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THE SABBATH MORNING DISCOURSES Of Revs. EDWIN H. CHAPIN and HENRY WARD BEECHER are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning. May 1st, 1859.

Taxx:—Jesus answered and said unto her—If thou knew-est the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.—John 1v, 10.

On the road from Jerusalem to Galilee there runs a On the road from Jerusalem to Gallice there runs a narrow valley, which is the most beautiful and one of the most memorable places in that most memorable of all lands. Taking those two elements of interest, the natural and the historical together, we may call it, perhaps, the most remarkable spot upon the face of the earth. As it bursts upon the vision of the traveler in sudden loyeliness, green with grass, grey with clives. earth. As it cursts upon the vision of the traveler in sudden loveliness, green with grass, grey with olives, with its orchards and gardens and rushing springs, the pleased surprise with which he surveys its luxuriance is soon superceded by the recollections which crowd upon his mind. He remembers that from time immeupon his mind. He remembers that from time imme-morial it has been a sacred spot, a place of worship and of national consecration. There Abraham halted in the plain of Moreh; there Jacob bought a field and found a home; and there in the beauty and fertility of the land were typified the blessings that the patriarch pronounced upon the son to whom he bequeathed it. There, as tradition tells us, is the tomb of Joseph, and there hose brethren are buried, who near this place sold him into bondage. There from Mount Ebal on the north to Mount Gerizim on the south, where the prophets of Israel poured forth blessings and curses—there in that enclosure of great events, great memories, still lingers the oldest and the smallest sect in the world; the Samaritans still worship there; the slope of Mount Gerizin is worn with their foot-prints, where four times in the year they attend for solemn service, and at its foot stands their synagogue. But one incident more than all things else has made that valley most remarkable, and has combined in suggestive unity itself the utmost significance of nature and of history, for Jacob's well was and still is there, and there Jesus, on his way to Galilee, sat weary at noon-tide and talked with the woman of Samaria, unfolding for her, for all ages and all people, for us to-day the grandest truths of God and of the human soul. There is much more in this remarkable passage than

I shall attempt even to glance at upon the present occasion. I may hereafter, from time to time, refer to the different points in the conversation. But I wish to call your attention this morning to a few thoughts growing out of the particular verse which I have selected for a text.

lected for a text.

The general lesson which, in the first place, I draw from this verse, is—the significance and importance of wayside opportunities. Speaking after the ordinary manner, this entire transaction was accidental; apparently unpremeditated on the part of Christ, as it certainly was unexpected on the part of the woman. And yet see the great results that came out of it for the woman, for the people among whom she lived, for those disciples, and for the world. My friends, let me ask you by what standard of preparation, or of ceremony, shall we determine the most important events—the real crises of our individual lives? In how many instances do we really go into transactions which involve our highest good, or our greatest loss, as unexour Sunday worship, in our moments of high resolve and meditation. In these we may become braced and prepared for such issues, but the issues themselves occur in wayside opportunities, in our business, in our pleasure, in the common events of daily life. The woman of Samaria was looking for the Messiah, but woman of samaria was fooking for the Messian, but doubtless she expected him to be announced by some heraldry of wonder, in some array of visible glory, probably on Mount Gerizim. She did not expect to find him in the shape of a tired traveler sitting on Jacob's well, and asking for a drink of water. And how is it with you, my friends? Do you expect to find God at church, in the statement of some formal religious truth, or in some gush of sympathetic devo-Do you ever expect to find him in the humble ness of common events, in the duties, cares and temptations of your daily toil, and your daily intercourse? The character of a man, the real strength or weakness of a man, appears in sudden, every day things, in momentary jets of speech or action. One of these, for determining the essence of a man, is worth more than hours on parade and occasions of ceremony.

It is one of the greatest mistakes in the world to be looking for great opportunities. And I suppose it is one of the most radical evils in the world. People are unconscious of the importance of ordinary opportuni-ties; they are always waiting, in order to be something good or to do something great, for great opportunities. I believe almost anybody could be a martyr on a grand scale, especially in our day, when it is popular to be a martyr, and there are no red-hot coals at the end of the In the early times, in the times of the primibusiness. In the early times, in the times of the primi-tive Christians, martyrdom meant martyrdom: when a man had to stand alone, with every friend stripped from him, with the popular sentiment against him, and the popular fury turned upon him; martyrdom like that of Stephen, when the stones crashed in upon his brain; or, like that of Polycarp, when the red flame went-curring over him. But in our day a great deal of martyrdom comes edged with gold, or winged with aromatic breath. The bold journalist speaks out his continger and receives martyrdom by an increase of opinions, and receives martyrdom by an increase of subscription, and the privilege to be ten times as saucy as ever. The popular minister, by his boldness, gains twenty hearers where he loses one. While the boldness in each of these instances is to be commended—it shows the foolishness of making martyrs of men in any and all times, because it really makes more con worts than it destroys. At the same time, I repeat, the martyrdom of our day is a mere glimmer of light when compared with what it was. And suppose that there was even now such martyrdom as of olden time. I be lieve that there are hundreds and thousands here and everywhere, who would be perfectly ready and willing to face it. There is something in standing up before the public gaze, there is something in man's nature when called upon to make a public exhibition of his principles, and to uphold them, that would sustain and bear a man up through almost any degree of martyr-dom. It would not be public martyrdom even. That was the highest testimony to the truth that the old Christians could furnish, but it would furnish no proof of a man's real Christianity or moral principles now. But in quiet scenes of endurance, in obscure places pf rifice, you shall find out what there is in any human character that is worth the knowing. Take the wife, who is tied to a drunken husband for the remain. wite, who is the to a transfer instant of the remainder of her days; who has no sympathy from friends without, and no support from within; who, in patient endurance, in night-long watchings and supplications, must bear with brutality and injury, and yet who nobly maintains her post, does the duty of a wife, and, with her heart trusting in God, bears all the afflictions laid upon her. There is a wayside opportunity for martyr dom that is grand, and Christ Jesus sees in it the spirit of that kind of martyrdom that serves him. Take th irit that bears with ingratitude, that puts aside irri tation, that labors for humanity, that labors in an humble and quiet way for those who scorn it and mal treat it, and there is a serving of Christ by the wayside in the that constitutes true martyrdom. So take the principhrase, ple that is held up and carried out without any protes And yet, I repeat, because religion is associated tation of principle, any loud declaration of independ with certain words, phraseology, and ideas, men look

ence, and without the thought or the consciousness of anybody knowing that it is a principle that is main-

A man has what some call foolish scruples of conscience, but which are to him the greatest verdicts of God in his soul. He holds on to them in his real business affairs, in the every-day transactions of life: laughed at, it may be, for them, scorned for them, wondered at on account of them, he holds on to them without making any special proclamation of his principles. There is a kind of martyrdom not so easy to endure. It is not easy for a man to take and speak the simple truth straight out every day. It is a great deal easier to mount the scaffold as Sydney did, to die at the stake as others have done, than it is for a man to take and speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, through all things and under all circumstances. Not that we are to affect truth-speaking, by any means, for there is an affectation even about that. And we make any bluntness and harshness we may use to be excused by saying that we are plain, blunt people, speaking the truth. A great deal of what is called frankness is impudence—nothing more nor less than that. It seems to me that to speak the truth, and yet speak it in love, kindly, gently and firmly, is one of the hardest things in the world. Right down in business, in temptation, when you are pressed by something which will cost you something to speak the truth, and yet to speak it—that is something great to do. But it is not so great to do when we are chal-lenged by our fears, as when we are solicited to do it by our affections. I firmly believe that the hardest task that could be laid upon a man is to always speak the truth and nothing but the truth, even when he knows it wounds those he loves, when its utterance jars the pulsa

Nowhere, thank God, is man so weak as through his affections. You can scare a man into being a hero, as very cowardice makes a man a hero sometimes; as the duellist always is a coward; as the man always is a coward who takes the law into his own hands when he thinks it does not sufficiently protect him, or he fears a taint upon his honor. You can scare a man out of cowardice into heroism. Sometimes the weakness of our nature, our affections, our sympathics, our gentle regard, may cause a nature that is weak, to speak the truth and resist temptation, and to serve Christ every day. Now the simple utterance of the truth may be a great and a glorious thing, and it is often like martyr

lom.
And so, I say, in innumerable little ways, a man reveals himself and shows what he is. And, more than that, in these sudden and unexpected ways come the crises of a man's being; not, I repeat, when he is prepared for them. Temptation is not temptation when you are ready to be tempted. No sin is powerful when you know where it is. But when you are in your daily business, like the woman drawing the draught of water from the well, you may hear Christ appealing to you to do the right and to leave the wrong. And that is the hour of your temptation—that is the crisis of your being. You meet Christ by the wayside in every duty being. You meet Christ by the wayside in every duty that calls you from the wrong to the right. You meet Christ by the wayside in a thousand incidents which you think, perhaps, of no consequence. If you saw Christ in some visible form, if you met him in some grand utterance upon some grand occasion, you would be ready to serve him; while some little common inci-dent in which he can be found, you neglect, think it of no consequence, and pass it by. And there come the temptations of our life; and there come the great crises of our being. For it is what a machine does when it works that tests its value, and not what the machine is in itself. A man may have a glorious mechanism of moral principles, all ready for religions spoken sentiinvolve our highest good, or our greatest loss, as unexpectedly as that woman who went to draw water from Jacob's well. The most momentous issues of our being are not in circumstances and seasons where we are the most deliberately conscious of them; in our closets, in the ordinary, every-day incidents of life? That is the most deliberately conscious of them; in our closets, in the ordinary, every-day incidents of life? That is the most deliberately conscious of them; in our closets, in the ordinary every-day incidents of life? That is the most deliberately conscious of them; in our closets, in the ordinary every-day incidents of life? That is the most deliberately conscious of them; in our closets, in the ordinary every-day incidents of life? That is the most deliberately conscious of them; in our closets, in the ordinary every-day incidents of life? That is the most deliberately conscious of them; in our closets, in the ordinary every-day incidents of life? That is the most deliberately conscious of them; in our closets, in the ordinary every-day incidents of life? That is the most deliberately conscious of them; in our closets, in the ordinary every-day incidents of life? That is the most deliberately conscious of them; in our closets, in the ordinary every-day incidents of life? That is the most deliberately conscious of them; in our closets, in the ordinary every-day incidents of life? That is the most deliberately every-day incidents of life? being, these wayside opportunities which may arise

I wish we could only realize how much of religion itself comes to us in this way, just as Christ came to the woman of Samaria. Now it cannot be denied that we are looking for grand occasions for religion, and for the utterance of religion; we are looking for religion in complex ways, in different forms and in unreal shapes, We do not look for it as we should, in common, plain, simple utterances. In reality, the position of Christ is this transaction illustrates what I may call the accessibility of religion. I speak thus because people call it, or think it, a hard thing to be religious. If you get at the bottom of the matter, it is a difficult and a hard thing to be religious—it is a hard thing for a man to live religion. It ought to be a hard thing. It would not be worth anything, if it was not a hard thing. It did not inspire us, I say, to the utmost effort—if it did not require us to be constant in our discipline—if it did not keep us constantly vigilant and constantly according to the constantly are the constantly tive, religion would not be worth anything to us.. If we are to use religion as an element by which we come nearer to God and to Christ—by which we are to rise to the highest needs of our being, then it will be a hard thing. If it be not hard in the sense of living it out, then it would not be worth anything.

Butreligion is not hard to get at—it is not hard to apprehend. Yet we are apt to apprehend it, to touch it only in a complicated and formal way. We receive it in an ecclesiastical way, sometimes; we know nothing of it only in its ecclesiastical form, and when we speak of it. speak only of what was uttered in some sermon in a proper breath, or in a hymn which is associated with the church, or with a peculiar round of ceremonies. Religion comes to a great many people only in the authorized and consecrated way. by priest and ritual, by inflexible canons of time and place. They cannot touch it in any other way, for they think there is no consecra-tion—even new that Christ has uttered the broad truth that he did in this very fourth chapter of John—there is no consecration except in the visible devotion of the church—there is no true ceremony except that which is according to the ecclesiastical form. Now religion of that kind is simply a mass of complicated ceremonies, and with others, too, religion is nothing but words, set phrases—words used with a peculiar meaning, and hav-ing to them a peculiar emphasis. Let a sermon be prenched in which all the great truths of the gospel are presented, in which the noblest incontives to human action may be urged, in which the clearest revelation of God is set forth, in which the truest statements about of God is set forth, in which the truest statements about Jesus Christ may be given, and yet, let certain words and phrases be left out of that discourse, and you are told at once that it is good moral preaching, but there is no Christ in it, nothing evangelical in it, no marrow in it. People have come to associate religion with a mere set of forms, when in reality their religion is nothing but a skeleton of dry doctrines, with brittle joints and vertebra of phrases. Look at the Sermon on the Maurit. There are hundreds and thousands of necessity. the Mount. There are hundreds and thousands of people who regard the Sermon on the Mount as a very beautiful specimen of Christ's teaching, but they think that after all there is very little gospel in it. if you come to question them about it. They turn for their religion to the epistles of Paul, because there are a great many lard words there, and sayings difficult to get at the meaning of, and a curious and technical phrasoology. and they find their religion there. They think Christ nherely gave the germ of religion, while the real gospel was elaborated by the apostle Paul. Now all glory be to Paul for his noble services to Christ and to the to Paul for his noble services to Christ, and to the church. Thank God for those burning epistles of his, which have been circulating through ages, and which will circulate through all time, winged with words of power and of wisdom. But, my friends, the whole of the gospel is in the teachings of Jesus Christ; every word of it is there. All that Paul, and Peter, and John, and James ever did was but to set forth the suggestions coming set of Christ; a teachings—but to make tions coming out of Christ's teachings—but to make mere commentaries upon them. The entire gospel is in the Sermon on the Mount, sometimes in a single

somewhere else for their religion. And this is the thing else. Indeed, people sometimes seem to think reason why nature is excluded from this class of rethink religious truths can only be conveyed in a sort of not feel anything else, feels a glow of gratitude to God, when under this blue canopy that is spread over us upon this beautiful Sabbath. God seems to come when under this blue canopy that is spread over us upon this beautiful Sabbath. God seems to come nearer to us. Do not put by these emotions as unreligious, and say that they are nothing. They are not much, perhaps; but, so far as they go, I repeat, fresh, instant as they are, they are religious. And yet people think that only is good, that only is religion, which they get at church, in the congregation, by the prayer, or by the sermon; in a peculiar form and in a peculiar phruseology. Some people will take a sermon which is the merest commonplace, the dullest monotony of phrases, and so long as those phrases are special phrases, they will deem it religion. But let the naturalist unfold his experiences and discoveries, glowing with the wonders of divine truth and wisdom, let him state them in his own fresh, living language, let him state them in his own fresh, living language, and they will say. Oh, there is nothing evangelical in it—it is only an exalted and sober kind of paganism." I say it may be, perhaps, but little more than the best kind of paganism, if he stop there. But you may take the avenues of natural science in our days, and they lead us to some of the grandest religious propositions, and some of the freshest religious thoughts. The truth is, if we go to nature with our pride, with our vanity, with nothing but our cold speculation, then we shall get out of nature nothing but pride, vanity and cold speculation. We do not exait the pride of reason by what we get out of nature, July as we carry the pride what we get out of nature, July as we carry the pride of reason into nature. And a man may do the same thing in the Bible. I want to know how much better than paganism, than heathenism, than phariseeism, do a great many people get out of the Bible, when they go to it with their hard sectarian theology? When they go to it with their cankering self-rightcousness, with their dark views of God and man, they get those things out of the Bible. And as with the Bible, so with nature. But you may go to either one or the other, and God's truth, Christ's truth stands there, simple, fresh, and close at hand.

fore us by the telescope and the microscope—I say, considering all these things, it is of great importance that we should comprehend more and more that God is leading us into religious life and truth, through more avenues than one, through nature as well as through the Bible. It is a great thing to see the real spiritual which John unfolds was there symbolized before me. There were the crystal battlements; there were the rainbows round about the throne; there ascending and descending were outlines of spiritual forms with descending were outlines of spiritual forms with their wide-sweeping, glorious robes; there in perpetual ac-clamation were the voices of many waters with the voices of mighty thunderings, ascending in the anthem, 'Halleluiah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.' Who can go out this beautiful Spring day, when every leaf is an open hymn book, when every blade of grass is a reverend worshiper before God, when all is light and bursting beauty about us, and say that the man who sees the truth through these has no religion, because he does not get it in a peculiar form, or in a

peculiar set of words?
... There are two books," says Sir Thomas Brown, "There are two books," says Bir Inomas Brown,
"whence I collect my Divinity. Besides that written
one of God, there is another of his Servant nature—
that universal, published manuscript that lies exposed
to the eyes of all. Those who never saw him in the
one way, discover him in the other. Searcely," adds
he, "these know better how to read and enjoy these mystical letters, than those Christians who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and dis dain to seek divinity from the flowers of nature."

The highest religious truth lies close by the way, if The highest religious truth lies close by the way, if we will only seek it, pluck it, and apply it. As it is in nature, so it is in the Bible; the great truths of Christianity are upon the surface. They are not for scholars. It would be preposterous to suppose that God Ind given a revelation to man, bearing upon his highest duty and destiny, and then made it that deep the control was presented as a control was resumment to the control was read when the cou thing which scholars and learned men presuppose it to -something we must shovel after with our dictionaries and lexicons, delying into ecclesiastical history to get at the great saving truths of the Gospel. The saving truths of the Gospel are not below the surface, but upon it. The trouble is this: The Gospel is too simple for the mass of the people. Simplicity is the last thing anybody seems to learn. They seem to force that the greatest things are the simplest things. You may take any course of education; here is a young man starting to learn any kind of profession; he thinks that that which is complex, that which makes a great noise, that which is bulky, that only is the great thing. He comes to know only at the last that the greatest things are the simplest things. How long it took men to learn this in nature. It was cycles and epicycles, a wheel within a wheel, a complex mass without any explicitness, until by and by Newton, Copernicus, and Kepler, began to see it all fall into the simplest terms of the order. laws of beautiful harmony. And so with the Gospel; it is simple. It has been too simple, and heathenish interpretations and learned dogmas have been made upon it until it has been made a complex, a deep, a mysterious thing; until the great mass of the people have been repelled from it. They cannot find it; they only know, they only feel—as I said in the commence-ment—that religion is something very hard to get at and to know about. And yet, I repeat, religion is nothing but the simple truth that Christ uttered by the wayside, that lies upon the surface of the Bible. Such, then, being the significance and importance o waysido opportunities, especially in matters of religion.
I ask you, my hearers, in the next place to consider how Christ used his oppostunity. He made it the occasion of a great and effective religious argument. How suddenly, how instantly, before the purpose of his spirit the scene around him became cathedral, pulpit congregation, everything, Christ did not need outward occasion to consecrate his work, but with his work he consecrated all outward occasions. The free-dom, the spontaneousness of the teachings of Jesus ever strike as with fresh wonder. There is no teacher,

there never was a teacher, so perfectly independent of time and place, so perfectly capable in himself of mak-ing all times and places consecrated and effective. And why was it? Because religion in Jesus Christ, if I may so speak, was a real matter, a real thing. Re-

ligion, the truth of religion, the spirit of religion, was a real thing. Generally it is a most unreal thing in the world. People, when they talk about it, put on a

upon that sermon as a bald, simple moralism, and look face, and assume a voice that they do not about any reason why nature is excluded from this class of religious agencies, and natural religion is regarded as something impossible. Here is a man who has built up in his mind attructure of natural theology; he is devoit through fatural theology; he believes in a God through natural theology, and he believes in a God through natural theology, and he believes in the immortality of the soul. I do not say it is a complete faith, but it is a religious faith as far as it goes. And yet you will find a great many who are disposed to call it mere paganism, with no religion in it. They say that the man looks out upon the scenes of nature with emotions of love to God; but, say they, there is no religion in it. Yes there is, as far as it goes; the emotion is religion. I know it does not amount to much; it may die away and leave the man as great a sensualist and as much a groveller as ever. But-a man does get proof of God, by the sight of God as manifested through the glories of nature. And the tendency of nature in itself is to lead us up to the highest truths, up to the highest religion. And whenever a man even in the contemplation of nature, if he does not feel anything else, feels a glow of gratitude to God, the holy and the Infinite Father, and look at the strange, the awful, the strained manner he assumes, the changed tone of voice in every particular. Then hear him talk about his love for his child, and not be a more form, and see how his heart gushes over. for his benefactor, and see how his heart gushes over, and his whole voice corresponds to the thing he is talking about. How different! And why? Because God is unreal to him; God is a mere spectre hidden belind a veil of mystery; while his child, his benefactor, are real objects, present to his heart and his thought, Hear a man speak of a great portrait, of a philanthro-pist, of a noble man, and then look at the difference

when he comes to speak of Jesus Christ. It is all formal, constrained then.

This unreal way in which we hold religion, makes religion unreal to us; that I do verily believe, because I am willing to give men all the excuse that they can I am willing to give men all the excuse that they can have. It is one great cause why religion is not a great prevalent power and spirit in the hearts of multitudes of people, because those who profess it make it unreal, talk of it as if they knew nothing about it, as though it was something very vague and very mysterious, that evidently has no vital power over their hearts and lives. Now, with Christ, religion was a reality of his being; and consequently, wherever he was that his being; and consequently, wherever he was that reality transfigured the scene into proper occasions and proper conditions. True religion is the most pervading, and yet the most natural and unintrusive element. A man who is truly religious never forces his religion upon other people, because it is not any one thing—it is not a set of words or of doctrines, but it is his whole life, and his religion goes in wherever he goes. If the conversation takes a religious turn, whatgoes. If the conversation takes a religious turn, whatever he says comes spontaneously, just as Christ spoke when he sate on the well of Jacob. If there is no particular phraseology there, yet you feel there is a religious presence there in his example—in his life and character—that is better preaching than the preaching of words. It is an old and trite saying that "acts speak louder than words." A man who is in earnest about religion has no desire, is not anxious, to wedge it in everywhere in some strange way. I repeat it other, and God's truth, Christ's truth stands there, simple, fresh, and close at hand.

It is a great thing, I verily believe, my friends, seeing how much God is moving nature before us at the present day, seeing how the human mind is dwelling on the great facts of nature as they are observed in the convey to you his idea that the convey to you have the convey or other, manages to convey to you his dea that re-ligion is not one thing but many—that in highly consecrated sense it is everything—that its affect no innumerable—that the variety of its elements is count-

How spontaneous and natural in Christ was this religious spirit and truth. Look how slight an incident; a woman comes and draws a bucket of water, and ask the Bible. It is a great thing to see the real spiritual a woman comes and draws a bucket of water, and ask-truth that all nature symbolizes, and to comprehend the fact that the same elements of truth are felt in the great that the same elements of truth are felt in the upon living water which springs up into everlasting Scripture of the works as in the Scripture of the words. A man may easily have an apocalyptic vision, in that divine power and authority, he passes on to the high-familiar yet grand sight which I beheld this past week, standing on the verge of Niagara, for there I saw that the spiritual truths, that even the grand apocalypse the spiritual truths, that even the grand apocalypse when the vergence to talk about religion. It was not religion got up as people get it up when they come to talk about religion. when they come to talk about religion. It was all free, spontaneous, and natural, because religion in Jesus Christ was a real principle. And this conversation of Jesus Christ with the

woman of Samaria, was a great lesson in preaching, as all the lessons and teachings of Jesus Christ were. I have said there never was such a teacher. You may compare Jesus Christ with whom you please. Sit him up alongside Socrates and Plato; call him, as some men up alongside Socrates and Plato; call him, as some men affect to do, a good man, a man with good moral principles, as uttering great truths, stripping away all glory of divinity from him. Do all this, and at the same time you cannot deny this; there never was a man who taught as Christ taught. There was a great deal of truth in what the multitude said, that "never man spake like this." The multitude had been so long used to the dry, "sasky, technical teachings of the Scribes and Pharisces, that when they beard Jesus they Scribes and Pharisees, that when they heard Jesus they drew a long breath, as it were, and cried out, "Surely never man spake as this man." And there never had been a man like him. Why? Because he saw radical truth everywhere. He took a little lily growing in the summer light, and oh, what a missal of divine glory it became—what a lesson of God's goodness. He saw a wild bird steering its way through the air, and it became at once an illustration of Divine providence. took nothing but a grain of mustard seed, and the whole kingdom of God was involved in it. Wherever he turned his eye, I repeat, he found sentiment, radical truth, and struck out of it something right before the people that they could take hold of. This is the power of effective truth, it is powerful, and men's minds and hearts, and is received with received with rever-

ence, for the reality is close at hand.

Some preaching is merely the preaching of abstract doctrines, a mere logical proposition, built up of sharp intellectual theories, and at the very end of it, perhaps, making an application of it to practical life. The whole of the rest is useless, and the application is not perceived by two-thirds of the people, who have not followed the sharp, shrewd, intellectual propositions at all. Real preaching passes from life up into doctrine all. Real preaching passes from the up into doctrine— not from abstract doctrine down into life; it is based upon the realities of this life. When you can jam a man up against a great fact of life, and ask him, How now? what does that teach you? what does that say, oh man, to the deep heart within you? what does that speak to the aspiring, thirsty soul? what does that tell When you can do that, there is power in preach-And if it is only the leaf of the lily, or the wing ing. And if it is only the leaf of the lily, or the wing of the wild bird, it has infinite power the moment it presses home the great reality of the truth which it contains.

If a man has no proof of the existence of God in his own moral consciousness, in the deep voice within him; if he has in his own soul no sense of his need, his weakness and his guilt. I am afraid you cannot convince him of a God by any of your logical arguments. He is a great deal more apt to be convinced of a God by the little daisy that opens in the spring-time, by the touch of God's universal care that falls glittering upon the insect's wing. Do you want to prove an immortality constructed out of subtle metaphysical propositions! You will not believe it then, if your own heart and consoiousness do not tell you of it, if some great fact of life has not brought it home to you, some great loss, the open grave of some friend, or the consciousness of some limitation against which you chafe and beat—if that does not bring immortality home to you, you will never be convinced of it. And you will not be convinced of be convinced of it. And you will not be convinced of the truth of Jesus Christ by historical arguments, by evidence like that in the great volumes of Dr. Lardner. The truth that Christ has spoken to your own soul, your sense of just such teaching as Christ gives, of just such guidance as he sets before you, of just such divine words as he uttered, being like the living water to your thirsty soul—there is the proof of Christianity. Does not your consciousness claim that? Do not you say, I need just such a manifestation of God as that glowing love from the face of Christ; I need just such purity as that to inspire me with the hope that I may rise above

that to inspire me with the hope that I may rise above

CONTINUED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HONORIA

THE SPANISH DOUBLOON

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

[Concluded from our last.]

CHAPTER VIII.

The astonishing intelligence of Sir Radford's preected marriage roused the whole neighborhood. Mrs. Saville having found long ago that any attempts on her part to assail the baronet were useless, put aside all thoughts of envy, and rejoiced in the prospect of fetes at Ashford Park—the place had been so stupid for the last three years: the Hon. Frederic Annesly concealed his chagrin at having a march stolen upon him, as well as he could; and the people at the Parsonage rejoiced because everybody else appeared to.

Great excitement prevailed among the inhabitants of Hatherstone, as the boxes containing the trosseau arrived from London, and equal satisfaction was expressed that the ceremony was to take place in the church where the Coningsburgs had celebrated such events in a most lugubrious manner from time immemorial. Much doubt had been entertained whether the proud American lady would adopt the customs of the place, instead of making a grand display in London. Nothing could be further removed from Honoria's wishes than this, however, and Sir Radford, who had urged her to follow her own particular inclinations, was no less delighted at her decision, so in unison with his reverence for ancestral precedent, than were the neighboring families at the prospect of something to enliven the chronic dullness of Hatherstone.

With what different feelings did Honoria wake on the morning of her second wedding-day from those of eight years before, when in the freshness of girlhood's first deep love, she had looked forward to a future of unalloyed happiness with an earthly idol. As she recalled each incident of that period, and the devotion of St. George during the five years of her married life, it seemed a sacriligious thing to become the wife of another, The memory of the past as deaper than dreams of future ambition at that

She glanced toward the window through blinding ears-the splendid woods and distant facades of Ashford Park and manor house glistening fresh and fair in the morning sun, rising in majestic proportions through the still blue air, met her eyes like an Elysian scene. The bright rays creeping onward. glittered with blinding radiance upon an open case on the dressing-table. It contained the diamond witnesses of Sir Radford's munificence, a bridal present, received the preceding evening. She glanced at the sleeping Lily, and thought of her unprotected future, of her own isolated position, and the attention with which Sir Radford would surrond them.

These silent monitors were powerful in argument. The tears were succeeded by a proud light, and rising, she prepared to enter upon the enjoyment so abundantly promised.

Put once afterward her calmness failed-as she pronounced the words which had bound her to St. George—but the emotion was perceptible only in the coldness and trembling of the hand on which the bridegroom placed the ring, and an increase of pallor on her already pale face. It soon subsided. however, and her signature was as firm and elegant. as any of the witnesses.

In a few days Sir Radford and Lady Coningsburg went up to London in season for the Queen's drawing room. The bride was presented at court, and herself and diamonds acknowledged to be the most beautiful things present. Lady Coningsburg became the fashion, and so perfect was her tact, that it seemed probable she might in time aspire to the position of a leader of ton. Being in the full bloom of womanhood, she was admired for herself as well as for the wealth and standing of Sir Radford, who put no restraint upon her wishes, and was most prond and pleased when the youth, beauty, and accomplishments of his wife were oftenest displayed.

The gay round of pleasure in which Honoria soon became involved, developed all the latent worldliness of her nature, and fostered her haughty spirit. But Sir Radford only admired her the more as a fit representative of so ancient a name as that of Coningsburg. Ashford Park saw less and less of its proprietor, until at the expiration of a few years it was only thrown open at Christmas, when Sir Radford and his lady came down with a crowd of guests to spend the holidays.

The worthy little rector, much scandalized at the new order of proceedings, improved these opportunities to read a homily on "the pomps and vanities of this naughty world," and the sins of pride and vainglory-to all of which the rustling congregation listened with much apparent edification.

Lily, who retained no distinct recollections of her early childhood, and most imperfect ones of the period comprising her father's death and subsequent. incidents, was fast approaching womanhood, as beautiful as her infancy had promised. Although hermother rejoiced in this as a surety of her making a brilliant match, the great resemblance to St. George, in her girlish features, always saddened the seemingly thoughtless, worldly-minded woman, who, it would appear, had entirely forgotten the romance of her youth.

But it was not so. There were many lonely hours in the life of the brilliant and admired Lady Coningsburg; her stately husband was as capable of sympathising with her in such moods, as one of the marble pillars in the hall; but to compensate for this, he was devoted to her service—every wish was gratified almost before expressed, and the most unbounded liberty allowed; her very caprices were respected, and no reasons ever asked concerning any line of conduct she chose to adopt.

The wild day-dreams of her girlhood were finally realized-she was an acknowledged leader of fashion; the most ambitious schemes for her child seemed likely to prosper. The first twenty years of her life appeared like the half-forgotten history of some stranger

The season in London had been unusually gav. The birth day was long since past, and yet the pleasure-seeking crowds lingered for a succession of brilliant entertainments which followed each other with increasing rapidity, as if conscious such a state of things could not last much longer.

At the opera one evening, in the middle of a gav repartee, Lady Coningsburg turned suddenly pale, and gazed with stony fixedness at the opposite side of the theatre. She was, instantly surrounded by the ladies of her party, much alarmed at her singular appearance; but in a moment recovered herself, declaring it was nothing-the air was close, and she felt slightly faint, but it was entirely gone; and finding that any notice annoyed her, they ceased their attentions.

But not another note of the liquid melody did Honoria hear. A tall figure standing in the shadow of a balcony destroyed all warmth and life in her veins: she felt oppressed as by some terrible dream, scarcely daring to move or speak lest she should be observed by that fearful presence. She could hardly realize the blow that threatened to fall on her unprotected head, and her mind was too bewildered at the approaching danger to avoid it, or clearly follow out the result. She vaguely forsaw the position. reputation, and every worldly good she had so long and successfully striven for, snatched from her at one deadly grasp, and disgrace, humiliation, neglect substituted; there stood the man who could condemn her to degradation, who held her future in his power -Alfred Maxwell.

Presently her courage revived; she had escaped him once-why not again? But the stake was so great as to nearly paralyze her energies. As yet it appeared he had not seen her, and the plan of leaving the theatre and setting out for Hatherstone immediately, or-if she discovered Maxwell was intending to remain sometime in England-going abroad, suggested itself to her troubled mind.

While waiting for a favorable opportunity to effect an exit unobserved, the door of her box opened, and a young author, whom she had patronized considerably, entered; with a pre-occupied attention sha listened to his conversation until he mentioned the dreaded name; then, suddenly arousing, she requested him to repeat his last remark. He stated that a Mr. Maxwell had recently arrived in London, bringing letters of introduction to several families of note who were highly pleased with, and made quite a lion of the young American. He also added that this new acquaintance was much struck with her ladyship on account of a strong recemblance to an old friend.

Honoria trembled violently. Could it be that he had not discovered her identity? Her resolution was instantly taken to quit the country, and thus, by disappearing from his sight, cause him to forget any suspicions in regard to herself. As soon as possible she left the scene of her acute suffering, followed by the opera glass of Maxwell till out of sight. When Sir Radford heard his lady's wish to leave London immediately, he expressed no surprise, and silently acquiesced, according to custom.

The agony of the succeeding night may not be estimated by any common standard. To lose all she had spent years in securing-worldly ruin stared her in the face-the accessories of wealth and position acquired a treble value in her eyes, as she seemed about to be deprived of them. She dreaded the approach of daylight-as if the darkness were safety, and could arrest the progress of evil.

CHAPTER 1X.

The next morning orders were given to prepare for leaving London, and Lady Coningsburg remained alone in the splendid drawing rooms, that only increased her misery by reminding her of the game at stake, calculating the chances of each possible move, when, without previous warning, Mr. Maxwell was announced.

The violent start and flush were not lost upon the villain, who advanced with winning deference to present a letter of introduction. Nearly overwhelmed, at this sudden progress toward the dreaded danger-Honoria rose, and, scarcely conscious of her actions. extended her hand mechanically for the note. As she did so her arm was exposed to view, and on it elittered its inseparable ornament—the pendant Spanish doubloon!

Every lingering doubt vanished from Maxwell's mind, and with an instant change of manner he boldly said:

"This farce is useless—we need no introduction. Honoria !"

His helpless victim sank tremblingly on a seat, while her fiendish persecutor gazed in greedy triumph at the evidence of his power. Her pale lips were speechless; she could only clasp her hands in allent despair.

"Well, my pretty fugitive," was his unfeeling address, accompanied with a sneering laugh, "this is making out pretty well for a runaway slave; you seem to have a natural gift at bewitching white people into forgetfulness of your negro origin. Features and complexion are pretty well toned down, though," he added, scanning her critically.

In the wild hope inspired by a stray word of this sentence, the insult was unheeded. She was now equal to any emergency, and with all her customary composure awaited an opportunity to use her newlyformed defence. This change did not escape Maxwell, who supposed, however, that it proceeded from a determination to deny her identity, and, glorying in the certainty of triumphing at last, he proceeded

to heap indignities upon her.
"You cannot escape me!" he said; "I cannot claim you, it is true, but I can deprive you of everything you value."

"I defy you!" was her scornful answer.

"Ah! you defied me once before, and what was my revenge?" "But you were foiled: I escaped you."

Furious at her fearless disdain, Maxwell forgot all prudence, and, clutching her arm fiercely, hissed into

her startled ear-"Not so, madame! you did not escape all. Who of past mortifications.

destroyed the idol that formed your sole happiness? Who doomed you to the awful suspense of a second or future bondage, by secreting your free papers? have sworn a glorious revenge, and I will obtain it !"

provided for her safety, that she was free, though unable to produce the proofs, was happiness too great for utterance, and it was several instants before she could reply to his threat and cruel boast:

"You could not have done me a greater service than to withhold my papers. But for that theft, I should not have been in the position I now occupy, from which you are at liberty to disloge me-if you are able'l"

Rage and malice glowed in his eyes as he retorted: "You believe, perhaps, that your proud, high born companions will continue loyal to your capricious sway, when they discover that their oracle is a fugitive slave, the ci-devant mistress of the man whose wife she called herself, the artful adventuress, who, by her deceits, has entrapped a nobleman into placing her in the position she now occupies. And these facts I will proclaim in the ears of every one." "Are you determined to do this?" Honoria calm-

ly inquired. "I am; nothing shall induce me to forego my revenge. An hour ago you might have bought me off; but now I will do as I have sworn."

"I have no desire to purchase your silence. If you declare my origin you will but surround me with more devoted friends than I now possess."

Amazed at the wonderful composure of his intended victim, he demanded if she intended to deny his statements.

"Not at all. But there are a few doors that are closed even upon me, who lead half London. Once enlist the sympathies of their proud owners, (and nothing will so surely do this as the plan you pro. pose,) and my popularity is increased four-fold. Even should that fail me, my husband cannot be alienated by any efforts, and we will find a home abroad. where distinctions of races are only noticed to be admired. There I can rest secure from your malice."

Although realizing the truth of these assertions. such was her unutterable loathing of African taint, that, rather than her origin should be suspected, even with the addition of fresh honors, she would have preferred the lot of the most miserable white woman. This she carefully concealed from Maxwell, however. although trembling at the result of his threat, if executed.

In vain did her persecutor attempt to arouse her fears. He was entirely deceived by her affected indifference; and at length, completely baffled, took his leave, vowing that if ever she fell into his power. every scornful word should be avenged with interest.

Maxwell had discovered Honoria by chance, and the old emotion of rage at her having foiled him once, awakened within his heart, urging him on to injure her if possible. Convinced that any such attempts were useless at present, he proposed to comnlete his tour abroad, and abide a better opportunity. He was now seeking to establish himself in life, and having just run through his large fortune in various extravagances, was seeking anxiously for some heiress to repair his losses.

When his first anger at the result of his efforts was past, the thought occurred that much more might be gained by professing friendship instead of enmity toward Lady Coningsburg. Acting under this impulse, he wrote to her, stating that if she would assist him in winning a wealthy bride, he would remain silent concerning her past history. Rejoiced at this prospect of safety, yet aware the display of too much joy would be impolitic, Honoria returned a brief reply to the effect that so long as he treated her courteously she would show equal civility

A truce was thus established, and both parties met in society as acquaintances. But Honoria lived in constant terror, somewhat lessened by the reflection, that after so long a period as had elaped since ir meeting, Maxwe losing his own reputation for manliness and honor, even if his story was credited. These facts suggested themselves to Maxwell also, and he clearly perceived that his power was gone, and that he had now outwitted himself.

deeply into gaming; but before long, his success be. ing such as to render his associates unwilling to engage against him, he turned his attention to heiress hunting instead.

As it chanced, his choice fell upon a young but plain girl, already in possession of her property, and so unattractive that not even her golden charms had yet procured her a suitor. But she was amiable. this, Lady Coningsburg, for whom she entertained the most enthusiastic admiration, was well aware. and on her part much preferred the society of this painfully shy, but really gifted girl, to many more brilliant, but also more shallow ones.

Maxwell new demanded that Honoria should assist him in this enterprize, and her haughty spirit chafed like a caged lioness at the reflection that the man she despised above all others could with impunity demand her to participate in his nefarious schemes. betray the confiding trust of an esteemed friend, and subject herself to his degrading companionship. An hundred limes she was tempted to wish that the ocean had become her grave after her escape from bondage. But regrets were useless, and Maxwell became more impatient every day, relying on the good offices of Lady Coningsburg, who perceived that her young friend was so preposessed in his favor. and flattered by receiving attentions so unusual, that the slightest attempt to 'influence her according to his wishes would be entirely successful.

She was spared the dreaded humiliation, however, She heard a report one day that the fascinating American was about to return home to take posses. sion of a large fortune just left him. This was almost too much a relief for Honoria to credit; but when Maxwell called to take his leave, she felt as if the springs of life were renewed within her. Rejoiced at this unexpected release, her manner was almost cordial, and they parted on civil terms.

But as Maxwell pondered upon the events of the last few months, his pride was aroused that he should have been thwarted a second time by a woman who had once been his undisputed property, vet was able to set his threats at defiance. He was thankful but for one thing-that he had not committed himself to the ugly heiress, since the necessity for a wealthy wife no longer existed, and he resolved to choose the fairest woman he could win to grace his new estate, and banish the remembrance

He was now master of and of the most elegant residences in Virginia, left him by his uncle, Mr. slavery? Who condemned you to a life long exile, Talbot, and, with the large fortune attached to it, was subject to but one restriction—that the widow should Il Idid all this, and I will again envelop you in make it her home as long as she pleased, and also a not whose meshes you cannot break so easily. I receive half the income till her decease. This, Maxwell did not regard as an incumbrance, for his share A deep thankfulness that St. George had actually sufficed to supply all his wishes, and as Mrs. Talbot was an aristocratic, elegant woman, he was pleased to have so fine a hostess when he entertained his friends. But between himself and this proud lady there was little familiarity; for his selfish and unworthy nature did not escape her notice, and had he not been her husband's nephew, she would not have treated so considerately a man whom she had always kept at a distance during Mr. Talbot's lifetime.

Day by day her dislike increased, until Maxwell scarce felt that he had any claim to continue at Mount Clare, so distant and contemptuous were the manners of its mistress, who, on her part, thoroughly aware of his true character, regretted that the estate had not bech left to a worthy stranger. rather than to the undeserving heir. Time passed on, and despite his wealth and position as one of the most extensive landholders in the State, his acquaintances were few, and friends still less numerous, till at length Mount Clare was almost as solitary as if uninhabited, and its master held in general dislike, as a sarcastic, unamiable man.

CHAPTER X.

Increase of years did not bring additional happiness to Lady Coningsburg. All the distinctions which surrounded her did not suffice to fill her heart; there was a vague longing for something she had not, and could not define. Every resort of the fashionable world for the cure of ennui proved unavailing, and finally, after exhausting the continent for change of scone and amusement, some enterprising member of her coterie ventured to suggest a trip to Canada.

This met with instant approval from all. A party was soon formed of the cream of Lady Coningsburg's circle, and the intended route carefully marked out. Lily, now a beautiful girl of sixteen, was to accompany them at hen earnest request, and Sir Radford's petition on her behalf, who could not bear to be separated from his pet.

The voyage brought vividly to memory all Honoria's carly life. The contrast between the first and second passage, so hateful to contemplate, irritated her almost beyond endurance. The days spent on ship-board were one continued trial to her haughty spirit, and she was silent from joy when they neared the land. As she had no associations connected with this part of the country, novelty of scene and occupation amused hor awhile, until but one more sight remained before their departure for home-the Falls of Niagara.

When within a day's journey of the falls, Sir Radford was attacked by a slight illnest, which prevented him from journeying with the party He finally persuaded them to pre and without himself and Lady Coningsburg, intending to join them again shortly, He would not hear of Lily's remaining behind, but insisted that she should go on with her friends.

An indefinable fear seized Honoria at hearing this decision. She had never felt uneasy when separated from her daughter by the breadth of nearly a whole continent, and now, when but a few hours were to divide them, she was filled with sad presentiment and groundless alarm.

Lily, however, experienced nothing of this, and promised to be very cautious, to avoid all dangerous places, and to keep constantly near her friends; yet when they departed, Honoria turned pale and cold, vainly struggling against the seeming weakness.

As the travelers journeyed along, little dreaming of the anxiety in Lady Coningsburg's heart. Lily was the life of them all, her beauty and gaiety attract ing the admiration of those with whom they came in contact. The day after their arrival at Niagara was spent in viewing the Falls, and lamenting the absence of two of their number. The next morning hev crossed over to the American side, and Lily who was unusually gay, received frequent cautions from her companions for her fearlessness, which made her too bold to guard against danger.

Presently the party turned homeward. Just as Lily, who was in advance, was about to step onto In order to retrieve his broken fortunes, he plunged the bridge, one of the gentlemen called her by name. She turned to reply, and as she did so, three men. who had been lurking about at intervals all the morning, came rapidly forward, and one who seemed the leader, laid his hand on her shoulder, saving-"You are my prisoner, young lady!"

Trembling and terrified beyond the power of speech or action, she could only gaze helplessly into the man's face. The next moment her friends were sensible, and capable of deep and true affection. Of on the spot, and one of them attempted to thrust the intruder aside, furiously demanding by what right he dared to touch Miss St. George.

"By the authority of the United States' laws," was the calm reply. "I arrest this girl as the property of Alfred Maxwell of Virginia, who purchased her with her mother, Honoria Phillips, twelve years ago, of the heirs of Cecil St. George, Esq., of New Orleans."

Utter amazement silenced them all for a second, and then the gentleman who had spoken before, exclaimed:

"Impossible There is some mistake here. Release the lady," and he attempted to draw her away. "Hold, young man," replied the officer; "there is no mistake in the matter-I have a warrant for her arrest, and you must permit me to execute my orders

peaceably, or I shall be obliged to use force." Further resistance was useless; and after accompanying Lily to the place where she was to remain for the present, her friends returned to their lodgings, and despatched a message to Sir Radford and Lady Coningsburg, desiring them to hasten forward without delay. This done, they vented their indignation on this outrageous imposition, as they termed it, and pictured the reparation that Sir Radford would probably demand.

It so chanced that the baronet and his lady had started to rejoin their friends, and missed the intelligence, so that on their arrival it was very evident they were ignorant of evil. Honoria's first inquiry was for her daughter, and the embarrassed silence of her companions struck with leaden weight on her

"You did not receive our message, then?" inquired one of the ladies.

"No-there is something you hesitate to say; I beg you will tell me instantly what has happened." "Pray, be calm, my dear friend-it is nothingthat is, all will be well now that you are come."

"My child! she is ill-she-no it cannot be that any harm has befallen her-oh! say it is not that!"

aumatances.

the room, "do not conceal anything from me! Tell comfort in that fact. me the worst, and at once-I can bear all but this dreadful doubt."

"It is only a strange mistake, or the mallolous invention of some enemy," he replied, and indignantly narrated the occurrence.

Ere he had finished, she comprehended the whole and, for the second time in her life, sank under the burden of unbearable distress into insensibility. When she recovered her senses, the thought that her child!" history could no longer be concealed, and that a public exposure must follow, nearly deprived her of reason. All the results of twelve long years' toil and around her. "vexation of spirit" were dashed at one blowcrumbled into dust!

grace-alone among strangers, and no mother to comfort her in this desolation-until the bitter cry arose: "Why am I thus persecuted!"

Then conscience, whose voice she had so long tacit deceit, the thoughtless pursuit of pleasure, all her worldliness, the disregarded warnings of affliction, and the stifled repentance, that, if heeded, stroke of chastisement, rose up like ghosts from the past, and caused her to shudder at the retrospection angel, as the just retribution so long delayed was she would also stay and share the same fate. dealt upon her.

Amid this chaos of emotion, one impulse shone out clear and defined—to see and defend her child mother to suffer instead, applied for permission to from all unnecessary suffering-for she never realized pass out. But a taunting laugh, and the reply. the almost idolatrous love she cherished for Lily until now. Yet it was impossible to go to her, without being herself arrested; this she would not have heeded-for, when her past life was disclosed and but to remain together, filled both their hearts, and. the name of slave affixed to her, the state of slavery ere long, fiestling in her mother's arms, worn out would be no additional misery to her diseased mind; but if she joined her daughter, and resigned herself slumber. to voluntary bondage, no benefit could result, for it was very uncertain if Maxwell would allow them to remain together, lest his revenge should not be complete, or they should effect a second escape, unless guarded so warily as to become a burden.

And she had supposed this long-dreaded danger vanquished forever, years ago. On his quitting England, she had parted peacefully from her persecutor, and dismissed the idea of an event like the present from her thoughts, as a settled impossibility! Who could have imagined that Maxwell would learn their arrival, when residing in another part of the continent! These reflections passed through the mind wretched situation and that of a short time previous, added its silent sting, reproaching her for the restless, ungrateful disposition that had not permitted her to receive with thankfulness unnumbered blessings, but urged them all on to ruin, which fell most heavily upon the innocent-her husband and childfrom whom she, the cause, had experienced nothing but devotion and blind obedience.

The faint hope that perhaps Maxwell would permit the purchase of Lily, kept her from despair. and accursed thing—could it be this awful degrada. remained to the desolate old man but to die. tion would be allowed! Her brain seemed on fire at this crisis, only the conviction that the utmost self-command and energy were indispensable to res-

Most bitter of all was the fact that they were actually free; that their fiendish enemy, who unjustly defrauded them of liberty, was the one who had deprived them of their idolized protector-the cowardly murderer of the fond husband and father.

But at this season human sympathy availed the victim little, and she had not yet learned to seek the tender support of that God whose rightcous judgment and punishment she acknowledged.

CHAPTER XI.

Honoria's worst fears were realized. Maxwell reused to part with Lily, and prepared to depart immediately after the trial was concluded. Nearly distracted at the prospect of a final separation, the unhappy mother resolved to see her darling once more, in the vague, wild hope-of she knew not what. The ladies of the party had visited Lily during the trial, and much surprise was expressed that the cruel Southerner should allow his prisoner such consolation. He had even permitted notes to pass between his victims, and in the last which Lily had sent, she begged her mother not to attempt seeing her, and bade her a touching farewell.

The poor child now sat crouched in a corner of her clasped to her bosom; the sweet face flushed with recent tears, and the long, fair hair in disordered. heavy masses about her shoulders; she was endeavoring to comprehend the full extent of the although very uneasy at leaving Honoria with the calamity which had befallen her; her desolation- Judge, was obliged to submit, aware that any display the horrors of her position-till overcome with of such feelings would appear suspicious, and, inbewildering fright, she hid her face in her hands deed, he scarcely knew what he feared during his and sobbed with tearless eyes, striving to still the absence. suffocating throbs of her aching heart,

She dashed the damp curls back, and clinging to the iron bars, gazed forth again, striving to be calm, friends. Fortunately her ideas of slavery were very exclaimed: undefined, and she could not comprehend much more than that she should always be a servant among strangers, and never again see her beloved country, as she termed England, nor her dear old acquaintances; but this nearly benumbed her senses.

deed true that she should never more behold that fond saying: fully borne.

ther's yearning tenderness devise a way to comfort, "Do not attempt to soothe me thus," Honoria ve-

Lady Coningsburg's agonized suspense was terri- if not rescue her? Could she live otherwise? No, ble to behold; and, unabled to restrain her emotion, she was conscious that death or a maniac's fate the lady summoned her brother-the one who had must then relieve her, and there was joy in the attempted to prevent Lily's arrest—to relate the cir- thought. But she was thankful that a meeting would not be allowed—that the safety of that most "Oh, Lord Hardingo!" Honoria cried, as he entered loved one would not be periled, and strove to find

But oh! only to hear her voice-but one word! And the tears ran down her pale cheeks again, for nature was stronger than reason or religion.

The door of her cell was opened to admit a visitor, and then securely fastened as before. A tall, veiled figure advanced a few hurried steps, tottered, and, stretching out its arms toward the trembling girl, who had risen, uttered the cry of "My child! my

With a low, broken murmur of gladness, Lily sprang forward, and the arms were folded closely

For a moment not a whisper broke the silent happiness of either; and then the poor girl, flinging her-She thought of her darling child, imprisoned, self down on her couch, drew Honoria beside her. treated like a criminal, and heart-broken at this dis- and poured out a flood of incoherent, joyous phrases. interrupted by tears and caresses.

Presently Honoria collected her wandering senses and proceeded to execute the plan she had formed for Lily's liberation. She was to remain behind, silenced, became a releutless accuser. The towering while the young girl should depart in her stead. ambition, the wasted opportunities of usefulness, the unknown to the jailer. Lily would not listen to this. until her mother represented that she could doubtless effect an escape before long, and they would then be united; instead of which, a lasting separamight perhaps have averted this last overwhelming tion must ensue, if one so young and inexperienced as Lily were to depend on her own efforts for a reunion. Honoria finally declared that if she would to remain awed and silent before the avenging not avail herself of this opportunity of freedom,

Thus urged, Lily disguised her face and form, and, nearly overcome with the thoughts of leaving her "that both birds were caged at last," fell on the ears of those within with startling force. The next moment a perverse joy, that they had now no choice with fatigue and sorrow. Lily fell into a gentle

Maxwell experienced a flerce pleasure at learning that his schemes were successful. Now he could revenge the past with usury. In addition to slavery. his proud victim should pine to think that, could she but escape, her former position might be restored. and that day by day she was losing her youth and beauty - wasting her existence, tortured by the knowledge that her levely child was doomed to a life of degradation, just as the most brilliant future seemed opening to her.

It was owing to mere accident that he became aware that Honoria was in America. Wearied with the loneliness of Mount Clare, he had accompanied of the sufferer; and the contrast between her present Mrs. Talbot on a visit to her brother, Judge Tracy, residing near the Falls, and, having heard some person mention a beautiful Miss St. George, traveling with an English. party, at once surmised the truth, and laid his plans accordingly. He had permitted Lily's friends to visit her, in the hope that some such step as Honoria had taken, would place both in his power.

The consternation of Sir Radford, on discovering the last misfortune that had befallen him, resulted in a severe illness; his pride was now completely prostrated—a Coningsburg a slave! He could never Horrible thought! She shricked at the sound of lift up his head again—the glory of his unsullied her own expression—her child a slave—that loathed thirty descents was hopelessly stained—and nothing

Honoria was also humbled. She felt that she would willingly resign those vanities which had never satisfied her heart, for the lowest station in cue Lily, if within human power, preserved her life as a free woman, and labor cheerfully to support herself and child.

Sir Radford, who had watched the progress of events with trembling eagerness, became acquainted during Lily's trial, with Judge Tracy, and when Honoria was detained by Maxwell, requested an interview. He inquired if no inducement could be The consternation of her friends, when the truth offered that would persuade Maxwell to release his was known, was only equalled by their pity and in. claims, and implored the Judge to effect a comprodignation. Every failing of the really charming mise. This the latter knew would be a useless at-Honoria was forgotten, and every excellence of her. tempt; but the Baronet could not endure the thoughts self and child magnified like the virtues of the dead. of so public an exposure as must ensue at the trial, and his misery was doubled at knowing the suffering it must cause his haughty, but idolized wife. In consideration of his urgent petitions, the Judge consented to undertake the task, but suggested, as a last hope, in case Maxwell was immovable, that some person might be commissioned to purchase the mother and daughter, without the agency of their friends being suspected. To this chance Sir Radford clung with despairing tenacity.

As he had predicted, Judge Tracy found that the plaintiff would make no concession, and, deeply interested in the matter, requested to see Honoria. Disliking to refuse, yet inwardly unwilling, Maxwell ordered that she should be brought from the apartment where she was confined. As she entered the room, the Judge gazed at her with evident surprise. and instinctively offered her a seat; he could scarce credit his senses, and addressed her with deference -it might be that a deeper feeling than respect actuated him; there was a tenderness in his mangrated window, looking into the dusky shades of ner, which increased as they conversed. She said gathering twilight, with her mother's last reply but little, and appeared calm and unshaken, for she was resolved to afford no satisfaction to her enemy.

Soon after her entrance, Maxwell was called from the room to attend to some important business, and

But the instant that he was fairly gone, a great change passed over the hitherto passive face, that her companion so much admired. Rising quickly, and to banish the thoughts of mother, home and she clasped her hands, and advancing toward him,

"Oh! save me and my child-we are free! Max-

well himself told me he destroyed our papers." "What do you say?" replied the Judge, nearly bewildered at this singular procedure.

In a few rapid but comprehensive words, Honoria The shadows deepened—on the morrow she should stated the case, and implored him to rescue Lily and be beyond the reach of the loved ones. Oh! was it in- herself. Deeply moved, he gazed sorrowfully at her,

mother's face? It could not be so. Vainly she tried: "My poor child! although I firmly believe your to realize that this was not all a horrible dream. If statement, it can avail you nothing—there is no she could but gaze once again on her mother, rest proof. But do not lose courage If Mr. Maxwell her weary head a few short minutes on that shelter retains you in his possession, at Mount Harry you ing breast, everything in the future might be cheer will be well treated; for Mrs. Talbot, who is his uncle's wife, and also my sister, resides there, and Would she not come even yet? Could not a mo. will protect you, I am sure."

hemently cried. " Would such words reconcile you to a fate like mine?" and she covered her face in Honoria was adjudged to him. Since the interview hopotess despondency.

bracelet!"

Honoria looked up in surprise. She could not recognize the calm, measured accents of Judge Tracy, in the hurried, unsteady utterance of the agitated trial, one of the gentlemen belonging to Honoria's man before her. She mechanically did as he re travelling party stood in the doorway. As she adquested, however, and offered the ornament to him. Solzing one of its pendants with trembling hands, glance at him, and, unobserved amid the crowd, he scrutinized it narrowly. It was the Spanish placed a note in his hand. Hastily quitting the doubloon she still wore-unable to part with, it even after it had betrayed her to Maxwell.

"Where did you obtain this coin?" the Judge to Judge Tracy. inquired.

She related the circumstances connected with it, especially when she mentioned the name of her mother, and the charge concerning the date of her birth, and preservation of this medal. She was yet speaking when Maxwell returned. Making a sign for her to cease, Judge Tracy said to him:

"I wish my sister to see this person, and will go for her at once. I am much interested in her ap-Dearance."

Maxwell assented, unable to comprehend the notice taken of Honoria, or why Mrs. Talbot could not as well see her on their departure for home. But, aware that it was for his interest to stand well with the Judge, and apprehending no evil from granting so simple a request, he awaited the arrival of the lady with curiosity.

CHAHTER XII.

When Judge Tracy returned, he was accompanied by Mrs. Talbot, and, despite her agitation and suspense of mind, Honoria was deeply impressed with the majestic elegance of the lady.

"Maud, this is the person I spoke of to you," said the Judge.

Mrs. Talbot glanced toward Honoria, and turning to her brother again with troubled countenance, inquired-

"You have something to tell me-what is it?" The gentleman requested Honoria to raise her left sleeve, and quietly pointed to the bracelet. Mrs. Talbot looked wildly at the medal for a moment, and then sat down, quite pale, but collected. A few lowspoken explanations followed on the part of the Judge, who afterward addressed Maxwell, stating that his sister contested his claim to Honoria.

Maxwell could scarce speak for astonishment, and the Judge added: "I prefer this person should not be present during our conversation. Will you allow her to retire to the next room?"

When Honoria was gone, he continued: "Thirty venre ago Mr. Talbot sold a quadroon slave to a Southern trader, for some fault she had committed; but, immediately after the purchase, she escaped, taking with her, as it was supposed, the little daughter of her former master, whose nurse she had been, and to whom she was devotedly attached. Revenge, it is thought, prompted the action. No tidings of either were ever obtained from that day to this, though the strictest search was instituted-but we hope there is a clue. This woman, who has just left us, we believe to be the daughter of Philip Talbot.

Maxwell was astounded. Having been abroad when this event occurred, and visiting but little at Mount Clare in his youth, he had ceased to remember the dircumstance that made so slight an impres sion on him at the time.

. But what proofs have you sir?" he now demanded.

"The coincidences of dates and names, for Honorie is but a slight departure from that of your cousin-Onora. There is no vestige of mixed blood in this person-her foot alone would declare her European origin—it has the peculiar Tracy instep, proud arch, and slender delicacy. None of her ancestors could his claim to her had been undoubted. Brownell, findhave been slaves for many generations. But, above | ing that he must make a confident of his correspondent, all, this medal certifies her identity. Before my or be convicted of illegally detaining a free person, prepossession rather peculiarly, and Maud expressed trinsic beauty and interesting associations. I there fore had it marked with a cross and Phillip Talbot's initials, and attached it to a bracelet, which I presented to her. This is the very coin which /I now hold in my hand."

"But I should not consider this any proof at all!" exclaimed Maxwell, furious at the possibility of losing his victims. "If the woman Rosalie was the same whom my uncle sold, she might have taught any child to repeat certain dates, and to give its name as Honoria. The medal she probably stole; but I do not think it likely she would have encum bered herself in her flight with a helpless child of four years. Besides, I purchased this woman in New Orleans, and her former master was a slave. trader, who was most likely never further north than Kentucky; and, at any rate, how should Rosalie have become a slave again, when she doubtless fled to Canada?"

"I cannot answer these questions," replied Judge Tracy, "but this matter can probably be proved to the satisfaction of every one. We will trace out her different owners, and thus discover the truth or falsity of our suspicions."

Maxwell was confident that Mrs. Talbot and her brother would perceive their mistake at once, and, desirous to have the matter settled without delay; gave Brownell's address, believing that he had owned her from her birth, till St. George purchased her. Mrs. Talbot declined seeing Honoria again, lest if she became more interested in her, a disappointment would be harder to endure.

The most intense anxiety was felt during the period that elapsed before Brownell's reply was received; and when it finally arrived, the death-blow was struck to all their hopes. The trader stated that he had indeed purchased a quadroon named Rosalie, from Mr. Talbot, at the time mentioned, but that she was recovered soon after her escape. Several years elapsed when she attempted to free herself again, taking with her this time her child, about able. Rest and sleep were quite out of the quesseven years old. But he at length traced her, and tion, and imagination painted every incident in the although she had died from exposure to a storm that overtook her while on her way, had claimed the child. whom he afterwards sold to a New Orleans gentleman.

Such was the statement, which dismayed the sanguine hopes of Mrs. Talbot and her brother. There could be no doubt of its truth, for the town where of flying to meet the new comers, she trembled so Rosalie died was given, and no one would dare expose himself thus to the discovery of a dishonest statement. It was therefore settled that Rosalie had probably named her child for the little one to whom she was so much attached, and the doubloon had been taken by design or accident, as it had always hung round Onora's neck from infancy.

Maxwell's claim was no longer contested, and with Mrs. Talbot, she had not been allowed to see "Madam, will you permit me to examine that her friends, or send any message to them, for Maxwell was desirous to avoid further interruptions, and

return home as seen as possible. But in leaving the court room at the close of the vanced to pass out, she cast a significant, imploring place, he examined it, and found it was a slip of paper hurriedly scrawled in pencil, and addressed

The gentleman lost no time in forwarding it to him, and begged to know if it contained anything and wondered still more at his increasing emotion, favorable. As the Judge glanced over the lines, his eye lit up, and he exclaimed-

"Favorable, indeed! If this date is correct, she is free to a certainty."

These were the words that so encouraged Judge Tracy :-

"I do not know on what ground you disputed Mr. Maxwell's claim, or why you have failed to rescue me; but if because you were unable to learn my early history before Mr. Brownell took me from Norwood, where my mother died, go to Greenbank, in New York State, and inquire concerning Royalie Phillips, who left that place with her little girl, then bout seven, twenty six years ago.

"Now, if this statement is correct," said the Judge, "it overthrows Brownell's testimony at once, as it is not thirty years since he purchased Rosalie, and he declares that Honoria was born since that time. But not a whisper of this to any person, lest we should be defeated in obtaining proofs."

The gentleman promised silence, and they set out immediately for Greenbank. On arriving at the place, which was an obscure village, such as would naturally be selected by a fugitive, they found many who recollected Mrs. Phillips perfectly, and informed the strangers that she had resided there three years with her little girl, who was very unlike its mother. and persisted in calling itself Onora Talbot for a long time. This caused some to suspect it was not the woman's child; but Rosalie said that this was because a lady of that name, with whom she had formerly lived, taught her to do so. They added, also, that Rosalie had left Greenbank very abruptly, without informing any one of her destination, and that the next day several men, whom they suspected to be officers, came to the village in search of her, saying she was a fugitive slave.

Judge Tracy was-now satisfied, and returned to Niagara with the utmost despatch, hoping to arrive before Maxwell's departure. He was just too late, and instantly set out to overtake him. This he did on the platform of a railway station in one of the Middle States; the train was on the point of starting, but preventing Maywell from entering the cars, he briefly explained the reason of this unexpected interference. To the surprise of his companions, instead of quietly preparing to await the issue of the case, Maxwell burst out into an ungovernable fury; uttering the most horrible imprecations, and finally

drawing a weapon to assault Judge Tracy. He was held back by several in the crowd, which had now assembled; purple with rage, he struggled for a few seconds with desperate but fruitless force to free himself, and then sank down in a fit, while a dark crimson stream gushed from his mouth, rendering still more hideous his black, distorted face.

CHAPTER XIII.

The whole matter being now thoroughly sifted, a succession of deep laid plots was brought to light. On finding that Judge Tracy was resolved to discover the truth of those suspicions, suggested by the trinket which Honoria wore, Maxwell had at once written an exact account of the matter to Brownell, inquiring if sister's marriage a Spanish doubloon came into my ferred the former alternative, and acknowledged that Ionoria could not lawfully be held; but expressed her admiration of the piece on account of its in. his readiness to adopt any course to screen himself and oblige Maxwell.

The unprincipled villain lost no time in communicating the plan that met with such success, calculating that an event which happened so long ago, and was of so little consequence as the removal of a pauper, would not impress the date of its occurrence indelibly upon the minds of the overseer or inmates of the Norwood poor-house-at least not beyond the power of a bribe to erase.

This undoubtedly would have been the case, had Judge Tracy pursued the matter further. But the fortunate impulse that had prompted Honoria to refer him to Greenbank for the portion of her life which she was unable to repeat, had overthrown the plotters at the eleventh hour, and they only escaped that punishment they so richly deserved, through Mrs. Talbot's refusing to prosecute her husband's nephew.

His fear lest Honoria should unconsciously betray him, had been the cause for Maxwell's keeping her so seeluded after the alarm he had received, and had not Judge Tracy overtaken them that very day. Honoria's fate would have been irrevocably decided.

On the morrow he would have entered the Slave States, and, secure of protection there, secreted the mother and daughter beyond the reach of justice. pretending he had disposed of them in such a manner that all hope of tracing them would soon be aban-

Words cannot describe the overpowering tide of wild hope that filled the heart of Mrs. Talbot on receiving these two lines in a hurried message:-

"All's well. Expect us at Niagara without de-

What this might mean, she could not tell. Who were included in the pronoun us? But she banished every anxiety, confident that her grave brother would never have spoken so triumphantly, had there not been some unusual fortune in store. But despite her endeavors to remain calm, her pulses fluttefed at every sound, and the hours seemed interminfuture with colors brighter than reason could warrant.

Several days had clapsed, and Mrs. Talbot was alone in the hall, gazing at the sunset streaming through the open doors, when the sound of carriage wheels on the graveled drive met her ears. Instead excessively, that all power of movement was gone, and she was half inclined to hope there might be a little delay. But the door opened opposite, and three figures entered-her brother, Honoria and Lily. .

She sprang into the arms of the former, who ex-

claimed-Welcome me home, Maud, for I have brought

you back the long-lost child of your affections."

"Was there ever a more perfect family likeness?" she directed her to sit down, that she might sean trust in a future union. every feature. Then kneeling before her, Honoria bore the scrutiny of those intensely anxious eyes. down into the exquisite, upturned face, coloriess as moved to tears by their eloquent pleading, the wit was spared to her in health and beauty. nesses turned silently away.

As Mrs. Talbot gazed her lips trembled with in-distinct murmurings, which became more audible-"No chance resemblance must deceive me now."

In another moment the fearful suspense vanished. her features were lit up as by a flash of sunshine, and exclaiming-

"Yes, yes, there is no mistaking that speaking ikeness. My child, my child, indeed!" and she clasped her to her heart.

weeping Honoria begged her dear parent to grant see the same solicitude for her daughter's safety and his own toils. comfort, as if thirty years had not changed the little child into an experienced woman, herself a mother.

ship between them, and felt that she somehow made Honoria less her daughter: but this Honoria knew would soon pass away.

The news of this wonderful discovery spread with the rapidity of sound, and even strangers rejoiced at the results so different from those anticipated. But there is no happiness without alloy. The morn ing after the joyful return, before daybreak, a sum. mons came for Honoria from her husband. Quite enfeebled by the startling events of the preceding childhood, she led her two levely children, a proud weeks, this last revulsion, on hearing too suddenly the great and good tidings, had completely overwhelmed Sir Radford, who was struck down with paralysis, and begged to see his wife and Lily with-

They hastened to him at once; but it was harrow. ing to witness his distress when unable to embrace or speak intelligibly to them. He was so prostrated that there was no hope of his recovery, and Lily and her mother watched beside him alternately, day and night, Their vigil of affection was not a long one- high-souled purposes, and all noble deeds. "Her each. Lily mourned him with the depth of a daugh. rise up and call her blessed." ter's love; but her mother, although truly attached, reproached herself with ingratitude for his reverential adoration and unwavering indulgence, not only towards her, but also to her child, whom he had entirely adopted in his heart; she had never made an equal return—St. George was never forgotten.

Sir Radford's vast fortune was left equally between Honoria and Lily. Had any of his relatives been living, they would have shared with them; but the baronet was the last of his family, and too reserved to have made any intimate friends. Still Honoria could not feel justified to receive so much from one whom she had only esteemed in return for an idolatrous love, and bestowed a large part of her portion on public charities, and in improving the tenantry of Ashford Park, which estate Sir Radford had ordered should revert to Lily at her mother's

There was nothing now to detain them in this part of the country. Mrs. Talbot was anxious to return home, and Honoria desired to see her birthplace. A gentleman who had accompanied Sir Radford and his lady from England, wishing to see the United States, requested permission to travel with them to Washington, and the other members bade a long farewell to one who had so long been the leader of their circle, which would now be obliged to elect another in her stead; for although Henoria expected to return to that country which seemed dear to her as her native land-for there she had first tasted liberty and the bewildering cup of flattery and homage-it would never be to resume her once thought less, worldly life. The fires of affliction and trial had refined her nature, till naught but pure gold remained in the crucible.

CHAPTER XIV.

The soft shades of twilight were settling down over the broad lands, the dusky avenues, and leafembosomed roof of the grand old Hall at Mount Clare, as the travelers entered the gateway and proceeded along the drive that wound to the house. Not a sound broke the silence, save the hum of insects, the katydid's song, and the chirp of birds, settling to sleen among the boughs.

Each of the little circle was too full of thought and emotion to speak; but when they arrived before the stately old mansion, Mrs. Talbot gently said:

"Welcome home, my children," and led them into

As Honoria crossed the threshold, a calm joy, such as she had never known hitherto, settled upon her spirit. She felt that here was rest-her highest standard of earthly happiness now. Although she did not recollect Mount Clare, the apartments seemed familiar and pleasant, as if endeared by old associations. And here for the present was she

That night, the first spent in the home of her birth since childhood, was thronged with retrospections of mingled character. Alone in the hush of night she sat by her open window, while the soft summer winds came laden with sweet odors, and the leaves that curtained the casement rustled in the breeze High in the deep blue arch the glittering groups wheeled their ceaseless round, and nature seemed to repose in the brooding stillness. The far-off, circling woods were like dusky lines of shadowy sentinels, and the stream whose distant murmur rose and fell with the gentle gales, reflected back the shimmering stars in twinkling fragments.

since broken up in Honoria's heart: but in this holv

by them; all the freshness of youth descended upon Placing her in a chair, Judgo Tracy led Honoria her wearled mind and heart. As she gazed upon the cherished likeness of St. George, the old bitterness of desolate repining did not cloud her spirit, or By this time all Mrs Talbot's calm stateliness had send the hot tears to her eyes. Pride, despair and returned, and addressing the pale, carnest woman, selfish sorrow, gave place to gratitude, hope and

Her many causes for thanksgiving blotted out past suffering, and promised future peace. She was Laying a hand on each shoulder, Mrs. Talbot gazed not one of that race from which she instinctively shrank even yet, and that was in itself reason for a delicate ivory statue, whose clear dark eyes were thankfulness. She had found a tender mother, whose troubled to their chrystaline depths, and wore so love would end but with death; earthly prosperity wistful, patient, yet suffering an expression, that, was showered upon her; and above all, her child

But beyond these blessings, out of her heart shone the light of her long buried love. She was now free to revive the memory of those haleyon days, when each was the other's nearer, dearer self, and her eye and cheek kindled with a proud thrill at the thought that she was once his wife, was happy in his love, the mother of his child; and nothing could ever take those consolations from her. No evil could now befal her-she was rich in those treasures of the soul that life's ills cannot destroy, and she waited for the time when her bark should leave the stream of Time Then Lily crept to her mother's side, and the for the golden shores of Eternity.

Far different were the emotions surging through her a place in her heart also. Mrs. Talbot laid both Maxwell's desperate brain. He cursed the blind hands caressingly on the shining, golden head, and folly that had urged him to his destruction. Had impressively invoked a blessing. But it seemed that he desisted from his insane thirst for revengeful for the present she had no eyes for anything but her tyranny, his cousin had never been discovered, long lost treasure; and it was not till a late hour of and he had still been master of Mount Clare, which the night that she would permit Honoria from her was now wrested from him. To what depths had sight. She evidently could not realize the lapse of his evil, ungoverned passions brought him! Pennitime since they were parted; and it was touching to less, disgraced, an outcast from society, caught in

The remembrance of his willful crimes maddened him. Whither should be turn for relief from the The presence of Lily appeared to oppress Mrs. ruin that faced him on every hand? In his frenzy Talbot, as if she could not understand the relation he resolved to seek a dreamless sleep, and a suicide's death was his.

> But perpetual sunshine reigned at Mount Clare. In the course of a few years, Lily became the wife of that young Englishman who had attempted to defend her from Maxwell's cruelty, and accompanied her to the South on her release. The long silent manor house at Ashford Park again resounded to light footsteps and merry laughter, while in the walks where Lily had bounded along in the buoyancy of and blithe young mother.

Honoria resided at Mount Clare till the death of Mrs. Talbot, who was spared long after their restoration to each other, and then returned to Ashford Park, to spend the remainder of her days.

She is now in the evening of life, reverenced by one generation, and the delight of the other. Her still beautiful face is serene and joyous, and the quick, kindling eyes, have lost none of their olden power; while her heart is in all good works, all in less than a week he expired, holding a hand of gray hairs are a crown of glory," "and her children

> Written for the Banner of Light. KATE AND BEN: A Rural Scene. BY J. R. M. SQUIRE.

Kate.

Come sit beside me 'neath the shade Of yonder trees and hanging vines, Through which the sun drops pendant lines, Ere half his heavenly gourse is made. From where we sit, when from the hill

The scented breezes sweep along, By listening we can catch the song Sung in the meadow by the rill. I used to hie me here at noon

To read, or with my fancies play. Or watch my brothers making hay-Then evening found me all too soon.

You were away then: yes, I know, You left us in the month of May; You were remembered while away, How long you stayed | and I feit so.

The sun looks splendid, does n't it? There, see its light in yonder oak; How still you are—you have n't spoke. Look, see where those two squirrels sit! You look real sad; what alls you, dear?

I mean—I hate to see you so; Come, shall we go, then, shall we go? No! no! you are not happy here.

Say something to me; what's the matter? And sighing, Bon? well, let's away: I'll not come here another day-Do, hear those little squirrels chatter !

The sun is almost lost to view, And twilight's gathering in the glen; Come, smile just once, one smile, oh. Ren. Why, won't you smile? I'd smile for you. Ben.

Well, Kate, I'll speak, Kate, if I can; Think not I mean not what I tell. Though young, within my being dwell Deep thoughts that make me feel a man. You know I knew you ere I had

To go away to school last Spring ; You'll think it is a foolish thing, Yet I was very lone and sad. Dear-Kate I feel-I know-you see-It has been so since first we met:

I deeply-that is-I forget-

How funnily you look at me!

It will not do for me to stay.

Kate. Come, tell me, Ben, speak, Ben, do, pray, The sun is lost in evening's gloom, The light is lit in father's room:

Then, if you really want to know, Do n't think me foolish, 'tisn't fair, I'd told before, but did n't dare; I'm sad, because I-love you so!

Dear Ben. I've longed to tell you all That I felt too; here, dear, take this-I give my heart with this first kiss; Dear Ben—good-by—there's father's call.

Kate.

THIS QUEER WORLD .- The following passage closes the Baccalaureate Address of Hon. A. B. Longstreet, President of the South Carolina College at Columbia, to the recent graduating class :- "You are embarking upon a strange world, my young friends. It banished Aristides, poisoned Socrates, murdered Cicero, and crucified the Lord of Glory. The spirit of Themistocles, of Melitus, of Anthony, and Caiphas is still in the world; greatly subdued and law-bound, to be sure, but not extinguished. You may expect, The crust of worldly selfishness had been long therefore, at times to be depressed by your rivals, condemned for your prtriotism, and tormented for hour, not only did every vestige of former weakness your benefactions; to have your confidence abused, vanish forever, but a new strength was imparted. your integrity derided, and to suffer a thousand im-The days of early happiness seemed very near, as positions in smaller matters - from those from memory brought them before her—she was renewed whom you had a right to expect better things.

Penrls,

And quoted odes, and lowels five words long, That on the stretched fore-fluger of all Time, Bparkle forever."

A nameless man, amid a crowd That thronged the dally mart, Let fall a word of hope and love, Unstudied, from the heart-A whisper on the tumult thrown, A transitory breath; It raised a brother from the dust, . It saved a soul from death. O gem, O fount, O word of love! O thought at random cast ! Ye were but little at the first, But mighty at the last.

Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of cvil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to heaven. grateful adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet, Though to itself it only live or die; But if that flow'r with base infection meet, The basest weed outbraves his dignity; For sweetest things turn sourcest by their deeds; Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds. SHARSPEARE,

Trust not implicitly to anybody but God-not even to

When Faith, too young for a sublimer creed, Her simple text from Nature's volume taught, She 'wakened Melody, whose shell and reed, Though rude, upon her spirit gently wrought. But soon from sylvan altars she took wing. And Music followed still the Angel's flight; Savage no more, she touched a golden string, And sung of God, in Roveistion's light!

It is not easy to straighten in the oak the crook that grew in the sapling.

When Summer heats our veins oppress. And the woods swelter; When faint with noon-tide sultriness We pine for shelter; When, weary with the daily walk O'er moor and meadow, We long for change, for fire-side talk, And the lamp's shadow-Still sings the soother of our woes-"To sigh is folly; The same kind hand that brought the rose Shall bring the holly."

Written for the Banner of Light, "HOME AGAIN!"

BY MARY GREY.

"Home again!" "Home again!" sings the heart. if not the lips, as the first glimpse of the homestead oof, through the maples, fills your soul with joy. on've been gone four long years, from "the loved ones at home," and now joyful anticipations of the welcome awaiting you, flit like sunbeams through our busy thoughts. Visions of home have ofttimes hrust themselves between your brain and an unlearned page of Latin or Greek before you, much to the detriment of your recitation; but now, thanks to your perseverance, and the kind aid of teachers, you are free! The long coveted "sheepskin" is yours, and yourself on a prancing horse are galloping homeward. How very happy the thought makes Eagerly you gaze upon the familiar landscapes, to

note the changes which you fancy may have taken place in your absence; but its various features are all the same as when your eye last rested upon them.

As you ride on -so full is your heart of homethat the warbling of the birds in the cedar-hedge and alder-bushes, seems one repeated chorus of " Home again!"

' And now you've reached your father's farm. Away to the left, across the meadow and river, you see through the cloudy morning mist the cattle feeding, and vividly the recollection comes up to you of the time when, a little boy, your business it was to drive the cows from pasture to dairy-yard, and back again. Then that river! what an irresistible tation it used to prove on a sultry summer dayand what real enjoyment you've had in its cool. crystal-like depths, with fellow school-mates. Happy days, those, you think. Next, your eye rests on the newly-mown meadow; and, with a laugh, you recall your first day's experience with a soythe. There, a little aside from the river, stands the large walnut tree: where you used to hang your soythe; or, when tired, rest on the grass under its shadow. There, too, sister Nell-the dear girl-used to set the basket of lunch, leaving faithful Carlo as sentinel on duty, to keep all intruders at a proper distance. Under the same tree-later in the season-a ter the kindly frost had opened the close, green rind of the nuts. Nellie and you gathered them for the cheer of the family on the coming long winter evenings.

Quick as thought can fly, these-and so many others-have winged through your memory; and now you are at the yard-gate. Checking your horse just under the morning shadow of the old chestnut, you pause with quickened pulses, and moistened eye, to take a near survey of the spot dearest to you of any on earth-the scene of your boyish sports and troubles. Neither the early sun, nor light breeze. have driven away the jewel-like dew-drops showered so plentifully over the grass and shrubbery. How home-like the lilao and rose-bushes look! In another's yard you'd think them homely; but, in your own, you'd not have their places filled by even the rarest of trees or plants. You throw yourself from the panting horse, and

hasten up the lightly-graveled walk, to the halfopen door, thinking "they 're not looking for me so early:" but, ere you are half way from the gate, your glad sister is by your side, with eyes brimfu of joy, and the merriest laugh upon her lips, as she greets you home. In the door stands little blue-eyed, ourly, headed Willie, clapping his chubby hands, and shouting lustily, "Fred's come!" Half way through the parlor, your father meets you, with such a genial smile, and a world of kind feeling in his hearty grasp of the hand, that you are quite sure he has forgiven those "college pranks." Close by is your mother-that dear mother, whose image has oftenest been with you-and the loving clasp of her ever kind hand, and her warm kiss, you will never forget. And there we'll leave you-in the midst of the hapniest group on earth—an unbroken home circle!

A young woman ought, like an angel, to pardon the faults she cannot comprehend; and an elderly woman, like a saint, because she has endured

"Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

CONTINUED FROM THE PIRST PAGE. my sins; I need such an assurance of God's pardoning mercy as that which beams upon me from the cross? If you do not feel the need of this in your own soul, I re-peat, you will not feel it from long historical and theo-logical arguments. My friends, it is in little waysido opportunities that we come up to the great truths; we descend through Jacob's well to eternal depths, and in a draught of water we learn the need and efficacy of di-

Finally, let us consider the woman's opportunity in the incident now before us. We have considered how Christ used his opportunity; let us consider now the woman's opportunity. It was a twofold opportunity. First—there was the opportunity of ministration. I have already illustrated this in speaking of tration. I have already illustrated this in speaking of opportunities in general—that there are occasions for one to do a great deed—at least a good deed—in the thousand incidents in life; that they occur in the common, dally affairs of the world; and that we are not to wait for great opportunities. She had an opportunity of ministering especially to the necessities of Jesus Christ. She did not know he was the Messjah that she had been expecting, who was to tell her all things. She only saw a humble traveler sitting upon Jacob's well; she knew not what a great privilege she had, yet it was a great privilege and opportunity for her. My friends, how many would gladly avail themselves of a similar opportunity! How many are there here who would be glad to minister to Jesus Christ in person—to minister to him who so nobly and constantly ministered! How glad to minister to Jesus Christ in person—to minister to him who so nobly and constantly ministered! How many, were Christ on earth, would crowd to him to do what they could for him—to do it for the sake of reputation, if for nothing else. No, we cannot minister to Jesus Christ now. He needs not our human help. No more is he encased in the necessitities of the flesh; no more does he half wears by the wearlies no more does. more is ne encased in the necessitates of the nesh; no more does he halt weary by the wayside; no more does he linger thirsty by the well; no more does he need anything that human hands and human ministration can do for him. But what is one of the most sublime and wonderful truths that Christ taught? "Inasmuch and wonderful truths that Christ taught? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have also done it unto me." There is the great law which he has laid down for us. With every needy man, with every weak, dependent claimant by the wayside, Christ comes to us again, as he came to the woman of Samaria, and asks for our ministration; and often in ministering to them, we contertain angels unawares." Do you know what you do whenever you minister in unsellish love? Can you tell the result to which your efforts tend? Do you know what hopes you may revive, what flagging powers you may arouse, what courage you may inspire?

Oh, manifold, more than I can stop to tell, are the

Oh, manifold, more than I can stop to tell, are the occasions of ministering in this life. Whenever you are called upon to give, remember that it is to Christ, and that you have an opportunity akin to that of the woman at Jacob's well. Whenever humanity comes to you in a lowly, degraded shape, amid contemptible associations, and looks up and appeals to you in its weakness, and you despise and reject it, remember that in so doing you snite and descerate the humanity for which Christ poured out his blood. I do not know a grander truth in the Gospel than this broad doctrine of Christ's oneness with humanity. As we help and comfort humanity, so do we minister to Christ; as we dospise and abuse it, so do we reject him; and whichever way our efforts or influences go, we either minister or withhold that ministratioh.

And the second opportunity which the woman had

ever way our chorts or influences go, we either minister or withhold that ministration.

And the second opportunity which the woman had was for reception. This is the exact point that Jesus urges in the text: "If thou knowest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. By "the gift of God" I understand the opportunity she had. It is interpreted differently by some. Some say the "gift of God" uneant the person of Jesus Christ; some say it was that which was symbolized by the water. But be it so; it was all involved in the fact of an opportunity. "If you knew," he said virtually to the woman. "what an opportunity ou had, oh, how you would improve it." That is the essential meaning of it.

I think one of the great troubles in this world, is the fact that we do not know our wants, and that is the reason we do not know our opportunities. Man thinks he wants this thing or that. He thinks, in the perpetual hunger and thirst of his soul, that he wants fortune, fame, pleasure; or some earthly thing. If he gets it, he finds himself mistaken; if he does not get it, he

it, he finds himself mistaken; if he does not get it, he it, he finds himself mistaken; it he does not get the suffers only tantalizing want. He does not know, poor mistaken soul, that he is thirsting for the living water that springs up unto everlasting life. Sin is a great mistake, a tremendous error, withal. It has been well said that the devil is a fool—and he is. It is a mistake said that the devil is a fool—and he is. It is a mistake to be a sinner, a mistake to forget God and Christ, a mistake to turn away from him who sits by the way-side offering us living water. It is guilty ignorance, though—unexcusuble ignorance. A man ought to know his own state; of all things, he ought to look within, instead of looking out of himself to other things. That is the trouble with men; they are always looking to some outward object—some goal, which, when they reach it, will only inspire tantalizing thirst for something more.

O man, go down into your deep heart to-day; look into your own soul; look into the spiritual nature that God has implanted within you, and see its wants. For in those wants of your spiritual nature you may recog-

in those wants of your spiritual nature you may recognize the greatness of the humblest opportunities; and when you come to realize their true greatness, you will God for every truth that he speaks to you, in thank God for every truth that he speaks to you, in however humble words, or upon however ordinary occasions. Then the Sabbath assembly will never be dull to you, nor its ministrations be without interest.

Then any uttered word of truth, any appeal to duty, anything that touches the deep conscience within you, will be answered, and you will see Christ by the wayside, and gladly open your souls to receive the living side, and gladly open your souls to receive the living

> Written for the Banner of Light, TO-BY CORA WILDURN.

I love thee! not with passing fancy's gleam,

Not with the wildness, waywardness of youth; My soul wraps 'round it no illusive dream, But sees thee mirrored in the fount of truth; Apart and hely, conscious and divine, Bending in homage at Love's spirit shrine. I love thee! for the beautiful and true,

Abiding Christ-like, in thy pure, warm heart; For the meek virtues that, like falling dew, Baptize thy spirit; 'mid the busy mart Of life and toil, with inspiration's might, Uplift thee to the morning gates of Light.

I love thee! for the faith and hope that dwells Binging exultant in thy favored breast; For the sweet patience that forgiving quells Life's every discord, sorrow's wild unrest; Beside the myriad flowing founts of truth I meet thee, radiant with the spirit's youth.

I love thee! o'er my brow caressing sweep The wafted benedictions of thy thought And heart-sent angels guard thy dowered sleen With gentle memories; recollections fraught With pure affection's guiding light divine ; With songs of worship from Love's spirit shrine

I love thee! at thy feet would humbly place All that success can give of power and fame, For the approving smile upon thy face, For one promised, pet, familiar name: Exchanging all life's transitory gleam, For the abiding glory of Lovo's dream.

A dream that knows no waking; from its source Eternal, beautiful, enrapt and free, As is the golden sunlight in its course O'er vales of beauty, mount, and sounding sea, That dream-spell's wondrous holiness and power Enfolds my spirit since our meeting hour.

I love thee! thy soul's music from afar, Comes to the silence of my solitude; The vestal glory of the evening star . Is with immortal tenderness imbued: Pure, fervent greetings from thy soul to mine

Are brought by angels from Love's spirit shrine. PHILADELPHIA, May, 1859.

A CURIOSITY.-The Pendleton (S. C.) Messenger says :-"We were shown what we consider quite a curiosity, though others have seen the same things heretofore. It is a rose, grafted on the peach tree. The tree is now in full bloom, and must present a beautiful appearance. The rose is, we think, of the Multi-flora variety, has no scent, and the branches, of course, produce no peaches."

HUMAN NATURE.-It may be put down as an almost universal fact, that when you see any great criminal who astounds you by the atrocity of his deeds, there you will also find a man who would equally surprise you, could you only perceive some of those excellencies that dwell in his heart to a far more than ordinary degree.

Banner of Night.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1850.

Published at No. 3 1-2 Brattle Street, THOS. GALES FORSTER, J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE. LUTHER COLBY, WILLIAM BERRY,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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

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

Address, "Bannes or Light," Boston, Mass.

CIROLES.

Colby, Forster & Co.

We shall continue to hold our circles on Saturday afte oons, from this time, making five sessions each week.

WHERE DO YOU START FROM?

A tree grows from its centre, adding a new ring true to nothing but its nature, knows nothing better, changeful events-instead of a deep well, sleeping and knavish.

growth from the centre of his nature? How few and a living principle continually within themselves. are mere flies sitting on the circumferences that go eyes, and there read the evidences that bring the ple? How many ever think they have any particu- be, may not the spirit itself make amends for this if nature had it not in her power, when she needed obedience to a feeling of pettish selfishness? it, to reproduce as good as they?

This inquiry, in making up one's estimate of a man, is a most important, as it is a most searching riches really mean and are; and in his answer you men. get his point of departure at once. Another says he The New York Independent has a leading editorial them for his soul as a well man could get nourish what a limited are he permits his nature to expand.

If from below the surface, then you will assuredly betray the fact to all who have the perception to see it. If from the heart of your being, the perpetual health of that being will show it to all who have eyes to behold it, or hearts to feel the contagion of its blessed influence. If from the care, the 'great deep, the living, active, deathless principle which God himself dropped there at your birth, as a seed of sore sickness, that they have almost heard what is utis imbedded in productive soil, then yourself and all the world have cause to be glad, for each has the assurance of so much the more worth and wealth in the sum of the great possessions.

motive. Unless the inspiring principle is a worthy one, the action cannot be other than mean and base: and the individual sinks himself, as a matter of course, to the level of his motive. Nobody can expect to be noble by practicing low tricks. If a man gives play to his desire for revenge, in time he must develop into a monster of malice, and hatred becomes the heart and core of his being. If a man seeks virtue and truth because virtue and truth are more desirable and more beautiful than all clse, it tal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter real will not take a long time for him to show it even in life. This is rather an embryo state; a preparation the slightest actions that have their origin in spontaneity; and straightway virtue and truth are the top, and crest, and crown of his life, and he certifies happy society? We are spirits! That bodies should that he is sound and whole to the very core. These things always publish themselves. The very manners blab secrets. Even the careless expressions of the face refuse to keep still. Nature delights to make everything known, and is an everlasting mystery to us only in publishing new secrets every day.

Let the circumstances, the relations, the ifs and ands be what they may, we are untrue until we return to ourselves, and leave off both imitations and hypocrisy. To reform is nothing more than to go back to the better way; to turn within; to dig down beneath the crust of semblance and show, and strike upon the solid ore of realities. There is no art, no rule, no platform resolutions and convention propositions about this; it is all nature, and the operation is silent, like every other operation by which her of pleasure which is to last forever. His chair was work is theroughly done. Yet he who thinks this No-law such an easy task, shall find there is little danger to society from its observance if he will enter know where to find him?"

upon the experiment of yielding it a perfect obedience but for a single day. The highest must over remain the most rigid and exacting law of ail.

Let us disparage nothing, not even the making of fortunes; for upon this thirst for and habit of accumulation rests the buttresses of civilization; we must needs climb up to spiritual exaltation by the slow ladder of material comfort and case and prosperity. Instead of sullenly and sulkily decrying these helps and needs in growth, let us only look to it that they do not themselves take the place of 'the real growth; for there is the sent of the whole trouble. We want to exalt all things, not excepting even the Almighty Dollar, by the high uses to which we put them; the error now is, that we bring ourselves down, spiritual gifts and all, to the low plane on which all material things are to be sought, and are content to remain picking among the shining rubbish like bewildered children, instead of building with it the beautiful structures which all aspiring souls pray to inhabit.

DO YOU FORGETP:

Yes-if you profess a friendship, or a love, do you forget, as soon as the object of your regard, or the immediate motive that led to this friendship, is out of sight or ceases active operation? Because circumstances change their combinations, and outward relations do not now present the same scenes they did, and the zest of personal contact is in a measure gone, do you therefore suffer your old love to fall away and every year. An apple grows from its heart, and the crumble into the dead ashes of forgetfulness? Is skin stretches over the expanding pulp to suit the your love only something to flatter your vanity, to advancing needs of the pippin. A young animal is feed your personal pride, to prop you up amid and assimilates everything to that low nature's in the very heart of your being, into which your needs. Children are hearty and natural too, and so friend may at any time look down and behold a clear grow healthily until the mistaken teachings of reflection of his own face? Do you love selfishly and worldly teachers clap their own consciousness into proudly, pecvishly and pettishly—or silently and jail, and then they become suspicious, distrustful, truly, through good report and evil report, trusting

your heart and the truth forever? So long as growth and development, therefore, pro- | How very easy it is for some natures to forget! ceed from the centre, so long they are true and They all the time need visible reminders of the obhealthy, and certify to a corresponding increase of ject of their regard. They are devoted to the outmanhood and of power. But do all men-nay, does ward person alone. Theirs is not a spiritual and one man in one hundred start on his career of silent love, a close secret from all the world beside, revolve around hubs of their own, and how many True, it is sweet for eyes to look straight into loving around the solid and substantial hubs of other peo- soul of each abiding happiness; but if that cannot lar nature of their own, but are satisfied to imitate deprivation, and put forth its silent manifestations, and copy, to laugh when others give the signal, to unknown even to the very object of its love, and at shout when they shout and groan when they groan? times when that object is unconscious that it is How many would feel that the world was falling to thought of? Let us ask the reader once more, utter ruin, if the party or the creed to which they then-do you forget? If another forgets, do you? Is have anchored their prejudices so long should un it not a necessity of your nature to be true to its dergo the process of disintegration and demolition? deepest instincts? And even if another seems to How many are ready to declare they know not what have forgotten, will you therefore forget, and give up will be done when the great men on their side die, as all the precious memories that now inspire you, in

THE NEARNESS OF HEAVEN.

If a spiritual newspaper, or writer, or speaker, one-"Where do you start from?" It is the last has anything to say on this subject, Orthodoxy either analysis of character. One will straightway tell gives back a sneer, or holds up its hands in horror. you-and without uttering a word about it, either- Yet the Orthodox folks themselves are at liberty to that he goes in for making his pile of money; he in speak as freely on it as they choose; such clasticity tends to be rich, even without understanding what | -on one side-has the religious judgment of sane

wants power; yet he betrays his ignorance of the with the above title, introducing a letter of nearly a first principles of power, by seeking it as some fleet column in length, from a Western correspondent, ing and marketable acquisition outside of himself, who, in the course of a long fit of sickness, believed as if it were like the grasping of reins, or putting that he experienced a foretaste of the real delights his foot on other men's necks, or imposing the arbi of heaven. Instead of denouncing its correspondent, trary restraints of authority somehow upon other as would have been done if he had been unorthodox, people; and he answers you on the instant as to the the Independent not only gives the whole letter, but point from which he starts in the only world he has prefaces it with the following truly Christian comyet learned to know. A third is after fame; but it ments:-"It is undoubtedly difficult to decide in a is the fame that is made of wind, and comes out of case like this how much of what seemed to him an a trumpet; and you know that his life begins and immediate perception of heavenly glory is to be atends on the circumference above. A fourth goes tributed to the disordered working of a delirious crazy for what he calls Society; but it means noth- mind; and for a skeptical, or a merely worldly and ing more than a court from which the lack of money, sensuous person, his narrative will seem on this acand not of virtue and culture and beautiful manners, count to have little value. But the fact that his keeps all others out, and where tailors' talk and mil mind acted in this way during his very delirious liners' gossip form the weightiest topics of discussion, wanderings, and that while he appeared to those and allusions to art, literature and high morals are around him to be suffering, he was, on the other so thin that one could as soon get stimulus out of hand, so far as his own consciousness was concerned, enjoying an experience more high and ecstatic than ment out of water gruel; and this one tells you at he had ever previously conceived to be possible-this once what a little matter life is to him, and within may well give, to a thoughtful and reverent mind, some new impression of the kindness and goodness of And so they go, all the way through the scale. God to his children, and may teach us that those Where do you start from?"-that is the question. whom we love and watch over are not necessarily in

pain, because the body writhes and is tossed. We know not yet what shall be met by us, when we pass through the veil, and are forever at peace with the Lord, on the other side of its shadowy folds. It is not intended that we should understand it, until we attain it. But the experience of those who have gone so near the Invisible World, through the ministry tered, and seen what is done in its glorious realms, must always have exceeding interest for us. And therefore, without hesitation or criticism, we lay our correspondent's narrative before our readers, omitting a In action, all merit, all virtue depends on the few sentences from it, for greater brevity. May it prove as profitable and animating to others, as it clearly seems to have done to him.'

DR. FRANKLIN ON DEATH.

In the published works of Benjamin Franklin occurs the following beautiful and highly spiritual "We have lost a most dear and valuable relation.

But it is the will of God and nature that these morfor living. A man is not completely born until he is dead. Why should we grieve when a new child is born to immortals? a new member added to their he lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellowcreatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure-instead of aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid

Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth, parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pains and possibility of pains and diseases it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party

LECTURE AT THE MELODEON.

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" He impared Spiritualism and its advent, to the birth and charactor of Jesus the refermer, so disreputable and scorned, yet growing up to such mighty results. In the evening after cading what he termed a portion of the fourth chapter of the poem of Job, he took for his text, "There be many that may, Who shall show us any good?" In his lecture he replied to those who arge objections to Spiritualism on the ground of mercenary use, and spoke of its good results in a sensible manner. Both of these lectures were thickly embellished with facts from the personal and private experiences of the speaker-facts of manifestations which will admit of no other hypothesis than that of Spiritualism.

This was the last lecture at the Melodeon, and this week orkmen will commence the demolition of this time-honored edifice-one of those temples of free speech which will in future history bear a reputation as the natal place of many of

LECTURERS.

MISS ROBA T. AMEDRY Will lecture at Salem, on Sunday, 5th inst., and at East Abington, on Thursday, 12th inst. Mrs. ADA L. COAN may be addressed at Boston, Mass.

Miss EMMA Houston will speak in Blanchard's Hall, East toughton, on Sunday afternoon and evening, 22d inst.

Miss A. F. Prass will lecture in Northampton and violnity intil the first of July, and has engagements till the first of

LORING MOODY will speak in Framingham Sunday, May 29. GEORGE ATKINS will speak at Putnam, Bunday, 15th, and East Warcham, 22d insts.

H. P. FAIRFIELD Speaks at North Brookfield May 14 and 15. [For a fuller list of Movements of Lecturers, see seventh

THE DUTTON CHILDREN.

An advertisement of these wonderful works of nature apears in our columns. We visited Music Hall on Saturday afternoon, and take occasion to recommend our readers to visit them. We can only say they are the most interesting and astonishing productions of nature in the phase of humanity, which we ever saw. There is nothing dwarfish in their appearance, but limb and form and feature are perfect. and they are exceedingly protty children. The larger of the wo is four inches less in height than the renowned Tom Thumb, who was considered a prodigy. It is only by comparlson with misses of their age, that one obtains a conceplion of their diminutive size. They sing several songs and dance a polka and waltz in quite a pretty manner.

NOTICE.

Mr. L. G. Chase, of St. Louis, writes us that he is about to ake an excursion which is explained by the following paragraph, taken from his circular. He will take subscriptions for the Banner of Light during his tour.

for the Banner of Light during his tour.

"Between the editor tied to his chair and the farmer confined to his farm, is a large field for operation, and in this large area I purpose to work for a sories of years. With a horse and buggy, I intend moving around among the workers of the soil, passing from one State to another, from Minnesota to Texas, visiting the Northern States in the summer, and moving South on the approach of winter. My object is to acquaint myself thoroughly with the present condition-and future promise of the agricultural resources of the Mississippi Valley, and to put the facts and figures I may gather into a readable form for publication through the leading journals of the land, interested in the progress of agriculture. Not only will farm statistics be collected, but any facts that will tend to the development of the country."

TO SUBSORIBERS.

The circulars we sent out in our subscribers' copies a few weeks ago, offering the BANKER for three months at favorable rates, were intended to apply to parties who had never taken the paper, not to those whose names were upon our books.

NEWS DEPOTS.

It will be considered an especial favor by us, if person who wish to read the BANNER, will patronize the NEWS DEALERS in the town in which they reside. They will generally find it to their advantage so to do, and we wish to enourage dealers in their efforts to increase our circulation.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

the same week. Thus all orders arriving after Monday of any week will be entered in season for us to send the following week's paper.

[From our special St. Louis Correspondent.] SPIRITISM AND CATHOLICISM.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Spiritism has never been so prospe us in St. Louis as it is to-day. The Catholic church has volunteered material aid to gdvance the truths of spirit progression. Some few works ago Father Samarius, of the Catholic College in this city, gave a lecture in their college half upon Spiritism. The lecturer was listened to by many received by them, as the Roy. F mitted the fact of spirit manifestations, but said they were evil spirits when me not gighten those who are on good terms with them. This lectu pleased the Catholics so well terms with them. This lecture pleased the Catholics so well that a large number of the lading, most influential and vealthy of their sect, and by the way many of them are leading citizens, along with friend Miltenberger and others, in vited the Rev. gentleman to repeat his lecture in the large hall of the Mercantile Library Association, which he did last evening. Our Catholic friends thought it would advance the cause of truth; the friends of progress knew it would, only differing with them as to its mode of action.

The Protestant churches were well represented at the lec ture, though their members hate the Catholics with a hole zeal, still they could harmonize, fraternize and diabolize with hem to annihitate their common enemies, the friends of progress. The hall, which will seat some fifteen hundred perons, was filled to overflowing. The Protestant and Catholic churches seemed to have vied with each other to see which would turn out the greatest number, and all were expecting great treat. It did prove a great treat to the Spiritists, but he speaker-though I do not give his exact language-told he audience that Spiritism was the tail-end of the reforma-Protestantism shall have died natural deaths, the Holy Cathoic Church will be on the road to prosperity; and though he did not send them all directly to hell, very politely left them suspended over that pool to fall by their own laws of gravitation. This was more than the Protestant church-members had hald their quarter for; they expected that the new philosophy would catch it, but were not prepared to be told theirs was not any better. Many of them naturally hostile to Catholicism wont to their homes feeling there was more of the cloven foot in the doctrine of the priest they had listened o, than in that he was combating.

the new philosophy, and the more liberal of both churches cemed to receive it with more pleasure than the denunciation of the same by the speaker. The Spiritists should re- festing their inward ideas by the erection of idels. turn him then slucere thanks for calling such a large body of people together, and reciting to them so much truth. They over Christendom, built by man in acts of veneration and could well afford to pay for the hall whonever he is disposed fear. How many worship in these temples from the same to lecture, for I verily believe this one lecture has done more for truth, more for a liberal philosopy, than a full course rom any liberal mind in the Union. A. J. Davis and Mrs. Hyzer came in for a good share o

papers, as it will only help them to draw good audiences when they come again. As to any arguments against spirits out of, communing with those in the flesh, which the public were expecting would be given, he maintained a respectful silence : but rather giving them by implication to understand that he did not believe it possible, though in the more private lecture he admitted the fact. Father Samarius is a big gun: but he only brought down very small game, and thinking minds were disappointed at the result. When a crowd of fifteen hundred persons, at twenty-five

cents admittance each, can be called together inca city to lisand its opposers' weakness; neither Protestants nor Cathotheir institutions-that their work is well nigh done.

Allow me to make a suggestion in relation to the BANNER.

form correct ideas of that home whither all are traveling, and Mr. Plerpont spoke, last Bunday afternoon, from the text, that even more space devoted to that department would be well received. Bear in mind that suggestions cost nothing. and that your big basket under the table will hold many of them. Your humble fellow mortal, E. C. CIELER.

Et. Louis, April 20, 1850.

SPIRITUALISM IN IRELAND IN 1708.

Mrssns, Epirons-I have lately found a work written by an Irish nobleman, who flourished in Dublin in the latter part of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. As I have never seen or heard of this book before, I judge it is not very widely spread; and for this reason I extract from it the following remarkable incident, which I hope to see in your paper, if you think it sufficiently interesting. This work is entitled, Personal Sketches of His Own Time, by Sir Jonah Barrington;" and is a collection of anecdotes mingled with his biography. Sir Jonah had been apthose thoughts which have agitated the world for a score of of the Mich Course!" in 1703, and subsequently "Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Iroland." The following occurrence happened to himself, on an estate in the county of Wicklow, of which he became possessed in 1708. I copy is entire, verbatim et literatim :--

"This intimacy at Mount Kennedy gave rise to an occurrence the most extraordinary and inexplicable of my whole existence—an occurrence which for many years occupied my thoughts, and wrought on my imagination. Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having had a single day's indisposition. He bore, in his green old age, the appearance of robust health. During the vice-royalty of Earl Hardwick, Lady Barrington, at a drawing-room at Dub-lin Castle, met Lord Rossmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties, for Mount Kennedy, and had sent down orders for every preparation to be made. The Lord Lieutenant was to be of the company.

'My little farmer,' said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, 'when you go home, tell Sir Jonah that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me te-morrow. I will have no is in the matterso tell him that come he must.' She promised positively, and on her return informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve; and toward two in the morning, I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature. I listened; it occurred first at short intervals; it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice, and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I do n't knew wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly; the sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air; when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone; it seemed descending. I felt every nerve tremble; it was not a natural sound, nor could I make out the point whence it came.

At length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself: she suggested that it might be an Eolian harp-but to that instrument it bore no similitude; it was altogether a different character of sound. My wife at first appeared less affected than I; but subsequently she was more so. We now went to a large window in our bed-room, which looked directly upon a small garden underneath; the sound seemed then obviously to ascend from a grass-plot immediately below our window. It continued; Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sounds lasted for more than half an hour. At last a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to Issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp but low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, of 'Rossmore-Rossmore-Rossmore!

I will not attempt to describe my own feelings; indeed I cannot. The maid fled in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on Lady Barrington to return to bed; in about a minute after, the sound died gradually away, until all was slient.

Lady Barrington, who is not so superstitious as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should be thereby rendered laughing-stocks. At length, wearied with speculations, we fell into sound slumber.

About seven the ensuing morning, a strong rap at my chamber door awakened me. The recollection of the past night's adventure rushed instantly upon my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken suddonly on any subject. It was light I wout to the door, when my faithful servant, Lawler, exclaimed on the other side, "Oh Lord, sir!" What is the matter?" said I. hurriedly. "Oh, sir," ejacuated he, "Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the loor in great haste, and told me, in passing, that my lord, We shall hereafter commence new subscriptions with the after coming home from the castle, had gone to bed in perssue following the receipt of orders, instead of the issue of feet health, but that about half after two this morning, his own man, hearing a noise in his master's bed, (he slept in the same room) went to him, and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the other servants, all

> I conjecture nothing. I only relate the incidents as unequivocally matter of fact; Lord Bossmore was absolutely dyng at the moment I heard his name pronounced. Let skopties draw their own conclusions; perhaps natural causes nay be assigned, but I am totally unequal to the task.

Atheism may ridicule me; Orthodoxy may despise me; Bigotry may lecture me ; Fanaticism might burn me, yet in my very faith I would seek consolation. It is, in my mind, better to believe too much than too little; and that is the nly theological crime of which I can fairly be accused.

I was attracted to the above sketch by the fact of its having occurred so long ago, and its resemblance to spiritual maniestations of the present day; also by the source from whence it originated. It must have required much moral courage on the part of the author to write and publish an assertion which he knew would be disbelleved and ridiculed by ninetenths of those who read it. If Sir Jonah still lives, he has probably become confirmed in his superstitious belief of spirit visitations.

THOUGHTS ON MAN'S RELIGIOUS NATURE.

Religion is said to be the strongest element in man's nature; to think truth, to will justice, and to feel love in its widest extent, is said to be the highest act respectively of the intellectual, moral, and affectional powers. This element overrides the body, mutilates the instinct, and masters all the other attributes of his nature. It appears to be that portion of his being called into exercise by the exhibition of a supebitter pill to our dear friends of the Protestant church, as rior power to himself. In early ages the nebulous conceptions of superiority connected themselves with the changes of the physical elements of nature. These changes, misuntion, and all that could be expected from it; that when it and derstood, gave rise to fear; and to save themselves from apparent destruction in exhibitions of violence in these changes, they thought the gods were angry, and endeavored to pronitiate them by mystic ceremonies of sacrifice and worship. This fear transmigrates through man's existence to the pres-

Mrs. Hatch, in her discourses on the religious nature of man, states that in the history of nations we see man has never been taught to worship; that the savages of America worshiped and adored a Divine Being, and that the heathen world carves idels from wood and stone, and worships them, &c. That savage and heathen nations did worship and adore The lecturer read lengthy extracts from leading works of is true; but that which called this principle into exercise, was fear of the superior powers of nature, is equally true. We see the early inhabitants of every clime outwardly mani-

And to this late day, do we find temples erected in dots cause? fear of the shocking summons of death? fear of that hideous menster, the devil? fear of the terrible terments of fire through endless ages in the future world-these are taught by the churches to all their proselytes. Even among notice, worth at least two months' advertising in all our city the most advanced in religious truth, how many go on from perfection to perfection, from the hope to escape an inferior condition in the spirit-world?

Man progresses as the infant: he has to pass through all the various changes from childhood to old age: first feeling his way by stumblings in the right path, and wanderings in the wrong, till, by experience and observation in "Nature's book of lessons for every day," he solves many of the probems of existence, and dispels the superstition and ignorance of former times.

Nature's divine revelations have piled up truths mountains high, the results of which have changed the character of his ten to a lecture against spiritism, know ye then that it is conceptions of Delty, and the sensations of fear and dread founded upon a rock. It is a sure indication of its strength have given place to just and truthful ones of love and goodness. Man has, by searching, found out God. The new teslies dare to meet it alone; and joining their forces, after tament of science has demonstrated his immortality beyond being so long sundered by mutual hatred, betokens a weak- the grave, and the continued progress of the spirit in future ening of the knees, a faintness at the heart, a crumbling of existence. He is not strictly religious in any department of his nature, though living in concord with his brother, in harmony with himself, and in unity with his God, unless he Having felt it myself, and also heard many others express possesses that active living principle so beautifully described the same, that the messages from the spirit-world are very by St. Paul, named Charity. This is the fountain of all virinteresting, serving, by giving each its due weight, to help tue. How feeble are the hopes of Christians when measured

of the afflicted, the protector of the oppressed, the reconciler of the differences, the intercessor for offenders, forgiveness to our enemies, and solicitude for the welfare of all. In short, J. COVERT. It is to love for love's sake.

DIVINE HUMANITY.

The dectrine of the Incarnation of God is as old as his tory. Man has ever leved to believe in some instance in which the Delty has manifested the greatness of his love for present has this part of religious belief been prevalent.

It is a profitable thing to compare present opinions with those of the past. Some will be surprised to find views of truth which they suppose to be new, to be so very old. The present generation read little beside the news of the day. This is true, not only of the common people, but of our teachers. See the confession of Edward Beecher in a recent sermon, (published in the BANNER,) that he has lately been reading the history of some dogmas of the Christian Church, and the mention he makes in the same sermon, that Horaco Bushnell found himself able-after examination, and to his own surprise-to accept the Nicene view of the Trinity. It is a good thing to know the experience of our predecesors, and there are many who would value the Bible more were they to read it. And further, there are many who would receive strange ideas with greater tolerance, if by reading they would inform themselves as to the many modifications the doctrines of their own church have undergone.

Old writers speak of "the Mysteries of Eternal Generabe eternally generated, is to be continually generated, in which view his expression of the old writer has much meanis continually generated, and incarnations of God exist upon all sides of us. It is common enough for preachers to recognize a divine spark within us, and not uncommon to have it directly appealed to and enlarged upon; but it is rare for Jesus. No, they wont go as far as that, although it is time they should.

H. W. Beecher says so much, and shows such an approc tion and knowledge of human feelings, that I wonder that he can stop where he does. He cannot, if he will, say anything more of Jesus than he has done of other men and womenespecially women. He has not done so in his sermons. Unconsciously to himself, he worships God to-day in the human form. No one of our public men is so ready to recognize true heroism. I should like to talk with him.

Men may say what they will of Christ's example; even among the best of Christians it has never had the influence of the flesh and blood around them. In practice they have found their Saviour among those they have met in their lives Ask any man, and you will find that he has endeavored to fashion his life after that of some worthy and loved one whom he has met. Christ's example would be worthless, could we not see the same admirable qualities in human nature in our own day. The character of Christ would be rejected as impossible, did we not see that his divine nature was continually manifested—that the "Mysteries of Eternal Generation ' were a perpetual fact.

In-this view of the incarnation of God, we can see His justice. All ages and all times have been equally favored by His presence. No hungering soul has failed of finding a supply of aliment according to its needs, within its reach. Each human being has been able to find a Teacher and Saviour in one higher than himself. We are not obliged to strain our eyes by peering through the dust and fog of religions contention, to get a glimpso of God as manifested in the crucified Nazarene, for the humblest walks in life show us as worthy examples of truth and devotion to duty-God manifest in the flesh at our very doors.

[Washington Correspondence of the Banner of Light.] THE PATENT OFFICE.

The Patent Office, with its pillared front and its noble flight of marble steps, wine you to its entrance. Our first entrance was into a room where the large cases were filled with a strange medley of very old machines and inventions of a past day, all thrown together in a confused, unclassified mass. A new wing has lately been added, and many of these are to be assorted and removed there.

We passed on by cases of stuffed birds, animals, mineralogi cal specimens, &c., to the upperrooms, where we at once found business enough for feet and eyes. Here, everything is ar ganged in the most complete order and system, and all one nods is plenty of leisure to examine curiosities from the four quarters of the globe, and Yankee contrivances too numerous to specify. The arrangement, however, is such that you can take any one section and see immediately the medels relating to one branch. For instauce, here is a part of the room devoted to cooking stoves. What an endless varietyl We sit down and look at these specimens of Yankee handlwork, none of them too large for a doll's baby-house, and wonder at the ingenuity of the human brain which has bee expended upon this one branch. Some hope to win favor by their elaborate construction, tier upon tier, of two or three iron stories, many-sized boilers and double ovens; others, by their simplicity and neatness. Here is the poor man's wood-saving stove; here the model of a large hotel range, where the cook can rejoice in the multitude of her steamers and boilers; here is a machine to cook by gas-here by steam; here a bachelor's apparatus to cook a steak and make coffee by his spirit-lamp, &c., &c.-and we could spend a whole day here; but there are so many other things of greater interest, that we must pass on.

Above us are beautiful models of bridges spanning the cases, and near by a vessel all rigged. In this case are specimens of India rubber work, and perhaps nothing attracts vot more than the variety and ingenuity exhibited in this branch of the useful arts. A portrait of Daniel Webster, life size painted upon rubber cloth; a complete representation of the animal kingdom for the use of children-lions that roar and birds that sing, besides illustrations of Mother Goose, the old woman that lived in a shoe, with all her children around her, and Mother Hubbard's dog waiting for its bone. Tum blers, soap dishes, funnels, syringes, medical instruments water buckets, table covers, gloves, spring beds, &c. It is only fifteen years since it was discovered that garments could be made of rubber, and it has now become a very extensive and profitable business.

But we must not try even to enumerate the different classes of articles in the halls-all mechanical inventions are here represented. There were some cases of modeled imitations of fruit that were very fine. Almost all the fruits of the temperate climate were represented, and most of them so per fact, that we should not have detected them as imitations, had we not known that the natural fruit could not remain long on exhibition in a perfect state. The bloom of the pearmain the down on the peach, the rust on the russet, were, so per feet as almost to defy suspicion. The peculiarity of every species of pear and plum was admirably represented. At tached to each specimen was the name and habits of the fruit to what soil adapted, its flavor, and value, as a market or table fruit. These cases form a complete fruit grower's manual, and are well worth the study of every horticulturist. They are made of a composition, and colored—the process I could not learn, and I know not but it is a secre with the inventor.

. We reluctantly leave these cases, for the feet and brain will grow weary, and turn to a large case containing some valuable historical mementos. Here are specimens, care fully preserved, of the hair of all the Presidents from Washington to Pierce; the latter, if I recollect right, is the only dark lock there dll, or nearly all, the rest being white o gray. Mr. Polk's, I was told, turned gray while he held office. The only wonder is that even one should come out of the White House with the locks of youth. The burden of the office is enough to make the heart old and the head white.

Here are relies older yet-statues taken from the ruins o Pompeli; and here is Franklin's printing press-a poor, simnie clumsy contrivance, compared to the steam presses o the Herald and Tribune office, but a precious relie neverthe loss. Near by is a collection of Cashmere shawls, sent by of republican institutions, and therefore great effort has been the Turkish Sultan to some of our Presidents and govern ment officers—dingy things they seem to be, and, were it not In consequence of this, we not only have a large number of for the foolish value attached to them, would not be much scientific and ingestious men to whom we are constantly incovoled. Far more precious is this other relic near us-a torn fragment of Washington's tent, the one which sheltered not extravagant to assert that the great body of the American him during nearly all his campaigns. Here, too, is his sword,

by this standard? How many have been burned at the stake | buff facings and large metal buttons, and buff cloth breeches. and canonized by the church for their sacrifice to the faith? Near by is his camp-chest, open, with bottles and tumbler How many have heatowed their goods to feed the poor, and inside; his writing-case, a pair of believe, and some other have retired from the world to worship the Delty in solitude little household relies. Franklin's cane, that he willed to and in secret? Yet how few have possessed this vital qual-ity, without which all profitch nothing? It is the comforter, of the Declaration of Indepence, but so worn and faded, that you can declpher but little of it.

We leave reluctantly these upper rooms, so full of amuse-ment and interest, and, going down to the basement, we find a large, ancient sarcoplingue of stone, claborately wrought and carved. It is very massive, and was once a resting place for the body of the Roman Emperor, Severus. It was sent to General Jackson, as a depository for his body when the grave should claim it: but the sturdy old republican had no fancy for such a dusty old tomb, and no particular revorence him, by putting on the human form. Never more than at for it, because an old Roman had turned to dust there, so he wrote a letter, returning thanks for the compliment intended. and politely refused the present, adding, that he wished to be buried, without pomp or ceremony, beside his beloved wife, near their own home in Tennesce, there to rest in peace till the resurrection. The surcephagus is deposited for show in the basement of the Patent Office; but, if some ambitious, disappointed aspirant for the presidency, who has failed to schleve greatness in his life, wishes the honor of a burial in old Severus's tomb, perhaps he can obtain it. It would be better for the country if some of them could be there now. NINA.

ADA L. COAN.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

DEAR Sins-As there seems to be many rumors affeat in relation to my position as a medium for spirit communications, allow me through the columns of your paper to throw some light upon the subject. It is rumored that I engaged with M. V. Bly in publicly exposing Spiritualism; but such tion" in regard to the second member of the Trinity. To is not the fact. I have not seen Mr. Bly since the meeting held at the Melodeon, and with much pleasure, I here say have never appeared upon the public platform but once with ing. Is now that portion of the Trinity manifested in Christ him, and I should not have done so then, had it not been for to be continually made manifest? I believe so. The Christ the urgent request of numerous friends of Spiritualism to meet him; and I complied, much to my own chagrin and disgust; for I must here say that fair play was not granted me on the evening in question. I did not appear the second evening of his challenge, for I knew of whom the audience any, even among the most liberal, to declare, that God shines out of us, just as much as the opaqueness or transparency of lady, of course I had a certain degree of delicacy in being inour natures will permit; that God is absolutely and unre-sulted before an audience comprised almost exclusively of servedly present in the flesh to-day; that we have all of us men. I therefore expressed my opinion, honestly, that he seen as much of him as we could had we lived in the days of (Bly) could perform more without the aid of spirits, than any medium I had seen could perform with the aid of spirits; but this does not make Spiritualism any the less true, for Bly performs his manifestations by trick, (and therefore can de more,) whereas other mediums and myself do not perform by trick.

I would say to friends and opposers of the cause, I am as strong a Spiritualist as ever, and whenever I appear, either on the public platform or in the social circle, it will be as a Spiritual medium, and with a firm belief in the beautiful philosophy of Spiritual communion.

Respectfully, Boston, May 7, 1850.

ADA L. COAN.

The Busy Morld.

PRINTERS' BANQUET .- The Boston Printers' Union ontertained their visiting guests, last Thursday night with a supper at the Revere House. Speeches were made by Joseph T. Buckingham, Ben. Perley Poore, Albert J. Wright, A. J. McCoubrey, Z. K. Pangborn, Charles Hale, H. A. McGlenan, Wm. Madigan, Hon. Moses Kimball, Mayor Lincoln, Hon. A.H. Rice, Col. I. F. Shepard, J. M. Wightman, Esq., Hon. Henry Wilson, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., and others. On Friday the delegation were grouped about the statue of Franklin, when a photograph was taken by Heywood.

RESULT OF BIGOTRY .- The Presbyterian Church at Cortland, N. Y., has suspended one of its most respectable deacons, for attending the moetings of Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Parker, and other reform clergymen.

CHELSEA HERALD.-This a lively and spicy little sheet seems to be rapidly growing into popular favor. Instead of quoting its local news from the Boston papers, it is getting o be quoted from. John W. Day, Esq., whose contributtions have formerly often enriched the BANNER, has lately entered its editorial corps, and will probably give the paper no small impetus.

The children's May-day Fostival at Music Hall was a splendid affair.

Hon. Wm. H. Seward has gone to Europe.

There will be a regatta on Mystic River on the 17th of June nder the auspices of the Charlestown City Government.

The Thorndike Will Case came up in the Probate Court on Monday week, and, under an act passed at the last session of the Legislature, Judge Ames passed an order allowing Mrs. Thorndike, the widow, \$6000 during the litigation of the Willand \$3000 to each of the children, save Mrs. Marist:

The colored people are to have a convention in Boston on the 1st of August to consider what course they shall take in the next Presidential campaign.

Washington Irving was visited on the 3d inst., his 76th birth-day, by his neighbors, who greeted the venerable man with congratulations.

Mary Snyder committee ult., because her parents required her attendance at a church of a certain denomination, and chastised her for non-compliance with their wishes.

A SENSIBLE PLAN.-We see It stated that in the new church to be built by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Society: in Brooklyn, N. Y., there are to be two large parlors, a study and kitchen arrangements for public dinners.

It was said by Sheridan :-- "Women govern us; let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of vomen depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that

nature writes on the hearts of men." "Srinit or '76."-This is the sounding name of a new paper which has lately made its appearance in this city. It eems to be an ably conducted sheet, leaning strongly towards Native Americanism. Its columns are partly filled with religious matter, well selected, and its literary department is much above the average of weekly papers. This is just such a paper as many may wish, and we rejoice that in the provilence of God there is genius enough of every sort to accom-

modate the wants of all.

Boston Museum.-This week Mr. Warren has a benefit on Monday night: Mr. Ring on Wednesday, and Mr. Barret on Friday. These are the times when the admirers of these opular actors can give them a solid proof of their appreciation. Peterson's Philadelphia Counterfeit Detector and Bank Note List for May, has been received. It is one of the best and most complete works of the kind published in the United States. Every merchant should have a copy.

If an onion is planted in the hill with melons, cucumbers, or other vines, it will protect them from the striped bug.

To intemperance a man must sacrifice the ambition of being something. He must content himself with being an unreckoned cypher: devoid alike of renutation and influence. PRAISEWORTHY.-Mrs. Ann Halsted, living on the line of

the Detroit and Teledo Railread, by raising a white cloth en a pole, succeeded in arresting the attention of the engineer, and thus saved a train from being run into a tree which had fallen across the track. Superintendent, John D. Campbell. has presented her with yearly passes to Detroit, Toledo, and

BURIED ALIVE.-The tomb in which the body of a young lady was placed about two months since, at Albany, N. Y., was opened on Sunday last for the purpose of affording the parents of the deceased, who had just arrived from Europe, an opportunity to look at the remains of their much-loved child. The grief and horror of the parents, as well as the spectators around, can be imagined, upon finding, as they did, the body lying on its side with one hand under the head showing that the woman was alive when placed in the tomb, and awakening from the tranco in which she had fallen, had

and avored to extricate herself from her entombment. THE INVESTIGATOR contains many words of wisdom. We extract from one of its editorials:-"As knowledge is the handmaid of freedom, so is freedom the patron of useful knowledge. Our people well know that without public virtue and intelligence, there is no security for the permanency made to advance the noble cause of popular enlightenment. debted for important improvements and discoveries, but it is people are more intelligent and better educated than any and a suit of his clothes. These last are a blue coat, with other upon earth. Indeed, under the beneficent influence of

our national government, which protects the freedom of said to revel in the enjoyment of its privileges and its powers. Nothing can clude its search, or escape its grasp. It cleaves the skies and penetrates the earth. It chains the winds and the waves, and subjects the elements to its stern dominion."

PLANTS TO BET OUT .-- Mr. V. Thicker's greenhouse plants tro for sale at the Boston and Maine Railroad Denot in Boson, viz.: healthy fine verbenas for seventy-five cents and no dollar per dozen, and a great variety of other greenhouse and hardy plants, for low prices. Mr. T. has been confined vith rheumatism for over two months. All who read the Banner love flowers, and love, also, to lend a hand to the

Apothecaries, physicians, and all others who are purhasing Botanic Medicines, will find at B. O. & G. C. Wilson's. lotanic Druggists, Nos. 18 and 20 Central street, Boston, the argest assortment to be found in the country—consisting of very variety of Medical Roots, Herbs, Barks, Seeds, Leaves, lowers, Gums, Resins, Extracts, Ointments, etc., etc. Also Braudy, Wines, Bourbon Whiskey, and other liquors, perfectly oure, for medicinal purposes; Glass Ware, Medical Books,

Late advices from Port au Prince state that the Dominican Government has negotiated with an American Company to work the gold mines of that country.

The weather has been warm and pleasant the past week, and many trees in this vicinity are in blessom.

BOSTON THEATRE,-Mr. W. E. Burton remains at this theatre during the present week. On Monday evening was produced the powerful and original drama, "The Upper Ten and lower Twenty." The house was well-filled, as it will be every night during the week.

The last European steamers from New York and Boston took out about \$1,400,000, in specie.

PAWNERS' BANK .- The Charter of the Pawners' Bank was unanimously accepted at a meeting of the petitioners held on Friday week. Many subscriptions have been offered by Merchasts and Savings Banks, and books will soon be opened for the balance of the stock.

A Frenchman, wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "De butter of poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English lan-

A clerical friend up town, says the New York Evening Post, characterizes his cat as a blackleg, because she is all the time gamboling. He says she plays very high but is not partial to poker.

FROM WASHINGTON .- The President expresses his belief that England means to carry out her understanding with this country with regard to Nicaragua, notwithstanding the operations of Sir Gore Ousely. Senor Mata has had a long interriew with the Secretary of State with reference to Mexican affairs. His letters from Mexico are encouraging, and he entertains no doubt of the triumphant success of the Liberal

It is intimated that Mr. Richard Cobden, during his late sojourn at the White House, availed himself of the opportunity to sound the President on the subject of a moral in terposition of the United States in the present entangled and menacing affairs of Europe. It is certain that English states. men are greatly alarmed, and the wisest are unable to forsee to what terrible issues the present complications are to lead.

The Mormon imbroglio bids fair to be speedily and nermanently settled. It appears that Brigham Young has submitted a proposition to a company of capitalists to sell all their right, title and interest in Utah territory for a reasonable sum of money, and to leave the territory within a specified time. Some of the company are said to be here consulting with the admirateration

Special despatches, received at the French legation, confirm the report of strong words having passed between Lord Cowley and Count Walowski relative to the course pursued by the English Cabinet.

Napoleon thinks the English Cabinet has proved false to the professed entente cordiale, and expresses confidence that the English people will never sanction the subjugation of Italy by Austria. The approaching elections for Parliament, he thinks, will prove the correctness of his judgment.

The President, it is said, considers the action of the British Minister to Mexico, in threatening to hold Vera Cruz for the payment of English claims to be a direct violation of the

Banner of Wight.

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An Old Spiritualist-No. 8.

In our last of this series, we promised to devote the present number to Phoenix's recollections of Hume. Late of a ummer afternoon, several gentlemen were in the office of the Spiritual Telegraph, asking where they could obtain a medium. They were all unknown to Phoenix, and most of them apparently to each other. Mr. Hume came in and it was proposed to him that he should act as medium for a sitting that evening. Mr. B. offered the use of the back room. At the hour appointed the circle was formed. The usual style of manifestation occurred. A German present, by Mr. Hume, while pe female. The German seemed to recognize the assumed face at once, burst into tears, and asked a question in German. which was answored by Hume in that language. A conversation ensued between them, the German claiming that it was the spirit of his mother, and that the facts communicated by her through Hume were strictly in accordance with his memory of them as they occurred in Germany, before her death. Hume's face then changed to that of a little girl; and so peculiar and appropriate was it, as to be recognized by all to be the face of a young girl. The German held a conversation again in his native tongue, and apparently with so much feeling as to gain the confidence of all present as to the reality of the manifestation, Hume professing, at this time, to be in a trance state. A musical instrument was called for. One of the company went to the store below, which was a music store, and tried to borrow some instrument. The lad in attendance lont him an old accordeon, which had been for many months in the window, as a sign, and was out o order, being much warped by the sun. This was brought up. Phoenix held the left hand of Hume, while the medium's right hand held the accordeon beneath the table. While s neld, "Sweet Home" was played, in a manner far beyond any that he had before heard. All hands, except the right hand of Hume, were upon the table, and the instrument was claimed to be worked by spirits. The gas light was partially turned down, but still it was light enough to read the heading of a newspaper. Raps occurred on the backs of chairs while occupied by the sitters. Some one asked if the spirits could shake the house as in the olden time; and imme dintely the floor seemed to shake with some violence. This evidently was an impression made upon the members of the circle or by a peculiar motion of the chairs in which they sat; for the boy in the store below, as we afterwards learned, was not aware of any motion. A variety of tests, similar to those referred to in former numbers of this series, were given, some of which were entirely outside of the doctrine o The second sitting with Humo occurred in a house in

Fourteenth street. Indeed many sittings there took place, and the following incidents are recollected by the members who attended :-

While all were sented at the table, a couple of the doors uddenly were slammed to. Phonix asked whether the spirits could not do the same with other doors throughout the house; and immediately the doors commenced slamming almost like the beating of a long roll on a drum Every door in the house seemed to be suddenly shut to, with force. A guitar, standing in the corner of the room, moved out towards the table. This guitar, when placed under the table, was played upon, while passing around upon the knoes of the sitters; and, while the playing was going on, would respond, by one, two and three vibrations, in answer o questions asked. On one occasion the medium sat in a rocking-chair, and it commenced to rock with some violence Phonix thought the medium was doing this with his feet by resting them upon the floor, and thus forcing the chair back; and, therefore, when the medium remarked that the spirits were rocking him, Phoenix asked, "Will they rock me?" The answer was in the affirmative, and he took his seat in the chair, the medium, and all the others, being at some distance from it. The chair was violently recked without his volition. Each member of the circle, in turn, was seated in the chair, and similarly rocked. A bell, placed under the table, was rung, and passed up into the hands of different members of the circle; and on one occasion, it seeemed to answer the mental questions of persons present; but Phœnix states that his mental questions were not so answered.

Three tables were placed touching each other. Dr. II. speech and of the press, the American mind may literally be J. O. D., and Phænix, were requested, by alphabet, to get on the centre table, and they did so. The other two tables were removed; and while neither the hands of the medium, nor those of any member of the circle touched this centre table at all, it was lifted free from the fleer, and suspended for a few seconds in the atmosphere, the weight of the three individuals on the table being equal to six hundred pounds. A lady-Mrs. H .- scated at the table, spread her handkerchief on her lap, and requested the spirits to take it. It was immediately drawn under the table. In less than a minute we were directed, by alphabet, to look. The handkerchief was lifted up, and found to have been folded in the form of a lounced dress, with extreme beauty, such as might be accomplished by a French milliner, after some hours' labor. Frequently chairs were pushed from and towards the table. apparently without the contact of hands, or any mechanical levice. Various musical instruments were played upon; when on the floor under the table, while the hands of the medium, and of all the members of the circle, were upon the table.

On one occasion Dr. G., who stated that he was most anxlous to remain, at the same time said he must leave, and go to Jersey city, as a patient there was slightly deranged, and would be very belsterous if he did not call. It was immediately spelled out, "You need, not, go; Mr. - thinks you are standing at his bedside, and that you have hold of his hand. Your medical associate will so report to you in the morning." Dr. G. was persuaded to remain. The next morning, at nine o'clock, he recolved a note from his medical associate at Jersey city, stating, "Last night Mr. --- with one exception, seemed to be perfectly rational. At twenty minutes past eight he insisted that you had just left the room; that he had been talking with you for some minutes, and that you had forgotten to prescribe for him." This was the hour, precisely, when Dr. G. proposed leaving Hume's circle; and at the next meeting he brought the note of his Jersey associate, and showed it to us. Much occurred at these sittings equally interesting with

the above, which so closely resembles what has been, or may be told of other mediums, that it is not necessary to repeat it. Much occurred, also, which gave rise to suspicions of trick, and gave great cause to doubt the sincerity of the mellum. Still, the incidents detailed above were conceived to be entirely outside of any ability on his part to deceive, and porhaps he was wrongly adjudged when suspected.
In our next we shall give Phænix's recollection of some

strange manifestations, which occurred with a cierical gentleman from Oxford University, and a fellow of that institution,

New Patent Cordage and Line Machines.

Two of these very ingeniously constructed machines are now in operation at No. 12 Spruce street, which the public are invited to examine. One makes cordage—the other fishines, curtain cords, &c. The proprietors assure us that these machines will turn out more and better work per day than any other machines in existence; and we do not doubt their statement, as we never before saw better specimens of work in this line, and the rapidity with which the machines operate is truly astonishing.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, of this city, presided at the inaugual services of the new Unitarian Church of the Redeemer in Cincinnati, on Sunday, the 24th ult. The services were held in the Universalist Church, on Plum street, the use of which was given for the occasion, and Dr. Bellows preached both morning and evening to overflowing houses. Dr. Bellows thus defined his theological position :-

"He feared one of two things-either that the old ortho-"He leared one of two things—ettner that the old orthodoxy would be revived, or that there would be a sudden rush into rationalism. The duty of the Unitarians was to maintain a definite and demonstrable theology, to show that 'Jeans Christ was not God' in any honest sense; that he never said he was, but that he was 'God manifest in the flosh,' 'God's truth, and love, and character in man.'"

Notice.

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE will lecture at Dodworth's Hall, on the third and fourth Sundays in May, (the 15th and 22d).

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Lecture by Miss Emma Hardinge.

DEAR BANNER-On last Wednesday evening Miss Emma Hardinge lectured on the "Cause of the Indian." As usual with that powerful and eloquent speaker, the discourse was grandly suggestive, and appealed to the best feelings of our nature—sympathy with the wronged and oppressed. Most eloquently she portrayed the sufferings of the red men, the cruelties perpetrated against them under the guise of justice nd authority. She read several passages from a pamphlet, entitled, "A Plea for the Indians;" with deep emotion she depicted their sufferings, and called upon humanity to arouse o the sense of justice that is their due. Towards the conclusion of her discourse, she addressed herself particularly to the Spiritualists, recalling them to the view of the beneficent character of the Indian spirits, who returned to earth to bring gifts of healing and good will to those who had despised and oppressed them.

The venerable Mr. Beeson, author of the "Plea for the Indians," then addressed the audience, and elequently called upon their earnest co-operation in the cause. He was listened

to with much interest.

Dr. Weilington, of the Jamestown Institute, then addressed the meeting, giving briefly and clearly his excellent views on the subject of education. Surely he is one of the earnest laborers in our Father's vineyard, one of the chosen guides to human redemption from the faise systems of education so ong in vogue. He addressed a small audience at Sansom Street Hall on Thursday morning, and although but few were present, he touched their hearts with the clearness of his argument, the beauty of his illustrations, the humor of his narations, as well as with the just, humane and loving spirit displayed. With him no faculty is left dormant, no aspiration is crushed, no ridicule is attached to the slow or incompetent mind, no vain appl<u>ause</u> bestowed upon the forward intellect, no degrading punishment, no pride-serving rewards are bestowed beneath his roof. Blessed are the children learning of life and wisdom through such an instructor. Noble and disinterested man, exceeding great is his reward.

This blessed Spiritualism! revited and scoffed at by the nany, what glorious reforms does it not advocate? It forms no narrow circle around its own firesides, seeking to draw its heavenly benefits alone unto its adopted children, but world wide, boundless, all-embracing, it reaches every wrong, and by its earnest exponents of truth and justice, co-operating with every effort of reform, strives for the poor, peglected Indian, driven from his home and hunting-grounds by the arrogant usurnations of his unjust white brother. God speed the Indians' cause, for it is a just one. A meeting is to be held upon the subject this week.

A petition is going the rounds to allow our colored brethren the privilege of riding in the passenger railway cars. Who can believe that in this democratic city they are excluded from that right? But snobbishness would rather sit beside the empty-brained dandy, who is filled to sickness with perfume, or inhale the repugnant odors of rum and tobacco characterizing so many gentlemen, than sit beside an intelli-

gent, well-bred, temperate, colored person. The weather, after a lengthy cold spell, the last lingering idleu of cross old Winter, snules in balmy airs and cheering sunshine. The gems of Nature, the beautiful and varied flow ers, uprise to greet the blue sky; the dancing waters, the grateful birds, the mingling voices of sweet Nature, heard even amid the city's din. Join in the universal chorus of the angel-world, proclaiming, "God is Love!"

Yours for truth, CORA WILBURM. Philadelphia, May 2, 1859.

> Writton for the Banner of Light. IMPROMPTU. BY CORMOR,

love the modest violet that nestles 'mid the grass,

Its tender nurnle blossoms that drink the morning dow: t tells me of the summer, with her gentle, balmy breath-Of flowers in budding freshness, and fragrance ever new; t speaks to me of virtues, that live although unseen-Though burled oft in slience, yet always spring to view ;

sky. It seems to us the brighter when the rugged heart is true. The blue that tints the violet is borrowed from above-Its fresh and early richness betokens Nature's care.

Like gleams of golden sunshine, when clouds have veiled the

For nursed by April showers, that gently fall from heaven, The tiny, drooping flower beams out upon the air, A true and faithful type of kindly seeming worth. That kindles into glory when each other's wees we bear: For what is life worth having, unless we live for all,

And ever in our wand'rings a brother's burden wear?

OBITUARIES.

OHITOARIES.

Died, on Sunday, April 24, Miss Lizzis T. Brows, of North Turner, Maine, aged it years.

Some five months since, Miss Brown was attacked with a paralytic shock, from which she could not recover. Bus through all her languishing and distresses, sho was comforted by the hope of immortality, eternal life, and progression in higher spheres. With the utmost composure of mind she gave directions relative to her funeral, chose her speaker, so-lected her hymns, divided her earthly treasures amongst her kind friends, charging them to weep no more for her—to-mourn not for her when past the boundaries of earth-life, but to rejoice on her behalf, and to wear no habiliaments of mourning on account of her departure from them. When the last moment came, she turned her head aside, as if something attracted her attention, and smiled, while, sliently, her

the last moment came, she turned her head aside, as if something attracted her attention, and smiled, while, sliently, her spirit left the fragile form, the smile still resting upon the fided lips. The storm of life was passed. The strife was over. The joyous spirit was greeting its angel friends, who had passed to the other side of Jordan long before. In the evening, after her burial, her spirit manifested itself through a medium present at the house of her friends, with the same smile that played upon the marble face in death, giving them words of consolation, and, in relation to herself, breathing forth expressions of joy and victory. It was her father who came to welcome her to her spirit home, and she smiled to meet him on "the shining shore."

father who came to welcome her to her spirit heme, and she smiled to meet him on "the shining shore."

A very appropriate and consolatory discourse was given on the occasion, by Bro. W. K. Ripley, trance speaker, from 1 Cor. xv. 38: "But of a given it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every securities own body." These are the occasions which bring homb to the hearts of the bereaved, and to the hearts of the people generally, the worth of spiritual communication and truth.

No long farewell we give to thee, Sister departed—but still nigh; Thy faded form-no more we see, It lies as ours must shorly lie. No link of Friendship's golden chain
Is severed by the hand of Death;
Affection's ties are still the same
As when thy form breathed vital breath. As when thy form orenthed the Speak often, kindly, to us here,
As we the march of life pursue;
And when we reach the heavenly sphere,
We'll range those happy realms with you.
B. B. M.

B. B. M.

Died, in Lowell, April 29th. Mary Page, daughter of Andrew J. Page, aged ten years,
About two weeks previous to the death of little Mary, these bereaved parents were called to transfer to the guardianship of angels, a little boy, aged two years. Dissolution in both cases was caused by scarlet fever. Little Mary seemed to be conscious. In the commencement of her sickness, that the angels were about to take her. The night before she was conflued, she remarked to one of her schoolmates that she was going to be sick. She talked familiarly with her mother, during the first of her sickness, about the spirit-world, and her transition. On one occasion, with her eyes turned upward, she said, "Mother, see them, see them." Her mother asked her what she saw. She answered, "Little Willie, and a company of little children with him," alluding to her little brother, who had a few days gone before. She often spoke of her brother, and mourned his departure very much. She was beloved by those who knew her, possessing an amiable and sweet disposition, which endeared her to all. She possessed intelligence and understanding far beyond her years. How blessed, when called to part with our dear once in form, that we can enjoy their presence in spirit. True Spiritualists sorrow not as those who have no hope, but with us. We can say to death, where is thy sting? and to the grave, where is thy form has unseed away.

Thou hast left us, dearest Mary,
Thy form has passed away;
But we know thy gentle spirit
Survives beyond the clay, We know thy gentle love-tones, We hear them from afar: We know our darling Mary Is now our guiding star. She's now our household angel,
Though her form to dust is wed;
Yet there's something whispers
Our Mary is not dead.

She's gone to Join her brother, Twin-souls of angel birth: Heaven's purest, sweetest flowers Are blighted buds of earth. Lovedi, Mass. E. L. L. Died in the city of Marysville, California, on the 29th day

Died in the city of Marysville, California, on the 29th day of March, in the 33d year of her age, Mrs. Ann Eliza Lindley, wife of the Hon. Charles Lindley, Judge of Yuba County.

Mrs. L., for the last two years of her earth-life, was a firm, unfaltering, and consistent believer in the facts, doctrines, and philosophy of spirit intercourse; and through her long and painful season of physical disease this rational religion was to her soul an unfaltering trust, a strong staff of support, and as the trying moment to her sensuous nature approached, confidingly she leaned upon it, and passed, without a dread, with a mind clear as sunlight through the portals leading to eternal day. May our last day be like hers.

L. W. R.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Disco, Mich.—E. A. Button requests us to say that lecturers visiting that section of the country will be well cared for by the friends. 3. F. H.—The old pamphlet you refer to, we regret to say got

misiaid, and we have been, as yet, unable to find it. Should it turn up, we will forward it to your address. H. W. B .- Will attend to your article in due course. Com-

munications are pouring in upon us from all quarters, and we are obliged to delay, somewhat, their publication.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

HARMONY HALL, 410 Washington street, will be open every day through the week as a Spiritual Reading Room, and for the reception of friends and investigators from abroad. Modiums will be present, and others are invited. Circles will be held evenings, when the ball is not otherwise engaged, to aid investigators and the development of mediums. A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c. is held every Sunday morning, at 101-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Ad-

M BETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening,

ular speaker. Seats free.

PLYMOUTH.—The Spiritualists of this town hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Leyden Hall, commencing at 2 and 7 o'clock. Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall, Speaking, by mediums and others.

NEWNURYOUT.—The Spiritualists of Nowburyport have a fine Hall, which they will furnish free to any speaker on re-formatory subjects, said lecturer to have for his or her sorvices the whole of the collection which will be taken up in each Any letters addressed to R. Sherman, No. 5 Charles street, will receive immediate attention

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confer a favor on us by acting as our agents in subscribers.
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Tucker, Speaking Medlum; Da. E. L. Lyox, N. Frank White,
Miss Suban M. Johnson, Trance Speakors.
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Thore Waymouth; H. G. Allen, Bridgewater; Gro. H.

Massachusetts—Charles II. Crowell, Cambridgeport; R. K. Trott, Weymouth; II. G. Allen, Bridgewater; Gro. H. Metcalf, South Dedham; N. S. Greenleaf, trance-speaker Haverhill; John II. Curaiter, 87 Jockson street, Lawrence. Maine—Mr. Amos Drake, Union; II. F. Ripler, Canton Mills; H. A. M. Bradbury, Norway; Dr. N. P. Bran, Searsmont; Wm. K. Ripley, Paris, for that part of the country; Hamilton Martin, Healing Medium of South Livermore; J. N. Hodors, Trance-Speaking and Healing Medium, of

Monroc.
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Ohio-Uni N. Merwin, Newton Palls.

The Messenger.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their carrillife to that beyond, and do away with the errons one idea that they ar more than rintra beings.

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should loan that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to inortals.

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

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. The communications given by the following spirits, will be

published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

April 2-Mary Elizabeth Hamilton (La.), Patrick Murphy (Dover).

April 4—Eben Clark (Tuftonboro', N. H.), William Harri-

April 4—Ebon Clark (Tuftonboro', N. H.), William Harrison (Thomaston, Mo.), Charles H. Barton (Wallingford, England), Don Juan Luvadio (Castile), Margaret Stevens (N. Y.), William Campbell (Block Island), Mary Jane Lefavor (N. Y.), Charles H. Jackman (to brother Ben)

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

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

April 8—Gardner Bennett, Boston; Samuel, Garland; Jere-

April 8—Gardner Bennett, Boston; Samuel, Garland; Jeremiah Williams, Boston; John Boston; Cilia

April 8—Gardier Bennett, Boston; Samuel, Garland; Joremiah Williams, Boston; John Rogers Clinton, New York; Ellen Maria Chetwood, Albany.

April 9—Joseph Greendell, N. Bedford; Henry Adams, to his brother; Joshuá Houston.

April 12—Henry Wendall, Groton, N. H.; Robert Stone; Dea, John Gould, Hanover, N. H.; Emma Clark, Portland; Benjamin Hackhurst, Philadelphia; Edwa d Haskins, New Orleabs.

Benjamin Hackhurst, Philadelphia; Edwa d Haskins, New Orleahs.

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

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

April 16—Alexander Tübetet; Robert Ende; Joel Nason, Boston; Laura Davis, Troy, N. Y.; Abby Ann, to a visitor.

April 16—John Eckhart, N. York; Lemuel Mason, Springfield, Mass.; Samuel Templeton, to Mother in Troy.

April 18—Charles Jones, Chespeake City; Martha Jarvis, Boston; Benjamin Harlem, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dan. Gibbons, New York; Timothy Gile, preacher.

April 20—Calvin Somers, seaman; Mahala Davis, Ashland; Joshua Caldwell, Boston; Patrick Murphy, Dover; James G. Hammond, to Margaret Hammond.

April 20—Dr. George U. Stone, Draeut; Nathanlol'Hadley; Richard Lovens, Troy; George Washington Furbush, to William.

Richard Lovens, Troy; George Washington Furbush, to William.

April 21—Ben Johnson, New York; Samuel Hodgdon, Boston, to his son Wm. Henry; Henry Hall, New York; Capt. Thomas Geyer, to his wife; Joseph Lathrop, Brooklyn; To John Caryl.

April 25—Gen. Wayne; Thomas Foster, died at sea; Des. John Norton; John Dix Fisher; Charles Todd, Boston; Zebadiah Tinker, Barre, Vt.

April 26—Samuel Leighton, Rockingham, N. H.; To William Campbell, Boston; Wallace Bliss, to Geo. Hartley, Manchester, N. H.; Jane Cary, to her children.

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

April 80-John Enos, Halifax; Samuel Curtis, Albany, N.

Nathaniel Norton.

Nathaniel Norton.

I do not like to disbelieve the Bible, nor do I like to disbelieve my own senses; but I cannot believe the one without ignoring the other. Now the Bible used to tell me that mortals returned no more to the earth-life—that, after once going out, the door was glosed, and they could come no more to their friends. My own senses teach me that I am here to-day, postessed of all the faculties I owned when inhabiting a mortal body. To be sure, I control an organism that is foreign to me at this time; but as it is susceptible, and easy of being controllect I feel myself quite as much at home as I was the last few years of my life on earth. I feel like one who stands at the gate of the city, knocking to gain admittance. I know that my own dear friends reside in the city, and that I can converse with them by pursuing a certain course; but I know, also, they will turn and flee if I ask them to believe that which mortals tell them is true, in some respects. My years on earth were sixty-seven. Most of those years were passed pleasantly.

years were passed pleasantly.

I was a member of the Congregationalist Church. I be I was a member of the Congregationalist Church. I believed the Bible—took it for my guide in all things; but alas! I find that if your own senses are true, the Bible is not true—or if it is, men do not understand it. Perhaps the light of the present age will make it plain; but the light of my tune rendered it dark and mysterious. I was often staggered on many passages, and hardly know whether I could reconcile them with nature and experience. Still I had been taught that the Bible was the word of God, and I clung to it. The impressions of early life fasten themselves to us strongly; and if we would shake them off, we must make a very strenuous effort.

I was born in New Bedford, which I believe is a short distance from here. I died in New York city care of a physician whom I had yisted with the hope of get-ting relief. He was named Brutley—Dr. Bradley, of New "York city." My disease was cancer of the stomach. I was told he had been very successful in similar cases. He did

York city. My disease was cancer of the stomach. I was told he had been very successful in similar cases. He did well for me. I have no reason to complain, for I am far better off here than I could be on earth.

I have a son who sails out of New Redford. I should be very glad to commune with him, if I could. My daughter married some seven years ago, and, if I remember aright, she joined her hasband three years ago in California. Her name, before marriage, was Louise Norton—after marriage. Castlebefore marriage, was Louise Norton—after marriage, Castleton—my son's, John Henry Norton. He is at present far from here; but I have been told if I would come here and norm nore; ont I nave been told if I would come here and announce my presence. I hight make the first step towards communing with my children and friends. I find I am capable of controlling mediums, both in speaking, writing and rapping. I had some experience before coming here, although limited.

If my children will go to a medium I can approach and commune through, I shall be made much happier for it, and I think I can give them some light which will avail them in

I thank I can give them some light which will will want to the spirit-land on a raft, to speak figuratively. They may go in a good staunch ship, if they will. Now one feels some near at going into a strange port he knows nothing of; but wh in one believos he has communed with individuals who have returned from that state of life, he can have no fear, for sarely it is like going to a land he knows of. My daugiter is a professing Christian; my son never made any professica of religion. I am told he will receive this light sooner than my daughter, for religion carries prejudice with it, and we must first enter into the temple, and break down the altar of prejudice, ere we can make ourselves known. Now, good sir, as I have nothing more to say to you, I will leave, and give others an opportunity to speak.

leave, and give others an opportunity to speak.

My name is Nathaniel Norton; I died about three years Good day.

Solomon Townsend.

Have you ever received a communication from one William. Townsend? Did he say anything about my coming here? I am his son. Well, I met my father some three months ago, and he said he would come here, as he had more positive power than I had, and prepare the way for me. I do not know whether he has been here of not.

My wife is a medium, I have heard, and if she will put herself in the way of my communing with me—sit for me as people usually sit for spirit communications—I will come to her and influence her.

My name was Solomon Townsend; I lived in Providence.

My name was Solomon Townsend; I lived in Providence. It is hard to tell what my occupation was; suppose you pass that by: I don't know but you require this thing, though; I don't want you to think I have forgetten my occupation. I have been dead a little more than two years. I have been told that my wife is a capital speaking predium; but she don't know it. If I should go to her and make any manifestations, she would not know how to receive them.

Bay, then, that I have been here; followed in the wake of my father, and would like to visit my wife and commune through her. My wife is not in Providence, nor in Boston; but she is in Massachusetts, about thirty-seven miles from here.

Robert Foster.

Robert Foster.

I am Robert Foster, of New Hampshire.

The Bible tells us that if we cast our bread upon the waters it shall return to us after many days.

I communed with you something over two years ago. Am I right? It seems that a friend has recently seen my communication, and desires to call ou me. He wishes to know what work I published in 1834. My friend is surrounded with all the facilities of ascertaining matters connected with this material sphere, while I am not. I know of no work my friend could refer to, except a small book of hymns and psalms. I think he must refer to that. And now it remains for me to question him as to whether I am right or not. If I am not right, let the brother manifest to me giving me a knowledge of my lack of knowledge. The vast spiritual press is fast publishing wisdom—rolling off sheet after sheet of truth in reference to the city which has been walled in so long, and error and truth is being separated. The New Jerusalem, that has been inhabited by so few heretofore, has been opened to all, and the people are beginning to see that the good God is willing to be understood by the multitude as their Father and Guide. The generations of the past were never developed to understand these things. The present

generations are able to appreciate the truth, and while they receive truth in one hand, they hold out the other for more. By coming to earth I had a very strong desire to enlighten my friends—to break the bonds that seem to fatter them. I succeeded in opening the eyes of some, and even at the eleventh hour one comes knocking at the door for light; but I am incapable of affording positive information. I therefore hold the subject for discussion, hoping that my dear friend will throw off his prejudices, and come a little nearor to me; I will not hurt him. If I grasp him by the hand, it will be in friendship, for I live as much to-day as I did in 1834. Therefore, let him approach me in a more direct manner. I have nothing more to say.

Froddy:

Hallof can't you see me? I want you to write to Aunty—for me, Don't you know I come to you before? Don't described in the content of the content is formed in the content of the content

Freddy.

Hallof can't you see me? I want you to write to Aunty—for me. Bon't you know I come to you before? Don't you know I gave you the name of Freddy? Well. my name is Frederika. Aunty—has got somebody here that wants to talk to her, and he says he did come here, and he wrote, and you made a mistake. His name is Robert. You must n't make any more mistakes. Aunty—was n't my aunty; but she used to live in the house with my mother, and she fixed me all up when I died. She put on a white thield dress and fixed me up all nice. Tell her that I don't want any needles now; mother would n't give me all the needles. I wanted, but Aunty—dd. Wont you tell her I am with her every day; sometimes to her Nelly's.

Aunty—has get two husbands, and one is here, (in the spirit-world) and one aint. She lives a little ways off—up here a little ways—in Boston. Ask Aunty—what she done with my hair. Tell her I am going to bring her some real flowers when she goes to Nelly's—some real ilowers from here—so that she can see them.

I'm going. Don't you make any mistake, will you? You must say it is from Freddy to Aunty—March 30.

Peter Goode, Boston.

This man's first manifestation to us was published in Vol 3. No. 8.

3, No. 8.

Are you sure you are waiting for me? Had you just as lief I would speak as anybody else? Can you see me? Do you know me, anyway? Did you know anybody that was murdered down in Richmond street? My name? It's a good name. Peter Goode. Some of the folks got a circle down there; I go there, and some of the folks would n't be satisfied unless I come here. So you aint afraid of niggers? You must toil 'em that we are going to do something for them great; but they must walt, and not break up so carly. And tell them if they bring any more gin there, I'll smash the tumblers over their heads. If they'll be decent we'll do right by thom; but if they bring gin, I repeat, then I'll break the tumblers over their heads. More'n that, the first one that wishes to bring gin there need n't come there again. break the tumblers over their heads. More'n that, the first one that wishes to bring gin there need n't come there again. When I'm trying to do the best I can, I want them to be decent. Another thing—they must n't smoke any pipes there; and 'they must have the windows open—never see sich air as they breathe there. Used to breathe it once, but can't stand it now. And they want to know who is the medium; ain't going to tell 'em—they'd get jealous and be fighting 'bout it. If they'll do well, we'll do the best wo can for them; if they do n't, we wont do anything for them. Niggers can talk to niggers as well as anybody, I 'sposes. Do n't you know I came here sometime ago? Well, they 'we been settling ever since then; and now they set quite often. I told them to look the door, and not let anybody in after they got setting down, and they keep jumping up; and if

been settling ever since them, and not let anybody in after they got setting down, and they keep jumping up; and if they do that, we went do nothing for them. It's a dark circle; but they can't have two kinds of spirits there—if they have spirits inside, they can't have them outside. I want you to be 'tickler and say we went have none inside and outside too; and niggers that come there, we won't have come smoking. Yes, call them niggers—that's what they are.

I got the first chance to speak to you this afternoon. Niggers are good as anybody else when they gots up here. I'm going to be a preacher by-and-by. Good day. I'm going now.

March 31.

Lorenzo Dow.

Lorenzo Dow.

So one of my friends desires me to come back and toll him how many Gods there are? There are quite as many Gods as there are individual minds; every identity has its own God. I suppose my friend will think I am advancing strange ideas —nevertheless, they are true, as all will see when they cast off their mortal. I know the Bible says. "Thou shalt have me other Gods before me;" but what authority is that? Just some at all. That same Bible teaches us that we are to revenge ourselves upon our adversaries—that we are to trake from them what they take from us. The old Mosale law tells us to take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But we follow along in the trail until Jesus comes, and a new law he gives unto the people—to love one another. And new as we come to the present time, you have a greater law-giver; and that which served the people of his time will not alone serve you of to-day. You might as well go to heaven in a horso-cart as to attempt to go by the Bible. You can find plonty about hell in the Bible, but very little about heaven. Every individual must of necessity have a God of his own. One cannot serve his neighbor's God. He says, "I flust have a God fashioned so and so." Another says, "If these are the attributes of God, I don't want to have anything to do with him." Another says, his is a God of Justice; and another, one of Love. So you see each one must have a God of his own. The old Book tells you there is only one way to get to the my work as any other way." Now both are right.

The Old Book tells you there is only one way to get to

may a piece of work to do, and reasone my votod as won in my work as any other way." Now both are right.

The Old Book tells you there is only one way to get to heaven, and that a narrow way. Modern Spiritualism tells you there are as many aronues to heaven as there are men and women, and you have a right to go to heaven in your way, and have no right to interfere with your brother for going in his way.

and have no right to interiere with your brother for going in his way.

I well know my brother is strongly wedded to theology;
but what care I for that? Theology appears to me to be a mite on the ocean of time, which the next wave will wash out. My brother believes in one God, and yet he asks me to tell him how many Gods there are. Well, there is just one God for him. The Christian will say that his God is not the God of the ceiping. Not any for many is his own free agent. God for him. The Christian will say that his God is not the God of the criminal. Not so; for man is his own free agent, and has a perfect right to choose his own God. Some go to Heaven by the way of Hell, and every one is responsible alone to his own God, and to no other person's God. And if one decides to go down to hell, before he gets experience enough to carry him to heaven, it is right he should go there. When I first came to the spirit-world I looked about me and found all different from what I anticlpated. I expected I should be immediately welcomed into the presence of an august God, and receive my sentence. While thus waiting, I was yislted by a friend I had known sometime before.

as visited by a friend I had known sometime before

"What are you waiting for," said he.
"Oh, I was waiting to be called up and be judged by God," "Well," said he, "you are mistaken. Did you never think

"Well," said he, "you are mistaken. Did you never think that God was with you?"
"Yes," I said, "but still I expected to be judged by my God."
"Here you are again mistaken," replied he; "I have been here many years, and I have learned to drop the doctrines of earth. Now, if you will come with me, I will take you to my

Very well," said I; "I will be happy to go.". "Very well," said I; "I will be happy to go."
As he carried me away, and I entered his residence, I saw overything was beautiful; but I soon began to see that that was not the place for me. I found I had an atmosphere about me that could not exist in that place, and I determined to return from whence I came, and remain until I had thrown off this something that so unfitted me.
"Well," said my friend, after returning—for he had left me for a time—"do you not wish to remain here?"
"No," said I; "I am not fit to remain here."
"Who tells you so?" said he.
"Nobody tells me; but I know myself. I find certain things clinging to me that render me not stall like the people

things clinging to me that render me not at all like the people who dwell here, and I have determined to, wait until I have changed—to be like them."

changed—to be like them."
"Well," said my friend, "that is your God, and none other will you ever serve throughout eternity."
"What!" said I, "am I to have no other judge?"
"No other judge; you have passed judgment upon your-self. You may dwell here; but you say you are not fit to

So thus I learned that I was my own judge. That superior So thus I tearned that I was my own junge. This deposition influence dwelling in every man points out to him the true path to tread. I am sorry to say many do not follow the mandate of that God; nevertheless, he will one day judge mandate of that God; novertheress, he will one tay judge them, and the judgment will be right.

Bo, then, my friend, you will say that old Lorenzo Dow has given his ideas of a God. Good day. I'll visit you again—gan't tell when—when God diotates. Farewell.

March 31.

Clara Augusta Stevens, (Cincinnati.) How long, oh isoul of universal wisdom, shall the feeble

light of truth struggle to illume the darkness of this time? When, oh when, shall the veil be rent in twain that obscures the bright light of the spirit world from the inhabitants of this sphere? The answer comes, in thine own time and thine own

iphore? The answer comes, in summary way.

Beyen years ago, I left my body, my friends and my home, for a better land—the spirit-world. My disease they called consumption; and as my body wasted beneath the hand of disease, my spirit would offitmes catch glimpses of the new world. My vision was frequently open, but I did not understand it, nor did my friends, for they said, "As she nears the dream-land her senses wander—she knows not what she are a things lift in imagination, but are not real."

stand it, nor did my friends, for they said, "As she nears the fidream-land her senses wander—she knows not what she says; things lift in imagination, but are not real."

Since my departure from earth, my dear sister, and my imother too, as they hear the oft repeated messages coming from the spirit-world, frequently ask the question, "Why is it that the freed spirits of our loved ones desire to return and mingle again in the scenes and sorrows of earth?" We love to come to shower holy dews upon the flower of affection, that it may not wither, ore called to bloom in spiritific. That same natural love that bound us to our friends on earth, still draws us to them and back to earth. And while nature has so bountfully supplied these wants, by placing before us so many mediums, is it strange that we, lwho love our friends so well, should desire to strive to consume with them? Is it strange we should seek it oput a light in the tombs of the past? No; nature would not be true to herself if we did not desire to come, and the great law-giver would poorly understand his mission.

I numbered 21 years in earth-life. I was surrounded by kind and loving friends, who clung closely to me, and mourned sadily for the loss of my spirit. Now I would ask those dear ones if they consider it a mystery that I should return when I find it possible for me to do so? The holy monitor of love within their souls tells them that it is well for these spirits to return—that they are acting in accord-

Say what you have received is from Clara Augusta Stevens, of Chichmati.

Bill Poole, New York.

Just as the spirit had got possession of the medium, a young girl among the visitors was influenced by some spirit, and commenced an harangue-an occurrence unusual with us. The spirit having possession of Mrs. C. broke in upon him thus:

"Vell, that's cool, any way—that come pretty nigh cutting me off; never mind, as long as I got here, though."

Here again the influence outside broke in: "Well, you need n't shove me out; I shall speak."

"Of course you will; go in."
"It's good you 've got the influence and I ain't."
"You might as well say, if you got in the inside ring, you'd
force me out; but come in, and let us see who is strongest."

And so the dialogue was kept up for five minutes; after which the influence on the girl was broken, and the spirit continued through Mrs. C.:

Now you see we can't always agree on this side. I'm an Now you see we can't always agree on this side. I'm an individual all alone by myself, and quite a happy one, at that. I suppose you would like to know who I am. I'm a happy individual, notwithstanding I did not do exactly right on earth. Some of the people said I was not exactly the thing to be among decent people. I have been to you before, and I never went anywhere but I met with some robuff, either here or in the spirit-world; but I want you to understand one thing, and that is, when I start upon a thing, I'm bound to earry it through at all hazards.

Now a friend of mine who sails or goes under the cognomen of "Small Chuck," who lives in New York city, tells me if I will come here and tell him the last words I said to him on earth, he will believe me, and be an honest man. The

If I will come here and tell him the last words I said to him on earth, he will believe me, and be an honest man. The last time I ever saw "Chuck" I met him on East Broadway. I believe I saluted him in this way:
"Chuck, where are you bound?"
He said, "Well, I'm traveling up town to see who I shall

moet."
"Well, then, come along up to Billy's and take a drink," I

said; and we went.

Now, Chuck, you promised to be an honest man. If you step up and be an honest man, we'll be sworn friends forever; if not, we can't travel together. Now I'll step out. Good day, all.

March 31.

Larkin Moore.

I've been here before. A few hours ago somebody came to me and said I better come here; and when I got here, somebody asked me if I remembered a Mr. Brown. Yes, I do. They asked me what he gave me once, and why. Yes, I remember; he took off his shoes once, and gave them to me, because I had none. I suppose the folks think if I come here and tell him this, it will do him good. Tell him I am where they do not need shoes, nor coats, nor hats. Tell him poor old Larkin Moore is in a land of freedom, where he is not obliged to ask for shoes, or wear a hat.

Young man, I suppose you thought me crazy when I came here. The sorrows of earth made me singular; but I was not crazy. I know how I used to pray, what I used to say, and what the people used to think of me.

I'm done praying now; I get all I want. I'm not obliged

and what the people used to think of me.

I'm done praying now; I get all I want. I'm not obliged to pray now. Folks pray when they need something, so I've no need to pray, and I've no need to watch now, for there are no-thieves here. And as for temptation, I don't see any; didn't see much when I was on earth.

Pair of shoes !—tell him a pair of shoes. I believe he beonged in Salem. They told me it would do him good; so

I've come.

Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall come back. He cast his bread upon the waters, and I've come back. I was on the road traveling to Salem; used to get ideas in my head to go to places, and when I got there I found God sent me. Sometimes I had a hat, and sometimes none; sometimes I had shoes, and sometimes none. I preached the week of God-scephing men how to live and how to die-

none; sometimes I had shoes, and sometimes none. I preached the word of God—teaching men how to live and how to dle—preaching in God's temple—a large tent, that.

God sent me here to-day. I got the word to come here just as I used to get God's word on earth. I never question God's word, but go right along. Seen God? Yes; a good many times. Look in the glass and you'll see him, too. I preach the same as I did on earth, only God gave me a Bible then—he's taken it away now, and he do n't give it to me; so I believe I do n't need it. I preach to those below me, now.

I belonged to all the sects—all of them. I was seventy-two years old; I had a place I called home; it was anywhere I happened to be. I was contented when I had a place to lay in, and was contented when I had n't. God says my work is

in, and was contented when I had n't. God says my work is done here, so I shall go.

Charles Todd.

The communication which comes here, in our regular list, will be printed next week.

Patrick McGinnis, Dublin,

Patrick McGinnis, Dublin.

Faith, I do u't know about spaking here. I sees a good many Irish and all sorts where I am, but here I find all Yankees. I feel very strange meself. About two years agone me daughter, Honora McGinnis, come here and spake to ye. It's meself would like to spake now. I've a son and two daughters in this country—Mary and Bridget, and Jamey. Jamey's thinking about sinding to pay me passage to this country—faith, I'm here widout it, and he don't know it at all. I die in St. Patrick's Square, Dublin. I niver was to this country before at all, and I would like to tell Mary and Bridget and Jamey I'm gane, and I ax no more. They need sind no more, for I'm gane intirely. Faith, I tell them this because the old woman will niver bell them, and they 'il sind all their carnings to her. Faith, she is n't their mother at all—she's alongside of me here. Jamby is in Boston. I've bean shear the second. all—she's alongside of me here. Jamby is in Boston. I've been dead six months againe. I think it's most Easter Sunday. Frith, I do kape Lent. The old woman had mass said for me soul, and I'm out intirely. It do me good then—I no get out widout it—out of purgatory—faith, I was in purgatory, where I could not spake at all. I was sick at heart all the time, and the childer wanted to bring me to this country, where I could be seen to by the doctors. Oh, me heart was almost broke intirely when I heard. Honora was killed that way.

way.

I came to toll the childer I m gane, and not to sind her money; she trates me bad all the time, and no want her toget the childer's money. She trate all the childer so bad they all come to Ameriky. Faith, I will give her name—Mary McGinnis. My own name was Pairick McGinnis. No, I can neither spake Corkonian or Fardwn. I was born in Dublin meself. The old woman was the widow McGarthy—she is relation to the Praist Quinn. He gets all the money for the masses. It's all right he receives his money for his work—it is n't to find fault wid the praist I comes here: but the old woman do not want the money, and I'm here widout me passage paid. no passage paid. it of passage para.

I was a tailor; all the time, when I work at all, I was a

tailor. Honora tells me she il see it is all right, and that Jamey will get it, and how he il write and tell the old woman that I'm dead and gone intirely. Jamey was thirty-one the day after Palm Sunday. I'll take meself off, now.

Lightfoot. God works through countless channels, to bring all mind and all matter in perfect rapport with himself. Men do not, nor can they, at all times comprohend or understand their God; for he descends into hell, that he may bring from God works through countless channels, to bring all mind and all matter in perfect rapport with himself. Men do not, nor can they, at all times comprohend or understand, their God; for he descends into hell, that he may bring from thence choice flowers that shall yield fragrance to the multitude. Every evil thought that issues from mortal mind, carries within its interior self a gom worth polishing, to stud the far-off heavens in spirit-life. So that if every thought, whether evil or good, becomes a gen within itself, shall not every son and daughter of God, bear within himself or herself that which speaks of God in all things?

A portion of the vast multitude who shide in earth-life, will gather to themselves elements of evil. They will draw from their surroundings of the life in the first state such as will clothe them with darkness; and as they are to lose nothing save the body by the change of death, so then they will carry evil with them across the Jordan of death.

And as natural man perfects himself through his own law, marvel not that the sinner comes bither, casting off his cloak of revenge—neither marvel that the saint comes down, bringing choice blessings to the multitude. One comes clothed with the conditions he hath, taken upon himself in earth-life; one comes clothed in purple and fine linen from spirit realms of joy, and the other hath gathered about him the filthy rags, of earth.

Earth is the natural plane of life, from which all must start.

flithy rags of earth.

Earth is the natural plane of life, from which all must start Earth is the natural plane of life, from which all must start for heaven. The first step of progression is taken from that path; and if one hath failed to take that step during his earth-life, he comes back, that he may start anow for heaven in a state of happiness.

Many years ago I moved along your streets, clothed with a form of flesh; I gathered to myself the rags of a mental and moral condition in life. My raiment was not pleasing to the eye or the senses; from my earliest recollection, up to the time of my passing from the world, I was ever thrown upon the rough billows of avil conditions—inharmonious elements

time of my passing from the world, I was ever thrown upon the rough billows of evil conditions—inharmonious elements, seemed to be constantly flung around me. And thus I became in part evil myself, I was not in harmony with myself, my God, or my fellow-men. After many years spent in spirit-life. I was told I could return to earth. When once there, I found myself possessed of all my former passions—all that which actuated me to evil was quite as active on coming back to earth, as though I were in mortal form—and I said; "I will be revenged on man, for I have suffered many years of hell for the sins of others, more than my own sins—I will seek out one or more through whom I can manifest in a quiet not be true to herself if we did not desire to come, and the great law-giver would poorly understand his mission.

I numbered 21 years in earth-life. I was surrounded by kind and loving friends, who clung closely to me, and mourned sadly for the loss of my spirit. Now I would ask those dear once if they consider it a mystery that I should return when I find it possible for me to do so? The holy monitor of love within their souls tells them that it is well for these spirits to return—that they are acting in accordance with the great natural law of life—that love which binds soul to soul—which gives warmth to all life. Can we forget our friends, who stood near us with tearful eyes, and said.

"All our hopes of heaven are crushed," when we left? If they clung so closely to us, will not the cord of love prove a drawl drawk deep of its waters, and had tasted its bitterness, and I

have since done much by the power of Him who doeth all

things well.

The founds who have so often heard from me, are wondering of my silence. They have thought my flight had been so rapid I had wandered far from earth. On the contrary, I am on earth, striving to do my Father's will—striving to save that which was lost for a time; and as I strive to redeem others, so I am redeemed. I am rising—rising—but the cld earth plane will never be unremembered by me, and I shall ever love to linger here—because it was once my home. I ask no higher heaven than that I can find on earth.

I have been requested to come here, and also to give the name I was in the habit of giving some four or five year ago. That name was Licentroot. Good day. April I.

William Chapin.

Cap'n, what's the weather? What latitude? What a craft this is, Cap'n? Is this cabin or fo'castle? Cap'n, is it Sunday? I want to ship. What's yer rules? Aye, aye, sir, I car give you all that Name—Billy Chapin—William. I halter from Portland, Mo.; born there; died four days out from Honoldiu, Sandwich Islands, on board the bark British Queen Honoldiu, Sandwich Vertical accorded by Robertston and the Honoidin, Sandwich Islands, on board the bark British Queen, halling from Now York, and owned by Robertston, an old English fellow. I got sick ashore, easing something. I've got a brother: I want to say something to him; his name is Charles Chapin. You see the fact is, Cap'n, I'spose I'm dead, and this is coming back. I know about it—heard about it. I've been dead since June, 1857. Fact is, Cap'n, I want to get a chance to talk to my brother and some of my shipmates, and they told me to come here and I'd get a chance. I want Charley to come within halling distance, if he can; toll him I'm pretty happy—don't see as I have lest anything; but the main point is to let him know I can come. When I can navigate this craft better, I can do better—now I don't understand much about it.

can navigate this crait better, I can us better—now I do not be understand much about it.

Cap'n Young is a fine fellow; might let him know I amround. He said prayers over me, and buried me decently. I was an able seaman; shipped before the mast.

Well, Cap'n, I'm myself in one way, and not in another. How is this? I aint myself, and I am, too. Say to Charley that I've been here and would like to talk to him, and to Cap'n Young. He halls from the State of Maine, somewhere, but I can't tell whore. Mighty nice skipper; I'd like to talk with him. Mr. Clark, the first officer, is a good fellow. We had a talk one night about Spiritualism board ship. I'd like to talk with him. Tell him I'm here—I've got on a new rig, but it's me, nevertheless.

me, nevertheless,

Cap'n, I had a pilot to come into this port, and now'I want
a pilot to leave. Can you furnish one? See here, Cap'n,
can I come here again? I can't run out of this harbor—
wind is dead shead; just now. Now there's a bit of a breeze
springing up; I shall run before it pretty soon. All right,
Cap'n.

William Hamilton.

William Hamilton.

I find myself drawn here to-day, and I scarce know for what, meeting as I do with all strangers.

A thought has suggested itself to my mind, and the thought is this; perhaps my own dear friends have called for me; perhaps they are ready to receive me, provided I shall bring suitable proof of my individuality and identity. I here the name of William Hamilton when on earth. I was a trader, and resided in Boston. I have been in the spirit-world seventeen years; I was sixty-four years of age at the time of my death. My disease was called consumption of the liver. I was attended by one Dr. Freeman. I have a wife in Boston, one son and two daughters.

If it be possible for me to commune with them, I wish to do so. While looking around your circle to find, if possible, some familiar face, I was carried back in thought so powerfully to the time I was with my own little family on earth, that I was scarce able to control your medium; my desire to be with them was so intense, so overwhelming, I could scarcely control myself. I was reflecting on the past, and striving to wed it to the present.

nyself. I was renegging on the pass, and services of the present.

I am lold many come here to reach their friends. Oh, happy thought, that we who have passed beyond the Jordan of leath, can commune with our friends, to comfort them while they pass through this vale of tears. They tell me that thousands have done this, and that the passage is free and open to all

What was then thought to be a strange phonomenon, took place in my chamber the evening previous to my death. As it is known only to my family and a few friends, perhaps it may be as well to relate it here. I was not able to bear much light, and therefore all lights

I was not able to bear much light, and therefore all lights were removed from my room as quick as they could be dispensed with. About eight o'clock, my wife set the lamp in an adjoining room, so that the light would not reach my bed; soon after eight o'clock the room became suddenly lighted, so brightly that those present could not hold their eyes open, although all were anxious to do so. This was repeated three times that dyening, and was seen by several persons basides mead? The hast time my wife said she discovered by the said who discovered the said was seen by solved meads.

loated three timos that dvening, and was seen by several persons besides myself. The last time, my wife said she distinctly saw two hands outstretched towards me, as if to take me away. My wife cried out with fear, and said she believed my time had come, and foot had graciously given us to know of it. On the following night, at the same hour and same moment, my spirit took its ilight to the spirit-life. I was there told my condition at that time rendered it easy to produce the lights, or, in other words, that through my medium powers the spirit-life was partially opened to us. My wife has often wondered what this meant; and since this new light has come to mortals, she has half believed it true, founding her belief upon that circumstance. hy with has come to mortals, she has half beneved it stac, founding her belief upon that circumstance.

1 have given this to my friends to convince them I have indeed come to earth, and have power of memory to carry me back to the scenes of earth previous to my-decease. My business? I traded in dry goods on Washington street.

April 2.

John Wesley. Lo. here is Christ and there is Christ, and yet he is within you. "Come," say the Baptists, "for Christ is within."
The same is reiterated by all the churches in the land.
"Go not there," says one, "for Christ is to be found only

with us."
The Spirit of Wisdom looks on the tumult and cries out, 'Lo, here is Christ within you."
Now men need not travel to the different churches to find

Christ; men need not set apart one day in seven to worship the Lord God; for if he is worthy of being worshiped at all. the Lord God; for if he is worthy of bolng worshiped at all, surely he is worthy of beling worshiped every day. Now the Baptists will tell you you must repent, and be baptized, or you will be damned. Very strong language this—presuming a great deal—standing upon a foundation insecure.

Do as we tell you, or you will be eternally wretched; come into our sanctuary, and worship at our altar, or you will in no wise enter into heaven. See how much bigotry, how much self-esteem is held within the churches, each arguing that their way is the only way. And all their theelow is

that their way is the only way. And all their theology is founded upon nothing; they draw certain supposed facts from the Bible; build altars thereon, and fasten in their God from the Bible; Sulid altars thereon, and faster in their God thereby, and worship in their own way. And one is constantly throwing scorn from this temple to the other, dealing out damnation to a brother who stands outside of the church. Oh, horror! the blackness of midnight hangs over them, but they see it not. The resurrectionists will tell you that on a certain day alt the old bodies that have long since mingled with the dust are to return to life, and they are to inhabit, their own. Monstrous idea! an embodiment of folly! But the rabbis of the past and the present have a peculiar faculty of causing their hoarers to believe just what they believe. No man is fit to be a teacher, unless he is governed by a of causing their hearers to believe just what they believe, No man is fit to be a teacher, unless he is governed by a power beyond himself. But the rabbis of yesterday and today are governed by their own peculiar, selfishness alone—that which is an elfspring of evil—and must draw out to it, for ovil begetteth evil; and however pure the garment may now be, it will ere long become spotted and uncomely. Note, if you will, the vast variety of changes that are taking place among the rabbis of the land—the theological teachers that stand in high boxes, and deal out damnation to the neonle. When the congregation is silent, there comes a

the people. When the congregation is silent, there comes a cry—a call from heaven—and diamediately the rabbi takes up his staff, and avanders to another clime.

up his stan, and awanders to another clime.

Let us see what God hath called him. Is it the God who
rules all nature, or is it the idol of the nation—the gold of
the world? We are inclined to think it is the idol, and not

the God.

We find a line of selfishness and bigotry running all through
the genealogy of priesthood. Liberality, freedom—that glorious gift of our God—is not found with them. It is, "Believe
as I believe, and you shall be saved; walk in a different path
from what I have marked out, and you shall be damned." Thanks be to a good Father, the light of the present is driving away the darkness of the past and present. As the light is positive, we are certain that the rabbis will step down

driving away the darkness of the past and present. As the light is positive, we are certain that the rabbis will step down from their high pedestal, and walk with the people.

When on earth I had much charity for the ministers, for I was one myself. But thanks be unto God, I did n't stand upon an Orthodox platform. But as I return to-day in obedience to a call from my friends, to give my opinion of clergymen of this day, I find myself obliged to cry out against them, and to tell them that they have no more idea of, a God finat the dumb animal that moves by their side. These-rabbis are very willing to send others to hell, but not to go theinselves. Let one of them lose a child who has not met with the change they prate so much about. Ask the man if his child is happy, and he tells you he hoper his child is happy. Mayhap the dear one has gone to heaven, but none know. They know nothing of heaven, because they sit idle themselves, and will not come down to seek for truth. But as the multitude come passing by, they will point out the way—a way they never have traveled, and know nothing about. What, then, shall the people do? Shun them as the ship will shun shoal water.

hoal water.

Each child of the Father should be his own teacher; he Each child of the Father should be his own teacher; he should not go forth to learn of the faith of his brethren, for each one has a light given him to guide the way. I would not advise my friends to walk in that path the Christian has marked out, but walk in that which wisdom has pointed out, that will guide all to the birthplace of peace. What is that star—Reason. If you truly believe with all your spirit that you will be damned for doing thus and so, you should not do it, as you hope to escape damnation. But show me the man who believes in damnation for himself—there is not one; and the Christian is like a ship without compass, drifting here

who believes in damnation for himself—there is not one; and the Christian is like a ship without compass, drifting here and there without any definite port in prospect.

Christ is within you; the light shines within all, warning men to wander in the wilderness no more, or in the church to find it—for in the sacred temple of the soul it lives, and will guide all men aright; so, then, worship God in secret, and the light within will guide on in happiness, even while you wander in the dark places of life.

I have come here to-day in answer to one George Stockbridge. I give you my name as John Wesley. And may the God of all, in his mercy, guide you all to peace, is the prayer of one who loves all mankind.

April 2.

When fortune frowns and summer friends,

When fortune frowns and summittee the Like birds that fear a storm, depart, some, if they breath bath trople warmth, Will stay to nestle round thy heartIf thou art poor, no joy is won, No good is gained, by sad repining; Gens buried in the darkened earth Gems buried in the darkened earth
May yet be guthered for the mining."

Correspondence.

An Excellent Suggestion.

II. W. CLEMONS, CONTOCCORVILLE, The BANNER COMOS to me each week with its lap full of rich fruit, gathered from the various gardens and vineyards, where gems of beauty are springing up to bud, and blossom, and to shed forth their fragrance in praise to the great Creator of everything that

When I read a production from a Chaple, or a Beecher, and see what choice fruit they have within their garden walls, and how beautifully their walks of life are laid out; and as I gaze upon those walks, and see such beautiful flowers, sparkling and bright, through the various windings, filling the air with sweet perfume, and reflecting back the golden light of their Creator, I cannot but wish that all might strive to make their gardens as rich and beautiful. If not so large in capacity, we should ever try to make our garden (the mind) bear the fruit that would be the most useful, and conducive of the greatest good in the community in which we live. Wo should seek to cultivate those plants which will cause us to grow in strongth and happiness; and if perchance some noxious woed should be found within our enclosure, let us root it out, and be very careful that its seeds, by some neglect of our own, do not get blown by some foul breath into our neighbor's garden, for vice transplanted, grows strong in the operation. I think it would be a blessed thing if Spiritual. ists would, in all cases, look into their own garden, and examine their own fruit first, before they condemn their brother or sister. And although I am very happy to read the very many able articles from your choice contributors, I feel pained sometimes to read a communication, such as "Spiritual Advice" in the Banner of April 23d. It does seem to me that the garden of the writer of that article is not in a very good condition. I may be wrong in my conclusions, but it seems to me that the writer would be in a healthier condition if he had a little of that salt he speaks of: perhaps the writer has spent five years looking into his neighbor's garden instead of his own; if so, I opine many choice plants of his

own garden have been neglected thereby. The writer claims , to be a Spiritualist, , If so, from what source did G. obtain his convictions to that doctrine? Was it not through some medium, one or more? And if mediums are so base as G. represents, what must be the character of his belief in spiritual intercourse? How can the writer have confidence in his belief, when he considers the source from whence it came? We cannot expect to graft an apple tree and receive a peach; nor can we see everything white, when looking through green spectacles.

I am very sorry to see this fault-finding propensity growing among Spiritualists. If Mr. Tiffany opened the door for this mode of consure, I hope in his research he will find out some wiser plan then to fill every fault-finder's mouth with some black liquid, to be spit out of any one's character that does not come up to the standard of their ideas. If a medium uses deception, expose him or her, but he very careful in the expose that you do not betray yourself. I do believe that there is more deception practiced by the pretending investigator than in the communicator, or medium. I have been acquainted with many mediums, and as I know them to be men and women-children of the great family of man-surg rounded with all the liabilities of life, no worse because of their mediumship, but very often better. I say I am sorry to see mediums say hard things of each other; unless they wilf point out the individual who imposes on the public I shall be slow to believe their assertions. Would it not be better to look into our own garden and see if we are free from all noxious weeds? Perhaps if we examine closely our own hearts, we shall find a true cause for the error we charge others with. I hope man will cease to labor so hard to find. fault with his brother man. It seems to me if he labored half so hard to reform these errors as he does to expose them, the great garden of the world would be in a much higher

state of cultivation. I am very sorry to see the writer of the above article condemning the many mediums who have visited your city the past winter. I have read many extracts of their lectures and if reported correctly, I feel sure that G. is in the wrong. I supposed that everything truthful, everything pure and lofty in spirit, leading the mind of man from the grovelings of earth to their Creator God, were Christike; I thought every noble principle instilled into man's nature was heavenly; and as I have read the extracts of addresses from the varl. ous mediums. I felt there was a step still higher for me to stand on; and as my thoughts rise higher and higher, the light looks purer and better, and I feel thankful to those ladies and gentlemen, who are called mediums, for the information that I have received, even at this distance from

I hope friend G. will look into his garden, and if he has got that noxious weed that caused him to speak disrespectful of his brother man, he will pull it up and burn it. I think in Christ's day, there was a certain one thatfound fault-vide John, xii chapter, 3, 4, 5, and 6th yerses. I hope no Spiritual-

ist will be like him. We must remember, Every thought expressed in love, Creates in us that Heaven above; And every evil thought expressed. Makes that Heaven within us loss."

[We thank our correspondent for these excellent suggestions The spirit of them we love, and hope all Spiritualists will seek to cherish. We thank our correspondent also for the very next, legible, plain and correct execution of the manu script containing these suggestions. Some of our correspondents are so careless in writing their communications that it. would make 'the strongest man's head ache to puzzle them out and correct them. Bad manuscripts are like sand-paper

to editors and compositors.] .

Mediums, Lectures, etc. J. E. CHASE, Norwich, CT .- "Much of late has been said and written in relation to the moral character and influence of mediums, and I think not without just cause. Now, so far as my experience goes, mediums are very much like all other people, possessing different degrees of moral character, consequently, different degrees of moral worth, and those having dealings with them must be governed by the same general rule of dealing as with other people. The fact of a person calling him or horself a medium is of no value, unless ie or she can say or do something that will in some way benefit the world. That there are mediums, and those connected with them who, by their injudicious course in assuming to be what they are not and imposing upon the public in various ways, apparently having no other object than the money they gain, or to satisfy some base animal desire. I have not a doubt; and I think it is high time that we began to look at these things, and have a better understanding of what our surroundings are. There is a great amount of trash affoat purporting to come from the spirit-world, which I think we would do well to scrutinize very closely. Spiritualism has more than once been completely prostrated in this place by the injudicious action of those from whom we had a right to expect someting better. Although we suffered we have learned a lesson by the experience, which, in the end,

will be a benefit to us, if we give heed to it. But although this side presents a dark picture when looked fairly in the face, yet it is not all that Spiritualism can present. We have many earnest, truth-loving souls, who have a clear appreciation of their mission, and are working in right good earnest for the amelloration of down-trodden humanity. Among that number whom the friends of Norwich will have cause long to remember is Mrs. Pannie Burbank Felton, who I believe is doing as much for the cause of truth and rightcousness as any one within my acquaintance. She came among us when it seemed as though n o power, spiritual or human, could raise us, and spoke seven Sundays, At first. things looked rather dubious; but before she left an impression was made that will not soon be erased. She was followed by Miss Susan M. Johnson, who gave in all six lectures, which, in point of ability, have not been excelled by any that I have ever heard. Through the influence of these two speakers things began to assume an entire new aspect. We became pretty well establishedings nearly all the time since. well established, and have kept up our moet-

On the 10th and 17th of April Mrs. J. W. Currier spoke to us, and if there was anything more needful to wipe out past stains, I think she did it protty effectually. The last evening she spoke here the hall was perfectly crowded; her subject was 'the Truths and Fallacies of Spiritualism,' which she handled with great ability, and to the entire satisfaction of all present. Mrs. C. possesses the most remarkable powers as a test medium, it has ever been my good fortune to witness. Spirits make themselves known through her, giving their whole names, and enter into conversation upon past events, as though they were present in the body. Buch mediums as these are what the world demands; they are earnest, true workers in the cause of humanity, and only need to be known to be appreciated. I believe the time has come when a thorough renovation is needed, and we shall yet see ourselves rid of all, except those who are the true teachers of life and immortality.

Miss Rosa T. Amodey.

the people of this place a public lecture, the first of the kind on some beautiful night he casts his eye upward to the clear ever before listened to in Belford. An attempt to describe it and its transcendantly beautiful effect upon her hearers, who Listen but a moment, and you will hear 'creation's deep muant spell-bound during the short hour of its delivery, would, sical chorus' sounding up the anthem, 'This world is full of I fear, fall far short of doing it anything approaching to Just beauty.' But why was earth made so beautiful? Why did tice. She seemed entranced by minds far superior to carth, the great Creator strow the flowers so thickly along our or anything that appertains to mortality. One young man, pathway? Was it to make us miserable? Then why did ha who has always scouted the idea that spirits can move mat- not place theres instead? Why not cause our land to be covter, and by sound logic attempted to disprove it, says he does ered with poisonous reptiles of every shape and name? Why not believe she was in her natural condition, or that she not cause in every breeze that waits along, some deadly spoke her bwn thoughts, but that she was doubtless moved plague or poisoned fragrance? Why not make all things by some kind of inspiration.

tee chosen from the audience. The poetry with which she 'God hath 'made all things beautiful, that his children may closed, and which occupied in the time of delivery just be happy while traveling through to their spirit home.' Let afteen minutes, was of the most levely and elevating charactus then strive to seek out earth's beauties; cease our comtor. We all seemed lost to everything clae, and, like the plaining, and be content. Then we will be happy," speaker, were seemingly entranced by its appealing force.

If such as Miss Amedey are hereafter to be the advocates of spirit manifestation, I should tremble if I loved any cause that raised its standard against it. Let all who love purity, and holiness, in their most lovely forms, better than vice, immorality, and overreaching craftiness, see to it that they ously, and let those who feel disposed read and profit by do not array themselves against so righteous an inspirationone that aims at the pinnacle of all that is purely just, good, spread the truths of Spiritualism, with the same amount of

Compensation of Mediums.

WINFIELD S. RIPLEY, PARIS, OXFORD CO., MAINE,-" While looking over your paper of a few weeks since, I saw an article from the able pen of Dr. Child, on 'Commerce in Spiritualism, and, having myself some experience as a medium, I have concluded to give a slight history of my career since I commenced practicing on spiritual things-not for my especial benefit, but for others. I commenced as a healing medium and trance speaker in the autumn of 1858, and have practiced since that time considerably; have examined one hundred and twenty persons, and prescribed for the same; have up to is only truth." honled or taken away the pain in many cases of headache, rheumatism, and diseases of the lungs, by the laying on of hands; have spoken a number of times entranced, and have given in all cases very good satisfaction. All that have listened to the teachings through my organism have been well pleased, and thanks have been most of the coin that I have received as compensation for my services. I have never had any price set for my services-and in all cases, when I have been asked what my price is, I invariably say, 'If I have done you any good, you are perfectly welcome '-or, 'If you wish to make me a present, you can do so; my services are free.'

The 28th of December, 1858, I examined four persons in one family, and told them if they felt able to pay me anything they might do so; but if not, it was perfectly free. I received spiritual communications lessen the cares and anxieties of fifty cents. At another time, in December, I examined one person, and he paid me forty cents. This is all the money compensation that I have ever received; but I have received that which is worth far more than anything that can be procured with mere money-I mean spiritual improvement, harmony of mind, and happiness of soul; all procured by doing good to others; binding up the broken heart, and comforting the mourner under whatever garb, and under whatever circumstances. If I can do good to others, and have that assurance in my own mind, it is all I ask for. But there is still another consideration connected with this-i, e., will thanks and good will, without anything clee, pay my bills for clothing and the other necessaries of life? In consequence of trusting to the generosity of others, I am now greatly embarrassed; although I do not say this in a spirit of bitterness, but as an actual history of myself, and as the experience of one that tries to place infinite trust in the superior, overruling Power that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. If you think this will do any good to your subscribers, and if you will be so kind as to print it, you will have my blessing, and the blessing of an approving conscience also.

You will please say in your paper that I will answer calls to lecture at any place; and if reference is wanted as to my ability, you can address your agents, William K. Ripley, North Turner Bridge, or H. A. M. Bradbury, Norway, Maine. They have both heard me, and are good judges of spiritual lectur ing. I am the friend of all truth, under whatever form, and your brother in fuith."

[We commend the course our correspondent has pursued as being of a remarkable unselfish character, but ask if it were not better to exercise the material body in material pursuits, for the supply of its material demands, and devote the balance of time to spiritual things?]

Free Lecturer.

GEORGE W. HOLLISTER, NEW BERLIN, WIS .- "My field of labor, as a locturer on spiritual philosophy, will be in the Northwest-Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa. I shall remain at Waukesha through the month of May and part of June when I shall be happy to answer calls to lecture in that vicinity. My travels in Illinois and Wisconsin assured me that in the Northwest the fields are ready for the harvest, and laborers are needed, and those who are willing to labor for humanity and the truth's sake (not for money)-those that are willing to earn the necessaries of life by some usefu employment in the field, independent of their lecturing, and not bleed the inquiring minds after truth, and disgust them at the very threshold, by sticking the contribution-box in their faces, thereby encouraging that monstrous fraud that has so long crushed humanity, by peddling out opinions to the masses at ton to fifty cents per head, or from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars a year.

Laborers are needed that have outgrown the hiroling priesthood of the past, that must always shrink from the application of truths that will deprive them of their bread and butter: those that have passed off from the animal plane that enslaves the mind and body, or seeks to enslave others to gratify its sensual desires; those willing to preach a free gospel, as pure Spiritualism has ever in all ages sought to do-this class we much need: 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' Nature is a punctual pay-master, ever fully compensating her laborers. Physical labor supplies physical wants: intellectual labor, intellectual wants; spiritual labor, spiritual wants: and no individual can claim that as a right, which he has not obtained by his own labor. 'Cursed is the man (o. woman.) that earns not his bread by the sweat of his brow: Acursed is the man that hires others to think, to philosophize for him !'- disappointed is the man that trusts other to feel for him!

Bend on laborers with warm, throbbing hearts, with clear heads-not to war with our national faith, or tear down our household gods: not to arouse the selfish antagonism of our erring brother by denunciation, but to teach him the higher life-by living it out before the world, in purity, in love, in an untiring labor of unseifish devotion to the highest interests of mau.'

[We most heartily agree with our correspondent in his viows, here presented.]

Miss Gibson's Discourses.

A. H. GILMORE, BATH, MAINE,-" Miss Gibson still continues to lecture here with increased power and success. Sho commenced with a congregation of about fifty, in the City Hall which holds about six hundred, and has been obliged to take the largest Hall in the city, in order to accommodate all who wish to listen to her teachings. She has, since February 21st delivered in this place thirty-two discource, and seven in towns in the vicinity.

Notwithstanding we have had, since Miss G. came among us, the renowned Prof. Grimes; the 'Medium Detective' Bly; an attack upon her by one of our most critical and prejudicial editors; a powerful discourse against Spiritualism from the sacred desk, and any quantity of false reports, yet she still lives, and nobly sustains herself as a speaker and a woman of chaste and correct conversation and deportment. Crowds still flock to hear her, though it is sneeringly said that it is only ture of this mode of milux, the more am I convinced the the common people—the low and baser sort. We have respectable audiences, made up of the intellectual and common-sense people of the city. Yes, the truths of Spiritualism still live, and will live, uninfluenced and unharmed by all the calumny, lies and misrepresentation that foolish, silly men can bring against it."

Nature.

LUCIA RUBT, MILAN, OHIO.—"Surely this world is not so bad as some would have us think. "I is not all sorrow, pain and darkness. The sky is not always o'erhung with dark and gloomy clouds. The thunders do not always sound, or the lightnings flash, though sometimes dark clouds and nature for whatsoever influx you desire. Pray to the All fearful thunders roll around our heads. Still, however dark and gloomy, every cloud has a "silver lining;" and if we pure and healthy-pure with moderate but never excessive could only see through the darkness to the sunshine beyond, that is so bad, but the people in it. This world is full of the line of sunshine on your spirit. Where nature has herit in their moving branches; the tiny flowers, peopling up of sight within not fully ripe, cannot fulfill the part assigned from every wood and dell, repeat it louder than words; the without the gross aid of drugs and vapors. These are but

little child, gathering all the aunbeams and flowers that H. H., Banrond, ... Miss Rosa T. Amedoy has just given cross its path, repeats it; the young student repeats if, as blue sky above, dotted with its myriads of twinkling stars. unlovely and hateful to the eye of man? Methinks I hear a Her subject, from Matt. xil, 27, was selected by a commit sweet echo answer from my own heart, which softly save

A Good Plan.

G. WARDEN. NORTH DANA .- "I have proposed to some of the most prominent Spiritualists of this place to raise money enough to circulate twenty copies of the BANNER gratuitthem. By this course, I am satisfied more will be done to money, than can possibly be done by paying high prices for lecturers."

"What is Truth !"

HARRIET W. MANSFIELD, GILSUM, N. H .- "The question, what is truth?' has been asked, and as many times have there been attempts to answer it. Truth to me is what my conscience tells me is right. I know but little of truth, but expect to be ever hearing and receiving more. Men profess to know a great deal of truth, which is at last proved to be nothing more than error. That which they obey not, and cannot live, is not truth to them. A conscience of right lived

Spirit Communion, &c.

Miss L. Furman, Minneapolis.—"I am pleased to say that the Bannen has furnished me with a great amount of spiritual reading. With great delight do I peruso its pages. I embraced the truths of Spiritualism at the opening of the new year. How thankful we ought to be for its blessed privleges, which we realize as coming from the Giver of all good. Why has not God created us to hold communion with the loved ones that have gone before? I know no reason. The great truths of Spiritualism make the corner-stone of our soul's growth. It is a sure foundation to build our hopes upon in this life and in the life to come. How much do these ur every-day life.

There are quite a number of Spiritualists, and also several mediums, in this immediate vicinity. The West is a vast field, and we need more lectures to fan into a flame the fire that has been kindled. I am a well-wisher in your noble exertions in spreading the BANNER and the glorious truths contained therein; and may success ever crown your efforts in carrying on the work of salvation."

Written for the Banner of Light. THE FUTURE.

BY B. E. LYNDE

Oh, truly earth is lovely, fair. But heaven is brighter far; The contrast it would well compare Like sun to evening star.

Oh, 't is but little mortals know What God hath now in store For those who do his will below, When life with them is o'er.

Though clouds may rise that grieve us here. And fill our hearts with sorrow. Yet recompense our souls shall have In that eternal morrow. Melrose, 1859.

LETTER FROM EMMA HARDINGE.

Editors of the Banner of Light:

DEAR FRIENDS—I am requested by a spirit, whilst writing on other subjects and in other directions, to address a few lines to your paper on the subject of drugs as an agent for procuring abnormal conditions in the human system. I nust premise, however, that, although I have heard of, I have not read, the discussion growing out of Dr. Child's re marks concerning Hashish. Whatever opinions may be put forth in these remarks, therefore, must not be received by way of endorsement or antagonism to any one else's thoughts Furthermore, I am not in the habit of sending spirit-communications to the papers, and only do so now at the request of the spirit of whose name or identity at this point of my communication I am ignorant. The spirit says :

"For many years previous to my partition from my earthly form, I was in the habit of drinking coffee in immoderate quanties. During these years I was favored (as I considered) with daily intercourse with, and visions of, spirit-land. What I recorded as the result of this communion, I need not now speak of; enough for me to declare that I, a spirit, and inbiting the very world into which my mortal vision pen trated, am now engaged in comparing the experiences of my actual condition, places, persons, ideas and things, with all that I beheld through the aura of my human surroundings: and I come to this conclusion-namely, that I did see spiritland, its places, persons, societies, and-to use a familiar and therefore expedient phrase-its institutions; but I beheld them all, without a single exception, through a universally perverted medium; I beheld through an aura, which I can now only describe, as the carrying inwards of the human emanations upon the spirit, everything which I should have seen, and now see, by the spirit passing outwards through the grosser emanations, and yet not partaking of their character. I have met and conversed with many spirits whose experience has been similar to my own, and they agree with me in the opinion that the spirit is a plate upon which s daguerreotyped every thought and action of the earthly life; the thoughts become fused, as it were, into the great cauldron of identity, making up a general character; but the actions stand out in individualized, objective realitiesshaping that character and engraving themselves in forms upon the spirit-body. Thus every earthly action affects the spirit through a human medium; and thus any condition of the spirit, induced by physical causes, carries with it a physical as well as a spiritual impression. Any affection of the spirit induced, then, by eating, drinking, smelling, or even touch, producing catalopsy or partial unconsciousness, carries into and bears upon the forces of the sairit all the body's emanations, forming a mask through which the spirit has to apperceive; when, on the contrary, the impression made on human consciousness comes from the psychologic power or magnetic influence of a disembodied spirit. The interior consciouspess is the first touched. The magnetic sphere or sent of sensation, is the next recipient of the spire Itual Influx; and the body's forces are thus subdued, or rendered negative, without any disturbance of, or interference with their emanations. Whatever of "reaction" may ensue upon the withdrawal of the influx, must be pure and beneficial, carrying outwards the grosser emanations of the body,

and never drawing injuriously upon it. Not so with drugs. The effect upon the body is the first thing felt. The body's force is the magnetic sphere which acts upon the spirit; this, in turn, seeing through those emanations, beholds, as through a veil, realities presented to the body's shape, and scenes and persons all distorted to the sphere of morbid, sickly forces. The more I consider the naresult must ever be pernicious to the body, whilst to the spirit it brings with it a foul and heavy vapor, likely to touch the reason with its weight, besides leaving its thick breath on the mirror, wherein the spiritual eye will never see the image of spiritual things reflected, unless the glass be pure and undlamed by earth.

Not as a dictator, but as a friendly guide,—himself once shipwrecked on the reef of material, not spiritual second-sight -I would ask leave to add, where nature has endowed you with the wisdom of the seer, cultivate the gift sublime by aspirations after lofty thoughts; and by pure spirit forces attract pure spirits around you. Prepare yourself by similarity of Good for the reception of good; and for your body keen it fasting-healthy with air and exercise, labor and wholesome we should be happy, even in sorrow; for 'tis not the world diet, and then no angles in your sensuous nature will break beauty, and should be full of happiness. The feathered war- self closed up your spiritual vision, artificial means may blors sing it in their morning songs; the forest trees repeat break the lock, but it only spoils the casket. The spirit-flower

earthly spectacles, at best,-helps to delude, rather than helps to kee,-something you read, but not the spirit volume. This God and nature only can unclose. You may improve, by growth and study, in this noble page; but when on earth, its knowledge is denied you. God vells in mercy light you cannot bear; and earthly art will sear your sight, not aid it." No name is given to this communication that I would

choose to sign. I have been instructed by my spirit guides to accept truth, and tender it again for its own intrinsic worth, never upon the more authority of great or small names, of whose identity I can give no evidence. If the above is of any interest to you or your numerous renders, I shall have additional pleasure in complying with the charge of my spirit friend in presenting it to you.

Most cordially yours. EMMA HABDINGE. Providence, R , L, May 2, 1859.

EVIL AND GOOD.

[CONTINUED.]

Do we desire to know what our own condition is: how much we pessess of heaven, and how much of hell? Let us examine ourselves. Heaven is peace and hell is war. How much wrong do we find in the world? Our opposition, our warlike faculties are active in proportion to our discovery of wrong, and our heaven is commensurate with our peace; harmony in the soul with all things. A heavenly condition of the soul does not see or resist any wrong. Is our condomination sent forth to everything, and everybody? Are neople all to blame-all very wicked-and almost everything wrong? If so, we are in that condition of spiritual growth when the laws of nature are throwing off the elements of wrong in us. This is a necessity in one degree of the soul's growth, which degree is war, antagonism, inharmony, and

"Seek first the kingdom of heaven," says the hely Jesus By our natural growth we will find it. Have we grown to it? How near are we allied to that heavenly condition, where all is peace, harmony and love; where all that exists is right, and nothing that exists is wrong?

A soul of heaven jus confidence in God; in all his works; sees no wrong there; sees beauty in everything; sees God only in nature: unmeasured beauty in the Immortal soul: beauty in deformity the same as in symmetry, for the hand of God is in both; sees through the flimsy vapor of pollution and degradation emanating from one soul, as being only the result of a purifying process of that soul; the lawful effect of a means our Father uses to bring his child to heaven sooner The soul of heaven sees unutterable beauty in immortal life whatever may be its condition of progress or degree of growth. All God's children are beautiful; all life and all things are beautiful. The soul of heaven is in harmony with the lowest life, with even the elements of a stone; there is no repulsion; can be with serpents without a shudder or a shrick, and see the work in them of a divine band; can be field the worst manifestations of human life without reproach or blame. Are we at peace with all men and all life? Do we see no wrong, but everything right? If so, there is peace within the soul; the kingdom of heaven is there, and the soul is nearly allied in condition to that world where all is peace, harmony and love-where there is no evil, no fault,

Thus we may measure our capacities for hell or heaven, for an early or a more advanced condition of spirit-life. Our attractions for evil are determined by our perceptions of evil-our attractions for good, by our perceptions of good Evil is a low degree of good, as cold is a low degree of heat; and every immortal soul must pass through every degree of spirit development in its journey home. Each degree is in its natural order, and produces its legitimate manifestations. This is life as it is.

To admit the immortality of the soul, is to admit that the soul cannot be injured; for repeated injuries would, in time, destroy it. If the soul is immortal, it cannot retrogress; for reneated retrogressions would land it sometime in nonentity The immortal soul is something that is never burt or injured by any material influence; it is divine; it comes from God; it grows by the unseen power of God, and no human effort can retard or advance its growth, injure or benefit it. All its capacities are in the latent germ, and the germ quickens grows, expands, and in its time unfolds in beauty after its own nature. If the soul be immortal, such must be its properties. The soul is above material influences. "The body is dust—the soul is a bud of eternity." Our material life is an effect of the soul, and never is the soul affected by it. The body, and all its manifestations, are the offspring of the soul. Our loves of material life are the necessary surroundings of the soul, produced by the soul for its covering while it grows in the body; it lives in this house of clay and earthly loves while it grows to the stature and manhood of a spirit.

The soul of man, acted upon by inherent law, produces all there is of a man; there is nothing of man independent of his soul. Every manifestation of life is the manifestation of the soul's power, acting through the mediumship of matter, o the body. And it seems to me that it is as absurd to say that these manifestations, which are of the soul, influence it, for good or evil, as it would be to say that the smoke rising from the burning fire has any influence upon its burning. The soul is the master of the intellest, the will, and the passions. and it uses them at its pleasure—they are its servants. The soul is not a little inferior thing, to be nurtured and fed by the freaks of the will, intellect, and the passions; it is not a function or faculty; it is the whole of our being-the background of all our existence. The soul to each one is an unmensured and unpossessed shining through the frail investment of material life. It is the receptacle of all that is good-all that is holy-wherein abides all the wisdom and power that man possesses. The soul must have its way; it is made by law; it is in the hands of law, and the laws of God govern it. Is it wrong to rest in confidence in the government of our Father's laws? We answer no.

This is destiny, from which man can never fly. When man can write his name in water for future generations to road-when he can tie knots in the wind that cannot be untied-

"When stags on air shall feed, And fish on land shall range,"

man may take a step or two outside of destiny; outside the A. B. CHILD. laws of God.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

TO DE CONTÍNUED.

FRIEND BANNER-My mind has been troubled for som ime with the idea that there is one portion of the community that you might benefit very much by leaving a little corner in your valuable paper for the instruction of that much abused portion of humanity, the little children; and, believe me, that the interest that is manifested each week for your paper in the small circle of my acquaintances here, would be greater if you would comply with this request. You have got some beautiful writers for your journal, some of whom might be induced to lay aside the man or woman, for the time being and become as little children, and, by their loving words of instruction, lead the young minds into paths of pleasantness and peace. I hope you will not think that I wish to dictate to you, or that your journal is not conducted as it ought to be-far from it-no such thoughts have ever entered my mind. I hope you will not laugh at me when I tell you that I have resisted writing to you three several times on the subject, and I now do so because it cannot be helped. You may call this an impression, if you please. I it is I consider it a good one. Hoping that you may onlist the minds of the rising generation in your behalf, by contributing to their gratification and instruction, and thereby secure them as your future subscribers, I am, dear sir, you friend and well-wisher.

Philadelphia, April 17, 1859.

IWe think there is talent among us to supply this demand and we hope some one of our readers will take advantage of the hint thrown out in the above. If any desire to do so, le them remember that children do not want to be "written down to," as heretofore has been needed. Their perceptions are clearer than most people suppose, and while they cannot digest the same mental food which the deep thinker delights in, yet'Reason is powerful in them, and, when dressed in the pleasing garments of Romance, will be eagerly sought for.

Any prominent truth of Spiritualism may be taken and weven
into a short story with much effect. We like the suggestion of our correspondent, and trust some of our feaders, gifted with proper talent to undertake the work, will do so 1

Education, truly speaking, says a recent English writer, is the work of a lifetime. Exposed to every diversity of influence, the mind cannot remain stationary; if we do not advance, we retrograde. The school or university ought to and use of the method acquired. Our whole life is a training, that which is peculiarly himself.

The Public Press.

"MARRIAGE AND SEPARATION:

The holy and beautiful views of this subject, impressed through Lizzie Doten, as reported in the BANNER OF LIGHT of April 2d, are truly worthy of record. They are almost fully up to the purest standard of the "Higher Unfolding" on this plane; and they differ so much from a class of ideas which have already become somewhat popularized in connection with Spiritualism, that any person, with half an eye, can see that there has been no mistake -no visionary folly in pre-announcing a truer philosophy—a purer expression on this, as on all other

topics of spiritual and humanitary interest.

It seems that Miss Lizzle D. did not exactly agree with her spirit communicators in their idea that two persons who are not precisely harmonious in their conjugal relations "should bear it to their best ability." But blessed is the medium whose spiritual connection is of a character so true and noble as this; and even greater blessing has that person, medium or no medium, whose own development is equal to the spirit, and full practical expression of an inspiration so effulgent and exalted.

I knew such a medium once-I know her now-a woman who struggled and labored under toils and difficulties which might well dishearten and overcome even' an hundred earnest souls like hers-a woman who did, actually, to her "best ability," bear the burden of conjugal and domestic infelicity--who would not, for a moment, hear of a separation from husband and children, which friends repeatedly urged. Spirits, through other mediums, said she would be happier if she was living with a different companion. Spiritualistic friends wondered that who purported to be her brighter guardians, those should continue to hold her down so long to such conditions; but her sympathy for her husband and family even went beyond that degree which her best surroundings wished her to exercise. In one thing she did not hold that check upon her sympathies toward her husband, which she should have done, to enable her to help him through effectually; and through that she became completely prostrate-was obliged to forego her cherished duties. She fled her home, and amidst the wreck of her system, struggled for life. The friends with whom she found refuge were not fully equal to sustaining her moral energies; and what with the force of a sympathy once again misdirected, together with the pressure of surrounding circumstances, she became warped into a sphere and sentiment entirely different from that which was indicated in her former lofty course of mind and action, and now dwells in a distant spot, with one who is not her husband, but the wedded spouse of another, who indeed sits deserted and for lorn.

And in which act of her life was this woman the truest to herself and to all the noblest faculties of her nature? In her faithfulness to her husband, and his redemption? or in her wanderings with the husband of another?

I know there are many excuses for her conduct, in the premises, and also for his connection with any such affair. I also know that there are good reasons for almost any or every disturbance or disarrangement in connubial relations. But I am none the less aware that all this is more the work of impulse, weakness or willfulness on the part of one. if not both the parties of a broken marriage covenant,

than it is of true wisdom. There are parties now separating or separated. who could have continued to dwell happily together, had one or the other of them been willing to a little of that concession, or to cultivate a little of that firmness or cander, or a trifle of that mutual helpfulness, which principle itself required. There are mediums and lecturers in the spiritual field as well as preachers, teachers and other persons, elsewhere, who have made no truly practical or per severing effort to produce that state of things which would have harmonized this or that difference between themselves and their respective companions in marriage, but who have been ever ready, at the suggestion of a friend-it may be at the bilding of a spirit—to hurry up a "divorce" in some convenient, "free and easy" State—and to run after affinities throughout the length and breadth of the

Around some who have been thus endangered (male as well as female,) I have thrown a sheltering phere of watchful and sustaining regard, to preserve them from the influence of those who would not have been so tender of their truer nature and higher sensibilities as they should have been. Many a nobleminded and sensitively conditioned person, (of the masculine gender as well of the gentler sex.) has been held down, to inferior conditions by the persuasive voice of a professed friendship and love, which was more sinister and selfish-more plausible and persistent-than it was true and royal. And hence it is that many things which are called for—which are sought for—as "affinities," are merely so many expressions of the magnetic or psychological power; and as an additional consequence, many of those marriages which are called "spiritual." 'congenial," and were lauded to the skies as none of your "priestly" concerns, have proved no more happy and enduring than the common, every day unions under the scal of Church and State.

Of course there is no intention to bring odium upon those who have tried their best to promote do mestic unity and peace, but have failed through want of the requisite co-operation, or through the lack of sufficient-stamina in themselves: neither would we subject to condemnation or derision those who have taken other partners than those to whom they are legally allied, when they have been apparently driven to the step by dire necessity; but still, beyond all this, stands out prominently the truth, that faithfulness to the conjugal relation is one of the highest and purest principles to which Human Nature can devote itself; and that steadfast fidelity to matrimonial obligations, even under disagreeable conditions—even where self-protection requires kome special interference or relief-is a virtue which the brightest of heaven's messengers will invariably advocate and most heartily commend.

And more than all this, on those who are the cruest, and have been the most effectually tried, in this sublime department, will devolve the true leadership and the most efficient interest, in a great moral and beneficiary movement, such as the world has never yet witnessed, and which will bring true hearts, in all directions, into such a concentration of effort, in behalf of misdirected and down trodden humanity, as will reach the very dregs and dragons of society, and lift all its interests above the slime of their prostration and corrosion, into the very light and steadfastness of heaven.

Hence it is that views so much beyond the average

ideas of Spiritualism-so diverse from the individual opinions of even the gentle hearted Lizzie Doten herself—are now being promulgated more generally than they thus far have been. May they be multiplied everywhere through such organs as the brighter intelligences can effectively use; and may each and all whose present conceptions are not clearly up to such lucid and ennobling expressions, duly strive for the higher attainment they indicate; for not only many a "medium," but likewise many a man and woman, in every direction, and on more subjects than that of marriage is held down to inferior views through a surrounding social influence, which savors more of earth than heaven, as did Peter, when the Master "saluted him as Satan."

Athol Depot, Mass. D. J. MANDELL.

WHAT AND WHO IS GOD P

Mesars. Epirors-Since the term God is being made to run the gauntlet of newspapers, and public discussion, started by the peculiar ideas of H: W. Beecher, perhaps I may be permitted to put in an furnish us with a method of study—how best to lead out, or opinion, as the subject passes. Every person must evolve, whatever is noblest or highest in our nature. Soil- reason out his or her idea or opinion of God, or a suculture is but the continuation-the legitimate application preme power, in accordance with the development of his or her mind. . A little child can have no idea it ought to be a perfecting-for "spirits are not finely touched or conception of the solar system, and much less of but to fine issues." Self-education reglected, man wrongs the stellar. How then could such child have an idea of infinity, either in power, attribute, condition,

knowledge or locality? or what difference would it make whether this child were ten or fifty years of age? If the mind is in childhood, the idea of God must correspond to childhood. Toys for children are as necessary in theology as in play-houses. A man with the mental capacity of Henry Ward Beecher must understand this, and in his preaching must adapt his views to the capacity of those he teaches; and many of them must have an incarnate God, personal and local, with individuality, (diameter and circumference,) date, (time of life,) and place; and in our country, no name could be given more acceptable for that purpose than Jesus of Nazareth or the Christ of Christians. Yet Beecher, and every ripened school-boy, must know that infinity and personality are incompatible with each other, entirely nutralizng and destroying the subject as two negatives in sentence. Omnipresence and locality are as incon. sistent to each other as a bright light in a dark room-when one comes, the other goes. If anybody's God is personal, he is not infinite nor omnipresent; he may be where, but he is not everywhere, he is a toy in the great universe, as we all are, for we are all toys for the play houses of superior powers and beings, nearly as much as the dolls and tops of our chhildren are.

Personal gods are playthings for religious childhood. Divine essences and attributes are playthings for religious boyhood. Omniscience and omnipres. ence are comprehensible terms, referring to incomprehensible subjects, and may be applied to a subtle, substantial, elemental existence, comprising all mo-tion, life, sensation, intelligence and aspiration. We may call it Divine Mind, or God, or any other term, leaving off all qualifying words that limit or conflict with omniscience, omnipresence and infinity, and then we have God, or subject of devotion, for manhood. To Omniscience there could be no past or future-no time but the present-all events are in the now-and yet of what use to tell this to a mind untutored in mental philosophy? Such persons would be as sure that the events of last year and of next year cannot be in the now at the ancients were; thus they should fall off the earth if it turned over. Times, dates, facts and future are all in the now

of Omniscience, as places are all here to Omnipresence. Where has no use or meaning How absurd to talk of going into the presence of an oranipresent God, or coming from God, etc. These terms, with all the prayers of Christendom, are appropriate to and for a personal and finite God, with such passions and qualities as we have, only in degree above each worshiper. Our Gods must be made a little lower than the angels to meet the wants of the people of our time.

The idolatry loving priests are alarmed at the sacreligious tendencies of Parker, and Beecher, and Emerson, and are ready to cry aloud, "You take away our Gods!" These men are only feeling the sulse of the people, to ascertain if they are ready to advance to another department of the school-to go higher. The teachers below are not willing to give them up, as they are supported by the scholars, and of course do not wish to have them go above their instruction. Well, hold on, old fogies; you may get their mantle as it falls from the ascending spirits. Chagrin Fulls, Ohio, April 28. WARREN CHARR.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS...

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

REV. JOHN PIEBPONT Will answer calls to lecture on Spiritalism. Address at West Medford, Mass.

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Worcester, Lowell, Portland, Oswego, and various adjacent places during May and June. Next Fall and Winter she designs to labor excitativity in the West and South. St. Louis, Momphis and many other places are already promised, and as she desires to complete her route via Pittsburg, &c., before September, early plete her route via Pittsburg, &c., before September, early applications will be still received, addressed to No. 8, Fourth venue. New York.

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

to New York City, Care of c. w. Westoriok.

Wanden Chass announces that he will lecture in Adrian, Mich., May 15th; Albion, May 17th; Battle Creek, May 22d; Harmenia, May 25th and 26th; Kalamazoo, May 26th; Grand Rayids, June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th; Grand Haven, June 9th and 16th; Milwaukie, Wis., June 12th; Chicago, Ill., June 19th and 26th; Berlin, Ohlo, July 1st, 2d and 3d; m., June 1960 and 200n; Berlin, Ohlo, July 1st, 2d and 3d; Geneva, Ohlo, July 10th; Conneaut, July 18th and 14th; Buf-falo, N. Y., July 17th and 24th.

Dr. John Maynew from the first of June to July 14th will attend to the wishes of various friends, on or near the La Cross and Milwaukle route, including Sheybogan, Neenah, Appleton, and the region roundabout. From July 14th to August 31st he will be on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit.

Mys. J. W. Cuantra will answer calls to lecture. Address Lowell: box 815. She will speak as follows:—Milford, N. H., May 15th; East Stoughton, May 29th; Foxboro', June 5th and 12th; Springfield, June 19th and 29th; Putnam, Conn., July 34 and 10th. She will stop a few days in each of the above places, and will sit for tests of spirit-power, by trance, clairroyant and physical manifestations.

Miss Sarah A. Maggen will answer calls to lecture in the trance state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass. She will speak in Quincy, May 15th, and at East Princeton, May 20th.

Loring Moody will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address Malden, Mass. He will lecture as follows:—Franklin, May 10th and 11th; So. Franklin, May 12th and 18th; Blackstone, May 16th and 18th; Mendon, May 10th and 20th; Milford, May 22d. He will also act as agent for the Banner

and Age.

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F. L. Wadsworm speaks at Lowell, May 15th, and 22de 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 Doren will speak in Springfield, May 15th; Cambridgeport, May 22d; East Taunton, May 29th. Miss. A. W. Spradue will speak at Portland, Mo., the four first Sundays in May. Through the month of June her ad-dress will be Plymouth, V., and in July and Augustshe will speak in Oswego, N. Y.

peak in Oswego, N. 1.

H. P. Fairfield, trance speaking medium, may be advessed at Greenwich Village, Mass. II. A. Tucken, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed to Foxboro', Mass.

ALMIRA F. PEASE, South Wilbraham, Mass., will answer calls Rosa T. Amener will speak in Poxboro', Sunday, May 22d; East Abington, Sunday, May 29th.

Mrs. H. M. MILLER will lecture, May 15th in Ashtabula Mrs. L. S. Nickerson will speak at Berlin, May 22d. J. H. Cunnier, of Lawrence, will lecture in Franklin, N. H., May 13th, 14th and 15th; Portsmouth, N. H., May 22d; Law-

nco. Mass., May 20th. Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK, (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture at St. Louis every Sunday in May. Friends in the vicinity wishing to engage her services for week evenings, will address her in care of James H. Blood, Box 3391, P. U., St. Louis, Mo.

N. FRANK WHITE can be addressed, until the middle of May, N. Frank Writte can no addressed, until the middle of May, the Beloit, Wisconsiu. He will lecture through the month of une at St. Louis; from there to Cincinent; then east. Any alls for week ovenling, in the vicinity of St. Louis, can be didressed to him there; calls east of Cincinnati should be addressed to him at St. Louis, to give time for the appointment.

E. S. Wheeler, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at the Fountain House, Boston, Mass.

Miss EMMA Houston, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, or week evenings. Address at Youn-

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK Felton will lecture in Baltimore. Md., the five Sundays of May. Friends in the vicinity of Balti-more, wishing to engage her services for week evenings, dur-ing her stay in that place, will address Willard Barnes Felton.

or 044 Rultimore, Md. Prof. J. E. Ohudentel, can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin street, near Race, Philadelphia, to lecture on Reform in Re-ligion, Politics, and Socialism.

Mrs. F. C. Hyzer may be addressed, in care of J. H. Blood, Box 346, P. O., St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. E. L. Lyon may be addressed at Lowell until further office. Miss Susan M. Johnson will receive calls to speak on Bun-

Mrs. M. M. MACOMBER, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture in any direction the friends of progress may desire. Address Olneyville, R. I.

Mr. Charles W. Burges will answer calls to lecture on the subject of Spiritualism wherever its friends may desire. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. Bertha B. Crass will answer calls to speak in the trance state. Address West Harwich, Mass.

A C. Robinson, trauce speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays and weekday evenings. Address 42 Elm street. Charlestown.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Morning, May 1st, 1959. BEFORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. ELLINWOOD.

Text :- Seeing, then, that we have a great High Priest, Text:—Seeing, then, that we have a great light 17000, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infimilies; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us, therefore, come boldly duty the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in the time of need."—Hennews iv, 14-16.

When it is said that Christ was tempted in POINTS, like as we are, we are not to understand that he stood in every external position, or in every relation, in which we stand. He did not follow all trades, nor dwell in the relations which we sustain to wealth and poverty. He sat on no throne. Neither did he, as some have done, linger, from year to year in dungeons. He was not a husband or a father. He did not trade or traffic. So that there are special variations of external history which come to men, that did not come to Christ. It is not, therefore, true that he experienced each particular fret, or each particular form of external trouble, which comes upon us. But these external things are only so many occasions and avenues of internal disturbance. The experiences which men have through these, come back upon certain sensitive facul-ties in their nature: they become soul experiences. And it is in this inward respect that Christ was tried as we are; namely, there is no part of our being, there is no faculty in our nature, which is tried, that was not tried in Christ; and though he was not tried in the same way in which we are tried, though he was not tried by the same events in his external history by which we are tried in our external history, yet the trials which he endured were, in respect to intensity, greater than they could ever be in us; and there is no part of a man's nature which any combination of circumstances or conditions, either in the religious, the social, or the civil departments of life, can meet and disturb, which had not a foundation in the Lord Jesus Christ likewise. There was not an experience of this inward sort with which he was not perfectly familiar.

It is not important, therefore, to show the identity of that experience. What we wish according to the spirit of this passage, is to be sure that we have a Saviour who is in intimate relations with us, and who Saviour who is in intimate relations with us, and who is tenderly alive to every stage of our growth, so that we may freely, unhesitatingly, and in all things, trust him. The view which we need to strive after, is thistain. The view which we need to strive after, is thistain we have a Saviour who has been, by his personal experience, so conversant with our suffering and want, that he understands us by understanding himself.

The second thing to be explained in this passage, is the idea of divine sympathy, arising from this training which is said elsewhere to be necessary to make Christ the leader of his brothren: as, for instance, in the sec-

the leader of his brothren; as, for instance, in the sec ond chapter of this epistle, at the tenth verse, where we read: "It became him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings. For both he that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified, are all of one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." Out of this he is not ashaned to call them brethren." Out of this training, this schooling, this suffering experience of Christ, on earth, there has been developed a sympathy of Christ with us. In us, so far as our knowledge extends, sympathy is the most exquisite and perfect expression of kindness and of affection. It signifies such an interest, such a peculiar affection, that a person receives exactly as a synthes? A variance as a part of his own, that ceives another's experience as a part of his own; that whether it be joy or sorrow, he is so intimately united to another that he feels with him; that whatever feeling, pleasant or painful, trembles on another's heart, trembles upon his.

We can imagine a being to be helpful in various degrees, without being sympathetic; as when a man has a more sight or perception of trouble in another, and, with a kind of cold sense of duty, helps that other, with a sort of police helpfulness, as one would help a stranger, simply from habit, or on the ground of duty. stranger, simply from habit, or on the ground of duty.

Or, a man may be benevolent, and upon seeing trouble, he may help another from reasons of general kindness, without, however, being greatly stirred up in himself. It is possible for a benevolent man to be entirely screne, as a physician, who bends over a patient to whom he is giving great pain, may be kind and gentle, and yet not experience in himself any corresponding disturbance of feeling, and not be, to any considerable degree, in symmathy with that patient.

in sympathy with that patient.

But there are relationships in which men are affected by another's experience, when they come nearer than mere duty, or benevolence in its ordinary state would mere duty, or benevolence in its ordinary state would draw them, as when you see persons connected together by bands of affection. You find springing out of this unity of affection, a kind of experience called sympathy. For instance, when a child falls, I think it party, for instance, when a child falls, I think it hurts the mother a great deal more than it does the child, though nothing touches her except the sound of its fall. She suffers more than the child. The shock is greater to her than it is to the child, so intimately is she connected with it by affection. I have no doubt that, in certain circumstances, we suffer more on account of others' troubles, than they themselves do in those troubles; for both love and sorrow take their measure as much from the capacity of the nature that experiences them, as from the power of the exciting cause externally:— How much a great nature loves does not depend upon how buch there is to love, but upon how much there is to love with. And how much one suffers with or for another, does not depend altogether upon how much that other is suffering, but upon how

upon now much that other is satering, but upon now much that nature which sympathizes has to suffer with. Now the teaching here—and it only corroborates what is abundantly taught elsewhere in the New Testament—the teaching here, in respect to our Saviour, is—that he sympathizes with us his children. He feels that he sympathizes with us his children. He leets with us, so that our experiences throw their waves upon the shore of his soul. He carries us so near to his heart, that all our feelings, which are of any moment, reproduce their effects, in some degree, in his bosom. It seems very strange that the Maker of all the earth should permit himself to be a participant in all the ten

thousand petty experiences that belong to any human life. No man would have dared to conceive such an idea of God, and to have believed any such thing as that, if it had not been revealed in unequivocal terms; for men would have said, "It is beneath any true idea of the majesty of God, to suppose that he bends his bosom to all the rippling waves of human hearts, and feels again

what they are feeling in their lower courses."

A great mountain lifts itself up, with perpendicular face, over against some quiet valley; and when summer thunders with great storms, the cliff echoes the thunder, and rolls it forth a second time, with majesty increased; and we think that to be sublime, storms should awaken mountain echoes; and that then cause and effect are worthy of each other, But so, too, an oriole, or a song-sparrow, singing before it, hears its own little song sung back again. A little child, lost, and crying, in the valley, hears the great cliff weeping just as it weeps; and, in sooth, the mountain repeats whatever is sounded, from the sublimest notes of the tempest, to the sweetest birdwhisper or child-weeping; and it is just as easy to do the little as the great, and more beautiful. Now God is our rock, and from his heart is inflected every experience, every feeling of joy or grief, that any human soul utters or knows.

Let us, for the rest, consider the character and na-

ture of the Being, and the conditions of those with whom he so associates himself. Christ, as God, is possessed of all possible excellence. He is Head over all. Nothing is so impossible as the attempt to conceive the perfections of God—the symmetry and the beauty of the divine nature. It is not merely impossi-ble to understand, with any degree of perfectness, the kind and quality of the divine excellence; but when we attempt to put one trait with another, and see how one balances another, and goes to make up the perfect ideal of character, we are too small and too sinful, to reproduce in our experience a conception of God that answers to all the glory and the fullness of the reality.

Gold is gold everywhere, and yet, imagine a piece of undug ore in California, under the rocks and dirt, at-tempting to conceive of the exquisite forms which art has placed upon gold everywhere else—in crowns, embroideries, paintings, gildings, carvings, and what not, the world around: It is not enough that gold lying in the ore should say, "All gold is like me." It may be in quality. But when it comes to know what art has done with other gold—that it has dug it out, and smelted it, and wrought it into beautiful forms—it very soon sees that it is no measure of the gold thathas been dug and purified, and wrought. So by our love we understand something of the quality of the love which God feels, our benevolence interprets something of his benevolence, and our justice discovers to us something of his justice. But oh, how little do we conceive of what is the flowing abundance, the majesty. the measure, the applications, the combinations, of the life-history of One dwelling in eternity from eternity, and bearing, with infinite majesty, all the com-bined strains of these many-tempered feelings! How little is there in our time, how little has there been in any age, by which men could take any adequate thought of God. It is impossible, by searching, to find him out. Nor is there in life untaught, anything that fairly interprets the whole.

But consider that universal government is on the shoulders of this Being, who is so great in all excellence that he transcends our highest conceptions. The heavens, the earth, the created universe, are all in his case. And this government of God includes time—the past and the future; and Includes an inconcelvable number of separate creatures.

We gain some sort of idea when we say infinite in relation to physical things; but in respect to God, the true infinity relates to feeling. Although there is an infiniteness in the nature of his physical attributes, yet it is the administration of his heart that makes him God, and not the mere stretching out of his hand. Now the teaching of the New Testament is, that this princely and divine Being, who is lifted up to an inconceivable height of excellence, from whom all things that are good or noblo did proceed, epitomizes in himself, all these qualities which, in fragmentary and seattered states among rare and great souls on earth, excite our most enthusiastic admiration. He who unites in himself all these, is One that, of his own nature and choice, is perpetually bearing us with such intimate tenderness and emotion, that our own life is, as it were, re-written, re-registered, in his own sympathetic feeling.

When the French government took steps to adorn the Academy of Design, in Paris, they gave to Delater of the first in the range of the second of the house; but I walked around the ground, and I do not think it required any special poetical imagination. If do not think it required any special poetical imagination to his hand. Now the teaching of the New Testament is, that this princely and divine Being, who is lifted up to an inconceivable height of excellence, from whom all things that are good or noble did proceed, epitomizes in himself, all these qualities which, in fragmentary and seatured states among rare and great souls on earth, excite our most enthusiastic admiration. He who unites in home, in the homestead, in paternal check, hast summer, to the place where

feeling.
When the French government took steps to adorn the Academy of Design, in Paris, they gave to Dela-roche the painting of that picture which has now become world-renowned, called "The Hemicycle," in become world-renowned, called "The Hemicycle," in which, in some seventy or eighty figures, he grouped around an imaginary art tribunal all the great architects, sculptors, engravers, and painters, both of the ancient and modern world. Now imagine a larger court than this, and that in some vast area you had gathered together all the great souls that have adorned human life, and made the world rich, from the beginning all great thinkers; all great lagislators. gathered together all the great souls that have adorned human life, and made the world rich, from the beginning—all great thinkers; all great legislators, commencing with the greatest, Moses; all great poets, who exposed in this world, you are never in danger of cetting the great diplomatists; all great philosophers all men who have had a dear. light; all great diplomatists; all great philosophers; all men who have had a deep insight into nature; all men of great bounty, and benevolence, and liberality; all men of princely wealth; all men eminent as artists; all noted scholars; all men of every age and class, who have risen so high that their names have come down to us in history—linagine that you had gathered together as an instory—imagine that you may gathered together such an assembly of men, and that each one was full of exquisite consciousness and susceptibility, as regards the speciality in which he excelled, so that Michael Angelo had a full consciousness of all those wonderful combinations which populated his mind; so that Raphael had a full consciousness of all those words and exquisite contentions which proported them. sweet and exquisite conceptions which presented them-selves to his interior vision; so that all that Murillo saw, and all that Claude fancied, and all that every saw, and all that Chaude lancied, and all that every other artist who had become eminent had ever concieved, should stand forth in them with exquisite, living sensibility—imagine that you had gathered such an assembly, and then bring down, from the highest point of heaven, this Christ, and let him stand in this crowd, in which are found all the great men of every age and nation, and let one after another go and speak to him, each of the thing which is most to him; and, one by one, as they speak to him, let them find that all of thought which they possess is his thought, that all of conception which they have is his conception, that all of sensibility and taste which they are conscious belong to their being, are his sensibility and taste; let them to their being, are his sensibility and taste; let them find that he is familiar with everything in which they have stood pre-eminent; let the poet find that, as compared with Christ, he is but a prattling child; let the seulptor find that, as compared with Christ, he is but an unbegun artist; let the orator find that his words, in comparison with those of Christ, fall paralyzed upon his lips, and they would, every one of them, bow before him, and say, "Never man spake like this man." The architect, the sculptor, the painter, the poet, the orator, the philosopher, the geologist, the conchologist—every man in his own speciality; he that has ransacked the world on this line of beauty, or on this particular power; he that has explored nature on this range of colors; they who have produced works of art range of colors; they who have produced works of art that have challenged the admiration of populous mul-titudes; they who have moved masses with their eloquence; they who have soared any whither in the fields of knowledge, or science, or art—these would each say, instantly, "I am but a spark, and here is the great glowing soul out of which I flew as a mere spark; and the thought which would occupy the minds of all would be: Were all of us gathered and infines of an world be. Were an of us gardered and tempered into one great experience, melted into one living thing, we should still be less than nothing in the presence of this majesty of excellence, that includes everything in heaven, and all that can be on earth, and out of whom sprang everything that is, and everything that has been;" and the universal acknowledge with the life world be a life world.

everything that has been;" and the dinversal acknowledgment to him would be, "In Thee we live, and move, and have our being."

Now that such a Being should, by reason of his nature, because his very being required it of him, stoop, with all these endless excellences, with this weight of glory upon him, to bestow his care upon us; that, hav-ing surrounded himself with whatever things we might suppose a godlike mind would want, he should still be forever in business; that, on the throne, and amid the crowns and praises of heaven, he should never think of luxury, or leisure, or retirement, or seclusion; that there should be such a nature in God that he stands fresh as on the morning of primal creation, making still conditions which require that the hand which struck man into being should be interposed to nurse, and watch, and care for him; that he should strip bare that mighty, sensitive heart, and carry his own crea-tures forever, so that all the pulsations of their endless tures forever, so that all the pulsations of their endiess being should be echoed and reproduced in him; that, from his nature, he should be a nursing God, a sympathizing God, so that it may be said literally that he feels what you feel, sorrows with your sorrow, and Joys and the sorrows with your sorrow and Joys and Jo with your joy—that God should be such a Being, and do these these things, is calculated. I think, to fill the heart with joy, and the imagination with astonish

What is his language to us? Cast all your care on what is his language to us? Cast all your care on me; Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; Take no thought, even for food or raiment; Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of; The very hairs of your head are all numbered; Not a sparrow can fall to the ground without your Father's notice, and ye are better than many sparrows; I am touched with a feeling of your infirmities. These are expressions that are indicative of the real nature of God. In his infinite height of excellence he still adresses himself to his creatures in such language as

his.

This is the Saviour; and do you wonder that Paul was choked with cestacy when he tried to speak of him? Let'me now read some of the thoughts of the .him?

Apostle:

Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for

What is the intercession of Christ? It is everything in creation that we need to have done for us-it is

everything.
...Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written. For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that oved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor loyed us. For 1 am persuaded, that neither death, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our

Let us now bring home this thought of God in his greatness and majesty, and yet in his tender sympathy, by detailing some of the elements in us which are included in this sympathy; and I remark, first, that Christ's sympathy for us includes our whole state as physical beings in a material world, and all that be-longs to us in such relations, and all that befalls us on that account. I think that God loves the material

world just because it carries us. I think that he ad-ministers it just because he loves us. I see a mother that, as the twilight falls, and the paby sleeps, and because it sleeps out of her arms, goes about plucking from the floor its playthings, and carrying them away to the cupboard, and carrying away the estments that have been cast down, and stirring the I have seen men who, having made one mistake in life, fre, and sweeping up the hearth, and winding the clock, and getting up dispersed books, and humming to herself low melodies, as she moves about the room, and in order, and why is it that the room is so present in order; and why is it that the room is so present in order; and why is it that the room is so present in order; and why is it that the room is so present in the wind property of a useful and honorable career, and in order; and why is it that the room is so present in the wind property of a useful and honorable career, and in order; and why is it that the room is so present in the wind property of the wi clous to her? Is it because there is so goodly a carpet on the Molor? Is it because there is so goodly a carpet on the Molor? Is it because the furniture in the room is so pleasing to the eye? All these are nothing I seems as though I am never to rise. I am manacled, in her estimation, except as servants of that little I treasure of hers—the baby in the cradle. She says, this allotment of providence. I feel as if I was no wall these things serve my heart while I rock my longer to lave any power or any place in the world." child." And I think that the whole round globe is but a cradle, and that God rocks it with his foot, and thinks of all things, even the world itself, as so many appurtenances to the promotion of our welfare, and that we give value. in the sight of Cod to. things. And when he makes the tempest, or the pessympathy of God? It is an unspeak

through forests, when I climb over mountains; and when I go along streams that are forever singing, and are never paid for singing, but do it for their own pleasure, I say to myself. "They are my God's. He is in the world, and the world was made by him. Jesus, my Saviour, who made the world, made them." And I look upon the world more fondly on this account. I say of the world, "It is God, my Father, who made it, and shall I not be safe in my own Father's house, and on my own Father's homestead?"

South America, whether you are in North America, whether you are on the sea, or whether you are on the land, whatever is about you is God's, and you are al-

ways at home, if you only think so.

But, secondly, all that befalls us on account of our relative weakness, our ignorance, and our troubles, are within the sympathy of God. There are ten thousand troubles which come upon us because we do not know how to avoid them. It is great consolation which men give us, when they say, "All sin is disobedience to natural laws; and if men would only observe natural laws, there never would be any more suffering or any more sin." (Well, possibly there would not; but I do not see what good it dues to say so. In the first place, you do not know half of these laws; and in the second place, you do now. I think there is nothing in this world, with all its oscillating tendencies, more dreary than for a man to attempt to carry all his feelings in obedience to natural laws. ways at home, if you only think so.

ence to natural laws.

Here is a man with a great head, a vast volume of sensitive brain, and a slender body. He had no hand in making himself. He did not give an order respecting what his nature or constitution should be. He found himself in the world with just such a body, and just such a brain. God placed him here with this sensitive brain, and with this slender physical system, which is incapable of properly supporting such a brain. Now suppose you were to shove that man, as he is, out into life, where he is in the midst of men who are constantly pouring excitement in upon him from every direction—where all things that come down upon him are like streams of living fire—and you were to say to him, "You must not use up your susceptibility, for if you do, you will violate natural laws." You might as well say to Niagara, "Do not tumble down so fast:" as if it could help it, when the whole weight of the mighty lake is continually forcing it forward. To tell a man who has a nature which he cannot control, to carry himself in obedience to natural laws, would be like saying to a child, ... Keep your feet, observe natural laws, " when it was being rolled and whirled about by

a fierce tornado.

The fact is, natural laws are almost as much above our reach, as God himself is; and they are cold, and stern, and relentless, and unforgiving. It is exceeding consolation to me to know, after having violated a natural law, that if I had avoided its violation, I might have escaped the consequences. It is a great comfort to me to be told, "You would not have had this head to me to be told, "You would not have had this headache to-day, if you had not taken that indigestible dinner yesterday." It is too late to tell me of it now, after the dinner is taken. There is no such thing as observing natural laws when to-day is the prophet of yesterday. And when I do not know the nature of things, when there are so many natural laws that I cannot know them all, when I am making every effort, amidst all kinds of discouragements, to carry thirty or forty feelings so as to be in harmony with natural laws, and through ignorance that I cannot help. I fail to accomplish all I could wish—then, to tell me, "Nobody cares for you, nobody pities you; you have violated

cares for you, nobody pittes you; you have violated natural laws, and you are receiving the just penalty of such violation." is heartless, is unfeeling.

When, therefore, God says, "I am in this respect just as you are to your own child that is attempting to walk, but does not know how; that does not know the nature of food; that has no idea as to what is good for it, and what is not, and whose experience you are endeavoring to supply by your own experience, teaching it to help and protect itself as fast as the de velopment of its faculties will allow"—when God says this, I understand him to be a Being of compassion towards his creatures, in respect to those troubles which

to be rich, and for the noblest reasons. And I believe I see men, every day I live, who mean to be rich, not because they want pelf, but because they have a strong desire to make those who are dependent on them com-fortable and happy. The poor man loves the partner of his life, and he looks upon her, and says, Nothing would afford me more pleasure than to place her where she would be on an equality with others, and where she would have all the privileges which others have. It would be to me joy like an angel's joy." Or he looks upon his sons or daughters, and says, "It is but locks upon his sons or daughters, and says, "It is but little to me that they are of humble birth, and that they have to cat course bread; but oh, that I could give them the advantages of learning—oh, that I could afford them the opportunity of traveling and of seeing what other people's children see, and of becoming refined in their tastes and manners. For the sake of my household I am willing to be a drudge all my life." I have seen men, the burden of whose life was to give their children the advantages of education, and who have devoted thirty or forty of the best years of their life to this laudable object, and who were yet unable to do for their laudable object, and who were yet unable to do for their

children all they wished.

Now do you suppose that when such aspirations are locked up in a man's bosom, God does not know it? locked up in a man's bosom, God does not know it?
Do you suppose there is one such aspiration that he
does not sympathize with? Do you suppose there is
one worthy desire which God does not notice, and
which, if disappointed, will not come into the final account? Here are hearts made wondrously to love, and by some strange conjunction of circumstances, which we are not prepared to understand, they have never had anywhere that they could bestow their treasures There are natures that go palpitating to the end of their earthly existence, who, in the alotments of a mysterious providence, seem to have no standing place or founda-tion in life. And do you suppose that when a heart turns back forever from aspirations, unsatisfied, pained, and yet not impatient, God does not understand all the feelings which it experiences, and sympathize with

Here are persons to whom God has given sensitive, poetic natures—golden poets, with hearts overflowing with elevated thoughts, and lofty aspirations—and we oftentimes see them, owing to adverse circumstances shoving the spade, digging in mines, or being smouched in colliers; and do you suppose that such great souls are marching in their obscurity, unseen of God, and unthought of and uncared for by him? Do you not frequently see persons who seem to be possessed of su-perior powers, and to be capable of accomplishing wonderful achievements in the world, yet who were so beset with difficulties that it was impossible for them to render their powers available as they could wish? I have seen men who started on the threshold of life with every prospect of a useful and honorable career, but whose light had gone down before they touched the longer to have any power or any place in the world."
Do you suppose that men standing in the midst of such are many before me who do—do you suppose, I say, that men standing in the midst of such circumstances we give value, in the sight of God, to these as I have described, are without the notice and the

things. And when he charges the tempest, of the pession their revolutions to change the world, it is all to serve his own heart through his children—men. And when we ceptibility, and that he knows perfectly how you feel. walking through this world, we are not walking and what your troubles are, and says, "Your feelings

all find a response in my own; I sympathize with you; I am touched with the feeling of your infirmities."
All but," you say, "I could get along with the infolicities of life, if it were not for this consciousness of wickedness; if it were not for these throes of ignominous guilt. If I only thought I was worthy of God, I think I could bear anything." Yes, I think anybody could, under such circumstances. I agree with you there. It is when a man feels mean that he finds it most difficult to believe in God. I think that when we have the greatest sense of our unworthiness and of our sin. It is sorry for us, and sympathizes with us on account of our sin. Caivary, with its mountain of blessings, is testimony that God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosever believe in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. No trumpet will ever speak as the death of Christ speaks, in evidence that our wees and sorrows affect the sympathic heart of God and make him sorrows.

who are sinful. Let me, in this connection, read a verse or two preceding our text:

"The word of God"—that is, God's mind—"is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do."

What a tremendous expression of God's insight into.

What a tremendous expression of God's insight into What a tremendous expression of God's insight into, his familiarity with, and the universality of his knowledge of, every throb and fluctuation of the wickedness of the human soul. It is anatomized, it is dissected, it is laid open, and God looks upon it, and he sees the whole of it perfectly. And it is in view of this knowledge of God of the intensity and the interiorness of our moral unworth and sinfulness, that we have this exhortation, "Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in the time of need."

grace to help in the time of need."

A man goes to his physician, and he says to him, A man goes to his physician, and he says to him, "I have, sir, veay great suffering; I have very sharp pains, that shoot through my left breast; I have very acute pains in my spine; and my head seems to me to have abandoned all its uses." The physician then begins to interrogate him, and says to him, "What has been your course of life?" The man is ashamed to tell; so he says, "Well, sir, I have been exposed to dampness in various ways, and my impression is that I am troubled with neuralgia." The physician proceeds to prescribe for him, on the supposition that his difficulty is neuralgia; but as he gets no better, but a good deal worse, he says to himself, "I do not believe my physician understands my case. I do not believe the medicine he is giving me is going to do me any good." The reason why is, that he is such a fool as not to tell the truth—and I think there is no greater fool than a liar. At length he goes to another physician, and says, "Can length he goes to another physician, and says, "Can you do me any good?" This physician knows so much that he don't know anything; and after putting a few pompous questions to the man, concerning his case, he says, "Yes, I can cure you," and accordingly gives him a few remedies. But they afford him no recase, he says. "Yes, I can cure you," and accordingly gives him a few remedies. But they afford him no relief. After a few weeks, he says to himself, "I do not believe this physician understands my case either; and by-and-by, after suffering nights and suffering days, for a long time, and when his strength becomes much reduced, and there is a prospect of a speedy legranination of all his earthly hopes and expectations, he says to himself, "What a fool I am for lying, and hiding the real cause of my difficulty." He now goes to his physician again, and says. "Can you give me an interview of the physician again, and says. "Can you give me an interview?" The physician says he can. "Can you," says the physician, "I can; I have a place on purpose for such cases." So he goes with the physician, and hangs down his head—he ought to have a man then he takes a walk through hell, and explains the cause of his disease, which he had so long been concealing. The physician says, "Why did you not tell me of this before? Since you have given this explanation, your difficulty is perfectly plain to me. It is very late, but I think I know now just where to put the javelin of remedy. Now I will undertake your case, and I think I can cure you." The man says, as he goes away, "I feel a great deal better now. The physician says he knows what alls me, and I may get well yet." It is a world of relief to him that he has told the physician all he knows about his difficulty. Now this is the foundation of the comfort of this passage. The Apostle says, "Here is this mighty tood, with a clear, unblemished eye, which no darkness can shroud, from which no man's thoughts can he hid, which can penetrate into the deepest recesses of man's being. There is no imagination of the mind, or deference and the leading the following songs at each entertainment: I. Gentlo And II. Gardino and II. Gardino and II. Gardino and II. Gardino and III. Gardino and II

of man's being. There is no imagination of the mind of aspiration of the heart which he does not know. The soul and the body are open and naked to his gaze, and he knows perfectly whatever takes place in connection with either. Now then, let us come boldly too the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in the time of need." God sees every thought and motive on our part, and he knows what we need in order that we may obtain mercy, and find grace, and live, and knowing all this, he says to us,

·Now come-now come. In view of this exposition of the sympathy of Christ with us, I remark, first—Are there any here who have renelled account of the view presented t them of God? Is there in the conception presented to you this morning, of the Lord Jesus Christ, a view of the divine Person which comes home to you, and takes hold of your heart by sympathy? I present this Saviour to you as your Saviour. Do not look upon the church as having a Saviour while others have not—do not look upon the church as having, in some way, come into possession of him as their exclusive proper-ty. This is an entirely false idea. There is not a per-son in this house who has not a right to claim the Saviour as his own—who has not a right to say to Christ, "Thou art mine." If you wish to do it, your wishing to do it gives you the right to do it. If you can do it without repenting, then do it; but if you cannot, then repent, quick, and do it. There is not a man, no matter how bad or wicked he is, who, if he sincerely desires the Saviour to be his Saviour, may not any all ord leaves them are nine. not say, "Lord Jesus, thou art mine."

Are there, secondly, those here who have long been wandering after, and striving to trust in a poetic, a transcendental, a vague, a visionary God of the beautiful, but who have never found food or rest? I present to you, this morning, a personal God—a father, a friend, a sympathizing Saviour—who takes you by the hand, who takes your life into his own, who loves you hand, who takes your life into his own, who loves you and who offers to give you of his Spirit, and to lead you on from strength to strength, until you shall stand in his presence.

To every noble and generous nature, I say, thirdly

a Being as this, to be hearty, to be frequent, to be whole-souled? I am shocked, I am disgusted, with the ignominiousness of repentance among men before God when they are so reluctant about it. I think mer when they are so reductant about it. I think men sometimes commit more sin in repenting, than they do in performing the things of which they repent. They impute to God a character that is unworthy of him. They seem, from the way in which they come into his presence, to take it for granted that he is a detestable being. But when you come to have a right view of the character of God, and of his love and kindness and symmothy for his creatures it seems as it. ness and sympathy for his creatures, it seems as if there could be no feeling of honor or generosity which would not go to him with open face. Where else can you go and be received with such leniency and randeur of love as he feels and manifests towards hi

But there are persons who are timid in such matters because they are more conscious of their self-pollution or deficiency, than of the riches and glory of God's nature. Now I ask, ought not this view of God which I have held up before you this morning, to be encouragement to you to come boldly to the throne of grace, agement to you to come boldly to the throne of grace, and to obtain mercy, and find grace to help in the time of need? Do not wait till you have seen more of your own heart: you have seen enough of it already, if you have had one look at it. Do not brood upon your own sinfulness. Look up and see the glory and goodness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Ought it not to be easy for every true and generous nature to consecrate all his affections, all his powers and faculties, his friends, his children—everything—to the service of such a being as this? And if his providence in this world is the way in which God reveals his will to us, ought it not to be easy for us to be submissive to that providence? Nature is very strong when we lose our children, our companions, the things in which our strength stands in this world; but it ought not to be difficult for us to give up everything to such a Saviour as I have presented to you, and say. such a Saviour as I have presented to you, and say 'Thy will be done, and not mine."

Are there any in this congregation who have hitherto experienced feelings of attachment to the Saviour, but who are to-day conscious that they are not in intimate connection with him? What do these flowers on the desk before me make you think of? Look at them. Do you know that it is a year to-day, since flowers,

blessings, is testimony that God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoseover believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. No trumpet will ever speak as the death of Christ speaks, in evidence that our woes and sorrows affect the sympathetic heart of God, and make him sorrow prorus. Living, he gave himself for us; dying, he gave himself for us; dying, he gave himself for us; living again, he lives to intercede for us; and the further we can remove this idea from all our conventional notions, and the nearer we tan bring it home to our consciousness of guilt, the more nearly shall we come to the feelings of Christ towards those who are sinful. Let me, in this connection, read a verse or two preceding our text:

"The word of God"—that is, God's mind—"is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the Joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do!" and fallen. I am empowered to invite you, because you are sinful, and because you are fallen, to come back to Him whose love for you is so great that it over-measures all thought of your sinfulness. Your salvation does not stand in your goodness, but in the power and glory of Him who loves you, and will love you unto the end.

BOOK NOTICE.

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ribute to the genius of Percy Bysshe Shelley," and the reader will trace in its pages many things which startlingly remind him of the bold philosophy of "Queen Mab," or the dazzling beauty of the "Revolt of Islam." It contains many fancles of great poetic beauty. Appended to it are a halfscore of sonnets, dedicated to various objects of his affection. We copy one which he dedicates to "Nettie," his wife:

Ere the radiance of our outer eyes
Which flashes from the starry wings of love,
Had mingled and enriched us, like twin skies
Our spirits met. I like a wand'ring dove,
Flow to thy besom, and did warble there

Flow to thy bosom, and did warble there Embowered in everlasting joy.

My Nottle—O, my life! thou art more fair Than all the joweled east. I cannot bear To mix our golden love with earth's alloy.

While thine eye doth shine within the heavon Of thy face, I need no other beacon To fillume my course—its light doth laven Time's chonic banks, and I am saven

By that love which is my heart's sweet haven. We have received from the same author a discourse delivered in memory of Mrs. Sarah L. Seymour, of Springfield, Ill A worthy tribute to a worthy woman.

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