

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SUNDAY MORNING HERMONS  
OF REV. EDWIN H. CHAPIN AND HENRY WARD  
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EDWIN H. CHAPIN  
At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning,  
May 15th, 1859.

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TEXT:—Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this  
little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of Heaven.—  
MATTHEW XXIV, 4.

The question which our Saviour, with a beautiful  
symbolism, and with a profound truth, answers in the  
passage before us, has been the subject of dispute be-  
tween 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 greater,  
merely for the sake of being greater, indicated a level  
of thought and feeling far below its lofty requirements.  
It brings these primitive disciples very distinctly be-  
fore us; however, it makes them very real to us as men  
like unto ourselves. You can discern the gradual pro-  
cesses of divine truth in their minds, struggling with  
the prejudices and limitations of their nature, and see  
the vision of heavenly things slowly breaking through  
the darkness, leaving for a long while the shreds and  
fragments of grosser conceptions drifting about its  
spiritual light. If by inspiration we mean freedom  
from all misconception and all error, a lifting up into  
the realm of perfect knowledge, we evidently do not  
derive any such idea from the account which the dis-  
ciples give of themselves. They claim nowhere such  
kind of inspiration. Nothing can be more ardent, and  
therefore more evidently truthful, than their account of  
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 arena where the selfish ambitions and miserable rival-  
ries of earthly empires had scope for action. How  
beautifully does Jesus rebuke and refute all this. Cal-  
ling 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  
before us. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble him-  
self as this little child, the same is greatest in the  
kingdom of Heaven.

What a profound, what an original idea this unfolds.  
How it rebukes the religious conceits of greatness, even  
at the present hour; how it lowers its standards, and  
reduces its estimates; how it condemns 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 fiery mists and bloody foam of ambi-  
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 condi-  
tion—it is an indispensable condition. But there is  
nothing in the Saviour's words limiting the entire en-  
tire range of Christian character to this single quality. We  
are to be 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  
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. For we may arrive  
at a conception of its truth, let us for a few moments  
consider what humility is not. Humility, in the true  
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  
it may be, in Christian forgiveness, and yet in fineness  
when he is insulted. It is this instinct which, when a  
man gets tired of being a slave, cuts his morning  
and sends away towards the north star. It is this in-  
stinct 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  
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 gagged and  
by a timid self-distrust and have no independence; 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 call, vigorous  
action. Besides, it is often a cloak of canting hypoc-  
rasy. Often men are never more proud than when pro-  
fessing utter weakness. Men who are very kind  
for 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-  
tion 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  
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 which is impugned 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 respon-  
sible for what my ancestors did; I know myself; I find  
myself here with no good thing in me at all; why  
should I be humble about it? why should I care about  
it? why should I mourn over it? But if there was  
something given, if there was something implanted in  
me suggestive of something higher—if in the thrall of  
my sin and imperfection there is a secret possibility  
in me—well may I be humble that I have allowed that  
possibility and perverted those powers. When I see  
the goodness against which I have sinned, the infinite  
love against which I have done 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  
all we do filthy rags, groveling in confessions of sin  
before God. Now, that is not the way to find 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 sacred repentance and comfort.

Nor, again, is genuine humility incompatible with  
a consciousness of merit; for a secret persuasion of power  
is the spring of noble enterprise. A consciousness of

possessing something is essential to the sense of deficiency  
which makes us truly humble. The apostle's in-  
junction 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 consists with no great and good thing; only  
with the folly that is treated as it is giddy; with the  
pride that forgets God Almighty, and with a liquid  
self-satisfaction, which, in a universe of unlimited pro-  
gress 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  
truthful of a man who uses a great many words to prove  
it, and who speaks the truth. We doubt the genu-  
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 pretentious;  
the Pharisee is ostentatious because he is a hypocrite.  
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  
prominent mark, the miserable alternative of essential  
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  
clashes at the limitations of nature's mere, and so  
issues false stock and swells into a mere glazed, shiny  
balloon of pretension. Or, if one does not endeavor  
to conceal his inherent weakness by this kind of drap-  
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, he is a little  
of pretension, as his own. He stands out with pride  
of family, like that man, and says I have no better;  
as though a card with a crest on it would give him the  
entire heaven, and make its vigilant sentinels obedi-  
ent. When, in fact, if we would go 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 fish-  
erman.

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 candor. What  
a vast area it covers over, making such a magnificent  
gilt pasteboard of society; a miserable attempt to hide  
seaminess, envyings, rivalries, meanness, the splendid  
miseries, the racks and thumb-screws 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 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  
that, his sphere is divinely appointed. The moment  
a man feels 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 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  
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., "my little brick  
field, oh man, is as wide, from the fixed stars, as the  
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 presi-  
dent, what statesman, what man of pride and renown,  
if you are going to take the highest standard of com-  
parison? But the moment you come down and take  
the ordinary earthly standard, then the true test of  
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, not its extent. The  
field, oh man, is as wide, from the fixed stars, as the  
kingdom of France where he (Louis) did well or ill."  
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kingdom of France where he (Louis) did well or ill."

I looked around 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  
of cumulative and acceptable to God, more truly build-  
ing up his heavenly kingdom, than many who have stood  
before us, and spoken with pompous eloquence 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 his greatness or to determine its li-  
tleness, 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 power that he has not of himself.

On the other hand, if a man is in some comparative  
sense great, how we at once acknowledge the evidence  
of that greatness in modest expression. How it sets  
off the diamond of his talent and his genius! A modest  
expression! There is no influence in pompous great-  
ness, after all, even 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 would 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 speak-  
ing, the humblest; they are the wisest, for they under-  
stand the greatness of the work they have undertaken  
in finding out the immensities of God all around them.  
The more men commune with nature, with truth in  
any department, the more will they experience an  
oppressive sense of mystery, a mystery that inclines  
yet baffles; that proves in everything the inscrutable  
darkness that looks out from the stars and the flowers;  
an infinite shadow that always lingers upon the horizon;  
an enigma that eludes us in every analysis; a vital  
secret that floats over us, that circulates through us,  
which we cannot examine or detain. The humble man  
becomes, 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 intel-  
lects of our day do not construct cosmologies; they do  
not sit down and build up great theories of the uni-  
verse. 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  
state of sanity. Great things that occupy the greatest  
minds are in little sparks of electricity; in little way-

side 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.

Humility is the spring of all intellectual greatness;  
and it is 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,  
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 merciful 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 con-  
cept of religious opinions. Not that we should be wav-  
ering, 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 Ortho-  
doxy, when he thinks he knows it all, and that any-  
body else, standing on the other side of the religious  
world, is necessarily mistaken, must necessarily be  
wrong. I care nothing at all if a man calls me an in-  
fidel or a heretic; I would as lief he would call me that  
as anything else; but when he joins to that conception  
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 feel 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 au-  
thority above his fellows, like myself feeling after truth,  
and I trust, trying to do his God and Saviour's—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 Je-  
sus 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, cant-  
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 crucified him.

No, my friends, there is no religious gain of Christ's  
spirit or growth in religious graces, 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 that is a conscious humility, or moral, for all  
gain, for all greatness. 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 anal-  
ysis here. It was only one point that Christ was illus-  
trating here, not everything. He did not mean, of course,  
to say we ought 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's.  
It is a conscious humility in one sense; not a proud hu-  
mility—that would be a contradiction in terms—but a  
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 be-  
tween 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 humbleness 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  
the toil and discipline of years.

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, uncon-  
scious of the cares that come with years, of the sorrow  
that will fall like pall 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 sunny field of childhood  
and our experience; how to use all that we have gained  
with a full cup brimming over with happiness. 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 pro-  
gressed man of the man.

Once more let us consider the prominence and dis-  
tinction 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  
large; 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 him-  
self, when he lay in the manger and was a child—  
all the experience of our humanity represented in him,  
all its phases wrought out 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 man-  
hood, 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—shielding them in weak flesh, but  
throwing around them the more than adamantine armor  
of a mother's arms, makes them unconscious of life's  
sin, but also makes them happy in that ignorance, and  
they lie for a time merely to grow, to develop, to un-  
fold 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  
say, that even in God there is something of that pecu-  
liar love for children that is in our nature—and what is  
that love, when he is 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 tend-  
erness 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 moments of dark-  
ness, of a succession of sad, crushing calamities, you  
are disposed to doubt God's love, to murmur at his dis-  
pensation, to interpret him by yourself, oh father,  
oh mother, strive to interpret him by your own love;  
and remember that for the 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.

Moreover I want to say here that there is testimony in

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 be-  
fore us here. Now observe, there is no materialistic  
theory that would be consistent with the way in which  
Christ treats the child, because on that theory every-  
thing is developed—grows upward, wider and better.  
This is not the development that Christ set forth; we  
must go back to childhood again. We do not develop  
into humility. We may develop in physical strength,  
in intellectual culture, in reason, in imagination; we  
do not develop in humility. In that the child has the  
advantage of us. If it was a merely material creature,  
why should not the child have less humility than the  
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 Jesus Christ. Greatness is not spiritual  
power, it is not outward attainment; 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 fame, 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 spiri-  
tual 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 little 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 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, or to down town; it is  
building 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 chil-  
dren, to do all we can to support that, the foundation  
of our souls! Oh, my friends, 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 consid-  
eration. It indicates not only a child-like disposition,  
but child-like relations in all who in any degree enter  
into the sphere of Christian faith and feeling. Hum-  
ble 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, confiding, trusting disposition—to all that is  
really beautiful and worthy of love in childhood. It  
was nobly as a type of humility that that child  
was held forth, but as a type of the condition of reli-  
ance on filial 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  
solitude of Almighty God could be brought home into  
our souls! Oh, man, chafing with pride, trembling with  
passion, too haughty to repent, too ignorant of your  
true vileness 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 consent 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-  
tablish. 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 my  
father. There is no peace, there is no comfort, without  
confidence in God's love. There is no religion; there  
is no religion, there is no service, there is no service,  
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 could 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 day to day, besides and to chambers of sadness,  
that I must carry there only a grove, 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  
penitence, 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 Banner of Light,  
TO MY SOUL,

BY FLORIAN.

Shake off thy fetters, Soul!  
Press onward to the goal:  
What though the way be strewn with thorns that pierce the  
weary feet?  
Joyous thou yet shalt know  
There is an end to woe,  
When him who wore 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 on the skies  
The eternal mountains rise,  
Behold them bathed in radiance from the glorious world of  
light!  
Art weary now, my Soul?  
Faint now this side the goal?  
And thou shalt hear from lips divine the welcome sound—  
"Well done!"  
The Rest will surely come—  
Not far is that best home  
Where faith is lost in blissful sight, where Christ awaits his  
own!

East Medway, May, 1859.

H O M E.

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,  
Do all that Heaven allots thee for thy board;  
Unvarying bread, and herbs 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,  
ROSALIE;

THE HISTORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

[Concluded from our last.]

CHAPTER III.

Eva's heart was throbbing with sympathy; she  
felt a powerful attraction of soul towards the noble-  
minded 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 hut as within a guarded  
palace. Yet I tremble and shrink when night ap-  
proaches; 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 shrieking homewards  
to the forest depths; our dogs howl dimly. A  
weight of gloom hangs over me, as upon the awaiting  
earth. Hark! a knock; 'tis 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 door—  
faithful 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  
me 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  
slung 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,  
beseeching glances, around the room. Involuntarily  
I 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  
of surprise in my tone.

"Yes."

"And her mother?" my voice faltered as I asked  
this.

"Dead; she sleeps beneath the broad Atlantic  
wave; she died at sea."  
The child, quiescent on my lap, started suddenly,  
and looked around; she stretched forth her arms,  
and called piteously, "mamma!" then, wild and inco-  
herent words burst from her lips; with almost frantic  
cries 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  
lay upon the table. Then, subsiding from the strange  
excitement, she sat down on the floor and sang a  
sweet, plaintive song in another tongue. Alarmed  
and trembling, I put away the dagger, and looked in  
wonder on the child, so small of stature, so delicate  
of limb, yet so strangely endowed with language,  
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!"

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 impressive as she is, those  
scenes fatally affected her.

The child nestled in an undertone, which Nave-  
rillo 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 reason—  
my poor lamb! I travel much, and not trusting her  
with strangers, she is compelled to follow my wan-  
dering 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 love  
her dearly!"

He smiled sarcastically.  
"I cannot leave my child; but you will follow my  
fortunes!"

"Never!" I cried indignantly; "have I not for-  
bidden 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 repellent to me; my soul shrinks in undefined, secret horror from yours—I know not why."

His face grew dark and threatening.

"You have another?" he said.

"You have no right to question me," I replied, with rising anger. He lost all control of himself; he advanced 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 no more! I intrude. Henceforth you enter this house no more! I am its mistress, and I bid you depart!"

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 unmixed with dread, for I have no proofs to warrant such an accusation, that I called him pirate and murderer! 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! live to remember that yet never has forgiven! You will in a soul-moment repent this hour!"

"I do not fear you!" I said defiantly; "I am guarded by the best spirits of the departed; I fear not man's wickedness." He laughed a loud, scornful laugh. For the second time faithful Olga 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 exalted 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 shriek and howl, sweeping rich showers of many-tinted leaves to the sand-dune 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 portals, sleep!  
With the prayerful mood of song;  
With the lyre of my spirit stirred  
By the angel-dreams that throng  
Around the shadowy face  
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 glistening beam,  
The song of night's holiest dream,  
From the shadowy face  
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 elate;  
With the music of joy I greet  
Dream-land's thy flowery gate,  
From the shadowy face  
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 handwriting:

"Danger overhangs my child! The rude, boastful villain to dare to speak before her thus! He is, he must be, what a few whispers, 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 field. Strange and beautiful relations 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 forehead, and soon her eyelids drooped, her blue eyes closed—an expression of calm and happiness overspread her face—then her lips parted in a smile, a rosy 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 Naverillo!"

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 sealed the walls, he and his pirate crew, and tore the shrieking 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 rosy lips. Ze deems her mad, for dark and fearful are her words at times—fearful to him, and stained with wrong and crime! Fear is not mad; but grief and desolation 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; he smiles un-fearingly, and bids him release her spirit.

Storm clouds pass over the scene; the smiling coast has disappeared; angry waves are dashing up to the inky heavens, foam-crested, rushing madly, moaning 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 her bosom; for the sailors, pale with terror, pray aloud for deliverance. Hark! a low chant issues from her lips; I hear the words: the soul of faith is breathing them to the calm, blue heavens, and its angel dwellers, beyond the storm:

I hear the summons from the better land,  
I see the outstretched hands of angels there.  
I come, a wreny guest, oh, scorching land,  
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 enluring arms of love,  
My precious child! I cannot guide thee here,  
But may from regions of delight above,  
From ransomed angels' gemmed and holy sphere,  
My father's voice be murmuring sweet and low—  
Hold me no longer, let my spirit go!

The arms of Idoline release her 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 superstitious fear.

"You should have left the child," comes low and silvery her unflinching tones; "that huge wave from which you rescued her would have wasted 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. "Luella sleeps in an unhonored grave, the victim of your treachery. My father's accusing spirit brands you murderer! Your golden stores are unbalanced trophies, 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 me!"

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-washed 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 avenging, 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 shrieking 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 weird 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 some 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? Thereas, my heroic wife, art thou calling 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 ethereal, too fine, for earthly conflicts; those deep, fearless eyes look into heaven; they will not bear the shadows of earth; and her heart, attuned from childhood to celestial melodies, to strange yet familiar converse with the beings of another world, cannot bear the burdens of the common lot. Therefore I tremble with vague apprehensions, for she will leave me, and long, weary years may pass ere I rejoin her. Life without love, without one binding human tie, what is its value?

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 them 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 angel-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 its parting beams;  
Forth from the rainbow-tinted spirit fountains  
Descends the welcome star-crowned host of dreams."

The golden veil uplifted, bids me enter  
Into the magic realms, the land of song;  
Where Eden-lies, around its star-fine centre,  
And hallowed wonders on the spirit throng.

There, shrouded yet awhile in rosy splendor,  
The fancies of Love all beautiful arise;  
Grandly melodious, eloquently tender,  
Ascends the heart-hymn to the sapphire skies.

There oceans roll, whose life-waves are pulsating  
With music's loftiest worship; there the soul  
Bears flowers and gems of poetry, awaiting  
The recognition of the child of God!

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 lowering mountains,  
The beacon fires of home and sacred shrine.

I feel the sunlight glory o'er me stealing;  
Of life and love, the rapt, divinely spell;  
The wisdom of the inner 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 unfold me,  
Toll, toll for me, below, the funeral knell!  
Here life exalted is no burden weary;  
This, this is home—thou lower earth, farewell!

I am alone in the house; the friends have been

unaccountably called away. I see a body of men advancing; my heart throbs wildly. I hear the voice of Naverillo; I must go and admit him. I have more to say—will finish my record when they leave the house."

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 ministering spirits be praised, be thanked, from poor Zircovin's grateful heart! I came through the forest, urged on by 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 Olga, torn and bleeding, rushing madly through the wood, snuffing the air, and howling piteously. 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 cry 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 cheek, and murmured sweetly: 'Blessed father!'

She has since told me that his hand surrounded the house; that having previously well-arranged it all, and secured the dogs, they had carried the shrieking, terrified girl away. Near the grove of cedars, deeming his prey secure, 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 Rosalie charged me earnestly 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. Rosalie 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 passing to the upper world. Her mother—legions of angels call her home! She beholds no more the things of earth—no more save my weather-bitten face. She once that beautiful and good! She sings sweet improvised melodies of heaven and re-union; she is mostly steeped in blissful trances. Oh, child, soon earth will be so desolate to me! Oh, oh, 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 lustreously brilliant with soul life; as her frame grows weak, and her spirit strengthens and beautifies—so does the child rosy and pine with a nameless sorrow, never complaining, never again shedding a 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, warm 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 gems.

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 angels' sight; if fervent aspiration for the good of suffering, toiling, despotic-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 I'll 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 consciousness 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 of listening spirits—it mingles with the atmosphere

of less developed worlds, retarding thy soul's progression, hindering the upspring 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, ro-verberate throughout all worlds, and mingle with the fervid melodies of angelic anthems, bearing sun-shades of hope, bright glimpses of beauty to the dark-ness of the nether worlds. Pity and forgive, thou dweller of the mountain, him who lives in the valley-shadows of life. Angels, ever circling in an upward round, seraphs of purity and wisdom, spirits of love and music come to the desecrated 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 out-works 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 every 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 poetry. Yet through the darkness of mortal 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 uprising 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 praise the life-standard, and her triumphant foot be placed upon the serpent's head. Then the hideous 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, veined 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 signet-stamp of divinity, of power and genius! The eternity of the affections, the immutability of law, the unswerving march of progress, all demonstrated by master minds, by the eloquence of prayer and purpose, proclaimed by woman's lips, by little children, 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; thy heart enriched; thou shalt break the strong fetters of creed and fear, and no resistance oppose the strong and willing soul. Listen, woman! Long centuries thou hast groined beneath tyrannic shackles of custom, fashion, frivolity; thou hast been mockingly extolled an angel, and lowered far beneath the despised slaves of Eastern climes. Arise in the coming era! gird for the battle of truth with wrong! thy unerring soul the guide, thy loving heart the messenger—thy spirit the bearer of glad tidings unto men. Be patient, watchful, strong; and angel 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 the earth, great spirits shall arise, endowed with power, with strength and love divine—the pioneers of man's redemption, and woman's consecration unto God! The angel hosts are watching; the beacon fires glow from the spiritual summit's height; and from the myriad unseen worlds afar, thrills low and sweet the harmony of sound, the herald-trump of advancing freedom, the æolian strains of mighty, all-persuasive love!

I go unto that land where life fears not the elemental strife; where beauty weeps not o'er decay; where love is imperishable, and God is nigh and felt! I go, smiling and unfearing, over the sea, for I behold the morning shore beyond, and there my mother and my kindred dwell. Tarry yet awhile, thou faithful champion of liberty! thine is no forlorn cause. Though rampant yet the kingly despot's power, thy influence has been—shall be felt. Thy words of heroism, thy burning soul, have graven testimony on a million hearts—on immortal spirits whose thoughts shall live forever. Faint not—pause not! Look ever upward and beyond; the true and good shall win!

Farewell! In coming time others shall speak to you more eloquently of higher truths and deeper revelations. Soon, and earth shall be flooded with a sea of light, and angels shall beautify its homes, and dwell in the hearts of men.

This, ah me! is the last revelation given through those pure and fading lips. Joy—joy to her! passing so calmly to the other shore; but woe is me, the desolate mourner whom God bids tarry here!

Blotting with quick falling tears was the record of her death, the day and hour. Through her own blinding tears Eva Thornton read:

"She smiles in seraphic peace; her white hands folded on her bosom; she is with her mother, now."

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

"I will not bury her in the churchyard; this is my privilege of freeman; though the world deride and the church condemn, I will lay her amid the free, wild mounds 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 ear. 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 OF —, 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 yet 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!

He died by Zircovin's hand—the poor yet noble exile. I have given out the fugal 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. I haven't 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 protector—for 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 protector. 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 grief-stricken 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 letter for the house in the woods. I cannot grant his 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, wretched exile! how pale and feeble he looks; yet what indomitable courage is on his brow! Success would make of him one of those great men the world calls heroes; injustice drives him from his native shores, tainted with a rebel's name. The quiet family living at the house will admit him as a lodger. He says he has come to die beside his Rosalie's grave.

He is dead!—even as Idoline was found, they found him; his white locks streaming in the wind, a withered rose grasped tightly in his hand, prostrate on the ground, clasping the cold, grey rock! 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 papers—a sort of journal. It was sent to me. I have read it with strange, varying feelings. What singular beings they were, that father and daughter; and yet I feel a reverence, almost an awe. I cannot destroy those papers; they shall be with me while I live; when I am about to leave the world I will destroy them."

A letter from Mr. Hardham informed the mistress of Woodbine Lodge that his father, on his deathbed, gave him the sealed package, with a command to read it when his spirit should have departed. For many years the secret of his brother's guilt and untimely end preyed heavily on his sensitive mind. Often he felt tempted to commit the journal of the stranger and his father's letter to the flames. But some unaccountable influence restrained him always; almost, as it were, a sudden drawing away of his hand bade him desist.

For some years a believer in the truth and beauty of spirit intercourse, he had learned to comprehend the mysteries of that record. Divested of earthly pride, and deeming it an act of justice, he sent the letters to the owner of the house, in which so much of the spiritual and the beautiful transpired. On the point of transcribing himself, at peace with God and man, he made this acknowledgment to one who, like himself, was a believer in, and participator of, the new light of Heaven.

Many tenants had left the house, chased thence by the strange sounds, the weird, melodious breathings on the air. Perhaps, for years, the spirit of the beautiful and pure Rosalie sought for communion with those of earth; the liberty-loving soul of Zircovin returned to the loved haunt of home; but even as on earth, his motives were not acknowledged, and though both came in love and sympathy, their com-



lag inspired only terror. But to the strong, courageous soul of Eva Thornton, they could come with welcome songs, and beautiful revelations of the inner life.

Often the glorified face of Rosalie beams in the musing hour of her congenial spirit, Eva; often the warrior father stands beside her, guiding her hand to write messages of encouraging hope and joy to man; often the child, Idolene, stands by the flowers, inhaling their sweet perfume, her blue eyes full of thought and tenderness. Yet in a child-form, here is a glorious intellect, a developed soul, that soon shall expand into the ripeness and glory of celestial womanhood. She is with her mother in the land of peace; and speaks of her father rising slowly to the higher light, guided by the one redeeming love of earth, a father's fond affection.

Eva lives happy and cheerful in the haunted house, and much of Mrs. Felton's fear has departed; for, with the coming of the departed to earth, that beautiful and calm return, much of the olden superstition has left the yearning heart. When Eva last heard from Rosalie, it was through a young medium'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 spaces on high  
To the breathing, prayerful earth;  
From the wisdom shrine, and the love-like home,  
To the dear, familiar hearth.  
To the forest scene of my earthly lot,  
To my quiet-skirted, humble cot.

I come with rare soul-gifts—with given power—  
Of wonderful glimpses of truth;  
With the gifts of affection, the sun-blessed flowers  
Of knowledge and beauty and youth.  
From the glorious 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-realm 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 chaut  
Triumphant o'er sorrow and wrong,  
Come with the loving heart of yore,  
From the homes and shrines of the spirit-shore.

Philadelphia, February, 1850.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## The Charity of the World.

BY A YOUNG RELATIVE.

Some author has written, "For sorrow is the common lot of all humanity;" a sentiment to which my 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 life.

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 oftentimes, 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 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 rewards, in a lucrative sense, to those engaged in it, in the course of a few years of perseverance and industry. Against the danger of such an uncertain step, my gentle but ever cautious mother warned her husband; but for once her advice was unheeded, and a few months later found my father in company with a man considerably his senior in years, and the possessor of no small amount of capital, which the latter did not hesitate to invest in their mutual business.

A larger and more commodious store was now rented by the thoroughly interested partners, who seemed bent upon amassing a fortune before old age, with its withering hand, should blunt and destroy their energies. Extensive additions to their already large stock of goods were being constantly received from the neighboring cities of Boston and New York, to which places my father now made frequent pilgrimages, where, unfortunately for himself and family, he imbibed many extravagant ideas, which a careful observer might have seen manifested in numerous ways, in regard to his expensive mode of living, and increased expenditures in trade. The patronage of not only all Wiltonville was generously awarded the new firm of Butler & Chilson, but even extended in a large measure to the various inhabitants of the several towns in the immediate vicinity of our now populous village.

About this time my mother's health began to fail her. Alarmed at the first indication of disease upon a constitution which had ever been noted for its apparent soundness, my father seemed intent upon gratifying every wish, however slight, expressed by his darling wife. Several journeys to the South were now made by my devoted father and his lovely companion, by recommendation of the physician of the latter, who hoped by this means to restore his fair patient to her former good health.

Being an only child, and without rather of a quiet and well-disposed boy for one of my tender age, it will hardly be wondered at, when I tell you that I was at once the pride and pet of the household. Observing from earliest infancy my extreme love for books rather than play—in which the generality of boys so much delight—my indulgent father determined to gratify, as far as possible, my educational tastes.

At first, my beloved mother voluntarily assumed the office of governess; but as soon as the first symptoms of ill-health began to present themselves

to my father's watchful eye, it was deemed advisable by the latter to place me in some first-class boarding school, where, under proper tutorage, I might undergo a thorough course of study, preparatory to entering Harvard College, when years and intellectual advancement should have rendered me worthy of admission. The new academy at Groton (since justly celebrated for its excellent educational resources,) at once suggested itself as a desirable place to the minds of my anxious parents for the mental culture and moral improvement of their only son.

To think was to act with my father, and the morning after the anniversary of my tenth birthday found me an established inmate of Groton Academy. My first separation from parents and home was, of course, a painful one; but my intense desire for knowledge triumphed over the more tender emotions of the heart, and made me a subservient captive to the laws of school-discipline.

During one of my earliest vacations, I well remember accompanying my dear mother to New York 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 mere 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 grudgingly 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 empress 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 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 use.

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 mistook the pale and transparent complexion, with its delicate 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 disease.

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 the greatest of earthly comforts, and served to form a connecting link between the absent one and the loved at home. As time rolled on, I perceived that the delicate and elegant chirography of my mother's epistles became cramped and irregular, as if the pen had been guided over the smooth white page by a tremulous and uncertain hand. How to account for this change in her hitherto beautifully even style of hand-writing, I knew not, for my mother, with true womanly tact, never divulged to her light-hearted boy the secret of her long suffering, though, as I afterwards learned from my father, the letters which my childish eyes so eagerly watched for each coming week, were oftentimes written to me while she lay upon her bed completely prostrated and weakened by a severe attack of bleeding at the lungs, or a violent coughing fit. Letters from home now reached me only once in three or four weeks, until by degrees they ceased altogether. At this sudden and unexpected change in the state of affairs, my sensitive heart now took alarm. Three months had elapsed and no letter had been received by me from the mother, whom I prized next to my God.

Thanksgiving week had been allotted to the boys, by their teacher, as a season of recreation, and I among the rest, felt an intense desire to spend that good old Puritanic holiday at home. I had expressed as much to my mother some six weeks previous, but to my bitter disappointment had received no reply to that, or the two or three letters I had written at intervals of a week or ten days afterwards.

It was the fall of the year 1837, a year memorable in the annals of the history of the present generation of the America people, because of the devastation and ruin that stalked about with giant tread, throughout the entire length and breadth of our now-favored land—a year in which men of reputed 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 assigned by the Governor of Massachusetts as a day of general thanksgiving among the inhabitants of this State. Tired of watching the mail which for long weeks had denied me the precious boon for which my soul so thirsted, I sat silently poring over a book in the solitude of my own little room, (my particular friend and chum having gone to New Hampshire the Saturday previous,) when suddenly the principal of the school entered, bearing in his outstretched hand a letter, the address of which I instinctively divined to be my own. I opened

it in breathless haste. It proved to be from my loved mother, though written in an apparently feeble hand, and requesting my immediate presence at home.

The noon train found us on the road toward home. It was full nine o'clock in the evening before the train reached Wiltonville, although it did seem as if we dashed along with almost lightning speed. A man-servant was in readiness at the depot to relieve me of my valise, and from him I learned that my father had been absent to New York on business for the space of all three weeks.

With a beating heart I listened on, and reaching the door of my father's dwelling, was met in the hall by my dear mother, whose pale face and hollow voice actually startled me as clasping me firmly in her slight arms she wept for joy at my safe return home. At that moment my joy at the bitter truth of my loved parent's approaching dissolution suddenly flashed upon my hitherto unsuspecting mind. The quick eye of my mother must have noticed the look of sorrow which rapidly rose upon my beaming countenance, for, with a bright laugh, she drew her arm within that of my own, and proudly led me forth into the dining-room, where she said supper was awaiting us.

The gaiety of my mother's spirits during that entire meal, quite disarmed my mind of the sad thoughts that had but a moment or two swiftly coursed through it, and only served to impart an increasing relish to the excellent repast before me. It was full an hour and a half before we rose from our seats at the table, over which we had unheedingly lingered, in cheerful conversation, and retired to the parlor, for the purpose of waiting the coming of my father, whose return might be looked for in a couple of hours. Well may I have lingered with heart felt pleasure over that cheerful scene, for it was the last that God ever permitted us to enjoy together!

My dear mother's excuse for not having answered my letters of late, was on the eve of indisposition. She seemed surprised to think that so long a period had elapsed since I had received any intelligence from home, for she had, when ill to write herself, carefully handed her boy's letters to my father, who had promised to answer them immediately for her. But it seemed to her as the increasing cares of business absorbed his entire time and attention, for when at home, he spent most of his evenings in his library in close conversation with his partner, Mr. Chilson.

Upon my inquiring of her if my father, on going to New York, had intended to be absent from home so long, she replied no, but she had written her some three days after his arrival that city, that business of an unexpected nature would perhaps require his remaining there some weeks or more. Since that time she had received particular word from him, until the very evening of my return, when Mr. Chilson called, between seven and eight o'clock, and left word with the servant who had answered the bell, that he had but just received a telegraphic dispatch from Mr. Butler, who said he should probably arrive in Wiltonville about twelve o'clock the same night. Why Mr. Chilson had not noticed to see her, as was his custom, was source of surprise to my mother; but as the girl that he looked both pale and sick, besides being a great hurry to get home to supper, the innuendo and unsuspecting wife gave no more thought to the matter.

At about five minutes past twelve o'clock, the shrill whistle of the locomotive announced to our impatient and listening ears the arrival of the night train from New York. John, man of out-door work, had been despatched to the depot with the buggy to receive the expected father and his baggage.

For the past two or three hours the rain had been falling heavily; but as every instant presented so warm and cheerful an aspect, my mother and I had scarce heeded the wag of the elements without.

All of a sudden, there came loud and hurried knock upon the hall door. Startled, and looked at each other in dismay for a second, for neither had heard the sound of carriage wheels or the tramp of horses' hoofs. The heart of her ever brave, and seizing a lamp, my mother hastened to the door before I could call her back. A minute, and my father rushed wildly into the room, threw down his valise, and with clothes wet by rain, disordered hair, and a face almost ghastly uniform pallor, caught his wife convulsively to heart, and, without noticing me, hurried on to parlor.

Perceiving that something was all occurred, to so change the outward aspect of her beloved husband, my mother quickly moved to the sofa, upon which he had recklessly thrown himself, and seating herself beside him, dryly inquired the cause of his sorrow.

"Oh, my poor Anna!" he exclaimed, at the same time rising to his feet, and sadly contemplating the pale, thin face of his wife, "did not Chilson tell you of this?"

"Of what?" cried my mother, she despairingly rose from the sofa, and threw herself upon the neck of her anguish-stricken husband.

"Calm yourself, my dear wife, I will tell you all," replied my father, as he tried to put her away from him, lest the dampness from his wet clothes should give her additional pain.

"Well, Charles, I am prepared for the worst," said the invalid, making a stoic effort towards composure, and grasping my hand support.

"Anna, if I must indeed tell the bitter truth, we are completely ruined—your husband is a bankrupt!"

A sharp, shrill cry vibrated throughout the apartment, and the next instant mother lay powerless at the feet of her wretched husband, the hot life-blood flowing from her pale in a dark-purple stream, and deluging the fold her snowy wrapper, as my father and I bent low over her loved form, striving, by words of piteous tenderness, to recall that endangered one back to consciousness. But in vain. Life was extinct. There had been too great a one for her feeble organism to bear; and the testimony of her attendant physician, when summoned to the spot, some fifteen minutes later, was that the deceased had suddenly ruptured a blood-vessel, thus producing instant death, to one who could not at the best have many months longer.

Here, dear reader, began my great sorrow. My father's severe failure, and the sudden and unlooked for death of his wife, perished upon his mind; that on the day appointed by my mother's funeral he was confined to his bed with a terrible attack of brain fever. Four days later, and I beheld, through a mist of falling tears, the loved form of my father placed beside that of my mother.

in the cold and silent tomb. It was then that I prayed God to let me die, also, in the extreme apathy of despair. But there came no responding answer to my wretched prayer for death, and so I struggled on in my deep solitude of heart, blasted hopes, and bitter regrets.

Some two weeks after my father's burial, beheld me an established inmate in the family of my uncle, Mr. Hunnewell, who, with his showy and splendidly dressed wife, had come up from New York a few days previous, to attend the funeral ceremonies of my deceased parent, and make some provision for 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 much loved sister, Ellen, Hunnewell. A letter expressive of the same desire had been dictated by the sinking man a few hours before his death, to the village minister, who at once despatched it to New York, as soon as the weary spirit had commenced its heavenward flight. From the short conversation which I held with my father in his last illness, and the apparent calmness with which he looked forward 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 of his wealthy and worldly-loving sister, was not removed, else would his fond heart have strangely rebelled at the thought of leaving his child to the 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. 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 family to the West, where by hard labor and continued perseverance he hoped to replenish his then empty coffers.

The night after my father's funeral, I chanced to overhear some portions of a conversation which ensued between Mr. Hunnewell and his wife, as I lay in my bed in a room adjoining the one occupied by them, through the medium of very thin walls and a door which had been left slightly ajar, without their knowledge.

Being informed by the village minister of my great and unbounded love for the acquisition of learning, and of my extreme desire to pass through college, my uncle, with true liberality of heart, proposed continuing my studies at some good school in New York, preparatory to sending me to Harvard University. To my great surprise, however, my aunt entirely discountenanced such a course; adding 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 book-knowledge, and thereby educating them for a station which they might never hope to fill in after life."

After this passing remark, a strong feeling of antipathy towards my aunt seemed to spring up within my breast, which every succeeding day served but to increase. Upon reaching New York, I found the home to which I was transferred to be one of exceeding beauty and magnificence. To be the possessor of a splendid residence in Fifth Avenue had long been the darling wish of my aunt's heart. Fortune had prospered my uncle in his business to a wonderful extent, and it was to gratify the foolish pride of his wife and children, that he had sold off his plain but comfortable dwelling in Second Avenue, for a new five-storyed mansion in a more fashionable locality.

The reception which I met with from my cousin Frank and his eldest sister, Jenny, was anything but gratifying to a heart that, in its extreme loneliness, craved sympathy more than bodily nourishment. Gracie, a sweet and interesting girl of thirteen years, was the only member of that trio that seemed to regard me with any degree of tenderness and interest. Jenny—or "Miss Jane" Hunnewell, as she bade the servants to address her—was a tall and by no means handsome girl of fifteen years, who was just putting the finishing touches to an entirely superficial education, 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 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 playing 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 man—my 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 placed in their power.

I had been in my uncle's shop full three years, where I had served several months at watch-making, when I discovered one morning upon going to the 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 dollars. My face grew ashy pale as my uncle entered the store and greeted me with his usual pleasant smile; for I felt that though innocent of the robbery which had just been committed, suspicion would most naturally fasten itself upon me.

Contrary to my usual custom, I had requested permission of my uncle to wait upon my cousin Gracie

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

I think that Mr. Hunnewell must have noticed my white face and sorrowful eyes, for, approaching the counter, behind which I stood trembling like a guilty culprit, he said, in tones of great kindness, "What ails 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 hesitation, 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 something 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 store.

From the first moment that I had found the jewelry gone, something seemed to say to me, this robbery is 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 morning 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 loud in their accusation against one whom they had long 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 I was suspected, I made known to her my intention of leaving my uncle's 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 me 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 than 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 grey-haired, 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 scrutiny, and then asked, in a 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 painful 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 twelve-month 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 Gracie, 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 dawn 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, knowing 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 Alleghenies, would not be able to subdue the free-soldier hunter among the mountains and great prairies and mighty rivers of the West.

Those who possess the most real excellence may least boast.



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## 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 inebriates, like the diseases inherited by inebriates. 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 submit the following statement of facts from a late Appeal of the Trustees of the New York Inebriate Asylum to the People and the Churches of the United States, on behalf of that Institution. They tell a better story—these facts—than 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 humane and charitable institutions, and the sick and the insane are left to languish in our almshouses, 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 community to provide the best means for the cure of the curable, and to take care of the incurable. This duty of society, besides being urged by every consideration of humanity, will be seen to be more imperative, when we consider that inebriety 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 clergymen, 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, deafness, and blindness—all these, said as they are, may be successfully treated at home; while the inebriate, without an asylum, perils his own life by his own hand. Jeopardizes the lives of others, and dies, at length, a most 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. Where is the man who has power of mind and determination of purpose to withstand the torments of hunger and thirst, when rich viands and delicious waters are placed before him? Will he not break bread 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 the face 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 person who has witnessed the inebriate's sufferings believe 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?

This Institution (while relying for its success upon the careful classification of its patients, its rigid, but kind, police discipline, its judicious hygienic and medical appliances, its moral and religious influences) will prove the most powerful auxiliary to the church in rescuing from the thralldom of a diseased appetite a class of our fellow-citizens whose present physical and 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 asylum 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 clergymen, thirty-six physicians, forty-two lawyers, 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 sanctity of private life, to lay before the public a full account of each case of inebriety that has come under our observation, 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 benevolent 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 mania, which had produced great emaciation. For this malady his physician recommended 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 inebriety. The patient lost self-control, and became a burden to his friends, who made every effort to restrain him, but in vain. At length, conscious of his inability for self-control, he voluntarily surrendered himself to the custody of the superintendent of the almshouse on Blackwell's Island. He remained there but a short time, as his better nature revolted at the depraved 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 inebriety, and all of whom were applicants for admittance to this Asylum.

Then a merchant, who had applied for admittance 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 wanted physical and mental condition of his system. Thereby was produced this disease, which consigned 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 is so:—

—was a gentleman who had been disinherited by his father, on account of his inebriety. 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 insane 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 become 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 a common street inebriate, 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 month, 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 alcoholic stimulants had disappeared. At the close of the twelfth month, he was pronounced perfectly sound, and was discharged. He is now enjoying a fine reputation as a judge, and has been for several years an ornament to the Bar.

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

There may be some good persons who will endeavor to excuse themselves from co-operating with us in this work, on the ground that inebriety is a malady so extensive, that, by a single asylum, we shall not be able to reach one in a hundred of this unfortunate class. But inebriety is far less prevalent than idleness; 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 seven hundred inebriates in this country, and a moral certainty existed that one-half of this number could be restored to health, respectability, and usefulness, would not the saving of these three hundred and fifty be considered worthy of the untiring efforts of the friends of humanity and Christianity? Are our responsibilities lessened on account of the magnitude of the 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 this malady? Are we to suffer the loss of friends again and again, without making a practical effort to save them? Many a father's anxious inquiry is, where shall I place my only son, who is destroying his own life, and bringing disgrace and ruin upon his family? Many a mother sighs in solitude because her cherished son, the hoped-for solace of her declining years, is pursuing the reckless course of the inebriate, and no asylum is allowed to take him from open disgrace, or to 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 unfortunate in the world for whose recovery and restoration 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 soul, when it is in our power to rescue him from such a life, and from such a death?

We could earnestly 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 to the Church of Christ a useful, exemplary and devoted Christian.

## SPIRITUALISM AT MUSIC HALL.

Rev. T. W. Higginson, by request of the committee of 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 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 the past year or more, it will be impossible for us to resume our sittings this month.

## THE CHURCH AND SPIRITUALISM.

"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 the Cardinal Archbishop. This lecture was the second of a course on "some broad and simple principles in which to meet the infidelity of the day."

The closing paragraph in its report is as follows:—

On the existence or proof of miracles, he said, a considerable difference of opinion obtains between Catholics and others. The Catholic believes that miracles are still wrought and are susceptible of proof, but others deny the working of any other miracles except those recorded in scripture. He, therefore, confined himself to these, and entered into an elaborate argument for the purpose of showing that there was every day occurrence for proof to be found in the things they knew nothing about the cause. He instanced the turning of water into wine, and the raising of the dead, and said that these were the cause of the remarkable phenomena, the manifestations themselves could not be doubted. He could mention one of the present cabinet ministers, who declares that he had seen 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 any 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 seen such and such a friend in the street; and was disposed to consider that such phenomena had been permitted by God in his providence in order to supply the attitude of infidelity. The miracles of Scripture could no more be doubted than any facts such as these; and his Eminence, after contending that there were other worlds inhabited with men besides our own, concluded with an eloquent enforcement of the claims of religion upon the mind and conscience of humanity.

It is a singular fact that churches and all classes of Christians are, imperceptibly to themselves, verging by slow but certain steps towards Spiritualism. It is more or less becoming ingrafted, as it were, upon the great church; and so we may expect to find new and vigorous shoots, bearing choice fruit, in the place of branches whose fruit hardly up to the demands of the men and women of the reasoning and liberal age.

The Universalist and Unitarian churches are far advanced on the road to New Dispensation, and the Spiritualist can find not which he can love and cherish in their belief, and in the teachings which emanate from their pulpits. A single breath of the Great Spirit, causing them to admit the fact of spirit communion, and all different cease, except such as must ever exist between man and man, in order for each to retain that individuality which is the seal of divinity.

The Orthodox, Baptist, and Methodist churches, which have been the rigid of all the offspring of the reformation against doctrines, are being liberalized with almost incredible rapidity by clergymen like Beecher. Among the laymen of the churches, there is an immense multitude who not only talk Spiritualism, as of their best and most beloved preachers do, but have an abiding faith in the communion of spirit with mortal through the manifestations which their past deny. Angels are already at the doors of these temples, preparing to roll up the veil which shuts out the dear departed, who stand on the other side, pitying 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 into true church, which shall recognize Truth in all; and which shall find nothing common or alien in the works of God, but shall see his spirit in everything that lives.

The Atheist and the Agnostic stand pledged to no belief, but ready to grasp truth when it shall appear clothed in form tangible to themselves. They accept the freedom and love the church there is to be found in the new light, and soon will shine upon them with such power that they will wish to hail it with joy.

A deep spiritual power pervading and overshadowing all mankind; and drawing us all to newer and more liberal views of God of life, and of each other. This influence is fast driving the mist and darkness of the night, and already glimpses of the glorious day of Love and Good Will are caught by those who are earliest on the way to mountain tops.

Many of us have heard some of us still are, impatient at the slow march of the monarch of Liberty and Love, and think it better at once to tear down and root up the cherubs, those arms of the departing past, which cling closely to, and invite the night damp and the dross to linger yet longer in the valley. They are silent to see the light play there, as well as on the mountain side where we have pitched our tents.

But the good God will have us, and has ordained that these withered arms cold forms shall not die. He feeds them as the nurse feeds the famishing body. He does not throw them from the fullness of his glory, which would desert them at once, but silently sends his influence in storm as they can receive to-day; and to-morrow will give them more of his love, and thus gradually prepare them to welcome the brighter light which moves souls enjoy.

These things should lead us to be patient with, and kind and loving to all, and to all who profess to worship God through them. The word Destruction is not written on the churches, but Restoration—to new life, fresher charity, to deeper love—burns brightly above in the heavens.

## CATHOLIC SCHOOLS ASSOCIATION.

An association of like gentlemen within the parish of St. Mary's, B. has been formed for the purpose of establishing Catholic schools for secular instruction, or to use our own language, as given in a circular, "for the purpose of our children in their faith, against the heretofore influence of our city public schools; to establish and sustain Catholic schools for the children of Catholics in this parish."

The association is called "The Catholic School Association of St. Mary's B." and is to be sustained by monthly assessments of the members, who may be either ladies or gentlemen, by life-memberships at the rate of \$50 each. Constitution of the association presents two points—one is, that the business meetings, for furnishing the number of teachers, hiring building, fixing salaries and rents, &c., are to be held on any day; the other, which furnishes the key to the movement, is the following article:—

"The pastor of St. M. Church, or any other clergyman he may appoint, shall be appointed the Director of the Association; he is hereby invested with absolute power in the management and direction of the schools."—Journal.

This is one of the fruits of the course adopted by the Boston School Committee, in compelling Catholic children repeat words obnoxious to their faith. If it had the desire of these men to enlighten or to protect Catholic children, their intolerance has completely prostrated the plan.

These children will desert our public schools, where liberal sentiment would have found way to their hearts, for these are strictly sectarian character, where they will be kept by any liberal associations. Friend Dyer no doubt felt he was working for the upbuilding of Christianity; he understands it; but instead of that, his zeal pulled down all that the Author of Good has created mortals to build up. Men in their impatient the slow growth of goodness, often uproot the tree of knowledge, which was growing as fast as desired, and place in its stead the tree of evil.

## MYS HOURS.

Geo. A. Redman has announced a volume of his Spiritual Experiences, this title, to be issued the first week in June. We received advance sheets, from which we shall in extracts in our next, giving our readers to better understand what the book is. Charles Partridge is publisher. Bela Marsh will have it for sale in Boston.

## DEBATER TO YOUNG MEN.

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

He said, it was no great credit to be a young man; everybody has to be one. But the credit was in making it appear that they were old in wisdom and Christian grace. He wished to put young men on their guard against a certain plied scientific and philosophical prevalent. 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 Christianity. It was by 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 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 merely talks religion, is not true like that which acts. That newspaper, 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 rattletrap pious things.

He 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 get 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 Brooklyn. There was rowing, and all the various games of ball; and if the Young 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 Association. 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 with study already, and their chests almost collapsed. When he came to look at the books in that library, he should not look to see how many volumes of theology they had, but how many books they had from which a young man could learn something 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 that 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., between Joel Tiffany 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 acute.

## 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 particulars. By this arrangement our friends in agricultural districts may save one dollar in the cost of the two papers.

## LECTURERS.

Miss ROSA T. AMERY 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.

GEORGE ATKINS will speak at Orleans, Mass., on Sunday, May 29th.

H. A. TUCKER will speak in Plymouth, Sunday, May 29th; South Easton, Sunday, June 5th; Stoughton, June 11th.

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

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

Miss EMMA HARRISON will speak in Newburyport, Wednesday evening, June 1st.

Mrs. J. B. SMITH, clairvoyant, test, and trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at Concord, N. H., for the present.

[For a fuller list of Movements of Lecturers, see seventh page.]

## NEW MUSIC.

Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., No. 277 Washington street, Boston, have published the following pieces of music, which are also for sale in Philadelphia by Bock & Lawton, and in Cincinnati by Trux & Baldwin:—

Le Fleur D'Orange Macurca, arranged for the piano by G. W. Stratton; Airs of the Fair Waltz, by C. D'Albert; Les Espagnols Waltz, arranged by G. W. Stratton for the piano; Song of our Native Land—Irish melody, varied for the piano by W. V. Wallace; Can the Abent be Forgotten? song by J. Waters; The Wreath, a collection of Tris, Quartets and Choruses, selected from the Orphean Lyre and Musical Gallery. The number before us contains the quartette "When wearyd 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 melodies 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 who delight in fine poetry wedded to charming melody.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMILY D. 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.

J. M. STARK, SUMMIT, Ohio.—It would be impossible for us to entertain your proposition.

MUSICAL.—J. P. ORNDY has a complimentary benefit at Music Hall on Saturday evening, 28th inst., given by his numerous Boston friends. The entertainment will be one yoll 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 definition implies no fixed state, either in time or place, and no determinate measure of fruition. It only asserts the possibility and need of a pure felicity in all various and grades of development, from an ephemera to God. It is a state everywhere and always possible to be realized, in the event of a complete optative adaptation. The Divine Heaven must of course be greater than all its finite disclosures, and that of each species is to be known only by experience. For this reason, it is easier to demonstrate the reality of the Human Heaven, than to say descriptively what it is. No angel 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. More transmigration avails nothing for a disaffected spirit. To be weary of subliminary 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 grieve 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 less 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-action 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 bestial part of man; and to some important deductions from this premise I shall ask the reader's attention in my next.

West Acton, Mass.

## The Busy World.

PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—The seventh Pennsylvania yearly meeting of Progressive Friends, will assemble at Longwood (near Hamorton) Chester County, on first day, the 26th of fifth month (May), 28th, 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 welcome it to our table always. Its motto—"The Light Shines 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 on, Brother Sunbeam. Men—"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 nearly 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 SUNBEAM 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 partisans dispersed.

THE U. S. Post Office Boxes, located in different sections of the city, are unsafe. A gentleman the other evening had occasion to drop a letter in one of them, when he found the box full. It was 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 them with the others.

Mrs. Swisshelm, in her letters to











love money, 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 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 atonement; 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 rest 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 anti-type of which all Jewish sacrifices were but the types. Paul had been strongly educated in the Jewish religion, 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 education. Thus we have a religion—part of Christ, and part of Judaism, or a mixture of the spiritual and the material. 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 by 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 it is not because of its errors, but in spite of them. If we shall ever be able to rid ourselves 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. Prostitution 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 as Gods, compared with our present condition; yet we shall ever 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 become wild, then having a breaking time, etc.—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 vices 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 I have learned to be thankful if I see a disposition on the part of those who profess this change to improve. Yet every person, 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 current 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 should be to help such to improve. In so doing they would follow the example of the master, who said, on a certain occasion, "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." And I think we should do well to pattern after 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 with wrong teaching, I became excited and filled with a vague apprehension of sin; I thought the wrath of God was upon me. True, I did not know what I had done to deserve this wrath, but the minister taught it, and I supposed it 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 sea, 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 offended God. I remained in this state for some days, when, as the expression, "Praise the Lord!" was on my tongue, 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 mother—impressed 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 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 abashed when he fell down to worship at the feet of one who had been revealing certain things to him, when he was forbidden on the ground that he was his fellow-servant and of his brethren, the prophets. Many other examples could be given to prove that the illustrious men of old, whom you love and contemplate, were ever ready to receive blessings through the instrumentality of angels or spirits, for—

"How various o'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 pastor, 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 has been learned to hate, simply because he knows nothing about it—only what he hears 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 any subject, until we learn what its best exponents say of it. As I have been reading thoughts on the subject of Spiritualism from an able mind, which I endorse, I will 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 simply a belief. First, that man has a spirit. Second, that

this spirit lives after death. Third, that it can hold intercourse with human beings on earth. True Spiritualists agree on these three unwritten articles of faith; and in relation to everything else, all are free to form their own opinions. *Negative, written in lines of blood, and done to death by evil coils;* but daring to meet every subject face to face, they feel at liberty to measure all ideas by the line and plummet of philosophy, and cast anchor only in the safe harbor of Reason. Christianity is not the answer, but the handmaiden of pure philosophy. It rebukes the abuses, but adopts the essence of the sublime religion given to the world by Jesus. While Christianity was to the Gentiles, Spiritualism is to the nineteenth century—an exponent of a clearer understanding of nature, a nobler estimate of man, and a more expansive appreciation of deity. At the same time it is only one, among spiritualists, of the many means of progression. It is a means, but not the only means of improvement which should claim the attention of mankind. It is a branch of reform, but not the tree, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

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 fornications 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, having trouble on account of the present action of this church. For my part, I rejoice, yes, exult, that the time of inquisition is past, when, to be arraigned for heresy, was feared strongly of the rack, galleys, 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 offenders; 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 outrange the conscience of any church to embrace among its members all that love God and work righteousness, without regard to speculative faith.

Do not hesitate 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 consciences become enlightened, which enlightenment it is the duty of all to seek. If you would please God, and develop your mental and moral nature, never shrink from the investigation of truth. Neglect not to entertain new ideas, because strangers, for thereby many have entertained angels unwares. 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 ages of eternity; as, by 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 a sister. I shall not complain if you do not thus acknowledge me, for I am fully aware that you must act as you think will please the God you worship. I now give place, that you may finish the business for which you have assembled.

CHLOE L. PARKINSON.

## 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; and others, also, that have manifested a great want of generosity 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 another. In the ordering of a wise Providence the church is in its time and 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 be; let us have our opinions, and let others have theirs; let us love, and be loved.

### The Old and the New.

W. CARLTON, EXETER, N. H.—Conservatism has 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 guidance; and others, also, that have manifested a great want of generosity 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 another. In the ordering of a wise Providence the church is in its time and 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 be; let us have our opinions, and let others have theirs; let us love, and be loved.

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 alone, but deeds; not by theories, but results. Every reformer's movement is judged by the fruits thereof. The most alarming danger which threatens our religion is, that it will become popular, and degenerate into a mere formalism. The church has been preaching since its origin. It left off practicing when it became popular. Preaching was never so fashionable as to-day. Practicing is decidedly out 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 drenched in broadcloths and silks. The popular preacher is loath 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 radical, 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 mankind 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. Let 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 rejoicing in the liberty which God gave him as a birthright—to the drunkard drawn up from the slough of degradation and vice into the healthy atmosphere of a pure life—to the thief, robber, and murderer, by the power of Christian love, transformed into kind husbands, loving fathers, brothers, and friends—then will the doubter be silent. This is a practical answer the whole world cannot gainsay. Side by side with the present system of religion

let true Spiritualism stand, that the world may judge of their merits and demerits. Instead of the smoldering church altars, which shed hardly a ray of light upon the surrounding darkness, let spiritualists heap upon their altars living truths which will dispel the darkness of ignorance, bigotry, and superstition. The popular church is only a great hospital full of sick physicians and patients, with their doors fast closed against the atmosphere of nature outside.

While the present system of religion makes slaves and bigots, if Spiritualism makes noble, free men, then will the people gladly seek 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 slowly saying its old wordy prayers, and preaching the same edition of sermons preached a century ago, let spiritualists, burning with the love of God's truth, listen to the oracles he is whispering to them, and practice thereto. The true seeker for spiritual truth is that individual who reads God's revelation with his own eyes, not through the eyes of Helver expounders. There is yet another evil to be banished—it is the desire of promulgating petty theories, instead of universal truth. Dissent among professing Christians has made Christianity weak where it should have been 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 household of faith, upon the rich and honored alone—there is enough 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 all-embracing love to God and man, they need never fear for the advance of Spiritualism, not with the small pace of a crebbled and fettered religion, but with the roll of the ocean wave, lifting humanity up to a more perfect spiritual life."

### P. B. Randolph, etc.

J. C. ELDREDGE, MUNKSVILLE, N. Y.—Events of such a character have recently occurred in this our fertile valley, as fully justify a passing notice thereof, which notice I proceed to 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 list of speakers on the great theme of human progress and life beyond the veil, was Miss Laura DeForest, of Wisconsin, a medium of remarkable "using up" qualifications, to judge by the way she demolished Elder Beebe. Next came a grand discussion on the "restoration of all things," after which, notice was given that on a certain evening Mrs. Felton, of Boston, would occupy the desk. As a matter of course when the night appointed arrived, a large, indeed uncomfortably large audience assembled, but no lecturer, the lady 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 still is centered.

Mrs. Felton not arriving, Elder Beebe, the Methodist minister, having ascertained that Mr. Randolph was present, and, no doubt, thanking the kind fortune that had delayed Mrs. F., besides having abundant gratitude for this glorious chance of having Spiritualism demolished by a master demolisher, 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 occupy the desk. He accepted somewhat reluctantly, 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 postpone 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 Tribune 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 scalawags of the spirit-world—is what I have rejected. These scalawags 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, "for you'll make more believers than forty mediums!" And this is a fact;—the right 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 foot many miles to take the negative of the following propositions:—"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 ever undertook; and, after their magnificent defeat, fell like dropping the acquaintance of all such recanting mediums as P. B. Randolph.

Mrs. Felton gave her lecture. It was a fair one. Since then a lady (Mrs. Morgan, 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, WISCONSIN.—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 gone, in relation to 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 the circulation of your paper.

People are pretty much all looking for, and are anxious to hear about, the physical developments, and must learn a few before 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 something for them, if you can.

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

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

[We would advise those who are investigating Spiritualism to purchase 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 facts 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 Spiritualism, which we presume may be obtained of Bela Marsh, No. 14 Broadfield 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.

G. E. SARGENT, 804 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.—"The spirit-communication with the signature of Sarah J. Sargent, published in the BANNER of April 10th, 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 Harding.

"INVESTIGATOR," WESTBURY, I. I.—Miss Emma Harding 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 Harding left an 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, depth of thought and extent of learning are exhibited in her discourses! and oh, what a transcendently beautiful and glo-

rious philosophy does she present to the human mind! How it stirs the soul and thrills the heart! Were not my feelings inadequate to the task, I should attempt to give you an abstract of her lectures delivered in this place; but knowing it was impossible for me to convey anything like a just idea of their ability, beauty and eloquence, I will only say, that they were the most magnificent efforts of human intellect that ever blazed before the vision of my mind. We shall rejoice when this good and noble woman comes here again."

### Assist the Sick.

WINFIELD S. RIPLEY, PARIS, OXFORD CO., ME.—"In relation to exercising the material body in material pursuits to supply 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 frail of mortal bodies, and I cannot work at any laborious employment more than one hour in the day without feeling excessively fatigued and exhausted; and, in this land of greedy gain, this will not procure for me the most necessities of life. For this reason I have given my whole attention to spiritual improvement; and no one but myself can know how well I have succeeded. I have tried to labor this Spring, and meet my material obligations; and 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 you ask in need—"and ye shall receive," physically as well as spiritually.]

### A New Free Church.

J. G. WAIT, STURGEON, 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 seat 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 intolerance 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.

"CET," CHICAGO, ILL.—In a recent number of the BANNER, 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, "Subscriber," 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 of 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 1854."

### The Creeds of Christendom.

F. L. J., PHILADELPHIA, N. Y.—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 E. COLBY.

We are two—the ties are given—

"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 mamma from thee own;  
Weary was I, worn and lame,  
But for bread thou gavest "a stone."

I gave thee deep and earnest 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 tender 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 path with thee;  
Laved every flower with my tears—  
Tears born of mortal agony.

Still deep within my secret soul  
My treasures undiscovered shine—  
Thou hast no "essence" 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 caress  
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 sad'ning pain  
The coming of thy spirit's feet;  
I've waited—but, alas! 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 to 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 dead 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, spontaneous, 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 pioneer 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 of 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 recognize that the influence is measured out according to our 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 manifested, the sooner is the culmination and death of this growth which is to give way for another and a better.

The psychologic 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 soul is nearer matured, nearer its final judgment, which will

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 according to its demands.

Have we flowers of light and beauty, truths fresh and fragrant, to transplant from the garden of our souls to the gardens of other souls? Is it how pleasant, how beautiful is the work. Have we fruitless trees 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, and 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—see the soil turn up rich and mellow, immediately prophecying a new and better harvest, he will go directly back 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 them 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 free.

Miss EMMA HARDING will lecture in Worcester, Lowell, Portland, Newbury, and various adjacent places during May, June, and July. Next Fall and Winter she designs to labor extensively in the West and South. St. Louis, Memphis and many other places are already promised, and as she desires to complete her route via Pittsburgh, etc., before September, early applications will be still received, addressed to No. 8, Fourth Avenue, New York.

Prof. PATRICK M. SPENCER and AMANDA M. SPENCER 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 23rd; Grand Rapids, June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th; Grand Haven, June 9th and 10th; Milwaukee, Wis., June 12th; Chicago, Ill., June 19th and 20th; Berlin, Ohio, July 1st, 2d and 3d; Geneva, Ohio, July 10th; Conneaut, July 13th and 14th; Buffalo, N. Y., July 17th and 18th.

Dr. JOHN MAYHEW from the first of June to July 14th will attend to the wishes of various friends, on or near the La Crosse and Milwaukee route, including Shobogyn, 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 Lowell: Box 815. She will speak as follows:—East Stoughton, May 20th; Roxbury, June 6th and 12th; Springfield, June 19th and 20th; Putnam, Conn., July 3d and 10th. She will stop a few days in each of the above places, and will do for tests of spirit-power, by trance, clairvoyant and physical manifestations.

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

LORINE MOONY will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address Malden, Mass. He will lecture as follows:—Marlboro, May 20th; Fitchburg, May 24th and 25th; Putnam, Conn., July 3d and 10th. She will stop a few days in each of the above places, and will do for tests of spirit-power, by trance, clairvoyant and physical manifestations.

Mrs. H. P. M. BROWN, of Cleveland, Ohio, Editor of the "Banner," will lecture in Boston, Mass., May 20th. She may be addressed at Boston, care of Miss M. M. M.

H. L. BOWEN, Natick, Mass., will give lectures on Spiritualism and its proofs, from intuition



