

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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The Sabbath Morning Discourses
OF REV. EDWIN H. CHAPIN AND HENRY WARD
BEECHER, are reported for us by the best Phonographers
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PAPER.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN

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

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURN AND LOMB.

TEXT.—If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things
which are above.—Colossians iii. 1.

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 the fallen Adam. He desires, not literally of heaven and earth, but estimates from above as compared with estimates from below. The good as contrasted with the 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 Christians, then, and it is an exhortation fitted to Christians and everybody now.

But I wish especially, in this discourse, to call your attention to the spiritual 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 Easter 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 resurrection of any man, is not the change of his position, 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 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 state of existence in which we are freed from the bondage of the flesh. We believe that there we shall discover 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 shall bathe in the stream of uncreated being, and dwell in the eternal noon of God.

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 sometimes 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 elaborateness 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 resurrection, we associate all that implies deliverance from sensual frailty and blindness. Whatever may be its external scenery, or surrounding glories, its accessories will derive their harmony and plan, not so 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 would 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 resurrection 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 do 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 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 hair do not make any change in the real substance, in the real 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 last by some external intimations, rather than by any internal consciousness.

And yet, my hearers, the man of the most serene 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 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 compulsion to a man to say he is just the same at forty years of age, as he was when he was only twenty. 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 mingle with that great mystery, known its duties and responsibilities, and is just the same! I ask if any man can suppose that he can live, and the spiritual depths within him be utterly unbroken, and unmoved,

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 sadder 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 depressed the tide-mark of his thoughts. Now, for instance, 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. 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 announcement 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 the crisis of a great and sudden resolution, when a man awakes 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 he is! 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 world to me now;" to whom the world, perhaps, has grown tasteless and worthless because their souls are crowded 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; whatever 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 things 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 Peter and James and John, with no world wider than the Galilean Lake, and with no theatre of action upon that world of more importance than a fisherman's boat. "Then they changed," we are told, "and they became preachers of the Gospel." They were changed, and they were fitted for their great work. The scales fell from the eyes of Peter—the scales of 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 apocalyptic 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 the nations and kingdoms shall have passed away, and thrones and principalities shall have tottered and crumbled into dust. Think of the power that came over the Jew and the Pagan when Christianity 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 his sin; think if that was not a resurrection and the essential significance of Christ's resurrection. That same resurrection takes place now, when from selfishness, selfishness and indifference, we awake to spiritual realities, and live as though heaven were around us and God were 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 too 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 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 which comes over a man when he receives 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 realizes 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 carrying 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 merely symbol. The essence itself, the resurrection, is the resurrection of 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 scenery, 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, 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 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 being; not very forcible, I say, so far as it is furnished proof of another world. But take it in another view, and I think it is one of the most astonishing analogies and proofs of immortality that you can furnish, old and true as it is; for the great truths were struck first from the human intellect. The old wise man said about the best things that have been said, when they made that analogy of the butterfly they spoke a great truth. They did not prove by it another world, so much as they proved a change of state, sur-

rounded by the same conditions. Look at it; the butterfly is in the same world as the worm from which 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 fulfilled.

But observe, further, that I am not refining away the literal fact; I do not deny the literal resurrection, but the process answering to the resurrection. 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 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 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 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 steady 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 Jesus spoke triumphant from his sepulchre first breaks upon us when we rise from scenes of sin, and go forth into that transcendent vision of unworried 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 finally 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 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 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 unworldly life, and daily, and Christian life, has really more of life within him than the man who is grooved of worldly wisdom, the servant of his appetite, and wound up in selfishness.

I suppose it is a quality of all truth, is it not?—of all goodness—that when it gets familiar to the mind 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 his essential vitality. So with the physical part of man; it is true that the drunkard, the sensualist, the slave of his passions, has not so much life in him as the man whose faculties are all clear, and whose habits are all steady. The intellectual man, who has more life in him than the fool, who has more life in him than the miserly selfish man, who draws nourishment only through one golden tube? Life! This is the essential difference between men. Clothes, rank, social position, are rags and nonsense compared with the essential quality and quantity of man's being. It is the reward of the effort of truth and goodness that man thus acquires a new life. The more acquaintance a man gets with facts the more he lives. The more he knows of the past and the present the more is his life extended. He holds the treasure of nature in his own being. He lives the past again; he is Plato and Newton, he is Shakespeare and Channing; his mind sweeps the wide orb of Saturn, and Nature, the splendor of the Pleiades glitters in his thoughts. The more he sympathizes with excellence, the more he goes out from 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. Surely that is the very profoundest punishment of sin, the very white-hot and scorching point of hell, to grow mean, poor, shallow in your very being, to narrow 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 gone into communion with Christ, and who has risen with him, has more life. Then again, he who has risen with Christ, 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 glory, and innumerable blessings, nor the examples of true and holy life. They are of the earth, earthly; their 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 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 truths, outward success eclipses inward principle. This runs into nations; it is only inward 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 moral 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 giant 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 eloped tumble over ancient landmarks; 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 selfish policies down, making their lives to speak as do the epiphanies that break out from the tombs of the early heroes and martyrs, who knew why they lived and for what they died. This is

the characteristic of the individual who has a part in the spiritual resurrection; he knows why he lives. A great many do not know, and probably do not care. He knows the real condition and essential of living. His movements are from the soul, from the basis of eternal sanctity.

And so I observe that he who has risen with Christ has a new sphere of existence, a new compass of being. In other words, he already realizes immortality; it is a present fact to him, and he realizes it now. Such a man has a deep interest in the resurrection of Jesus Christ; it has a deep significance for him, because he feels the truth of it, other men only reason about it. There is a philosophical argument for the resurrection. I think it is a good one, and I have endeavored to urge it here at times. It is an argument which comes from man's own nature, and from his fitness for immortality. But it is one thing to believe upon argument, and another thing to believe upon consciousness, to feel that you are immortal. And all true Christians and believers in Christ feel that; they know it because they are one with Christ. Oh, how that appeared to the early 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 Plato spoke of it, and Cicero sat weeping for his daughter in his old age, and weeping for his daughter in his old age. 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—had 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 epiphanies there. There were the philosophers and 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 bid me farewell, and I applaud me. Another says, 'Indulgences ruin the constitution, but they make us live; 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 epiphanies of the Christians. On the one side, "Let him sleep." On the other—"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, "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 epiphanies, which taught that death should be met with stoic firmness—that was all, with perhaps here and there a point of faith. Yet here is the poor mother, who lays down her babe in the grave, and says it sleeps in peace. Or here is one who says, "Here lies the virgin, slain by the arrow of persecution, but she sleeps in Jesus." It is a sleep that knows an awakening, a short life that breaks into a glorious morning. I say that is the characteristic everywhere. With the one immortality may be an opinion, but with the other it is a conviction, and he realizes it now.

All I have to ask is, that you would know the power and significance of Christ's resurrection. Then rise with him; rise in his spirit. Not only believe that there is another world, not only believe that we shall pass through the gateways of death to another state, but believe in the spirit which rises with Christ, both now and hereafter. Wherever you take in the spirit of Jesus with tenderness, with love, with submission to the divine will, and with self-sacrifice, there you rise with him. Here [it was Communion Sabbath, and the speaker, pointed to the table.] stand the symbols of Jesus Christ; not to be sure, in fact, but the poured-out wine, and the broken bread, too. When you take in the full significance of these symbols, they speak to you of all that tenderness and purity, that spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, which was the characteristic of our Saviour. Do you need these in your lives? Or are you strong without Christ's sacrifice, amid the temptations of the world? Are you too good to come to the communion-table? For, as I have said over and over again, too bad you cannot be. Come; let any one who is bad come, for he needs it. Let all who feel the need of help come and rise in the spirit of Jesus, rise in his strength, and then you will get the real significance of the resurrection of Christ. You will get the power over death, and over sin, and over the sting of death. Come into communion with him, and amid the psalms 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 FLORA.

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

Oh 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,
I might falter on my way,
Come those gentle, loving voices,
Speaking of a brighter day.

Telling me that life is holy,
Faithful I must be below;
Then, my earthly mission ended,
Joy celestial I may know.

When the sunshine lights my pathway,
And the sky above is clear,
Bidding me be grateful ever,
Angelic voices still I hear.

When my soul, from earth retiring,
Unto spheres of light would rise,
Must sweet, from harp angelic,
Steal o'er me from the skies.

Oh, that music softer, sweeter
Than the music of the earth;
We shall hear those strains celestial
Usher in our spirit's birth.

EAST MIDWAY, MASS.

It is now getting to be the custom with some papers at the North to publish the sermons of some of the ablest preachers, who are taken photographically from their own lips. This enables those who are prevented by distance or pecuniary matters from hearing them, to read them at a very reasonable rate. The "Banner of Light" contains two weekly, delivered by Henry Ward Beecher and Edwin H. Chapin; also lectures by many other eminent persons. This paper is sold at Taylor's Sun-Building, on Fridays and Saturdays, and the reader gets for a few cents what their hearers pay \$50 for.—Baltimore Patriot.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HONORIA;

OR,

THE SPANISH DOUBLOON.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CHAPTER I.

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, unsuited to 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 decrepit 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 wall without, a wistful sadness overspreading her face and softening her eyes. She was not beautiful—this lonely, neglected child—she 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 cronies, 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 quadron 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 by her child, and after lingering 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 furrowed overcoat, buttoned to the throat. This was the work-house 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; "it's three years since I seen her; grewed 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.

"Rosalia Phillips."

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

"Of course not; you hint 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, Rosalia 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, perhaps, 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 Rosalia, 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, Rosalia 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 scruples 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 freedom 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 almost shape, and crystal transparency from the African 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 tiger at a raffish!

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 glance 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 death!

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 not a little; but on Brownell's desiring her to re-

main, the younger of the two devoted himself exclusively to her, while the trader and his acquaintance conversed together. Honoria's companion, Mr. St. George, a resident of New Orleans, was a brilliant conversationalist; and unaware that her rank was betrayed, Honoria had never appeared to greater advantage. There was a perfect congeniality of tastes between them; and gradually unbending from her reserve, she appeared in her true light as a refined, cultivated, attractive girl, who would make a most interesting and fascinating woman.

So charming was she, now that her repellent manner was laid aside, and she no longer acted upon the defensive, that his noble nature, which would 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 unhappy fate, rendered doubly so by her great superiority 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 awaiting an invitation from her. Instantly a change passed over her—she drew herself up loftily, and returned to her original state, as she coldly replied:

"I neither visit, nor receive visitors."

For the ranking iron that had been briefly lifted, fell upon her soul again with redoubled weight. In that moment she loathed herself for being what she was, and could have taken her life for forgetting her bondage, and being lured into such happiness as the last hour had afforded. But meeting her companion's look of surprise and wounded feeling, after a moment's hesitation she yielded to an uncontrollable impulse; 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 completely enthralled his senses, and exceeded his ideal of graceful command and majestic nobility as this slave-girl of seventeen. No sooner was she gone, than turning to Brownell, he exclaimed:

"She is fit for a crown—I must make her mine! What price do you ask? Heavens! to think of that elegant girl being an article of merchandise, at the mercy of the highest bidder!"

"Not exactly that, either," replied Brownell, repeating her threat in case of compulsion. "And she'll 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 ignorant of the fact that her situation was known to the gentlemen, leaving the rest to the ingenuity of her admirer. And let us do him justice; his heart was really touched, for the first time, with pure, honorable love. He would have given all he possessed, had she been even the lowest white girl; then he smiled in scorn, that one in whom no more perceptible trace of base blood lingered than in the veins of his own aristocratic mother, should be a slave, and classed with the darkest of her race, because generations ago she had had a dusky ancestress. Could he have concealed her origin, he would gladly have chosen her for his wife, beside whom all her disdainful European sisters waned and faded. But this was impossible, and yet she must be rescued from the dreary future that would inevitably follow.

This interview was but the commencement of many others, until at length St. George formally declared his love. A pang shot through Honoria's heart at this long-dreaded conclusion of an acquaintance too sweet and pure to be ended before. Withdrawing the hand he had gently taken, she replied in a voice calm with benumbing anguish:

"I should have prevented this unhappiness to both of us, which I foresaw. Alas! guilty creature, I bring only a curse on him I would bless above all others."

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

"Oh! do not despise me when you hear all," she cried; then, in sudden despair, "but you will—you 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 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 acquaintance," was his calm reply. 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 moment, and then said slowly, as if scarce comprehending his words:

"And you know 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 proof against such superhuman love!"

And in that hour she professed herself ready to follow him the world through, to die for him, and, what 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 eyes of Heaven all races are equal, and that the solemn vow of marriage, pronounced by whomever, 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 knelt in childlike faith. That by the voice of his 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 her, himself. Honoria's conscience was now satisfied; and blest in the devotion of him who worshiped her heaven high, and hope hereafter, she formed her idol blindly, living but in the present, taking no heed of the past, and no thought for the future.

CHAPTER III.

Thus time fled, and four years passed away. The same deep affection existed as at first, only strengthened by constant association. But the birth of a

daughter, which had brought joy to the parents in one sense, had also brought sorrow and commiseration. For this lovely little one, who was as a sunbeam in their dwelling, must ever lead a lonely, isolated life, under the curse of society's ban; there was no bright future for her—no acknowledgment from her fellow mortals, that she was a human being with a living, thinking soul, and a nature demanding sympathy and love.

Often did St. George realize sadly that his beautiful wife, for such he named her even in thought, would never have any other associate in the wide world save him; that his haughty mother would not contaminate herself by suffering her robe to come in contact with Honoria, and that, even this child, his child, in whom was a portion of her own proud blood, would be spurned from the sight of its eternal relative.

All this while 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 were too happy in affection to be troubled for the future; yet, though Honoria sometimes feared these summer days would too unintermittently for a long continuance, as no clouds appeared in the horizon, she banished such sombre thoughts as soon as they presented themselves. St. George, immediately on purchasing her, had made out her free papers, but on account of her extreme sensitiveness had never mentioned the fact, so that she still supposed herself a slave. With a hatred too deep for words she regarded the whole African race, and though a generous, 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 society. Something of an exquisite, and a good deal 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 because she considered his admiration of herself too evidently expressed for respect or politeness; but as St. George enjoyed his society, she made no mention of her annoyance. But Maxwell, although obliged 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 presents; the child also shrank from him, and he finally desisted in the pursuit, inwardly vowing that the proud Quadroon should be his ere long, cost what it might. In despair of accomplishing his wishes, he at length grew desperate, and one day paid a visit to Honoria while St. George was absent. He had lately altered so much in his manner toward her, that she felt willing to treat him more cordially. Delighted at this favorable change, Maxwell, whose ideas were not particularly clear on this occasion, forgot all reason, and wildly avowed his love, imploring her to listen favorably.

Perceiving his slightly intoxicated state, and shocked beyond all measure, Honoria rose to leave the room; but grasping her hand, he forcibly detained her, reiterating his protestations and entreaties. Her situation was distressing, for she dared not call the servants lest they should learn her secret from him, and could not escape from this unpleasant scene without so doing. While she thus stood, undecided what course to pursue, the door opened, and St. George, entering, beheld Maxwell in his attitude of supplication, clasping both her hands, firmly, and pouring forth his evidently unwelcome entreaties. While Maxwell sprang to his feet, St. George was motionless with amazement. They 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 as Maxwell recovered himself, he glared fiercely at his companion, hissing between his teeth:

"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 the next morning. Honoria, deceived by his calm 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 excellent shot; so hoping 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 unprotected 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 bent down to kiss her. As he did so, a bright smile flitted over her face, and she murmured his name, for she was dreaming of a pleasant incident of long ago. Hastily bidding her a silent farewell, he hurried 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 eyes, and feebly smiling, muttered brokenly: "Poor child! who will protect you now!"

Frankly she demanded that aid should be summoned; but he answered, "Too late," and her despairing cry of unbelief was silenced by the assurance of those present that it was but the truth.

When that conviction forced itself upon her, she excluded every one from the apartment, and supporting 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 falling breath was lost to her agonized perception. With strange composure she twined the thick golden rings of his silky hair around her finger, and gazed eagerly upon

him, as if to make him wholly hers until greedy death should take him from her sight forever. Presently he raised his still, clear blue eyes, and faintly said: "You will not endure that most horrible of all sufferings, my precious one. You are free; the papers are in my private desk. Our child—"

"Do you wish to see her?"

"No; it would injure her, and agitate—ah! this is death!" he added, as a sudden pang seized him, and the mortal rattle increased. For one brief space Honoria was roused from her apathy of despair. Clinging wildly to him, she uttered a startled shriek:

"Ceil! Ceil! you shall not, must not die. Ah! do not leave me alone! You cannot part from me—not yet! Ceil! speak to me! Oh, merciful God! he is dying—dying!"

And shuddering, weeping, she clasped him closer, hiding her face on his bosom like a terrified child. But seeing the agony of his face, she hushed her heartbreaking sobs, and not another moan passed her lips. Thus the silent moments glided on, and still she gazed steadily into the fast glazing eyes that were fixed on her with the devoted expression they had ever worn, she had never seen them otherwise for five years. Then came the ashen hue, the failing breath.

"Honoria," he whispered as she bent over him, "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 shrank 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 comprehended 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 softness to his wonderful, luxuriant beauty. Deep as had been the mother's love before, a new spring gushed up, and mingled its bitter sweet waters with the original fount.

As Honoria opened her jewel-case, to take thence a picture which would never leave her neck from that hour, she saw a little note addressed to herself in St. George's handwriting. She hurriedly opened it; the date was that of the night before; the contents stated that, in case of his death, fearful lest, by some cruel artifice, she might be deprived of, or delayed in obtaining possession of the provision he designed for her, he had enclosed a check for the amount, thus placing it in her power to claim her own, and advising that she should draw it as speedily as possible in the event of his decease. The sum was one hundred thousand dollars.

A thrill of agony swept over her, that this proof of protecting love in him who was gone, should be the sole substitute for his living, sustaining presence and support. Hard, cold coins for her stay in this dark world, in place of his encircling arm! Yet torn with anguish as she was, the thought that she must nerve herself, and gather up every energy for the sake of their child—his precious child—brought a collected, composed self-reliance of heart and brain. It seemed awful, that while he was yet lying in his sleep in the next chamber, she should steal forth on such an errand; but there were duties to the living, and it was the last counsel of him whose lightest word had ever been a law to her.

None saw her depart, or return, while the thick veil she wore precluded the possibility of recognition. The check was paid, after a close scrutiny, and comparison with the signature of St. George in the possession of the banker, and with the precious package she returned to her desolate home. That night she spent beside the still cherished form which had held the soul of her idol. Clasping the icy hand, resting her head on the same dreamless pillow, for the last time. On the morrow he would be carried from her sight forever; his proud mother, who would not come under this despoiled roof, had directed that the empty tenement of her son's spirit should be brought to her dwelling, thus keeping up the distinctions of caste even in the court of death.

When morning dawned, she severed some curls from his temples, and smiled with sad triumph, to observe that his marriage ring had, since first placed on his finger, become immovably secure in the little channel it had worn. No haughty mother, or careless attendant, could wrest from its place that little shining token of an union as golden as its emblem. Honoria now brought Lily to gaze for the last time on her father, enjoining her never to forget his features, and then, alone with the dead, took her own final, solemn farewell.

From the leaden pressure of lonely grief which was fast plunging her into fatal apathy again, Honoria was roused with startling force. She and her child were claimed by the heirs of St. George as their property! Having heard from his dying lips that she was free, the helpless wife had not thought to look for her papers, or inquire about the will. The letter, she was told, directed that the money she already held in secret, should be paid her; but as no mention was made of her freedom, and no documents to that effect were found, this passed for nothing, and the sum as well as herself, were claimed 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 have committed suicide, and even now, an insane desire continually tempted her to clasp little Lily in

her arms, and seek eternal oblivion in the dark blue waters for them both. But reason did not entirely give way, and she was restrained. We cannot die when we will, and she had yet to "dread her world." She had yet to learn the extent of human capacity to bear sorrow and maddening fate.

When grown a little calmer, Honoria could not believe but that her free papers would be found; but as day after day passed, with no such result, the first frantic terror returned. Once only did she see her mistress—his mother—who owned her son's wife and 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 of the apartment assigned Honoria, and gazing into the courtyard 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 her eye, she was unconscious of all save its wonderful beauty. Then came the sudden recollection, the 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 relic of her idolized son, she impulsively advanced 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 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 earnest 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 impassable 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 dello newly-opened fount of tenderness, and both mother and child were classed in the same scale of being as formerly—mere animate creatures.

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 disposed of, was placed upon the stand with her child. But a deathly faintness chilled her as she 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 to her dilated eyes. In accordance with the suggestions, Honoria was offered singly. Although starting with a high bid, there was no lack of competition, but a rapid increase, until only three were left to contend the point. Honoria gazed in dismay upon them—one was the person who had objected most loudly to purchasing her child; another was evidently not the man to buy what would yield no immediate profit, and the third was a coarse, but pompous, fellow, who intended her for himself. Presently the second bidder ceased; the contest was renewed with fresh zeal between the remaining rivals, till all at once the first faltered, the other named a slight increase, and the hammer was just descending to emphasize the yet unspoken "gone!" when a voice that thrilled every nerve in Honoria's body, bid another hundred, and, not recovering from this unexpected attack in season to take advantage of the auctioneer's momentary pause, the too confident individual had the chagrin of hearing her knocked off to this new comer.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars, and sold to Mr. Maxwell!"

These were the words that rang through Honoria's brain, and seemed to brand themselves into her mental vision. The murderer of her husband—and she was in his power! This was the vengeance he had vowed, indeed.

While yet stupefied by this blow, Lily was offered for sale; the sound of her child's name aroused her, and, with agonizing interest, she watched the proceedings. At length it appeared probable that a Kentucky planter would be the purchaser, and then, no longer able to contain her distress, Honoria flung herself at Maxwell's feet, imploring him to save her child. Immediately he stepped forward, and bid off the little one, who recognized, with delight, a familiar face among so many strangers, and one who had been "papa's friend." In the first moment that Honoria clasped Lily to her heart, all fears for the future faded away, and when they did return, scarce in her treasure, and strong to brave danger for its sake, the mother's heart was nerve for any conflict.

On one thing she was resolved—speedy flight beyond the power of pursuers. Several days of preparation were necessary for this step; during that time she refrained from displaying her scorn and horror of Maxwell, but was unable to assume anything more friendly than a quiet coldness. Her master was well satisfied, however, thinking it natural she should be reserved, and trusting that gratitude for having purchased her child, and treating her with marked consideration, would finally prevail, he bided his time, in small doubt as to the result.

At length Honoria was ready to carry out her plans. Deceived by her apparent resignation, Maxwell had somewhat relaxed the constant watchfulness of the past week, and, having ordered that she should be allowed as much freedom as was consistent with her safe keeping, she had been able to provide the means of escape in secrecy. A slave-girl slept in the room as a guard, and was a remarkably watchful person for one of her race. 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 be less likely to betray them by questions or surprise, if somewhat stupefied, she clipped the long light curls close, and having dressed the child as a boy,

VOLUMES OF SERMONS.—The great safe 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 progress which the last twenty years have witnessed in the department of our literature, as well as in the increased sales in this business by leading American publishing houses, are as great, or perhaps greater than that witnessed in any other department of letters.

proof. I do not expect you to endeavor personally to convince me of what you believe to be the truth; but, if, through the columns of the BANNER, you should be able to cast one ray of light upon the dark state of my mind, you will have the extreme pleasure of directing, yes, converting, one honest seeker for truth unto and to the right. Remember, I am neither infidel, atheist, Methodist, nor any other set, nor of any set; but, with my present views, a seeker for that which is right, looking to the "origin of all 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 spiritualism will come a new and appropriate philosophy which is now dawning and being developed. The soul's persuasion is perhaps the most real evidence of immortality. This, we say, is intuition. A philosopher cannot handle this, or govern intuition with his philosophy. This belongs to spirit, not to matter.

The Philosophy of Spiritualism.

WARREN CHASE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—"The brilliant prospects of our philosophy in this city need to be engaged on the pages of the BANNER; but crowding duties and notes will not allow me to do it justice, but I hope some pen will. The cause seems to be rising, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the 'Patriarchal Order.' One church, with a talented and eloquent teacher, (Mr. Conway), has already been broken into parts, and the sediment of Unitarianism has retired to 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 congregation brings a large number of persons so near to us, that they will soon see that we are located already on the most advanced platform, and occupying the most liberal and truly religious position of any worshippers in the household of God. Another society, (Universalist), under the eloquent 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 spiritualism, 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 Sabbath, 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 danger of losing their identity in any of these cases. I have been greeted 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 beautiful philosophy of 'life unto life,' and their horrible doctrine of death unto death. I have never found in my previous visits to this city so favorable, encouraging and prosperous conditions and signs as at the present.

Lectures.

"TRUTH," MARLBOROUGH.—"We have had a course of lectures in this place recently through the mediumship of some of our most noted speakers, among whom were Messrs. Harding, Houston, Amey, and Magoun, and Misses. Oles, Pardee, and Pierpont. These lectures have been well attended by all of our liberal and most respected citizens. One of the most enterprising men in our midst, and a Spiritualist, withal, who takes a deep interest in Spiritual things, in a most commendable manner has gone heartily at work, and is erecting a hall building for the express use of 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, but a short time ago were thorough disbelievers, are now exclaiming in the fullness of their joy, 'O! what a blessed thought it is, that the spirits of those once loved on earth can and do commune with mortals, and impart to them such beautiful truths and rich gems of thought; indeed it is a blessed reality to us.'

Mr. Mansfield.

We have been permitted to make the subject of an extract from a letter received from New Orleans by Mr. Mansfield.—"Whatever doubts heretofore existed in my mind in regard to Spiritualism, have been dispelled by the reception through you of an undoubted communication from the spirit of a dear wife, sincerely mourned and truly loved, even in death. The style of composition and the characteristics of the writings are those belonging to her when living, and I had not anticipated and was not prepared for so satisfactory a result 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 sealed envelope with a reply, if received, at your earliest convenience, and I will anxiously 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.

GEORGE HILMICK, 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 adding charlatans in any way."

No less than our correspondent do we desire to withhold our aid from charlatans and deceivers. Money will not hire 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, JOHNS G. ELY, J. R. DEERE, AND OLIVER S. WANNER, HAMBURG, N. Y.—The communication to a lecture delivered and published in that place against Spiritualism. The writer withholds his name, and in its place says: "By a Connected Pastor." The comments of the above gentlemen place this Connected pastor's Christianity in a very questionable form. And from the character of the pamphlet, we do not wonder that he let 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 Connected pastor."

I. BIRD, BURLINGTON, VT., 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 ETTIE NELSON, JOHNSON CREEK, N. Y.—The communication from your spirit brother is too long for insertion in our department of correspondence.

MIRIAM OWEN, WEST POTSDAM.—The communication to your mother is very long, and the press of matter, for more general interest, obliges us to omit its insertion for the present.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE LIFE-WEARIED.

BY UNA.

Winding thy aimless 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 sorrowing 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 regretful life-wearied one,
Nor longer darkly mood;
Of length of days which are to come,
It is not thine to choose.

Thou art, and thou must ever be,
Though darkness be thy view;
Attendant goodness waits on thee,
As clouds beget the dew.
From darkness come the sweet refrain,
From darkness comes the light;
Friends part that they may meet again,
And cease the dear delight.
Learn the sweet faith that smiling sings,
Know that thy loved are near;
And thou mayst feel their angel-wings
Fanning thee, even here.

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

It is a somewhat singular fact that an Englishman, living in the southern part of Europe, and who had never seen America, 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 Representatives, 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 Elizabethan style of architecture. There are ample grounds around the building, and we had a pleasant walk on a sunny morning 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 meteorite, lately brought from Mexico. This subject of meteorites is a most interesting one to investigate; and whenever we meet one of these strange wanderers 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 scorification, as if the falling stone had been partly consumed by fire. Speculation has long wandered amid various theories to account for their origin—some considering that they come from the moon, others from comets, others still, from some planetary bodies; but all agree, if I am not mistaken, in the fact that they invariably contain an alloy of iron and nickel, 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 on this curiosity, 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 two or three ladies, and as many gentlemen, standing near, seemingly under the direction of a little gray-headed man, who appeared to combine the agility of youth with the garb of age. "Keep with us," said one of the ladies to myself; "he wishes us to improve the time." We, at that instant, spied a large collection of bird's eggs, and they 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 hundreds of species of birds, from the little humming-bird, no larger than a small white bean, to those of the ostrich and the eagle—and most of them in placed in nests as we found them in nature. We lingered lovingly over them—blue, speckled, green, white—all sizes and colors; with some we had been familiar from childhood—others we had only read descriptions. How we longed for leisure to examine them more fully; but our guide seemed to direct that there were other things of more interest, and threatened our attention to a huge pile 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, too, resolving to say our lesson quick, when a "rhinoceros's horn." Didn't the little man laugh at us, as if he were an Agassiz, and we a poor ignorant? "What of the mark—wide of the mark. Ho, ha! Why, that is a mastodon's tooth." We were exceedingly mortified at our ignorance of natural history, and we forgot it in examining the robins, blue-birds, red-birds, yellow-birds, &c. &c., looking for all the world as if they were just going to sing. How familiar they looked there, our precious little friends, that make our country home so pleasant during the summer season.

"Come—come on," said our peremptory guide; "I'll show you something more interesting in another room." Again we were a little contrary—surely that is an albatross. We had searched many collections in vain for this bird of the sea, and we would have a good look at his gray plumage, and his long, narrow wings. It had not much by him; its bill is long and hooked, its legs very long and webbed, and its wings eight or ten feet long. Near it we found various species of eagles. "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 zero, and we were passing without any notice. What interested me more—the identical dress which Dr. Kane wore when in the Arctic regions. A lay figure was dressed in them, and there he stood with the fur shoes that had so often trod those icy paths—the coat, the cap, the gloves, and the mask. A few days before we had seen his faithful dog "Tudor," 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 building, with its sofas and easy-chairs, its oysters and coffee—to say nothing of its wines—to the cold, desolate, icy land where the enthusiastic doctor traveled daily, 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 debating thousands of the people's money in petty personal doings, how their country would ought to imitate Dr. Kane in one little of his noble efforts! 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 allowed to describe. We noticed one large glass case filled, 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, they were going to say; but no, we could not find the Indian princess here; but of noted Indians 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 seated, and listen to some remarks upon Smithsonian. 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 everything else to a land that, until then, knew him not. He then pointed to the glass case. "There, you see, ladies, that though Smithsonian was a bachelor, yet he was a housekeeper; and here is the family plate, his canes, his umbrella, some of his dishes, and the family of little domestic utensils—necessary to an establishment; and here is his likeness—the only authentic one known. So 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 failed 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 among 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.

NINA.

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 his 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 evil, is necessary; so is the unhappiness that is the consequence of this consciousness. The perception of 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 necessary. 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 is right."

"All discord's harmony not understood."
All goodness is spontaneous; all else is fiction; all evil is a fiction—only the conception of it is real. All nature is good; and in nature we have both day and night. Is the day better than the night?—Is not each a necessity; is not each good? We have sunshine and clouds; the clouds are necessary to give the earth rain, and rain is as necessary as the sunshine to make the earth bring forth her supplies, which are necessary for our wants. Both sunshine and clouds are good.

The earth yields poisonous and nutritious plants; thorns and roses; lions and lambs; and worms and butterflies; serpents and sweet singing birds. Life is everywhere in varied forms, on the land, in the sea, and in the air. And man, still the work of nature's God, crowns the whole. All these are nature's productions, and if we know not the use of each, let us not say that nature is wrong, but rather our knowledge is limited.

"The wings of Time are black and white,
Pied with morning and with night.
Mistful tall and ocean deep,
Trembling balance duly kept.
In changing moon and tidal wave,
Gleams the fount of want and ease."

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 equilibrium, an even balance.

Humanity is a natural production, and in it the same laws hold 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; intelligence 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 man. A man is a microcosm, a little universe; he is a world in himself. God is as infinite in littleness, as in greatness; as perfect in little man, as he is in the worlds of magnitude that surround him; he is in the infinitesimal space. The law of justice; the law of evenness balances the work; the mechanism of the human body and the human soul. For every excellence, in any man, there is a corresponding defect; for every good, there is a corresponding evil, perhaps 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 every pain, there is a fragrant flower of undying freshness, a truth gained; for every sorrow, there is a joy; for every loss, there is a gain. In man nature no excesses without a corresponding balance. Nature is a lover, and balances everything; allows no exceptions; no monopolies; no more in an individual man than she does in the whole range of her vast dominions beneath man. Shall man contend with nature? No; he cannot, for it is the power of God in nature that makes him what he is. Let nature stop her work in the vegetable kingdom one year, and all life on earth ceases. Let nature stop her work in animal life one hour, and all men are numbered with the dead. Let nature cease to do her work for one moment in the physical world, and the universe is chaos.

Do not nature's laws, then, command our attention and our reverence? A man is ruled by nature, and nature to man is destiny; and a distinct view of destiny is a revelation to man, of faith in God, for nature's laws are the laws of God.

Can a man influence or alter a law of nature? Can a man, if he tries as hard as he can, make the earth revolve the other 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 he make the attraction of gravitation stop, or an atom of matter cease to exist? I don't believe he can. 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 by 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 power 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 onward 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 his work is right, balanced, just, 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 uniting in his highest good. Then, and not before, as he reviews the past will he 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 is. When we begin to comprehend the perfect power of God in nature, we shall not say that ought that is of God is wrong, for we have faith in his perfect power, and say that it 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. CHASE.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE DESERTED.

Aye, leave me, now my heart is won
And, worthless, cast aside;
Aye, leave me to the world's cold scorn,
Alone to stem its tide.
"Am I too restless?" Yes, 'tis true;
I will not rest and sham.
Thou art my champion, setting me
Have made me what I am.
Your subtle influence brought me low;
My course is on you still.
God may forgive, and spare the blow—
God may—I never will.
Yes, you from slander's tainting breath
Your villainy may shield;
For me remains but nameless death,
A grave in Potter's Field.

SPIRITUALISM IN COMMERCE.

Messrs. Eubanks—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 rudimentary 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 commerce for the dispensing of pecuniary justice or laws for the restraining from crime. Then Spiritualism *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 mediumship? Mediums are mostly persons of a delicate physical organization, who, instead of being able to endure everything human curiosity and thoughtlessness can impose upon them, can really endure but little of the wear and tear incident to the rudimentary 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 imponderables 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 exertions for the common necessities of life. Mediumship is a talent, (or, as the ancients called it, a gift), natural or acquired, or both. I have a gift or talent as an artist. That which is to me but play, would be to my neighbor unattainable by the severest labor. Should I then give to my neighbor the choice productions of my skill, the finished picture, without remuneration? What is the difference between the mediumistic talent which produces a class of manifestations which time and use have made familiar, and those called spiritual, as regards their commanding recompense in the one case, and not commanding any in the other?

Conditions then being as they are, and talent demanding and receiving pay, as it does in the present state of society, I see no impropriety in making 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 who, loving their brothers as themselves, will dispense equal and exact justice? Here and there one. The mass will enrich themselves with their neighbor's impoverishment, as every one knows. Force of habit and custom must now wrench from the grasp of greed that which the true love of the coming time will pour liberally out at the feet of him who yearns it.

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 part of those benefited by that medium's labor; and there is also a beautiful justice for each to make practicable. As this is so, and as "Commerce in Spiritualism" is a fixed fact which no angelic lever can at present overturn, would we not do better to infuse *Spiritualism* in all our commercial matters, whether the application leads us to mediums, brokers, boot and shoe dealers, railroad lands or servant girls; let them see nobility, love and justice, rule every business transaction from the purchase of a yard of tape, to the contracting for a Pacific railroad? Reader, what do you say? Answer faithfully in deeds, not in words! H. W. BOOZZA.

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, (while the Orthodox bells are calling the faithful to come and worship God, "according to the dictates of their own conscience," but according to their several *creeds*), to drop you a few lines to let you and your Spiritualistic brethren and sisters know that even here, in the "Creoles 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 Creole 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 to 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 manifestations, 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 ordained. The circles are usually conducted, and the communications are generally in the French language, though in their formal 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 brethren are beginning to quake; and though they would convey the idea that Spiritualism is dead, yet they have yielded far enough to drop the cry of

"humbbug," and have adopted that of the "Devil and his Angels," and though I am not aware that any of the ministers have denounced us by talking and pulpit, they are doing all they can by talking and writing to prevent their congregations from investigating, 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 hatching,"—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 teachings.

That the heaven is working may be plainly seen, from the fact that many of the sectarian papers, though they oppose Spiritualism, yet they are resolutely old musty records, to find old nursery tales of haunted 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 "Doddridge'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 Harmonists, with nobody at their head. A few of the Harmonists 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 in this spring. As business becomes dull, a good trance speaker would be well attended. Enclosed you will find an account of murders sanctioned by law and public opinion. Notice the effect of the doctrine of atonement. The man who, without cause or provocation, took the life of a fellow-being, stands or falls, and unblushingly says he is forgiven; that "this day he will meet his Saviour in Paradise;" but that same faith that sends the murderer 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 breathe 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 atonement never been made. There is more justice 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 his victim for forgiveness.

Yours,
New Orleans, La. CONSTANT READER.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

Rev. JOHN PIERPONT 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 Crosse and Milwaukee routes, including Blooming, Neenah, Appleton, and the region roundabout. From July 14th to August 31st he will be on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit. All friends desiring a visit for one, two, three, or more lectures, will write him early in May, and direct their letters to Doctor Mayhew, Sweet Home, Wyoming Post-Office, Chicago Co., Minnesota.

Miss Emma Harding, who has 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, Worcester, and vicinity, in May; Lowell, Portland and Oswego, in June. She 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 14th; in Albion, May 17th; Battle Creek, Mich., May 22d; Harmonia, May 25th and 26th (at his home); in Kalamazoo, May 29th; in Grand Rapids, June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th; in Grand Haven, June 6th and 10th; in Chicago, June 10th and 11th; in Buffalo, N. Y., July 17th. Soon after he will be lectured 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; in Andover, Mass., May 10th and 11th; in Newburyport, May 12th and 13th; in Medford, May 14th and 15th; in Walpole, May 16th; in Franklin, May 17th and 18th; in New Bedford, May 19th and 20th; in Milford, May 21st and 22nd; in Wrentham, May 23d and 24th; in Attleboro, May 25th and 26th. He will also act as agent for the BANNER and Agents.

Mrs. H. P. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio, will lecture at the Agtator, will lecture in Syracuse, N. Y., 15th; in Utica, May 18th; in Boston, Mass., May 20th. She may be addressed, Rochester, care of Mrs. S. A. Burdell. At Buffalo, care of Mrs. John Hutchinson; at Utica, care of Dr. Caroline Brown; at Boston, care of Miss March.

Dr. L. Wadsworth, speaks at Lowell, Mass., 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 the Spiritual Age.

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Springfield, May 8th and 15th; in Cambridgeport, May 22d; in 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 August she will speak in Oswego, N. Y.

At Foxboro, Mass. He will speak in Stoughton, May 8th.

Mrs. A. T. Pears, South Wilbraham, Mass., will answer calls to lecture.

Rosa T. Amodey will speak in Cambridgeport, Sunday, May 8th; Foxboro, Sunday, May 22d; East Abington, Sunday, May 29th.

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

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, (formerly Mrs. Henderson), will lecture in St. Louis every Sunday in May. Friends in the vicinity wishing

the relations of the ten thousand
upon our daily experience.