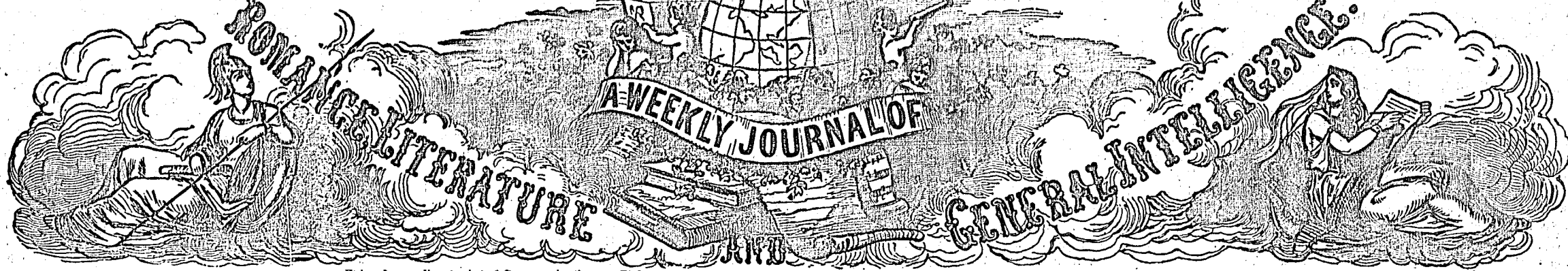


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SERMONS

OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN, as reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.

TUESDAY PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.
THURSDAY PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

For the Banner of Light.

ADOLPH:

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Translated from the German of Franz Hoffman,
BY CORA WILDBURN.

CHAPTER III.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Deeply degraded as he was, the young man was not wholly lost to a sense of duty; his heart was not entirely depraved, nor his conscience deadened by misdirection. The path he had entered upon had been so inviting, so smooth, so seemingly fair, that he did not perceive his danger until it was too late. For the first year that he spent beneath Herr Freising's roof he fulfilled every duty, and his employer loudly praised his industry, truthfulness and honesty. But when the year had elapsed these praises came not so often; for Adolph was gradually growing negligent, and incurring many reproofs. He had fallen in with bad company, and their frivolous example threatened the destruction of those principles of strictest rectitude so carefully instilled into his heart by his loving mother. Adolph grew fond of excitement, of amusements, that took away his time and his earnings. He neglected his studies, and when his allowance was spent, availed himself of the advice of one of his companions, and sought the gambling-house. He became an infatuated gambler—spent night after night engrossed in play, winning and losing alternately. When he won he would spend merrily, and when he lost he would run in debt; and in this manner he involved himself in an inextricable web of embarrassment, out of which only a strong moral effort could have led him. But to make this effort was the difficulty with him; he lacked the necessary energy; he made no strong, prayerful, triumphant effort to cast aside forever the meshes of wrong that enfolded him; he parleyed and tampered with evil, until its effects became visible, and he stood appalled before the revelations and the direful consequences of his sins. When he had committed the last flagrant act—when he had laid unholy hands upon the money entrusted to his care, when he had staked it desperately at the gaming-table, and had seen it pass out of his keeping—then, overwhelmed with terror, shame and remorse, he resolved once more to look upon his mother's face, then die!

He thought not of the crime of suicide, the sin that bore no expiation; he thought not of it, that, escaping from earthly judgment, he would face the eternal heavenly justice! His mind was bewildered, his consciousness obscured; he saw before him the public discovery, and its consequent shame, and he sought for escape from the suddenly awakened and mighty upbraidings of his conscience.

On the brink of this moral precipice he was found by his mother. She drew him back, and saved him—compelling him to accept her sacrifice. Adolph paid all his debts, returned to his employer the sum he had defrauded him of, outwardly his honor and his reputation were saved—impending life-long disgrace had been averted. But within what were his feelings, the remonstrances and unceasing rebukes of his unsleeping conscience! His safety had been dearly bought. To it was sacrificed the future lot of the best of mothers, her peace, comfort, all that gratified her heart. The price weighed heavily upon the soul of the transgressor; for the love of his mother still reigned there, and long and bitterly accused him of having that beloved head with sorrow, and of filling the maternal heart with woe.

Adolph returned home toward evening—to the home no longer his mother's, from which his sins had banished her. He shuddered as he passed the threshold. Pale, trembling, overwhelmed with conflicting emotions, he sought the sitting-room, where he found his mother and Emma, their eyes swollen with weeping. He saw at a glance that his sister knew all. But no reproach escaped her lips; she only cast a sorrowful glance upon him, then turned away to hide her tears.

Adolph handed the pocket-book to his mother. "Here," he said, and his lips quivered, "is the remainder of your fortune, poor mother!"

"All is right, my son!" she replied. "Was the sum I gave you sufficient to pay all?"

"All is paid," he answered, "and a few hundred dollars are left."

"And you owe me no one—you have no debts remaining?"

"None!"

"Then I am satisfied!" said his mother, as she drew a deep breath. "It is all right now, my son, and the world will not know of this misfortune!"

Deep sighs welled up from the tortured bosom of him who would have given years of his life to dispel the sorrow of that hour. He walked to the window, and out of sight of mother and daughter. An oppressive silence reigned in the place of the friendly chat and merry laughter, that had so often enlivened the cheerful room. It was broken by the sobs of the troubled mother, by the subdued sobbings of the tender Emma, who bewailed her mother's fate far more than her own.

"Emma!" the mild tones startled the guilty listener at the window; "enough, now, of tears and sadness! God has sent us this trial; it is for us to bear it with submission. Our tears and moanings will not recall the past. Let us leave it, and turn to the future; that will be of more use than bemoaning our fate."

"Oh, God! what a future is before us!" cried Emma. "I dread to look at it!"

"Wherefore, my daughter?" mildly inquired the good mother. "We are, thanks be to God, well and strong, and those who labor will find their bread. Wherefore repine? Take courage, my child! We shall commence some business; women do not need much for the maintenance of life, and God will sustain us, that we shall not suffer from necessity. You have heard that

Adolph has retained a small sum; it will suffice for the necessary arrangements. It will do for a beginning, and our own industry will do the rest. Courage, Emma, take heart! You are skillful in many ways; let us consider what kind of employment you would like best, and what would promise the best advantages."

Thus addressed and encouraged, the young girl sought to overcome her grief, and listen to her mother's suggestions, whose quiet dignity and cheerful tones were to her sinking heart as a staff of support and consolation.

"Do you know, mother," she said, after a few moments' reflection, "my friends have always praised my taste in dress, and in those articles of millinery I make for myself? I do not know whether they were sincere in their praises, but I think I could succeed in getting up bonnets and caps, working collars, and such fancy things; that I could obtain admirers and purchasers for them."

"The idea appears excellent to me," replied the mother, approvingly; "and what pleases me best in the matter, is, that I can aid you efficiently, as I am quite skillful with my needle. But will you find contentment in this occupation for a length of time? You are not accustomed to sit still for hours, and yet must not become ill, my dearest child."

"In that respect you need not be troubled, mother dear," responded Emma, quickly. "Of course we shall miss the garden, especially in summer; but then the surroundings of Hamburg are like one vast garden. After our daily work, we can take pleasant walks, and after a while we shall think of our dear little house without much sorrow."

"Right, right, my child!" said Madame Brackenborg. "One source of happiness has been taken away; let us strive to build anew. To-morrow we will go to the city and search for a dwelling; that found, we will immediately commence our labors. Oh, I see already we shall cheerfully assume our duties, and render life pleasant to each other."

Adolph, hidden by the folds of the window curtain, heard every word, and each word cut him to the soul. His mother and his sister, only yesterday so free from care, were now compelled to toil for others, even for their daily subsistence. They were obliged to exchange their cottage residence for some narrow, and perhaps gloomy quarters, in some obscure portion of the city; and all this for his sake! He had frivolously trampled upon the heart of his mother, upon the unfolding happiness of his pure young sister. It was too much for him to bear. He writhed as if in bodily torture, beneath the accusations of his threatening conscience; his head felt dizzy, dark clouds floated before him; he leaned his head upon the window sill, and wept bitter and repentant tears. His sobs reached his mother's ears; she loved him tenderly still, although he had so greatly sinned against her, for the love of a mother is almost equal in its magnitude, holiness, and eternally, with the love of God; for it suffers, endures, and forgives, forever.

She rose from her seat, walked to the window, and gently laid her hand upon his head.

"You weep, my son?" she said in mildest accent. "Yes, weep for your errors, pray for strength to overcome your sinful tendencies, that they be forgiven of God as they are forgiven of me. And then arise and be strong; that you fall not a second time into the meshes of sin. Weep, weep, my son! I fear sorrow and lighten the heart, and they elevate and strengthen it."

"Oh, my mother!" cried the wretched young man, as he felt at the feet of the worthy woman, and pressed her soft hand to his burning lips, to his glowing brow, and to his throbbing heart; "I weep not for myself, for I have deserved all the misery and shame; but I weep for you—for Emma, whom I have cast into toil and wretchedness. Oh, mother, mother! I am a degraded being, an outcast, unworthy of your presence—I dare not look you in the face!"

"Peace, my son, peace!" replied his mother. "You have sinned most grievously; but God withdraws not the light of his countenance from any of his children, least from the repentant ones. Do you not know that it is written: 'There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth?' Arise, strengthen thyself, and strive in the future to make amends for the errors of your youth. This is the task you must fulfill! And now, enough of this—between us let there be no more speech of the past."

Adolph kissed his mother's hand and was silent. He could not find words to express his feelings, and what reply could he make to the mild and consoling address of the gentle mother, who had for him not one harsh word?

The next day, mother and daughter went to the city to search for a suitable dwelling. They were favored by a good chance; in one of the liveliest streets, they found a millinery store, with a notice affixed, that the business was for sale, and the dwelling was to let. They soon agreed with the lady who was the proprietor, and who, being on the point of marriage, was glad of so available an opportunity. The small sum that was left to Madame Brackenborg sufficed for the purchase, and they were to take possession of the house and business the following week.

That week passed all too quickly. There was much to do; mother and daughter were fully occupied; all too soon came the day and the hour, so much dreaded by them, that compelled them to part with their beloved cottage home and garden.

It was a trying day—a sorrowful hour; and although they sought to conceal their emotions, and give no outward vent to their deep grief, yet their tears fell fast and silently, and their voices, vainly endeavoring to frame words of consolation, faltered with suppressed anguish, and their smiles were wan and sad.

But Adolph suffered most intensely. He avoided the sight of mother and sister, and dared not to leave his chamber. Consumed by grief and remorse, he would sit motionless for hours, then walk restlessly up and down, startled by so many associations. So passed the hours, and the moment of departure drew nigh. Madame Brackenborg folded her shawl around her, put on her bonnet, and called upon Emma to accompany her.

"So soon, mother?" the young girl asked sadly. "Can we not remain a few minutes longer? Oh, it is so painful to part from the dear, dear home!"

"Of what benefit is the delay, my child?" replied

the mother; "you only lengthen the sorrow. Call Adolph, and let us go."

Emma went to his chamber—it was empty. Tormented by the manifold accusations of his conscience, he could not wait his mother and sister's departure, but had silently stolen away.

"Adolph has gone, mother," said Emma, as she returned.

"Oh—I understand him," said the gentle mother. "He would not witness my tears. Unhappy child! Indeed, Emma, he is more to be pitied than we."

"I would not have his consciousness, to-day, at least," said Emma. "What reproaches his heart must make to see you pass this threshold, never to return to the home in which you shrouded so much love and goodness upon him! I thank God, upon my benighted knees, that I have not a share in the guilt of this misfortune."

"But he suffers deeply, my daughter. I see how remorse is gnawing at his heart; and seeing this, I forgive him all. We must be gentle toward him, Emma, or he will sink beneath the burden that continually presses upon him."

"I do not speak harshly to him, mother. I sincerely pity him," said Emma. "Indeed, sad as our fate is, it is happiness compared to his condition."

"Yes, for your conscience is pure as freshly fallen snow, my child," rejoined the mother. "God forever maintain it so! And now, come! we must no longer delay."

Emma took her mother's arm, and they passed out of the house, and through the garden. At the gate they remained a moment, looking once more toward the cherished home in which so many happy days had been passed.

"I feel as if my heart would break!" cried Emma. "I cannot realize the thought, that we may never return here. My love clings to every flower I have tended—their perfume has so often rejoiced their bloom so often delighted me—and now all, all is lost to us forever! Oh, mother, how can you bear this parting?"

"To what is inevitable we must submit, my child. Think you my heart is not quivering with recollection and sadness? This place is filled with my earliest and holiest associations. I know almost every flower in the garden. I planted nearly all those bushes; yonder ivy clinging around the pillars of the veranda; the vine there, twining its freshest green around the windows—all is loving and familiar, and to part from this garden is a part of my life, and yet we must overcome our sorrow for the unhappy Adolph's sake. I am consoled by the thought that he is not present to behold our tears. Come, my daughter! let us not be surprised by him here. Farewell, then, friendly home! farewell, dear flowers and trees, so long the delight of my eyes and the joy of my heart!"

One more look, dimmed with tears, the mother cast upon the cherished home of her youth; then, with a sudden movement, she took Emma's arm, turned slightly away, and with hasty footsteps they both passed on. "We must not give way to our feelings!" she whispered. "Oh, my child, the parting is over, let us hasten on."

Emma obeyed, and they took the footpath that led to Hamburg. When they had disappeared from view, there was a rustling among the bushes, and deathly pale Adolph emerged from the thicket. The unfortunate had not only heard every word—he had seen every tear that rolled down his mother's pallid cheeks. Every word had been a dagger's thrust to his heart, each tear a glowing drop of fire upon his wounded, writhing conscience!

"Oh, God!" he cried, with clasped hands, "how could I bring so great a sorrow to such a mother? I have deprived her of all, and still she pities me! In place of discarding me, of launching her curse upon my guilty head, she pities and consoles me! Mother! dearest, best beloved mother! I am not worthy of thy forgiveness, and I merit not thy love!"

He threw himself down upon the grass, and shed bitter and despairing tears. Burning remorse was in his soul, and it was as deep as his sorrow. He would gladly have given his life to recall the past; but it was too late; nothing remained to him, then to bear the effects of his transgressions, to expiate the past by the future, with all his will and strength. Yes, to make atonement for the past! Like a lightning flash, this thought illumined the dark recesses of his soul, his troubled, wounded conscience. He raised himself from the ground, put back his tangled locks from his forehead, wiped his tear-stained face, and was for a time immersed in deepest reflection.

Atone for the past? Oh, yes, he would. But in what manner? By what means? What could he, a young man of nineteen, do? He stood alone and helpless in the world; for his employer had dismissed him on account of his repeated negligence, and this new misfortune he had not yet confided to his mother. He knew not how or where to earn his own subsistence, and yet he dared to welcome the thought that he could restore his loved ones to peace and competence.

Impossible! And yet he could not chafe the sweetly intruding thought. With all the energies of his soul, he clung to it; and it soothed, as the droppings of some healing balm, calming the burning torture of his heart and brain. But how was he to realize this elevating, sweet, most consoling thought?

Adolph shrunk not from the ideas it presented; no path was too rough, no moment too steep, no labor too difficult that led to the attainment of this holy object. He thought, and considered, and reflected long. He weighed the probabilities of success, his will, and his capacity of endurance. But alas! he found that health, and strength, and will, could all be insufficient for the realization of his project. It was far easier to spend a fortune than to win one with the labor of his own hands. He thought of various ways, but was compelled to discard them as impracticable. He thought of becoming a soldier, but he knew that he would probably meet with death, sooner than with honor and wealth upon the battlefield.

He next thought of engaging himself on board a ship; but then what could he do as a sailor? He might obtain his own livelihood; but how restore to his mother the lost paradise of home?

"No matter," he cried aloud, as he arose and took the road to the city. "I must atone for what I have done, and I will do it, though I cannot now see how or in what way. God, whom I forsook—God, who he-

holds my grief, my remorse, my deep penitence—God, who sees my heart, and knows how I long to return to him—God, who is love and mercy, will grant me to find the way and the means! And when I find it, I will pursue it. No matter how rough, and arduous, and dark it be, I will not leave it, as I hope for the mercy of God! Father in heaven! not for myself will I search for happiness, for I deserve it not; but for them, my innocent mother and sister; for them will I struggle and conquer, or die, if need be—so help me God! This is the resolve I have taken, and I shall keep it better than my former ones, that were dissipated as a cloud before the wind."

When he entered his mother's new humble dwelling in the city, his face was still pale, and a deep sorrow was brooded in every lineament; but a firm resolution sat enthroned upon his brow. That evening he communicated to his mother what had hitherto been kept a secret from her—his dismissal from the service of Herr Freising. Madame Brackenborg was grieved, but this time Adolph soothed her.

"Do not weep, mother," he said. "This time the blow falls upon me alone, and it is not such a heavy one, that I must bend beneath it. You need not be troubled on my account, dear, good mother."

"But, unfortunate child, what will you do?" inquired she.

"Go to work," simply replied Adolph. "To-morrow I will leave this house to seek my bread in the world. Here is no place for me; I would rather die of hunger than eat one morsel of the bread that, through my sins, you have to labor for."

"But, Adolph, what work can you do?" demanded his mother. "You have no refuge save with me. Do you fear I would withdraw my love from you?"

"Oh, no! I know you too well," he eagerly responded. "And he kissed her hand, in order to conceal the tears quickly gathering in his eyes. "But you and Emma will have cause enough, and I will not augment them. God is my refuge, mother. When he beholds that my repentance is sincere, he will not forsake me, for he is mercy itself. Therefore be comforted, mother. A voice in my heart tells me that I shall one day return to you, happier than when I leave you."

"You desire to leave me forever—at least for a long, long time?" cried the mother, in alarm.

"Not forever; only for the necessary time that will permit me to return to you with a clear conscience," he replied. "This is the resolve I have taken, and you, dearest mother, will not hallow it with your blessing?"

"Give it to him, mother; bestow your blessing upon him," pleaded Emma, with glancing eyes, as the mother hesitated, troubled for her son's uncertain future. "I believe I comprehend his meaning, and praise him for it, for the courage that dares to seek it. Is not that your intention, my poor brother? Yes, I understand you. Here, with us, you would be consumed by grief, self-reproach and remorse; for every slight, every tear of mother's would recall the past. But away from us you will be strong, you will labor and combat, and I doubt not God will aid you to reach your aim. Go, my brother, go; and, dear mother, give him your benediction on his way."

A grateful glance from Adolph rewarded the heroic girl. He fell upon his knees before his mother, and bent his head upon her lap. She placed both hands in heartfelt maternal blessing on his young and sorrow-bowed head.

"The Lord bless and guard thee!" she said, in solemn and trembling tones. "May the Lord forgive thee as I forgive thee, for thy repentance's sake. The Lord smooth the path of life for thee, and may his grace rest on thy efforts and upon thy works! The Lord strengthen thee in thy good resolutions, and empower thy heart with resistance toward the temptations of sin!"

After she had spoken these words, she raised his head, and imprinted a fervent kiss upon his pallid brow.

"It is done!" she said. "Go, my child, and God grant that my blessing bring peace to thy heart and rest to thy conscience."

Adolph pressed his mother's hand to his lips.

"Thanks," he murmured; "thanks, beloved mother, for your blessing, of which I am not worthy. But God will sustain me. I shall become worthy of it. Farewell, mother! farewell, sister! Believe that I strive for a beautiful and noble aim. Your blessing, mother, has wonderfully strengthened and inspired me. I shall draw power and hope from it, whenever my foot falters or my soul grows weary. Farewell, and God guard you and me!"

One more kiss he pressed upon his mother's hand, once more he was folded to her bosom, once more embrace was given to his weeping sister, and he hastened from the house, and his retreating footsteps died away. It was dark in the street, the stars shone brightly overhead. The young man lifted to them his eyes and prayerful hands, and renewed his allegiance there. Then he knelt upon the threshold, kissed the rough, cold stone, and prayed. Then he arose and calmly walked on. All was dark around him, but his heart was illumined by a clear and steady light. There had been enkindled there the radiant star of hope, by the potency of his mother's blessing.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WAY OF REDEMPTION.

When Adolph left his mother and sister, he had formed no definite plan for the future; he knew not even where he should lay his head that night. But the great aim of his life stood clearly revealed before him, that by his own efforts he must expiate the past and gladden the future days of his mother. He saw many difficulties and obstacles that lined his path; he knew that he was alone upon the great waste of the world, with only a few coppers in his possession to shield him from the advances of hunger. But he lost not the suddenly acquired courage, and he clung steadfastly to the hope that had called him out of the gloomiest depths of despair. He was to battle for the return of peace of conscience; what was privation, poverty and endurance, if it gained for him this heavenly boon? The night was calm and lovely; he spent its remaining hours beneath a shed, making his bed upon some straw that lay there, and he slept peacefully until the morn. The serene reality before him urged him on to effort; and, after some reflection, he resolved to go to his former employer, and entreat him for the restora-

tion of his office. Pride revolted keenly against this suggestion, but Adolph overcame its upbraidings, and determined to follow the dictates of duty, no matter at what cost of humiliation and suffering.

He shook from his clothes the weeds of straw clinging to them, washed his face and hands in the stream-let flowing near, and pursued his way. Herr Freising at first declined receiving him; but Adolph was determined, and entreated until he was admitted to the merchant's presence. His employer's manner was cold, stern and reserved toward him.

"What is your wish, young man?" he inquired. "I believe I have told you definitely that I have no longer any need of you."

"I know it, sir," humbly replied Adolph; "and yet I come to entreat you to receive me again into your confidence, and I solemnly promise I will never again give you occasion to complain of me. Have compassion upon me, Herr Freising! You are aware, if it becomes known that you have discharged me, no other house in Hamburg will give me employment."

"I know it very well, and you know it while you were pursuing your frivolous and wicked course!" replied Herr Freising sternly. "Can you deny that I have warned you many times, and that every time you promised to reform your ways?"

"I do not deny it, sir; but this time my promise is a sacred one; I shall keep it as I hope for happiness—I swear it to you!"

"When a young man has so far forgotten himself as you have, he can lay no claim to the confidence of others," replied Herr Freising, unmoved by the entreaties of the suppliant. "I have forgiven you," he continued, "only too often, for all sorts of negligence and misdemeanors; hoping you would gain wisdom by reflection, and ascribing your many errors to the frivolities of youth. But since I have known that you so far abused my confidence as to spend the money entrusted to your keeping, at the gambling table, in the vilest company—you can hope for no forbearance, no sympathy, no faith from me. You have returned the money I know, too, by whose help—and that does not advance you in my opinion. I have nothing more to do with you! A young man who can thus bring his mother to ruin, cannot expect the confidence and aid of strangers. This is my final decision—you can leave me now."

Adolph stood as if annihilated.

"You are right, sir," he said at length; but his face was very pale, and his voice trembled. He made no further attempt to expunge himself. "You are right, sir, and I bend to the judgment you have passed upon me. Farewell, Herr Freising!"

He left the room, and there was no attempt made to detain him. Deeply humbled, he passed along the streets, and when he grew hungry he bought a small loaf of bread, and wandered into the fields to eat it. Then he loitered around the harbor, found a cool and shady retreat, and there, seated upon a bench, held long and sorrowful communion with his thoughts.

Scorned and finally dismissed by his former employer, the wealthy and influential man, what could he do? No business-house in the city would employ him, unless he brought the necessary references; there was then no alternative; he must lay aside all pride, and go to work in the humblest manner, as a porter or errand boy upon the wharves. Bitter was the conflict in his bosom, for the friends of former days might meet him thus engaged, and taunt him with his altered fortune. But he silenced the voice of pride, repeating to himself that he had forfeited the right to assume any privileges; that by transgression he had fallen, by labor and industry he must arise.

The new determination taken, he arose and walked along the harbor, bent upon seeking even the humblest employment that would provide him with the daily bread. But he was not fortunate in meeting with his expectations; he demanded work to do, and one replied that he was too young and not strong enough; another said, his clothes were too fine for a laborer; a third took him for a jest, and bade him be off! Others told him they had no work to give; and so everywhere he was repulsed. The day passed on thus, the evening approached, and he had not succeeded in earning a single shilling.

The prospect was certainly a dreary one; but Adolph lost not his faith or his hope.

"All will come right," he said; "it is true my dress is not fitting for my present situation, and I will sell it and buy myself a humbler suit."

He was about to pursue this resolve, when two men advanced slowly toward him; they were speaking earnestly, and remained standing still before him.

"It is too bad, captain," said the one; "but I don't see that it is a very great misfortune; for there are plenty of idlers in Hamburg, glad of the opportunity, who will willingly take the place."

"Yes, if I had time to look for them," replied the captain, impatiently. "It is nearly night, now, and I must weigh anchor with the dawn. Nothing more in convenient could have happened to me, than to have the boy fall sick at this time."

"Oh, don't be troubled; there will be help in the matter, somehow," said his companion. "The post of secretary can be taken by almost any one."

"Not as easily as you suppose," said the captain. "It is not alone the writing I want done. I must have a young man who has business capacities, and who understands the Spanish language; this is absolutely necessary, as it shall sail along the entire coast of Peru, and shall have dealings with people that only speak Spanish. I must have some one upon whose honesty I can rely; and then I can only employ him for this voyage, for on my return I expect to find my poor sister, Roth, recovered, and able to return to his post, which I could not, and would not, take from him. Who is there that would take his place for this voyage?"

A bold thought with lightning quickness flashed through Adolph's brain.

"I will go, sir," he said, advancing before them and uncovering his head. "I am willing and ready to enter your service, if you will place confidence in me."

Astonished and surprised, the captain scanned the young man from head to foot.

"Who are you, young gentleman?" he demanded.

"If you heard our conversation, you know what we are in need of."

"Yes, sir," Adolph replied. "I have heard that you require a young man of business capacities, one

who understands Spanish, and who will take the place of your secretary for a voyage to Peru and back."

"That is so," responded the captain, in Spanish; "have you a knowledge of business, sir?"

"Yes, sir," replied Adolph, in the same tongue; "I have served my apprenticeship in the business houses of Herr Fickling, and am at present without occupation."

"Ah? I know that firm," said the captain. "It is a good and solid house. But I do not know you, young man."

"I know it, sir," said Adolph, with a frank glance at the captain's face; "but if you will try me, I solemnly assure you that your confidence will not be misplaced. I will serve you faithfully with all my strength, with my utmost will!"

The captain appeared well pleased with this assurance.

"Well, the trial can be made," he said to himself, and he spoke a few words in a whisper to his companion; then turning to Adolph: "All right and well; but you must not forget that I can accept of your services only for this voyage?"

"I do not forget it, sir," said the hopeful and trembling Adolph. "I have no employment for the present, and have been seeking for some even in the humblest offices. I wish to earn my bread, sir, for I am poor, very poor indeed, and will do anything for an honest livelihood."

"But, young man," said the captain, "I cannot tell, in advance, the value of the services you may render to me; therefore I cannot offer you a large salary; I can only offer, at first, a very small one."

"Do not afflict any price to my services, if you please," replied he, eagerly. "Take me with you; observe me, judge of my usefulness and labors, and when the voyage is over, give me whatever you think proper. I promise you that I will be satisfied with all."

"Hem! that is very fair. But yet another thing; you must immediately accompany me on board, and enter upon your allotted duties."

"I can go with you now, sir; I have nothing to retain me in the city."

Again the two men conversed apart, and Adolph watched them with a beating heart, with trembling expectation, and anxious hope. He had not long to wait; the good-natured seaman turned toward him.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Adolph Brackenberg."

"Well, young man, I will risk it; for I have no time to make inquiries concerning you. Your looks please me, and I hope you will fulfill the good impression your appearance has made upon me. If I find you useful and industrious, I promise you a good remuneration, and I will obtain for you a suitable situation on our return. But if I find you dishonest or idle, we part; and the first wrong act I discover, I shall immediately discharge you. Are you satisfied with these conditions? Then come along with me."

"I accept them, and am sincerely grateful to you, sir," replied Adolph, with joy-beaming eyes. "Believe me," he continued, with deep emotion, "your confidence shall not be misplaced, and you shall never have cause to utter a complaint concerning my fidelity, honesty or zeal. I promise you this, sir, and the all-seeing God, who reads my heart, is my witness that I mean all that I promise, honestly and truthfully."

"So much the better for both of us," said the captain, kindly. "It will gratify me if neither of us regret this hour. Come, or, if you have any thing to see to, do it at once, and then follow me on board of the 'Fortuna,' Capt. Renger. But I cannot allow you more than half an hour's time."

"I do not want it, sir," replied Adolph. "I have only to write a letter to my mother, and that I can do on board of your ship."

"Well, then, come along with us," said the captain and his companion led the way. Adolph followed them with glad and grateful heart, blessing his good fortune that so unexpectedly, as if sent from heaven, had rescued him from his surrounding difficulties. On board of the Fortuna, a large, well-ordered ship, Adolph was shown into the cabin, by order of the captain. His first movement, when he found himself alone, was to sink upon his knees, and with eloquent words of gratitude, with tears of thankfulness, to bless God for having guided him thus safely. He knew not that Capt. Renger was looking in upon him from one of the small windows outside. When he beheld his new assistant thus fervently thanking and imploring the aid of the Heavenly Father, he nodded his head, and slowly withdrew.

"Good," he said, softly. "I think I have found a treasure; a pious heart, that in the silent closet prays to God; cannot cherish bad thoughts or evil designs."

In the meantime Adolph had finished his prayer, and was writing a letter to his mother. He wrote thus:—

"Dearest, best of mothers—Your blessing upon my bowed head has already borne its glorious fruit. Capt. Renger, of the ship 'Fortuna,' to all appearance a good and kind man, has bestowed on me his confidence, and has given me the office of his secretary. Before the Almighty and my conscience have I vowed to become worthy of this good fortune. To-morrow we sail for the coast of Peru, and we may not return for a year. God keep you and Emma during my absence! Do not withdraw your love from me, dearest mother! and pray sometimes, when you uplift your thoughts to God, for your repentant, grateful, and ever-loving son."

Adolph.

He sealed the letter, and went on deck to seek an opportunity whereby to send it.

"What have you there, Mr. Brackenberg?" inquired the captain, in a friendly manner.

"A letter for my mother, sir."

"You desire to send it? Well, give it to me; in a quarter of an hour the boat will go, and you can send your letter with mine." Do not be afraid—I will see that it is safely delivered."

Adolph thanked the good captain, and gave him the letter.

"I would like to know what the young man has written," he said, as he went to his cabin. "It is, I know, not right to read another's correspondence; but I think the risk I incur, in taking this stranger, will justify my act. I know nothing of him, and yet I am compelled to confide so much to him. He will not keep any secret from his mother. If the letter is a good one, so much the better; does it contain unpleasant revelations, I shall be upon my guard. But I feel that the interests of my employers demand that I should know something of this young man, taken into their service entirely on my responsibility."

He opened the letter and perused its contents. "I think I can trust him," he said, as he re-folded and re-sealed the letter. "He concludes with, 'your repentant son,' that indicates some error in the past; but he is young, and may have got into some thoughtless scrape. And then, the rest of the letter breathes a truly pious and truthful spirit; I believe my impressions concerning him are correct; I shall not regret his coming; besides, I can keep a steady eye upon him."

The letter had made a favorable impression upon the captain; and Adolph observed that he spoke very kindly and seemed much interested in him. For this he was sincerely thankful, and he used every effort to make himself useful in return. During the first days of their voyage he sought to become acquainted with the duties of his office; he looked over the necessary books and papers, and did not rest until all that his predecessor had been compelled to leave undone, had been fully arranged and brought to order.

Capt. Renger observed him with quiet pleasure, and with many a kind word approved of his industry and application to duty. After a very pleasant voyage they reached Rio Janeiro safely, and the Fortuna anchored in its harbor.

"We shall remain here about eight days," said the captain to Adolph, who was looking in mingled astonishment and delight upon the glorious scene before him. "You are informed by the books and papers on board that we must sell a portion of our cargo, namely, our hales of silk here; on condition, of course, that the prices offered be fair. You will therefore go on shore, and seek our business friends, and enter into negotiations with them. You are acquainted with the cost price of our goods."

"Yes, sir," replied Adolph; "but at what price may I close the sale?"

"That is left to your own judgment; you will inform yourself of the current prices. If you can make a profitable bargain, do so; if not, we can sell our goods in Peru. So do not do anything in a hurry."

"I will do my best, sir," said Adolph; and he prepared to go on shore. He provided himself with the necessary samples and papers; and, entering the awaiting boat, was rowed to the city. Although desirous of inspecting the beautiful streets, and the remarkable places of the splendid city, he yet overcame the curiosity and the desire, and devoted himself entirely to business. Before the day was ended, he had fulfilled his mission and returned on board the Fortuna.

He felt that he had done his duty, but still he was doubtful of the reception he should meet; for he could not hope to please his employer in everything. But Captain Renger smiled kindly when he saw him return. "Ah, so soon!" he said; "that is well! But did you not prefer remaining in the city to-night? I do not think I requested you to return?"

"You did not, captain," replied Adolph; "but my business was concluded. I have been to all the houses you desired me to visit, and I thought I would not delay, but give you the results of the day's transactions."

"Ah, ah, indeed!" cried the captain, in surprise. "You have been to all the business houses? You have indeed been quick! Well, come into my state room and tell me what you have done."

The good man felt more doubt than faith in the result of his secretary's business operations. But when he gave a detailed account of the day's transactions, Captain Renger opened wide his eyes in delighted astonishment; and at last he grasped the young man's hand and shook it heartily. "Sir," cried he, "you are indeed a worthy and a business man; and if you continue as you have begun, we shall remain very good friends. I will candidly acknowledge that I looked upon you to-day as a trial-time of what you are capable of; and I expected but little at the first attempt. Let me see: we are nearly rid of our hales of silk, and a small portion only is left for Peru. You have obtained better prices than we did last year in Valparaiso. We are getting along finely, my young friend; and we shall see, we shall see!"

The captain rubbed his hands in glee. The face of Adolph brightened with pleasure. "What now, sir?" he inquired, "what commands have you for me to-morrow?"

"Commands? We are nearly through with business here," replied the captain. "We have to make a stay of two or three days, but it is upon business you have nothing to do with. You can use the time to look at the city and the surroundings. It is worth the trouble; for, excepting Naples, Lisbon and Constantinople, I know of no place more beautifully situated than Rio."

"I am very grateful to you, captain," joyfully responded Adolph. "You are fulfilling a fervent wish of mine; but"—he suddenly grew embarrassed, and looked to the ground—"I shall avail myself of your kind permission only to take a walk through the city."

"Why this only?" asked the captain.

Adolph colored, shrugged his shoulders, and was silent.

"Ah, ah, I understand!" said the captain, laughing. "You lack the needful. Well, you must not be troubled about that. You have obtained for our house, to-day, a profit of some five thousand thalers; two per cent. is put to your account; so your share is exactly one hundred dollars, and you can make use of them at any moment."

It was now Adolph's turn to open wide his eyes in astonishment.

"You are joking with me, sir!" he said, doubtfully and confused.

"I never jest upon money matters," replied the captain. "As I said, I wanted a trial of your abilities, and so I said nothing of the two per cent. always given by our house. Take your money, and do with it whatever you will."

He counted out the sum, and gave it to Adolph, to whom it was like a gift from above.

"Be saving with your earnings, my friend," said the kind man. "The beginning is promising; and if you continue so zealously to labor for the good of our house, you may rely upon a handsome sum upon our return to Hamburg. And now, good night. You can have three days' liberty; go on shore, and enjoy yourself. No thanks, I pray you. You have honestly earned the money, and that is enough."

Adolph retired to his little cabin, and regarded his treasure with sparkling eyes—with the delight the miser is supposed to entertain in viewing his vast possessions. He put ninety dollars in a purse, and locked it away in a chest. "Lie there until we reach Hamburg," he said. "Ninety dollars! that is a beginning; and, with God's blessing, I hope to attain for the past. Oh, what joy will it be to restore my blessed mother to the comforts my sin have deprived her of! Patience and hope! The beginning is here, and I will toil and economize until my object is attained—my beautiful, noble aim, that, like the sun, sheds light and warmth upon my soul!"

Next morning the captain and Adolph went on shore. The former left Adolph, to attend to his business; and he entered upon the enjoyment of his liberty; and for three days he enjoyed the beauties and splendors of the novel scenes that Rio and its environs presented. On the evening of the third day he returned to the ship, and was received in the friendliest manner by Captain Renger. That night the Fortuna sailed out of the harbor into the open sea. To his little treasure of ninety dollars Adolph added four, which he had contrived to save during his sojourn in the city. The captain had inquired concerning his business ability and manner of proceeding, of the merchants he had dealt with. They were unanimous in their praises of the young man; and Captain Renger felt satisfied that he had committed no imprudence in taking into his confidence a stranger, picked up upon the wharves at Hamburg. And Adolph felt happier; for the cloud was rising that oppressed his conscience.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

Second Paper.

ITS CHARACTERISTICS—INDIVIDUALITY.

"He that is least among you all, the same shall be great."—Jesus.

I suppose the notion of "Individual Sovereignty," as advocated by a late writer on the "Science of Society," whose first volume under this promising title, is the substantial assurance of the "True Constitution of Government in the Sovereignty of the Individual," is the germ of a latent truth; though I dislike the terms of its statement, and am far from accepting its author's deductions as a whole. Indeed, I do not consider his problem of "the Sovereignty of the Individual, to be exercised at his own cost," as worth the pains of solution; since the better aim of intelligence is to be rid of cost, in every shape and to all parties. To this end, instead of "the Sovereignty of the Individual," I would write *Normal Development*, or the Birth of the Individual, as the only basis of Character, and mode of dexterity in plying the Art of Living.

I dislike the terms "Sovereign" and "sovereignty," for their implication of a early bearing, which has place only in the present age of wrong and social inharmonious; for these words have been "polarized," as Holmes would say, by their long appropriation to tyrannical states and tyrants. I have no more desire to be a sovereign, as the character is commonly conceived, than to be a Napoleon, a Caesar, or a Nebuchadnezzar; nor would they have been what they were, if they had been blest with the wisdom of Socrates. I seek no larger dominion than of what belongs to me. The highest aims of life are won by self-government. But self-government institutes no more of sovereignty than of servility. To rule oneself is to be neither monarch nor serf, but simply a Freeman. In fact, I know no master but Truth, and obedience would make that my all-sufficient servant. Why then, do I not obey—why fail to govern myself? Not because anybody hinders me—not for want of license, or "sovereignty" in the popular, periculous sense, but for want of ability—because I am not great enough.

Yet I will not deny a sort of affection for the above illusive epithets, which I suppose to be much like that of the poet who praised Adversity for her accidental benefits, not for any grace or graciousness of her mien, nor for any love of her real selfhood,

"Which like the lead, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

I remember how my curiosity was excited when a boy, by reading this pretty turn of thought, and with what an honest credence I sought an opportunity to break theasket of the ungrateful creature which seems to be utterly careless of the wealth of his skill. Imagine my contempt for poetry, when, on consulting my father, I was told that my expectation had been raised by a sheer metaphor, born of a vulgar conceit. I hope I do not incur a similar disappointment in my proposed search for that "sovereign" jewel, which seems to be alike unconsciously cherished in the heads of other equat "individuals."

GEORGE STEARNS.

According to the dictionaries, any human being is an individual; and, by inference from colloquial usage, individuality is nothing more than the characteristic differences of mankind. I find no fault with the forced writer for employing these terms in their common acceptation. But whereas he says these differences ought in all cases to be cherished; that "individuality is a universal law which must be obeyed, if we would have order and harmony in any sphere;" and again, that "individuality can only become a law of human action by securing to each individual the sovereign determination of his own judgment and of his own conduct, in all things, with no right reserved either of punishment or censure, on the part of anybody else whomsoever—that is, by implication, that every forward son of adolescent humanity should not only be allowed, but encouraged, to follow his nose whithersoever passion, conceit, or foolish desire may lead, I only wish to say that such is not my sentiment.

I do not deny the individual right of self-government; but I regard it as a right to be attained. None can be said to have a right to what is impossible. Infants and idiots have no right to govern themselves, simply because they can't. The rights of adult character are to the young and imbecile only prospective and predicable of their growing nature. Now this obvious predicament of many is the probable predicament of all; for I do not know of a live man or woman who is capable of absolute virtue, and I deem my intercourse with mankind to have been sufficiently extensive to warrant the old inference that "there is none good but one, that is God." But was this sentiment of one who "know what is in Man," uttered with reference to all coming generations? Not if the same excellent teacher consistently urged men to seek moral perfection like that of our Father in Heaven.

"He that is least among you all, the same shall be great." The author of this expressive aphorism must have understood the doctrine of natural progression. Its scope is as broad as the Universe, and it seems to imply "the development theory" as God's method of Creation. It signifies that every child is to excel its temporal parents, that every Ignoramus is to equal Aristotle, that the savages of Labrador are to outstrip the wise men of Greece, that "sinners" everywhere are "saints" in embryo, and that thieves, rakes, robbers, pirates, impostors, demagogues, despots and scoundrels of every name, place, age and pedigree, are yet to be educated into philanthropists and paragons of human worth. Yet in all this there is no implication that the higher classes stand still. By the same law whereby children grow in stature, adults advance in wisdom and virtue, and the body only suffers declension by age.

My conception of an individual is that of a perfect man or woman—what some of our philosophers would call "a harmonious man," and others would surmise a proper "child of God"—such a human personage as perhaps has never been, but only is to be. It may be that Jesus was an example, but I know of none else to whom this appellation properly belongs. Mind that I say Jesus, and not the mythical Christ. The character of Jesus is somewhat ill-defined, his reputation is not altogether unassailed, his history is in part fallacious, and I know not whether he was in fact greater or less than his biographers have represented. When they tell us of his cursing a fig-tree for being fruitless out of season, of his destroying a herd of swine belonging to others, of his providing wine for men to drink to excess, and of his trouncing a gang of gamblers in the temple, I cannot reconcile these wrongful acts with his better precepts and the exalted tenor of his life. I am compelled to reject the stories as fabulous, or else to think his moral portrait otherwise flattered. Nevertheless, preferring the former horn of this dilemma, I love to call Jesus of Nazareth a HUMAN INDIVIDUAL; and whether he was equal to this ideal or not, I appropriate the term in this paper to a normal development of human nature.

In order to make this definition perspicuous, it is needful to distinguish the Divine Ideal of Humanity from all its partial unfoldings. The Constitution of Man, as was intimated in the sixth paper of this treatise, is immutably perfect in the mind of the Creator, though its revelation will be complete only in his finished work. In reference to the human ultimate, all mankind hitherto have been ill-born and but partially educated, and the inevitable result of this imperfect development is abnormal character. Wherefore every man has his foibles, and the world is populated with bungling specimens of Human Nature. This is the real origin of depravity—a fact which nobody can ignore, and only the rationale of which has been misconceived.

In one sense I admit that mankind is totally depraved; though the reader need not surmise any ratio of my theory to that of Pauline authoritarians. I say of aggregate Humanity as Isaiah said of old Israel: "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint; for I doubt whether there is a man or woman living, or whether one has ever lived, without some taint of disease or some infection of insanity." As to the majority of my acquaintances, they often declare themselves sick, and often betray a species of madness. What else shall I call intemperance, lust, avarice, selfishness, arrogance, deceit and malice—the commonest attributes of common people? Ignorance is doubtless the root of all these erratic workings of the mind; but ignorance alone never makes an epicure, a debauchee, a thief or a criminal of any sort. Besides, everybody is conscious of occasional temptations, or subtle inclinations to wrong, though well aware of its unwholesome consequences. Such inclinations are abnormal, and denote the elements of depravity. They are what one is no more to blame for than for the pains of rheumatism or the gripping pressure of a dyspeptic stomach; yet for this they are none the less to be subdued; and the actual ability of any one to overcome such inclinations, and to follow the better suggestions of Reason and Conscience, is the proper measure of normal character.

A poor drunkard once called at my gate to beg a drink of ardent spirit. I told him I had none in my house. "Pray, sir, will you tell me where I can get some?" I replied according to my information, that the sale of the article as a beverage was unlawful, and I knew of no place in the vicinity where he would be likely to find the boon. "Oh!" said he, in a desponding tone and with a look of beseeching extremity, "I would give my two eyes for a glass of brandy!" And I doubt not that he would. Yet he was not inebriated. He knew that the object of his longing was the very cause of his present wretchedness. Was he not insane? No—not intellectually; but why restrict the conception of mania to the rational faculties? May not the organs of appetite and sentiment be deranged, as well as the intellects? And when a man employs intelligent means to commit suicide, or to gratify a propensity which makes him presently and constantly miserable, though he demonstrates his rationality, is he not in some wise beside himself?

In my opinion, there are good and sufficient reasons why everybody is not virtuous. In the first place, all are not wise enough. Few in all cases know what is right, or what they ought to do for their own welfare and that of others. The race has suffered vastly more from ignorance than ill-will. The young generally nurture imprudent habits, which prove inconvenient, insalubrious and unwholesome in after life. Boys learn to smoke and chew tobacco through an innocent imitation of older simpatons, as well as a seductive art which they afterwards blush to think of; and men by moderate drunken drinking graduate toppers, as they would not if they forebore the insidious encroachments of a perverse habit. Many unwittingly foster diseases in their own bodies, and hasten the hour and multiply the agonies of death, for want of a little knowledge of physiology and hygiene. An ignorant man, after a long season of haphazard indulgence of his appetite, is suddenly alarmed at some unusual manifestation of "a bad humor;" and then, instead of calling pork and greed to account, makes his prayer to "the doctor," and lies down to be salivated and poisoned with calomel.

There is an old tradition, that the man who first made wine, was also the first to exemplify its intoxicating effect; and in like manner probably every kind of intemperance originated in ignorance. But the legitimate fruit of intemperance is a vicious propensity, which, by transmission from parent to child, becomes the step-mother of vice. Thus the alleged frailty of Noah has in later times been realized by the whole people of New England, whose bibbing habits have entailed a loss of rum upon the third generation of "Washingtonians;" as is fully implied by the late assertion of Henry Ward Beecher, who always "keeps his eyes and ears open" to the ways of the world, that there is more lifting among young men to-day, than ten or fifteen years ago. And this fact imbeds a second reason why people are not virtuous. They do not always love what they know to be right; or, more properly, they sometimes cherish a perverse love

of what they know to be wrong. The born hankering of a boy that inherits his father's artificial taste for tobacco or ardent spirits, is quite as impetuous as any natural appetite; and if the father could not refrain from indulgence after testing the bitterness of its fruits by experience, it is not likely that the son will readily take advice against example and "second nature" too. This is the usual pedigree of abnormal propensities, as is well maintained in the popular treatise of the late Professor Combe on "the Constitution of Man." Besides, it is now generally understood that deformity and monstrosity follow certain abnormal excitements of a mother in the season of gestation; from which it ought to be inferred that every unborn offspring is the patient of all maternal affections, and that the character of every child at birth is compounded of all the thoughts, feelings, and emotions of its mother, for a series of months. If so, then who can help seeing that a single burst of maternal anger may beget an irascible temper for life? an occasional selfish wish, a selfish disposition? a habit of amorous indulgence, a creature of lust? and so on to the end of the category of abnormal developments? Thus the very fact of depravity, when its cause is understood, becomes the best of all excuses for vice and crime. A depraved man might exonerate himself from all blame on the score of his evil inclinations, by the reflection that he came honestly by them. Moreover, how can one be virtuous without a disposition to do right? Many, indeed, are bound to fall, even with the most ardent endeavors; which proves that inability may be added to ignorance and depravity, as the third and most palatable excuse of mankind for not being virtuous. This inability is perhaps, merely negative, and may be better expressed as want of moral dexterity. Rectitude, even in that relative sense which is at present possible, is an art to be acquired only by study and practice. Dr. Franklin recognized this truth, and made it the basis of his successful endeavors at self-culture. We learn from his autobiography that it was one of the special aims of his noble life to develop "the Art of Virtue;" and that for many years he contemplated the production of a book with this title, but was prevented by public engagements from fulfilling this part of his favorite design. Now there are few similitudes of Franklin in this particular. Most persons take no pains to learn the art of Virtue, and therefore they have little skill for its practice. But this is not all.

The evolution of moral capability corresponds to the process of human development, of which there are three consecutive degrees, as vaguely indicated by the terms *mental illumination*, *magnanimity*, and *spirituality*. First of all the mind must be enlightened by knowledge—must be thoroughly rationalized as a means of intelligence, outgrow its primitive habits of credulity, presumption and prejudice, and acquire the faculty of thinking independently of all arbitrary and extraneous authorities. God being the sole teacher of his finite creatures, and the brain the indispensable instrument of Divine Tuition, no revelation of Truth, Right and Worth is possible to Man; but what we call *Conscience*. As we cannot see with our own eyes, nor hear with our own ears, so we cannot know through any but our own intellects. Therefore there is no other way to distinguish truth from falsity, right from wrong, and good from evil, but to use our God-made faculties. In this way and no other, all are coming to the knowledge of Truth, or the truth which makes its learners free. Then we shall comprehend the benign Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man; shall find that the Universe is our play-house, and that all things in Nature are made for the use of each, in proportion to individual receptivity and discretion. This degree of intelligence is pre-requisite to Virtue, but not sufficient to constitute a virtuous character. The mere knowledge of right and wrong produces only the rational sense of moral obligation—the intellectual assurance that one ought to choose the right, but only its casual choice through fear of the evil issues of wrong. Hence the mind must be further humanized and expanded to a full development of the cerebrum, so as to institute all the benignant, devout and æsthetic attributes of Ideal Human Nature. This begets the natural love of Right, as the second constituent of moral ability; though, since it does not eradicate the older animal propensities, nor annul the abnormal bias of erratic habititudes, it often stands opposed to a farrago of wrong. Thus originates the common fact of "a double-minded man, unstable in all his ways," who loves and hates the same things at the same time; who is ever seeking pleasure and shunning pain; who is full of good wishes, worthy resolves and earnest endeavors, overwhelmed with temptation, failure and self-condemnation; who makes rigid rules of conduct, but keeps only those of prayer and penitence; whose life, in short, is a perpetual demonstration of moral inability, and whose greatest praise is that he cannot forgive himself any more than he can govern himself, which failure is the sum and substance of his wickedness. Such a mental warfare is not often lasting, the sure prognostic of its peaceful termination being the two conflicting agents—the sensibility and warring forces of the animal against the juvenility and growing vigor of the spiritual. "The outer man is perishing, but the inner man is renewed day by day;" and this is the anchor of hope to an old-fashioned saint, who, in view of a heart "desperately wicked," and a "carnal mind at enmity with God," piously anticipates death as the providential deliverer from this "bondage of sin." Indeed, it is commonly supposed that the Soul is properly born in death, and completely let loose from all its perverse habits and peccant propensities, from which it could not free itself while in the body. But I have no faith in death as such a developing or morally saving power. Death pertains to the physical nature only, and is the mere dismemberment of the inner man. Divested of its outer garb, the character is unchanged, only being deprived of its former means of sensuous dissimulation. We have the undoubted testimony of many who have passed the ordeal of physical dissolution without a spiritual transformation. They assure us not only that death works no change in the Soul, but that the physical form is often put off prematurely as to a preparation for the disembodied state; in which case the unwearied spirit does not quit the present sphere, but is impelled to abide with its former earthly associates, as well for its spiritual nurture as for its agitated affinities. From the character of most spiritual communications it appears likely that nearly or quite all who are said to depart this life, actually remain as much inhabitants of this world as ever, except that their employments are essentially spiritual. On the contrary, it is well known that the living sometimes attain such a degree of spiritual development as enables them to penetrate the spirit-world at will, to enjoy its scenery and the society of its inhabitants, without a mortal exit from the body. Swedenborg was a reputable example of this rare class of human amphibians, who may be said to reside in both worlds. This eligible prerogative is doubtless a result of extraordinary spiritual development, the want of which, as is indicated by the common unconsciousness of a spiritual nature, is the negative cause of human frailty in general. But the foregoing facts have led me to conclude that the Soul may be completely individualized in the body, perhaps even better than out of it, and therefore that Paul's conception of "the spirits of just men, made perfect" in the celestial world, may be realized on Earth. Nay, I contend that this ultimate of physical life is the very *esse* *quæ* non of self-government, and therefore the third indispensable constituent of moral capability. Nor can I conceive of the Age of Virtue as anything else but an earthly society of human angels, who will be the first to exemplify the normal individuality—the Divine Ideal of Human Nature, and to exercise the legitimate "Sovereignty of the Individual" without cost.

West Acton, Mass.

A FORTUNATE SHOWMAN.—There is an Italian proverb which says that "handsome women are born married." The meaning of this is not, what has been supposed, that marriages are made in heaven, but, that such is the power of beauty over the human heart, that those who are possessed of it can marry when and whom they please. A verification of the axiom took place last week at Brompton. A millionaire purchased a small pocket-book at a stationer's, in that fashionable locality. He was served by a young lady of great personal attractions. So smitten was Mr. Scott with her beauty, that, understanding she was single, he then and there made his fair enslaver an offer of his hand and heart. The sequel is to be found in the marriage announced as having taken place at a church of some Puseyite notoriety in the neighborhood, last Wednesday, when the pretty showman stepped into a carriage and £30,000 a year, after a courtship of only one day.—*Court Circular*.

One of the greatest labor-saving machines is laziness.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

H. W. EMERSON ON "MORALS."

Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered a lecture upon Morals, at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 4th of December last. We present our readers with an abstract of the discourse.

Men are respected only as they respect. The poorest and most uncultivated laborer we respect, because he believes in something—in his church, or in those whom God has seemed to put above him. Even superstitious men we respect, because they believe in something beside their lusts and shoes. It is very sad to see men who think their goodness made by themselves.

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man."

All ages of belief have been great; all of unbelief have been mean.

America is said to be lacking in reverence. Our modes of life foster an independence which is belittling. In politics, we will not have anything above ourselves. In religion, the new views of inspiration and miracles, have taken away the terror and force of ancient faith. Cannot we have new conceptions of belief and reverence? We cannot make these things to ourselves. But the human mind, when it is trusted, is never false to itself. If we have faith to seek for that which is our Saviour and Lord, we shall not fall, long, to find it, that presence.

There is a principle which is the basis of all things, a goodness and truth which is entitled to reign over us, and in obedience to which, all of true greatness of mind consists. It is a sort of proverbial saying of scholars, that which was made by a dying Oxford scholar, long ago. "It did not repent him," he said, when he came to die, "that he had so much courted the maid laundress of the mistress;" meaning Philosophy and Letters, to the neglect of Divinity. This, in the language of our time, would be the neglect of ethics and morals.

Morals respects that which man call goodness, that which all men agree to honor; as justice, truth-speaking, good will, and good works. Morals respects the motive of action. It is the science of substance, and not of show. Men may well come together to confirm their confidence in this principle. It is that which all speech and action aim to say. In the science of that, all efforts and speculations are vain and empty. The beauty of youth comes back, and strength comes, as much as the moral element prevails. It is for good and to good, that all thought and all things are—not for the determination, merely, of intellectual truth, or what is. It is for the benefit that the universe exists. In the accomplishment of this alone can the universe have its end. The moral sentiment alone nothing to us. It puts us in place. It puts us in the heart of nature, where all the forces terminate which hold the world in magnetic communication, and converts us into universal being.

Our inquiry respects the will. It is immortal, whose action to any private end. It is moral, whose aim, or motive, may become a universal law, binding on all intelligent beings. The true moral man sees beauty; he feels truth; and, feeling its relation to all, he rises to universal life. He has his life in nature, like the best; but he is born into him—will, not, creature.

We rightly say of ourselves, we were born; and afterwards we were born again, and born many times. We have new experiences, so important that the new destroy the old; and hence the mythology of the seven, or the nine, heavens. The day of days, the great day of the feast of life, is that in which the inward eye opens to the unity of all things and the omnipresence of law—sees that that which is, is because it ought to be, and because it is the best. This omnipresence is not in us, so much as we are in it. If the air comes to our lungs, we live; if the light comes to our eyes, we see; if the truth comes to our minds, we suddenly expand to its dimensions. This throws us in the interior, in the party, of the universe—against all others, against ourselves as well as others. It is a new world, not from former or better man, but from college or common. To a man, who is contented, so good, the physical universe is a box of toys. This truth is poured in the souls of all men, as the soul itself which constitutes them men.

This, then, is the first part of the law of the will—the intellectual insight. That takes men, in the first place, out of slavery into freedom. So, also, does the sense of right. There is another element beside perception. With the perception of truth comes the desire that it shall prevail. When a strong will appears, it is from a certain unity of organization. There is no manufacturing a strong will; there must be a pound to balance a pound. Where power is shown in will, it must rest, at last, on universal forces. Alas and Bonaparte must believe they rest on a truth, or their will can be bought or bent. Whoever has had experience of the moral sentiment, cannot choose but believe in unlimited power. I know not, said the lecturer, what the world sublime means, unless it be the intuition in the infant of a force that comes from above. Society is service for want of will. That is why the world wants saviors and religions. The hero sees there is one way to go, and moves in it. When we examine forces, we use the force of the globe. We lift the axe, but it is the gravitation of the globe that brings it down. It is the weight of the globe that keeps every stone in the house together. And in morals we bring a force infinitely greater than our selves, by choosing to do that which is the right, and simple, and true, and good thing, and thus get a support which no numbers can begin to cope with. The invisible world sympathizes with us. What we call miracles appear. This consent of all things to the good man's thought, the Orientalists delight to describe. "When Omar prays in his joy," they say, "the nine heavens vibrate to the tread of the saint." We call those who do thus, true men; and those acting for by-ends, not from control reason, we call false and superficial. You set a girl to polluting brasses, and she applies herself to it, not with thoughts of other things, but with all her strength; and your respect is commanded. The artist strives more to make his picture true than to please you; and your respect is commanded.

The world would run into endless routes; but the perpetual supply of new genius, out of the Cause of causes, shakes us with thrills of life. The chief day of life is the day when we encounter a mind that starts us by its originality and force. Providence sends, from time to time, to each serious mind, or a few teachers, who are of the first importance to him in that which they have to impart. The highest of these benefits not so much by what they have to communicate, as by their spirit and modes of feeling and thought. Though they have no facts of performance, they are regarded by all as transcendent. See how one noble person warps a whole nation of unbelievers. One character, and the Republic cannot perish as long as he lives. It happens, now and then, in the ages, that a soul is born which has no weakness of self, which offers no impediment to the divine spirit; and all his thoughts are perceptions of things as they are, without any admixture of earth. Such souls are as the apparition of gods among men, and by their very presence judge men. Such men are ever reverenced from descending into nature, while others seem to be restricted from ever ascending out of it. As a dog, backed by his master, will perform what, alone, he could never have done, so the strength of the friends of the prophet is greatly increased. And, too, there is a halo about the prophet which strengthens the spiritual force of his disciples.

Mr. Emerson here paid a tribute to John Brown, saying, "How love for right, and the deep feeling that the wrongs of the poor African were his wrongs, have elevated an obscure Connecticut farmer into the love and admiration of all men; have admitted him to the highest wisdom; have shown him the secrets of the religious life, and made all other men appear his inferiors. It would be hard to find in history an example of greatness so audibly made known to all good men."

Man stands by himself; the universe stands by him, also. It is told of a monk, that, being excommunicated by the Pope, after his death he was sent, in charge of an angel, to hell. But wherever he went, such was his good nature that he made friends of whomsoever he met, and was content with whatever situation he found himself in. The angel who was sent to find a place of torment for him, attempted to remove him to a worse pit, but with no better success; for such was his contented spirit, that he found something to praise, in all places, even in hell, and made a kind of heaven of it. At last, the angel returned, and said that no hell would burn him. The legend says his sentence was remitted, and he was allowed to go into heaven, and was canonized as a saint.

Nature is not so helpless but it can rid itself, at last, of every crime. The ancient poet said that God had made justice so dear to Nature, that if any injustice lived under the sky, the blue vault would shiver to a snake-skin, and cast it out. Wisdom has its root in goodness, and not goodness in wisdom. The same essence which existed as sentiment and will in the mind, worked up in nature as an irresistible law and exhibits its influence upon all intelligent beings.

Some ladies deserve beauty for the energy in which they hold at the foil, though they seldom attain it.

DROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

Wednesday Evening, Dec. 27th.

Question—"Does evil exist?"

Dr. Child.

"There is not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean, desert, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere."

Around, beneath, below, above—
Wherever space extends,
There heaven dwells in beautiful love,
And power with goodness blends."

That which seems to us evil, is not evil intrinsically; it is only the natural operation of things for the production of good. Evil is the effect of a means whose end is as great in goodness as is the magnitude of the apparent evil.

The reason why we call certain actions evil, is because we know no better; is because we have not a capacity to see, comprehend and understand the wisdom of God in the mighty workings of his power. No one can deny that there is an unseen power and an unseen wisdom at work in the manifestations of life that we see everywhere around us.

This wisdom and this power transcends human wisdom and human power; and the magnitude of uncounted worlds transcends the magnitude of a single man. This little man God infuses in these attributes. Have we faith in this infinite power and wisdom? Have we faith in God? If we have, we feel safe, perfectly safe; we are happy; we have found a heaven of rest. We see what is apparently wrong, and know that it is for wise ends; for it is all the work of this infinite wisdom and infinite power. We are all; God is great. We cannot see his mighty purposes, his schemes and plans; we cannot understand by viewing a single link in the interminable chain of cause and effect, for what purpose the whole long chain is to be used. If we have perfect confidence in God, we love him through all his works; no less in what seems to us evil, than in what seems to us good.

The fireman blows up a house to prevent the spread of a terrible conflagration in a densely populated city; the deed is executed in the higher wisdom of larger human intelligence. Smaller intelligence, that could not see the wisdom of the deed and knew not for what end it was done, might think this blowing up of a house, voluntarily and purposefully, an evil, while the end was really good.

A wise physician draws out the deadly inflammation from the vital organs of his patient upon the skin by a blister, and he sees in this lesser evil a means of greater good; while the unintelligent, the uninformed, see this terrible inflammation, this awful blister that the doctor has made, and without hesitation pronounce it an evil. The blister works out good in the end.

The boy, under the lash of his father's correction, never thinks that whipping is the best thing his father can do for him; the whipping, he thinks, is a damnable evil; he has not learnt that suffering is progression; he knows less than his father does; he sees that an evil, which his father sees a good.

A failure in a successful business often brings out the true man; it is the best thing that can happen. But you cannot make a man believe this till he grows large in spirit, and can see it. He thinks that it is the devil that causes the failure, and the failure is so evil, when perhaps it has been planned and executed by his redeeming angel, the purest and the holiest, to lead him more rapidly on his journey of progression.

Thus it is in some of the little things of life that to ignorance appear evil, in the light of intelligence appear wise and good.

And I feel an abiding confidence that when we shall grow pure in heart, we shall see God in the light of truth, in good no less than in evil; and we shall see all the works of God as having been planned and executed in wisdom, for the highest good of all men.

Brother Beaver thinks that the church—all the churches—are evil to the well-being and to the happiness of humanity. Look a little deeper, Brother Beaver, and you will see a cause in the structure of the human soul that produces churches; look a little deeper still, and you will find that cause lying in the bosom of nature.

Brother Cushman thinks that Brother Beaver's infidelity is an evil; is injurious to the well-being and to the happiness of humanity. Look a little deeper, Brother Cushman, and you will see a cause for Brother Beaver's infidelity; and if you are an honest philosopher, you will not say that this cause is outside of nature. My good friend Brother Beaver is as true to God, the author and maker of his existence, as is my good orthodox Brother Cushman. Both are good, both are divine; to each is no merit; in neither is there demerit. Nature is as lavish on one as on the other; and nature holds both; there is not an action nor a thought of either that nature does not produce. And if God is not manifested in nature, all proof of his existence to us is as void as an undivided vacuum.

Mr. Cushman—This philosophy of Dr. Child is an old philosophy in a new language. It is short and meaningless, and can be soon overthrown. It is wanting in breadth, depth and height. It amounts to this, viz., everything is God, and God is everything; God is infinite, and nature is infinite; God is manifested through all nature. This is ridiculous. Dr. Child says that the physician puts a blister on his patient to cure what we call an evil. Now God never applies a blister. If there is no evil.

How can disease in the family of humanity? By breaking the laws of nature. Does a God of goodness make me suffer? No; God made man upright and perfect; he did not make him to suffer. This philosophy of Dr. Child is wrong; it is an unhealthy, crushing philosophy; it is reason to the core; it is inconsistent on the face of it, and my brain must be turned bottom side up to receive it. He says that Mr. Beaver is a part of nature, and I am part of nature, and then asks, "Is nature sick? Why talk of curing nature?" If disease is right, why should it be removed? [Question—Is the sun at noonday in the right place? Answer—Yes. Then why should it move on toward the western horizon? The sun at noon is in its place, and requires no power to be applied for its removal. [Question—Is the unseen power of God in nature, that makes the earth revolve on its axis, or does it "go itself?" To any that God moves me and Mr. Beaver, is it a perfect absurdity. This is not so. The God of this ridiculous philosophy would cause me to move whether I will or no; and cause me to suffer every step I take, and then claim of me to call him a God of goodness and love. Such a God to me is a tyrant—unlovely and unjust. The God of Dr. Child's philosophy is such a God as this.

James Passow—A doctrine that denies the providence of God; that denies that God is in everything that exists, is a doctrine not agreeable to my feelings. I would not converse with an atheist for one moment, for he has no foundation for an argument. Dr. Child, you are an infidel, for you do not believe as I do. You are an infidel to my belief.

Dr. Child—Oh yes, Judge, I believe everything that you do. There is not a belief under heaven that I do not accept fully and perfectly; and among them all is my good brother Cushman's.

Mr. Cushman—Dr. Child blunders atethism and infidelity into one. His doctrine is fraught with all the devilry that the world produces. God save us from this "all right" system. Intelligent men and women can never swallow such absurdities. It is a curse to the world.

Mr. Sargent, the reporter—Brother Cushman, can you make your belief? [Mr. Cushman answered yes.] Would it be possible for you to believe as Dr. Child does? [Mr. Cushman answered no.] I doubt not that Mr. Cushman and Dr. Child are both honest in their belief—and now who makes them differ? I do not know what I believe.

Mr. Smith related an interesting experience of some of his past life, in which he claimed that there was an invisible power that had even moved him; a power that he could not feel; a power that had led him.

Mr. Cameron—Mr. Cushman does not see deep enough into the purposes of God to recognize his power, acting in the diseased vessel, in the physician's hand, and in the blister also; he cannot yet see that God in his wisdom measures out pain to humanity as well as pleasure, and that the end of both pleasure and pain is good. Mr. Cushman does not yet see that it is impossible to break a law of nature, and that all disease is as much the product of nature's laws as health is. Mr. Cushman must look a little deeper before he can see this. Mr. Cushman is in right so far as he has gone; but he has further yet to go.

Old English Statesman—Lord Lyndhurst, the Chancellor of Great Britain, is eighty years old. He is an American by birth, and was born in Boston, before the Revolution broke out. He recently delivered an address before the Royal Academy, which, in ability, was worthy of his position. He spoke of attending Sir Joshua Reynolds's lectures twenty years ago; Lord Brougham is over eighty years old. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Campbell are about the same age.

A French philosopher thinks that the use of tobacco produces cancer on the lip. We think it can't, sir.

Answers to Correspondents.

Will you, through the medium of your very liberal and valuable paper, answer the following questions:—Why do the spirits in their communications make use of such bad language, for instance the communication of "Patrick Murphy," in your issue of Nov. 14th? Why in the communication, broken English instead of the pure language? Why, in these communications, do we often find the low slang heard only among the neglected of earth? Are these spirits not in a brighter and better sphere? Then why do they not use a language consistent with progress? Now, Messrs. Editors, I ask not these questions from idle curiosity, but as one seeking after the truth. I cannot endorse a doctrine (beautiful though it be) until I am fully persuaded that it is true.

I have long thought that the religion of the "illids" was deluded by being converted into many selfish ends, some of which follow the teachings of that "Holy One of God" whose teachings were love, good will and forgiveness to mankind.

There are various opinions among Spiritualists in reference to the channel through which the spirits speak. Some Spiritualists in all honestly maintain that both parties to the spirit. That when this change takes place, man casts off all sin, and all desire to sin, and loses all power to sin with the change. Our experience teaches us a totally different belief.

We have been taught that the condition of the man whose aspirations were always for a better life, although circumstances in which he was placed forced a different one upon him, is materially changed by death. The aspirations were of the spirit—were the man. The conditions were of the physical form, or of the material world. By death these conditions are no longer found about the spirit, hence the latter is free to realize his highest aspirations, and may pass to a sphere of great happiness.

But we are firm in the belief that the man whose spirit was bent upon the sensual gratifications of earth, who delighted in Evil rather than in Goodness, is not materially changed by death. He is not of necessity in a brighter or better sphere after death. Indeed, he may be more unhappy than on earth; for he cannot find those pleasures in spirit-life he indulged in here. If he can come in rapport with a medium on earth, in whom the same desires which rule him are found, he may influence that medium for evil, and continue in the same low state of spirituality and consequent unhappiness for years.

We have an abundance of facts to prove that there are evil spirits, and that they do influence men and women for evil.

The same is true on the intellectual plane; death does not radically change man in this respect. Hence, when an ignorant Irishman in spirit-life controls a medium, he uses nearly the same language he employed on earth. Patrick Murphy, through Mrs. Conant, talks as he did on earth—the same common-place language, the same brogue, is heard, although we impart it poorly to our types. The visitors who have heard Patrick talk, will bear witness to the perfect embodiment of the peculiarities of the Irishman, given through our medium. Patrick did not jump from an uneducated plane of intellect to one rich in culture, when he left earth. His progress must be gradual, though the ascent is more easy than on earth.

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We have an abundance of facts to prove that there are evil spirits, and that they do influence men and women for evil.

The same is true on the intellectual plane; death does not radically change man in this respect. Hence, when an ignorant Irishman in spirit-life controls a medium, he uses nearly the same language he employed on earth. Patrick Murphy, through Mrs. Conant, talks as he did on earth—the same common-place language, the same brogue, is heard, although we impart it poorly to our types. The visitors who have heard Patrick talk, will bear witness to the perfect embodiment of the peculiarities of the Irishman, given through our medium. Patrick did not jump from an uneducated plane of intellect to one rich in culture, when he left earth. His progress must be gradual, though the ascent is more easy than on earth.

Will you, through the medium of your very liberal and valuable paper, answer the following questions:—Why do the spirits in their communications make use of such bad language, for instance the communication of "Patrick Murphy," in your issue of Nov. 14th? Why in the communication, broken English instead of the pure language? Why, in these communications, do we often find the low slang heard only among the neglected of earth? Are these spirits not in a brighter and better sphere? Then why do they not use a language consistent with progress? Now, Messrs. Editors, I ask not these questions from idle curiosity, but as one seeking after the truth. I cannot endorse a doctrine (beautiful though it be) until I am fully persuaded that it is true.

I have long thought that the religion of the "illids" was deluded by being converted into many selfish ends, some of which follow the teachings of that "Holy One of God" whose teachings were love, good will and forgiveness to mankind.

There are various opinions among Spiritualists in reference to the channel through which the spirits speak. Some Spiritualists in all honesty maintain that both parties to the spirit. That when this change takes place, man casts off all sin, and all desire to sin, and loses all power to sin with the change. Our experience teaches us a totally different belief.

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