VOL. V.

COLBY, FORSTER & COMPANY No. 3 1-2 Brattle Street.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, Payable in Advance.

NO. 9

THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS 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 15th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURR AND LORD

TEXT :- Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of Heaven.

INTTHEW XVIII, 4.

The question which our Saviour, with a beautiful symbolism, and with a profound truth, answers in the passage before us, had been the subject of dispute between his disciples—the question. Who shall be greatest in the kingdom of Heaven? The very propounding of such a question was in itself, of course, evidence of a misconception as to the nature and conditions of that divine spiritual estate. The bare idea of being greatest, merely for the sake of being greatest, indicated a level of thought and feeling far below its lofty requirements. It brings these primitive disciples very distinctly before us, however; it makes them very real to us as men like unto ourselves. You can discorn the gradual pro-cesses of divine truth in their minds, struggling with the prejudices and limitations of our nature, and see the vision of heavenly things slowly breaking through the darkness, leaving for a long while the shreds and fragments of grosser conceits drifting athwart its spiritual light. If by inspiration we mean freedom from all misconception and all error, a lifting up into the realms of perfect knowledge, we evidently do not derive any such idea from the account which the disciples give of themselves. They claim nowhere such kind of inspiration. Nothing can be more artless, and to conceal his inherent weakness by this kind of drap therefore more evidently truthful, than their account of ery, then he endeavors to borrow something from his their own thoughts and conduct as recorded in these gospels. They do not shrink from telling us that at one period they did entertain these narrow and un-worthy ideas of Christ's kingdom. They looked upon it as a condition of material profit and splendor, as an arona where the selfish ambitions and miserable rivalries of earthly empires had scope for action. How beautifully does Jesus rebuke and refute all this. Calling a little child, he sets it in the midst of them-ac cording to Mark's gospel he takes the little child in his arms, as though he would teach them the glory, the dependence of the utmost confidence and affection— and then gives them the lesson contained in the passage

kingdom of Heaven."
What a profound, what an original idea this unfolds.
How it rebukes the religious conceit of greatness, even
at the present hour; how it lowers its standard, and its estimates: how it contemns the aims and motives, with which men plunge into the arena of strife, with which they construct policies, and study attitudes, and painfully build up structures, and sweep the earth with the flery mists and bloody form of ambi-

"Whosoever, therefore, shall humble him

this little child, the same is greatest in the

tion. Yes, an original and beautiful idea of greatness, indeed, was this which fell from the lowly Redeemer's lips, this which was most perfectly illustrated in his own life.,

But while we thus accept this truth, let us proceed to examine some of its constituents as presented in the passage under consideration. The first thing that calls for our attention is, the commendation of humility. You will observe that humility is not set forth here as the sole condition of the heavenly estate. It is a condition—it is an indispensable condition. But there is nothing in the Saviour's words limiting the entire range of Christian character to this single quality.

our being, how true it is that, in one phase or another, humility, and humility alone, we may say, does lie at its base, and is its secret point. That we may arrive at a conviction of its truth, let us for a few moments consider what humility is not. Humility, in the first place, is not a weak and timid quality; it must be carefully distinguished from a groveling spirit. There is such a thing as an honest pride and self-respect. We should think something of our humanity and cast it at no man's feet. Though we may be servants of all, we should be servile to none. This is a divine instinct within us to guard our self-respect, to hold to our man-hood, and not surrender it for any consideration. It is a divine instinct which a man falls back upon, in peace a divine instinct which a man falls back upon, in peace it may be, in Christian forgiveness, and yet in firmness when he is insulted. It is this instinct which, when a man gets tired of being a chattel, cuts his moorings and scuds away towards the north star. It is this instinct in a nation that surges under solid thrones and heaves them in the cycles of history like the billows of an earthquake, and sometimes extinguishes empires even in blood. I say we should separate the idea of humility from anything like servility. It is terrible when men or associations are gagged in their speech and in their consciences, when they dare not say that and in their consciences, when they dare not say that they have souls of their own, when they limit and hedge in truth. That is not humility; that is criminal baseness, dastard weakness. Men who are enthralled by a timid self-distrust and have no independence—

by a timid sei-distrust and have no macpendence—
those men are grossly unjust to themselves. They do
nothing: they become nothing. It is unnecessary,
therefore, to say this is not humility.

Nor, let me say again, should we confound humility
with that morbid self-abasement which grows out of
certain religious views. It is unfavorable to sound
ideas of moral responsibility and to all real, vigorous action. Besides, it is often a cloak of canting hypocrisy. Often men are never more proud than when professing utter worthlessness, and they are the very kind of people who would become the most angry if you were to take them at their word. Now, they lose sight, either knowingly or unknowingly, of the real condi-tions of true humility. We are sinners, all of us; and that is the great ground of humility. But how do we feel, and what is the real accusation to us in thought? Do we feel that we are unworthy, because thought? Do we feel that we are unworthy, because we are totally depraved, because there is no good thing in us? I do not know why a man should feel bad about that. He cannot help himself any more than can an insect that is imprisoned in a stone. He is shut up in fatalism—in a dark, stony necessity—and says: I have no good thing in me; nothing was given to me; I am not responsible; I cannot be made responsible for what my ancestors did; I know myself; I find myself here with no good thing in me at all; why myself here with no good thing in me at all; why should I care about it? why should I mourn over it? But if there was something given, if there was something given, if there was something implanted in me suggestive of something higher—if in the thraldom of my sin and imperfection there is a secret possibility in me—well may I be humble that I have abused that the provest in corrections there is a secret possibility and prevented these prevented by the fact that the provest in corrections there is a secret possibility and prevented these prevented the secret possibility and prevented the sec in me—well may I be numble that I have abused that possibility and perverted those powers. When I see the goodness against which I have sinned, the infinite love against which I have done this despite, then may I be humble. This feeling is very different from that kind of morbid religiousness which proudly stands out and mourns about its imperfection and unworthiness; which thinks the idea of evangelical humility is to call and mourns about its impericetion and unworthiness; which thinks the idea of evangelical humility is to call all we do filthy rags, groveling in confessions of sin before God. Now, that is not the point. Feel what you can be, what you ought to be, what God has done for you. That will give you a healthy humility, which will bow you down before God and also inspire you with a sorred repentance and comfort.

with a sacred repentance and comfort.

Nor, again, is genuine humility incompatible with a

possessing something is essential to the sense of deficiency which makes us truly humble. The apostle's injunction to every man not to think more highly of himself than he ought to think," implies that there is a certain lawful limit of self-esteem. In short, humility really conflicts with no great and good thing; only with the folly that is as transient as it is giddy; with the pride that forgets God Almighty; and with a liquid self-satisfaction, which, in a universe of unlimited progress and of infinite possibility, affronts both God and

man.

And now my friends, I ask you to consider how humility does really lie at the base, and constitute the fountain, the inner spring, of all genuine greatness. I need not tell you that we instinctively associate real humility with real greatness and excellence of any kind. We always suspect the genuineness of anything that comes with pomp and flourish. We doubt the truth of a man who uses a great many words to prove to us that he speaks the truth. We doubt the great-ness of a man whose greatness comes with sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Ostentation is the signal flag of hypocrisy. A charlatan is verbose and preten-tious; the Pharisee is estentations because he is a hypo-

tious; the Pharisce is ostentations because he is a hypo-crite. Pride is the master sin of the Devil, and the Devil is the father of lies.

I have already defined the limits of honest pride; and now I am free to say, moreover, that that pride which is opposed to genuine humility is apt to be a pompous mask, the miserable alternative of essential weakness. I say it is an indication weakness. I say it is an indication, as a general thing, at least, of an essential weakness. Take the man who comes before us with a strutting pomposity and boastfulness, and we infer that he is a weak man, as he tries to make himself appear richer, or greater, or more endowed with talent than he really is. He chafes at the limitations of nature's charter, and so issues false stock and swells into a mere glazed, shiny balloon of pretension. Or, if one does not endeavor ery, then he endeavors to borrow something from his ancestors, and thinks to get a little higher by standing upon their dead renown, when, perhaps, it is a lump of pretension, like his own. He swells out with pride of family, as though that made him any better; as though a card with a crest on it would give him the entree of heaven, and make its vigilant sentinels observed. quious. When, in fact, if we would get through the gates of that divine state, here or hereafter, we must strip off all heraldries, and walk in lowly, democratic cloth with Paul the tent-maker, and Peter the fisher-

I need not touch upon that illustration of inherent weakness which pride confesses but does not believe, in the matter of dress and show. It is too boyish and girlish a conception of something great to be seriously dwelt upon—the swelling pride of flounced, coquettish beauty; the strut of little, perfumed dandyism. What a vast area it covers over, making such a magnificent gilt pasteboard of society; a miserable attempt to hide scantiness, envyings, rivalries, meanness, the splendid miseries, the racks and thumbscrews that belong to miseries, the racks and thumbscrews that belong to the inquisition of fashion, and a thousand shabby things, the shabbiest of all being the people who are ashamed to appear just what they are. Here is the one element of greatness in humility. It is a great thing for a man to feel and know that he is a

man, though he may have no mock humility about him. Therefore it is a good thing for him to simply stand where he is, to profess himself as he is. There is a charm about that, when a man who knows he is not a great man, not doing any great thing, simply stands up under the conviction of it and does what he can. And in connection with that, a man should feel this, that his sphere is divinely appointed. The moment a man finds the limit of his powers, and feels that limit and confesses it, the moment he sees the place for which he is fitted and fills it up, there is nothing that stands between him and the conception that he fills up his divinely appointed sphere. We may say that it is a small support and the conception that he fills up his divinely appointed sphere. are to humble ourselves as little children; we are to come into that spiritual condition which childhood symbolizes. But having humbled ourselves into that condition, there is more than one quality of true and heavenly greatness. And yet, my hearers, if we take this genuine heavenly spiritual greatness as the end of the condition of the conception that he fills up this divinely appointed sphere. We may say that it is a small one, and so it may be a small sphere in comparison with some things. If you look at the universe around us, you may be filling a very humble place, a small sphere of labor, and having a very slight influence. But of labor, and having a very slight influence. But when you take these high standards, who is not filling a small sphere of labor? "Why," says Carlisle, in speaking of the death of Louis XV., "thy little brick field, oh man, is as wide, from the fixed stars, as that field, oh man, is as wide, from the fixed stars, as that kingdom of France where he (Louis) did well or ill."

When you come to take a lofty standard of comparison, who is filling a great place? What king, what president, what statesman, what man of pride and renown, if you are going to take the highest standard of comparison? But the moment you come down and take the ordinary earthly standard, then the true test of any man's negulates or condition is the uses to which any man's usefulness or condition is the uses to which he puts it, and to which God Almighty himself puts it The uses of a thing make it great, not its extent. Oh the uses of the wayside spring that refreshes the traveler's march; of the flower that grows at the foot of the awful ice-peak or battlemented crags, unfolding all awin re-peak or battemented trags, unfolding all summer long its beautiful parable of providence and love; who can limit the usefulness of them, and say they are nothing because they are little. I looked amound me during this past anniversary week, and I thought how many men who have uttered

no word, who have come into no prominence before the public; humble men, whose sphere of labor is in a secluded part of the land, who, perhaps, once in a year, as a great treat, come up to these anniversaries; how many of them are really up and doing a work, perhaps more acceptable to God, more truly building ip his heavenly kingdom, than many who have stood before us, and spoken with pompous cloquence and filled an apparently wide sphere. Let a man know he is small and weak, but at the same time let him work up to the limits of his power, and he may know he is in a divinely appointed sphere. He then has no business to limit its greatness or to determine its littleness, whatever that sphere is. So there is real greatness when a man is just strong enough to hold to his simple manhood and make the best of it—to hold to the powers he has and make the most of them.

the other hand, if a man is in some comparative sense great, how we at once ackowledge the evidence of that greatness in modest expression. How it sets off a man's greatness; what a beautiful setting it is to the diamond of his talent and his genius! A modest expression! There is no influence in pompous greatness, after all, oven if it is greatness. But it shines with its own quiet lustre. In modest revelation. And thus we see the condition of greatness; it is expressed by humility. And we see in humility the conditions of cumulative and acquired greatness. I need not tell you that only the humble man can acquire knowledge. To get good only is possible to those who in some sense or other lie low in humility. Only the greatest men of one time are the men who are, intellectually speakany department, the more will they experience an oppressive sense of mystery, a mystery that incites yet baffles; that proves in everything the inscratableness that looks out from the star and the flower; an infinite shadow that always lingers upon the horizon; infinite snadow that always lingers upon the horizon; an enigma that cludes us in every analysis; a vital secret that floats over us, that circulates through us, which we cannot examine or detain. The humbler men become, the more they learn. Is it not so? What are the triumphs of our day, intellectually speaking? They are in little things. The great minds and intellects of our day do not construct cosmologies; they do not construct cosmologies. They are in little things. The great linings and intelects of our day do not construct cosmologies; they do not sit down and build up great theories of the universe. We laugh at such things; we suspect their soundness at once. When a man comes out and tells us that he has a theory of the creation, we begin to think whether he better not have a theory of his own Nor, again, is genuine humility incompatible with a consciousness of merit; for a secret persuasion of power state of sanity. Great things that occupy the greatest is the spring of noble enterprise. A consciousness of minds are in little sparks of electricity; in little way.

Institute way.

Moreover I want to say here that there is testimony in

side shells, in blossoms, in infusoria, in the myriad

The Pharisee says, "I thank thee, oh God, that I am not as other men are;" but the man who stands nearest to his Maker says, "God be meroiful to me a sinner." There is the spring of all requirements in religious things. A man stands up before this standard of Christ Jesus and then begins to feel how far off he is, then begins to be hum-ble, then begins to aspire towards that standard. There

are the springs of all religious gain.

And so should we especially be humble in the conceit of religious opinions. Not that we should be wavering, doubtful or timid where our conviction shines, but we should be humble, we should feel that we have not all truth, but that there is much more to be gained.

Now, I find no fault with a man's being Orthodox, but
I do find great fault when he has a conceit of Orthodoxy—when he thinks he knows it all, and that any-body else, standing upon some other side of the religious world, is necessarily mistaken, must necessarily be wrong. I care nothing at all if a man calls me an infi-del or a heretic; I would as lief he would call me that as anything else; but when he joins to that conception of my heigh on infield the idea that I once prime all of my being an infidel the idea that I am an immoral or dishonest man because I do not believe as he does, then I repel the imputation as the offspring of pride, and not an exhibition of Christian humility. What right has he, a man finite like myself, anointed with no oil of authorities as he had been successful as the statement of the statemen he. a man finite like myself, anointed with no oil of authority above his fellows, like myself feeling after truth, and, I trust, trying to find his God and Saviour—what right has he to tear from me my claims to Christian honesty or Christian conviction, or to break into the sanctities of my soul, and say I have no relation to Jesus Christ? That conceit of Orthodoxy I despise and repel. His Orthodoxy itself he is perfectly welcome to, if he holds it sincerely; but I say it is a harsh, canting, Jesuitical smith that presumes, because a monta ing, Jesuitical spirit that presumes, because a man is mistaken, he is therefore a bad man, an infidel, in the moral sense. It is as opposite to the spirit of Christ as was that of the Pharisee who accused or the Roman who crucifled him.

No, my friends, there is no religious gain of Christ's

spirit or growth in religious grace, except in humility like that of a little child. Not, perhaps, an uncon-scious humility, as is that of the little child, but a hu mility for all greatness, intellectual or moral, for all gain, for all true glory. Oh man, humble thyself as a little child, and thou wilt reach the first indispensable

condition. But there is another point in the passage before us which I ask you to consider. I said just now that the child's humility was an unconscious humility; and this indicates the distinction we are to make in the analogy here. It was only one point that Christ was illustrat-ing here, not everything. He did not mean, of course, to say we ought to become like little children in every To say we qught to become like little children in every respect—that if possible we should empty ourselves of all knowledge, erase all the lines of experience, and subdue all the manly strength we have gained in the discipline of years. The single point he illustrated was a humble disposition; in that we are to be like a child. But this humility is different from that of the child. It is a conscious humility in one sense; not a proud humility—that would be a contradiction in terms—but a conscious humility. Our virtue is different from the conscious humility. Our virtue is different from the child's innocence; our spiritual gain is different from the child's want of it. There is this wide difference between the two: that in the one case we arrive at a child-like condition by experience, effort, discipline and knowledge; in the other case we stand simply in the condition of unconscious innocence. And yet when we get into this condition of hunbleness we get to the starting-point of all these other excellencies. When we get to it we know how to use our knowledge and our experience; how to use all that we have gained in

No, we never can be children any more. Some think No, we never can be children any more. Some think it is a sad thing—and it is in one phase—to see children coming up, taking life so freely and freshly, unconscious of the cares that come with years, of the sorrow that will fall like palls upon their hopes, of the scenes of trial through which they must go. How it makes us sometimes sigh to be back. We started as upon a mountain slope in the darkness of a storm, looking through the vale to the distant sunny landscape; we look back upon the pleasant flowery field of childrend look back upon the pleasant flowery field of childhood and say, ... Oh, that we were there again,... taking life with a full cup brimming over with happines. But let us thank God that we cannot take hold of childhood again. If we have lived truly and Christlike, we have strength to overcome evil that the child must learn, and power to trample sin beneath our feet that the child must undergo with wounding thorns. We have not the innocence of Eden, but with Christ's example and God's help we may have the victory of Gethsemane. It is a great thing to learn the humbleness of the child.

but it is to be conjoined with the confidence of the progressed mind of the man.

Once more let us consider the prominence and distinction which Christianity in the passage before us leads to childhood. I want to say something, and I mean to, sometime, on the love of childhood more at but now I merely notice this as the peculiarity of Christianity, as one phase of the universal humanity of the Gospel—that it brings into such prominence and distinction the little child. The church, a portion of it, is the child's church. The child has its place in Christianity beautifully asserted by Jesus Christ himself, when he lay in the manger and was a child—all self, when he lay in the manger and was a child—all that experience of our humanity represented in him,

oh, my friends, you never can get over that great truth that unfolds in Jesus the illustration of our hu manity. He began away down—began as a child, showed the sacredness of childhood as well as of manhood, and would give it prominence and distinction. And is not this an illustration, a carrying out of what we see of all God's operations in childhood? What guards, what tender loves God sets around childhood as a general thing—shields them in weak fiesh, but throws around them the more than adamantine armor of a mother's arms, makes them unconscious af life's sin, but also makes them happy in that ignorance, and they lie for a time merely to grow, to develop, to unfold in life, until they shall be strong enough for the world's conflict. Oh, I think God must have special care for children. I think there is great truth in the saying of Richter—"The smallest are nearest God, as the smallest plants are nearest the sun." I think, I the smallest plants are nearest the sun." I think, I say, that even in God there is something of that peculiar love for children that is in our nature—and what is there wrong in thinking this?—and so we may think that when he gathers them from us prematurely and takes them up to himself, it is with a peculiar tenderness that those flowers are transplanted which shall bloom no more on earth. At least this we may know, that no father's love, no mother's affection for the child is greater than God's; and if in moffents of darkness, of a succession of sad, crushing calamities, you ness, of a succession of sad. crushing calamities, you are disposed to doubt God's love, to murmur at his dispensation, to interpret him by yourself, oh father, oh mother, strive to interpret his love by your own love; and remember that you, the stream of love, can not care more for that child, cannot rise higher than God, the fountain of all love, as he has exhibited it in natural things, and especially through the love of Jesus Christ

since shells, in blossoms, in infusoria, in the myriad forms that cluster in a single drop of water. Down in the little lowly things men find the great secrets of the world. Looking low as the eye can reach, away down, they begin to find the springs and sources of things.

And the profoundest truths of science are found in these little, ordinary, minute infusoria, these little, things.

Ilumility is the spring of all intellectual greatness; and so is it especially in regard to religious things. I need not say that the man who is convinced that he is perfect is the furthest from being so. Further than the sinner, further than the man who knows he is a sinner, further than the man who feels his own guilt before God, is the man who feels his own guilt before God, is the man who feels and virtually says, "I am perfect."

Christianity, not only to the love of God for the child, but to the spiritual worth of the child. The child illustrates the value of the soul as Christ brings it before us here. Now observe, there is no inaterialistic theory that would be consistent with the way in which Christ treats the child, because on that theory everythat would be consistent with the way in which Christ treats the child, because on that theory everythat would be consistent with the way in which Christ treats the child, because on that theory everythat would be consistent with the way in which Christ treats the child, because on that theory everythat would be consistent with the way in which Christ treats the child, because on that theory everythat would be consistent with the way in which Christ treats the child, because on that theory everythat would be consistent with the way in which Christ treats the child, because on that theory everythat would be consistent with the way in which Christ treats the child, because on that theory everythat would be consistent with the way in which Christ treats the child, because on that theory everythat would be consistent with the way in which Christ treats the child, second as Christ tre Christianity, not only to the love of God for the child grown man? No, we come back to the child's condi-tion in some respects, and that illustrates the child's share of our common spiritual nature. And here is the reason why we find the element of greatness set forth. as it is by Jeaus Christ. Greatness is not spiritual power, it is not outward attainment that a man can gain and the child cannot. It is not in apparel, it is not in crowns, it is not in the world's faine, but in spiritual quality. The child has that very quality. It is the condition of all greatness that we come back to the spiritual quality of the child, when we get at the basis of true greatness. I say this shows us the spirit-ual worth of this element of childhood, and it indi-cates our duty and obligation to the child, above all things to take care of that precious jewel that God has set in the little earthly casket, and above all things to see that that spiritual element is duly nurtured, above all things to see that these germs of heavenly life shall be brought forth to the utmost possible perfection.

And there is the claim of the Sabbath school, there is the claim of the Sabbath school, there

is the claim of every institution that brings Christ's truth to bear upon the young mind and heart; and if this morning—as there will be—there is made an appeal to you to contribute to the Sabbath school connected with this congregation, think after all that not even the charity you may bestow upon the starving, upon those who need any material things—though that need may be more imminent—is more precious than the gift you bestow for the spiritual welfare of your own child. It is better than to build churches up or down town; it is milding a church in the future: it is building a church with spiritual foundations to spiritual needs. Oh, what a beautiful thought is the spiritual life of a child as Christ illustrated it when he said as he held this little child forth, "Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of Heaven." How it should incite us rightly and freely to nurture the spiritual nature of our children. to do all we can to support that, the foundation of our churches, of society, of institutions, of all social as well as of all individual greatness.

Finally, my hearers, I ask you to notice just one thing more, as involved in the passage under consideration. It indicates not only a child-like disposition, but child-like relations in all who in any degree enter just the subserse (Christian feith and facility YVIII) Into the sphere of Christian faith and feeling. Humble yourself as a little child. I ask you, is it not to the child's condition that God would bring us all? Not, as I have said, to the child's weakness, because we cannot go back to that, nor to its ignorance, but to its humble, Lonfiding, trusting disposition—to all that is really leautiful and worthy of love in childhood. It was not merely as a type of humility that that child was held forth, but as a type of the condition of reliance on fillal dependence to which Christ would bring all things; and as Jesus took it up in his arms with love and confidence, it does seem to me he illustrated the way in which our Heavenly Father would take us all in his arms. Oh, that a full sense of that yearning solicitude of Almighty God could be brought home into our souls! Oh man, chafing with pride, trembling with possion too handlers. passion, too haughty to repent, too ignorant of your true welfare to stop for a moment and bow down in penitence and prayer—oh man running a wild career of sin and passion, shame and wrong, would that you would coasent to be a little child, and come back in lowly penitence and lie in the arms of Almighty God; for that is the secret of the gospel. Oh, this discipline, this trust and confidence, are the springs of our true relations with God, which he is endeavoring to re-es-There is no humility without that love and confidence. Is the subjection which I give to a tyrant humility? No, only the reverence which I give to a father. There is no peace, there is no comfort, without confidence in God's love. There is no religion; there say-so religion, there is lip service, there is cant, there are heavy burdens, but there is no spontaneous religion, until we all—the tallest saint that prays to God as the humble infant in the mother's arms—until we all get into a child-like condition. I tould not preach if I did not have confidence in love. That is the thing that backs me up. If I thought I was a minister of some awful power, some terrible mystery—if I thought, going to dying bedsides and to chambers of sadness, that I must carry there only a great, dark shadowy mystery, I could not work here. It is because I think I can speak of an infinite love, deeper than we can fathom, broader than we can compass, more full than we can express, that there is a power back of truth that can flow into the words of life that I speak to you. Nor could you receive religion or be religious, only as you came with the full confidence of love to God the Father. Oh, it is a great thing to be children, even when we are old, when our hairs are gray, our faces wrinkled, and our hearts scarred with the troubles and mysteries of the world; it is a great thing to come in pentience, in trust, and in confidence to God. That is the essence of all real humility. That is great indeed—the greatness of the kingdom of heaven.

Written for the Bannor of Light, TO MY SOUL,

BY PLORIA.

Shake off thy fetters, Soul! Press onward to the goal: What though the way be strown with thorns that pierce the weary feet? Joyous thou yet shalt know

There is an end to wee, When him who were the "crown of thorns," thou dost in glory meet.

Press on, brave, undismayed, E'en though the valley's shade Doth wrap itself around thee now till thou art lost in night; Look up, where to the skies The eternal mountains rise

Behold them bathed in radiance from the glorious world of

lighti Art weary now, my Soul? Paint not this side the goal, And thou shalt hear from lips divine the welcome sound-

The Rest will surely come-Not far is that blest home Where faith is lost in blissful sight, where Christ awaits his own I

"Well done!"

East Medway, May, 1859.

HOME.

Cling to thy home, if but the meanest shed Yields thee a hearth, or shelter for thy head, And some poor plat with vegetable stored, Bo all that Heaven allots thee for thy board: Uneavory bread, and herbe that scattered grow Wild on the river's brink or mountain brow-Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide More hearts' repose than all the world beside. Written for the Banner of Light.

THE HISTORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE: 44

BY CORA WILBURN.

[Concluded from our last.]

CHAPTER III.

Eva's heart was throbbing with sympathy; she elt a powerful attraction of soul towards the nobleminded patriot, the gifted daughter. The next pages were written by Rosalie; there were traces of hurry and agitation in the lines.

"I know not why my heart beats so forbodingly; my father, it is true, will be absent some weeks, but he has sent kind friends to stay with me, and I am as secure in my mountain but as within a guarded palace. Yet I tremble and shrink when night approaches; I fear the coming of Naverillo, and yet he can do me no harm, surrounded as I am by friends.

I have had disturbing dreams; all day I have felt restless; the falling leaves rustle to a dirge-like moan of the sweeping winds; the sky is overcast; the foam-crested waves of ocean sullenly lash the inviting beach; the birds fly shricking homewards to the forest depths; our dogs howl dismally. A weight of gloom hangs over me, as upon the awaiting earth. Hark! a knock; it is a messenger with tidings from my father.

It is midnight, and I am alone in my chamber, with Fleet at my side and Ogre watching the doorfaithful animals! trusty sentinels! guarding me so well for their kind master's sake! I pen the record of the past hours, that my father may read, and spare my tongue the loathsome revelation.

Naverillo came with assumed humility, bringing ne a letter from the dear absent toiler; strange that he should always be my father's messenger! Yet was the letter not given into his hand? He took it from the boy whom he met upon the main road.

When Naverillo entered the house he was met with the already descending shower, and his mantle was wrapped closely around him. Bowing low before me he gave the letter into my hand, and while I perused it, I felt his keen glances were upon me, striving to read my soul. When I looked up he had flung back the mantle, and I saw that his arms held a little child; a dark-haired, sweet-faced, melancholy thing, whose blue eyes wandered vacantly, with sad, peseeching glances, around the room. Involuntarily stretched forth my arms, and with a cry of joy the little creature leaped towards me. .I saw Naverillo smile as I kissed her pure white brow.

'What is her name?' I asked him.

'Idoline,' he replied; 'she was the idol of her mother's heart, and she is, with one other, all that binds me to life.'

'She is your child, then?' I said, with somewhat surprise in my tone

'Yes.'

wave: she died at sea.'

'And her mother?' my voice faltered as I asked this. 'Dead; she sleeps beneath the broad Atlantic

The child, quiescent on my lap, started suddenly, and looked around; she stretched forth her arms, and called piteously, 'mamma!' then, wild and incoherent words burst from her lips; with almost frantic ries she named the sea; she hinted darkly at a secret crime; she pointed to her father, and made_ the motion of stabbing herself with a dagger that ay upon the table. Then, subsiding from the strange excitement, she sat down on the floor and sang a weet, plaintive song in another tongue. Alarmed

with a knowledge that seemed weird and fearful. Naverillo had become pale, vainly striving to hush her outcries, to calm her excitement. Be not alarmed,' he said to me; 'these strange spells come over her sometimes; I am stricken in my child for dear Rosalie; the curse of insanity rests full upon her l'

and trembling, I put away the dagger, and looked in

wonder on the child, so small of stature, so delicate

of limb, yet so strangly endowed with language,

I started back, annoyed at his familiar calling of my name; almost afraid of the child, that, smiling and contented, now sat at my feet playing with Ogre, who graciously permitted the little one's caresses, though he displayed his formidable teeth, whenever her father attempted to come near him.

Her mother was insane sometime before her death; the child was often a witness of her fearful ravings; delicate and impressible as she is, those scenes fatally affected her.'

The child muttered in an undertone, which Naverillo did not seem to hear, 'not true! not true!'

The quiet of a well-ordered home, he continued would probably restore her to health and reasonmy poor lamb! I travel much, and not trusting herwith strangers, she is compelled to follow my wandering life. Rosalie, once before I sued in vain; I see pity and tenderness in your eyes for this child: will you not be to her a mother?

·Leave Idoline with me,' I replied, following a sudden impulse. I will take care of her-will lore her dearly l'

He smiled sarcastically.

'I cannot leave my child; but you will follow my fortunes l'

'Never!' I cried indignantly; 'have I not forbidden you ever to approach that subject? It is painful to me. I gave you long since my last reply.' Will nothing change you, Rosalie? See! fair and proud and noble women have bowed their hearts in love before me. I have wealth abundant to supply

your every desire. I will buy you a palace amid the orange groves of Italy, or seek for you a home on your own native isle; but turn not from me, Rosalie!

*I cannot love you; wealth cannot purchase affection, and besides you are repellant to me; my soul shrinks in undefined, secret horror from yours-I know not why.

His face grew dark and threatening.

Vou have another? he said .

. You have no right to question me,' I replied, with rising anger. He lost all control of himself; he advance towards me with a fiend's mien; his uplifted arm was threatening me. 'Advance one step more,' I cried, and I call for help; I am not alone; friends from N-are with me; my father has taken precautions to secure his child from your intrusion. Henceforth you enter this house no more! I am its mistress, and I bid you depart I'

I know not whence came the words I uttered, or the courage I possessed; for I am usually shrinking, childishly afraid of all angry words and noisy contention; but I remember now with surprise not unmingled with dread, for I have no proofs to warrant such an accusation, that I called him pirate and murderer I and bade him depart forever from my peaceful home. He snatched up the child; his brow was dark as midnight and his eye gleamed with a lurid fire.

'Hark to the storm without,' he cried: 'it is nothing to the storm you have raised, girl! in a soul that yet never has forgiven! You will live to remember and repent this hour!'

'I do not fear you!' I said defiantly: 'I am guarded by the blest spirits of the departed; I fear not man's wickedness.' He laughed a loud, scornful laugh. For the second time faithful Ogre made a spring towards him, but I restrained him by my voice. With an oath, a furious threat of vengeance, Naverillo left the house, the little child clinging to him, yet crying wildly, 'mamma! mamma!'

I feel exhausted by the stormy scene I have passed through. I feel that I have aroused the worst feelings of a cruel man. But the sweet, strange child! so terribly visited by the scourge of madness: that innocent being, with whom is connected a dark mystery, fearful, impossible, perhaps, to unravel. I love that little child! The lightning, forked and blinding, darts across the storm tossed ocean, whose sullen roar I hear distinctly. The thunder peals reverberate from rock to rock; the flood of waters descends, and the winds shrick and houl, sweeping rich showers of many-tinted leaves to the sanded ground.

I will compose my troubled spirits by singing the evening hymn I once composed in sleep, which my dear father here has written down:

I come to thy portain sleep ! With the prayerin mood of song; With the lyre of my spirit stirred By the angel-dreams that throng Around the shadowy fane Of the twilight's still repose: I come to thy portals, sleep, With the watchword of the rose !

I come to thy portals, sleep ! With the depths of my spirit stirred; With the star-world's guiding beam, The song of night's hollest bird. From the shadowy fano Of my home-lit hearth, afar I come to thy portals, sleep,

With the watchword of the star!

I come to thy portals, sleep ! With true heart and soul clate: With the music of joy I greet Dream-land! thy flowery gate. From the shadowy fane, From the darkened earth I fly; I come to thy portals, sleep,

With the watchword of the sky!" Here followed several pages in Zircovin's hand-

"Danger overhangs my child! The rude, boastful villain to dare to speak before her thus! He is, he must be, what a few whisper, and vague hints have told me, a rover of the seas-perchance a criminal, a more than pirate! Rosalie desires to be put in the magnetic sleep. Strange and beautiful revelations has she given me; perchance she may throw some light on this.

Wonderful are the workings of the inner sense, the unveiled soul. But I tremble to think of the villain she has escaped from—the monster of cruelty he has been-still is. Too startling to be lost, I here make the record of my child's vision. Perhaps in the future these mysteries will be better understood.

I put my hand, as customary, upon her forchead, and soon her evelids drooped, her blue eyes closedan expression of calm and happiness overspread her face—then her lips parted in a smile, a roseate glow replaced her natural paleness; she spoke:

'I am far, far out at sea; it is a beautiful, calm day; the waves are scarce rippled by the spicy breeze; the heavens are deeply blue, and oh, so dazzling! Far in the distance stretches a tropical shore; it is a land of gorgeous flowers, waving palms, and golden sands. I see a ship, and on its deck a female form. She is beautiful, a Southern flower. with hair of midnight darkness, and flashing, Oriental eyes. She holds in her arms a child; it is the little Idoline. There is a strange gleam in the lady's eye; she shrinks at the approach of her husband: that husband is Naverille!

But she calls him by another name; she trembles as he places his hand upon her shoulder. I read her past life; he has stolen her from the marble terrace of her aged father's palace. He scaled the walls, he and his pirate crew, and tore the shricking maiden from her innocent abode. She knows not of her venerable father's doom; he fell beneath the assassin's poniard. Isidra was a pirate's bride: reluctant. crouching, trembling, she feared the approach of him who called her wife. Slowly dark shadows are gathering over eye and brow; a dreamy haze veils the bright lustre of her Oriental orbs, and strange words of the past, dim prophecies of the future, fall from those reseate lips. He deems her mad, for dark and fearful are her words at times-fearful to him, all stained with wrong and crime! She is not mad; but grief and desolution have wasted her form, and brought clearness to her spiritual sight, and the gift of prophecy to her soul, that is passing slowly to a more congenial clime. She loves her child, and would shield it from the father's gaze. Hark! loud and thrilling sounds her voice; she is denouncing him. foretelling a fearful doom! Once or twice his hand wanders to the dagger's hilt; she smiles unfearingly, and bids him release her spirit.

Storm clouds pass over the scene; the smiling coast has disappeared; angry waves are darting up to the inky heavens, foam-crested, rushing madly, mouning fearfully! The lightning flashes, forked and blinding; the thunder peals reverberate, and masts and timbers creak beneath the tempest's sway. Amid the elemental warfare, the wronged and suffer-

ing woman stands unmoved, and presses her child to unaccountably called away. I see a body of men her bosom; while the sailors, pale with terror, pray advancing; my heart throbs wildly. I hear the aloud for deliverance. Hark a low chaunt issues voice of Naverille; I must go and admit him. I from her lips; I hear the words; the soul of faith is have more to say-will finish my record when they breathing them to the calm, blue heavens, and its leave the house." angel dwellers, beyond the storm :

I hear the summons from the better land, I see the outstretched hands of angels there. I come, a weary guest, oh, sernoh band, Unto the portals of the golden air ! My mother's voice, in music whispering low,

I hear; my infant, let my spirit go! Clasp me not with the encircling arms of love, . My preclous child! I cannot guide thee here, But may from regions of delight above,

From ransomed angels' gemined and holy sphere. My father's voice is murmuring sweet and low .--Hold me no longer, let my spirit go !

The arms of Idoline release their hold; she seems to understand her mother's song. She glides to the wave-washed deck. Naverillo beholds the child's danger; another moment, she would have been swept overboard! He snatches her to him, and roughly grasps Isidra's hand.

· Woman! how can you so neglect your infant? Why do you not pray in sight of our imminent danger?' he cries, amid the howling of the storm, his voice trembling with superstilious fear.

'You should have left the child.' comes low and silvery her unfaltering tones; 'that huge wave from which you rescued her would have wafted her spirit to a guardian angel's care, and mine would have followed soon.

Silence!' he thundered; 'Kneel down and pray! 'Not to your God, pirate!' she unfalteringly replies. Luclla sleeps in an unhonored grave, the victim of your treachery. My father's accusing spir it brands you murderer! Your golden stores are unhallowed trophics, torn from the happy homes you desolated, the hearths you wrapt in mourning-gloom. Behold, your life, in this, my parting hour, is unveiled before me! Dastard and traitor! betrayer and assassin! I know all thy crimes!

'Fiend! demon!' I hear him hoarsely whisper between his clenched teeth, 'you shall never betray

Oh, this is horrible! With one hand tightly clasping the child, that gazes with distended eyes around, his uplifted arm descends, and the knife is buried in the bosom of Isidra !

She smiles as her limbs relax, and she falls to the wave swept deck; one murmur only, 'my child! escapes her whitening lips; and loud and terrible the thunders resound again; the gloom deepens; wave upon wave, gigantic and avegning, strikes the frail bark with destructive force; upon their summit. reverentially enshrouded in the snowy foam, they bear the bleeding form; amid the ocean's depths her bed is prepared, of twining gems and coral branches, of mingling and rare flowers, of gold and pearls. Amid the shricking blast, the tumult of the elements, I hear the child's voice, wailing piteously, 'mamma, mamma!'

This is Naverillo, the unknown, wealthy stranger, honored by the world for his lavish display of gold. At midnight, often, stands before him the form of the loved Isidra; and the child, endowed with strange, retentive memory, with prophetic foresight, speak to him in wierd utterances that thrill his guilty soul with terror.

Thus far my child's revelation; and I fear for her security while he prowls in the neighborhood. But a few weeks more, and I will either leave this spot for one more secure, or render it a stronghold inaccessible to the enemy, be it one or numbers.

I know not why this gloom upon my spirits: many troubling thoughts press on me-thoughts of my down-trodden country-apprehensions for my child's future. Rosalie! lily of another, better clime, wilt thou ever withstand the coldness and the roughness of adversity, the cheerlessness of uncongenial life? Theresa, my heroic wife, art thou call ing from the realms of the eternal for thy child? and must I be left a solitary oak, to battle with the storms of this life? The transparent purity of her cheek and brow are all too etherial, too fine, for earthly conflicts; those deep, fathomless eyes look into Heaven; they will not bear the shadows of earth; and her heart, attuned from childhood to ing to the upper world. Her mother-legions of ancelestial melodies, to strange yet familiar converse cels call her home! She beholds no more the things with the beings of another world, cannot bear the burdens of the common lot. Therefore I tremble cake that beautiful and good! She sings sweet imlong, weary years may pass ere I rejoin her. Life mostly steeped in blissful trances. Oh, soon

They may speak who know not of the dazzling magnificence of state and name, the heraldry of an ancient nobility, the conscious pride of ancestry, the swelling delight of wealth they fail to satisfy the soul to which too often they are barriers of marble and iron. I have seen then swept into oblivion. and but one joy of earth remains to me-my daughter's love!

I am suddenly called away on business, but shall return to morrow. Rosalie is sleeping calmly; farewell my precious child!"

Then followed a poem written by the maiden's ingel-guided hand. It was a pure soul's chant of victory—a loving spirit's farewell to earth.

"The sun has set; upon the distant mountains Lingers the glory of his parting beams; Forth from the rainbow-tinted spirit fountains Descends the welcome star-crowned host of dreams.

The golden voil uplifted, bids me enter Into the magic realing, the land of song : Where Eden-life, around its star-fane's centro, And hallowed wonders on the spirit throng.

There, shrouded yet awhile in rescate spiender. The fanes of Love all beautiful arise; Grandly melodious, eloquently tender Ascends the heart-hymn to the sapphire skies. There occans roll, whose life-waves are pulsating

With music's loftlest worship; there the sod Bears flowers and gems of poesy, awaiting The recognition of the child of God I It is a soul realm; light and warmth all given From the celestial shrine of endless truth;

Of music, beauty, love, and joy, a heaven, A consecrated isle of endless youth. I hear the murmur of its music fountains, I see the radiance of the light divine: The emerald lustre of its towering mountains,

The beacon fires of home and sacred shrine. I feel the sunlight glory o'er me stealing: Of life and love, the rapt, divinest spell; The wisdom of the inmost soul's revealing ; This, this is home,—thou lower earth, farewell!

I have passed through "the narrow gate;" am standing On the gemmed threshold of another shore; In the rose harbor of my spirit's landing

My soul would rest,—return to earth no more! The chiming melodies of heaven enfold me, Toll, toll for me, below, the funeral knell !

Here life exalted is no burden weary; This, this is home,—thou lower earth, farewell!

A few hurried, scarcely legible lines, in Rosalie's delicate tracery, followed here, and falling tears had almost effaced them :-

"Father, I am hurried away by Naverillo and his band. I am alone, unprotected. Rescue me, dearest father. May you find this. ROSALIE."

These words, written on a time-worn piece of paper, had been enclosed in the strange record.

Eva breathed painfully; tears of sympathy rained from her eyes; she hastily turned over the page. Zircovin's hand had penned the rest.

"Yes, I, the hardy warrior, the participator of many a bloody field, I knelt in thankfulness, and gave up my soul to the sweet outpourings of gratitude for my rescued child! I thank thee, Supreme Ruler of human destiny! and ye legions of minister ing spirits be praised, be thanked, from poor Zircovin's grateful heart! I came through the forest, urged on to my horse's utmost speed by an unaccountable presentiment of evil. What was the sight my eyes beheld on nearing the grove of cedars, Rosalie's favorite resting place? My faithful Ogre, torn and bleeding, rushing madly through the wood, snuffing the air, and howling pitcously. I knew, then, that some misfortune had befallen my child; and in a moment it became clear to me, it flashed upon me with the suddenness and luridness of the blinding lightning. I cared not to go home, for I felt she was not there. I followed the faithful dog. I came upon him, the robber, the pirate: he held her in his arms. I saw that she was white and insensible. With a loud cry (unconsciously I uttered the battle ory of my country) I sprang from my horse; it was the work of a second: my sword pierced to the villain's heart! I left him with Ogre growling fiercely over him, and rode home with my angel child. On my breast she recovered from the deathlike swoon: with a fond, lingering gaze her eyes rested on mine; she kissed my check, and murmured sweetly: Blessed father!

She has since told me that his band surrounded the house; that having previously well-arranged it all, and secured the dogs, they had carried the shricking, terrified girl away. Near the grove of cedars, deeming his pray scoure, Naverillo had sent on his men before. He made a feeble effort, after he lay prostrate at my feet, to raise a silver whistle to his lips, but I effectually frustrated the attempt. Doubtless his pirate crew were near.

My Rosalic charged me carnestly to return to the spot and take from thence the little child, who she said had accompanied her father. Carried in the arms of one of the band, she had glided to the ground. and followed close by Rosalie, when he bade the rest disperse. I yielded to my child's wishes, turned my horse's head, and there-it was a woful sight, even for an old, hard warrior—there stood that orphaned thing. weeping over the bleeding body, calling on him, wildly, fondly, to arise and speak to her. Rosalic took her to her own sheltering bosom, and the little one grew quiet and clung to her garments as to some protecting angel.

A week has now passed since I slew him in the forest. I went to N-, accompanied by my child, to acquaint the authorities with the proceedings, the very night I rescued my child. But the body of Naverillo was nowhere to be found. From the high rocks environing our dwelling, we saw a ship stand out to sea. Probably it was the pirate vessel, and his remains have been committed to the deep. No one in N- knows of the occurrence, for reference to the subject seems to disturb Rosalie, whose nervous system has been terribly shattered. Only to a few have I told it-not in N-, but abroad-who yet take an interest in the exile and his child.

Idoline is with us. Strange, mysterious child! Methinks her inner vision, too, is unfolded. She climbs my pale Rosalie's knee, and cries, "See, see mamma!" Alas, poor child! she shrinks from me. I know it, poor, fated Zircovin! Thy child is pass-

of earth-nought save my weather-beaten face. She with vague apprehensions, for she will leave me, and provised melodies of heaven and rounion; she is without love, without one binding human tie, what earth will be so desolate to me! Oh, shild of my love, take me with thee to the realms thou speakest of! But she smiles so angel like and says, " Not yet, dear father. Earth has yet a mission for thee to perform."

As her cheeks grow more transparent, her eyes more lustrously brilliant with soul life; as her frame grows weak, and her spirit strengthens and beautifies-so does the child droop and pine with a nameless sorrow, never complaining, never again sheda tear, but silently fading away, her blue eyes fixed almost constantly on Rosalie's countenance, refusing food, and looking fearfully on me. Rosalie says, 'I will take thee to thy mother.' And Idoline smiles a sad, wan smile, and looking upwards, calls, 'Mamma!'

Who shall say that the dying behold not the near shores of Immortality? bask not in the light of a diviner knowledge, and press not the spirit-hands of friends long gone before! And in the heavens (for I believe there are many) to which my pure child is tending, I know that love and beauty dwell supreme. It is the heaven of her own poetic soul; and angels have upreared its foundations, and built its crystal shrines, and have strewn its shores with flowers and

Father, I am but a world-worn man, the battle-field my training-ground, liberty ever my watch-word. I cannot see and feel the beauties of surrounding life, as she, my refined and aspiring child; but if truth to the cause of the oppressed, if disinterestedness, effort and patriotic design, be esteemed in the an gels' sight; if fervent aspiration for the good of suffering, toiling, despot-ruled mankind find favor in thy sight, oh Infinite One, then, too, grant me to become worthy of re-union with my Theresa's spirit! Give to my willing feet admittance to the heaven of light and beauty, wherein soon will dwell my child!

Day by day passes wearily for me, for she is passing away. To her, the hours come winged with spirit-messages, with glorious visions, with conscious. ness of God's nearness and life's continuance. She calls me, bid me write down what she says:

Denounce no more thy brother, man, for he is of God as thou art, and thy mission is to lead him from darkness into the light in which thou, the further progressed one, dwellest. Speak not the harsh, denouncing word-it reverberates throughout the universe-it sinks with leaden weight upon the hearts I am alone in the house; the friends have been of listening spirits-it mingles with the atmosphere

of less developed worlds, retarding thy soul's progression, hindering the uprising aspiration of thy brother from its upward flight to God.

Speak sweet and musically to the erring, the darkened, the crime-stained, even. The gentle tones, though falling all unheeded on the callous heart, reverberate throughout all worlds, and mingle with the fervid melodics of angelic anthems, bearing sunflashes of hope, bright glimpses of beauty to the darkness of the nether worlds. Plty and forgive, thou dweller of the mountain, him who lives in the valleyshadows of life. Angels, ever circling in an upward round, scraphs of purity and wisdom, spirits of love and music come to the descrated homes of earth, and leave the sunlight of their passing there. Shall man do less to man than angels render unto him?

God is not absent from the soul of his lowest creation. Unconsciously the mighty power of spirit outworks itself in aspiration, in thought-forms, in some lowly deed of charity, some impulse of good, some yearning for the beautiful. Divinity is impressed on Avery soul-magnificent in its sunshine of love and purity, glorious in its revelations of power, mighty in its discoveries, melodious with its musical teachings of song and poesy. Yet through the darkness of moral night, the gloom of error, the thick mists of superstition, break glimpses of this inner, highest consciousness; and God stands revealed in some aspect of beauty, in some form of power.

A rosy dawn is heralded for earth. Oh, when it advances to the noon, what loud acclaims shall welcome it-the era of soul-life, freedom, the spiritual age of the world! Then instructed and angel-taught man shall worship Deity, not form-the God of his own highest conception—the all-pervading, all-vitalizing, pure and beautiful! Then, no wanton cruelty or clogging superstition shall set aside a portion of His universe as devoid of life or soul; but all things shall be heralded a part of his His presiding Divinity, a manifestation of His love. No senseless image, carved in imitation of the human form, shall claim the suppliant's worship; but the rocks, the stones, the trees, the flowers, all animate with life and soul, shall call forth the worship of the human heart: that, resting on God's visible magnificence of woodland, sea and clouds, shall thence uprise in thought and aspiration to the very portals of the celestial worlds.

The time will come when the discords shall mar no more the music of heart and home and worship; when the antagonisms of creed and warfare shall be forever laid aside; when liberty shall spring into full life and being from the developed soul, and shall go forth in mercy-not with the battle cry of armed hosts.

In those days the eye and brow will wear the soul's impress of weakness or power, and angel-legions of earth and heaven united, shall lend their aid to upraise from the remaining gloom and darkness the less favored sons and daughters, until they bask in the universal sunshine of the Good Father's all-sustaining love. Then, faces will wear no masks of fashion or of treachery; for soul will read soul, and across the oceans and continents of earth, as well as from the near and distant spirit-worlds, spirit shall communicate with spirit.

Then, friendship shall be without alloy, based on soul-qualities, unchangeable as the attributes of God. Love shall be pure and holy, for the hand of woman shall upraise the lily-standard, and her triumphant foot be placed upon the serpent's head. Then the hidcous reptile forms shall disappear from the enameled earth, and all their corresponding forms of envy. malice, treachery, superstition, sensualism, shall find no place in the regenerated world. Birds of beauty, winged aspirations, shall flit across the morn and evening skies; faithful and domesticated animals develop into harmonious beauty by the side of man. The face of childhood will be angel-like, and the maiden's brow be radiant with the love-light, the purity of heaven. Mothers will be blessed in their children, and on manhood's face be set the signetstamp of divinity, of power and genius! The eternity of the affections, the immutability of law, the unswerving march of progress, all demonstrated by even, in those coming days.

Down-trodden brother! thy chains shall fall off noiselessly; thy prison-room be exchanged for Nature's wide and free domain; thy mind enlarged, out exile! how pale and feeble he looks; yet what of custom, fashion, frivolity; thou hast been mockingly extelled an angel, and lowered far beneath the he has come to die beside his Rosalie's grave. despised slaves of Eastern climes. Arise in the coming era! girt for the battle of truth with wrong!

hosts will encompass thee and hail thee victor. Ever and ever new worlds of life are forming; fresh stars shine in the galaxy of heaven; and on sweet the harmony of sound, the herald-trump of them." advancing freedom, the Æolian strains of mighty, all persuasive love!

I go unto that land where life fears not the elefelt! I go, smiling and unfearing, over the sea, for many years the secret of his brother's guilt and un-I behold the morning shore beyond, and there my timely end preyed heavily on his sensitive mind. thou faithful champion of liberty! thine is no for- stranger and his father's letter to the flames. But lorn cause. Though rampant yet the kingly despot's some unaccountable influence restrained him always; words of heroism, thy burning soul, have graven hand bade him desist. testimony on a million hearts-on immortal spirits whose thoughts shall live forever. Faint not-pause good shall win!

dwell in the hearts of men.'

This, ah me! is the last revelation given through the new light of Heaven. those pure and fading lips. Joy-joy to her! passdesolate mourner whom God bids tarry here!"

blinding tears Eva Thornton read:

folded on her bosom; she is with her mother, now." though both came in ove and sympathy, their com-

As if the strong soul had struggled victoriously with its mighty abgulah, was traced, in a more stendy hand, the following:

"I will not bury her in the churchyard; this is my priviledge of freeman; though the world deride and the church condemns, I will lay her amid the free, wild haunts of nature that she loved so much. No hand but mine shall dig her grave beneath the sturdy rock. There, fitting monument for my peerless child, she shall repose, and stranger hands shall place me beside her. Idoline will follow her soon, her shadowy face is still and listless. Rosalie, my angel! Theresa, my inspiring genius! I will return to battle for the right; to avenge my country's wrongs; to shout the sacred name, of Liberty in the haughty despot's car. I go to fulfill my mission; I return to lay my mortal body beside thee, my only child !"

There ended the record of the exile. In a different hand, trembling, almost indistinct, the following pages were written.

CHAPTER IV.

"Town or --

-, 18--.

I will make the confession that no mortal eye shall read; the secret weighs heavily on my soul; yet am I guiltless, Heaven! The child I deemed lost so many years, returned to me, a seeming stranger, laden with gold; and I deemed it honorably acquired. I smiled at the rumors that made of him a pirate chieftain. Could such a thing be true of my son, though early stolen from me by a bitter foe, and cast upon the cold world's charity? And when they brought him, his hardened crew, to my house-brought him, pale and dying, could I vet believe the tale? I thought his confessions the ravings of delirium; Clement Hardham could not be so fallen! But he persisted in his denunciations of himself; fearful-terrible were his outcries; manifold and dire the crimes he accused himself of. Murder-piracy-a thousand horrors !- and yet he was my son! Oh, thanks to Providence, that she, his mother, lived not to hear the story of his fearful guilt! Better it is that she mourned him lost, than thus I

He died by Zircovin's hand-the poor yet noble exile. I have given out that he fought a duel for a fair cause. I never mentioned the Hungarian's name; why should I seek to harm him? And he, I trust, will not speak of it, or recognize in the pirate robber my departed son; for it is many miles from here to the cottage in the woods. Heaven grant my hitherto untarnished name be not so dishonored, for one other bears the name of Hardham. His proud spirit would be bent to the dust were he to learn of this.

I have been to 'Zircovin's Rest.' The young girl is dead; the father overcome with grief. Alas! he knows not of my connection with the guilty Naverillo; he did not see the pain that racked my heart as he told his simple tale. He spoke to me of a little child-my grandchild-and I gasped for breath; for he, the departed, had entrusted her to my care! How take her from the kind protectorfor though he slew my son he is a good and noble man-without exciting his suspicions? We walked to the rocks-Rosalie's grave-and there, with outstretched arms, cold, still, and lifeless, we found Idoline; and, under the plea of pity, I gave free vent. to my pent-up emotion, and wept with him whose hands were imbued in the life-blood of my son! We buried the child beside her gentle protectross. I am pleased (if aught can please me in my great affliction) with the secrecy of Zircovin; and I bless the maiden whose latest wish it was. So my name will not be bruited about, and the griefstricken father will be left to his solitude."

The following was dated a few months later:

"Zircovin has sent for me to take possession of the house; he is going abroad. I have strange feelings about that dwelling. It seems as if it could be haunted. I could not live there in peace."

Seven years later:

"Zircovin has returned and applied to me by letmaster minds, by the eloquence of prayer and pur- ter for the house in the woods. I cannot grant his pose, proclaimed by woman's lips, by little children, request, for it is tenanted. How fearfully the knowledge of his return brings to my mind the past! I will, however, go down to N- and see the place.

I have been and have arranged it all. Poor, wornthy heart enriched; thou shalt break the strong fet- indomitable courage is on his brow! Success would ters of creed and fear, and no resistance oppose the make of him one of those great men the world calls strong and willing soul. Listen, woman! Longcen- heroes; injustice drives him from his native shores, turies thou hast groaned beneath tyrannic shackles tainted with a rebel's name. The quiet family living at the house will admit him as a lodger. He says

He is dead!-even as Idoline was found, they found him; his white locks streaming in the wind. thy uncrrving soul the guide, thy loving heart the a withered rose grasped tightly in his hand, prosmessenger-thy spirit the bearer of glad tidings trate on the ground, clasping the cold, grey rock ! unto men. Be patient, watchful, strong; and angel But his face was peaceful, smiling; he died without a struggle. They buried him, with tears, beside his much loved child.

Upon his breast was found a package of papersthe earth, great spirits shall arise, endowed with a sort of journal. It was sent to me. I have read power, with strength and love divine-the pioneers it with strange, varying feelings. What singular of man's redemption, and woman's consecration unto | beings they were, that father and daughter; and yet God! The angel hosts are watching; the beacon I feel a reverence, almost an awe. I cannot destroy fires glow from the spiritual summit's height; and those papers; they shall be with me while I live; from the myriad unseen worlds afar, thrills low and when I am about to leave the world I will destroy

A letter from Mr. Hardham informed the mistress of Woodbine Lodge that his father, on his deathbed, mental strife; where beauty weeps not o'er decay; gave him the sealed package, with a command to where love is imperishable, and God is nigh and read it when his spirit should have departed. For mother and my kindred dwell. Tarry yet awhile, Often he felt tempted to commit the journal of the power, thy influence has been-shall be felt. Thy almost, as it were, a sudden drawing away of his

For some years a believer in the truth and beauty of spirit intercourse, he had learned to comprehend not! Look ever upward and beyond; the true and the mysteries of that record. Divested of earthly pride, and deeming it an act of justice, he sent the Farewell! In coming time others shall speak to letters to the owner of the house, in which so much you more eloquently of higher truths and deeper of the spiritual and the beautiful transpired. On revelations. Soon, and earth shall be flooded with a the point of transition himself, at peace with God sen of light, and angels shall beautify its homes, and and man, he made this acknowledgment to one who, like himself, was a believer in, and participator of,

Many tenants had left the house, chased thence by ing so calmly to the other shore; but wee is me, the the strange sounds, the weird, melodious breathings on the air. Perhaps, for years, the spirit of the Blotted with quick falling tears was the record of beautiful and pure Rosalic sought for communion ner death, the day and hour. Through her own with those of earth; the liberty-loving soul of Zircovin returned to the loved haunt of home; but even "She smiles in seraphic peace; her white hands as on earth, his motives were not acknowledged, and

musing hour of her congenial spirit, Eva; often the advancement should have rendered me worthy of warrior father stands beside her, guiding her hand admission. The new academy at Groton (since justly to write messages of encouraging hope and joy to celibrated for its excellent educational resources,) at man; often the child, Idoline, stands by the flowers, osce suggested itself as a desirable place to the inhaling their sweet perfume, her blue eyes full of minds of my anxious parents for the mental culture thought and tenderness. Yet in a child form, here and moral improvement of their only son. is a glorious intellect, a developed soul, that som | To think was to act with my father, and the shall expand into the ripeness and glory of celestial morning after the anniversary of my tenth birth-day womanhood. She is with her mother in the land of found me an established inmate of Groton Academy. peace; and speaks of her father rising slowly to the My first separation from parents and home was, of higher light, guided by the one redceming love of course, a painful one; but my intense desire for earth, a father's fond affection.

and much of Mrs. Felton's fear has departed; for, the laws of school thraldom. with the coming of the departed to earth, that beau tiful and calm return, much of the olden superstiheard from Rosalie, it was through a young medlum's lips; and while the sweet verses were spoken, low, lute-like tones swept over the bending flowers. and the atmosphere of another, holier clime, seemed to pervade the quiet room.

I come from the stellar fanes on high To the breathing, prayerful earth; From the wisdom shrine, and the love-lit home, To the dear, familiar hearth. To the quiet scene of my earthly lot,

To my forest-skirted, humble cot. I come with rare soul-gifts-with given power-Of wonderful glimpses of truth; With the gens of affection, the sun-blessed flowers Of knowledge and beauty and youth. From the glerious life of my spirit-home. O'er the singing waves to earth I come.

I come with a mission of love to all-With Joy for the good and brave-With the yearning heart and the outstretched hand, The erring ones to save. The dew-drops of pity, the smiles of love, I bring from the spirit-realms above.

I come with the sunlight of joy on my brow, With treasures of beauty and song—
With the heart-hymn of love, and the liberty chaunt Triumphant o'er sorrow and wreng. come with the loving heart of yore, From the homes and shrines of the spirit-shore.

Philadelphia, February, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light. The Charity of the Morld.

BY A POOR RELATIVE.

Some author has written, "For sorrow is the com mon lot of all humanity;" a sentiment to which my and heart fully responded. When a boy of fourteen years, I was rudely thrown forth upon the cold and unfeeling world to buffet with its stern trials, and mark out, unaided and alone, my pathway through

Had I have been blessed with that greatest of earthly blessings-riches-the future would not have presented to my youthful imagination a land of shadows and dim uncertainties, but a bright and glowing picture of "uninterrupted joy-unrivaled love." But God had decreed that it should be otherwise, and though ofttimes, in days gone by, I have sinfully murmured at my lot, yet calm reflection and the experience of later years has proved to me that early sufferings are as necessary to the purification and eternal happiness of the human soul as is untainted air to the sustenance of the physical or external man. But I am unwillingly digressing took the pale and transparent complexion, with its from that portion of my former history of which I desire particularly to speak.

The home in which I first opened my eyes to the light of day, was an exceedingly comfortable, if not luxurious one, being located in the small and then somewhat obscure town of Wiltonville. My father, an honest and hard working man, was the principal dry goods dealer in the place, although his establishment, like the most of country stores, was rather of a miscellaneous character.

With my respected parent everything went on smoothly and prosperously in his business affairs for a period of ten years, when owing to the rapid increase of trade in our fast rising town, my father deemed it important and even necessary for him to engage a partner in a business which promised large the greatest of earthly comforts, and served to form in the course of a few years of perseverance and loved at home. As time rolled on, I perceived that industry. Against the danger of such an uncertain the delicate and elegant chirography of my mother's step, my gentle but ever cautious mother warned her husband; but for once her advice was unheeded, with a man considerably his senior in years, and

A larger and more commodious store was now rented by the thoroughly interested partners, who which my childish eyes so eagerly watched for each seemed bent upon amassing a fortune before old age, with its withering hand, should blunt and destroy lay upon her bed completely prostrated and weakentheir energies. Extensive additions to their already ed by a severe attack of bleeding at the lungs, or a large stock of goods were being constantly received violent coughing fit. Letters from home now reached from the neighboring cities of Boston and New York, me only once in three or four weeks, until by degrees to which places my father now made frequent pilgrim- they ceased altogether. At this sudden and unexages, where, unfortunately for himself and family, pected change in the state of affairs, my sensitive he imbibed many extravagant ideas, which a careful heart now took alarm. Three months had clapsed observer might have seen manifested in numerous and no letter had been received by me from the ways, in regard to his expensive mode of living, and mother, whom I prized next to my God. increased expenditures in trade. The patronage of not only all Wiltonville was generously awarded the by their teacher, as a season of recreation, and I new firm of Butler & Chilson, but even extended in among the rest, felt an intense desire to spend that a large measure to the various inhabitants of the good old Puritanic holiday at home. I had expressed several towns in the immediate vicinity of our now as much to my mother some six weeks previous, but

her. Alarmed at the first indication of disease upon intervals of a week or ten days afterwards. a constitution which had ever been noted for its apparent soundness, my father seemed intent upon in the annals of the history of the present generagratifying every wish, however slight, expressed by tion of the America people, because of the devastahis darling wife. Several journeys to the South tion and ruin that stalked about with giant tread, were now made by my devoted father and his levely throughout the entire length and breadth of our companion, by recommendation of the physician of now-favored land-a year in which men of reputed the latter, who hoped by this means to restore his fair patient to her former good health.

Being an only child, and withal rather of a quiet

ing inspired only terror. But to the strong, courage- to my father's satchful eye, it was deemed advisable ous soul of Eva Thornton, they could come with by the latter to place me in some first class boarding welcome songs, and beautiful revelations of the inner school, when, under proper tutorage, I might undergo a thorough course of study, preparatory to enter-Often the glorified face of Rosalle beams in the ing Harrard College, when years and Intellectual

knowledge trium; hed over the more tender emotions Eva lives happy and cheerful in the haunted house, of the heart, and made me a subservient captive to

During one of my earliest vacations, I well remember accompanying my dear mother to New York tion has left the yearning heart. When Eva last on a visit to my father's only sister and living relative, Mrs. Hunnewell, whose husband was the proprietor of an extensive jewelry establishment in the Empire City. It was at the time when my beloved parent first began to exhibit symptoms of that unconquerable disease, consumption, which some three years later snatched her from my adoring arms, and laid her gentle form to rest in the silent tomb. I shall never forget the extreme kindness of our reception, or the tokens of marked hospitality which my aunt and the several members of her family bestowed upon us; for, though a more child, it made a deep impression upon my boyish heart, and contrasted strangely with the treatment which I received at the hands of my only surviving relatives, some three years after, when orphaned and penniless I was obliged to accept of the bounty, alas! which they so gaudgingly bestowed. The memories of that first visit to old Gotham are to this day still green in my heart. Had my sweet mother been an exempress living in regal retirement, and I her son. a youthful prince, we could not have been more honored by attentions, or showered with favors by both old and young in the Hunnewell family, than we were during our three weeks' stay beneath my aunt's hospitable dwelling.

My Cousin Frank, a fine manly-looking boy of thirteen years, was then not too proud to roll hoop up and down Broadway, or snap marbles in the back yard of his father's comfortable but showy dwelling, with a boy three years his junior, and a country one at that. Even Gracie and Jenny, sweet little girls of nine and eleven years, were always ready to join me in a game of grace-hoops in the nursery, whenever dear Aunt Anna, (as they affectionately termed my poor sick mother,) was suffering from the effects of a violent headache, or resting, after a long and fatiguing ride, upon the spacious and snowily curtained bed, which occupied a deep recess in the best spare chamber appropriated to her

For a few days after my return to Groton, I experienced a slight sense of home-sickness; but the feeling was a transient one, passing off under the weight of school-room duties, allotted for my performance. The ensuing winter and following spring were spent by my mother in Florida and Baltimore, so that it was quite summer time again, about a year after my return from New York, before I laid eyes upon my beloved mother. When I did behold her once more, I could not discover the least visible trace of sickness in her handsome face, although my father distinctly told me that dear mamma was far from being well. In my childish ignorance, I misdelicate hectic tinge on either cheek, and the brilliant and soul piercing dark eyes, for tokens of good health, instead of the deceitful symptoms of nature's slow but sure decay, by the unsparing hand of dis-

For the next two years my mind was completely occupied with my studies, and the constant words of encouragement and praise which I received from the lips of my teachers, (with whom I had long since become an established favorite,) only served to stimulate me in my exertions to attain the highest rank in my class. My mother now visited me only at rare intervals, her excuse being a lack of time rather than inclination. Her weekly letters, so full of good advice and maternal tenderness, were to me rewards, in a lucrative sense, to those engaged in it, a connecting link between the absent one and the epistles became cramped and irregular, as if the pen had been guided over the smooth white page by a and a few months later found my father in company tremulous and uncertain hand. How to account for this change in her hitherto beautifully even style the possessor of no small amount of capital, which of hand writing, I knew not, for my mother, with the latter did not hesitate to invest in their mutual true womanly tact, never divulged to her lighthearted boy the secret of her long suffering, though, as I afterwards learned from my father, the letters coming week, were oft-times written to me while she

Thanksgiving week had been allotted to the boys, to my bitter disappointment had received no reply About this time my mother's health began to fail to that, or the two or three letters I had written at

It was the fall of the year 1837, a year memorable wealth were reduced in a single day from a state of opulence to utter beggary and ruin.

It was the morning of the day preceding that and well-disposed boy for one of my tender age, it assigned by the Governor of Massachusetts as a day will hardly be wendered at, when I tell you that I of general thanksgiving among the inhabitants of was at once the pride and pet of the household. this State. Tired of watching the mail which for Observing from earliest infancy my extreme love for long weeks had denied me the precious boon for books rather than play-in which the generality of which my soul so thirsted, I sat silently poring over boys so much delight-my indulgent father deter a book in the solitude of my own little room, (my mined to gratify, as far as possible, my educational particular friend and chum having gone to New Hampshire the Saturday previous,) when suddenly At first, my beloved mother voluntarily assumed the principal of the school entered, bearing in his the office of governess; but as soon as the first outstretched hand a letter, the address of which

my loved mother, though written in an apparently prayed God to let me die also, in the extreme apathy feeble hand, and requesting my immediate presence of despair. But there came no responding answer at home.

home. It was full nine clock in the evening bester regrets. fore the train reached viltonville, although it did seem as if we dashed along with almost lightning business for the space of all three weeks.

hall by my dear mother, whose pale face and hollow voice actually startled meas clasping me firmly in home. At that moment conviction of the hitter mind. The quick eye of ty nother must have nobeaming countenance, for, with a bright laugh, she supper was awaiting us.

The gavety of my mother's sirits during that entire meal, quite disarmed my mind of the sad thoughts that had but a mment or two swiftly coursed through it, and one seved to impart an increasing relish to the excelentrepast before me. It was full an hour and a hal blore we rose from our of hours. Well may I have litered with heart felt pleasure over that cheerful he, for it was the very ast that God ever permitted use enjoy together!

My dear mother's excuse forot having answered my letters of late, was on the ore of indisposition. She seemed surprised to think at so long a period had clapsed since I had receid any intelligence from home, for she had, whenco ill to write herself, carefully handed her boy'stters to my father, who had promised to answer tm immediately for of business absorbed his entirelme and attention. for when at home, he spent moof his evenings in his library in close conversati with his partner, Mr. Chilson.

so long, she replied no, but thue had written her some three days after his arrivin that city, that quire his remaining there somero weeks or more. Mr. Chilson called, between sind seven o'clock, and left word with the servantho had answered knowledge. the bell, that he had but just rived a telegraphic dispatch from Mr. Bottler, wh said he should the same night. Why Mr. Chil had not asked to see her, as was his custom, was source of surprise to my mother; but as the girid that he looked get home to supper, the inner, and unsuspecting wife gave no more thought tobmatter.

At about five minutes patwelve o'clock, the shrill whistle of the locomotannounced to our impatient and listening ears thrival of the night train from New York. John, tman of out-door buggy to receive the expected reler and his baggage.

For the past two or three hothe rain had been

valise, and with clothes wet be rain, disordered locality. hair, and a face almost ghastlyts uniform pallor, out noticing me, hurried on to barlor. .

upon which he had recklesslyown himself, and ause of his sorrow.

"Oh, my poor Anna!" he exned, at the same Chilson tell you of this?"

"Of what?" cried my moths she despairingneck of her anguish stricken had.

"Calm yourself, my dear wind I will tell you all," replied my father, as he trly put her away clothes should give her additionld.

"Well, Charles, I am preparchear the worst, said the invalid, making a stroibrt towards composure, and grasping my hand upport.

" Anna, if I must indeed tell the bitter truth, we are completely ruined-yourband is a bankrupt / "

A sharp, shrill cry vibra throughout the apartment, and the next instan mother lay pow orless at the feet of her wretchusband, the hot life-blood flowing from her pale in a dark-purple stream, and deluging the foldher snowy wrapper, as my father and I bent ly over her loved form, striving, by words of paste tenderness, to recall that endeared one back tisciousness. But in vain. Life was extinct. Thock had been too great a one for her feeble onsion to bear; and placed in their power. the testimony of her attend physician, when summoned to the spot, som fivinutes later. was that the deceased had suddefuptured a blood-

Here, dear reader, begat mst great sorrow. attack of brain fever. Four v later, and I be would most naturally fasten itself upon me. held, through a mist of fallings, the loved form symptoms of ill-health began to present themselves I instinctively divined to be my own. I opened of my father placed beside that y sainted moth mission of my uncle to wait upon my cousin Gracie

it in breathless haste. It proved to be from er in the cold and silent tomb. It was then that I to my wicked prayer for death, and so I struggled on The noon train found me on the road toward in my deep solitude of heart, blasted hopes, and bit-

Some two weeks after my father's burial, beheld speed. A man-servant wis in readiness at the depot me an established inmate in the family of my uncle, to relieve me of my walls, and from him I learned Mr. Hunnewell, who, with his showy and splendidly that my father had bee absent to New York on dressed wife, had come up from New York a few days previous, to attend the funeral ceremonies of With a beating heart mastened on, and reaching my deceased parent, and make some provision for the door of my father's welling, was met in the the future support and maintenance of the only child of their late brother. It had been my father's dying wish that I should make my home with his only and her slight arms she wept er joy at my safe return much loved sister, Ellen Hunnewell. A letter expressive of the same desire had been dictated by the truth of my loved parent's approaching dissolution sinking man a few hours before his death, to the suddenly flashed upon my litherto unsuspecting village minister, who at once despatched it to New York, as soon as the weary spirit had commenced ticed the look of sorrow which rapidly rose upon my its heavenward flight. From the short conversation which I held with my father in his last illness, and drew her arm within that if my own, and proudly the apparent calmness with which he looked forward led me forth into the dinng com, where she said to his approaching end, I inferred that the latter entertained not the slightest fear but that his sister would faithfully fulfill to the orphan boy the sacred office of a mother, and that in entering her family, I would become an equal sharer in the rights and privileges extended to the children of her own flesh and blood. Happily for my dear father that the film which had so long blinded his eyes to the faults seats at the table, over which we had unbeedingly of his wealthy and worldy-loving sister, was not relingered, in cheerful conversion, and retired to the moved, else would his fond heart have strangely parlor, for the purpose of saing the coming of my rebelled at the thought of leaving his child to the father, whose return might be soked for in a couple charity of one whose generosity of heart was entirely subjective to her self-interest, and who looked upon a poor relative as something entirely beneath her notice, and a burden and expense, rather than a

comfort. As I have before said, my uncle and aunt remained in Wiltonville some eight or ten days after my father's death, in order that the former might settle up in a measure the business affairs of their deceased relative, whose failure and sudden death had left matters in a terribly disordered state. her. But it seemed to her as in increasing cares Grasping and unfeeling creditors, both in New York and Boston, seized upon everything that had once belonged to the enterprising firm of Butler & Chilson, and the latter, finding himself homeless and friendless in Wiltonville, immediately removed his Upon my inquiring of her if y father, on going family to the West, where by hard labor and conto New York, had intended beinbsent from home tinued perseverance he hoped to replenish his then empty coffers.

The night after my father's funeral, I chanced to business of an unexpected natuwould perhaps re-overhear some portions of a conversation which ensued between Mr. Hunnewell and his wife, as I lay Since that time she had received particular word in my bed in a room adjoining the one occupied by from him, until the very evening my return, when them, through the medium of very thin walls and a door which had been left slightly ajar, without their

Being informed by the village minister of my great and unbounded love for the acquisition of probably arrive in Wiltonville out twelve o'clock learning, and of my extreme desire to pass through college, my uncle, with true liberality of heart, pro posed continuing my studies at some good school in New York, preparatory to sending me to Harvard both pale and sick, besides beha a great hurry to University. To my great surprise, however, my aunt entirely discountenanced such a course; add. ing with a degree of sarcasm that, young as I was, smote my boyish heart, that "children entirely dependent upon the bounty and charity of their superiors, ought to be brought up to some mechanical employment, instead of stuffing their brains full of work, had been despatched toe depot with the book-knowledge, and thereby educating them for a station which they might never hope to fill in after

After this passing remark, a strong feeling of anfalling heavily; but as everyti inside presented tipathy towards my aunt seemed to spring up withso warm and cheerful an agrance, my mother in my breast, which every succeeding day served and I had scarce heeded the wag of the elements but to increase. Upon reaching New York, I found the home to which I was transferred to be one of All of a sudden, there cam loud and hurried exceeding beauty and magnificence. To be the knock upon the hall door. Betarted, and looked possessor of a splendid residence in Fifth Avenue at each other in dismay for a sal, for neither had had long been the darling wish of my aunt's heart. heard the sound of carriage wi or the tramp of Fortune had prospered my uncle in his business to horses' hoofs. The heart of los ever brave, and a wonderful extent, and it was to gratify the foolish scizing a lamp, my mother haed to the door be pride of his wife and children, that he had sold off fore I could call her back. Ane minute, and my his plain but comfortable dwelling in Second Avenue, father rushed wildly into the , threw down his for a new five storied mansion in a more fashionable

The reception which 1 met with from my cousin caught his wife convulsively to heart, and, with- Frank and his eldest sister, Jenny, was anything but gratifying to a heart that, in its extreme loneliness, Perceiving that something wal had occurred, craved sympathy more than bodily nourishment. to so change the outward appears of her beloved Gracie, a sweet and interesting girl of thirteen years, husband, my mother quickly meed to the sofa, was the only member of that trio that seemed to regard me with any degree of tenderness and interest. seating herself beside him, brly inquired the Jenny-or "Miss Jane" Hunnewell, as she bade the servants to address her was a tall and by no means handsome girl of fifteen rears, who was just putting ime rising to his feet, and rafully contempla the finishing touches to an entirely superficial educating the pale, thin face of hisk wife, "did not tion, in one of the most fashionable female seminaries which the Empire City then boasted. Like her mother, she had grown to be haughty and imperious y rose from the sofa, and th herself upon the towards those whom God had less favored in a worldly sense.

Frank Hunnewell, now a gay, sporting fellow of seventeen years, who spent most of his time in playfrom him, lest the dampnessing from his wet ing billiards and visiting public places of amusement, was the pride of his mother and particular pet of his sister Jane, who thought him a perfect model of manly elegance and beauty, although a more conceited and shallow-pated boy was not to be found in the entire city.

I soon learned that my poverty and dependence made me an object of especial scorn and ridicule with my aunt and her two favorite children; and but for the many words of encouragement and kindness which I received from my cousin Gracie and her father-who was at heart a good and noble manmy sensitive nature would have been crushed to the earth beneath the load of cruelty and oppression which was heaped upon my unoffending head from time to time, by those who loved to play the tyrant over persons whom stern fate had unfortunately

I had been in my uncle's shop full three years, where I had served several months at watch making, vessel thus producing inshinous death, to one when I discovered one morning upon going to the who could not at the best haved many months safe, wherein it was my nightly duty to deposit the principal articles of jewelry, that it had been robbed of valuables to the amount of two hundred and fifty My father's severe failure, had the sudden and dollars. My face grew ashy pale as my uncle enunlooked for death of his vifeperated upon his tered the store and greeted me with his usual pleasmind; that on the day appointon my mother's ant smile; for I felt that though innocent of the robfuneral he was confined to hd with a terrible bery which had but just been committed, suspicion

Contrary to my usual custom, I had requested per-

to the theatre the evening previous, which prevented my return to the store, where I always slept until quite midnight.

. I think that Mr. Hunnowell must have noticed my white face and serrowful eyes, for, approaching the counter; behind which I stood trembling like a guilty culprit, he said, in tones of great kindness, "What alls you, Ralph? Are you sick, or has something frightened you, that your face is so terribly white ?"

I felt that the truth were better told without healtation, and so I raised my eyes sadly to his anxious face, and replied, "No, uncle, I am not sick in a bodily sense, but I have semething weighing upon my heart which I feel it my immediate duty to communicate to you at once, even at the risk of incurring your lasting displeasure and eternal censure."

I then communicated to him the fearful discovery I had just made in regard to the missing articles of jewelry, which I remembered placing in their accustomed corner of the safe the night previous.

Mr. Hunnewell heard me through with a blanched face, and without uttering a single word of accusation, and after holding a few minutes' private conversation with his partner, Mr. Mack, at once left the

From the first moment that I had found the jewelry gone, something seemed to say to me, this robbery the work of Frank Hunnewell !- a suspicion which his very looks and manner seemed to confirm in my mind, when, an hour after his father's departure, he entered the store for the purpose of reading the mornng papers, as was his daily custom; for Frank Hunnewell felt himself above filling the place of salesman, even in his own father's establishment. There was a guilty look about his cold grey eyes that seemed to brand him, in my mind, as the thief, although the faintest expression of such a suspicion by me would have been perilous to my life, of so fierce and brutal a temperament was he possessed.

As I expected, my aunt and cousin Jane were oud in their accusation against one whom they had ong looked upon with scorn and contempt. Even Frank, with a boldness of face which I had believed him incapable of assuming, had the audacity to look me in the eye and call me a villain and a robber! Gracie, my youngest cousin, plead vainly for my sake. To her tender entreaties and words of truth all the others turned a deaf ear; and even my uncle Hunnewell, influenced by his cruel-hearted wife, accused me of repaying his charity and kindness by stealing from him. Knowing full well that further attempts upon my part to prove my innocence in the matter were useless, I held a secret interview with Gracie that night, and, after assuring her that I was not guilty of the crime of which was suspected, I made known to her my intention of leaving my uncless roof that very night, in order to escape the penalty of arrest and imprisonment for an act of which I was entirely innocent.

With tears in her blue eyes, the lovely girl bade ne go, promising to disclose nothing to her parents concerning my departure; and after commending me to God's mercy, and reassuring me of the dearly prized fact that I was in her eyes, now as ever, innocent in regard to the stolen jewelry, I bade her a tender adieu, and secretly left the house which had for three years been to me a place of refuge, rather han a home of comfort, for the West.

Five years rolled by, and under an assumed name I had made some ten thousand dollars in business in Chicago, at that time a large and flourishing town, but by no means the commercial emporium that it now is. A desire to revisit New York suddenly forced itself into my mind, and with a heart that innocence and increasing years had served to render bold, I packed my trunk and started for the East. Arriving in the Empire City, I found that five years' absence had wrought many changes in a place with whose every nook and cranny I had once felt myself familiar.

To my delight, my uncle's store still remained in the olden place. Entering it, I inquired of a greyhaired, elderly man, whom I at once recognized as my worthy relative, if Mr. Hunnewell was in? The person addressed regarded me for a moment

or two with strictest scruting, and then asked in faltering tone and with trembling lips, if my name was not Ralph Butler, apparently unheeding my own question. To my reply, that such was the name under which I was formerly known in New York, the over-joyed man rushed forward, and, embracing me tenderly, begged my forgiveness for having suspected me of a crime the real author of which had recently been brought to light.

It was a prinful thing to be obliged to listen to a father's conviction of his son's guilt. Frank Hunnewell was indeed the author of a crime which he had so sinfully laid upon my shoulders. One year previous he had suddenly deserted his home, where, by his profligacy and dissipation, he had incurred enormous debts, which his poor father had been obliged to pay for him. No intelligence was received concerning his whereabouts until about a twelvemouth before my return to New York, when his father received, one day, a letter penned in a feeble hand, which upon examination proved to be from his dying son Frank, containing a dying confession of the robbery which he had committed in his father's store four years before.

For all the suffering which I had endured God now compensated me, by bestowing upon me the love of my dear cousin Gracic, who, with a woman's constancy, had remained true to the love which time and distance had not power to dampen or extinguish. Aunt Hunnewell had died suddenly of heart disease. two years after my departure for Chicago. Her spoiled child and favorite daughter eloped to Germany with a professed German count, who proved to be a barber in disguise. She is now a widow with two children, and dependent upon the bounty of her sister Gracie, who is now the happy wife of her once poor relative.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION OF AMERICANS.—So long as thousands and thousands of rifles remain in the hands of the people; so long as men come up from their childhood able, ere the down appears on the chin, to hit the centre of a mark, or strike the deer, at one hundred and fifty yards, in the most vital part; so long as there is a great proportion of the Republic who live as free as the wild Indian, know. ing no leader but their own choosing, knowing no law but that of right, and the honorable observance of friendly intercourse, America is unconquerable, and all the armies of the combined world, though they might drive them from the sea coast and across the Alleghanies, would not be able to subdue the free souled hunter among the mountains and great ... prairies and mighty rivers of the West.

Those who possess the most real excellence may least.

Bunner of Right.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1850.

Publication Office No. 3 1-2 Brattle Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION : Bingle copies per year, \$2 00 " six months, 1 00 " three months, 50 at three months,
three months,
All subscriptions must be paid in advance, and the paper
all be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, of will be discontinued at the expiration or the time time which due notice will be given.

CLUB ILATES.—Clubs of four and upwards will be furnished at the following rates:

One year,

Six months,

76

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

Changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.

ADDERSS, "BANNER OF LIGHT," BOSTON, MASS.

Colby, Forster & Co. THOS. GALES FORSTER, J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE. LUTHER COLEY, WILLIAM BERRY,

INEBRIATE ASYLUMS.

Certain truly philanthropic and practical men, in the State of New York, some time since projected a place of refuge for the inebriate; and not merely of refuge, but a place where they may go with the hope of being cured. We regard with favor all projects of this character, and consider them evidences of our advancing civilization. It is time that something besides stringent laws, infused with a greater or less degree of selfishness, should be applied to cases of unfortunate inharitances, like the diseases inherited by inchriates, Law has been tried for such, and found not to reach them. The very men whom it is proposed to punish because they cannot control their appetites, are the ones who desire and pray to be relieved from the curse that lies so heavily upon them, and struggle blindly but vainly for the freedom they cannot attain.

In place of entering on any discussion of the needs of such institutions in every State, or even of investigating the probabilities of effecting permanent cures of the disease of intemperance by such methods of treatment as have been proposed, we subjoin the following statement of facts from a late Appeal of the Trustees of the New York Incbriate Asylum to the People and the Churches of the United States, on behalf of that Institution. They tell a better story-these factsthan all the arguments that we could present. The Trustees, it seems, appealed to the State Legislature for an appropriation of a hundred thousand dollars to aid their philanthropic enterprise; but the appeal was made in vain. Hence they present their cause to the hearing of the people of the country. They state their case very strongly when they say:-

When a Government neglects to provide for its great bumane and charitable institutions, and the sick and the insane are left to languish in our alms-houses, and perish in our streets, then it becomes the duty of every benevolent and patriotic citizen to aid all those great works of philanthropy which the State fails to assist. What is the duty of society towards its unfortunate children? With regard to the inebriate, it is clear and

imperative. It is the duty of every Christian com-munity to provide the best means for the cure of the curable, and to take care of the incurable. This duty of society, hesides being urged by every consideration of humanity, will be seen to be more imperative, when consider that inebricty is in many cases, hereditary and the result, of the imperfect or vicious social customs of our ancestors.

So great has been the necessity felt for an Inebriate Asylum, that more than nine hundred leading physicians, of all schools; more than four hundred elergymen, of all denominations; more than four hundred leading lawyers, of all parties, have subscribed to the fund of this institution.

Of all the maladies which man is heir to, there is none that requires an asylum for its treatment more than inebriety. Yellow fever, cholera, small-pox, deaf-ness, and blindness—all these, sad as they are, may be successfully treated at home; while the inebriate, without an anylum, perils his own life by his own hand, jeopardizes the lives of others, and dies, at length, a t painful death. In no physical condition in which man is placed, either in disease or health, can we find him cheerfully surrendering food, raiment, shelter, and friends, to gratify any passion or desire, except in the diseased appetite produced by alcoholic stimulants. diseased appetite produced by alcoholic stimulants. Where is the man who has power of mind and determiand the man wan as power of think and determination of purpose to withstand the terments of hunger and thirst, when rich viands and dolicious waters are placed before him? Will be not break bars and bolts to satisfy the cravings of his famishing nature? Blame not the inebriate, then, for breaking his resolutions, and disregarding his vows, when, in view of the wretched results of his excesses, he lifts to his lips the poisonous draught, which, if the cause of all his woes, is the source of all his consolation; puts to sleep the torments of his stomach, soothes his agitated nerves, and gives a momentary respite to his infernal misery. Can any has witnessed the inebriate's sufferings b lieve that the hunger and thirst of a famishing man are more terrible than the morbid appetite of the inebriate-an appetite which leads its victim to forego food, raiment, and every physical comfort, to spend his last farthing for alcoholic stimulants, even when his emaciated body is perishing for the want of its natural sustenance?

natural sustenance?
This Institution (while relying for its success upon the careful classification of its patients, its rigid, but kind, police discipline, its judicious hygienic and med ical appliances, its moral and religious influences will prove the most powerful auxiliary to the church in rescuing from the thraldom of a diseased appetite a class of our fellow-citizens whose present physical mental condition excludes them from the pale of religious influences—a condition more deplorable than that of any heathen on the face of the earth.

The paper goes on to ask:-

Who can doubt the vital importance of such an asy lum when, even before its first story is completed, more than twenty-eight hundred applications have been made for admittance, many of which are from the patients themselves? Among the applicants are twenty-eight chergymen, thirty-six physicians, forty-two law-yers, three judges, twelve editors, four army and three naval officers, one hundred and seventy-nine merchants fifty-five farmers, five hundred and fifteen mechanics and four hundred and ten women, who are from the high walks of life. Of the vocation of the remaining twelve hundred applicants, we have no knowledge.

If it were in our power, without invading the sancti-ty of private life, to lay before the public a full account of each case of inebriety that has come under our ob-servation, and unfold the terrible calamities inflicted upon whole families by this disease, we could present a history which would arouse the sympathies of the world, and bring to the aid of this great work every benevo-

lent citizen of our country.

We said we should prefer to give facts on this subject, to bald and perhaps inconclusive arguments. We append the following, from the address itself, of which the trustees were themselves cognizant, and for whose authenticity they vouch.

First comes the case of a clergyman. Rev. Mr. Blank was a gentleman of genius, fine culture and accomplishments, and whose professional reputation was second to none of his age in our country. He had many admirers, and, wherever he preached, multitudes flocked to hear him. He was as attractive in social life as in the pulpit, yet he was afflicted with this painful malady-a diseased appetite, which he had inherited, and which it was impossible for him to control. Although he loved his accomplished wife and his dear children as strongly and devotedly as any father could love, yet these sacred ties, that bound him to life, were as ropes of sand for restraint, when this morbid appetite was upon him. Although a devoted Christian and a holy man (with this exception), yet the church, with all its sacred influences, could not control him. He has now left his church and people, and gone home to die.

There is the melancholy case of another clergyman, which deeply enlisted the sympathies of the late Hon. B. F. Butler:-For several years this gentleman had

been suffering from tania, which had produced great emaciation. For this malady his physician recom mended alcoholic stimulants, which were taken in large quantities, and for a long period. The result was that this prescription, instead of benefitting the patient produced the most fearful disease of inchricty. The patient lost relicontrol, and became a burden to his friends, who made every effort to restrain him, but in delity of the day." vain. At length, conscious of his inability for selfcontrol, he voluntarily surrendered himself to the custody of the superintendent of the sims-house on Blackwell's Island. He remained there but a short time, as his better nature revolted at the deprayed surroundings. Finally, as a last resort, his friends have sent him on a sea voyage, from which he has not yet returned.

Next follow three Judges:-Within the past two years, the State of New York has lost by death two of her Supreme Court Judges, and one of her County Judges, all of whom died by inebricty, and all of whom were applicants for admission to this Asylum.

Then a merchant, who had applied for admission to the Asylum:-This gentleman retired from business about seven years since, with a fortune of seven hundred thousand dollars. Having been accustomed to a great amount of mental excitement incident to a large business, he became much depressed in the retirement of a private life, and resorted to alcoholic stimulants to restore the wonted physical and mental condition of his system. Thereby was produced this disease, which con-

signed this once useful man to a premature grave. Now all such cases are curable, and the following examples and disciplinary treatment go to prove that it

- was a gentleman who had been disinherited by his father, on account of his inebricty. His wife and children had left him and gone to reside with his relatives in a distant State, while he, the victim of a diseased appetite, was left to perish as a pauper in the streets of a city. Early one morning, as two lawyers were walking together to their office, they beheld a man lying in the street, in an insensible state, and covered with the filth of the gutter. They were attracted by a resemblance the man bore to an old classmate of theirs at college. On a near approach, they discovered that it was indeed their old friend. They immediately had him removed to comfortable quarters, and placed him under the charge of a physician, until he had sufficiently recovered to recognize them. They learned his past history, and, by his desire, placed him in an insame asylum, for control and treatment. He was kept there for two years, and discharged cured. Two months after he left the Asylum, he moved to the city of New York, where his family joined him, and where he resided for twenty years, a useful citizen, a kind husband, a devoted father, and an exemplary Christian. He died three years since, aged sixty-three.

Another, of a minister who was cured:-He had be come an inebriate, and an opium-eater. His case excited much sympathy, from the fact that he was a man of ability and accomplishments, and was beloved by all his acquaintances. All means were tried to control him at home, but without avail. Many of his best friends turned from him, discouraged and disheartened. At last it was concluded to send him to the insane asylum, where he was kept for fourteen months, and discharged, cured. He is now a professor in one of the most flourishing colleges in our country.

Another, of a distinguished lawyer:--He had become common street incbriate, and whom friends had done everything (as they thought) to save. At last, it was resolved to place him in an insane asylum, for control and treatment. At the expiration of the second month of treatment, he regained his self-respect, and, in the third mouth, his taste for reading. At the expiration of the ninth month, the morbid condition of his stomach had been removed, a healthy tone and action of the system restored, so that all cravings for alco holic stimulants had disappeared. At the close of the twelfth month, he was pronounced perfectly sound and was discharged. He is now enjoying a fine repu tation as a Judge, and has been for several years an ornament to the Bur.

The Trustees conclude their effective appeal in the following strain of argument:-

There may be some good persons who will endeavo to excuse themselves from co-operating with us in this work, on the ground that vinebriety is a mahady so extensive, that, by a single asylum, we shall not be table to reach one in a hundred of this unfortunate class." But inebriety is far less prevalent than idola try; and yet, what great personal and pecuniary sacrifices we have made, and are still making, to remove that evil from the world. But few are discouraged although much is to be done. If there were but sever hundred inebriates in this country, and a moral cer tainty existed that one-half of this number could be restored to health, respectability, and usefulness, would sidered worthy of the united and untiring efforts of the friends of Humanity and Christianity? Are our re-sponsibilities lessened on account of the magnitude of the evil encountered, when the plan is before as bethe evil encountered, when the plan is before us, by which it has been demonstrated, that seventy per cent of all inebriates can be saved by a special asylum. Who is there that can feel indifferent on this subject. Have we not lost a brother, a father, or a son, by thi malady? Are we to suffer the loss of friends again in, without making a practical effort to sav Many a father's anxious inquiry is, wher shall I place my only son, who is destroying his ow life, and bringing disgrace and ruin upon his family Many a mother sighs in solitude because her cherishe son, the hoped-for solace of her declining years, is pursuing the reckless course of the inebriate, and no asylum is afforded to hide him from open disgrace, or

o save him from impending death.

While the hand of Charity and Christian sympathy is extended in the work of founding throughout our land asylums for the reformation of juvenile offenders while hospitals are erected for the maniac, the deaf and dumb, the blind and the idiotic; while the glad tidings of salvation are extended far and wide, to disenthral the heathen from the delusions of idolatry, and to open to them a road to happiness through the Prince of Peace-shall the inebriate be the only class of unfortunates in the world for whose recovery and restora-tion no practical effort is made? Are we not incurring a fearful responsibility as a Christian people, while we permit the inebriate to perish, body and is in our power to rescue him from such a life, and from such a death?

We would carnestly appeal to the Church, and to every benevolent heart in our land, in behalf of more than twenty-eight hundred of our fellow-citizens, who are anxious to be saved from their impending death, and whose salvation in this life, and the life to come. depends entirely upon the co-operation which this great medical, moral and religious work will receive from the hands of the Christian world. When each Church of our land shall have extended to this Institution its contributions, the day will not be far distant when this Asylum will begin its heaven-born mission of restoring to health the diseased, lifting up the fallen and degraded to the high sphere of the virtuous and the good; restoring to the family its lost head, and Church of Christ a useful, exemplary and de-

voted Christian. SPIRITUALISM AT MUSIC HALL.

Rev. T. W. Higginson, by request of the committee f Mr. Parker's Society, will speak on the subject of Spiritualism, at Music Hall, on Sunday, June 26th. This call is made in consequence of a lecture delivered before this Society sometime since by Rev. Mr. James, which presented only the shady side of Spiritualism. and was considered by most persons who heard it, a

very unfair presentation of the subject. Mr. Higginson is a fearless and truthful advocate of Spiritualism as it is, and this invitation is not contrary to the wishes of Mr. Parker; for before he left stead the tree of evil. for the West Indies, he expressed a wish, more than once, that Mr. Higginson would speak to his people on this subject.

NO CIRCLES THIS WEEK.

In consequence of the death of Mrs. Pike, with whom Mrs. Conant has found a genial residence for our readers to better erstand what the book is. the past year or more, it will be impossible for us to Charles Partridge is tublisher. Bela Marsh will resume our sittings this month.

THE CHURCH AND SPIRITISM.

"The Catholic Mirror," a weekly paper published In Baltimore, copies from the "Weekly Register," an English Catholic journal, a report of a lecture delivered at St. Mary's, Moorfields, by he Cardinal Archbishop, This lecture was the second of a course on "some broad and simple principles at which to meet the infl-

The closing paragraph in the report is as follows:--

On the existence or proof of miracles, he said, a considerable difference of opinion obtains between Catho-lies and others. The Catholo believes that miracles are still wrought and are suscetible of proof, but others are still wrought and are suscetible of proof, but others deny the working of any other miracles except those recorded in scripture. He, derefore, confined himself to these, and entered into a claborate argument for the purpose of showing that a was an every day occurrence for men to believe in realts of which they knew nothing about the cause. It instanced table-turning and spirit manifestations; watever people might suppose to be the cause of these remarkable phenomena, the mention that the dealth of the dealth o he manifestations themselvs could not be doubted. He could mention one of thepresent cabinet ministers He could mention one of the present cabinet ministers, who declares that he had sen a ring drop through a table on the floor, and other who had seen hands belonging to no visible person writing words that could be read; and although these things were wholly contrary and opposed to aly known law of nature, he could no more disbelieve in statements of gentlemen who said they had witnessed them, than he could if they told him they had be such and such a friend in the street; and was disposite consider that such phenomena had been normatically he fold in his providence. nomena had been permitté by God in his providence in order to supply anothe attidote to infidelity. The miracles of Scripture could no more be doubted than any facts such as these; ad his Eminence, after contending that there weren other worlds inhabited with men besides our own oncluded with an eloquent enforcement of the claim c religion upon the mind and conscience of humanit

It is a singular fact that churches and all classes of Christians are, imperetibly to themselves, verging by slow but certain ceps towards Spiritualism. It is more or less becomin ugrafted, as it were, upon the great church; and so ve may expect to find new and vigorous shoots, bearg choice fruit, in the place of branches whose fruit hardly up to the demands of the men and women of threasoning and liberal age.

The Universalist and litarian churches are far advanced on the road to I New Dispensation, and the Spiritualist can find nit which he can love and cherish in their belief, a in the teachings which emunate from their pulpits. A single breath of the Great Spirit, causing them tadmit the fact of spirit com-munion, and all different cease, except such as must ever exist between maind man, in order for each to retain that individualit hich is the seal of divinity.

The Orthodox, Bap, and Methodist churches, which have been the mi rigid of all the offspring of the reformation againstew doctrines, are being liberalised with almost inceivable rapidity by clergymen like Beecher. A among the laymen of the churches, there is an impise multitude who not only talk Spiritualism, as se of their best and most beloved preachers do, bulave an abiding faith in the communion of spirit wanortal through the manifestations which their past deny. Angels are already at the doors of these teles, preparing to roll up the veil which shuts out | dear departed, who stand on the other side, putly waiting for the good Father to declare all this ready for the great day of Our Lord.

The Catholic church also showing signs of being gathered with others in ne true church, which shall recognize Truth in all ror in all; and which shall find nothing common oclean in the works of God, but shall see his spirit iterything that lives.

The Atheist and the st stand pledged to no belief.

but ready to grasp trut then it shall appear clothed in form tangible to the inses. They accept the freedom and love the chay there is to be found in the new light, and soon it shine upon them with such power that they will rorth to hail it with joy.

A deep spiritual powt pervading and overshadowing all mankind; and idrawing us all to newer and more liberal views of G of life, and of each other. This influence is fast dilling the mist and darkness of the night, and alreadlimpses of the glorious day of Love and Good Will be caught by those who are earliest on the way to thountain tops.

Many of us have beeind some of us still are, impatient at the slow ma of the monarch of Liberty and Love, and think it ild be better at ouce to tear down and root up the rches, those arms of the departing past, which stelling closely to, and invite the night damp and the tness to linger yet longer in the valley. They are itient to see the light play there, as well as on thountain side where we have pitched our tents.

But the good God is v than we, and has ordained that these withered articl cold forms shall not die He feeds them as the bonurse feeds the famishing body. He does not through them the fullness of his glory, which would desithem at once, but silently sends his influence in sportions as they can receive to-day; and to-morrow will give them more of his love, and thus graduall ppare them to welcome the brighter light which indivored souls enjoy.

These things should thus to be patient with, and kind and loving to all found creeds, and to all who profess to worship Garough them. The word Destruction is not writtpon the churches, but Resurrection—to new life fresher charity, to deeper love-burns brightly abher in the heavens.

CATHOLIC SCI L ASSOCIATION.

An association of the gentlemen within the parish of St. Mary's, Ba, has been formed for the purpose of establishingtholic schools for secular instruction, or, to use I own language, as given in a circular, "for the projon of our children in their faith, against the heretinfluence of our city public

schools; to establish ajustain Catholic schools for the children of Catholients in this parish."

The association is call The Catholic School Asso-ciation of St. Mary's ch." and is to be sustained by monthly assessment the members, who may be either ladies or gentlemend by life-memberships at the rate of \$50 each. constitution of the associathe rate of \$500 each. constitution of the association presents two pee features—one is, that the business meetings, foremining the number of teachers, hiring build fixing salaries and rents, &c., are to be held on day; the other, which furnishes the key to theyement, is the following article

"The pastor of St. M Church, or any other cler-gyman he may appointer by appointed the Direc-tor of the Association he is hereby invested with absolute power in the chiment and direction of the schools."—Journal.

This is one of the tmate fruits of the course adopted by the Bosto hool Committee, in compelling Catholic childre repeat words obnoxious to their faith. If it had the desire of these men to enlighten or to Proteste Catholic children, their intolerance has comple prestrated the plan.

These children will desert our public schools. where liberal sentime would have found way to their hearts, for those objects sectarian character, where they will be dept of any liberal associations. Friend Dyer no doubt talt he was working for the upbuilding of Christians he understands it; but instead of that, his zees pulled down all that the Author of Good has a ted mortals to build up. Men in their impatien the slow growth of goodness, often uproot tibe of knowledge, which was growing as fast ad desired, and place in its

MYS HOURS.

Geo. A. Redman hanounced a volume of his Spiritual Experiences, a this title, to be issued the first week in June. We received advance sheets, from which we shall metracts in our next, giving have it for sale in Bost

BEECHER TO YOUNG MEN.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher addressed he Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn, of evening last week, in a strain of remark so thoroughy practical, and so truly spiritual, too, that we must needs lay the pith of his speech before the readers of the

ing it appear that they were old in wisdom and Christian grace. He wished to put young men on their quard against a certain pinched self-denial that is too prevaient. Some people are like very religious machines. It is not only the duty of a young man to be a Christian, but to manifest all the graces of Christian, but to manifest all the graces of Christian, but to manifest all the graces of Christian that the conduct more than by the argument of the primitive Christians that Christianity was made palatable. Some people seem to think religion a kind of garb to put on; yet religion is chiefly in the elements of rectitude, love, and worship or veneration; and instead of going about to show how religious one just that it is to be shown in their actions. There is a great its to be shown in their actions. There is a great its too be shown to the celestial sphere could do that, beyond the limits, it is to be shown in their actions. There is a great its total of postile accordance of the property of the limits of the celestial sphere could do that, beyond the limits of the collection of postile accordance of the property of the control of the property of is, it is to be shown in their actions. There is a great difference between religion and religiousness; the man who acts Christianity is the true Christian; that which who dees christianity is the true Christian; that which morely talks religion, is not true like that which acts. That necespaper, for instance, that discusses all ordinary affairs by the light of true Christianity, is more truly a religious paper, than the one filled with gingerbread piety, old women's stories, and all sorts of rattletraphics. pious things.
He said that another very important matter, a truly

It said that another very important matter, a truly religious matter, is the subject of health; nothing is of more importance to the young man. A young man needs strong, vigorous health; he wished to ask the young men of the Christian Association, if, while they were exploring the rum holes and gambling dens, while they were circulating tracts, they had at all considered what the thousands of young men and middle-aged men were doing in the matter of health? How is the young man to got the proper exercise? In billiards?—there is not exercise enough. There is nothing more healthful than bowling; yet he would soon be bowled down in society should he go into any of the saloons in Brooklyn. There was rowing, and all the various games of ball; and if the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn would not Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn would only take this subject in hand, they would be taking a step far in advance of any other city. He urged the importance of this matter most strongly upon the Associa-tion. He said that young men sit up too late—though he did not follow his own advice—nobody ever did; he thought no young man should see the backside of ten o'clock at night. He suggested that perhaps the procuring of books for a library was not the most important to the Association. The faces of our young men are blanched white enough already, and their chests observed that the suggestion of the control of the suggestion of the control dmost collapsed. When he came to look at the books n that library, he should not look to see how many volumes of the logy they had, but how many books they had from which a young man could learn some-thing of the world into which they were born, and about that body upon which their natural and spiritual interests depend. If the church does not permit this matter, it will go on without the church; God is not half so careful about the church as church members are. He thought they should thus glorify God, in everything hat makes a sound body as well as sound morals

MR. F. G. BISHOP.

Having been for some weeks in a very feeble, and still in a declining state of health, has been unable to answer calls to lecture; and in consequence of being in straightened circumstances, and also, if possible to improve his health, will soon leave Boston for New York, visiting his friends on his way. Mr. B. will ever hold the many acts of kindness he has received from his friends in Boston and vicinity in grateful remembrance. and hopes that a return of health will soon enable him to enter the field again. But should it be otherwise, his pen, at least, will ever be found engaged on the side of human progress and reform. He may be addressed at Williamsburg, (L. I.,) N. Y.

DEBATE ON SPIRITUALISM.

A debate will soon come off in Chicago, Ill., beween Joel Tiflany and Prof. Young, on the "Nature and Cause of Spiritual Manifestations.'' The Indiana Sentinel says-it will be an interesting affair, for Mr. Young is one of the most acute analysts and debaters we know of, and Mr. Tiffany could hardly fall into worse hands." We will risk Joel Tiffany in a discussion with any debater, in the West or in the East, however

THOMAS GALES FORSTER.

We have addressed a letter to you at Mendota. If you are not there, please send for it, as we do not know your address.

SOUTH EASTON.

Mr. Fairfield will lecture on Sunday, May 29th, at White's Hall, in this place, afternoon and evening.

TO OUR READERS.

We now propose to furnish new subscribers with both the BANNER OF LIGHT and the Working Farmer for Two Dollars per annum. The Working Farmer is strictly an Agricultural paper, edited by Prof. Jas. J. Mapes and assistants. Its advertisement in our present number will furnish particuars. By this arrangement our friends in agricultural districts may save one dollar in the cost of the two papers.

LECTURERS.

MISS ROSA T. AMBDRY Will lecture in Providence, Sundays, June 5th and 26th. Will receive calls to lecture in the vicinity on the week following each Sabbath. Friends desiring her services are requested to address her as speedily as possible at No. 32 Allen street, Boston, Mass.

GRORGE ATKINS will speak at Orleans, Mass., on Sunday, May 20th.

H. A. Tuoken will speak in Plymouth, Sunday, May 20th South Easton, Sunday, June 5th; Stoughton, June 11th.

C. T. Inish, trance-speaking medium, wishes to travel West this summer, and those Western irlends who desire his services as a lecturer may address him at Weir Village, Taun-

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE will respond to invitations to ecture addressed to Jamestown, N. Y., or to New York City, care of G. W. Westbrook.

MISS EHMA HARDINGE WIll speak in Newburyport, Wednes day evening, June 1st.

MRS. J. B. SMITH, clairvoyant, test, and trance-speaking nedium, may be addressed at Concord, N. H., for the present. [For a fuller list of Movements of Lecturers, see seventh page.]

NEW MUSIC.

Mossrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., No. 277 Washington street, Boston, have published the following pieces of music, which are also for sale in Philadelphia by Beck & Lawton, and in Cincinnati by Truax & Baldwin :---

Le Fleur D' Orange Mazurka, arranged for the plane by

G. W. Stratton ; Fairest of the Fair Walts, by C. D' Albert ; Pus Espagnol Waltz, arranged by G. W. Stratton for the plano; Song of our Native Land-Irish melody, varied for the plane by W. V. Wallace; Can the Absent be Forgotten ! song by J. Waters; The Wreath, a collection of Tries, Quar tettes and Choruses, selected from the Orphean Lyre and Musical Gallery. The number before us contains the quartette "When wearied wretches sink to sleep," by Bishop We are indebted to Hall & Son for copies of four Sunday Evening Melodies, entitled, Like a Beautiful Dream; The Roman Maiden; The Last Farewell; Ave Maria at Naples; and The home where roses grow—all written and composed by H. Millard, formerly of Boston, and both poetry and music are of a higher order than the generality of ballads. The nelodies are very flowing, whilst the accompaniments are not at all difficult. A pure and elevated sentiment pervades them, and we take pleasure in commending them to those

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

who delight in fine poetry wedded to charming melody.

EMILY B., NEWARK, N.-J.-Send us a specimen, and if it be as you think, we can publish a few pieces; poetry is scarce but there is more than enough of ordinary jingle. . M. STARE, SUNBURY, Offic.—It would be impossible for us to entertain your proposition.

MUSICAL .- J. P. ORDWAY has a complimentary benefit at Music Hall on Saturday evening, 28th inst., given by his numerous Boston friends. The entertainment will be one well worthy of patronage.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE HUMAN HEAVEN.-NO. 1.

BY GEORGE STEARNS."

Heaven is a perpetual fullness of delight, in all the powers and aptitudes of conscious being. This defini-He said, it was no great credit to be a young man corrybody has to be one. But the credit was in making it appear that they were old in wisdom and Chrise the possibility and need of a pure felicity in all various controls. tion implies no fixed state, either in time or place, and

from the celestial sphere could do that, beyond the limitations of beatific consciousness, the elysium of which is forever unfolding. In the absence of positive knowledge, it were not wholly profitless to task fancy on a theme so inspiring; yet I purpose nothing of the kind. I shall aim to write only what reason indites, touching the way to the "beautiful hereafter," and who will be likely to find it on passing the door of death.

The notion of Heaven as a place afar off in the sky. having no connection with this world-a golden city or a garden of delight, of which we can know and enjoy nothing till we get there; is not quite true; and the faith of many, that nothing is needful for their future bliss but to enter those elysian apartments, is a very childish dream. To be elevated in sphere without a corresponding improvement in character, is, in fact, to be removed from the real heaven of specific development. A tadpole cannot be made to anticipate the pleasure which a frog experiences in his short terrestrial excursions from his native element; he must await the process of constitutional transformation. So a man is crazy who thinks to land in Heaven by a suicidal leap. Mere transmigration avails nothing for a disaffected spirit. To be weary of sublunary life is not the best evidence of a fitness for "the saint's everlasting rest." "There is a better land" for all who are prepared to realize it; but one who is disgusted with the general fitness of things, and neglects the commonest means of earthly enjoyment, can have no rational assurance of being exactly suited in the spheres above, without a cure of that spiritual disease which often poisons the chalice of temporal good. We must learn to appreciate the Here, if we would ever enjoy the Hereafter. Whatever bliss awaits us in the future, the present is all we can improve. In a word, eternity is one continuous Now, and Heaven is concentrated in that. If we find not the substance of this truth on earth, we may grope for it in the spirit-world. Some will query whether brutes go to the Heaven of

our anticipation; as if it were possible for them to be happier there than here. The fact that they worship nothing above the scope of sensation, shows that their fill of Heaven is already attained. Their sordid satisfaction and stolid indifference to the more exquisite delights of human experience evince their want of capacity, which makes it impossible to benefit them by merely outward elevation. Before cattle can reach the Human Heaven, they must be translated to human beings; a work which nature consummates on earth. If a mere animal could be transported to the sphere

of disembodied spirits, it would be as unhappy there as a fish out of water. There would be no response to the appetites of a sensational nature; and, having no aptitudes for spiritual enjoyments, it could experience only privation. This is a sufficient reason why brutes are not immortal, as brutes. To live forever in their present low estate would be immeasurably loss than their progressive destiny. If they are to rise to a higher plane of being, without which immortality would not be rationally desirable, this can consist only with superseding their physical endowments by spiritual ones; in which case there is no basis for a continuity of consciousness from one state to another. It is only by the co-union of animal and rational faculties, as in Man, that personal identity can be conveyed from this world to the next.

As beasts are not immortal, so neither is the beastial part of man; and to some important deductions from this premise I shall ask the reader's attention in my

West Acton, Mass.

The Busy Morld.

PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS. -The seventh Pennsylvania yearly meeting of Progessive Friends, will assemble at Longwood (near Hamorton,) Chester County, on first day, the 29th of fifth month (May,) 2859, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue its sessions three or four days. The call for this Convention, signed by Joseph A. Dugdale and others, was published in No. 6—three weeks ago.

By referring to the advertisement in another column, it will be seen that the little Dutton Children make their last appearance in Boston at Tremont Temple next Friday and Saturday afternoon and evening. They have been very successful in Boston, some 15,000 persons having visited them.

"THE SUNBEAM," a spiritualistic paper, printed at Buffalo, N. Y., by C. D. Griswold, Esq., is a live institution, and we velcome it to our table always. Its motto-"The Light Shineth in Darkness, and the Darkness Comprehendeth it not"-is beautifully significant of the faith it inculcates. 'The field is large and the laborers few;" so shine or. Brother Sunbeam. Mem.—The Sunbeam's idea of "powerful competitors" is a very refreshing ray. We were not aware we had any such. Our circulation is already larger, by wearly double, than that of all the other spiritual papers in this country, sure. Under such circumstances, where are our 'powerful competitors?" We calculate to use all honorable means to increase the circulation of our paper, and we have never used any other. We think the editor of the Sunneam must be extremely partial toward the BANNER, judging by the copious extracts he makes from it.

LATER ADVICES FROM VENEZUELA represent that the revolutionary movements there would, in all probability, be shortly suppressed by the vigorous action of the government forces. Several revolutionary leaders had already been arrested, and their partizans dispersed.

THE U. S. POST OFFICE BOXES, located in different sections of the city, are unsafe. A gentleman the other ovening had occasion to drop a letter in one of them, when he found the box full. He very sagely remarked, "I think I'll make a safe thing of it, and put my letter underneath;" he accordingly withdrew several letters and placed his own in, and covered

hem with the others. Mrs. Swissheim, in her letters to young ladies, says that 'every country girl knows how to color red with madder." This we believe to be an ethnological fact, as we have noticed the madder they get the redder they are.

Fanny Fern having asserted in the Ledger that "the men of the present day are fast," Prentice replies that "they must be fast to catch the women."

Considerable animation continues in the naval departments of England. Addititional vessels are being placed n commission, and recruiting actively going forward.

The London Times continues to assert its belief in the dilance between France and Russia, and argues that Russia would not have gone so far as she has without a previous

understanding with France. A gymnasium has been erected for the express use of the students of Harvard College at a cost of \$8,000.

The Attorney-General is about to report in favor of the claim of Capt. Perkins, of Boston, against the Russian government for \$90,000, for the non-payment of a contract for the delivery of powder during the Crimean war.

The weather during the past week in this section has been moist; consequently a large hay crop is anticipated.

An Irish judge said, when addressing a prisoner, "You are

to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you." As it is man's duty to sustain his life, health and honor, and

perfect his soul in piety, wisdom and virtue; so it is also his i duly to grant the full right, and offer an undiminished oppor-

tunity to his neighbor to perform the same duties to himself, and support him in so doing. The former is duty, and the right eyes and cut off these right hands.

Our souls yearn over those who, we see will seem versal.

The first instalment of the \$100,000 of debt due by the Chinese Government to American citizens, as ascertained and adjusted by the treaty recently concluded by Minister Reed, has already been received,

The Administration has recently received assurances from the British Government that she is sincerely disposed to fulfill filt her agreements with this country with regard to Cen

tral American questions. THE CLEVELAND AGITATOR comes to us looking and reading well. We hope the publisher will secure patronage enough soon to issue the paper weekly.

A little girl at Lowell was offered the choice of a new bennet or a license for her pet dog. She unhesitatingly paid one dollar for her license, and nalvely remarked that she could wear her old bonnet this year.—Exchange.

We love that little girl. The Journal is taken in California for its "deaths and mar-

Bunner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

Publication Office, No. 143 Fulton Street.

Notice.

We have leased the room at No. 143 Fulton street, formerly will attend to all business connected with this paper, through our associate, J. Rollin M. Squire.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence at Dodworth's Hall.

Mrs. Spence delivered a lecture of great power, to a full house, at Dodworth's Hall, on Sunday morning, May 15th, She spoke, in substance, as follows ; --

I was reading a letter the other day, from a medium in the east, to those among whom he had been laboring. It was most congenial to my feelings. He told them, in substance that he did not come with polished words and wordly wisdom but he came with a power, and they must accept him as he was. Ills name was Paul.

· There are similar mediums now-a-days; and as one of the many I come to you this morning, knowing that there is felt among Spiritualists a thirst for something more than forms and words-something that will opon the avenues of the soul, and fill it with a power which will feed and sustain it. The soul must be laid open to the elements of divine life, or else it is like the closed flower upon which the dew-drops descend, and around which the sunlight floats; they enter it not, and it is neither refreshed nor strengthened. It is folly to hope to be inspired-it is folly to pray for a divine influx, when the avenues to the soul are closed. Yet look how they are all sealed up by prejudices, by customs, by habits, by looks, by words, by the outer drapery of the mind, by the outer drapery of the body, and by all manner of external things. Therefore we feel drawn, this morning, to the subjecof the outer and the inner life.

In order to live the inner life we must understand the outer for the reason that the outer may close up and overshadow the inner, until it becomes stinted in its growth, and the heavenly manna seems withheld. So long as this is the case -so long as the man within you is subject to the man without, you may know that there is no Nazarene within you. The spiritual elements are spontaneous and all-pervading; and they do not dribble or trickle down as special providences, but they are universal floods, destined to gather all upon their broad bosom, where each shall recognize the other as his brother, not because of his drab coat or his broad brimmed hat, but because the spirit of brotherly love will not have it

It is hard to free ourselves from the influences and associa tions which are based upon the outer life. Men forget that they are men, and souls cease to gravitate to 'souls; instead claims of clairvoyance. Mrs. Mettler, however, stated to of men we see mechanics, lawyers, docters, merchants, and him, after giving a general history of his disease and its instead of affinity and attraction of the inner man drawing them together, it is a similarity of trades and occupations. Thus the external rules the internal. It is so everywhere It is so in social life, where the tyranny of fashion prescriber not only the cut and color of the dress we must wear, but also the movements of our hands, feet and eyes. While the mind is struggling to be a thing of etiquette, and to wear a shionable form, how can the soul live that divine life which Lelongs to the inner man. It is so in religion, where we see outer forms and ceremonics stifling the spirit. Religion has his disease with great accuracy, naming the symptoms in the its sacred days and its sacred things, before which the soul is required to prostitute its noble powers to the mockery of as which, as in the case of the former patient, were never fully suming a certain attitude of body, of wearing a certain expression of countenance, and of phforming a routine of un-meaning things. Ever since the banner of freedom was first unforled in America, men have been lashed upon the bare back for discarding the sacred days and the holy things of religion. See, then, how the soul is closed up, and the inner life is scaled. The Quaker, with his drab coat and his broad brimmed hat, may silently and alone receive the spiritual influx; but the world sees only the outside, and says, "no inspiration can come out of such a thing." The Quaker, in his turn looks upon the Methodist, and seeing no drab coat. and no broad brimmed hat, will receive no inspiration through him. The Quaker prays silently, while the Methodist prays aloud; the one stands up to pray, while the other kneels toms had been made known to him prior to the examination, down; and with these differences how can one recognize in and the clairvoyants invariably were right in their detail. the other a brother, capable, like himself, of receiving and living the divine lile? The outer man is surely killing the

Humanity is awakening; out of the sepulchres which have antombed them, many are being resurrected to a new life: they are becoming conscious of an individuality within themselves, which should have some say about these outer matters-what the outer man shall be in order that it may stand least in the way of the inner. Drab will not become every one, neither will it suit every one's taste; consequently i all were to wear drab, some would be enslayed-doing violence to their own tastes, and stultifying themselves. It is so correspondingly in everything else, however small, however large. Nationally we bow to French fashions, and thus stint our own growth.

All this external bondage, makes us unfit to receive inspiration, and spirits are yearning for these clouds, which hang between us and them, to be removed. Spirits cannot remove them. The work is ours. Marvel not that the obystcal phenomena, the visions, the writing, and the speaking, have done so little. They fall upon us like the shower and the sunbeam upon the closed flower; for our outer lives are class, certainly far beyond the ability of any one of herage chaining the soul, and disqualifying it to receive the divine elements. Remember that costumes and colors, fashious etiquette, forms and customs are all left here, and they who most inspired moments, and this, too, at any time, when have nothing but these, go into spirit-life in poverty-dwarfed seated at the plane. Most musicians, who have heard here in soul. Remember that each one has an individuality of his own to be unfolded. Remember that the doctrine of regeneration is a gospel of truth.

The advice which Christ is said to have given to the young man who had kept all the commandments, "to sell his lands and give it to the poor," contains a deeper lesson of spiritual truth, and is based upon a more searching analysis of the human heart than is generally supposed. I know that there only entirely in advance of her opportunities of education are some reformers of our day who do not like to hear Christ quoted. But a truth spoken in the past is just as valuable now as then, and we are, or ought to be, better able to under- been enabled, after a close observation of many years, to find stand and practice it. And it is worthy of some consideration, that the same angel-world which eighteen hundred years ago, through the mediumship of men and women, taught humanity the elementary truths of an inner life, are again making their appearance as teachers of the same truths, through the same instrumentalities; and it is equally worthy of consideration, that the spiritual life so freely talked of by Christ and the apostles, and which the mechanical teachers of after times have been vainly trying for centuries to preach into us, and pray into us, and baptize into us, is To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:fast becoming the absorbing theme of to-day, and the angel world, as of old, are struggling to develop that life in each individual whom they can reach directly, or through instru

There is another true teaching of Christ's, bearing still more clearly upon the relations of the outer to the inner life. "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out; if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off; if thy right foot offend thee, cut it off-for it is better to enter into everlasting life maimed, halt and blind, than to enter into hell fire with all thy members."
Yet how many there are who are clinging to their right eyes and their right hands—to the outer life; though it is murdering the inner. Who is bold enough to step out of the customs of society? Who is honest enough to let go or a lucrative trade, even if it is a cheating business? What physician is so faithful to his own soul as to give up the sham of his profession, so long as the profession calls it science, and so long as the cycdulity of the public makes it profitable? We cannot cling to such things and still live a blind, than to enter into hell fire with all thy members."

Our souls yearn over those who, we see, will spend venrs here, and centuries, perhaps, in the world of spirits, without attaining the divine life; for we see that it is a thing of growth, and comes by conditions. The history of the past and of the present teaches us, that those conditions which agitate and stir up every element of our nature are the conditions most favorable for a growth of the soul. Hence the work of spirits is essentially one of agitation. With this mighty lever they reach Spiritualists, and through them the churches, and thus the commetten extends to the circumference of society. We are instruments in the hands of spirits to upheave entire humanity. There is a wilder storm preparing for those who are not so easily moved; nations will be shaken to their centres; thus the universal commotion will sound the spiritual resurrection, and people will become strong, and take courage to claim their rights and be themselves for once.

The outer life must be changed; our habits, customs and avocations must be changed; we amalgamate in ways that are destructive to our spiritual health, and therefore our associations must be changed. Our right eyes must be plucked out, and our right hands must be cut off. Surely a great trial is coming, and must come to every one who hopes to live as a spirit here or elsewhere. Many have already given up their right eyes and right hands. People are getting strong-strong enough to attend a spiritual meeting in broad daylight on Sunday—strong enough to tolerate a woman's speaking in public. The clouds are parting, the light beams in upon the souls of men, and they become conscious of an inner life, to which before they were blind. Weary not, occupied as an office for the "Working Farmer," where we then; but remember that the labor, the struggle, the agitation must come to each individual—that each one must sever himself from everything in the outer life which is enslaving and stifling the inner. Remember, also, that in our Father's louse there are many mansions, and therefore we plead for order and system—not an arbitrary one, but a natural oneso that we may harmonize and affinitize, not as Quakers. Presbyterians or Methodists, but in obedience to the law of temperaments.

An Old Spiritualist-No. 10.

Phonix's experience of the healing mediums amounts to an endorsement of their powers, at least in the diagnoses of disease, if not in the choice of remedial agents. His observations, however, have been mainly confined to Mrs. Mettler, of Hartford, and Mrs. French, of New York.

A young friend was suffering from what was supposed to be consumption, and after an examination by a physician, noted for his knowledge of pulmonic diseases, and who had spent a couple of years in Paris practicing the use of the stethscope, etc., he informed the parents that one portion of the lungs was destroyed and the other seriously affected. As the regular faculty do not pretend to be able to care consumption, when of the confirmed character, the patient deeided to try some of the empiricisms of the day, and among the rest the clairvoyant mediums. Phoenix and the patient went together to Hartford; on arrival at Mrs. Mettler's house they found her in the trance state examining patients, her eyes bandaged. She took the patient by the hand and at once stated, "Under a stethscopic examination your case would be mistaken for consumption; your lungs are perfectly sound; under the idea that they were otherwise you have avoided coughing until the habit has become fixed; this has caused the mucous membrane lining the larynx, throat, etc., to lose its functions in part, and it has thickened and is slightly diseased." Then followed the recommendation of remedies of apparently a simple kind, and the fluished with the assertion that In six weeks she would probably be well. This was after many physicians and all of her friends had supposed her case to be extremely critical. She returned home, and in a few weeks seemed to be entirely recovered of her difficulty, and has remained well ever since.

A few months after he again visited Mrs. Mettler with a friend who was supposed to be consumptive. This friend was entirely incredulous, with a strong prejudice against the cause, that at a certain age he had an Issue on a certain part of his body, and at another age named on another part of the body, designating each most clearly. After leaving Mrs. M. the patient acknowledged to Phonix, that she had told the truth-the scars were there, and he afterwards exhibited them to him when alone in his room,

Another friend of Phognix, who had been given over by his physician, indeed, by several physicians in turn, was prevailed upon to be examined by Mrs. Mettler. She described order in which they had occurred and suggesting remedies followed. But the diagnosis in all cases was perfect, as admitted by the parties themselves and by all to whom the written copies were shown.

He has also been cognizant of the examination by Mrs. Mettler of many other cases, in every one of which her diagnoses were unexceptionably true. Phoenix states that he has been present at the examination of many friends by Mrs. French, and he has never known her diagnoses to be in error. The cures performed by these two clairvoyants have been very numerous; of these, however, he only has the repre sentation of the parties and of the clairvoyants, but as to the diagnoses, in many of the cases he has witnessed, the partles were entirely unknown to the clairvoyants, while the symp-The method of these examinations is too well known to require particular description. The clairvoyant goes into what is called the trapec state, claims to be entirely unconscious of all surrounding objects, except the patient, and after taking hold of the hand minutely describes the supposed condition of every party of the body, generally, giving the history of the cause as well as of the progress of the disease, and then recommending the necessary remedial agents. The medicines manufactured under the instructions of these mediums, for various well known diseases, have met with large sales and are now in very extensive use-too much so to enable more than a fair share of doubt to exist as to their efficacy.

The daughter of Mrs. Mettler suddenly gave indications of being controlled by spirits while playing on the plane. She claimed that her hands were moved beyond her own control and suddenly she became a plantst of singular merit. She would commence to play any theme presented to her, and very soon would begin to improvise, introducing most extraordinary and difficult movements, and producing effects such as would be found difficult for the oldest planist. She would play for hours together original music of a very high and amount of practice. She never repeats, but appears to compose as readily as Beethoven or Mendelscohn in their admit that the quality of the result is a proof of her being

assisted beyond the possibibility of a doubt. In the next number we will give Phenix's account of his experience of Mrs. Hatch, as a medium, which he states to be more wonderful, and to contain clearer evidence of influence than any of the manifestations given in the former, because it presents as a result, a degree of intelligence, not but, in many instances, in advance of the books of the day on the same subjects of which she has treated—that he has a single instance in which he would be warranted in doubting the fact that she was a more vehicle of an intelligence superior to herself in her normal condition.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.

MUMBER FOUR

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Strick Editor of the N. F. Tribune:

Sir:—By this term, which has acquired a sort of technical meaning among apiritualists, I mean those things in connection with spiritual intercourse which are addressed to our senses, irrespective of what is addressed to our mental or moral consciousness.

If have known all the senses to be thus addressed, and I will relate in detail, in this and the ensuing paper, incidents calculated to show that.

I. Smelling. Once, after midnight, when I was in bed sick of a headache, I perceived an odor of a peculiar kind, such as I had never smelled before, pungent, but not ungrateful.

It was not diffused through the room, but was presented to my nostrils at intervals, as if from a smelling bottle. Lying

profitable? We cannot cling to such things and still live a spiritual life; but when the spirit comes up—when the inner I was once present whon a vial containing water, which

and emitted a very perceptible odor.
I had read of a vial of water being prepared and used as a

erceptible odor.
In both these instances we were told that the medication

In both these instances we were told that the medication was for curative purposes, and I know that the contents of one of the vials was used with that object, and apparently with effect. I cannot speak certainly of the effect, because I know only the means used and the result. What produced that result I cannot of course know. I can only judge.

2. Teating, In the earlier stages of my investigations I was in bad health, which had been increasing on me for some years, and I am fair to believe that I have been materially added from this unseen source in my recovery. Of that I shall have occasion to speak more hereafter; now I have only to remark, that several times when at circles, and when ily to remark, that several times when at circles, and whe the presence of the influence was very palpable—and experi-ence onables one to know that quite unmistakably—I have left a peculiar taste as of medicine, not as food or drink, but as gas or veroe.

s gas or vapor.

I have heard of similar instances from others; but neither

I have heard of similar instances from others; but neither in their cases nor in my own can I do otherwise than speak hesitatingly, for I cannot be sure that spirit-influence had anything to do with it.

The medicated water, of which I have spoken, had a peculiar taste as well as odor, and several instances of the same kind have been related to me.

kind have been related to me.

3. Feeling. Touching the person has been much more common than either of the other two.

The first time I experienced this was at a dark circle. Ten or a dozen persons were present sitting around a table. Two of the company were directed to pass behind the rest of us. As they did so slowly, each one seemed to be touched. Sometimes I could only judge from their exclamations, but sometimes I could hear the slap of a hand very distinctly. The manifestation was rather rude, and was olensive to me; and as I was approached I was apprehensive of a similar display with me; but, on the contrary, all I felt was a hand gently laid on my head, and there moved around a few times, and then two or three soft touches on my side. The room being dark, I could not, of course, know that it was not done by one of the two persons who were behind me. But it was not f the two persons who were behind me. But it was not a ittle remarkable that it should have been made to conform nute remarkable that it should have been made to conform to a thought which I had not uttered, and so unlike all theothers, both before and afterward during the evening, and that it should be a touch with which I was familiar, for it was the gesture with which my wife was wont to pass my chair, as she would enter my library of an afternoon and find me at work at my law cases. No one then present, I think, could have known that, and it was too peculiar to be deemed accidental.

My doubts, however, were soon removed, for not long after-My doubts, however, were soon removed, for not long after-ward, at a circle, my arm was selzed above the elbow as by an iron hand. I felt distinctly the palm of the hand, the ball of the thumb, and each finger; and I was held fast, with a force far superior to any that a mortal hand could exert. I was powerless in its grasp. I tried to shake it off, but could not. I tried to move my arm, but in vain. There was mone of the softness and elasticity of human flesh in the touch, but it was hard and inflexible like metal, and my arm was pressed to the verge of pain. Yet it did not hurt, but simply held me fast. It could be no human hand, and, beside, I knew it was not, for I put my other hand on the affected part, and all around leave me, but it continued long enough to show me it was idependent of my will, and then it left.

to leave me, but it continued long enough to show me it was independent of my will, and then it left.

Besido these instances, my person has been frequently touched, and sometimes under circumstances that precluded the idea of its being done my mortal hand. It would extend this paper two much to enter into a detail of the circumstances, out of which this preclusion springs, but at that time I was alike astote and skeptlead, and labored, like rome others of later periods, under the fear that my credibity might be imposed upon, and I made ridiculous by some who I considered my inferiors in standing, if not intellect, I was, therefore, on a constant lookout for trickery. Sometimes the events would occur in such manner that they might be done by mortal means, though the fair conclusion was that they were not; but it was sometimes that all doubt was cut off. Thus I have been touched, when no person was near enough to do it; sometimes in the light, when my eye-sight toid me that none of those present did it; sometimes in the dark, when no one knew where I was, or even that I was present, sometimes my foot has been patted, as with a hand; sometimes my clothes pulled, as by a child; sometimes a push in my side, as by a dall and nonelastic force, and twice I have for a latency bendence or the constant of the dark is not a supplementation or the constant of the dark is not a supplementation or those present days in the dark is such the such as a push in my side, as by a dall and nonelastic force, and twice I have my side, as by a dull and nonelastic force, and twice I have feit a human hand on my skin. On one of these occasions the touch was cold, but not clammy, and on the other it was soft, varm and flesh-like.

warm and flesh-like.

Thave been present on numerous occasions when others have said they were touched, and have acted as if they were, and when it was evidently no fabrication of theirs, for they were too really frightened themselves. Once I recollect my niece, who was standing by my side, had her feet so pulled from under her that she came near falling; and once a young man who stood near me was seized and pulled from me. I caught hold of him bot our joint resistance was overpowered, and he was fairly lifted from the floor and taken from me.

These things occurred in the earlier period of my humiries.

and he was fairly lifted from the floor and taken from me.
These things occurred in the earlier period of my inquiries.
Their work having been done with me, I have witnessed little or nothing of them of late. But I was then in a peculiar state of mind. At one moment it would seem, from the nature of the incidents, that it was not possible there could be any deception, but subsequent reflection would suggest that there might be, and I was, therefore, not yet a full believer. While in this mood of mind, this intelligence urged me to publish to the world what I had winessed. I refused, and demanded more evidence. They answered they would give it to me, and they did in good carnest.

It would take more than a column of your paper to relate the events of that memorable evening. It must now suffice

the events of that memorable evening. It must now suffice for me to say, that five mediums were brought together, with out my intervention, and that for three hours and a half 1

out my intervention, and that for three hours and a half I was in the hands of this unseen intelligence, and was operated upon by it in a great variety of ways.

I had no fear during the operation; but for several evenings afterward I confess that when I retired to bed I was frightened at what had been done to me, and to this day the incidents live very vividly it my memory.

The object seemed to be to convince me, by a resort to my senses, that there was a naver at work, not of more mostal was a large of the property of

The object scenical to be to convince me, by a resort to my senses, that there was a power at work not of mere mortal origin, and that object was attained.

Perhaps I may, in my next paper, detail the events of that meeting; but now I have filled my column, without yet even alluding to the more numerous manifestations that are addressed to the senses of sight and hearing. I must refer that topic to another occasion, and close this paper by remarking:

narking:

First: That which struck me most amid all the wonders | beheld was the intelligence—that was displayed in it all.—It was not only guided by intelligence, but it had an intelligent

was not only guided by intelligence, but it had an intelligent object, and held an intelligent conversation with me. Second: Others may ask, as a very clever correspondent did in a recent letter, Why use such "low and vulgar modes" of communication? I answer they are not more inconsiderable than opening the door of a prison, or telling a woman where to find water. But, characterize them as we may, they have this object in view—and they are attaining it with marvelous celetiy—to convict man of his immortality by appeals to his senses. The effort to convince him by appealing to mature, to reason, and to revelation, has been vain with the great mass of markind. The argument now comes in this form—the block letters in an infant school—and it comes with such force that he who will place himself in its way cannot escape conviction.

J. W. Edmones.

New York, May 7, 1859.

P. S .-- I must ask your readers to bear two things in mind one is, that my limit in your paper is to a column for each number, and that I cannot exceed that without trespassing on your kindness; and the other, that my professional engagements will not always afford me the time to prepare my articles, and I am therefore compelled to be Irregular in giving them.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Lectures by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.

DEAR BANNER-Our well-beloved friend and teacher, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, addressed us on the Sabbath morn. She took or her text the simple yet all-comprehensive words; "God is love;" showing that, although so often repeated, so loudly proclaimed from pulpit and rostrum, it had failed of its wides and most practical application; it had not been taken home to the soul, as the embodiment of a great truth, and outworked in the practicalities of life and use. "God is love." has been repeated again and again, yet higotry, envy, and uncharitableness have possessed the hearts of men. "God is love" has been loudly vaunted, yet denunciations have gone forth, crushing to earth his erring children, casting forth the undeveloped souls a false social system rendered the transgressors of its laws. "God is love;" yet pris as are filled and victims suspended from the gallows. As an illustration of the heed paid to this glarious sentiment, she told of a servant girl, who had purloined some dresses be-longing to her mistress; she was detected, harshly dealt with, and sent to prison, while around the rich and fashion able lady thronged a host of friends congratulating her on the restoration of her fine silks and velvets, the loss of which she would soon have replaced. In the one case, the rich lady's love of the beautiful had been fostered to by her surroundings, her wealth, her means of attainment; in the poor girl, crushed out and undeveloped to its higher uses, sought

had been purified by distillation, was passed from hand to that it manifests likely through. And Spiritualism, by teach-hand at one of our circles until the water became medicated hay us to know ourselves and look with the eye and heart of Trig us to know ourselves and look with the eye and heart of chality upon the motives of all human action, was destined I had read of a vial of water being prepared and used as a magle inirror, and I was inclined to try the experiment. Untilled water in a vial was allowed to stand for softs time on the table, around which the circle were assembled, and it was then put away in a closet. After remaining there a few days, it was found to be medicated, and also emitted a very the vital questions appertaining to the best interests of God's representation of the pure. children—this beautiful faith alone recognized the Omnipotence of the Eternal in the outworkings of his will throughout all human agencies.

Our inspired speaker told of a medium in St. Louis-s numble and truthful, noble and enduring womanlouise was shunned, whose company was avoided, because she was that dreaded thing, a spiritual medium. One day, walking on the street, she met a poor, desolate woman, who entreated her most piteously, in the Father's name, to come and see her husband die. The medium followed to the abode of wretchedness, and found there the sufferer writhing in ngony, with distorted limbs and dying countenance. She essaved her healing powers-that power that is divine, that is as Godlike as that possessed by the hely Jesus-and his convulsions ceased, the rigid limbs refaxed, peace stole to his tortured frame, "Oh!" exclaimed the poor woman, "are you Jesus Christ?" "No," said the humble, earnest exponent of the spiritual philosophy; "but I am a follower of his precepts; I strive to practice what he so simply and beautifully taught." The poor man was restored to health, and the medium sought among the plous and Christian community for aid and employ for him; but every one was wonderfully poor about that time, and refused the solicited aid. From her own stender means, then, she gave, and he was enabled to purchase a horse and wagon. He became a believer in Spiritualism, despite of those who had denied the helping hand and scorned the power that had restored his health. He and his family bless the day they first heard of Spiritualsm. He has prospered, and long since returned to the medlum the physical means once given; but the sympathy awarded, the precious gifts of health and strength restoredhe can never repay her for these. And this is one of the many instances in which Spiritualism has done practical and lasting good through one of its humble agencies.

From one of these discourses the listener gathers more of charity, forbearance, and a true perception of the Deity, with a view of our human duties, than could be found in the claborated sermons of a hundred divines. Mrs. Hyzer is justly a favorite with the Philadelphiaus; they love her soar ing ideality, her unchecked enthusiasm, her bold, free speech in defence of woman, truth, religion and humanity.

In the evening she continued the train of thought invoked speaking of the practiculities of Spiritualism; of its irrefutable proofs in living action, that no sophistry, no argument could overthrow. It was in the outworking of principles, in the practical uses of our philosophy that its truths and beauor I put my other hand on the affected part, and all around ties were made manifest. There were now living, she said, , so as to be certain. I became uneasy, and importuned it noble and fearless men, truthful and pure and fearless wemen, who dared boldly to speak and write for the truth, for the best interests of humanity. Not in ignorance of vice and wrong, but taught to know and feel its nearness, the reform ers of the present sought not to live in a blissful ignorance but by practical use to alleviate the miseries and bring about the harmony of the race. She spoke of woman, guarded and shielded from tempation, her intercourse with the other ser restricted, and this binding of fetters upon the pure and natural impulses only rendered her more liable to wrong, even as one whose limbs had long been fettered, at the first sten taken without them, stumbled and fell. The cry of Freelove had been raised against the spiritual belief, when it was the only philosophy teaching truly of duty and purity teaching the true relations of the sexes, the freedom that is to lead to purity of thought and action. She related an incldent that occurred, of a deacon who was determined that his daughters should never know of wrong or impurity; so he guarded them from the sight of man; and the result was, that once the restraint removed, they fell, and that through the very shepherd of the flock. It was this restraint, the mystery thrown around the intercourse of the sexes, that ereated the miseries so loudly complained of. Spiritualism practical in all its teachings, proved to the world the beneficial influence it exerted by its effects upon the character. Those whom it has failed to elevate and spiritualize, to render loving and forbearing, are only Spiritualists in name; but those who accept and comply with its divine preceptsthese prove by words and deeds, by progression and sacrifice, the full beauty of the revelations coming to their souls from the near angel-world. No more to believe in a far-off, local and stationary heaven, but to bring heaven to the soul, to act out in daily life the fullness of its beauty and divinity-this it is to accept the teachings of our angel friends.

Mrs. Hyzer said much more that was eloquently and beautifully true. The has the power, in her simple and earnest manner, of thoroughly enlisting the interest of her audiences,

as well as of subduing and elevating their spirits. Yours for Truth. CORA WILBURY. Philadelphia, May 16, 1859.

LETTER FROM DR. H. F. GARDNER.

From a letter from this gentleman, dated London May 5th, we make the following extracts:

"Shortly after my arrival in London, I had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of the Hon. Robert bale towen, late United States Minister at the court of Naples; and I was happy to learn from himself, what I had before heard by report, that he is about publishing a work upon Spiritonlism." The work is to be entitled 'The Probabilities of Ultra-Mundane work is to be entitled "The Probabilities of Ultra-Mundane Communication." But this work will only include, incidentally, a notice of the spiritual phenomena of the present day. Mr. Owen has had no opportunity to witness the more startling and convincing phenomena denominated spiritual, as he has been absent from the United States some five years; and we have been much more highly favored than any other people with these manifestations, in all the variety of forms in which they are presented. In the conversations I had with him upon the subject, I harmed that the work he proposes to publish will take a very wide range, and will be chiefly of a historical character. He has been studying in connection him upon the subject, I hearned that the work he proposes to publish will take a very wide range, and will be chiefly of a historical character. He has been studying in connection with it the Physiology of the Nervous System; also such subjects as Insanity, Halbucination, the Mental Epidenices of Europe, and the doctrines of Mental Physiology as published by Abercromine, Holland and Bishop. A main portion of his work will relate to the question of the reality of Apparitions, and of Dream-revealings, independent of modern spiritual phenomena. It will also contain an inquiry, based on actual narratives, running back through the entire last two centuries, whether there are anyactual phenomena underlying the popular ideas in regard to haunted houses. It will treat further upon the various phases of Sleep. Dreams, Sommanbulism, Hypnotism, Eestney, and of the alleged possessions and obsessions of the Catholic Church.

Mr. Owen has witnessed some of the phrases of Phenomonal Spiritualism; and I have no doubt he will treat the subject tairly, candidly and Imparitally, so far as his observation has gone. But in Naples, where he has been for the last five years, it is not probable (as above stated) that he could have witnessed the most convincing phases; and even in London and Paris, where he has spent the past winter, he can have seen little compared to what he might have witnessed in his own country. Mr. Owen also seems to me to be of that bever and somewhat skeptleal cast of mind which often requires, for anything contrary to preconceived opinions, evidence of a character which from the nature of the case, it is

own country. Mr. Owen also seems to me to be of that severe and somewhat skeptical east of mind which often requires, for anything contrary to preconceived opinions, evidence of a character which from the nature of the case, it is exceedingly difficult to furnish. Yet I am satisfied he will use every effort to make himself thoroughly acquainted with all the multifarlous phases of the modern phenomena/assoon as he returns to America. Mr. O. told me that nine-tenths of his book would consist of matters of fact, which he has collected with much labor and expense, and which will always be of great value as a book of reference, independent of all theories. His familiarity with the French and Germanlanguages has given him access to many sources of information with which we in America are little familiar. From my conversations with him, I should judge that his religious opinions have been misunderstood, or that he has materially changed them within the past few years. This book will be published in November, in the United States.

In Paris I witnessed a method of communication of which I had not heard in America. The instrument used by them they call a Planchette. It requires two mediums to use it, and the method of communication is by writing. In order to give you some idea of the interest taken in the investigation of the subject in Paris, it will be only necessary to state that I called upon the manufacturer of the above-mentioned

to give you some idea of the interest taken in the investiga-tion of the subject in Paris, it will be only necessary to state that I called upon the manufacturer of the above-mentioned instrument, to purchase one to take home with me, and he informed Mr. Owen, who was with me, that he had made and sold several hundred in Puris atone. Not being able to speak the French language, I could not onjoy the society of the household of faith as I could have done under more favorable circumstances; yet, on visiting in a family where the Planchette was used, the invisible in-telligences found no difficulty in writing in my own native tongue, bringing forcibly to my mind the recorded doings on the day of Pentecost. In England I have met with several mediums in private families, and find that the unseen ones

roundings, her wealth, her means of attainment; in the poor girl, crushed out and undeveloped to its higher usea, sought this perverted channel of gratification. She found herself this perverted channel of gratification. She found herself scorned by her employers, deprived of the necessary means of culturing this love of the beautiful; and when she failed in the means of its true attainment, no sympathy or pity was shown to her, but she was cast into prison, there to mingle with those viller than herself, and would come forth more polluted than she entered, while the wealthy lady was condoled with upon the ingratitude and presumption of those ignorant servant girls.

She proceeded to say, that every manifestation of the human character was a manifestation of the love of God, crude and undeveloped though it often be; it was that soul's highest manifestation of the motor power within, the prompting of motives. This at first startling decrine is the only one that can reconcile us to the evils and perversions surrounding us, by feeling that all is, in degree, a manifestation of love, a striving of the God-principle with the gross physical

ence of your award, I do demand an answer. Shall I have

I will add that the above questions would not have been prepounded in this letter, had not the subject been so often brought to my mind since I have been in Europe, by intelligent persons putting to me the same questions. I expect to sail from Liverpool, either in the Cunard Steamer America, for Boston, on the 21st, or in the City of Washington for New York, on the 25th instant—probably in the latter. Possibly I may not be able to finish my business so soon, and be obliged to await the sailing of the next steamer for Boston on the 4th of June."

OBITUARIES.

Died, in this city, on Saturday morning, May 21st, at six clock, Mrs. Abby C., wife of Dr. John T. Gilman Pike, and laughter of Albert Field, Esq., of Taunton, aged 32 years.

The past year has been one of much suffering to her, and uman effort proved too feeble to combat the inroads of pulnonary consumption which had attacked her form. * Since November last she has been confined to her chamber nearly all the time, and during the past three months, has suffered Intensely.

As Mrs. Conant has been a resident of her household, she enjoyed rare advantages of communion with those who had passed to a higher life; and as it became manifest that the time of separation was at hand, she felt the consoling power which a knowledge of futurity, such as it had been her lot to

She remained in the full possession of her faculties to the last moment, and was not only willing to join her friends who were walting for her on the other side of the river of life, but anxious to taste the glories of immortality. During the last days of her tarrying here, she seemed to catch glimpses of the happiness in store for her. Once, on awaking from a refreshing slumber, and finding that she was still bound by the chains of mortality, she was so disappointed that she wept for moment, but again resumed her resignation, and conversed heerfully with those about her, begging of them not to sorrow for her departure. When the guiding spirit of Mrs. Conant signified to her that her flight was but a few hours istant, her soul scemed full of happiness.

As the hours were on, her espirit vision was open to the sight of spiritual things to a slight degree, and she recognized n this fact an intimation that the joys of the second birth, or the resurrection, were being thrust upon her by a kind Father. A few minutes before her spirit became free, sweet nusic, she said, filled the air-angels were full of Joyous melody, and she requested the friends who surrounded her bedside to join in their songs!

And so passed on one more bud to blossom in glory in the arden of our God.

On the evening following her death, while the family were eated at the ten-table, a spirit who had attended her much luring the last few hours of her life, entranced Mrs. Conant, and brought a message from her to her friends. It conveyed tidings of her great joy, which had no alloy save what was wafted to her by earth's breezes of the sorrows of her friends, which she begged them to overcome with Joy that her sorrows were past. And with LOVE TO ALL, the message closed.

In Portland, Mc., 8th inst., Mrs. Lorana T., wife of Charles

In Portland, Me., 8th inst., Mis. Loraka T., wife of Charles D. Brance, departed for her spirit home, aged 45.

The life of an individual is of more importance to society than the death, in our estimation; and the life of the one whose departure is mentioned here, was devoted to the faithful performance of every duty—in every situation in which she was placed—while her memory is embalmed in the hearts of all her friends, where alone she would wish to be spoken of, for no one would shrink more sensitively from any public notice than herself; but there was that about her last elektroness and final decarture, which we think all might have notice than berself; but there was that about her last slekness and final departure, which we think all might bave witnessed with satisfaction, and may ponder upon to advantage. Deeply attached to life and to her family and friends, an ardent admirer of all the beauties of the world of nature, she turned from all this to the contemplation of the spiritual and the realities of the future with a hope that never faltered, and a faith that never doubted. The religious sentiment was always an important element in her character, and in early life she embraced the popular belief of New England Orthodoxy; but there was not room within those dark walls for her soul? To breathe and expand itself, and she threw off the shackles of a religion of creed for a more liberal and enlightened faith and practice, and was ready to receive the for her sourts o freathe and expand user, and sate threw of the shackles of a religion of creed for a more illural and enlightened faith and practice, and was ready to receive the divine influence. Her views became more and more spirffund the longer she fived, and the more she reflected upon the connection between this world and the next. Never arriving at hasty conclusion, every step she took in progress was sore and stendfast; the result of which was most beautifully exemplified as her life grew to lis close, and she had need of reliance upon her faith. After a long and painful illness—encouraged in the hope that she would again be restored to her duties to her family—that hope was suddenly quenched, and, the stern reality became apparent that the Angel of Death was at her side, and that she must accompany him at once. The announcement was startling, but it found her not unprepared; and then it was that her spiritual faith bore her up upon a sea of glory, and filled every recess of her soul; every preparation that affection could dictate for those she loved, she entered upon at once; every member of her faulty—husband, children, brothers and sisters, and her faithful physician, relatives and friends—were all addressed individually with such words of love, affection and good counsed, as never can be forzotten by them, and all in a calm, sereno and the most of love of love and coloured to a colour of love and coloured to a colour of love and coloured and love of love and coloured to a colour of love and coloured and love of love and coloured and love of love and coloured and love and lo as never can be forgotten by them, and all in a caim, serene and heavenly state of mind. Messages of love were left for those who were absent, and messages asked for and received, those who were absent, and messages asked for and received, that she said she would bear to those who had passed before her to the spirit-land. Thus every preparation completed, she awaited the moment of departure with perfect composure, never broken except by the desire to be gone. Theref was no dread, or doubt, or uncertainty about the future, but 'all was bright and glorious; and she wished her children, and all her friends, to look upon 16c, death and immortality as she did, and be happy in the thought that she would always be with them in spirit, and they never would be alone. She had now done with life—the world was all shut out, and the beacenty nortals were enough to receive her. And thus she heavenly portals were epening to receive her. And thus she lingered on another night and another day, suffering but not complaining, until a gentle sleep exme upon her in her chair, and for three hours held her in its kind embrace, her countenance losing its principle expression and assuming a pleasant and for three hours held her in its kind chromee, her coun-tenance losing its painful expression and assuming a pleasant state as the angels howered around her. Once she opened her eyes to say, "I have been face to face with the world of spirits, and all is well," and then she reclined so quietly again as the kin was sinking in the west on that beautiful Sabbath eve, that the change was hardly perceptible when the breath of life left its tenement of clay, and the spirit had even to the tide who cave it.

Salbath eve, that the change was harmy perceptine when the breath of life left its tenement of clay, and the spirit had gone to the God who gave it.

Is not such a hope and trust desirable? And if it is "delusion," should we not pray for such delusion, when we approach the narrow passage that all must pass? If this be delusion? Point out a faith that can better sustain the soul in the dark hour, and make the heart exclain, "Thy will obte delusion? Point out a faith that can better sustain the soul in the dark hour, and make the heart exclain, "Thy will obte do done?" Is there not much consolation in such a triumph over death, and in the hope and trust that the spirit of the departed is with us still, and will able with us, to influence and bless us? And is there not something heavenly in that faith taught by a mother's love, that can cause the grief-stricken children to say, "We will not mourn for mother, for she bid us not to? We know she is happy, and will be with us all the day; and when we go to bed she will kiss us, and watch over us; and we shall not be alone, for that will please her and make her more happy; and we shall be happy, too and God will love us; and when we have done living here, we shall all be happy where mother is!"

Died, May 10th, at Bennington, Vt., SENECA PHILIPS, aged

Died, May 10th, at Bennington, v.e., beases a manage of the left with us the strongest evidence of his confidence in the future. He had for several years manifested a deep anxiety for, and an earnestness in all the reforms of this our day. Indeed, his own life and character evinced the potency of the Harmonial Philosophy to prompt men to do good and be kind. A large number of acquantanees and friends are forced to feel sad because of his passage from among us; still we know that he has been largely the gainer thereby, but human feeling will sometimes predominate, and we therefore sigh.

In Grafton, Ohio, A. G. FANNING was freed from his mortal form, May 3d, aged 56 years. He died a Spiritualist, and was a writing medium. Many poor and dependent citizens have left his home, showering blessings upon him for the liberality he has bestowed upon them. He is not lost to us who believe in spirit communion. His last talk to his friends, whilst in the form, was about the angel world. When his spirit was struggling to be freed, and his wife was mourning over his bed, he said: "Hannah, mourn not; I shall be with you still. Tell our child to be good."

C. S. ——

Mns. Susan W. Loomis, of Andover, Ct., died on the 30th MAR. SUSAN W. LOOMS, OI ARROVET, C.E., died on 160 John day of January last, leaving a husband and nino children to mourn that a dear wife and mother is no longer to be recog-nized by the outer eye, and yet to rejoice that they have an angel to watch over and guard them, whose affections remain bright and strong as when clad in garments of clay. W. K.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

HARNONY HALL, 419 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. Mediums will be present, and others are invited. Officies will be held evenings, when the hall is not otherwise engaged, to aid investigators and the development of mediums.

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

mission 5 cents.

Alerthos in Chelsea, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Guild Hall, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Seats free. PLYMOUTH.-The Spiritualists of this town hold regular

neetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Leyden full, commencing at 2 and 7 o'clock. Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet-ngs on Sundays, forencon and afternoon, in Well's Hall, speaking, by mediums and others.

Speaking, by mediums and others.

Newburtront.—The Spiritualists of Nowburtport have a fine Hall, which they will furnish free to any speaker on reformatory subjects, said lecturer to have for his or her services the whole of the collection which will be taken up in each, meeting. Any letters addressed to R. Shierman, No. 5 Charles meeting. Any letters addressed to it. sme street, will receive immediate attention.

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the crioneous idea that they a more than rishing beings.

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

We ask the reader to receive no decrine put forth by spirits, a those columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

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

Notice.—In consequence of the expected decease of the lady in whose family Mrs. Conant has been residing, our circles are suspended until further notice.

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 12—Henry Wendall, Groton, N. H.; Robert Stowe; Dea John Gould, Hanover, N. H.; Emma Clark, Portland; Benjamin Hackhurst, Philadelphia; Edward Haskins, New

Benjamin Hackhurst, Philadelphia; Edward Haskins, New Orleans.
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 Ellinwood, New York; Josiah Graham, Illinois; Evelyn Lowis, Boston; John Howard.
April 15—Alexander Tibbetts; Robert Earle; Joel Nason, Boston; Laura Davis, Troy, N. Y.; Abby Ann, to a visitor.
April 16—John Eckhart, N. York; Lemuel Mason, Springfield, Mass.; Samuel Tompleton, to Mother in Troy.
April 18—Charles Jones, Chespeake City; Martha Jarvis, Boston; Benjamin Harlem, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dan. Gibbens, New York; Timothy Gile, pracher.
April 19—Calvin Somers; scaman; Mahala Davis, Ashland; Joshua Caldwell, Boston; Patrick Murphy, Dover; James G. Hammond, to Margaret Hammond.
April 20—Dr. George U. Stone, Dracut; Nathaniel Hadley; Richard Levens, Troy; George Washington Furbush, to Willam.

April 21-Ben Johnson, New York; Samuel Hodgdon, Bos-

ton, 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 Fester, died at sea; Dea
John Norton; John Dix Fisher; Charles Todd, Boston

April 23—Gen. Wayne; Thomas Fester, died at sea; Dea, John Norton; John Dix Fisher; Charles Todd, Boston; Zebadlah Tinker, Barre, Vt.

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

April 27—George Wilton, Kennebunkport, Me.; Jerry Gordon; Charlotte Copeland, New York; John II. Lawrence, to his friend Page.

atriend rage. April 28—Jacob Sanborn, Auburn, N. Y.; Tom Wilton; zer Francis, Boston; Elizabeth Dixon, Boston April 29—Sanuel Jacobs, (farmer); David Hathaway, Roston; Josephine Ready, Lucas street, Boston; "Christ's Mis-

April 30-John Enos, Halifax; Samuel Curtis, Albany, N. Joe (a slave) : Patrick Murphy. Iny 5—William Henry Harris, Princeton, Ill. : Louisa, to

Helen Lawrence; William Sprague, Boston; Thomas Davis, Charlestown; Rev. Dr. Emmons.

May 6-Silas Crawden, Wareham, England; William Has-

kins, Boston; Mary Hoppen, Providence; Peter Kelley, Boston; Rev. John Brooks.

Mary Hall, Bangor.

Mary Hall, Bangor.

Bless you, don't you ever help anybody that's coming to you? I wanted to be helped and shown along.

Well, well, child, what you going to do for me? I want to tell you something about myself. My name was Mary Hall. I died in Bangor, ten years ago, and I was eighty-four. I want to tell my children I can come back; I have two—William and Mary. William lives here.

Why, I had the rheumatism, and my hands were all drawn out of shape. I'm thinking so much about the time I was sick, I can't think of anything else. I had the rheumatism terribly. But the Lord has been very good to me since I have been here; I don't know what it is to have a sick day, and I have n't been sorry about anything.

Are you writing for me? Well, I wish you to tell the children I am happy; but I want to come to them. Other folks come to their friends, and I want to come to mine. My daughter was with me when I was sick. I lived alone, for I would n't have the children round. I liked them—but I've had children, and been troubled with my own; and I've seen grandmothers live with their children, and it is n't a good plan at all. Bless you, I loved them dearly, but I did n't want to live with them; better for them and for me not to live with the children.

But why do n't you do different? Why do n't you send for the folks, so that we can meet them here? Well, I'm prety contented where I am; I'd like to come back and forth, visiting, sometimes; but I don't want to say on earth. I knew about coming, and they sent me word that such a time was

ing sometimes; but I don't want to stay on earth. I knew out coming, and they sent me word that such a time was no, and I came: they take good care of your things here,

about coming, and they sent me word that such a time was mine, and I came; they take good care of your things here, and have everything regular.

'Iy home? yes, I will tell you. It is about two hundred miles from earth, I think. No, I can't see it from here; your atmosphere is too dark and thick for that—too full of sin.

What's your name, young man? Bress you, we do n't have such names here; everybody is named according to character. The dobthing I have on to-day is dark grey. I am not clear in my mind about heaven, or where I am going; so my habit is not bright, but dull. Bless you, when I first came here, I was most crazy; I have got more contented now, but I can't see through some things yet. Good-by. April 6.

John Eldridge, Boston.

We are strangers, and as we are, I presume it will be necessary for me to introduce myself to you. I am John Eldridge, formerly a resident of Boston; died in 1845. My body reposes at Mount Auburn. I was a shipwright by occupation—was fifty-four years of age when I died. Some two years previous to my death I was injured by a fall; one of my ribs was broken, and I received internal injuries, which I suppose caused my death—or, at least, induced an affection of the fiver and stomach, which resulted in death.

I have a son, who sails out of Boston. It is my purpose to speak with him through your paper, if I can do so. John Eldridge is his name. He was a strange boy, and I never could really understand him until I left for the spirit world. He used to tell me frequently that his mother came to his bed-

used to tell me frequently that his mother came to his hed-bido—she was dead at the time—and conversed with him. At one time she told him not to go a certain way, or he would He heeded her advice, and was saved from death I know he is a medium; I have presented myself to him

I know he is a medium; I have presented myself to him, and on one occasion I think he saw me, quite indistinctly, however. Now I ask him to sit after the manner of mediums, and I will commune with him. I can give him advice in business affairs, for I have not yet ascended from earth. I cannot tell you why this is so, but I know I am an inhabitant of earth as much as when I had my body.

I am very anxious that my son shall know that he is a medium, for he can make his newers of service to himself and

dium, for he can make his powers of service to himself and others. As God has given him the gift, it is well that he use it. I see no reason why I may not commune freely through him; but I do not think it well for me to exert a larger

him; but I do not think it well for me to exert a larger amount of power on him without giving him warning.

Thought it a very good time for me to come here to-day. My son will probably be in Boston about the time my comminication is published, and I shall contrive to get it to him; I do not know exactly how, but I shall be advised in this matter, I presume, as I was in reference to coming here. I suppose my son is in Callao at this time, and if no accident befalls him. I suppose he will be in Boston by the time this will be nothished.

Autil 6.

Alexander Phillips, to his Brother.

One Paul Phillips, residing in New York city, who is anxiously looking for the appearance of his Master on earth, demands of us an answer to the following question:

"When may we expect our Saviour here upon earth?"
These words we find written upon a sip of paper and placed between the lids of his Bible. I should not pretend to come here to answer that question, had it not been directed exceedably to myself.

especially to myself.
In answer I would say, "Lo! Christ is here," knocking at every door through the medium of modern Spiritualism. We fear that our dear friend has failed to keep his lamp trimmed fear that our dear friend has failed to keep his lamp trimmed and burning. The bridegroom has come, and he has not the wedding garment on, and therefore he is unprepared to receive him. "Lo! Christ is here," and the multitude may cease looking for him. The long-expected Comforter has come at last; the portals of the celestial city have opened, and the dove hath descended upon earth. When he left the brethren here, he said, "I will come again. You may look for me among the lowly. And shall I find faithout the earth?" He has come; he has found but little faith among his subjects. He has come to his own, and his own received him not; and now he is entertained by strangers and sinners. The publicans, the lowly of earth! have welcomed him to their fresides, while they who bear his name and affect to wear his cross, have rejected him—have denied their master.

The Christ of eighteen hundred years ago did not find favor with the high ones of earth. He has come as he came before. His birthplace is lowly, but his power is sufficient to set up his kingdom on earth—that kingdom which is above all kingdoms, before which kings shall bow. That kingdom is even now being established.

A new commandment he said he gave to his friends of long ago. That commandment has been growing and increasing, until we find it mighty in size to-day.

They who are looking for the second coming of Christ, are all looking to see him come in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory; they are looking for a personal Being. and burning. The bridegroom has come, and he has not the

all looking to see him come in the clouds of h er and great glory; they are looking for a personal Being. They will look in valu. The same Jesus that left them long

They will look in valu. The same Jesus that left them long ago, has feturned, but they know him not; he has knocked loudly, but they have falled to hear.

My brother may ontertain the man Jesus, if he will. There is enough oil in the land. He may go forth and buy, fill his vessel, and return to receive his master. He need not gaze into heaven, nor need he look down into hell to find him. He may meet him in his every-day-walk, and commune with him as one would commune with his brother.

I have been an inhabitant of the spirit-world eleven and a

half scars. I have long known I could return, but have been writing for some call from earth. That call has at last come, and, jethaps, by my conding here to-day, I may be permitted approach in heater communion; and as Inpercach, I may be represented to point mineral and provided with power to open the eyes of those who cannot see; I may be able to joint my brother to path more pleasant than any he has ever trod. He is deluded, but he known it not; he is looking for Christ in the wrong way, but he known it not.

he knows it not.

Let my brother investigate modern Spiritualism, and he will find that Christ is here; that the kingdom of heaven is opened to the children of earth; that the king has commenced his reign, aid is calling upon his subjects and demanding of them his due.

them his due,

True, I believed Christ would return to earth with great
power; I believed that every eye should see him, that every
knee should bow before him. But I find I was wrong—that I
lid not understand Christ or myself; and I am not ashamed
to return to earth, and to tell my people I was mistaken;
and while I falled to walk in the right path, I may well return to point the way to them who are coming up lither.

You can say this answer was received from Alexander, the
eldest brother of the writer of the question.

April 6.

Johnny Peck, Syracuse, N. Y.

Hallo! Why don't you ask me who I am? My name is Johnny Peck. Where is here? Oh, I didn't live here; I lived in Syracuse, N. Y.; I was nine years old. Yes, I was a big boy; but I'm bigger now, for I am three years older a big boy; but I'm bigger now, for I am three years older than I was. Measles, I had. It is a nice place here: I don't mean here, but where I live now. Do you think my mother will like to have me come here? I can make her, my mother's name is not Mary. What makes you think it is that? It's Ellen, Yes, she has got a middle name— it's Maria. I've got a father, too. Father gave me fluy cents to take the medicine, and mother has got some of it in a how now. hox now.

I want mother to know I come here, and I want her to fix it so I can come at home. Oh, I wish I could go home! My father is a carpenter. I should have been one when I got to be a big boy. I've got two brothers—one's littler than me, and one's bigger. Charley is littler, and Josey is bigger than I be, Oh, I am big, and he is, now; but I was n't when I was sick. Wont you tell them I 've been here? Tell mother to give that money to Charley; he 's littlest, Josey has the most—he always used to have more than Charley and me; Aunt Carrio used to give him some for going crrands for her, and she would n't let me, o, 'cause she sent me after something once, and I ate it. She was going to give me ten cents for going for her, and she would n't let me, o after that. She used to have somebody here that she

give me ten cents for going for her, and she would n't let me go after that. She used to have somebody here that she wrote to and got letters from. I wonder if she is married yet? Josey said she was going to be.

Laugh! Yes, I laugh at everything I want to, Just as I did before I had the measles. I did n't laugh then, though. I live with grandmother now.

Oh, mother cried when I had the measles—how she cried, and felt bad when I went away, too! One part of me is burled up—one part is—my body. I had my new clothes on, and I had my miniature on the coffin. I wus there, but nobody said anything to me: they all looked at my body, and

on, and I had my miniature on the coffin. I was there, but nobody said anything to me; they all looked at my body, and cried, but did n't say anything to me. I was there all the time, but I was tired and did n't care. I seen all the folks. What 's your name, sir? Are you a schoolnaster? I used to go to school; the master's name was Howe. I do n't like him; you need n't send my love to him. I do n't care for him. I spill tink on my writing book, and missed in spelling. I do n't care—would you care, if you was me? I want to go. I am not afraid of anybody. I'm nine years old. Tell mother I want to go home—not to live—I would n't live there. I'm going now; somebody 's going to help me. Good-by.

Calvin Cutter, M. D.

Tell my friends that I have heard their question, and think I understand it, but cannot answer them, as I am not fit to I will when I am fully recovered from the shock of the change—an as yet laboring under some depression and blindness.

CALVIN CUTTER, M. D.

Gardiner Bennett, Boston.

Gardiner Bennett, Boston.

Do you allow people to question you? I hear you receive messages from anybody and everybedy who has a mind to come to you; but I did not hear what you did with them. I hear you question all who come to you very closely.

My name was Gardiner Bennett. I was born in Thomaston, State of Maino. I was a blacksmith by trade; was thirty-six years old when I died. My disease was typhos fever. I have been dead six years, and I died in Leverett street, Boston, where I resided. I had no family. I worked for a man whose name was Hale, who kept on Causeway street, somewhere near where the large depot is. I have a brother and a sister, and I should like to know if there is any chance of my speaking with them. My brother has gone out to a new ny speaking with them. My brother has gone out to a new my speaking with them. By brother has gone out to a new place they are trying to colonize. I don't remember its name, but should know if I should hear it. Kansas is the place. My sister was living somewhere in Cambridge when I die It don't seem as though I had been gone more than a day, but, when I come to think of it, it is a good while. I died in

It don't seem as though I had been gone more than a day, but, when I come to think of it, it is a good while. I died in the latter part of '53.

Can't you help a body a little. I don't care to say what I want to here. There are a great many things I want to say, but It don't seem to me to be just the right place to say what I want to. I guess I'll advertise myself here, and wait and see what comes of It. I suppose they will like to hear if I am happy or no. Sometimes I am, and sometimes just the other thing. When I think of the feture, and don't knew what is to become of me, I am unhappy. But when I settle down and say, "I don't care, God has taken care of me thus far, and will do so," I am quite happy. Some people may be wiser after death than I, but I am not wise. I have not seen (food, or a heaven, or a hell. I ask folks around me, and they don't seem to know more than I do. Perhaps this is because I was not a Christian. I used to go to meeting once in a while, but I didn't go because I believed as they do: I went to pass away time. Don't know but I should have been better off if I had been a Christian. Where I am people all seem to be situated about as I am. I ask them if they ever belonged to any church, and they never did. I did go to a place once where they all seems of the property of the property

times since I've been here, and I might as well tell of it, I suppose. That is, I was too selfish: I didn't seem to care how much other people suffered if I was pretty happy myself. I don't know but that is the reason I am so badly off now. I should say more about this, but guess I'll wait till I see my brother or sister, and then I'll talk more about it. My brother's name is Thomas Henry. My sister's is Clara.

Another thing works against me here: I never cared about learning here. I wasn't lazy, but didn't care about reading

Another thing works against me acre; a near care and learning here. I wasn't lazy, but didn't care about reading or writing. Perhaps that is against me.

I wish you would help me some. This is as good as an advertisement for a fellow to let his felks know he can come. Queer, though, isn't it, for dead people to come back and advertise that they are living? How do you get your pay for this? By the sale of papers? I never liked to work for any-hody without pay for it, and I'm glad you get your pay somehow. I never worked with a good relish when I got nothing for it. I am going now.

April 8.

Samuel Garland.

Samuel Garland.

I thought I'd call around to-day to see if you had any news for me. My brother always had, very peculiar views of the future; never cared to agree with anybody, and I see his is just as well open for an argument as he ever was. Poor Jerry I he is on the wrong track. I was with him a few days ago, and I saw he was terfibly annoyed about something, and as far as I could see you were connected with it. Or, perhaps, he was going to task again where my body was. He went to my funeral, saw my body deposited, and I told him where to go if he wished to ascertain more. But poor Jerry is good at heart, and I would like to enlighten him.

It is best for every one to be in harmony with themselves, if they can, and if so they will be likely to be in harmony with everybody else.

I regret the course I pursued in life, and were I to live it over again I would do different. I would not advise any one to be over-stocked with religion, as the world calls it, for it do u't pay here. Neither would I advise any one to lay in too great a stock of athelsm, for that don't pay here. But it is no use for my brother to advance the arguments he does, for they wont stand. I am surry he feels so annoyed.

hey wont stand. I am sorry he feels so annoyed, I came here to give truth and to enlighten my friends, and shall not say my brother has told you falsehoods, but I sa this much, his words savor very strongly of it. He is a goo soul, and it is a pity he do n't see truth. He does not under soul, and it is a pity he do n't see truth. He does not understand himself, and his friends do not understand bim, and he will never be happy until he does. I felt very much excited, a few weeks ago, when I presented myself for description and was not permitted to control your medium. I find we spirits are liable to feel angry as well as mortals are. I was openly charged by my brother with being a faisfifer, and I found it called the evil out that was in me. I am glad he called it out, for the fire which burned will burn it out and Lshall be a wiser man.

Tell my brother Jerry that I shall try to do him all the good I can, and shall frequently be with him, when he will not know it, and I hope soon to see him in a better road than

Jeremiah Williams.

Do you receive and entertain all'elasses of individuals from the spirit-world? And are all permitted to act themselves regarding their conversation, or are you guide over them? It would be a very pleasant thing for me to return to earth to commune with my friends, if I did not see so many coming o earth and returning disgusted with the knowledge the

I have conversed with many of the spirits who have had The pleasure of returning to earth. Some tell me if they receive the blessed pleasure of communing with their friends, they soon become over-credulous, and act like foolish ones; s tell me that they are rejected by their friends e tirely, and so leave with disgust. Others, still, tell me they bjected to such doubting and questioning that the

leave disgusted.

I suppose a certain amount of fact is requisite for a spirit to prove itself; but truth will in time prove itself, although at first it may be rejected by those to whom it flows.

My name was Jeremiah Williams. I formerly resided in Boston. I am often drawn to earth by one of my family who is a medium. I'll not here say which one it may be. I have never conversed to or through that member of my family, but I am often present when that member is discussing Spiritualism.

alism.

A few days ago, chance threw me in the way of one of my old friends, and I found his mind was very active upon the subject of Spiritualism. He was conversing with an old ac-

matter, which was chacted some seven or cight years previous to my death.

I had some knowledge of the affair, but I will here return to say I had not as much as my friend supposes. He seems to think if I returned to earth and revealed what I know, he should be a believer in modern Spiritualism; but I do not feel competent to reveal what he required. Much time has transpired since then, and memory does not now seem so clear as I might wish, were I going to advise in the matter, or if I were reduct to recovery dentity by it. The not care to or if I were going to prove my identity by it. I do not care to drag any-from the position they have chosen. I think it well for all to go forth and seek for themselves. If they go forth of themselves to seek, they may find hapdness; but if they are dragged into anything for it, they may as well have stayed behind.

ening.
I have children in Boston, and I should be very glid to speak with them in proper time and way, but this does not seem to me just the right place for one to send a communication to his friend, unless he would have it public.

tion to his friend, unless he would have it point.
I should not have come here today, but I was told it was
my doty. Perhaps I was over-persuaded, and perhaps it is
right I came. However, this matter belongs, I suppose, to
God, as all mind and matter does, and I leave it with him. I coot, as an initial and matter does, and I leave it with min.

cannot say my light has been very rapid; on the contrary, I
am inclined to think it slow. But as I am on the road, I
shall not object to coming to earth, if called for. I shall place
my position to do good; and when all the inhabitants of earth
shall have come to the spirit-life, I may not regret my coming
bree today. here to-day.

John Rogers Clinton, New York.

I promised to behave myself here, and I suppose I must; but really it does look so much like an old-fashioned prayer meeting I could n't help laughing.

You see I'm trying to puzzle myself to be a little gracious, and I don't know how to go to work to do it. I shall have to be myself. It's over three years since I have been here—ought to have been a saint by this time, but I am a sinner yet; cannot get rid of myself—it's no use trying.

Tell you what it is, I am not a bit like my old namesake. I want to say something nice; my father is a minister, and I want to say something smart.

Tell you what it is, I am not a bit like my old namesake. I want to say something nice; my father is a minister, and I want to fix up something smart.

My name is John Rogers Clinton. My father's name is William. He preaches in New York State. He 's death on these things; but fortune favored him with a boy of my kind. I do n't know but I shall have to be a little hard on him. You see I did n't see enough religion at home to satisfy myself that there was any truth in it, so I did n't get it myself. He 's a close Communion Baptist—pretty rigid, you see. He thinks I've gone to hell; and I think it will be kind of good for me to come back and tell him I'm not there yet. I went away very quick—did n't have a chance to pray much; do n't know as I should if I'd had had a chance, so it's all right, I suppose. My horse ran away with me; I went to Jump from the carriage, but somehow or other I did n't jump exactly right, and, instead of coming down on my feet, I came down on my head; so my friends had to shed a few tears, and lay me away.

I'm In a strange place—neither heaven nor hell; a sort of half-way place, I guess. I was twenty-one years of age—was killed on the 17th day of August, 1835. My mother died when I was fifteen, of consumption; my father married again when I was fifteen, of consumption; my father married again when I was fifteen, of consumption; my father married again when I was fifteen, of consumption; my father more day when I was fifteen, of consumption; my father more day when I was fifteen, he conversal to my fire he is satisfied, I am. But this much I will say, she and I did n't get along well together, and I loft, her. I suppose she thinks I went to hell, because I went from her. The accident which killed me occurred in New York—produced what they called concussion of the hrain. You see I came down head first, heels up. I had no recollection of the mutter until I came to spirit-life.

I had a talk with my father the day I left home. He had given me a good education; gave me some money, told me he

the conversation.

The old gentleman used to preach good sermons, but he never practiced what he preached. If I had seen any practical good in Christianity at home, I should have been a Christian; but as he did not practice, I came up wild He was in the habit of getting very angry with his employees, and when he used to talk to me, he was always angry, which did not look well for a Christian.

The old saying is, that ministers sons and deacons' daughters are never very and. Now I southers deacons' daughters

ters are never very good. Now I suppose deacons' daughters are bad because they never see any practical religion at home, any more than ministers' sons. My father heard I had home, any more than ministers' sons. My father heard I had married after I left home. That was not true, and it may be as well for me to correct the mistake. Then, again, it heard another story, which it will not be proper for me by speak of here, but which contained as little truth as the former. He had better pay as little attention to these sames as possible. My father heard also that I was intexicated at the time the accelent took place. That is not true; I was as sober as I am now.

There is one thing I do not exactly understand, and I may as well call on the old gentleman to explain. I have been

There is one thing I do not exactly understand, and I may as well call on the old gentleman to explain. I have been present many times with the old gentleman at morning prayer, and he has prayed for me. He believes that there is no repentance after death sets the seal on the transgivessor. Now what in God's name is the use for him to pray for me if this is so? Perhaps the old gentleman will favor me with an explanation. If he keeps silent, I shall have an idea he is turning Catholic, and intends praying me out of purgatory. Perhaps it will not be a bad thing for my father to consult me in private. He need not tell who he is, and I am sure I will keep silent; but I will convince I am there. There are plenty of medioms all around him.

Well, squire, shall I travel? I had not chosen any occupation; rather think I should have practiced law. My father was very averse to that profession, but it seemed to harmonize with my feelings better than his own, so I chose that

monize with my feelings better than his own, so I chose that in my mind. Well, I will go, remarking that we may n

Ellen Maria Chetwood, Albany.

bonged to any church, and they never did. I did go to a place oace where they all seemed to be extremely lappy, and I saw It was no place for me, and I backed out. I felt as I did once when I went to meeting; folks all looked so much better than I did, I watched my chance and while the minister was praying I left.

I had a little sister who died very young. I don't know how she remembered me, for she was not more than three or four years old when she died, but she took me to this place; but I backed out. I was feeling very bad when she came to me and took me to that place where everything was beautiful; but I couldn't say there—I was in no rig suitable for that. There is one thing that has made me see some hard times since I've been here, and I might as well tell of it. I more as a first in the street of the place is the carth. It was too sellsh: I didn't seem to care.

Ellen Maria Chetwood, Albany.

Strange faces—not one familiar forn! I passed from earth ind a shower of tears. Loving arms were twined around me, as it were, to hold my spirit on earth. The mighty angel beath severs all ties when the spirit is called home; he kindly leads us back again to earth, and points out a flowery pathway, at the end of which we shall need, and communo with those we have left behind us. And the flowers of spirit-flow representation of the part of the spirit world—there is nothing original in the earth-life. Soul is linked to soul, form to form, thought to riginates in the spirit world—there is nothing original in the earth-life. Soul is linked to soul, form to form, and the carth-life. Soul is linked to soul, form to form, the carth-life. Soul is linked to soul, form to form, the carth-life. Soul is linked to soul, form to form, the carth-life. Soul is linked to soul, form to form, the carth-life is source six years since then, the

Time has wrought many changes since I left my friends on the earth. Although it is scarce six years since then, the great ball has been moving—the mighty sun of progress has been shining—death and darkness have been fleeling away— sunlight and truth have been flooding the earth—yet I return to day to find those I loved best in darkness—mental darkness—through which no ray of sunlight has ever pene-trated to gladden the soul with news from the higher life.

I left a husband on earth; he mourns my absence, and calls it loss. Wil he hear me, as I return to-day? Will he believe me? There is no answering echo, and I must walt for Time to write me an answer on the fair pages of Nature's

While my mortal companion traverses the busy walks of while my mortal companion traverses the busy walks of derail life, his thoughts are often turned to me, and he wonders if I am cognizant of anything that is passing with him. ders if I am cognizant of anything that is passing with him, I will say I am often present, and perhaps I bring these thoughts to him. Perhaps they are but the fragrance of the spiritual flowers that I almost daily shower at his feet. While he wonders, will be not seek? Will he not stretch forth his hand and cruch the flowers, that they may yield him more fragrance, and give him more knowledge of the future? And I bring him cool water also. Will he not drink and be refreshed? Nature will answer me in her own time and her own way. I can hear no answer now.

The sweet flower in mortal he loved so fondly, and cherished so tenderly, that has lately been swept from his side and his presence, has blossomed with me. The winds of earth were too cold—the sun of a mother's love could not shine on

were too cold—the sun of a mother's love could not shine the child. Conditions had builded a high wall between the nother and the child; but the great Spirit of Love who con rolleth all here, brought the bud to me, and soon it may re

trolleth all here, brought the bud to me, and soon it may re-turn to gladden the father's heart, and teach him the way to heaven.

He says, "Oh, if I could but know that that child is ever with me, that it loves me still, I should be the happiest of men on earth!" Is there not enough in nature to prove that this child can return, in accordance with natural laws?

If the father will seek for knowledge he shall have it, and the grace's stall give him of the fixed of extrapt life, and he he angels shall give him of the food of eternal life, and he

shall go forth a hetter and a wiser man.

We well know that our Father careth for all, and bringeth We well know that our Father careth for all, and bringeth food to all in due time; and we well know our prayers will not bring to our friends the blessings they desire. They must pray for themselves, for prayer will draw around them prayerful ones—those who are in heavenly mansions; it will draw to them higher aspirations. Thus, it is well to pray; but all should pray for themselves.

When standing by the couch of his dying child, the father says, "Remember me when you have passed through the great change." Now he wonders why he uttered those words. Tell him they were hut the fragrance of the flowers I prought.

fell him they were but the fragrance of the flowers I brough him, and that the child has not forgotten him. I would as him to turn aside from the busy cares of life, and to lift his thoughts far from material things, and he will rise to meet those who have passed before him to spirit-life—and his vision may be unscaled, and he may behold us ere he passes through the churact of him.

may be unseared, and no may benefic us one passes through the change of death.

I perceive that you require a name. Mine was Ellon Maria Chetwood. I died at Albany, New York State. He to whom I come is called Charles H. I have nothing more to give home Maria States. now. Farewell.

Joseph Greendall.

My name is Joseph Greendall; I died in Now Bedford one year and a halfago, of ship-fever. My native place was Den-mark. Was steward; have shipmates in New Bedford. I last sailed in the bark Indian Queen, Captain Howard. Have a father in Sweden; was thirty-two years old, and came to this country when the green was 1. came to April 9. this country when ten years old.

Henry Adams.

My dear Brother—I am now outside the confines of the flesh, and am not sorry; but I am much disappointed with the new world—do not find any true Christianity here. All, all here have not much faith in that which served them well in mortal

In mortal.

Oh, that I had seen what you now see! I should not find it so difficult to see my way in spirit-life, had this been the case; yet they tell me I shall see in time.

You desired me to come back; and so I have made an extra effort to visit this office to commune through their medium. I do not come to prove to you that I am still alive, for that you know without my coming to tell you.

I cannot do well at this business—it is all new to me. Oh, that I had literaged to Wisdom as he with seed to we be before the befo

that I had listened to Wisdom, as she whispered to me befor I died; but it was for you and others, not for me.

I wish I could speak to all I loved and still love so well. The chorch? Oh, the church it is a stembling-block to all who come beneath its walls and feel its influence. I cannot give more at this time, but will try to come again, when I shall have bad a longer stop in my new home.

Your brother, HENRY ADAMS.

April 9.

Joshua Houston. There is nothing true or real until you get into the coffin in body, and into the spirit-world in spirit. Yes this is the place for a body to get at things as they are. Now I swore I would not die, but it was no use: die. I must, and there was no help for it. And now I just begin to see that it was the best thing fool could have done for me, considering there is nothing true or real on earth.

Some of my friends think I am in hell. Well, that is only their output. And some home I met with a change of heart.

Some of my friends think I am in den. Weil, that is only their opinion. And some hope I met with a change of heart before death. Well, I met with a change of body, that is sure; but rather think I 've got the same heart or feeling I ever had. I have been to you before, but do n't suppose you remember me, as it was some time since I came. I should not come to-day, had. I not been induced to by somebody on earth. Oh dear, I believe I am myself wherever 'I may go, and I been to think I am about as good as any one in my line. not come to-day, had I not been induced to by somebody on earth. Oh dear, I believe I am myself wherever I may go, and I begin to think I am about as good as any one in my line. I am getting along in a slow car—think it must be a baggage train—certainly can 't be the express. Tell my friend good by for me. Will call again, soon.

JOSHUA HOUSTON.

Written for the Banner of Light. HAS GOD SEALED THE HEAVENS?

BY MRS. J. D. DEMIS.

Say, has the great Eternal One Sealed up those gates of heaven, That man no more his truth may learn. Than what that Book has given? Ah, has Great Wisdom's mighty fount Exhausted all her store? Or is man deemed of less account Than in the days of yore?

Does He forget His children here, And pass them idly by? Bay, has He not a hearing ear, And an all-seeing eye? Does not the sun its course pursue. The earth yet pass its rounds? Has not the moon its station, too, Where God did set the bounds?

Reheld the vivid lightnings flash-Hear the heavy thunders roar-See the ocean's waters dash, And roll from shore to shore. Ah! see the misty vapors rise By Ills unerring law, Forming the clouds beneath the skies That float in holy awe,

Has the earth refused to yield The increase of her store? Do not the blossom deck the field? Birds carol as of yore? Bay, has the air its motion ceased? The winds forgot to blow? Is life withheld from man or beast? All nature answers-No! Brattleboro', Vt., 1859.

MRS. PARKINSON CHARGED WITH HERESY-HER ANSWER.

MESSRS, Epirons-I am requested by many friends in this city to transmit to you for publication a copy of the charges and some of the most important points involved in the trial and excommunication of my wife, Mrs. Parkinson, and my laughter, Mrs. S. G. Norton. The whole secret of this matter is: Mrs. Parkinson and Mrs. Norton were, members of he First Congregational Church in Oshkosh, but have lately imbraced the sublime and glorious truths of the spiritual, or harmonial philosophy. This being the real cause of comdaint, consequently the heretics must be cut off from th hurch. Now we do not complain that the church desired to rice

hemselves of these "fallen members," (as the church calls them;) but we do complain that nothing would answer their surpose but a trial for expulsion. Exceedingly great pains vere taken on the part of the minister and church to have secret trial, and thereby injure the character of the accused as much as possible. Should it be asked, Why the accused lid not ask to be released from the church, and avoid the necessity of a trial? I answer. They did ask for a letter of lismissal, but it was refused; they did ask the church to order the clerk to crase their names from the church book this was refused also. The answer given to these proposithat it was not according to Congregationalism. When we found nothing would answer their purpose but a church trial, we prepared for it, and invited the public to attend, which was very repugnant, and contrary to the feelings of both the minister and a majority of the church. The public were in, and witnessed the despotic power which was brought to bear upon the accused-especially on the part of the presiding officer, who ruled with a rod of iron. A motion was made to remove the presiding officer, upon the ground of prejudice, interest, and being party concerned, etc., which was overruled of course. Another motion was made to quash the proceedings, upon the ground that the accused were brought to trial by an ex post facto law; there being no laws adopted any since its organization.

The accused stood charged with the crime of horesy. The etion was stayed until a code of laws could be adopted, which was done by sending to Milwaukie for a copy of the Plymouth Church laws; which they adopted as soon as ob ained, and by which the accused were tried and excommunicated. It is true the church had a covenant and a set of articles of faith, but no other rules whatever, until they dopted the Plymouth Church rules. No immorality was involved in the case, as you will see by the charges and specifications: consequently no defence was introduced, except an argument of justification, made by Mrs. Parkinson, and which was (strange to say) permitted to be delivered on the occasion, for which they have since "repented in sack-R. PARKINSON.

CHARGES.

OSHKOSH, WIS., MARCH 16, 1859.
In the case of discipline against Mrs. Chloe L. Parkinson, a member of the First Congregational Church of the City of Oshkosh, State of Wisconshi:

Charge 1st—Bielect or Covenant.

Specifications: 1st—Neglecting to walk with this church in Christian fellowship. 2d—Neglecting to attend the meetings of this church on the Sabbath; also neglecting to attend the prayer-meetings of this church. 3d—Neglecting to attend the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, with this church. **Charge 2d—Henrisy.**

tend the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, with this church, Charge 2d—Henery.

Necejivetims: 1st—Denying the plenary inspiration of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Tostament. 2d—Denying that Christ is equal with the Father: 3d—Denying the divinity of Christ—maintaining that he is only divine in the sense that he showed forth in his life and teachings the spirit and love of God—that every one who has the love and spirit of God in his heart is divine to that degree in which he responses that he can an airtit—that in this way alone Christ possesses that love and spirit-that in this way alone Chris s divine, but much more so than any other human being because he has the love and spirit of God in a higher degree because he has the love and spirit of God in a higher degree
—that he is thus the highest manifestation of God. 4th—
Denying some of the articles of faith of this church. 5th—
Saying, with reference to the doctrine of the trinity, that
she "believed there were more persons than three in one
God—that all who had the love of God in their hearts were
to that degree a part of God."
—To Mrs. Chios L. Parkinson:—You are hereby cited to appear before the First Concregational Church of this city at

pear before the First Congregational Church of this city at their place of stated worship, on Friday, the twenty-fifth day of March instant, at two o'clock, P. M., to answer to the above charges and specifications.

DANIEL TYLER, Witness.

DEFENCE. BRETHEEN AND SISTERS-After due deliberation, I hav

come to the conclusion to make but a partial defence, as I have very little objection to the doctrine set forth in the charges. I will, however, briefly review, and make some statements and explanations in regard to them, in order that the church may understand my true position. All the specifications, under charge of breach of covenant, resolve themselves into one, in defence of which I will simply state the cause. A prominent brother in this church, in a public meeting, with holy indignation, gave me a lecture in the following language: "You are not establishing a Christian character, having itching ears, unstable as water, vacillating. running after known errorists; and we know not where to find you, unless among the Spiritualist, or Free-lovers." When I appealed to our pastor, Mr. Marble, he said he "thought I had no cause to feel aggrieved." A then asked him to give me his views of free-love. He said "it meant promiscuous intercourse among the sexes, and that the tendency of Spiritualism was in the same direction;" which statement bor as thyself;" that true religion consists in acts of goodall true Spiritualists know to be false. All the cause I had ness, and that we can do nothing, either to benefit or injure given for this tirade of abuse was, to meet a circle, three times a week, in company with my husband, to investigate the phenomens of Spiritualism; and, at that time, I had arrived at no settled conclusion in the matter. The church. as far as I know, (with some private exceptions,) sympathized

with this brother. It is certain he went unrebuked for his unchristian conduct. I felt it a sufficient excuse for absenting myself from church and communion; whether I was right, I leave you to judge.

Second charge: Heresy. Specification first,-Denying the plenary inspiration of the Old and New Testament Scriptures. To which I reply, I believe that all truth comes by inspiration; but that there are many falso conceptions of God in the libble, is evidenced upon its face; more especially in the Old Testament. And here I wish to state some of the causes that have led me to an investigation of this subject, and, as a result, my present position. For many years the conviction has forced itself into my mind, in reading the Scriptures, that amid many sublime truths-which truths I now accept as heartily as over-God was made the author of principles and sentiments which are alone worthy of a Demon. He is made to endorse slavery and polygamy. He is also a God of war, linte, revenge and jealousy. For a long time I smothered my convictions, and avoided reading, except selected portions, thinking it best to say nothing objectionable; but I found it impossible to think or look abroad upon the world without seeing the evil effects of allowing the whole lible to be inspiration. For instance: the Morman plants himself upon the Bible, and advocates polygamy; a slave-holding church plants Itself upon the Bible, and defends slavery. Now, my friends, I cannot see how we are to dodge the conclusion, when we admit God is unchangeable—the same yesterday, to-day and forever. After a long struggle between education and the teachings

of common sense, (which I was taught to call Devil) I came. tremblingly to this conclusion: If I go to hell, it shall be in trying to know the truth. Prayerfully and carefully I will read and compare. About this time I had material aid in the right direction from our pastor, who, in answer to certain queries, admitted there were hard things in the Old Testament, among which were Solomon's Songs, which he thought should not have been incorporated into the Bible. Soon after this, in the pulpit, he had occasion to use the words of Jesus: "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." With much emphasis he exclaimed: " God never said that ! They might have thought so, but they were mistaken." These were grand admissions for me. I reasoned after this manner: If it is right to throw away one objectionable portion of the Bible, that misrepresents God and outrages man, why not another? And from that time I trembled no more, but can safely say I was free-free to use the reason God had given me, just as much in reading the Bible as any other book: for, in the words of Gerritt Smith, "If my reason is incompetent to be the standard, it is to choose the standard; if it cannot show me what is right, it is incompetent to choose the man or book that can show me what is right. Every man's religion, to be worth anything to him, must stand in his own judgment; by his own judgment must his life be regulated. The one standard by which he is to try his religion must be within, and not vithout him; to that standard must be bring the Bible also. Gladly must be lot it inform his judgment, but never overrido it: for reason is the voice of God, commanding what is right. and forbidding what is wrong." I am happy to know that the Infinite One would have me read the Bible as any other compliation of truths and errors, and do even as Jesus said : Judge even my own self what is right."

Specification second .- Denying that Christ is equal with the Father. Far be it from me to speak disparagingly of Christ. If I was allowed to prefer charges against the Orthodox Church to-day, it would be, that they do not sufficiently esteem him, or they would more closely follow his example; but I do not expect to propitiate his favor, by believing of him what he does not wish me to believe, and did not teach. He says expressly: "My Father is greater than I." True, He also says: "I and my Father are one;" and so they vere, in purpose, spirit and mission, which was to clevate the human race. He confessed his dependence on the Father, consequently his inferiority, whenever he withdrew by himself to pray. And when on a certain occasion he said, if it were best, he could pray to his Father, and he would send to his rescue "twelve legions of angels," he clearly acknowledges this dependence. And also another fact, which we pelieve, and for which we are persecuted—that God works by the instrumentality of angels.

Specification third I endorse. It reads thus: "Maintainng that Christ is only divine in the sense that he showed forth in his life and teachings the spirit and love of God; that every one who has the love and spirit of God is divine to that degree in which he possesses that love and spirit. That in this way alone Christ is divine; but much more so than any other human being, because he has the love and spirit of God in a higher degree, that he is thus the highest manifestation of God.

Specification fourth-denying some of the articles of faith of this church-1 accept, and would add, that 1 never betions, as a reason why they could not be complied with, was lieved them all, and remained for a number of years unconnected with this church on that very account. I talked with our former pastor, Mr. Freeman, on the subject, previous to Mr. Marble's coming here; he thought it need be no objection, as there were many in the church who did no believe alike on all points; yet I could hardly bring myself publicly to apparently assent to what I did not in my heart believe: get I felt that many with whom I sympathized, and with whom I took sweet counsel, were there, and that it would be pleasant to walk with them to the house of God. As I found nany uniting that could not fully endorse all the articles, (one of whom was received with a public denial of one of them.) I followed the multitude, thinking that with such liberality no one could complain; forgetting that in times of revival when the beart is the church is more inclined to show liberality.

Specification fifth .- Saying, with reference to the doctrine of the Trinity, that I believed that there were more persons than three in one God: that all who had the love of God in their hearts were to that degree a part of God. I used such language, but it was intended, on the supposition that I admitted in any sense the doctrine of the Trinity; for if I could for one moment admit the sentiment expressed by Henry Ward Beecher, in his sermon of February 27th, I should fully endorse this specification. To be better understood, I will quote his words :-" I believe that there is God the Father: I believe that there is God the Son; I believe that there is God the Holy Ghost; I believe that these are three beings, with separate and distinct understanding, with separate and distinct conscience, with separate and distinct will; I believe that God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Chost, have a personality so separate, that if the fact of unity had not been announced, the whole world would have been obliged to regard them as three Gods: that is, to believe in tri-theism." My remarks on this specification were intended on this supposition of the Trinity. I claim that whatever relation Christ bears to God, so do all mankind, in a degree. In all his teachings he placed the true followers of God on a level with himself: For as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God, and heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." My unconditional sentiment is better expressed in the folowing article, which is also endorsed by this church: "I believe there is one God, the Creator, Preserver and Governor of the Universe; that he is a Spirit-self-existent independent, unchangeable, eternal-infinite in being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, mercy and truth." And further, that all intelligences, whether angels or men, are his offspring, through whom he manifests his attributes in a greater or less degree, according to their organization and development. My feelings toward God are beautifully expressed in the following lines:

"No earthly father loves like thee; No mother half so mild— Bears and forbears as thou hast done With me, thy erring child."

I am sure, could this view of God prevail, it would do more to tame the wayward passions of men, than all the hell-fire preaching for the last eighteen hundred years, on the principle that like begets like; and we see that in all ages men have been satisfied with becoming like the God in whom they believe. How much better this idea harmonizes with the true Christian's feelings, than that "He will laugh at our calamity and mock when our fear cometh."

I have now briefly reviewed the charges and specifications; but as I have been accused before this church of denying Christ as a ronewing and atoning Saviour, and as it is also implied in the specifications under charge of heresy, I reply : Christ's mission on earth was to "Bear witness to the truth." He labored to give to the world a clearer apprehension of the true God, and better estimate of man; and for this he became . a martyr. The Jews could not bear that their previously formed opinions should be demolished; hence the cry, " Crucify him! crucify him!" He taught that "God is love, and they that dwell in love dwell in God, and God in them;" that the whole law and the prophets hung upon this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neigh-God. only as we do it to mankind, is plainly taught in the figure of the judgment: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brothren, ye have done it unto me." He plainly enforced the words of the prophet: "What doth he Lord thy God require of thee, oh man, but to deal justly

love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." Again he taught, "The kingdom of heaven is within," showing it to be a condition, and that "God was a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." In spite of all this teaching, that pure religion consisted in love to God and doing good to man, we have handed down to us the Jewish idea, that "without blood there is no remission of sins." They had been educated so long that there was no way to approach God except through the blood of atonoment; it was impossible for them fully to comprehend a spiritual religion such as he was trying to establish. This is apparent from the fact that Paul was more forward than the rost of the apostles, to teach that Christ came on the great sacrifice, and instead of establishing a new religion, had intended it as a continuation of the old in a more perfect form; that he was the anto-type of which all Jowish sacrifices were but the anto-type of which all Jowish sacrifices were but the same of my friends have suggested that they should like it the ante-type of which all Jewish sacrifices were but the types. Paul had been strongly educated in the Jewish religon, and possessed a positive or leading mind, and not having been with Christ through his life and teachings, therefore had not the opportunity of his disciples to modify his educational bias. Thus we have a religion-part of Christ, and part of Judaism, or a mixture of the Spiritual and Mythological. Paul taught much truth by inspiration; but through much of his writings we see the relics of his previous education, thus demonstrating the fact that inspiration will partake of the channel through which it flows. This is seen in the writings of Solomon, which contain spiritual essence, but the figures used show they came through the medium of a licentious man, showing us the necessity of sifting everything that comes to us clothed with the authority of inspiration, whether through the Bible or of a more modern date. I believe the Orthodox religion, as we now have it, has done much good; but that is not because of its errors, but in spite of them. If we shall ever be able to rid curselves of its errors, and retain its truths, it will be as much improved as the Jewish was by the addition of the Christian. The greatest error of this religion is this very doctrine of the atonement. The idea that the righteousness of Christ can, by any act of faith, step between us and the effect of our sins, operates as a license to sin. Procrastination is the natural effect of the doctrine: hence we see so many death-bed repentances. Instead of this, let the world be taught that every act of their lives will be RECORDED ON THEIR SPIRITS, and that there is no escape from its just penalty; that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" that this is the natural effect of wrong doing, and that it is inevitable from the nature of mind; that God himself could not save them from the effects of violated law, which they have stamped upon themselves. Make the world believe this, and many things now done, with the intention of by-and-by taking advantage of the atonement, will be done away. I would not be understood as believing an Orthodox hell will be the final doom of all who break God's law; but that heaven and hell are conditions of the mind, and that mind is elevated by deeds of goodness, and degraded by wrong. I do believe the punishment our sins bring upon us is of an eternal nature. If we have lived a life of sin, we may break off our sins by righteousness, and our iniquities by turning to the Lord," and progress onward, "and become a Gods, compared with our present condition; yet we shall every find ourselves behind that brother or sister who have lived in accordance with their highest conception of right and duty, since they commenced a responsible existence." The common received idea of regeneration-a change of

heart, or conversion-is to my mind erroneous. If the mind was rightly educated, there would be no need of this change and upon this point I have the testimony of Rev. O. Parker. who preached here during the revival, which, you will remember, he illustrated by the figure of turning out a flock of colts until they became wild, then having a breaking time, &c.—intending to convey the idea that a child could be so trained and educated as to avoid all necessity for this miraculous change, or conversion. With the doctrine of a change of heart that does not change the moral character. I have no sympathy. If you will look about upon the most of the professed subjects of this change, you will find them just like the rest of the world-pride, love of show, aristocracy, love of riches, prejudice against color, overreaching in trade, love of popularity, and all the popular wrongs of the day, just as prominent among them as others. Yet I do not expect that a bad or immoral character can or will instantaneously become an angel-it must be a gradual development; and have learned to be thankful if I see a disposition on the par of those who profess this change to improve. Yet every per son, if properly educated, has the ability to do right, though not with the same degree of ease. The organizations of some are such that to do right is like being carried by the and others, also, that have manifested a great want of genercurrent of a river, while others are beset with temptations on every hand; but for their encouragement, let me add, you can improve that organization. Every temptation to wrong resisted weakens its power. This is your great work for time and eternity: In this you will find your greatest happiness; and the happiness of all true followers of Christ In the ordering of a wise Providence the church is in its time should be to help such to improve. In so doing they would follow the example of the mast, who said, on a certain are sick." And I think we should do well to pattern after us love, and be loved. his manner of helping them; come down to their capacity, and show them sympathy and love.

That there is a certain condition (called conversion) of darkness and despair succeeded by spiritual illumination, I know. I think I can illustrate this best by giving my own experience. At a certain time, by having my mind filled upon'me. True, I did not know what I had done to deserve must be so. In this excited state I tried to pray, but for many days grew worse and worse. I was truly like a wave of the sen, driven with the wind and tossed. This continued until I was almost driven to insanity. Suddenly, with great force, this impression came: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." It seemed that an influx of glory from the spiritual world enveloped me! If midnight darkness had been suddenly changed to the brightness of noonday, the change could not have been greater. "Praise the Lord! PRAISE THE LORD !" was my theme. My previous education made me ascribe this to Jesus. I supposed he stood as my advocate before an oftended God. I remained in this state for some days, when, as the expression, "Praise the Lord," was on my t. ngue, the glory, so to speak, departed, leaving me calm and peaceful. I had been safely led through the valley of despair. I could not understand why I could not always live in this exalted state; but have now learned to solve the mystery. In the first place, I had been wrongly educated in regard to sin and the true nature of God, or there would have been no occasion for despair. When through false teaching, it became necessary that I should have help, my guardian spirit-perhaps my own motherimpressed those words, and threw a psychological influence over me, which, for the time, enveloped me in the glory of her sphere. When the necessity had passed, that influence was withdrawn, leaving me to plod along till my earthly work was done, when it will be time enough to receive my full reward.

I have often been spiritually illuminated since, in proportion to the necessity of the case. This, to my mind, explains conversion. I know some, who are in the habit of believing they receive all spiritual illumination directly from God through Christ, will feel this is too small business. So thought the Jews when Jesus used "clay to open the eyes of the blind." Any law that God has established for the benefit of his children will do for me to receive blessings through. I love him none the less that he has made those who loved me on earth my ministering spirits. Jesus did not think it beneath him to commune with Moses and Elias; neither can I learn that John, the revelator, felt in the least chagrined when he fell down to worship at the feet of one who had been revealing certain things to him, when he was forbiddenon the ground that he was his fellow-servant and of his brothren, the prophets. Many other examples could be given to prove that the lilustrious men of old, whom you love to the instrumentality of angels or spirits, for-

"How various e'er their ranks or kinds, Angels are but embodied minds."

I am aware, my friends, that although you have brought many charges against me, the real one that has so agitated the mind of our paster, and caused him to be the instigator of all the rest, is not named; and as I wish to make a few remarks more directly upon that subject, I will name it myself. It is, that I am a Spiritualist. Spiritualism he has learned to hate, simply because he knows nothing about itonly what he learns from its enemies. I do not blame him for this, because I know we are all liable to become prejudiced by what we hear; still I think we are in duty bound, as reasonable men and women, to suspend our judgment, on make a short extract. It reads thus:

"There is no small amount of profound ignorance in the world respecting the genuine claims of Spiritualism. It is be silent. This is a practical answer the whole world cannot simply a belief. First, that man has a spirit. Second, that gainsay. Side by side with the present system of religion

Some of my friends have suggested that they should like it better if Spiritualism had another name. I think it will redeem its name. It is no more to blame for wrongs that may cloak themselves under its name than was Christianity for its abuses. You that are conversant with your Bibles, will remember that Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, said it was reported, "There were fernications among them more gross than were even named among the Gentiles." And in writing to the Romans, he makes accusations that are unfit to read. I do not mention these to excuse a wrong in Spiritualism, but to show you, like Paul, I do not feel under obligation to change what is in itself a proper name, because undeveloped men and women have used it as a cloak for wrong.

To my Christian friends who love me in spite of Spiritualism, I would say, have no toround account of the present action of this church. For my part, I rejoice, yes, negotice, that the time of inquisition is past, when, to be arraigned for that the time of inquisition and conflicting or stake; and hereny, sayored strongly of the rack, guillotine, or stake; and I understand the tree is still preserved in Boston upon which Mary Dyer was hung for being an honest Quaker. To-day the most orthodox of this church will satisfy their conscience by excommunicating the oflenders; thus demonstrating the fact that the law of progression, in spite of creeds and all opposition, like the current of a deep and mighty river, is bearing us onward toward the ocean of Love. And the time is at hand when it will not outrage the conscience of any church to embrace among its members all that love God and work righteousness, without regard to speculative faith.

Do not besitate a moment to act with the church against me, if your consciences lead you in that direction. I shall love you none the less, for you must be guided by your highest idea of right to escape condemnation. True, in doing thus you may do wrong, but it is right to you until your con sciences become enlightened, which enlightenment it is the duty of all to seek. If you would please God, and develop your mental and moral natures, never shrink from the investigation of TRUTH. Neglect not to entertain new ideas, because strangers, for thereby many have entertained angels unawares. Place not your conscience under the exclusive guidance of another, to the exclusion of your own reason, thus burying your talent in the earth. Use all as helps, but let them not become your masters. Fear nothing that does not bring you from under the shadow of the great commandment which Jesus gave, that we should "Love the Lord with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourself."

In conclusion, I bid you farewell; and although by outward forms we become separated, yet in reality we are brethren and sisters. I love you all, and expect to, through the AGER OF ETERNITY: for, as Beecher says, "They that live to love, shall live to love forever." And in the Spiritual world we shall find that Love is the fulfilling of the Law.

I shall now be under the painful necessity of withdrawing from your Society; for, with your present views of me, my presence might be an intrusion. It will be for no want of love for you, as you will find by the readiness with which I shall respond to any action on your part which acknowledges me yet a sister. I shall not complain if you do not thus acknowlige me, for I am fully aware that you must act as you think will blease the God you worship. I now give place, that you may finish the business for which you have assembled. CHLOR L. PARKINGON

Correspondence.

To Correspondents.

In our correspondence, recently, we have been obliged to reject a number of letters, well and ably written, for the reason that they are very severe and bitter against the churches osity and kindness towards the sentiments advanced by individual persons. We desire to avoid a war of words; our church is not a "church militant." We desire to be liberal in the broadest sense, and our definition of liberality is opposition to no creed of any church; to no opinion of anotherand place; it does its work, and so with every person and every opinion. Let us live, and let live; let us be, and let others occasion, "The whole need not a physician, but they that be; let us have our opinions, and let others have theirs; let

The Old and the New.

W. CARLTON, EXETER, N. H .- "Conservatism has ever been arrayed against the reformer and the truths he would promulgate. It loves old institutions and customs; it is constantly looking back to the inspiration of its fathers for guidwith wrong teaching, I became excited and filled with a nuce-not listening to the oracles which God is ever speaking vague apprehension of sin; I thought the wrath of God was to the world; a time honored custom is clung to with the tenacious grasp of the drowning man, though the life has this wrath, but the minister taught it, and I supposed it long since fied. With conservatism, the revelations of past ages are God's truths; and these of to-day a fanatic dream. Such an antagonism has disputed the claims of Spiritualism at every step, and aimed a blow at its overthrow; but this will prove its greatest safeguard, for it will cradicate much error which otherwise would have retarded its progress. Spiritualists need not fear so much foes without as an internal corruption. At the present the masses are a little more lenient in their judgment of Spiritualism: the church even, seems almost to catch a gleam of the coming light; the soul will struggle for its God-given liberty of thought and action, though bound down by the creeds and rituals of a formal priesthood; philosophic schools have beheld their ingeniously contrived theories successively exploded by irrefutable facts and await further developments. Not that opposition has altogether ceased, but the heat of denunciation seems somewhat to have subsided. Yet Spiritualism was never in so much danger as now.

The question for spiritualists is, 'What shall we do the most effectually to establish true Spiritualism?' When astounding facts have awakened the popular mind to the recognition of any phenomenon, the cry is, 'Quid pro quo,' It is asked, 'What good will Spiritualism do? Show us wherein your radical notions are better than the good old ways of our fathers?' It-is for spiritualists to answer such inquiries not by words along but deeds; not by theories, but results Every reformatory negement is judged by the fruits thereof.

The most alarming danger which threatens any religion is that it will become popular, and degenerate into a merc formalism. The church has been preaching since its origin It left off practicing when it became popular. Preaching was never so fushionable as to-day. Practicing is decidedly ont of date. The outcast finds no seat in our fashionable churches. The doors are closed against the sinner in rags. but they will open to sin clothed in broadcloths and silks. The popular preacher is loud in condemning the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees, but nods to the smiling hypocrites before him. The church loves to hear their preacher grow eloquent upon the sin and misery of heathen nations, but denounces him as a radicalist, a fanatic, if he dare speak of those popular sins which are destroying the peace and prosperity of his own people. Religion once required the Christian to be a follower of Christ, in word and deed. Now it demands only a professed follower.

The life of religion having died out, ordinances having taken the place of living faith, its power to reform manking contemplate, were over ready to receive blessings through is gone. The same fate awaits Spiritualism, if theorizing takes the place of spiritual living. The highest duty of spiritualists is, to shun the errors which destroyed the vitality of the church, and show the world that their religion has something more than an outward form—that there is a vigorous soul within. Het them convince the unbelieving, by practical results, that it is a mighty power to draw humanity up to a higher life; a religion to take hold of the hearts of the people, and it will feed their famishing souls. If spiritualists cannot show by their lives that they have found the true bread of life, then must their doctrine die out. Let them show that their religion develops all the nobler faculties of the soul. When the scoffer or unbeliever asks, 'What good will it do?' if they can point to the outcast and abandoned, now reclaimed-to the slave rejoieing in the liberty which God any subject, until we learn what its best expounders say of gave him as a birthright—to the drupkard drawn up from it. As I have been reading thoughts on the subject of the slough of degradation and vice into the healthy atmos-Spiritualism from an able mind, which I endorse, I will phere of a pure life—to the thief, robber, and murderer, by the power of Christian love, transformed into kind husbands,

altars, which shed hardly a ray of light upon the surrounding and superstition. The popular church is only a great hospital closed against the atmosphere of nature outside.

While the present system of religion makes slaves and bigots, if Solritualism makes noble, free men, then will the people gladly seek that freedom. The present demands not so much preachers, as actors. Opposition cannot be preached down, but must be lived down. While the popular church is tion to exercising the material body in material pursuits to drowsily saying its old wordy prayers, and preaching the same edition of sermons preached a century ago, let spirituallsts, burning with the love of God's truth, listen to the oracles he is whispering to them, and practice thereby. The ue seeker for spiritual truth is that individual who reads Gad's revelation with his own eyes, not through the eyes of this land of greedy gain, this will not procure for me the Hebrew expounders. There is yet another evil to be shunned i merest necessities of life. For this reason I have given my it is the desire of promulgating petty theories, instead of universal truth. Dissention among professing Christians myself can know how well I have succeeded. I have tried to has made Christianity weak where it should have been labor this Spring, and meet my material obligations; and strong. But, above all, there is need of charity-a world wide charity-which counts all humanity as God's family. Not a charity which looks kindly upon those of its own house hold of faith, upon the rich and honored alone-there is mough of such in the world-but a charity which is constantly manifesting itself in kind words and a helping hand to the downtrodden and fallen children of God. When spiritualists show that their religion fills the soul with an allembracing love to God and man, they need never fear for the dvance of Spiritualism, not with the small's pace of a creedbound and fettered religion, but with the roll of the ocean vave, lifting humanity up to a more perfect spiritual life."

P. B. Randolph, etc.

J. C. ELDREDGE, MUNNSVILLE, N. Y .- "Events of such : haracter have recently occurred in this our fertile valley, as fully justify a passing notice thereof, which notice I proceed o make and take and convey unto you.

A band of Spiritualists of the right sort exists in a small village hereaway, called Pratt's Hollow. In this village various spiritual mediums have lately held forth to audiences that fairly packed the good-sized school-house. First on the ist of speakers on the great theme of human progress and ife beyond the veil, was Miss Laura Deforce, of Wisconsin, a nedium of remarkable 'ulsing up' qualifications, to judge y the way she demolished Elder Beebe. Next came a rand discussion on the 'restitution of all things:' after which, notice was given that on a certain evening Mrs. Felon, of Boston, would occupy the desk. As a matter of course when the night appointed arrived, a large, indeed unomfortably large audience assembled, but no lecturer, the ady having been detained on the railway. Amongst others who were there was Mr. P. B. Randolph, who walked ten miles through the mud to listen to a spiritual lecture, thus proving where his old love was and still is centred, Mrs. Felton not arriving, Elder Beebe, the Methodist min-

ster, having ascertained that Mr. Randolph was present, and, o doubt, thanking the kind fortune that had delayed Mrs. ., besides having abounding gratitude for this glorious chance of having Spiritualism demolished by a master deiolisher, instead of being obliged to listen to a speech in its favor by a deluded medium; accordingly, after a brief consultation, it was resolved to invite the famous convert from Spiritualism to eccupy the desk. He accepted somewhat re actantly, and took the stand. He had just got cleverly warmed up when Mrs. Felton arrived, and he gave way for that lady, who, however, declined to speak, preferring to ostpone her discourse to another evening, and requesting the Doctor to proceed. He did so. His theme was, 'Immortality demonstrated by modern Spiritualism.' 'Good God!' exclaimed the Reverend Elder, 'I thought you had recanted, and here you are preaching up the very thing you denounced in the Tribune! I thought you were a convert to Christianity!' 'So I am,' replied the Doctor. 'I think you have not read the Tribuno speech carefully; true Spiritualism is Christianity in its very essence; false Spiritualism, humbug, fanaticism, and utopianism, together with machine mediumship—a total surrender of the body and soul to the scallawags of the spirit-world-is what I have rejected. These scallawags are devils; devils and demons are the same Demons are the spirits of bad men, and --- 'I'm sorry I asked you to speak,' interrupted a Methodist brother, 'fo you'll make more believers than forty mediums!' And this is a fact; for in Aujet way, the Doctor is doing a deal of good. Since that eventful night he lectured there again on Man and his Destiny, and also subsequently came on foo nany miles to take the negative of the following proposi tions: Resolved, that modern Spiritualism is a delusion, against Mr. Fox, a big gun, prompted by Reverend Mr. Beebe Suffice it to say that the twain had the hardest job they eve undertook; and, after their magnificent defeat, feel like dropping the acquaintance of all such recanting mediums as P. B. Randolah.

Mrs. Felton gave her lecture. It was a fair one. Since then a lady (Mrs. Morgau, of Illinois,) has been stirring up the fires of a pure Christian-like Spiritualism, and the way that bigotry is relaxing and skulking off in bitter wrath is most rapid and remarkable. We trust that we may be blessed with the occasional presence of those from the East who are worthy and strong in the cause of pure truth and true purity."

Publish Facts.

M. E. CONGAR, WHITEWATER, WALWORTH CO., WISCON IN .- "The BANNER is very well liked by those that read it and I think if you would publish, for the next three months some of the old things that have passed and gene, in relation o Spiritualism—I mean tests, letters, etc., from such men as Hare, Tallmadge, Edmonds, and in fact many others that are perfectly reliable-you would do the cause good, and extend he circulation of your paper.

People are pretty much all looking for, and are anxious to car about, the physical developments, and must learn a b c efore they will go much further.

Many of the persons whose names I send you have never read much about Spiritualism; and I presume you will receive quite a number of such names, and you must do some thing for them, if you can,

One or two questions, and I close. Has Prof. Faraday beome converted to Spiritualism, and published a book explainng his views? If so, where can the work be had?

Did Prof. Hare publish any other work on Spiritualism, excepting 'Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated?' 1 o, where can it be had?"

[We would advise those who are investigating Spiritual. smito nurchase the works of Hare, Edmonds, Tallmadge Capron, and others, already published, which can be obtained for a small amount, and are always useful for reference. New note and developments crowd in upon us in such quantities that we find it impossible to publish those of the past.

If Prof. Faraday has become a convert to Spiritualism, he has not proclaimed it. He has published a book against Spirtualism, which we presume may be obtained of Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

Prof. Hare published only the book you refer to on Spiritualism. We have heard that at the time of his death he had nearly prepared for the press manuscripts for two large octavo volumes, in which were records of some of the most extraordinary manifestations of spirit power ever published. It is thought that the friends of Prof. Hare, who are opposed to Spiritualism, prevented these manuscripts from falling into the hands of Spiritualists.]

Message through Mrs. Conant recognized.

C. E. SARGENT, 804 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, -"The spirit-communication with the signature of Sarah J. Sargent, published in the BANNER of April 16th, I recognize, and believe to have been dictated by the spirit of my mother. It was given in response to a mental request that she should visit your medium in Boston and communicate to me some words of cheer, and a mother's counsel. And truly was my prayer heard, and beautifully answered in that communication, also affording me a happy test. Oh, how sweet are the comforts of this soul-inspiring faith! Would that all could be brought into a knowledge of its truth."

Miss Emma Hardinge.

"Investigator," Westerly, R. I.—" Miss Emma Hardingo has recently favored us with the light and inspiration of her presence in this village. She lectured here on the evenings of the 3d. 4th and 5th, insts., to audiences not large, numerically, but composed of intelligent and truth-loving persons, such as are trying to obey the injunction, 'Prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good.' Miss Hardinge left at indelible impression on the minds of those who dared to attend her lectures here. How could she do otherwise with her God-like powers? What beauty of language, enchanting eloquence, perfection of elocution, power of argument denth f thought and extent of learning are exhibited in her discourses | and oh, what a transdeadently beautiful and glo- soul is nearer matured, nearer its final judgment, which will

let true Spiritualism stand, that the world may judge of their rious philosophy does she present to the human mind? How merits and demerits. Instead of the smouldering church it stirs the soul and thrills the heart! Were not my feeble pen inadequate to the task, I should attempt to give you an darkness, let spiritualists heap upon their alters living abstract of her lectures delivered in this place; but knowing truths which will dispel the darkness of ignorance, bigotry, it were impossible for me to convey anything like a just idea of their ability, beauty and eloquence, I will only say, that full of sick physicians and patients, with their doors fast they were the most magnificent efforts of human intellect that ever blazed before the vision of my mind. We shall re-Joice when this good and noble woman comes here again."

Assist the Sick.

WINFIELD S. RIPLEY, PARIS, OXPORD Co., ME .- "In relasupply the demands of the material, I would say, that if I could I would be glad to; but by nature I am possessed of one of the most frall of mortal bodies, and I cannot work at Tany laborious employment more than one hour in the day without feeling excessively fatigued and exhausted; and, in whole attention to spiritual improvement; and no one but have labored, perhaps, in all, four or five days, and am now in consequence so weak that I can hardly walk across the room. I have tried to obtain some employment that would be suited to my weak condition, but have been unsuccessful and am now almost disheartened with the prospect before me. Can any one blame me, when they imagine themselves in my place and circumstances?"

[No, our brother; no one will blame you if you do not labor; while ten thousand hearts who read your note will feel a sympathy for you, in your weak and suffering condition. "Ask"-if ye ask in need-"and ye shall receive," physically as well as spiritually.]

A New Free Church.

J. G. WAIT, STURGIS, MICH .- "I send you a notice of a three days meeting which is to take place here on the 17th, 18th and 19th of June, for the dedication of a new free church, erected by Spiritualists. This house is a fine brick edifice, 38 by 65 feet, and will sent about five hundred persons. It is built at a cost of about four thousand dollars, and is the first house of the kind erected by Spiritualists in this State.

The bigotry and intoleration of our Orthodox friends have caused the erection of this house. They closed the doors of all their churches against us, and were bound to crush us out; but it has reacted on them with mighty power, from which they will never recover in this place.'

Spiritualism in Ireland.

"CELT," CHICAGO, ILL .- "In a recent number of the BANer, I observe, under the head of 'Spiritualism in Ireland.' a statement that Sir Jonah Barrington's sketches are little known to the world. As far as your correspondent, Subcriber,' is concerned, this may be true; but surely any of his Irish acquaintances might have informed him that the sketches referred to are well known, both in this country and Ireland—not only to Irishmen, but to all intelligent students f Irish history. The book was republished in 1852, by Redfield, of New York, and the demand has justified the same publisher in getting out a new edition, which was, I believe issued in 1856."

The Creeds of Christendom.

F. L. J., PHILADELPHIA.-" Grey, in his preface to the Creeds of Christendom,' says :- I trust it will not be supposed that I regard this work in any other light than as a pioneering one.' Can you inform me if he has published any other work since the 'Creeds?' If so, where can it be obtained?"

[We know of no other.]

Written for the Banner of Light. WE ARE TWO.

BY CELESTE B. COLBY.

We are two-the ties are riven-Ties that bound in days of yore; God but knows how long I've striven For a love that is no more.

Weak and faint my spirit came, Seeking manna from thine own; Weary was I, worn and lame, But for brend thou gavest "a stone."

I gave thee deep and carnest love Of girlhood's pure and trusting hour; Alas, alas! that time should prove How all unvalued was the dower.

I left all other cherished things To link my passing life with thine; As toward the light the tendril springs, I turned to thee each thought of mine.

In maiden bashfulness I stood In silent rapture by thy side: I longed to talk-but never could-So vast my awe, my tongue was tied.

I knew within my inmost soul Were gleaming pearls unknown to thee: Fancied thy pleasure when the whole Should be revealed and given thee.

A score of weary, wasting years I've trod life's dusty bath with thee: Laved every floweret with my tears-Tears born of mortal agony.

Still deep within my secret soul My treasures undiscovered shine-Thou hast no "sesame" to control Or make its glittering riches thine.

Thou 'st called me beautiful and fair: Hast praised my limbs, my speaking eyes; My rounded arms, my waving hair-

The soul thou hast not learned to prize. I shrink in fear from thy caresa That links not soul within its hold-As shrinks the flower from feet that press Its fragrant beauty 'neath the mould !

I've waited long in sadd'ning pain The coming of thy spirit's feet; I've walted-but alast in vain-We are not one-our souls ne'er meet.

EVIL AND GOOD.

The truths of Spiritualism are yet but little understood. Even those who have given the subject most attention have caught but feeble rays shining from the great sun of spirit light now rising. The laws that govern spirit-life are o our darkened perception yet unrevealed.

Spiritualists are only pioneers in the forests of error cutting away the underbrush; next our axes will cut down great trees; then we shall pile together and burn up the load logs; tear out the stumps and roots; mellow the soil and plant grain that shall produce a rich harvest which will nourish and benefit humanity, and flowers of beauty that shall send forth rich fragrance to all,

The soul is like a garden: first springs up the wild, spontaseous, natural growth; we call this growth error, clear it away, and plant instead the germs of a new growth, plants of use and flowers of beauty. Spiritualism is the ploneer now at work to eradicate the first wild, unproductive growth of the garden of the soul, which shall be succeeded by a new growth. This operation makes great commotion and confusion : the old, fruitless, moral and religious productions of the soul are disturbed; are being uprooted and destroyed; we understand the old laws of the old growth, while the laws of the new growth we have yet to learn.

An unseen power moves Spiritualists to action; not one deed is done in this work without the immediate aid o spirits. As this work goes on, mortals will recognize in it, sooner or later, the direct and controlling influence of spirits who have once inhabited this earth, and also will recornize that the influence is measured out according to ou nature and capacity. Our deeper nature ever aspires and reaches for the good; our more superficial nature manifests the evil which is necessary in the spontaneous growth that comes first in the garden of the soul; the more it is maniested, the sooner is the culmination and death of this growth which is to give way for another and a better. The psycologic laws we know little of ; these laws act, and

we see the result for good or for evil, (as we say) according to the nature of the individual acted upon, and the outside nature is maturing in the greatest evils to our blind perception, while in reality the first wild growth of the garden of the

break and decay, to give place to a more useful and beautiful growth. The garden of every soul is cared for and supplied by the Supreme Ruler; he feeds every hungry spirit accordig to its demands,

Have we flowers of light and beauty, truths fresh and fragrant, to transplant from the garden of our souls to the garlens of other souls? If so, how pleasant, how beautiful is the work. Have we fruitless tress of error, thorns of opposition and contention, that only make fresh bleeding wounds, let us root them out and burn them, while silently, alone at home, we do the true work of life, and work in the garden of our own souls, preparing them for the new growth of use and beauty that is to come with new laws, a new philosophy and a new government.

Should a "dark spirit" get over my garden wall and find fault with my productions-what shall I do? Shall I ask him to take some of my fruitless, worthless trees; some of my thorn-bushes of contention and plant them in his garden? No, I will not ask him to do this; but will tell him that the present growth in my garden bears neither fruit nor flowers, und I am going to dig it all up and plant something that will bear both fruit and flowers; and when he sees me working to do this-sees the soil turn up rich and mellow; immediately prophecying a new and better harvest, he will go directly ack to his own garden and do the same. Then if my fruit ripens first, and my flowers bloom first. I will send him some: If his fruit and flowers come first, he will, I know, share hem with me, for we are co-workers. A. B. CHILD.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

MISS EMMA HARDINGE WILL lecture in Worcester, Lowell. MISS EMM INTERIOR WILL INCLUDE IN WORCESTER, LOWEII, Portland, Oswego, and various adjacent places, during May and June. Next Fall and Winter she designs to labor exclusively in the West and South. St. Louis, Memphis and many other places are already promised, and as she desires to complete her route via Pittsburg, &c., before September, early applications will be still received, addressed to No. 8, Fourth-Avenue, New York.

PROF. PAYTON M. SPENCE and AMANDA M. SPENCE WIll-respond to invitations to lecture, addressed to Jamestown, N. Y., or to New York city, care of G. W. Westbrook.

WARREN CHASE announces that he will lecture in Kalamazoo, Mich., May 20th; Grand Rapids, June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th;
Grand Haven, June 9th and 10th; Milwankle, Wis., June 12th;
Chicago, Ill., June 19th and 26th; Berlin, Ohio, July 1st, 2d
and 3d; Geneva, Ohio, July 10th; Conneaut, July 13th and
14th; Buffalo, N. Y., July 17th and 24th.

DR. JOHN MAYHEW from the first of June to July 14th will attend to the wishes of various friends, on or near the La Cross and Milwankie route, including Sheboygan, Neenah, Appleton, and the region roundabout. From July 14th to August 31st he will be on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit.

Mrs. J. W. Currier will answer calls to lecture. Address MEL J. W. C. BRIER WILL SHOW HE HAVE THE RESERVE AGGRESS LOWELL SON \$15. She will speak as follows:—East Stoughton, May 29th; Foxboro', June 5th and 12th; Springfield, June 19th and 20th; Putman, Conn., July 3d and 10th. She will stop a few days in each of the above places, and will stop tests of spirit-power, by trance, clairvoyant and physical manifestations.

MISS SARAH A. MAGOUN WIll answer calls to locture in the trance state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass. She will speak in East Princeton, May 20th.

Loring Moony will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on LORING MODITY WILL ANSWER CALLS to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address Malden, Mass. He will lecture as follows:—Marlboro', May 20th; Feltonville, May 30th; Berlin, May 31st; Clinton, June 1st; Leominster, June 2d and 3d; Fitchburg, 5th; Lunenburg, 7th and 8th; Shirley Village, 9th and 10th; South Groton, 12th; N. Chelmsford, 14th and 15th; Tyngsboro', 16th and 17th; Milford, N. H., 20th. He will also act as agent for the Banner and Age.

Mrs. H. P. M. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio, Editress of the Agitator, will lecture in Boston, Mass., May 29th. She may be addressed at Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

H. L. Bowken, Natick. Mass., will give lectures on Spirit-ualism and its proofs, from Intuition, for such compensation above expenses as generosity may prompt.

above expenses as generosity may prompt.

F. L. Wansworth speaks at Taunton, May 20th, Quincy, June 5th and 12th; Marlbore, June 26th. Those destring his services during the week in the vicinity of the above named places, can address him at the office of the Spiritual Age.

Muss Lizzie Botha will speak in East Taunton, May 20th; New Bedford, June 5th; Fitchburg June 12th; Taunton, June 20th and July 3d. The remaining Sundays in July and the month of Augost she will be in Plymouth.

Miss A. W. Sprague, through the month of June, will be in Plymouth, Vt., and in July and August she will speak in

H. P. FARREILD, trance speaking medium, may be adbressed at Greenwich Village, Mass.

H. A. Tucker, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at Foxboro', Mass.

itoga T. Ameder will speak in East Abington, Sunday, May 20th. J. H. CURRIER, of Lawrence, will lecture in Lawrence,

J. H. CURRIER, Of Lawrence, will recease in Lawrence, Mass., May 20th.
Mrs. A. M. Middlerrook, (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. O.,

N. FRANK WRITE will lecture through the month of June

at St. Louis; from there to Cincinnati; then cast. Any calls for week evenings, in the vicinity of St. Louis, can be addressed to him there; calls east of Cincinnati should be addressed to him at St. Louis, to give time for the appoint-

E. S. Whenler, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at

Miss Emma Houston, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, or week evenings. 'Address at Foun-tain House, Boston. 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, box 944, Baltimore, Md. PROP. J. E. CHURCHILL, can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin

street, near Race. Philadelphia, to lecture on Reform in Re-ligion, Politics, and Socialism. Mus. F. O. Hyzen 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 MISS SURAN M. JOHNSON WIll receive calls to speak on Sun-

Address, North Abington, Mass. MRS. M. M. MACOMBER, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture in any direction the friends of progress nay desire. Address Olneyville, R. I.

REV. JOHN PHERFONT WILL Speak in St. James's Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on Sunday, the 20th inst., and for three Sundays following, we learn from the Sunbeam. CANLES W. BURGES will lecture at Fitchburg, Mass., May 20th. Re-will receive subscriptions for the Banner.

Grouge M. Jackson will speak at Auburn, N. Y., Sunday, May 29th; Moravia, May 31st and Jano 1st; Hastings, (at a grove meeting.) Sunday, June 5th. He may be addressed at Watertown, N. Y., until the 12th of June, by friends in the Eastern States desiring his services.

A. B WHITING may be addressed at Brooklyn, Michigan, till further notice.

MRS. BERTHA B. CHASE WIll answer calls to speak in the tranco state. Address, West Harwich, Mass. A. C. Robinson, trauce speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sandays and weekday evenings. Address 42 Elm street.

J. C. CLUER will answer calls for lectures on Spiritualism or Temperance, and his daughter, Susie C. Cluer, will accom-pany him to give readings. Mr. C. will act as agent for the BANNER. Address at the BANNER office, or No. 5 Bay street,

IRA H. CURTIS, Hartford, Ct., will answer calls to lecture. ELIJAH Woodworth will discourse on the "Spiritual philo-sophy, history unfolded, as written in symbolic narratives, ex-pressed through the personification of words and names in the Hebrew and Christian oracles." He may be addressed at Leslie, Mich., till further notice.

J. C. HALL, Buffalo, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Mr. Hall is one of the first apostles of Spirit-E. V. Wilson, Fountain House, Boston, will answer calls to

lecture Sundays or week-day evenlugs, upon the practical uses of Spiritualism, and its truths, relating many wonderful inci-dents which have taken place, with name and place for

C. T. IRISH will answer calls to lecture in trance-state where the friends of truth may desire. Address Weir-village, where the friends of truth may desire. Address Welr-village, Taunton, Mass. Mns. S. Mania Bliss will lecture on all the various subjects

that have been presented before, together with physiology and phrenology, entranced by spirits. Address her at Spring-field, Mass.

WILLIAM E. RICE, Tranco Speaker. Address at 7 Davis

street, Boston.

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

Miss. Alvina P. Thomrson, trance-speaker on Bible subjects.

Address West Brookfield, Vt. M188 E. E. Ginson, impressional speaking medium, may be

ALVIN PEASE will receive calls to lecture in the vicinity of this city on week-day evenings. Address No. 78 Salem street. E. R. Young, tranco medium, will answer calls to speak on he Sabbath. Address box 85, Quincy, Mass.

Miss A. F. PEASE will lecture in Northampton and vicinity until the first of July, and has engagements till the first of MRS. ADA L. COAN may be addressed at Boston, Mass.

Dr. C. C. York will answer calls to locture in the trance state. Address Boston, Mass,

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Morning, May 15th, 1859.

BEFORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. ELLINWOOD.

Text:-" Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is

The human body is so constructed that it has a power not only of choosing and receiving certain con-genial elements of good, but also of rejecting, with power and decision, certain deleterious substances. There are many things which the stomach cannot for a moment tolerate. The whole nervous and muscular power of the system rises up to cast the intruder out. The same arrangement is yet more remarkable in the windpipe, that is made for air and nothing else. If a drop of fluid, or a morsel of food, unwittingly intrudes upon that passage, the most violent and convulsive efforts are made to cast out the mischief, and the system is agitated till the cause of this evil is

Now in just this way we ought to have a moral energy in the rejection of things that are evil. They ought to be cast out with an ejection instant, peremptory. The heart should be trained to resent cyll things with the utmost violence and indignation of which it deed, a corrupt motive, an envious or jealous experience, a base imagination, a longing or yearning for things sinful, should never be tolerated for so much as one moment. They are to be rejected, not with a soft

things sinful, should never be tolerated for so much as one moment. They are to be rejected, not with a soft pressure of the hand, as a tender woman, with soft palm, yieldingly pushes away a flatterer, but as a warrior, in the heat of light, takes an enemy who is scaling the wall and pitches him headlong over the battlement, with stalwart blow of hand and foot, that sends him rattling through the air and crashing to the ground. God made the earth full of soft and tender things, and just as full of hard and rugged things; and both are good in their places. Can anything be gentler and sweeter than the million glad things that are opening their eyes in the grass to-day? or harder than the rocks and roots that they grow among? The blossoms of orclards and gardens, how delicate and tender; the wood that holds them, how hard and tough! The clouds that fill the summer days, and move with-The clouds that fill the summer days, and move without footsteps in the air, are yet full of bolts that rend

oaks and make the solid earth to tremble.

And, in like manner, God has clothed the human mind with all sweet and gentle tastes, with all yearning and climbing affections, with all relishes; but the torrible, and for the most beneficent uses. There is given to good men almost a sublime indignation, a high and godlike hatred of evil, the exercise of which under appropriate circumstances, is not merely an act of the highest virtue, of the sublimest piety, but it becomes self-defensory. This hatred of evil oftentimes, has such a resemblance to God, that it may be said that we are the nearest like him when we stand in the utmost abhorrence of evil, and that we are the least like him when we substitute a weak and mawkish

utmost abhorrence of evil, and that we are the least like him when we substitute a weak and mawkish piety for this earnest abhorrence of that which is bad.

I shall only speak on a portion of this subject this morning. I shall speak of it, as it were, down about to the heart. The heart, and hands, and feet of it, I shall take care of to-night. Let me, then, look first at some descriptions of the human mind as an agent prepared for such functions. Every faculty of the mind acts in a double nature, toward things liked and pleasant, or against things disliked and unpleasant. This is but an inflexion of the nature of choice. It is a part of the power of election or rejection, and it belongs to of the power of election or rejection, and it belongs to every single faculty of the whole mind. In regard to all the basilar passions and appetites, the range of action is small, but the intensity is great. They choose like fire, and reject like thunder. But as we rise in the scale of faculties, until we reach those which stand bow the control like and which therefore. above the animal line, and which, therefore, belong to men in their full power, in distinction from animals, we shall find that this feeling of attraction or repul-sion, if not so violent, is yet more efficient. The feeling of love, for instance, knows how to take

not one whit more than is consistent with the spirit of that faculty, and knows how to reject and resent ali offers that violate its spirit. The feeling of self-esteem, offers that violate its spirit. The feeling of self-esteem, which is the root of which pride is the perverted name, resents all things which tend to violate the sense of personal right and dignity. The love of praise, which is divine, and which was meant to act both toward God and man, for the best purposes, resists and resents wintever is distasteful to the nature of this feeling. Conscience is made to resist everything that is unjust, untrue, according to any fixed standard of right and wrong. Benevolence vehemently resists all things which are cruel or pain-inflicting. The faculty of beauty rejects all deformities of veneration, all irrevence of holy things. Every one of our higher and holier feelings move not merely to the reaching out of the hand to take, but to the reaching out of the hand strike, as well, according to the nature of the provocation offered.

But, hesides this nature in each faculty to resist But, besides this nature in each faculty to resist, with a kind of anger of its own, all things that are offensive to it, there is also a yet more important fact, which is, that every one of our affections and moral emotions has the power to call up to its help the two great warriors which God has put into the soul—Combativeness and Destructiveness. In low and brutal natures, these two passions, acting with the appetites, produce quarries when the content is contentioners and conditions. produce quarrelsomeness, contentiousness, and cruelty. action of combativeness and destructiveness with these baser uses, for there is nothing in this world so imper-fect as human language, and it gets to be more and more imperfect as you get nearer and nearer to moral and heavenly things. We have no language that discriminates so as to give to every shade of faculty the appropriate terms. The terminology of the feelings is exceedingly meagre.

In mean and underbred minds, acting with the selections are the selections.

fish powers, combativeness and destructiveness produce pettishness, moroseness, frets, and scoldings, and are to the life what nettles and thistles are to the garden. But these are the lower uses—I will not say the abuses—of these faculties which, in their appropriate sphere, are divine. God has not placed these two great and brave faculties in the soul for meanness or, for cruelty, but to act as the defenders and the warriors

of our higher feelings.

Thus, if Conscience is assailed in any man, quicker than thought upspring these two knights, that never lay down their armor for a moment, and, standing at the gate of Conscience, they fight its glorious battles. Combativeness and Destructiveness, standing on either side of Conscience, make not themselves, but Conscience, strong. They give their power to this central feeling, and launch the botts of the indignation of Conscience with a power which does not belong to that faculty when unhelped. If Love find itself waylaid, its libration to work threatened in faculty when unhelped. If Love find itself waylaid, its rights invaded, its liberty or power threatened, in one second the tread of these frowning faculties is heard in her courts, and the soul trembles with the righteous anger of love. There is nothing to be compared with a love that knows how to be angry by the help of these two faculties. There is no anger in the world so terrific as the anger of love. As there is no anger which is described in the Bible as being so terrific as "the wrath of the Lamb," so in our experience we know of no anger which is so terrific as the anger. rific as "the wrath of the Lamb," so in our experience we know of no anger which is so terrific as the anger of justly incensed love. If Benevolence, in the turmoil of life, beholds the swoop of cruel power, the remorseless grasp of iron-handed selfishness, how does all its nature rouse up, and, ranged instantly by its side, how terrible is the part and action of these now lordly knights, Combativeness and Destructiveness, when they are doing its behests!

when they are doing its behests!

Thus, to specify no further, every faculty has, when aggressed, not only its own intrinsic power of wrath and of resentment, but it may, and it does, with incredible quickness, unite to itself all the thunder-bearing power of these two great angels of justice, Combativeness and Destructiveness; so that the mind is perpetually equipped for battle.

And this is the distinction between anger that is right and according that is wrong between ill temper and

right and anger that is wrong, between ill-temper and indignation. When selfish pride, or avarice, or self-love, or any other part of man's evil nature, makes use of anger for base purposes, and for selfish reasons, it then becomes evil and deranging; but when our powers are assailed with evil and temptation, and each faculty rises up to assert the goodness that is in it, to establish rectitude, and to bear witness to truth and holiness, they are morally grand in their resentments and indignation.

It is in this light that we must interpret God's indignation against evil; for it there he are feet that cannot be a second of the control of the con

nation against evil; for if there be one fact that cannot be obliterated nor explained away, if there be one fact that is just as positively asserted in the New Testament as in the Old, if there be any one fact that is consistently urged all the way through the Bible, it is the fact that God is not passionless; and certainly not on the side of indignation.

side of indignation.

I am aware that there are persons who have a strong repugnance to the teaching of God's indignation. I know that there are many who think that the idea of God's anger is the remnant of an old barbaric view of the Divine Being, which was hold before men came to know what truth and honor and justice were. They suppose that it was then that the attributes of anger

and hatred were ascribed to the Lord Jehovah, and that langry is not worth minding. A thing to call forth the and hatred were ascribed to the Lord Jehovah, and that it is our better function to cleanse the Divine character of all such ascriptions. Now wherever the Divine Being is represented as having a wanton love of cruelty; wherever capiclous anger or causeless anger is ascribed to him; or wherever the manifestation of anger in and the infliction of pain on the part of God are made the matter than and the infliction of character to him are, of course, the health of God as possessing a smiling and kind the baset aside examples of a Bainey who is normal ways and destroy his constinuant and range to the formal to the set aside examples of a Bainey who is normal ways and destroy his constinuant and as being to tender

But that is not the question. The question is this:
It inconsistent with our conception of a holy and ure Being, that he should feel such wrath and hatrod onsly, the good and the bad allke. There is no man Is it inconsistent with our conception of a holy and pure Being, that he should feel such wrath and hatred as to shake the kingdoms of men, and make the earth that commands so much respect as he who, having itself qualt and reel, with tempestious indignation? power, causes that power to stand around about the Isthis idea incompatible with the highest conceptions of God the Father, of whom Jesus Christ is the manifest Son? I aver that so far from this idea being inconsplended indignation. It is such a man that takes hold sistent with the highest conceptions of the character of the Divine Being, any notion of God that takes away this wide-swinging and far-resounding thunder of in-dignation, leaves him emasculate, feeble, unfit for be, no matter how pure and innocent he may be—no heaven, and unfit for earth. In other words, this power man, no matter how many virtues of this character he heaven, and unfit for earth. In other words, this power iman, no matter how many virtues of this character ho of indignation, this power of using our highest and best feelings, so as to make them strike with flame and flash, so far as we are concerned, is indispensibly bound up with our fundamental notions of strength, dignity and manhood. Of this we shall speak still further in a moment.

The second of this we shall speak still further in a moment.

The second of this we shall speak still further in a moment.

A command also given in the Bible, which seems strange, to children especially, whether ungrown or grown, is this: "Be ye angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Now parents are perpetually telling their children that it is sinful to be

sun go down upon your wrath." Now parents are perpetually telling their children that it is sinful to be largery and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye angry and sin not." It seems to them as though the ye duaker, and brought up a Quaker, and thorough low that the list the billed ye duaker, and brought up a Quaker, and brought up a Quaker and served when he when he highest men whon, if will want the is the dighest development of a man who has the intenses when be w which drizzles, drizzles, drizzles from morning the which drizzles, drizzles, drizzles from morning the night. Do not hesitate to give expression to your hatred of things which are essentially untrue, essentially base, essentially mean; but let not the sun go down on your wrath. Do not be angry by the day. Be angry when there is a just cause for it, but get over life as speedily as possible. A man could not live and the more sensitive am I to aggressions of them.

When I think that in the dungeons of Italy, where

that speeding as possible. A limit could not live under the constant blaze of anger. It is only now and then that one can afford to be angry.

Here is the state of facts upon which the command in our text is based. I remark, then, that men are, when brought into the presence and under the temptawhen mought into the presence and ander the temptation of evil, to rouse up the power of indignation that God has planted in them, and they are to clothe the confined till their bones have felt the very iron, and higher moral nature with such resentment as shall their minds have recled, and have been let out only because the temptation from a solicitation into a loathing. The moment we are approached with evil, it is a you could raise up the mass of men who have thus sufficient when the substitution is the substitution of the confined till their bones have feel the very iron, and the best letters, and the best either such that is a shall the substitution in the substitution in the substitution in the substitution in the substitution is the substitution in the substitution in the substitution in the substitution is the substitution in the substitution in the substitution in the substitution is the substitution in part of our duty, in the use of our mind, to blast it. The command is that we shall strike dead whatever is now and vite and mean, with the energy of a certain, divine hatred. This is not merely a permission. It is not a doubtful power. It is not to be excused. It is a part of your Christian duty. It is a religious excellence. It is one of the greatest virtues which were constituted and the property of the property of the present into the present into

Reflect the sole of the greatest virtues when you are called upon to practice.

But mark; there is great difference between being angry at a man and being indignant at the manifestation of a moral quality. There are thousands of men who will not make any distinction between men and their bad qualities; and when a person does wrong, they will justify the heaping upon him of a torrent of vengeful feeling. This passage is not a permission to practice cruelty, or to seek to have vengence on a fel-low-being. It is simply a command to hold your facits simply a command to non-your neutries in such a state of purity that the quality of evil, good or bad, right or wrong, shall always find its appropriate response in your mind; so that black shall always seem black; so that white shall always seem white; so that good shall always seem good; and so that bad shall always seem bad—in short, so that you shall always love good beautily and hote had intensely that bad shall always seem bad—in short, so that you shall always love good heartily, and hate bad intensely, no matter whether you find it in good men or bad men. It is hard to say where you will find the most of it. Secondly; the exercise of moral indignation in its

own appropriate sphere, has a peculiar and most admirable beauty. It is difficult to say when Virtue is the and innocent throughout the earth, and of all the other more lovely, when, in her serene and tranquil moods, with uplifted face, and an eye through which one may think that he sees and knows these things, and when I behold the very interior heavens, she sheds a gentle at the same time remember that he is the infinite and and divine glow upon all things; or, when roused by omnipotent God of the universe. I do not wonder when threatening evil, she stands defiant, and changes the eyes I read that his anger burns to the lowest bell; I only threatening evil, she stands demant, and changes the eyes of love to those lightning glances which send shame and fear to all evil things. Beautiful in either way, most beautiful then, in whichever mood we look upon her Divine character. Most beautiful as seen last is Virtue. Indeed, I think we cannot conceive of a per-

tempting and skulking flend that waylays her in her path. Does it not bring to the imagination the serene power of Gabriel, as, lifted up, with mighty, outstretched spear, he smites and treads through the air stretened spear, he smites and treads through the air the infernal flends? Grandly has this power of resent-ment been represented pictorially; but again and again has it been represented in the struggles of life, when the purity of woman treads down the foul impiety of tempitations. And shall it be said it is necessary to the

neart of the tempter?

If I were to see a son whose mother's memory was, in his presence, treated with foul scorn and slander, that felt no quickening of his pulse, and that felt no up-rising of soul-indignation, I should almost believe that the mother was all that the slanderer had represented her to be, and that this was the bastard of spring; for I do not think it is possible for a son to be placed under such circumstances, and not feel that God sets on fire everything in him which is good, and true,

and strong, and great.
Consider a great heart—and there are great hearts out of John Bunyan, that go wandering up and down the earth, helping poor pligrius, everywhere—who, hearing cries, should make to a near thicket, and should there find base men with weakness and purity snould there and base then with weakness that parily struggling in their grasp; do you suppose there would be no virtue in his rending their prey from their hands, and felling them to the ground? There may be a great deal of piety in submission; and I think that in the sight of God there is, also, oftentimes, piety in the

What would have been the thought of Washington What would have been the thought of Washington if he had been tempted by Arnold to become a confederate with him in his treachery and wickedness, and no lightning had flashed in his eye, and no frow had darkened his brow? Would he not have been looked upon as lacking in the spirit of true manhood? But if such a circumstance had occurred, and he had raised himself up in all the majesty of a condenning angel and rejected the proposition with the most indignant scorn, and the fact had been recorded in history, would not the orator and the poot ever afterwards have looked back to it, as an example from which to picture the grandeur displayed by man, when purity and virture indignantly trample under foot vice and corruption?

I think you cannot conceive of a character as great and strong, without connecting with it this power of indignation. The power of mere anger is not enough—and strong, without connecting with it this power of indignation. The power of mere anger is not enough—indignation. The power of mere ange

to be set aside as unworthy of a Being who is pure and vex and destroy his creation, and as being too tender and kind to average himself of it, or limit it, or punish

when occasion requires it, to lift himself up with splendid indignation. It is such a man that takes hold of the suffrages of admiration among civilized nations.

On the other hand, no man, no matter how sweet his tenues was been accountished by man.

temper may be, no matter how accomplished he may

son that will admire such a man.

You may say what you please; you may hold that gentleness and forbearance are levely traits, to be exercised under all circumstances; you may have been born a Quaker, and brought up a Quaker, and thorough-

When I think that in the dungeons of Italy, where the Lord seems to be about to send carthquakes, and where I hope war will be purification, the fairest and noblest men, the truest scholars, the wisest philoso-phers, the loveliest fathers, and the best citizens, have you could raise up the mass of men who have thus suffered in Italy, during years and generations that have passed, there would be more than enough of them to

I do not know that I should want to curse a king. I am sorry for the devil, and all that do wrong. I would fain have all do right. But when I think of the dready ful deed I have described, and think of the crowned heads of Italy as representing that deed, there is not a single power I have, either of conscience, of benevolence, of worship, or of the comprehension of truth and justice, that does not long and throb to get at such an fabonination as this. Earthquakes i Why, I think, sometimes, that my own heart would be earthquaked enough to blow up a whole continent of such abonination as the such abonination. enough to blow up a whole continent of such abomina-tions. Nor do I think that I demean my higher feelings by saying this, or that God disapproves so strong a ha-

tred toward such great evils. When, therefore, I think that God sits, oh how long seeing, every day as the great revolving wheel of human life turns before him, all the operations that take place in the thicket; all the operations that take place in the open field; all that is done under crowns and under deiocracies; all that happens in dungeons; all that tran spires in the streets of commerce; when I think that he is cognizant of all the revolutions and scenes of blood which are carrying sorrow to so many of the helpless threatening evil, she stands defiant, and changes the eyes of love to those lightning glances which send shanne will be to those lightning glances which send shanne wonder that that anger is held back so long. It is undefear to all evil things. Beautiful in either way, most beautiful then, in whichever mood we look upon her Divine character. Most beautiful as seen last is upon the head of God, I should feel my soul swell in virtue. Indeed, I think we cannot conceive of a perfect being without such power of resentment against evil. Consider, for instance, a noble woman, scorning the tempting and skulking flend that waylays her in her with everlasting chaplets of undying flowers, saying, the transfer in the properties of the standard process. ··Thou, that art long-suffering and influite in patience shalt reign God eternal."

Let us, then, look a little at some of the declarations of God, on the subject of anger. Moses asked that God would make an exhibition of himself to him, and he gave the most formal declaration of the Divine charac-ter ever given. You will find it in the thirty-fourth chapter of Exodus, where it is said:

circumvented by all that is degrading, it should have no power to rain indignation down upon the accursed iniquity? I want no such virtue as that.

Consider what must be the feelings of a father, who, on coming into the family circle—which is the installment of heaven to him, the carnest of that which he is to enjoy hereafter—to find that family circle invaded by some heastly creature, whose mouth was defiling his children's ears with words the most corrupting, and who is soiling everything he touches. A man who, and residual to the family circle invaded the control of the fathers upon the children, and who is soiling everything he touches. A man who, and residuant in goodness are truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty; visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and who is soiling everything he touches. A man who, and the fourth generation. And Moses made have a fair to the father which his head toward.

his children's cars with words the most corrupting, and who is soiling everything he touches. A man who, under such circumstances, could maintain a sort of calm indifference, and who would not feel the intensest indignation, would not be worthy of the name of man.

Consider a magistrate, whose soul pivots on integrity, and who is more sensitive in respect to his duty to protect the innocent, and to secure justice to all, than anything else. Suppose such a man to be approached and tempted with bribes; should you think more or less of him if, when the temptation came, he met it with inriadignation the most cerrific, and rejected the bribe with such bitter scorn as to carry the keenest rebuke to the y the loving of concords, but also the harsh, jarring pains of discord. This feeling of repugnance to that which is evil, is as indispensable to God or man, as is the loving of that which is good. I think you cannot have one without the other. have one without the other

The judicial forms which the declarations on this point take in the Bible, flow naturally from the moral qualities of things. When it is said in the New-Testament that God is a consuming fire. I feel that it is not inconsistent with this declaration to couple with it those declarations in which God is represented as hav-ing all the gentleness of a kind nurse, and all the tenderness of a loving mother. These two traits as applied to the Divine character, to me seem perfectly accordant. You feel that there is nothing sweeter than the love and tenderness which a mother manifests towards her

infant. It is sweeter to her than the perfume of the infant. It is sweeter to her than the perfume of the choicest flowers can be to any one; and yet, touch that child with harm, touch that child with injury, and see how, in a moment, that which was summer in the mother's heart before, is now changed to fleree storms! And you are glad of it. God meant that it should be so, for the child's defence. See how benign and beauteous is Justice, when unobstructed and uninterrupted; but see how great lustice because when it how site path if

And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid them-selves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand ?"
Let those fear and tremble that have occasion to fear
and tremble; but oh, it brings something of the joy of
heaven into my heart to know that there is to come, in
the future, a day when there shall be judgment, and
retribution shall meet universally permitted wickedness. I ain glad that love knows how to be indigmant,
and that justice knows how to be terrible in its time.

Not for the sake of making treable not for the sake of and that justice knows how to be terrible in its time. Not for the sake of making trouble, not for the sake of pain; but I ain glad that justice is indignant for the sake of justice, that love is indignant to save love, that benevolence is angry for the sake of benevolence, that pity rouses itself up for the salvation of kings to be pitied, and that all anger in God is against wickedness, and that it surrounds goodness as with a wall of fre.

I require in the fourth pages that in order to fulfill

I remark, in the fourth place, that in order to fulfill this command, we noust give all our feelings and edu-cation, so that the things that are right and wrong— the principles and the qualities and the actions—may be predetermined. In other words, there are some things which we learn to meet instantly with approbathings which we learn to meet instantly with approba-tion and with gladness; and there are other things which we know instantly to be wicked. But this power of discrimination between right and wrong is the result of training. When a child comes into life it does not know whether any particular action is right or wrong. It is only by education that it can learn the difference between that which is good and that which is evil. We should therefore make it our constant study to We should therefore make it our constant stand, which is a should therefore make it our constant stand, with the should be are according to the law of justice, of truth, of benevolence, and of rectitude, and united States. GEO. C. GOODWIN, Wholesale Agents for Now England.

By Druggies Remarks & CO., Boston, Sole Agents for United States. GEO. C. GOODWIN, Wholesale Agents for Now England.

Now England. what things are contrary to this law; and then, when we have determined these things by experience, we have determined these things by experience, we are prepared to take the legitimate steps in the exercise of the feelings of which we have been speaking.

Again, we must teach ourselves to meet evil without

Again, we must teach ourselves to meet evil without parleying—with instant and unhesitating rejection. A man should be so trained that there are no secondary questions in respect to the nature of the good or had he meets. For instance, he should be so trained that he will have no hesitation in pronouncing a lie evil. No man, on looking into the face of a serpent, is ever beguiled for one moment by its beauty and lubricity. Birds may be so beguiled, but men are not. The instant a man sees a serpent he feels that it is poison, and protects himself against it. So if a man performs towards us or others a dishonorable act, our performs towards us or others a dishonorable act, our repugnance should be roused up by that act, and we should feel it to be wrong, with as little hesitation as we would feel that a serpent was poison, if we should see one. When we find a serpent lying in our path, we make haste to destroy it; and in our intercourse with man, our souls ought to be so trained that when we come into contact with wrong, we shall blast it at once. The instant we see things that are foul and mean, no matter in whom, that instant should be the instant of their condemnation and their destruction. There is nothing more dangerous than for a man to say, with reference to any matter involving the ques-tion of right or wrong, "Let us examine it." I know it is the first impulse of a generous nature not to condemn instantly; but in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, and once more, whenever a question of right and wrong is presented to a man, he should not stop and say, "Let me consider upon it. May I not have been deceived?" Whatever things in the matter of them. matter of truth, whatever things in the matter of hon-or, whatever things in the matter of purity, whatever things in the matter of worship, whatever things in the matter of goodness—whatever things in this whole scale of virtues, are presented to your mind, and your first impression of them is that they are wrong, let that be the end of it; and if you make a mistake, let it be on that side, and not on the other.

We must put decision, too, into our moral dislikes. If we do this, we shall seldom be tempted. If we have once come to the habit of feeling vigorous and intense disapprobation of things evil, we shall be in but little danger of being drawn astray by them. But no man can come into such a habit, who is limber-backed in his dislikes. I have seen men whom it seemed to me no amount of pressure could get up to the manhood of a real indignation. I have seen men that thought stealing was bad, who, on witnessing it, would say, "Oh, well, we must not be too severe in our condemnations." They thought lying was bad, but when a condemnations." from, well, we must not us too severe in our consumutions." They thought lying was bad, but when a case of lying was brought to their notice, they would say, Yes; but you know that the provocation was strong,"
They thought that to break a man's solemn word was
very bad, but if a man broke his oath they would say, True; but we must look at these things leniently."
There is a kind of weak-backed charity in the world,

which is forever trying to make out that a thing is not what it is. There is a want of robust and scathing indignation towards things wicked and mean. This kind of spurious charity has crept much into the church, it is so much easier for a man to pass these things by without notice, than to battle with them; it

what it is. There is a water.

Indignation towards things wicked and mean. This indignation towards things wicked and mean. This kind of spurious charity has crept much into the church, it is so much easier for a man to pass these things by without notice, than to battle with them; it is so much easier for a man to put up with these things, than to carry himself daily in such goodness and purity as to make it consistent for him to condemn what is bad in others.

A man who does not know how to abhor evil, does not know how to love what is good. When God speaks of evil things, he does not mince matters. When God speaks, he says, "I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." When God speaks, he tells a thing just as it is, and says just what he means. There is nothing more contemptible than these means. There is nothing means the means are to be found nowhere; who are really neither on the side of the good or the bad, but on both sides: who are rather sorry when wrong is done, and rather glad when good is done. Give me a man or no man. These neuter men, these moral units, are utterly and inevitably distasteful, not alone to-men, but especially to men who are like God, because they are distasteful to him also.

And in this matter, I remark only once more, we are not a limit on the distance of these things and the statements.

are not to limit our detestation to those things which happen to come in conflict with our interests. Where an evil is charging upon a thing of our own, we are liable to deception. If a man is indignant when his family is invaded, when his till is robbed, when his ship is appropriated, when his name is injured, when his station in society is taken away from him, or made uncomfortable, men say, "Of course; that is right enough." But let a man take up the cause of those who have none to defend them; let a man say, "I am strong, but these are weak, and I will take their part;" let a man go out of the circle of his own interests, and look upon the ignorance of his fellow-men, and upon the wrong done a thom by resear of their ignorance. the wrong done to them by reason of their ignorance, and undertake to protect them from imposition; let a man whose warm heart beats with compassion, say,
I will make myself the universal defender of those
who are oppressed and down-trodden, for I am more indignant when I see wrong done to others, than when it is done to me."—let a man do and say these things, and the feeling which he professes to have is supposed to be merely speculative. Had any such proposition as that come upon the platform of the American Tract Society, at its late Anniversary, Mr. Ketchum and Mr. Lord would have said that except as an abstract question it could not be entertained for a single moment, and that such a feeling could only exist as a speculative one.
It is generally supposed that there is no moral quality

that rises to the dignity of being really heroic or mag-nanimous. The idea would be scoffed and derided by many sanctified sinners. But those who teach that there is no such thing as disinterested benevolence; that there is no such thing as a man's disinterestedly becoming a champion for the rights of other men, are infidel both to the letter and spirit of the Gospel. They carry the Bible just as beech-trees carry last year's leaves through the winter, not being able to shake them off, though the leaves are dead all the time.

If a man smites you, you can stand it; but let him smite your, neighbor, and you are bound to fiame like Mount Sinal. Get the thing out of the reach of self-interest, and then is the time for the exhibition of true manly virtue and Christian development.

Mount Sinai. Get the thing out of the reach of self-interest, and then is the time for the exhibition of true manly virtue and Christian development. When you are borne on by a dislike of moral qualities, you will find yourself easily tempted to commute, and it will not 2 so easy, by and by, for you to hate the evil, as to hate the doer of the evil. You must put a double, a triple guard upon yourself in this respect.

There is not a slaveholder in the South, with reference to whom—though I might on meeting him feel severely towards him at first—I should not, after a moment's reflection, think "God died for him as well as the slave—God died for the master as well as his victim. They are struggling together." But the slaveholder's deed I hate. I abhor it. It is abominable before God and man. You must take care. You will need all your grace and goodness, and forethought, to keep yourself in such a state of mind that you will not be tempted to destroy the destroyer yourself. The command is to hate evil—the evil act, the moral quality of evil—and to love goodness; and though you should, for the first moment, mingle the man with his deed, you should immediately fall back, remembering the declaration, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Confine yourselves, in your likes and dislikes, to that which is right and wrong, good and bad, virtuous and vicious. likes, to that which is right and wrong, good and bad virtuous and vicious.

DOSITIVELY THEIR LAST APPEARANCE IN BOSTON. TOSITIVELY THEIR LAST APPEARANCE IN BUSTON.

The DUTTON CHILDREN, the smallest girls of their age in the world, being 0 and 11 years old, 25 and 28 inches high, and weighing only 13 and 15 pounds. They will give Entertainments at Treimont Temple as follows:

1at Entertainment, Friday Afternoon, May 27, at 31-2 o'clock.
2d "Evening, 8
3d "Baturday Afternoon, May 28, at 31-2 "
Evening, 8
4th "Evening, 8

4th

Admission, 23 conts; Children, 15 cents; five persons, \$1; Oblidren in the afternoon, 10 cents; five cents, 50 cents.

J. H. LILLIE, Agent.

MALBERT NORTON, Manager.

DODD'S NERVINE!

Mottles Enlarged.—Price as Before.

THE extensive sale and universal favor which this great specific remay has overywhere met with, warrant the proprietors in enlarging the size of bottle, without Increasing the price. For all affections of the Nervous System, coming under the general term of Nervousness, Dodd's Nervine has no equal.

the pirce. For all allections of the Nervous System, and under the general term of Nervousness, Dodd's Nervine has no equal.

The Nervine allays irritation, promotes repose, induces quiet and refreshing sleep, and equalizes the circulation of the Nervous Fluid. It contains no Opium or other stupifying drug, but is always sure and mild. For all nervous affections—tebility, spasm, or general restlessness of mind and body—it is unequalized. It is a well-known fact that Constipation or Costiveness usually attends the use of all Nervo Tonics—preparations of Opium. Valorian, ect.,—but the use of Dodd's Nervine, while it allays irritation, restlessuess and spasmodic action of the Nervous System, also induces uniform action of the Bowels, and the secretive organs. Both in private practice, and for popular use, the Nervine is adapted to meet a general demand.

Nervous Sufferens are carnestly advised to abandon the use of Opium in any form, which must inevitably injure the system, and by a thorough use of the Nervine, not merely palliate their disease, but remove it by inducing natural action, and equalizing the circulation. \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Druggists generally.

BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-VENDERS' AGENCY

ROSS & TOUSEY,

121 Nassau Street, New York, General Agents for the
BANNER OF LIGHT,

Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers, Dealors in Cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to their unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding everything in their
line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptitude and
dispatch. All goods packed with the utmost erre, and forwarded, in all instances, by the very earliest conveyance following the receipt of the orders, sending by special arrangoment with Passenger Trains. Dealers will find it convenient
to have all their Orders packed at this Establishment, particularly with regard to Nowspapers and Periodicals. Small
parcels from the Trade, back numbers of Serials, and single
forwarded, with Papers and Magazines—thus saving time and
oxtra expense. Orders solicited.

S. T. MUNSON,

Book Publisher and General Agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT No. 5 Great Jones street, New York, (Two doors cast of Broadway.)

Keeps on hand, and is publishing constantly, in pamphlet and book form, works of a practical character. At his place may also be obtained the leading Daily and Weekly Journals, Magazines, &c. &c. Also, English Revisives, &c., including Blackwood, Edinburgh, Union, London Quarterly, Westminster, London Nows, London Times, Punch, &c. Any of the above will be furnished to subscribers in all parts of the country. Orders such for all books will be promisible attended. country. Orders sent for all books will be prompily attended to. my10

PROF. MAPES'S SUPER-PHOSPHATES OF LIME!

Superior to Peruvian guano for CORN, POTATOES, GRAIN, COTTON, TOBAGCO, AND ALL OFHER CROPS.

To be applied at any hoeing or plowing.

Testimonials from hundreds who have used it for ten years.

Made of Calcined Bones, Peruvian Guano, Sulphuric Acid, Sulphate of Ammonia, and Drice Blood, No variation in quality. In strong, new sacks, 160 lbs, each.

Per ton of Por Bag. 2000 lbs.

NITROGENIZED Super-Phosphate of Lime, \$4.00 \$50.00 Mapon's No. 1 Super-Phosphate of Lime, \$4.00 \$40.00 Mapon's No. 1 Super-Phosphate of Lime, \$3.00 \$40.00 Cotton and Tohacce Super-Phosphate of Lime, \$3.20 \$40.00 Cotton and Tohacce Super-Phosphate of Lime, \$3.20 \$40.00 Potash Super-Phosphate of Lime, \$2.80 \$30.00 One hundred pounds of the Nitrogenized Super-Phosphate of Mill equal in effect and hasting power 185 lbs. of THE BEST PERUVIAN GUANO.

Extract from Now England Farmer, April 10th, 1850. Judge French, of Exater, N. H., says;

"We have tried every variety of fertilizer, and have more faith in Mapon's Super-Phosphate than in any other manufactured article of the kind."

N. C. Planter copies from the Washington (N. C.) Dispatch, the following from a correspondent of Beaufort Co., March 4, 1859:—

"I have experimented some with guana maponers of the contraction of the same with guana maponers."

"I have experimented some with guano upon grain crops, "I have experimented some with guano upon grain crops, and found that its superabundance of animonia gave a most luxuriant growth to the plant, but it did not supply the minerals equal to the demands of the grain. Hence my wheaterp grown upon guano weighed fifty-three pounds, while that grown upon Mapoa's phosphate of lime weighed fifty-nine

West Acton, Mass.

GEORGE STEARNS, 11 may 28.

THE WORKING FARMER, DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, embracing Horticulture, Floriculture, Market Gardening, etc. A large Agricultural Monthly Magazine, at the low price of \$1.00 a year, dovoted to the dissemination of usoful and practical information on agriculture, horticulture, fruits, etc. This Journal is now in its eleventh year, and the back volumes comprise an entire work, in numbers, on the following subjects:—Manures and their application, Scientific Course of Readling for Farmer, Vegetable or Kitchen Garden, Fruits and Fruit Trees of America, etc. Dack volumes, bound in paper, for safe; vol. 1, 50 cents; vols. 2 to 11, \$1 cach. Editor, Prof. J. J. Mapes, assisted by Henry C. Vail, Geo. E., Waring, Jr., Henry S. Olcott and J. Payne Lowe. The Senior Editor and the four Assistant Editors are practically engaged in Agriculture, and they will give the results of their experience, for the benefit of their readers, from month to month. The Banner or Luair and Working Farmar will both be supplied to new subscribers for \$2.00 per annum from the office of either paper.

CHARLES V. MAPES, Publisher, Mapes's Agriculture Implement and Seed Warehouse,

Mapes's Agriculture Implement and Seed Warehouse, Whitlock Building, 132 and 134 Nassau, and 11 Beekman streets, N. Y.

tf may 28.

S. T. MUNSON'S CATALOGUE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S WORKS.
Life Thoughts, \$1.00; Star Papers, \$1.00; Gems from Plymouth Church, \$1.25. PARKER'S WORKS.

PARKER'S WORKS.

Introduction to the Old Testament Translation of DeWitte, 2 vois., including postage, \$4.41. Discourses of Religion, \$1.25—postage, 30 cts.; Additional Speeches, 2 vois., \$2.50—postage, 44 cts.; Ten Sermons, \$1.00—postage, 20 cts.; Sermons of Theism, \$1.25—postage, 25 cts.; Parker's Defence, \$1.00—postage, 18 cts. Also, all his pamphiets, &c., &c., &c., Progress of Religious Ideas, by L. Maria Child, 3 vois., \$4—postage, 75 cts.

REPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

Healing of the Nations, through Charles Linton, with appendix by Judge Edmonds, \$1.50—postage, 95 cts.; Spiritualism by Judge Edmonds, 2 vols., \$2.50—postage, 60 cts.; Oral Discussion between Brittan and Hanson, bound, 63 cts.; pamphlet, 38 cts.; Cora Hatch's Lectures, 1st volume, \$1.00; Spirit Manifestations, by Prof. Robert Hare, \$1.75—postage, 30 cts.; Epic of Starry Heavens, by T. L. Hurris—plain 75 cts., glit, \$1.00—postage, 10 cts.; Lyric of Morning Land—plain, 75 cts.; glit, \$1.00; Lyric of Golden Age—glit, \$2.00, plain, \$1.50—postage, 20 cts.; Arcana of Christianty, \$1.50—postage, 30 cts.

WORK OF A. J. DAVIS. WORK OF A. J. DAVIS.

Nature's Divino Revolation, \$2.00—postage, 43 cts.; The Great Harmonia, vols. if 2, 3 and 4, \$1.00 cacli—postage, 20 cts. each; Davis's Chart, \$1.00; Present Ago, \$1.00—postage, 12 cts.; Penetralia, \$1.00; Magic Staif, \$1.25—postage, 22 cts.; pamphlets, &c.

BWEDENBORG'S THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

BWEDENBORG'S THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

Compondium, \$2.00—postage, 45 cts.; The Arcana Celestia, 10 vols., including postage, \$10; Apocalypse Unvolled, \$1.50; Heaven and Hell, \$1.00; True Christian Religion, \$1.50; Divine Providence, 56 cts.; Conjugal Love, 75 cts. Also, all other works of the above character, not herein enumerated.

B. T. MUNSON, my10 tf No. 5 Great Jones street, New York.

ECONOMY IN WRITING.

ECONOMY IN WRITING.

SHORTHAND.

The best and general system may be learned, without a teacher, from Graham's Hand-Book of Standard Phonognaphy. A Complete Encyclopedia of the Art. New Edition. \$1.25, post paid. Twelve Lessons, with book, in class \$4; singly, \$7; by mail, \$0.

Accurate Reports of Testimony, Arguments, Charges, Lectures, Sermons, etc., furnished on the most reasonable terms, ANDREW J. GRAHAM, (Room No. 26, Appleton Building,) No. 348 Broadway, New York.

April 23.

(Room No. 26, Appleton Building,) No. 348 Broadway, New York.

DR. I. G. ATWOOD, MENTAL AND MAGNETIC PHYBICIAM. Office No. 5 Great Jones street, New York.

tf my17

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST,
NO. 15 TREMONT ETREET, BOSTON, MASS.