire

to take it. The cause does not flourish much here, for the reason that we have no association, and do not meet together. Tiffany and others have spoken here, and have had large audiences and an attentive hearing. The true philosophy has a much wider hold upon the minds of the people here than we are, perhaps, prepared to believe possible; but we cannot say what progress has been made, for there have been no obser-

The Bantist Church has had a Revival Meeting here not long since, conducted by the celebrated Elder Knapp, but the result has been somewhat barron-the converts have been few, and mostly from among the young men and women, whose educational influences have always been on the side of Orthodoxy, but not a solitary convert has been made from among those who have been accustomed to think upon religious subjects for themselves, and this leads me to suppose that liberal sentiments have a much stronger held upon our

people than we have heretofore expected. If Emma Hardinge will make our point on her contemplated Western trip, we will give her a warm greeting, and she will find a good field for labor. Will you say as much in some future issue of your paper, so that it may come to hor еуе ?

. Discussion on Spiritualism.

D. A. EDDY, CLEYELAND, OHIO .- "I enclose you a communication from the pen of E.G. Folsom, published in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, in answer to a lecture delivered by Doctor (or Professor) Douglas, who very generously voluntoered to explain what no one before him had over been able to do, namely, that the so-called spiritual phenomena were referable, and could be traced to mundane causes. As the Doctor did not publish his lecture, and no report of it having been obtained, I can only refer your readers to the reply, from which it will be readily observed that this great explanation is nothing new after all, but a more reliash of the views of Mahan and others. It was not in fact what the enemics and opposers of Spiritualism were looking for at the hands of the learned professor, this modern Goliath of the Philistings. In their disappointment and chagrin, some old pillars of the church were heard to remark that "neither Spiritualism nor the doctor's argument amounted to much."

The crowded state of our columns prevents the republication of Mr. Folsom's article for the present,

What Evidence of Immortality?

C. C. CARY, FLORENCE .- "I have had the pleasure of reading a number of the Banner, and have been much interested thereby, being a seeker for trtth. I like its tone and moral teachings, but cannot say that I endorse its dectrines. Yet we are all fallible and erring beings, and the sentiments and doctrines we endorse to-day we may deride and scoff on the morrow. I have been a close and unprejudiced examiner of Spiritualism, have seen its demenstrations, and studied its principles, yet the proof is not convincing to my reason-will not answer my inquiry for the cause. I can see the effect and behold the phenomena, yet the causelies hidden. You say it is the spirits of departed mortals; but that is not proof. You have only one thing to do to convince me of the truths of Spiritualism; and that is, to prove to a certainty the natural immortality of man from philosophy. I will not ask you to go to revelations, but to take man as a structure of Diane architecture, and point me to that part which can exist or is not dependent upon organization for its existence : I will not ask you to prove it any closer than the existence of gravitation or that light can and does travel through space upon nothing. If you can prove that the invisible law of gravitation could exist without the earth as a centre, then you can prove to me that a soul or spirit can exist without the body or organization as an indispensable structure in

which to exist. "I know it is an accepted and popular dectrine of the day, that man is immortal naturally; but I have never seen the

proof. I do not expect you to endeaver personally to con vince me of what you believe is the truth; but if, through the columns of the HANNER, you should be able to cast one ray of light upon the new dark state of my mind, you will have the extreme pleasure of directing, yea, converting, one honest seeker for truth unto and to the right. Remember, I am neither infidel, atheist, Methodist, nor any other ist, nor of any tem; but with my present views, a secker for that which is right, looking to the origin of all truth for ald and direction."

We take the position as Spiritualists, that the immortality of the soul is not, and never has been, and cannot be, proved or demonstrated by the philosophy of the material world, What pertains to the soul after death, cannot be reached or handled by the hands of materialism or the philosophy of matter. Let us be content to use our earthly philosophy for the material world, and with the development of the spirit into spiritmanhood will come a new and appropriate philoso phy which is now dawning and being developed. The soul's persuasion is perhaps the most real evidence of immertality.
This, we say, is intuition. A philosopher cannot bundle hold, or govern intuition with his philosophy. This belongs to spirit, not to matter.

The Philosophy of Spiritualism.

WARREN CHASE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. - "The brightening prospects of our philosophy in this city need to be noted on the pages of the BANNER; but crowding duties and engagements will not allow me to do it justice, but I hope some pen will. The cause seems to be rising, Phonix-like, from the ashes of the "Patriarchal Order." One church, with a talented and eloquent teacher, (Mr. Oonway,) has already been broken into parts, and the sediment of Hunkerlem has retired o the grave-yard of sectarian bigotry by itself, and the other, with the preacher, and most of the large audience, have come to the very verge of Spiritualism, and are surveying the ground for a location so near, that they can meet us on the line of free thought, conscientious religion, and independent devotion-This Unitarian progression brings a large number of persons so near to us, that they will soon see that we are located alroady on the most advanced platform, and occupying the most liberal and truly religious position of any worshipers in the household of God. Another society, (Universalist,) under the adequent teaching of Mr. Flanders, has also come so near to us as to alarm its old foggy members, and bring to them aid and encouragement from our friends, with a fair prospect of soon having that church also settled on the very border of sectarianism, overlooking the spiritual Canaan, and ready, in a short time, to join us in setting and cultivating it. Next, the Infidel Society, composed of many intelligent and honest thinkers, who have been holding meetings here, and discussing with sectarian Christians, and using them up in almost every point, have moved their meetings into the hall where the Spiritualists meet, and use it the afternoon of each Sab bath, and some of them are already fearful they shall lose their identity, for our friends meet with them, and join in the discussions; and it is already—as some one remarked yesterday-difficult for them to sort out their own feet on parting. I have not yet learned that the Spiritualists feel in any dan-.ger of losing their identity in any of these cases. I have been greated here, morning and evening of the two last Sabbaths with large, very intelligent and deeply interested audiences and also took part each day in the Infidel meeting, and would as readily have occupied any Orthodox pulpit of the city, if invited and tried to show the difference between our beauti ful philosophy of "life unto life," and their horrible dectrines of death unto death. I have never found in my pre 8 visits to this city so favorable, encouraging and prosperous conditions and signs as at the present.

Cincinnati is now ripe for the best philosophy, and the ablest teachers of the Harmonial School can be triumphantly sustained here; but it is a poor place for the unfledged birds of the new paradise to contend and compete with these able and doquent teachers of the ripened churches, and the keen intellects of the skeptics and infidel's superior knowledge, ability and talent only can bring together, and hold audiences here in competition with these meetings, and such Spiritualism has, and thus it can and will swallow them all up, and settle them fixedly on the new and rich soil of spirit-life and intercourse, where the rare and delicious fruits and flowers of the kingdom of heaven can repay the labor of cultivation.

Lectures.

"TRUTH." MARBLEHEAD .- "We have had a course of lee tures in this place recently through the mediumship of some of our most noted speakers, among whom were Misses Har dinge, Houston, Amedy, and Magoun, and Messrs. Otls. Par dee, and Pierpont. These lectures have been well attende by all of our liberal and most respected citizens. One of the most enterprising men in our midst, and

Spiritualist, withal, who takes a deep interest in Spiritual things, in a most commendable manner has gone heartly at work, and is erecting a hall building for the express use of two or three ladies, and as many gentlemen, standing near, Spiritualists. And we hope soon to be enjoying the privileges which he is preparing for us. May God reward him and bless his efforts to do good.

True and honest seekers for truth, never have gone away empty from the table of spiritual food and life. Many who, instant, spied a large collection of bird's eggs, and they but a short time ago were thorough disbellovers, are now exclaiming in the fullness of their joy, Ol what a blessed thought it is, that the spirits of those once leved on earth can and do commune with mortals, and impart to them such beautiful truths and rich goms of thought; indeed it is a blessed reality to us."

Mr. Mansfield

from a letter received from New Orleans by Mr. Mansfield:- | descriptions. How we longed for leisure to examine them Whatever doubts heretofore existed in my mind in regard to Spiritualism, have been dispolled by the reception through you of an undoubted communication from the spirit of a dear wife, sincorely mourned and truly loved, even in death. The style of composition and the characteristics of the writing are those belonging to her when living, and I had not anticipated and was not prepared for so satisfactory a test as that I have received. You have performed all you promise in your advertisement: and such being the case. I cannot consent to again encroach upon your time with another communication at your expense. I therefore, with another one, send you the proper fee, which I trust you will receive promptly and safely. Please oblige me by returning the scaled envelope with a reply, if received, at your earliest convenience, and I can assure you that not I alone, but many others, will wait with anxiety till I hear from you. Allow me to tender you my sympathy in the arduous duties you have assumed, and the many vexations you undoubtedly have to encounter. My wish is that you may be sustained by that Power which is always upon the side of right. May you eventually triumph over misrepresentation and error. and, as far as may be, establish that truth in which mankind is universally and eternally interested."

Charlatans.

GRORGE HELMICK, PHILADELPHIA .- "I read the Banner, to the exclusion of almost every spiritual paper, and have a very high opinion of its usefulness. I recommend it to all with whom I come in contact, and for this reason should be sorry to see it aiding charlatans in any way."

our aid from charlatans and decolvers. Money will not hire Dr. Kane were when in the Arctic regions. A lay figure us to advertise or publish that which we are satisfied partakes of that nature.

We thank our correspondent for the private note accompanying the above.

SAMUEL P. ANDERSON, JOHN G. ELY, J. R. BEEBE, AND ULYSSES S. WARNER, HAMBURG, subscribe to comments on a lecture delivered and published in that place against Spiritualism. The writer withholds his name, and in its place says: "By a Connecticut Pastor." The comments of the above gentlemen place this Connecticut pastor's Christianity in a very questionable form. And from the character of the jamphlet, we do not wonder that he left his name in the dark. His position against Spiritualism is too materially strong and spiritually feeble to command a review from us. Our correspondents say: "Now, although it is only fourteen months since the advent of Spiritualism in this place, it has acquired a power and magnitude that is apparently very alarming to the Connecticut pastor."

I. BIRD, BURLINGTON, KY., who, according to a letter received from him, was arrested for murder, (as he thought owing to prejudices existing against him, because he was a Spiritualist,) has been acquitted.

MISS ETTIS NELSON, JOHNSON CREEK, N. Y .- The communication from your spirit brother is too long for insertion in our department of correspondence.

MIRON OWEN, WEST POTSDAM .- The communication to your mother is very long, and the press of matter, of more general interest, obliges us to omit its insertion for the Written for the Banner of Light. THE LIFE-WEARIED.

DT UNA.

Winding thy nimicss way along, With heavy, stricken heart; In all this world of love and song, Hast thou Indeed no part?

Hast lost the childish trust of yore? The love of those most dear? Or have thy loved ones gone before, And left thee corrowing here?

Hast thou grown sick of all this strife, 'Twixt clay and brother clay? Dost wear thy galling chain of life, Longing to break away?

Stay thy regrets! life-wearled one, Nor longer darkly muse, Of length of days which are to come,— It is not thine to choose,

Thou art, and thou must ever be-Though darkened is thy view: Attendant goodness waits on thee, As clouds beget the dew. From discords come the sweet refrain,

From darkness comes the light; Friends part that they may meet again, And sonse the dear delight. Learn the sweet faith that smiling sings,

Know that thy loved are near;

Fanning thee, even here.

[Washington Correspondence of the Banner of Light.] SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

And thou mayst feel their angel-wings

It is a somewhat singular fact that an Englishman, living n the southern part of Europe, and who had never scon morica, should feel so deep an interest in the United States as to leave his fortune (which was ample,) for the advancement of science in this country. Not one dollar did he leave to his native land, but all his estate, even to his umbrella and cane, he bequeathed to us. Perhaps if he had crossed the ocean, and made two or three calls upon the House of Repreentatives, he might have altered his mind, and have come to the conclusion that England was not so unworthy after

all. We ought to be thankful for his ignorance of some things, and his knowledge of others, for, agreeably to his will, a beautiful building has arisen in Washington, consecrated to Science. It is unique in its appearance, differing from all the other public buildings, and, to my eye, it was quite a relief to turn from the glistening white marble pillars, solemn and stately, as if they upheld the government itself, to the brown, irregular structure of the Smithsonian, reminding one of pictures of buildings in the Elizabethean style of architecture. There are ample grounds around the

building, and we had a pleasant walk on a sunny merning up the ascent to the large door. We passed first into the library, a noble room, well furnished with books, but with space for more. These books are free for the use of any one who wishes to consult them; but may not be taken from the room. From the library we passed into a large hall filled with curiosities gathered from the vegetable, animal, and mineral world. The first thing which attracted my attention was a large meteorolite, lately brought from Mexico. This subject of meteorolites is a most interesting one to investigate; and whenever we meet one of these strange wanderers, we fall into a revery of wender. That they did not come from this earth is pretty well demonstrated. They have frequently been seen in their descent. moving very rapidly, and making a loud, hissing noise. Sometimes they make deep indentations in the earth, and now and then they have been seen to fall, and the spot is covered only with a sort of scoria, as if the falling stone had been partly consumed by fire. Speculation has long wavered amid various theories to account for their origin—some contending that they come from the moon, others from comets, others still, from small planetary bodies; but all agree, if I am not mistaken, in the fact that they invariably contain an alloy of iron and nichel, a mixture never yet discovered in other stones. Feldspar and magnetic iron pyrites are also found in them. This specimen weighed two hundred and fifty-two pounds. It was a very dark-looking stone-darker than any lava which we have ever seen-but it is said to resemble this substance when very ancient. While we were musing over this ourlosity, we heard some one say, "Now we will attend to you; first come, first served; follow me, and I will explain everything to you." We turned to the direction from whence the sound proceeded, and found a party of seemingly under the direction of a little gray-headed man, who appeared to combine the agility of youth with the garrulousness of ago. "Keep with us," said one of the ladies to myself; "he wishes us to improve the time." We, at that

hundreds of species of birds, from the little humming-birds', no larger than a small white bean, to those of the estrich and the eagle-and most of them are placed in nests as we find them in nature. We lingered lovingly over them-blue, speckled, green, white-all sizes and colors; with some we We have been permitted to make the subjoined extract had been familiar from childhood—of others we had only read nore fully: but our guide seemed to think that there were other things of more interest, and directed our attention to a huge pieco of bone or horn. "Now only guess what that is," said he. We had one eye on a collection of native birds, and was meditating an escape thither, so, resolving to say our lesson quick, we said, "A rhinoceres's horn." Didn't the little man laugh at us, as if he were an Agassiz, and we a noor ignoramus? "Wide of the mark-wide of the mark. Ha, ha! Why, that is a mastedon's tooth." We were exceedingly mortified at our ignorance of natural history, but we forgot it in examining the robins, blue-birds, red-birds, vollow-birds, &c. &c., looking for all the world as if they word just going to sing. How familiar they looked there, our preclous little friends, that make our country home so pleasant during the summer season. "Come-come on," said our peremptory guide; "I'll show

proved so strong an attraction that we moved towards them,

pointing them out at the same time to the lady. A beautiful

collection truly; case after case was filled with the eggs of

you something more interesting in another room." Again vo were a little contrary—surely that is an albatross. We had searched many collections in vain for this bird of the ea, and we would have a good look at his gray plumage, and his long, narrow wings. It has not much beauty: its bill is long and hooked, its toes very long and webbed, and its wings eight or ten feet long. Near it we found various species of cagles. "Come, ladies," said the guide, "now stand all in a row, and tell me whose likeness this is?"

"Oh, dear," we said to ourselves, as we looked up and saw the likeness of some politician-we have forgotten now whether it was Cass or Buchanan, or Seward or Toombs; nor did we care. Our reverence for our present political leaders had lately fallen to zoro, and we were passing without any No less than our correspondent do we desire to withhold notice. What interested me more—the identical dress which was dressed in them, and there he stood with the fur shees that had so often trod those ley paths-the coat, the cap, the gloves, and the mask. A few days before we had seen his faithful dog "Toodle," and the huge white bear which he brought home; and now here we seemed to see the man himself, and our thoughts took a sudden plunge from the luxuriously warmed and carpeted Capitol yonder, with its sofas and easy-chairs, its oysters and coffee-to say nothing of its wines-to the cold, desolate, fey land where the enthusiastic doctor traveled dally, even when weakened by hunger and sickness, to his observatory, there to make records for the benefit of science. I wonder how many of the "spouters" there, who are annually wasting thousands of the peoples' money in petty personal debates, love their country well enough to imitate Dr. Kane in one tittle of his noble efforts i But we are now following our guide up stairs to a large lecture room, where learned Professors are at this time giving a course of scientific lectures. In the adjoining room is a valuable apparatus, which we are not learned enough to describe. We noticed one large glass-case full, given by Dr. Hare. Among other instruments here was one to represent the motion and power of waves. We found one room that might be called an Indian portrait gallery, being filled with pictures from Pocahontas, we were going to say; but no, we could n't find the Indian princess here; but of noted Indiana from the first settlement of the country, to Billy Bowlegs, of Florida war notoriety. Last, not least, our guide, with a curious mixture of pomposity and reverence, led us to a small, but well-furnished room, from the window of which we had a fine view of the city and its environs. But this we were not long permitted to enjoy, for he wished us all to be scated, and liston to some remarks upon Smithson. The

party with us were Bostonians, and rather enjoyed seeing

the little man magnify his office, and humored him by sitting quietly in a row, while he told us of the Englishman who gave only his mortal body to his own country, while he bequeathed overything else to a land that, until then, know him not. He then pointed to the glass case, "There, you see, ladies, that though Smithson was a batchelor, yet he was a housekeeper; and here is the family plate, his cames, his umbrella, some of his dishes, and a variety of little domestic utensils, necessary to an establishment; and here is his likeness-the only authentic one known. Bo you see we have everything but his bones, and England may keep those if she wishes; we've got what is more important."

We should probably have found his remarks in the Guide Book, which some little boys were selling in the vestibule; but we have avoided guide-books in our description of places; we have thereby fulled in giving you dimensions, numbers etc.; but, on the other hand, the little we have given is from fresh impressions received at the time. The "Smithsonian" is smong the most interesting spots in Washington, and will continue to increase in interest from year to year. Long may our loquacious guide continue to hold his office.

EVIL AND GOOD.

"Evil and good are God's right hand and left; By ministry of evil good is clear," "However contrary man sets his heart To God, he is but working out God's will."

There is one trait of character common to us all, which is productive of a vast amount of unhappiness. It is the sensation of wrong we constantly experience; this sensation brings fear; it is a prophecy of injury. We see danger in a thousand forms threatening our safety and well-being.

This condition of life which makes us conscious of the existence of ovil, is necessary; so is the unhappiness that is evil is the necessity of a condition; it belongs to a degree of the soul's progress; it is the effect of an early process of the soul's growth. It is right, for it is a necessity. But when the soul shall attain a higher degree of progression, this trait of character will become extinct, and in its place will come the very consoling, happy, heavenly thoughts and words,

"All discord 's harmony not understood."

and roses; Hons and lambs; worms and butterflies; serpents and those called spiritual, as regards their comand sweet singing birds. Life is everywhere in varied forms;
and those called spiritual, as regards their commanding recompense in the one case, and not comon the land, in the sea, and in the air. And man, still the
manding any in the other? work of nature's God, crowns the whole. All these are noture's productions, and if we know not the use of each, let us midding and receiving pay, as it does in the present not say that nature is wrong, but rather our knowledge is state of society, I see no impropriety in making

"The wings of Time are black and white, Pied with morning and with night. Mountain tall and ocean deep, Trembling balance duly keep. In changing moon and tidal wave, Glows the foud of want and have."

Life is made of ups and downs; for every excess in nature there is a corresponding want; if tides are high in one place, they are low in another; if there is a mountain, there is a corresponding valley; the extremes of winter cold have corresponding extremes of summer heat; in all nature there is

an equipoise, an oven balance. Humanity is a natural production, and in it the same laws old good that govern matter in lower conditions of nature. For every splendid mansion, there is a humble cottage; for excess and superabundance of the necessary things of life, there is want and deprivation; for excessive wealth, there is excessive poverty; for excessive goodness, there is a corresponding want of goodness; there is genius and stupidity; ntelligence and ignorance; there is an excess of pleasure but never without a corresponding excess of pain somewhere. The hand of justice holds the scales of human good and evil, and they are balanced in evenness.

The same law holds good when we come to an individual in himself. God is as infinite in littleness, as in greatness; every excellence, in any man, there is a corresponding deect; for every good, there is a corresponding ovil, perhaps fearns it. not known : for every excess of virtue there is a vice, it may be, latent; for every tear shed, there is a gem of beauty; for very pain, there is a fragrant flower of undying freshness, a ponding balance. Nature is a leveler, and balances everything; allows no exceptions; no monopolies; no more in an for one moment in the physical world, and the universe is

Do not nature's laws, then, command our attention and our reverence? Man is ruled by nature, and nature to man is destiny; and a distinct view of destiny is a revelation to

nan, of faith in God, for naturo's laws are the laws of God. Can a man influence or alter a law of nature? Can a man, f he tries as hard as he can make the earth revolve the ther way, so that the sun will rise in the West and set in the East? or, can he stop the ebbing and flowing of the tide? Can he add to or take from a single ray of the great sun that shines upon us? Can be make the attraction of gravitation stop, or an atom of matter cease to exist? I do n't believe he an. Neither do I believe that there is one single law in nature anywhere, that he can influence or alter in any way or in any degree made manifest in man. Man is as immediately and as perfectly under the influence of these laws as is the sun, the earth, and the tides. The nature of man's soul is progressive; he is ever changing; he has intelligence and consciousness. There is a condition, a degree in his progression, where he believes that he has nower above and independent of the power of nature; for the more perfect development of his identity, or his selfhood, or, for some cause still hidden, we shall see this belief a necessity of a degree of progress-a manifestation of that degree which is natural-No one moment of time does the soul cease to move; and nward and upward with all things is its course forever. And as man's consciousness becomes more clear in viewing the laws of nature, he will sooner or later see that her work is right, balanced justly, in equity; he will see a hand of divine intelligence made visible as he traces the working of this power in the steps of his soul's progress, all ultimating in his highest good. Then, and not before, as he reviews the past will be see that God has purposes and nature works them out, and the means to work out his ends are what we call good and evil or rather good and evil are the effect of this work; each one and both are necessary to the end. Evil is as much the effect of a means in working out the purposes of Creation, the ultimate purity of man as good When we begin to comprehend the perfect power of God in nature, we shall not say that ought that is of God s wrong, for we have faith in his perfect power, and say that

t is right; we consciously fall into the arms of destiny with childlike confidence; here, and here alone, is faith in God. God rules the destiny of man. "Seek first the kingdom of God," says the holy Jesus. The kingdom of God that man

seeks is faith in God that is to be within us. A. B. CHILD. TO BE CONTINUED. .

Written for the Banner of Light. THE DESERTED.

Aye, leave me, now my heart is won And, worthless, cast aside;
Ayo, leave me to the world's cold scorn,
Alone to stem its tide.

"I am too reckless!" Yes, 't is true; I will not act and sham.
This is your charge—forgetting you
Have made me what I am.

Your subtle influence brought me low: My curse is on you still; God may forgive, and spare the blow— God may—I never will.

Yes, you from slander's tainting breath
Your villany may shield;
For me remains but nameless death,
A grave in Potter's Field.

SPIRITUALISM IN COMMERCE.

MESSES. EDITORS-Brother A. B. Child has given one side of a two-sided subject, and I propose to briefly show the other side, without advocating either extreme.

Spirit truths and benefits are exchanged for dollars and cents. And why? Because commerce is a present fixed fact in this rudimental world, which can only be done away with by reducing the demand for it. This in turn can be done only by the generating, in time, of a physically, intellectually, and affectionally healthy humanity, who shall be advanced to that plane wherein is no need of com-merce for the dispensing of pecuniary justice or laws for the restraining from crime. Then Spiritu-alism absolute can work, surrounded by its own normal conditions, where now, conditions being abnormal, it must of necessity be Spiritualism relative. The absolute and the relative are often vastly different. The laws and modes of action fitted to a world of angels would be impracticable in a devil-world.

"To man's exhortations send back words, and to a wolf's attack, clubs." We must take the world as we find it, as the facts of its existence stare us in the face, and knowing its state, strive to make it better, and not insist on its being as we would like to have it-urging it to that stand-point or none.

Ignore the fact that mediums are mortals and not spirits, and remuneration for mediumistic labor is not a necessity. But what are mediums and what is Mediums are mostly persons of a -mediumship? delicate physical organization, who, instead of being able to endure everything human curiosity and thoughtlessness can impose upon them, can really existence of ovil, is necessary; so is the unhappliness that is endure but little of the wear and tear incident to the consequence of this consciousness. The perception of the rudimental life. The many classes of manifestations, the magnetic forces of their own physical systems, are taken and appropriated by the spirit operator to another. This strength in imponderales gives a positiveness with which to meet life's trials and duties; and this waste of it is supplied in time only, during rest, through nature's restorative processes. Mediums are mostly persons whose time is money, and who are dependent on their own ex-All goodness is spontaneous; all else is fiction; all eyel ertions for the common necessaries of life. Mediumis a fiction—only the conception of it is real. All nature is ship is a talent, (or, as the ancients called it, a gift,) good; and in nature we have both day and night. Is the natural or acquired, or both. I have a gift or talent day better than the night?—is not each a necessity; is not as an artist. That which is to me but play, would each good? We have sunshine and clouds; the clouds are be to my neighbor unattainable by the severest la-

necessary to give the earth rain, and rain is as necessary as bor. Should I then give to my neighbor the choice the sunshine to make the earth bring forth her supplies, productions of my skill, the finished picture, without which are necessary for our wants. Both sunshine and remuneration? What is the difference between the mediumistic talent which produces a class of man-The earth yields poisonous and nutricious plants; thorns ifestations which time and use have made familiar, Conditions then being as they are, and talent de-

Spiritualism a business, as well as a pastime, a science or a religion—all good in their places, and neither good out of its place. This view of the subject does not countenance the taking from those who have not to spare, that which we are better able to give-the Judases of every faithful band; but it sees righteousness in the lady medium's usual charge of a "dollar an hour" for sittings, and the healing medium's charge of "three dollars for an examination and prescription."

It is not the sayings and actions, but the truth of

the sayings and actions of Christ and Paul, which makes such of value. Because Christ has said man should care no more for his material future than the sparrows, it is no reason we should go barefoot, and dress in ragged cotton, always living "from hand to mouth," in slothful negligence. The authority of truth is the authority of the truth-seeker, and not that of men, books, sayings, or actions.

There is danger of "nakedness and starvation, in a course of freely giving, in a world where the infant love-principle has only struggled into a conscious existence of selfishness. Look at the world as it is to-day, and where do you find the individuals nan. Aman is a microcosm, a little universe; he is a world who, loving their brothers as themselves, will disnihilate in littleness, as in greatness; pense equal and exact justice? Here and there one. as perfect in little man, as he is in worlds of magnitude that The mass will enrich themselves with their neighswing, balanced in perfect order, in limitless space. The law of justice; the law of evenness balances the work; the mechanism of the human body and the human soul. For grasp of greed that which the true love of the coming time will pour liberally out at the feet of him who

There are two sides to this subject. There is the side of benevolence and charity on the part of the medium, and that of benevolence and charity on the truth gained; for every serrow, there is a joy; for every loss, there is a gain. In man exist no excesses without a correpracticable. As this is so, and as "Commerce in Spiritualism" is a fixed fact which no angel lever ndividual man than she does in the whole range of her vast can at present overturn, would we not do better to ominions boneath man. Shall man contend with nature? infuse Spiritualism in all our commercial matters, No; he cannot, for it is the power of God in nature that whether the application leads us to mediums, brokers. makes him what he is. Let nature stop her work in the boot and shoe dealers, railroad hands or servant regetable kingdom one year, and all life on earth ceases. Let | girls; letting true nobility, love and justice, rule nature stop her work in animal life one hour and all men are levery business transaction, from the purchase of a numbered with the dend. Let nature cease to do her work | yard of tape, to the contracting for a Pacific railroad? Reader, what do you say? Answer faithfully in H. W. BOOZER. deeds, not in words!

NEW ORLEANS CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR BANNER-Being a constant reader of your pages, I notice that you have no correspondent in this part of "God's Creation;" therefore, if people judge from the pages of the Banner, they will reasonably conclude that Spiritualism does not flourish in the "Sunny South." I concluded, on this Sabbath morning, (whilst the Orthodox bells are calling the faithful to come and worship God, not 'according to the dictates of their own conscience,' but according to their several creeds,) to drop you a few lines to let you and our spiritualistic brothers and sisters know that even here, in the "Crescent City," we have some light, and that Spiritualism is slowly progressing, though not with such rapid strides as with you, where you are favored with trance speakers and lecturers

There has been no lectures, of any interest, here on Spiritualism since Mr. Forster, and his associate. Mr. Squire, left; but Forster's eloquence, and Squire's surprising physical manifestations, awakened a spirit of investigation that resulted in bringing many to the light who were before groping in darkness.

Spiritualism has made much more rapid progress amongst the Creele and Catholic portion of our population than the Protestant; first, because most of them have more time for investigation than the rushing, hurrying, money-making American; and, secondly, the creed of the Catholic Church does not deny the possibility of spirit communion, and neither does it transfer a person immediately on the spirit's leaving the body, either an eternal heaven or hell, but rather hold to the truth that every one shall be rewarded according to his works.

There, are many circles in private families, and

often astonishing physical manifestions, as well as some beautiful and Christianlike teachings, as much so as any Orthodox minister would wish, except that they are given by those who are not regularly or-dained. The circles are usually conducted, and the communications are generally in the French lan-guage, though there has been several instances of the mediums conversing fluently in the English language, though in their normal state they did not understand it; and where the medium understood nothing but English, the French has been spoken: but, more surprising, there has been German, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Chinese, and what was believed to be Arabic, written and spoken by mediums here who know only English. We would like very much for the Harvard "savans" to explain the cause, and from whence comes that knowledge to an uneducated person.

There have been several healing mediums developed within the last year, and many remarkable cures are said to have been performed by them; one in particular, a colored man, (a blacksmith) has, it is said, performed many wonderful cures simply by

the laying on of hands. Though our number is small, yet our Orthodox would convey the idea that Spiritualism is dead, yet they have yielded far enough to drop the cry of Taunton, Mass.

"humbug," and have adopted that of the "Devil and his Angels;" and though I am not aware that any of the ministers have denounced us from the any of the ministers have denounced us from the pulpit, they are doing all they can by talking and writing to prevent their congregations from investi-gating, which shows that they fear "the little giant," and the press has caught the note of alarm, and publish all the scandal they can procure, but always forget to publish any explanation, or contradiction; the opponents are making merry and exulting over those "spiritual hatchings"—a sweet morsel for them—but it does not affect the true Spiritualist in the least. We are glad to see it purifying itself of the dross, and getting rid of those hangers on, who are Spiritualists so long as they can make money by it, but never learn its truths nor heed its moral teach-

That the leaven is working may be plainly seen, from the fact that, many of the sectarian papers, though they oppose Spiritualism, yet they are resur-recting old musty records, to find old nursery tales of baunted houses, and cases of the remarkable intervention of Providence in answer to some one's prayer-either as a blessing or a judgment. I saw, a short time since, in one of the advocate family, a very harsh article on Spiritualism, and then, as a set-off, they published "Dodridge's Dream," as something remarkable.

Our Catholic population, some time ago, had quite a treat in the way of lectures by one Dr. I. L. Nichols, of free-love notoriety. His lectures were a general onslaught on all other professions and beliefs save the Catholic, of which church he is a member. I took a sort of an abstract report of his lecture on Spiritualism, for my own satisfaction, which I may, at some future time, revise and send you, as it might be of some interest to know how very bold he was in slandering some of those who are laboring to spread the light, especially as he thought there were no Spiritualists to hear him. However, I suspect his lecture confirmed many in the belief, and, had some good trance speaker followed in his wake, no doubt but there would have been quite

a spiritualistic revival.

The Spiritualists here are divided in two branches. The Swedenborgians, with their minister at their head, have a small church, and a small congregation, and, though their minister is a good man, and gives none but Christian teachings, yet it is too orthodox, and the Harmonialists, with nobody at their head.
A few of the Harmonialists have banded together, and procured a hall, where they meet every Sunday morning for conference and speaking. The hall will seat several hundred persons, and the use of it would be cheerfully tendered to any good lecturer who might visit us this spring. As business becomes dull, a good trance speaker would be well attended. Enclosed you will find an account of murders sancioned by law and public opinion. Notice the effect of the doctrine of atonement. The man who, with. out cause or provocation, took the life of a fellow-being, stands forth, and unblushingly says he is forgiven; that "this day he will meet his Saviour in Paradise;" but that same faith that sends the murlerer from the gallows to the realms of the blessed, consigns the poor man who was the victim, who was ushered into another state of existence before he could even breath a prayer, to the punishment of an eternal hell, whilst his murderer is "reposing in Abraham's bosom." If such is true, God ceases to be a God of justice and mercy, and far better had the atonoment never been made. There is more has tice in the spiritual teachings, that tell us there is hope for all—"God has created none he cannot save" -that teaches us that the murderer must look to Yours,

his victim for forgiveness. New Orleans, La. CONSTANT READER.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

Rev. John Pienront will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Address at West Medford, Mass.

Dr. John Mayhew, from the first of June to July 14th, will attend to the wishes of various friends, on or near the La Cross and Milwaukie route, including Sheybogan, Neenash, Appleton, and the region roundabout. From July 14th to August 31st he will be on the Michigan route, from Grand liaven 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 Mayhow, Sweet Home, Wyoming Post-Oilice, Chicago Co., Minnesota.

Miss Emma Hardingo appelags her friends that she has

Post-Office, Chicago Co., Minnesota.

Miss Emma Hardingo apprises her friends that she has changed her residence to No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, where all future communications should be addressed to her. She will lecture in Providence, Worcestor, and vicinity, in May; Lowell, Portland and Oswego, in June. 8he proposes to spend next fall and winter in the West and South, and requests applications from those sections of the country to be made to her with as little delay as possible. She has already promised October next in St. Louis, and November in Memphis, Tenn.

Warren Chase lectures in Adrian, Mich., May 13th; in Albion, May 17th; Battle Creek, Mich., May 22d; Harmonia, May 25th and 26th (at his home;) in Kalmazoo, May 29th; in Grand Rapids, June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th; Grand Hayen, June 9th and 10th; Chicago, Ill., June 19th and 26th; Geneva, Ohio, July 16th; Conneaut, July 18th and 14th; in Buffalo. N. Y., July 17th. Soon after he may be expected in New England.

Miss Sarah A. Magoun will answer calls to lecture in the trance state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

George Atkins will speak in Putnam, Ct., May 8th and 9th-Loring Moody will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day ovenlings. Address Malden, Mass, Ho will lecture as follows:—Medfield, May 5th and 6th; Walpole, May 8th; 'Franklin, May 10th and 11th; So. Franklin, May 12th and 18th; Blackstone, May 15th; Millville, May, 17th and 18th; Mondon, May 19th and 20th; Milford, May 22d. He will also act as agent for the Banner and Age.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, of Cloveland, Ohio, Editress of the Agitator, will lecture in Syracuse, N. Y., May 8th; in Utica, May 15th; in Boston, Mass., May 29th. She may be addressed, Rochester, care of Mrs. S. A. Burtis. At Salina, care of Mrs. John Hutchinson; at Utica, care of Dr. Carolino Brown; at Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

F. L. Wadsworth speaks at Lowell, May 8th, 15th, and 22d.
Those desiring his services during the week in the vicinity
of the above named places, can address him at the office of

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Springfield, May 8th and Miss Lizzio Doten will speak in Springfield, May 8th and 15th; Cambridgeport, May 22d; East Taunton, May 29th. Mrs. A. W. Sprague will speak at Portland, Me., the four first Sundays in May. Through the month of June her address will be Plymouth, Vt., and in July and Augustshe will speak in Oswego, N. Y., II. A. Tucker, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at Foxboro, Mass. He will speak in Stoughton, May 8th.

Mrs. A. T. Pense, South Wilbraham, Mass., will answer calls

Rosa T. Amedoy will speak in Cambridgeport, Sunday, May 8th; Foxboro', Sunday, May 22d; East Ablugton, Sunday,

Mrs. H. M. Miller will lecture, May 8th, in Penn Line, Pa.; May 15th in Ashtabula, Ohlo.

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture at St. Louis every Sunday in May. Friends in the vicinity wishing to engage her services for week evenings, will address her in care of James H. Blood, Box 3301, P. U., St. Louis.

J. C. Cluer will answer calls for lectures on Spiritualism or Temperance, and his daughter, Busic C. Cluer, will accompany him to give readings Mr. O. will act as agent for the Bannen. Address at the Banner office, or No. 5 Bay sheet. They will be in Plymouth, May 8th.

N. Frank White can be addressed, until the middle of May,

nt Beloit, Wisconsin. He will lecture through the month of June at St. Louis; from there to Chelineat; then cast. Any calls for week evenings, in the vicinity of St. Louis, can be addressed to him there; calls east of Cincinnati should be different to him the St. Louis, care time for the appendix ddressed to him at St. Louis, to give time for the appoint-

Mrs. L. S. Nickerson will speak in Clinton, Sunday, May

Irs H. Curtis, Hartford, Ct., will answer calls to lecture. F. G. Bishop, one of the oldest mediums and lecturers in the cause of the Harmonial Philosphy, and late from Washington and New York, all be happy to receive calls to lecture. Mr. B. speaks on a great variety of interesting subjects, among which are those of National and Social Reforms. Address Charlestown, Mass.

Charlestown, Mass.

Elijah Woodworth will discourse on the "Spiritus! philosophy, history unfolded, as written in symbolic narratives, expressed through the personification of words and names in the Hebrow and Christian eracies." He may be addressed at Cleveland, Ohio, till May 1st; at Clyde, till May 10th, and at Leelle, Mich., till further notice.

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

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

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHUECH, DROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Morning, April 24th, 1050.

REPORTED FOR THE DANNER OF LIGHT, DY T. J. ELLINWOOD.

Text:—I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now, ... John xvi. 12.

The word bean is itself significant. A thing which is told to a man, if he does not understand it, is a burden to him. A thing which is brought to a man before his time, before it is ripe to him, is a perplexity. A sensitive, conscientious man, when he has truths presented to him before he is ready to receive them, does not understand them—they are opaque, they are black, to him; for, in respect to moral truths, a thing not understood is misunderstood. Therefore, Christ, says, I have yet may things to say unto you—there are many more truths to be known—but you cannot bear them now, for you are not ripe." In the thirteenth chapter of John, at the seventh verse, he says, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Here we have the same thing spoken about events, which in the other passage was spoken about truths. In the one case there are many truths to be known, but they cannot yet be under-The word BEAR is itself significant. A thing which truths to be known, but they cannot yet be under-stood, and are not, therefore, spoken; in the other case there are providential actions or deeds which you can-not understand now, but which you shall understand

hereafter.

In these two passages our Saviour meets two difficulties of human life, which are very common; namely, the desire of understanding truths which relate to our moral life, and the desire of seeing the reasons of the events and experiences of our life. This gives no trouble to savage and unenlightened people, as it does to people who are civilized and cultured. It is natural for us to wish to take in excepting, however-it-may. to people who are civilized and cultured. It is natural for us to wish to take in everything, however it may come to us, whether as experience, or what not. We wish to subject everything to the research of our reason. We wish to put our experiences, and the truths they teach, symmetrically together, in the relation of cause and effect. We wish, on the one side, to understand truth, and on the other side we wish to see the reason of things which come upon us, good or bad—their causes, their effects, their general tendencies.

This inquisitiveness is not wrong. It may lead to wrong, but in itself it is praiseworthy. Hunger for knowledge is divine. A desire to know things that relate to what is taking place, is divine. Christ reproached the generation in which he lived, because they did not study the signs of the time, and try to un-

proached the generation in which he lived, because they did not study the signs of the time, and try to understand them. But when we are not able to penetrate to the interior of truth; when, especially, we are not able, by any amout of reflection or searching, to understand the origin or tendency of events that are transpiring, we fall into a dissatisfied state of mind, which materially diminishes our happiness. Questionings arise in our minds about the justice and goodness of the divine government over the word, which shake the foundations of our confidence and happiness. There results are often very mischievous. Our Saviour taught, with great distinctness, that we must not build our with great distinctness, that we must not build our happiness upon our own knowledge, either of God's method of procedure, or of God's truths, but upon a simple and child-like confidence that all things in the end shall come forth gloriously illustrated. In the case in hand the apostles did understand more every year; and, above all, in the hereafter to which death opened

them, they were to understand more.

There are a great many persons who need a careful consideration of human ignorance for their comfort. There is a great consolation, if you know where to find its breast, in the doctrine of ignorance. There are a great many persons who refuse a devout religious life because they cannot solve the problems of divine truth; and they say that you will once explain to me the decand they say, "If you will once explain to me the doc-trines of truth, if you will once enlighten my mind in respect to the system of truth, I, too, will be a Christian." But if you are not a Christian until then you never will be one; for religion is a thing lived, and not never will be one; for religion is a thing lived, and not a thing meroly believed. Doing is the father of believing. A man must always come to the truth first by feeling it. Afterwards he has a right to say "What is that which I felt?" And when he finds it out, and states it, that is the doctrine. But all doctrine of Christian life must follow the practical application of truth. In order to know what is true you must do what is right, for right conduct is the gate through which a knowledge of the truth comes.

A great many persons are quite overthrown by the

A great many persons are quite overthrown by the spectacle of society—the life of man, and its strange events and fallings out. Right is putdown, and wrong is uplield; goodness is imprisoned, and hatefulness is enthroned; those who deserve have everything taken enthroned; those who deserve have everything taken from them, and those who deserve not have everything heaped upon them superabundantly. These and ten thousand other intricacies in the spiritual life make men doubt whether there is anything in divine providence. This feeling of doubt existed as long ago as the time of the Jews. It was sadly sung in the time of the Psalms; and then it was not new. We find it expressed in the book of Job. It is there stated as fully, as conningly, as into in the writings of as cunningly, as ingeniously, as it is in the writings of any mystic or skeptical philosopher. It is one of those things which seem to have been born full at the beginning. Men, when they look at human affairs, and find them so mixed up, say, 'I do not believe there is any God guiding them.''

Yet more persons are thrown into amazement at the things which befall them individually—griefs, losses, hardships, disappointments, overthrows-and at the whole seeming thraidom of human life. When acting with the best intentions, men find themselves let sudwith the best intentions, men find themselves let suddenly down into the very worst experiences, and they say, "When I did not try to live right I was prospered; but now, when I do try to lead a pure and upright life, I am thwarted in everything I undertake. My neighbors, who know not how to use what they have, have everything; but I, who make it my constant study to put everything to the best use, have nothing." They who know not how to bear hardships, are weighed down with them, while they who are hardy and able to andure, seem to walk in ease and confort. They who endura, seem to walk in ease and comfort. The ought to have children have none, while they w utterly unfit, physically and morally, to have children, have their quiver full of them. They who seem pecu-liarly qualified to rear their children in such a way as to make them happy, and render them good members of society, have their children taken from them; while they who only seem fit to make their children miserable, and to destroy them, have their children continued to them. And men say, 'Now what does God deal with me in this way for?'' They thus bring these

things home as private grievances.

Let us ask, then, whether in this state of being, it is wise to expect knowledge enough to measure the events of life; whether ignorance is not, in the nature of things, more nearly circular and complete than knowledge; and whether a simple and child-like trust in God, and the revelations of the future, is not better than anxiety, skepticism, and morbidness of feeling? Let us proceed to see the steps of analogy which exist.

It is plain, now, I remark in the first place, that this physical globe has had its periods of development in such a way that if it had been possible for one to have

such a way that if it had been possible for one to have stood and witnessed the state of things at its creation, he could no more have told its drift and direction, or what was to come of it, than a botanist, standing and witnessing the sprouting of a seed which he had not seen before, and knew nothing about, could tell what that seed was going to bring forth. Cycles of years, ages of development, are revealed to us in the great, silent and unrecorded periods of geological history—carlier creations, carlier animal races, vegetable formations, the elevation of continents and islands the sinking of continents and islands, etc. We have evidence that there was a time when the very frame-work of this globe was being built, but out of what we do not know. We may conjecture: it is per-fectly safe to conjecture in a matter like this. When a man gets to reasoning about things which happened twenty or thirty thousand years past, he is on a large pasture-ground, and can run without danger of interference. I repeat, that if one could have stood and beheld the condition of things at the beginning of the world, he could not, unassisted, have given a guess as to what would follow. It would have been impossible for him, from what he saw, to form any idea of the coming future in respect to the physical globe. I merely glance at these facts, thought they are susceptible of being remarked upon at much greater susceptible of being remarked upon at much greater length. I refer to them because moral truths have certain analogues in the physical globe. The fact that I wish particularly to bring before your minds is that this world is developed in such a way that you never suspect the latter stages of its development from the

secondly—as a race, taking mankind collectively, man has always been subject to this same law of growth in knowledge. Human knowledge is developed in such a way that the earlier stages cannot pre-suppose the latter—in such a way that you cannot from the earlier periods look forward to the latter. Man was placed in the world, and left to find out what he could. God seems to have put nature before him, like a book, and said, "There—study—find out; I will tell you nothing;" and he never has told him anything. Everything that man has attained in respect to a knowledge of the natural world; all the knowledge he has acquired of physical nature or physical science, he has condition of the earlier ones.

hunted up himself; God did not give it to him. The acquisition by mankind of the knowledge at present in the world, has been the work of now more than three thomand years that man has thought of studying much. The human race, in this respect, is like our children. We do not think of putting them to school before they are the or four, and sometimes five or six years old, unless they are remarkably smart—and all children are. The beginning of curiosity in men many be dated back to some three thomsand years. They then began to study; and since then their progress in knowledge has been accelerated by accident and by necessities. It has been, then three thousand years into not they and year since men began to read this book of nature, which God made to be read and known.

One of the most remarkable features of creation is that nothing is told, and yet overything may be found out. But in science there is no revelation. The rocks are full of curious truth, but it never told man anything, even by a single blossom; the birds and beans, in their mysterious connections with the globe and each other, and in their relations to man, have strange teachings of truth, but with all their manifestions of life and physical pover they never taught man out does not be controlled to the control of the world was three thousand years and to link them out to solar system, and your are walking on the know about fluids and solids, all we know about the whole range of physical or natural sciences, we have had to pull out, thread and filament by thread and filament. God to world was three thousand years old before they are the order of the control of the process of the present." When you get away from the child out, thread and filament. God to world was three thousand years old before they are the order of the process of the present of the process o

ciple to which we have already referred—that of letting older

ciple to which we have already referred—that of letting men find out their own way.

The race for ages lived on the slenderest stock of knowledge. The prodigality of God in the way of men seems strange to those to whom anything seems living through periods of thousands of years, to evolve simple clements of knowledge. Oriental periods were employed to lay the foundation for knowledge. Things that were initiaten—then are revealed to us now. The Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, and those of the medieval ages, seem to have seen things but dimly, while we come near and see them clearly. We are permitted to look through into the treasury of knowledge. The things which form the science and wisdom of our days were gradual in their disclosure—they were slowly built up, and have come to us in a fragmentary state. So that the history of the race has been that of the person words, the meaning of which he has not show some things about the present, but standing in the midst of the twilight of time, able to know some things about the present, but standing in the midst of the twilight of time, able to know some things about the present, but standing in the midst of the twilight of time, able to know some things about the present, but standing in the midst of the twilight of time, able to know some things about the present, but standing in the midst of the twilight of time, able to know some things about the present, but standing in the midst of the twilight of time, able to know some things about the present, but standing in the midst of the twilight of time, able to know some things about the present, but standing in the midst of the twilight of time, able to know some things about the present, but standing the about the present that of say in so many words, such and such then about the present shut a parent to each then is so many words, such and such then is on many words, such men standing in the midst of the twilight of time, able to know some things about the present, but standing do just as the Bible does. They are obliged to teach before a great unrevealed future, materially changing and transforming them. They were yet ignorant, and would continue to be, simply because the future was was ripe and they were not. Christ said to those of his time, with reference to truths which he revealed. "You are not able to bear them yet;" and a thousand generations passed away before the average among men were able to understand the truths which we understand.

Thirdly—in all the grand events of life, in those pro-

that were of the least importance came up, they treated them as though they were of the greatest moment. The Apostle further says, "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things

small sphere, just the problems of human life in the great sphere over again; and every parent is obliged at children's immaturity, it is surprising that we never each step in rearing his children to do that which God sets providentially doing. I think that which God sets on the hildren's immaturity, it is surprising that we never children's immaturity, it is surprising that we never children's immaturity, it is surprising that we never children, and so our children's immaturity, it is surprising that we never chi You know that the root-leaves ripen, and even drop off, is the motto of the globe. Is it to the schools that the before the blossom-leaves come out. Now children at child goes? Not only, in general, is this fragmentary first are mere animals. The most absolute animals on the globe, I think, are these little pulpy children. but each separate branch of study, whether languages, They are, as they roll about, like sunfish floating or mathematics; and each science in the constellation They are, as they roll about, like sunish floating or mathematics; and each science in the constellation through the water—round, plump, and beautiful to of sciences, repeats, "First the seed, then the germ, look at, but good for nothing—absolutely nothing. I then the blade, and only at last the kernel, ripe in the will not say they are at zero—they are below zero. They seem to be the connecting link between nothing years, takes up a new language, he is met by the gramand something, and very faintly revealed at that, which says to him, as it does to the child, "Here, which says to him, as it does to the child, "Here, which says to him, as it does to the child, "Here, which says to him, as it does to the child, "Here, its perceptive intellectual powers; later in its reflective intellectual powers; and latest and last in its moral has the child does in mastering the same science. He ture. That hart nearest the ground, which is the anil, never can obtain a thorough knowledge of it till he ture. That part nearest the ground, which is the animal, grows first; that part just above the ground, in which the affections reside, grows next; that part which opens the understanding grows next; and that part which assimilates the child to spiritual beings

grows last.

There is some comfort in this, when you see how like little witches your children act sometimes. You think they are certainly bound for the jail or the gallows, until there comes to be an equilibration between the moral feelings and the lower propensities. You have seen children who were wild, and mischievous, and ugly, at home in the family, but who, when they arrived at twenty-five years of age, were not only discreet, temperate, sober, and wise, but good. The reason is this: the different parts of the child's being are unevenly developed, and are consequently without zrows last. are unevenly developed, and are consequently without balance. His animal nature, up to a certain period, termed the transition period, is predominant, and he is wild, and disorderly, and ugly—and the child's ugli-ness is oftentimes the parents' ignorance; but when he arrives at this period, the higher faculties exert an influence upon him, and regulate his conduct. He is then governed by new feelings, and he has a sense of character which he did not have when he was a boy. What we call the transition period, is that period when the moral element begins to exert a controlling influnce over the character; and this element, as we have

ence over the character; and this element, as we have already explained, is the latest to be developed.

Every parent is obliged to rear his children under this law of development, in the light of which he cannot expect them to act like responsible moral beings will the residual to which reference has till they arrive at the period to which reference has been made. The whole world says, the laws of our country say, that a man is not responsible till he twenty-one years old. Some, however, are not till they are much older, while others are when they are

much younger. The minds of some are nearer ripe when they are ten years old than the minds of others are when they are forty.

A great many things in human life cannot be understood by our children until they are separated from the family enough so that they are brought into their experience as matters of personal consciousness. A child perience as matters of personal consciousness. A child has to grow into knowledge by growing into personal experiences. You see this demonstrated every day. You are, for instance, sitting by the fireside, conversing with your dear. You are reasoning about a man for right living in this world. We know what are the

these matters.

There is nothing in the divine Book about this natural world. Everything is left for men to learn by old, or at any other age after they have arrived at years means of the powers with which they have been endowed. Some have objected to the book of revelation on this account. They say, for instance, "How much trouble and suffering might men have been spared if there had been a system of medicine laid down in this book. And what study and perplexity might they towards us. God says, "There are many things to be baye been even the fit only contained same hints about told unto you, but you cannot bear them yet?" and if there had been a system of medicine had down in this matters, and what study and perplexity might they have been saved, if it only contained some hints about told unto you, but you cannot bear them yet?" and if astronomy, and the other natural sciences." But the book of revelation acts, in these matters, on the principle of the child asks concerning things beyond his power of comprehension, the parent says, "Wait till you are

generations passed away before the average among men were able to understand the truths which we understand. Thirdly—in all the grand events of life, in those processes on which ages have turned, men have been profoundly ignorant. It may be said, almost without exaggeration, that the things on which the wisest men have expected and predicted the most, 'have, in the turn of events, ages and nations, proved the most beneficial; and that out of the things that have seemed the least likely to lead to such a result, that have been the least likely to lead to such a result, that have been the least suspected of doing so, and that have been the has placed before us things of which we have the analogues in ourselves, or in our experience. In teaching your children, you have to go into their play-houses, and make use of the things you find the wise." That is, when those who are regarded as wise by the world, set their heads to work to interpret the problems of ages, and, after they have fixed them up so as to satisfy their own minds, say. "That is truth." God says, meanwhile, "Since I have created all things and known the whole from the beginning, I determine that such and such things are *truths." When the really important things came up, men passed them by as worthless; and on the other hand, when the things that were of the least importance came up, they treated them as though they were of the greater model that such and such the greater model them as though they were of the greater model them as though they were of the greater model. they say, "it is very grand, very grand; but it is such a collection of histories, and stories, and narratives, that it is not much of a book, after all." But in givclouds and mists, so imperfect and mixed up with fun-ciful conceptions are the ideas of children in respect to truths relating to the sphere of manhood.

It is a case for wonder to see how a man will go into

a controversy with God and divine providence, and fall into great difficulties about the system of God's the weak things of the world to confound the things a controvers with rough and difficulties about the system of God's things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not''—that is, to our senses—'to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence.''

But descending from the large toward the individual of hah, gives him great trouble, and yet he goes home life. I remark, fourthly, that the whole experience of every day and does the same, and says, 'I know my individual life is such that knowledge must be frag-individual life is such that knowledge must be frag-mentary, gradual, and however much, yet must always our own children have pressed us with questions just wait for the future for anything like a full develop-like those with which we are exercised towards God, ment. Every parent rearing his children finds, in a and when we see how childish their questions are, and small sphere, just the problems of human life in the that answering them is impossible, and is so from the

that the child does in mastering the same science. He has become familiar with its elementary principles.

Or is it into the shop that the child goes? Is he to learn a mechanic trade, in which a man's head and hands are in partnership? The process of learning is the same. He has to begin in fragmentary things. If he is going to make a chair, manufacture a hat, build a house, or construct a boat, he has to master the elements of his trade before he can attain the result at which he

aims.
Or is it a profession upon which he is to enter? Is he going to become a civilian, or a clergyman, or a physician, or an artist? The same conditions meet

him at every single step. Be children. Learn first a little. In that little wait, you must, for the gradual more; and, at best, you can know but a part.

Take a man of activity of mind wild knows and feels how fragmentary knowledge is, and how vastly does it spread out before him! I think that men in this world are like a pismic reported. are like a pismire running up on one of the pyramids of Egypt, going to take a prospest. The little insect creeps, and creeps, and creeps, a whole day, and only gets up a very short distance compared with the whole height of the structure, and he is so surrounded by bits height of the structure, and he is so surrounded by bits of stones, and other objects which adhere to its side, that he cannot see anything. So he creeps on and on, and he may, perhaps, in the course of a week, get half way up to the top, if the wind does not happen to blow him off, and no other accident befalls him; and then he cannot see anything, for he finds himself behind a crevice, or in a crack. Now he creeps and creeps again in another directions and how long do you suppose it vice, or in a crack. Now he creeps and creeps again in another direction; and how long do you suppose it will take him to get so high that he can look over all the world! and when he does, what is an ant's judgment about this world good for? He cannot think anything more than an ant is made to think.

I think that men are creeping up the sides of pyramidal truths assing but little when they are part way up,

I think that men are creeping up the sides of pyramidal truths, seeing but little when they are part way up, and when they are at the very top, still seeing but little. And yet how concetted are men in respect to their knowledges; and from out the windows of these partially known truths, how do they dogmatize and despotize in respect to their fellow-men. If there is anything more respect to their fellow-men.

qualities required to make manhood. We know what is the direction in which we are to grow, and what are the materials out of which our growth must come. Thou shall love the Lord by God with all the heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, and thy heighbor as thyself." Here is God's highway. We have got on the turnpike road. Do you want anything further? Then listen: "Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are brough, whatsoever things are of good report; all there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Where is your metaphysics? Where is

the things which we are most proud about, are the very things in view of which we ought to be clothed in the most humility; and that those things which we are most apt to regard as despicable, and to call common, are the very things which are of the most importance, while those which we are most apt to regard as of the greatest moment, are of trifling importance. In nothing are the truths of this world systematic and disclosive. They are not so in the department of science, and they are still less so in that of ethics. Men have not the knowledge required for understanding God's providential events. They are not to be morally explained. We have nothing to justify us in supposing that, with any amount of study, man will be able to understand them. But we know enough to aim toward eternity; we know how to be true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report. We know all these things; but mon despise them because they are so low. If, however, you tell them about how God was made, and how he made the universe, they hold up their leads as if they knew everything. But they do not know anything; they are deader than ant's eggs under ground.

Men cannot see why things take place as they do.

In the truths of this world according to that if he had not dealt with us so, we would have seet that if he had not dealt with us so, we would have seet that if he had not dealt with us so, we would have seet that if he had not dealt with us so, we would have seet that if he had not dealt with us so, we would have seet that if he had not dealt with us so, we would have seet that if he had not dealt with us so, we would have seet that if he had not dealt with us so, we would have seet that if he had not dealt with us so, we would have seet that if he had not dealt with us so, we would have seet that if he had not dealt with us so, we would have seet that if he had not dealt with us so, we would have seet that if he had not dealt with us so, we would have seet that if he had not dealt with us so, we would have seet nder ground.

Men cannot see why things take place as they do.

because wise reasons are always relative to the end to be gained. The voyage which a ship is going to make the object of which I suppose we will not know till the will determine everything that is done while she is end of life. A man plants a grape vine. He is going lying at the wharf. What a house is to be will determine what its foundations are to be; and the foundations are to be; and the foundations are to be where the suppose we will not know till the end of life. A man plants a grape vine. He is going lying at the wharf. What a house is to be will determine what its foundations are to be; and the foundations are to be; and the foundations are to be where the suppose we will not know till the object of which I suppose we will not k mine what its foundations are to be; and the foundations will determine what the house is to be. We do not know precisely what our being will be in the away. The vine, pondering upon the treatment it has future, though we know in general. I know in general what the Aurora Borealis is. If you press the question as to what it is, I say, "It is a bank you the question as to what it is, I say, "It is a bank you ask, "What is it made of?" you have me there. If you urge me to explain the cause of it. I can only tell you that I do not know. It would be utter madness for me to attempt to tell. I growing with a vengence. I have struggled on for two

the right way, are to touch up the imagination, and awaken expectation, rather than to convey definite awaken expectation, rather than to convey definite knowledge. God says, "Here am I, in heaven; this is your home;" and he keeps these truths finshing and glowing, simply that we may see which way to steer; and it is only by steering in the direction which they point, that we can find them out, fully; for Scripture says, "It doth not yet appear what ye shall be;" but it declares that we shall be partakers of the Divine Nature. What that participation is no man knows or can know; but who has such a knowledge of God as to be able to judge whether any course in life is adapted be able to judge whether any course in life is adapted to bring us to that God?

Did you ever see a power-loom? If you never did, do not go to Lowell, or any other place where this is one in operation, without seeing it. I never saw one but what I thought it ought to vote. A thing with a great deal of intelligence, and without brains, is better the see that the second of the ter than a thing with a great deal of brains, and with-out intelligence. Up there are the cords, and down here is the carpet, which, like God's events, is being rolled up as fast as it is made. Let a man look at those small cords—those pieces of pasteboard filled with holes—and attempt to tell what pattern the carpet is to the carpet, and yet, by looking at them, you can form no idea as to what that pattern will be. All you can see of the carpet itself, as it is being rolled up, is little breads, shooting, first this way, and then the other. Now God is rolling up out of our sight the carpet which is being wrought through his providence in this world, and the events which transpire here are mere punctured cards. We know what these quills are which carry back and forth the thread of which the carpet is made, but of the pattern of the fabric we are ignorant. We know that we are being moved forward in this life by a mighty force, and that events are tak-

in this life by a mighty force, and that events are taking place, and that they are working out some great end, but what that end is to be we cannot tell: we have not the means of telling.

A painter undertakes to paint a portrait of my friend. When he has drawn the outline of the head, I say, 'You have the right idea.' 'After he has laid on the dead coloring, I say, 'I think I see what you are going to do,' I step into his studio just after he has marked out the features, and I say, 'That's coming it. Why, you have made wonderful progress since I was here last.' And when he has put on the finishing touches I say, 'Ah I that is my friend exactly. You have done just what I thought you were going to do.' I know what is going to be the result, because I know the man he is painting.

But we will suppose that an artist is painting the portrait of a man whom I do not know. He says to me, when he has the outlines drawn, 'I am painting the portrait of an eminent man; do you not think it is like him?' I say, 'I do not know whether it is like him

portrait of an eminent man; do you not think it is like him? "I say, "I do not know whether it is like him or not. It is a fine-looking head that you have marked out there; but whether it is like anybody or not I cannot say," When he has the nose wrought out, I say, "That 's a fine feature, but whether it is like the original or not I cannot tell." When the portrait is finished, I say, "I cannot judge as to the fidelity of the likeness; all I know is, that it is a splendid picture." Now we are being finshloned in the image of God. God is painting us; and he holds in his hands all the colors of the experience of human life; but who can tell what is the form of God, or the nature of God? Yes, God is painting us. We are his canvas; but into what we are being wrought we do not know. All that we know is, that the pigments are truth, justice, love, kindness, mercy, patience, courage, faith, hope, and long-suffering. We know that these are the elements he is using, but what the result is to be we are unable to decide. We know that the events of life which are taking place every morning, noon and night, are so

or, as it were, to repair our meddling. When a sick person calls his physician, there are two things which the physician has to do: first, he attempts to cure the patient of the disease; secondly, when convalescence comes on, he has to watch the patient's capriciousness, nervousness, and imprudence; for the moment sick people begin to get well, they have vagrant desires; they wish to get to business before their strength will warrant; they long for articles of food and drink which warrant; they long for articles of food and drink which they ought not to have. After the physician has cured the disease, he has to continue his care to meet the interference of the rashness of the patient in his own case. I think many of the things which take place in this world are occasioned by our imprudences and vagrant desires. God is obliged to take some means of meeting the unhealthy evolutions of our experience. We cannot perceive this interference on our own part. We cannot distinguish between the things which are nade necessary by our own special ignorance or carelessness. God knows the difference between them, but we do not, and cannot. No fineness of knowledge, no clearness of discrimination, can teach, which no philosophy can teach, which no argument that wisdom which has its beginning in the fear of God, reverence, and love, and trust, which—are not of supremest wisdom,

tells us what things have done it, when we get into the kingdom of heaven!

Many of God's dealings with us respect results that do not appear in this world. We seem to be wonderfully wrought with? and without any apparent drift; the leave year he gain that I do not know. It says, "You are being the statement in general; but if you ask me to explain the whys and wherefores concerning it, I say, "I do not know. It says, "You are to be sons of God." What me statement in general; but if you ask me to explain the whys and wherefores concerning it, I say, "I do not understand them." It says, "You are to be sons of God." What me where it is cut better it is at bottom of the trellis. "Now," says the vine, "you must grow from those." Then it takes a new start, and throws out shoots in every direction. These are trimmed off, and thinned out, from time to know the something great. All prophecies are like in orthern lights. All revelations are to point men to the right way, are to touch up the imagination, and large fine bunches of fruit. Wow the vine laughs at These are trimmed off, and thinned out, from time to time, and in the course of six years, it has been led up so that it covers the whole trellis. There is just the right amount of buds upon it; it is alive and vigorous in every part; and it has been trained into a beautiful form. And what is more, it bears; it is loaded with large fine bunches of fruit. Now the vine laughs at itself, and says, "What a fool I was!" as it looks upon its rich clusters of grapes and conjuge box much an its rich clusters of grapes, and realizes how much su-perior it is to what it would have been had it not been subjected to this thorough course of training. Ah! it is only when, in heaven, you look at the rich clusters of fruit that have resulted from the trials, and

disappointments, and sorrows, and sufferings, which you have experienced in this life, that you can see why you were called to experience these things. Then you will say, "I thank God. Whom he loves he prunes and purges, that every branch may give forth more fruit."

fruit."

But I cannot give half the applications I had intended to give. I have enough noted down to keep me talking till twilight. There is one thing, however, of which I desire to speak before I close. It is the folly of those who have finished and rounded up their notions of truth, and got an explanation for everything. If there are any men who are too dry to live, they are those who have their truth all fixed, and figured out, and who say of a man who has not such asstematic views. who say of a man who has not such systematic views, "He is all afloat." Now I think that a man whose views of truth are not fixed, but who holds himself in readiness to receive whatever truth is presented to him, is like a living tree that is all open to the stimulating influences of the air; and I think that a man who has got all his truths fixed, is like a tree after it has been cut and split up into cord-wood-it is dead, and dry.

There are men who think they understand the system of the universe. They have got up early and found out all about God. They will bring their book, and tell you exactly how he was made, what his decrees are, and what his purposes are; and if you do not believe and what his purposes are; and if you do not believe what they say, they will damn you—they will swing around the scythe of their zeal, and cut you in pieces. They know all about heaven and earth. They have They know all about heaven and earth. They have their fences built and their lines drawn in regard to all these matters. They do not know so much about love—that is only a morality; they do not know so much about patience—that, too, is a moral afflir; they do not know so much about gentleness—that belongs to sentimental piety; they do not know so much about long-suffering—any moralist can tell you about that. But about the everlasting truths of this universe; about truths that radiate from the heart of the universal God; about the truths that endless ages shall not reveal, and that we shall not be able to understand till we have outgrown these mortal parts and experiences—about these, they are not only conceitedly positive, but des-potic. Deliver me from a man who knows more than God does. Deliver me from these conceited theologies that claim to unravel all the mysteries of God's uni-

verse.

I do not think a man is in danger of knowing too much; but I think we ought to take every step we do take in the direction of knowledge, in humility. And you may know when you are making real progress in knowledge by this: every advance step you take in knowing will make you feel that you know less and less. If you feel that you know more and more, rest assured that you are deluded. The more you know, the more tolerant will you be, and the more will you become like God.

likeness; all I know is, that it is a splendid picture."

Now we are being fashioned in the image of God.
God is painting us; and he holds in his hands all the colors of the experience of human life; but who can tell what is the form of God, or the nature of God?
Yes, God is painting us. We are his canvas; but into what we are being wrought we do not know. All that we know is, that the pigments are truth, justice, love, kindness, mercy, patience, courage, faith, hope, and long-suffering. We know that these are the elements he is using, but what the result is to be we are unable to decide. We know that the events of life which are taking place every morning, noon- and night, are so many touches on the canvas; but we know not what we are to be when perfected, because we never saw the model on which we are being formed.

Many of the things which God does, I remark further, arise from the interference, in this world, of our irritable agency. Many of the things which come upon us or, as it were, to repair our meddling. When a sick person calls his physician, there are two things which is a plendid picture."

Lie more tolerant will you be, and the more will you become like God.

A young villager residing west of the Alleghanies, who does not dream but what he has seen the whole world, he die is travelling east. On rising the first spur of the Alleghanies, who does not dream but what he has seen the whole will, and the is attonished, and says, "I had n't seen all the world, had I? Now I have, thought." He ascends another spur of the Alleghanies, who does not dream but what he has seen the whole will, and the is attonished, and says, "I had n't seen all the world, had I? Now I have, thought." He ascends another spur of the Alleghanies, who does not dream but what he has seen the whole will, and he is astonished, and says, "I had n't seen the little hier sent the little file of the lings of the Alleghanies, who does not dream but what he has seen the whole will, and he less attonished, and says, "I had n't seen the litt to see that I cannot take in the whole world at one view. I can now only see the horizon on one side, and even that stretches away far beyond anything I could have imagined." He goes up, step by step, till at last he reaches some bold crag, which overlooks both the east and the west. Now he is dumbfounded; and he says, "What a fool I was." He has not anything like so much confidence in his knowledge of the extent of the world as he had at first. He says, "I thought I knew everything; but I find I don't know anything." Now as a man goes up in knowledge, he is more and