

BANNER OF LIGHT.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Nine, by BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

VOL. VI.

{BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY,
Publishers.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1860.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
Payable in Advance.

NO. 20.

THE SERMONS

OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Photographers 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.

Written for the Banner of Light. TWO GOLDEN CURLS.

Diad on the 27th of August, 1859, Arthur J. also, on the 11th of Sept. 1859, Rollin M., only children of John P. and Clara A. Hunt, late of New Hampton, N. Y.

One they curl of golden hair
Is all that's left me now;
One curl that waved so soft and fair
Upon his sunny brow!
How oft I've gazed upon his face
With all a mother's joy,
And to my happy heart repeat,
"My darling, angel boy!"
And oft those little dimpled arms
Around my neck were thrown,
While his pure lips sweet kisses pressed
Softly upon my own.
Oh, darling one! thy mother's heart
Is filled with anguish wild,
And tears are falling sadly now,
For thee, her first-born child!
Another curl of golden hair
Beside thine own is laid,
Another tiny little grave
Beside thine own is made;
Another darling little one
We've gently laid to rest,
Another pair of dimpled hands
Crossed on a lifeless breast;
Another curl within my heart
Is sighing sadly now,
While gazing on those treasured curls,
Once on each infant's brow.
How often in the midnight hours,
When all is hushed in sleep,
My thoughts turn to my blighted flowers,
Whispering to me—
"Weep for the hopes that once were mine,
But now forever fled,
For those, my cherished little one,
Now numbered with the dead!"
Oh, Father! hear my earnest prayer!
When this brief life is o'er,
May I not meet those darling ones
Upon "the other shore!"

Richmond, Washington Co., Iowa.

C. A. H.

The Lost One Found.

A SKETCH OF THESE TIMES.

BY JEREMY LOUD.

"Mother," exclaimed Mary Milson, in a towering passion, to which she was in the habit of giving way, "I'll never stand it in the world! You may talk yourself to death, but depend upon it I'll have my own way!"
"I'll be minded, as long as you live with me!" retorted Mrs. Milson. "And whenever you want your own way, you must make up your mind to go out of my house to have it! So understand me, once for all!"
The trouble was about a young man who had recently been paying attentions to Miss Molly, but with whose character and notions her mother was by no means so well satisfied.
"John Wilson is just as good as anybody else," persisted the girl. "I'm sure, he's in better circumstances than folks like us! and for you, or me, to turn our noses up at him, is doing what everybody will only laugh at us for, and I think we might be in better business!"
"I have my own mind," returned the mother, "and you cannot change it; so you needn't put yourself to the trouble of trying. John Wilson mustn't come into my house any more! He may be as rich as Croesus, for all that! I care no money will make his company welcome under my roof! And there's an end of it!"
"It's no end of it, so far as I'm concerned," replied the daughter, with much exclamation.
"What do you say?" asked her mother.
"I say I'll keep company with him just as long as I please!"
"You will?"
"Yes, I will!"
"Not in my house, then?"
"This isn't the only house there is in the world, I hope."
"It's all you know of, at least," said her mother, with some anger in her tone.
"It's not as good a home as I can find. I know, if I only choose to go!" replied the daughter.
"Hadn't you better do, then?"
"Yes, I think I had," was the ready, and still angry, answer.
And that was the way of their unhappy parting.
Mrs. Milson was a widow, and Mary was her only child. She was poor, but virtuous and honest. Her husband had left her in straitened circumstances, not even a roof having been supplied to her head; yet she was possessed of resolution sufficient to make her own way in the world, and had thus far got along without any very great difficulty.
The house she at present lived in was an humble one, but ample for all the domestic needs of the widow Milson; and offered her at a rent which she was able to raise without much difficulty. She had a little garden attached to her rental, whose products greatly aided her in making the ends meet, besides affording her much pleasure and recreation in its culture. Altogether, with her anxieties, hard work, and all, she had a very industrious life of it, yet complaining of nothing, but over hoping and hoping to the end.
John Wilson was a young man from the city. He had accidentally met Mary on one of his Summer visits to the town, and appeared to be carried away with her beauty. He called to see her several times, before her mother saw fit to suggest—and most affec-

tionately, too—to her that his attentions were not such as would be likely to add to her happiness.

Mary would not believe, or even heed what her mother said, but seemed only the more set in having her own way.

Again and again did her mother talk with her about this stranger young man, and point out to her the dangers that strewed her path if she persisted in following out her present conduct; but all she could say did but fix Mary the more firmly in her present purposes, and grieve the mother's loving heart the more deeply.

It came to this crisis, at last. Mrs. Milson forbade the young man her house. Mary declared, in a passion, that she would then go where she could see him. The mother protested more forcibly, and the daughter became still more angry and excited; and, finally, the mother told the daughter in almost as many words that she was at liberty to leave her house whenever she pleased!

It was now the season of summer, and verging upon the autumn. Mary needed no further stimulus, but, taking her strong-will along with her, went off that same afternoon, and had her usual interview with John Wilson where she could not be annoyed by interruption of any sort.

"She has threatened me, at last," said Mary to him, speaking of her mother.

"Threatened you? With what? For what?"
"She says that just so sure as I keep your company any longer, I may go out of the house, and find a home where I choose."

"Mary," replied the astonished young man, "did she say that?"

"Yes, she did; and she said, further, that never again should you enter the house, or anybody that looked like you; and that if you dared to try it, you could see for yourself whether she meant what she said. As for me,"—and Mary's voice grew a little tremulous when she came to repeat this part of the story—"she declared that if I persisted in keeping company with you, John, I might go where she would never know nor see anything of it! She as good as turned me out of doors, John! And now what am I to do?"

She threw her head upon his breast, and he clasped her in his arms.

"Molly," said he, in a low voice, when the tumult of her heart had a little subsided—"Molly, I will take care of you. Trust me."

"Oh, John," said she, "how can you do it? When? Where? Where shall I go? Oh, what shall I do?"

"Don't take on about it, Molly!" pleaded the young man. "If you will leave it all to me, I will see that you are provided for."

"Will you, John? Oh, will you?" she asked, for the first time seeming to realize somewhat of the distress into which her course had plunged her.

"Yes, Molly," was his ready answer, "you need give yourself no trouble at all. Your mother never will have the pleasure of turning me out of doors. I shall probably never see her again; and, if I were you, Molly, I would not stay there myself any longer than is absolutely necessary. Come; think of what I say to you. You shall be well taken care of, and nothing that you choose to ask for shall be wanting to you."

They sat on the edge of the wood, on that sweet summer afternoon, and talked their plans all over, from beginning to end. New projects were suddenly born, to which both gave their speedy and perfect assent.

The face of Mary Milson's fortunes was changing, and changing very fast. She was importuned to take a step that, a few short weeks ago, she never would have dared dream of. There was some secret influence, some sort of magic, in the proposals and persuasions of the young stranger, or Molly would not have so completely surrendered herself to his guidance and proffered protection. Before they separated, the innocent light that had shed itself across the girl's path thus far in life, had changed its hues, and now she had pledged her soul to its rapid ruin, though possibly without knowing even that she did so.

At midnight, or perhaps a little before that hour, Molly rose softly from her bed and slipped down stairs. She had perfected all her arrangements beforehand, so that there might be no possible hindrance; and now, with her small bundle of clothes in her hand, she went out through the little back door of the cottage into the cold world of whose mores and sympathies she knew nothing at all. And she was sadly conscious, too, as she went, that she left a sorrowing mother behind her; but it was a moment's weakness only, and straightway she forgot everybody, and everything, save him who had led her along to take this step which she could never in her life again retrace.

The stars were out, silent and full of holy chiding; she merely glanced upward, felt the fresh breath of heaven upon her face, and hurried forward through the garden to the spot designated for the interview.

John Wilson was there, according to agreement. He was overjoyed to find that she had kept her word; and in a minute more he had helped her into a wagon that he had provided, and they were both spinning across the country road for the cars that were to come along, a couple of hours afterwards, to the neighboring village.

Mary Milson had fled from her home and her mother. They reached the metropolis in company. It was still early in the day. Where was Mary to go?

"Not to my house yet," said John, anticipating her inquiry, "for fear my friends might not be reconciled to so hasty a match. But continue to trust me, Mary. I will be your friend always. Just as soon as my friends become reconciled to the new state of things, I intend to take you home with me."

It was plausible, and Mary suspected nothing, either. A boarding-house was therefore found for Mary, and without much delay, either. It looked as if John Wilson might have made all his arrangements for this matter beforehand!

That was a dismal afternoon indeed for Mary, and coming too. She was happy in no company but that of her lover; but he could not be with her all the time. He had other things to occupy his attention, without doubt; as for her, she was privileged to do nothing but sit down and reflect on the recent act of which she had been guilty, and think of the loneliness and sorrow of her poor mother. He could easily supply his reflections by something in the way of action; but she, alas!

she could only brood over her own griefs, and the saddest griefs she had already brought upon another.

The evening came down dark and rainy upon the town, and Mary secretly wished, a thousand times, that she had never been guilty of this most rash conduct.

It was not so pleasant a matter, this being alone and unaccompanied in a large town, without home and mother, as she had originally painted it, when quietly giving rein to her imagination in the security of her country life. But she was in for it now. There was no easy return. Having taken the first step, she could not well retrace it. It was about as easy to go forward as to go backward. The die was cast. The Rubicon had been crossed. Oh, pray Heaven that the unhappy fate of the young girl, innocent and fresh and still unpolished, may be finally, by some instrumentality, and even after a little experience, averted!

Such as she, by hundreds and hundreds every year, go to supply the insatiable appetite of the gross world, and are lost forever to friends, to parents, to home, and to themselves. The stream is sullen and dark, and it catches them up and sweeps them on unrelenting. Out into the shoreless ocean they are whirled and drifted, oftentimes leaving not so much as the accent of a dying cry to enable those behind to know that they have at length met their doom.

The scene changes. Time has flown by. Years have passed; years of unmitigated sorrow,—years not burdened by a ray of hope, but one long, unbroken burden of grief and wretchedness.

The gas lamps along the city streets are all lighted for the evening. Pedestrians go tramping forward over the hard pavements. The winds blow saw and gusty everywhere. Travelers everywhere draw their outer garments closer about them. The rattle of the stage and coach wheels over the stones smites the heart with a strange sense of chill and desolation.

The night slowly wears on. By little and little the streets are less densely crowded; and at length the travel is limited almost entirely to the back streets, the lanes, and the darkened passages. The footsteps echo more rarely. The sound of voices has almost entirely died out. There are only knots, and couples, going by, some talking very loudly and gesticulating very emphatically, and some singing snatches of familiar songs with a maudlin expression that could not very well be copied.

At one of the police stations an officer came in toward midnight, bringing on his arm a woman of middle age, apparently, who seemed quite weary and faint, and could scarcely assist herself.

"Here," said the policeman to the officer in charge of the station, "I have found this woman in the streets, begging to be taken care of for the night. She says she has no home in the city, and doesn't wish to give her name. I suppose she must have a place to sleep here somewhere, and then go her way in the morning."

She was forthwith shown into a cell in which were two beds, or bunks, and asked if she would not take some sort of refreshments for the night, as she was in a truly sinking condition, and that, unless she was taken care of, she was liable to die on her hands.

Scarcely had she been placed in the cell allotted her, over whose floor and walls the gaslight in the passage shed but a feeble radiance, when there was heard a loud noise, with a confusion of voices, from the further end of the passage, and the woman involuntarily raised her head and listened. She could catch the sounds of a female voice, among the rest, that betrayed much excitement on the part of her to whom it belonged.

Presently they came to the door of her own cell.

"She might as well go in here," said one of the officers. "There's only a woman in here, and there are two bunks. This is the best place to put her."

And, without any protracted discussion, in they thrust her through the cell-door, and left her to take the best care she afterwards could of herself.

The woman inside lifted her head. The new comer, who was a great deal younger, instantly commenced returning the compliment.

The latter was overdressed, painted, and betrayed the usual symptoms of incipient intoxication. Her eyes had an odd, leering expression, that might have frightened away a monster. She alternately fumbled her tawdry lacy, and directed her coarse remarks to the other occupant of the cell.

"In for the night, hey, old lady?" said she. "Well, what—what—what do you think of it? Comfortable quarters? Used to it? 'Cause, if you hint, you'll find 'tain't exactly what a lady gets at home. Home! why did I use that word? I swore once that I never'd do it again; and I went again. If I can but help it! Heigho! I had a home once, and a sweet little charming place it was, too. Oh, how bad it makes me feel, though, whenever I let myself think about it! And I left a mother in that home, too!"—the poor girl's voice began to break, and the listener began to gaze on her face with an intenseness impossible to describe;—and I don't know but she's there yet, sorrowing and breaking her heart, this very night, because I do not come back to her!"

"Mary! Mary!" involuntarily exclaimed the listener, outstretching both her hands.

The girl's eyes became suddenly fixed. She stood in the middle of the floor for several moments, unable to say a word. Then she broke forth:

"Mother! My mother!"

"It is! It is! Oh, God! that it should ever come to this!"

And they rushed into one another's open arms.

The scene drew some of the officers from the hall to the door of the cell, who could not witness it without tears.

Mother and daughter had found one another at last, though it was under circumstances so forbidding. The poor mother had left home and all, in a state bordering on insanity, resolved to go—no matter where—till she obtained some tidings of her daughter. And in the cold and un sympathizing city streets she had sunk down, worn out with exposure and exertion, and, but for the timely interference of the police, must inevitably have perished.

Poor Mary! her sad picture told its own silent but most affecting story. Her mother's heart, however, was ready to forgive her all, and the cheeks of the mother, pale and thin as they had become through

sorrow alone, were wet with the hot, scalding tears of an only daughter's sincere repentance.

Next morning, they were allowed to go off together. No more was the face of the poor girl to be met with on the street promenade. She hid herself away from the sight and knowledge of the world with that mother, supporting both alike by the skill which she had long before acquired with the use of the needle.

The experience was—alas! so bitter; yet the lesson taught that once light and innocent heart was rich, in the end, with all manner of blessings.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY FREEB OWEN.

February 3d.—The eve of my marriage and the anniversary of one of the darkest days of my existence.

This day, only two years ago, I was forced to part with one whom my girlhood's heart had shrined with all that is noble in man. A father's harsh command, caused by false rumors of wildness and dissipation, drove Allan May from my side, and left me desolate. Yes, desolate is the word—so other can express the feeling. God of Heaven! as I recall that hour, my soul shudders at the step I am about to take. But he went abroad with his crushed heart, and we have never met. One month after, I was bridesmaid for Ellie Brant, my brother's bride, and for the first time met Morton Ormsby, the groomsmen. He seemed to know I suffered, and strove with a kindness of manner in every way to soothe me and drive painful thoughts away. We were thrown together all that spring with the bridal festivities, and I learned to look for Morton and want no other. His gentle manner, his truthful and upright course won my esteem and admiration; and when he asked me, at the end of the year, if I could love him, I told him I could, but I knew and felt it was not the strong, passionate feeling that stirred me before. That was true; and now, after a year's betrothal, with all my faults and imperfections, with the knowledge of my life, he loves me with a devotion I am proud of, and to-morrow sees me his wife. I have been burning old letters and reading old journals, and am stirred with haunting memories. God forgive me! It must be the last time.

August 30th.—Five years a wife! Five years of dissipation! I can call them. How has my time gone? In fashion and folly, balls, parties, visiting watering places, dressing and driving! What end or aim have I had? A morbid craving for excitement. Death checked it by taking my pet boy Willie after a few hours' illness, six weeks ago. God called him away, and my wicked heart still rebels. Morton, my indulgent and noble husband, leaves nothing untried to cheer and soothe me. There is an aching unrest in my heart, and I want to go to Willie.

September 28th.—Home again! The doctor ordered sea bathing and change of air for me, and Morton hurried me off, but I begged to come back. I heard of Allan May's marriage, while I was away, to a wealthy girl, neither intellectual nor handsome. It was told to me one evening by a lady at Long Branch. We were sitting on the piazza, and, knowing we were from the same place, she asked if I knew him. I could not help the nervous state that threw the glass of water Morton was just handing me, and splashed it at my feet, or the hysterical cry that broke from my lips at the supposed sight.

Morton grows kinder every hour, and I try to do a wife's duty. God help me if I fail!

May 4th.—A long break in my journal! Three years! Another record to make. My true and honest husband is a bankrupt, and everything has gone to satisfy his creditors. Our pretty house, carriage and horses, books, furniture—all, all, came under the hammer except my harp. Morton would not let it go—it was my mother's gift, and he thought it might sometimes cheer me in my adversity. Now the "battle of life" commences. Morton frets for me—he is worn and harassed in mind and I suffer. Our darling Mabel is left out, and to-morrow we leave for the city of London, where Morton has had an offer in business, and where he has always had a desire to live. What matter to me that Allan May lives there in wealth? This blow of adversity seems to rouse my pride and stir me to be "up and doing." I have been selfish. God sends these trials for a good purpose.

August 20th.—A long hot summer is dragging on. This southern climate, with straitened means, is trying to us all; but I am learning a lesson I should have studied long since—to sacrifice some of my comfort for others. My kind husband watches every movement and expression of my countenance, lest I am unhappy. Our home is snug—a cottage house in this large city on a quiet side street—an upper and lower balcony in front, and a pretty yard, which is bright now with urbanas and geraniums. Old black Susy and her little Lulu keep all neat and clean, and try to make home pleasant. The change is indeed great for me—no society, no drives, no sea bathing to refresh and invigorate; but, as I look back, how useless seemed my life. Now I have regular daily duties. Mabel improves in her studies—her talent for music is so bright, it is a pleasure to teach her.

October 20th.—Morton says he met Allan May on the street, this morning, and he asked our number, saying he would call. They have been away all summer, and have just returned. I feel restless, and my duties somehow are irksome to-day.

October 24th.—This was a glorious day! The maple-tree, which shades our front, is tinged with scarlet; the sycamore, on the opposite side, have a russet hue; a shower, last night, laid the dust; the soft sunlight, at four o'clock, glanced across our yard, bringing out with more brilliance the bright hues of our pretty fall flowers, and the air was delicious. I gave myself up to enjoy it, and sat on our upper balcony dreaming over John Hallifax, and seeing Morton in every act of that good man's life. I scarcely ever notice the passers by; our street is quiet and retired, and those who pass are of humble pretensions; but a step passed at the gate, and a pair of eyes, whose gaze I had met before, were bent on me.

"May I come in," said Allan May.

What was it caused the nervous tremor, the flushing and pallor, that came over me? Lulu went down to open the door, and, seizing a cologne bottle from the dressing-bureau, I drew in long draughts. I was

stalled at my pale face in the glass, and my crimson dressing-gown seemed to add to its paleness. Nervous myself with a will, I descended to the parlor. I could scarcely believe that gray-tinged and sad-faced man, who rose to meet me, was Allan. He took my hand, scanned earnestly my face, and said:

"Not changed—not changed! Flowers and sunshine must strew your path, Mrs. Ormsby."

There seemed a little bitterness in the remark. An hour after, Morton came in, and we were still talking. Our conversation was on commonplace topics—the climate, the city, etc. Morton had a bouquet of brilliant fall flowers for me; he has so much taste for flowers, and knows how much I love them, too! There was no scowl of jealousy on that fair, open brow, but a cordial greeting and warm pressure of the hand. Even in that trying moment, my noble-minded husband, you were strengthening the links that bound us together.

October 31st.—Sunday.—Allan was here again to-day, and brought me a book on Spiritualism to read. He says he is investigating it, and wants my opinion. A shade of sadness came over Morton's face when he found me reading it, and I laid it by. I would not add one feather's weight on his confiding heart—I will return it. Allan says his wife is coming to see me; but some disturbance among the servants just now prevents.

November 4th.—There was a soft roll of carriage-wheels, and a bustle on the street, this morning. I looked up from my task of teaching Mabel, and saw a gaudy carriage, with colored footman and driver, before the gate. "Some mistake," I said to myself; but Lulu came up and handed me a card with Mr. Allan May engraved in large letters. There was a slight flutter round my heart as I descended to meet Allan's wife, and the vision I had formed of her in my mind faded as I opened the door of our modest little parlor, and a gross, over-dressed woman rose to meet me; she seemed as if she would crush the slender chairs she sat on.

"I am glad to find you at home, Mrs. Ormsby," she said; "I have been threatening to come see you for several days, and this morning Mr. May bet me fifty dollars I would not come this week; but here I am, you see, and I will make him pay the bet. I just have a particular use for that money. Baby wants new armlets, and she shall have them. How do you like Lulu, and how many children have you? He says he knew you several years ago. You look young, but I tell you this climate will try you."

I could not answer half her questions until she rose to go.

"Baby is in the carriage, and must have an airing," she said.

I asked her to let "baby" come in. I had a curiosity to see Allan's child. A puny, pale thing of one year, with its mother's coarse mouth, and father's dark eyes almost crushed beneath the weight of embroidery and lace.

"We have three boys," she said, "and only this girl; he makes an idol of her."

It was not a pretty sight. I kissed its forehead, and asked its name.

"Oh, he named it Kate the day it was born—some fancy of his; he let me name all the boys, and said if he should ever have a girl he wanted to name her."

She was too busy adjusting the child's dress, to see the crimson I felt was flooding my face and neck. Another instant and she was gone—carriage, driver, footman, nurse and baby rolled off. "And this," said I to myself, "is Allan May's chosen companion. Love her, he cannot, and why did he marry her? Why did he call his child my name, and where does he spend his leisure moments? Not with her; I know his taste too well. Did money buy him?"

November 8th.—This is a sweet month here. Mabel and I, with Lulu, take long walks after breakfast. Morton is kept close to business, and our means are straitened—but I am satisfied while we have health. Yesterday was Sunday; Allan sat all the afternoon with me; Morton had taken Mabel to ride in the country. We talked of the past and the present. He was anxious to know what I thought of his wife, and how could I tell him!

"I do not love her, Kate," said he, "and you may say what you please. She is a good mother for my children, but she is no companion for me."

"Then why did you marry her?" I said.

"I do not know. I believe because my father told me it was time to settle in life, and pointed her out. I heard of your marriage, and was maddened to do some desperate act."

He picked up Shelley, that was lying on the sofa, and marked these passages—

"Ours was a youthful contract which you first broke, by assuming vows no Pope will loose."

There is no escape; Her bright form kneels beside me at the altar, And follows me to the remotest men. And fills my slumbers with tempestuous dreams. So, when I wake, my blood seems liquid fire; And if I strike my damp and dizzy head, My hot palm scorches it; her very name, Just spoken by a stranger, makes my heart sick and pant."

"Kate, these are my feelings toward you, and I must come here no more. You have outlived or given to your husband the feelings that once were mine. May you be happy. For me, there is nothing but a lingering life of unrest. We parted once before, but the agony of that parting was mutual. Now, God help me! I have lived to see the mutability of human affections. Farewell!"

Was that lingering pressure of his lips on my forehead sinful? Was the feeling of sadness that pressed down my spirits that evening, and caused my dear husband to ask more than once why I was so silent—was that feeling sinful, too? No, no; it could not be, or my eye would not have met the clear, truthful gaze of Morton, as he came in half an hour after, and, kissing me, asked if I had been lonely. God help the lonely heart that just left me!

December 4th.—Four years have passed. Morton has prospered in business. We are again in society, but not the giddy whirl it was before. Our home is happy, and our pet boy, Harry, almost two years old, is a new tie to bind us there. I still visit Mrs. May, but never meet Allan. I know all his movements from his wife, which is my sole reason for keeping up our acquaintance with one who has not a feeling in common with

me. The husband is like a boarder in his house; his character for morality stands high; he has the confidence of all classes in business. Many say he is eccentric—but Allan May lives for the future; he is a Spiritualist.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. D. BRITTON.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL 'HALLOUINATIONS.'

"So gaze not gaze,
And heart saw heart, transcribed through the rays.
One came harmonious, universal law,
And to atom, star to star can draw,
And mind to mind! Swift, clear, as from the sun,
The strong attraction, and the charm is done."

That phase of Psychological Science which comprehends the relations of animal electricity to the vital and mental functions, and the influence of mind over mind, has, within a few years, been signified by a great number and variety of curious phenomena. But men, long accustomed to doubt and deny, who have always an objection, but seldom a reason, have boldly questioned the reality of these phenomena. The fact that all persons are not alike susceptible of the influence of the same agent, is presumed to furnish the ground of a grave and unanswerable objection. Yet nothing is more obvious than that certain conditions, either comprehended, or unknown—are essential to success in any experiment; and this is equally true in its application to every department of scientific investigation. Among the conditions requisite in the particular case under consideration, one alone will suffice to destroy the validity of the objection. Electrical phenomena are known to depend, in all cases, on the existence of positive and negative states, relations and forces. Vital electricity, being the agent through which the biological or psychological experimenter notes on the nerves and muscular fibres in the production of the diversified and remarkable physical and mental experiments, it follows that these opposite conditions must meet in the operator and the subject, to develop any striking results. When we reflect that probably no two persons in a thousand will be found to sustain precisely the same relation to the experimenter, it will be perceived that the various degrees of susceptibility, exhibited by different individuals, can only be regarded as natural and inevitable results, and as strong presumptive proofs of the genuineness of the phenomena.

General observation and universal experience establish the fact that all persons are not influenced in the same degree, nor in a similar manner, by any one of the thousand agents in the world of matter and of mind. Our frequent atmospheric changes induce colds or fevers in some persons, while others escape unharmed. One walks securely among all the unseen agents of infection, while another falls a victim to the invisible shafts of the destroyer. The writer has been vaccinated some twenty times, with as little effect as the same operation would have on the bark of a tree; at the same time the agent has been powerfully operative in others. Nor are the effects wrought by external agency on the body more multifarious than those produced by outward forms and mental forces on the mind. An object, regarded by one man with profound indifference, kindles in the bosom of another the fires of consuming passion; and the great thought that, in its conception and birth, thrilled the soul of Genius with its marvelous beauty and significance, is but a meaningless mystery with the world. That men, corporeally and mentally, are so diversely constituted as to exhibit these conflicting results—when subjected to the action of the same agent—leaves quite too manifest to be denied. Neither are the weak in body nor the imbecile in intellect always the first, as many suppose, to be afflicted by foreign agencies, whether material or spiritual. The mightiest mind, like the strong oak, has been smitten and laid low. We have known the giant to suffer from miseria when the dwarf escaped; and the feebleness of infancy has more than once survived the action of frost, and the little child has been found alive and nestling in the frozen and pulseless bosom of its mother.

The mental control over the vital action, as exhibited in the constitution of man, has already been illustrated, in this treatise, by a citation of numerous facts and a discussion of essential principles. But if we are reciprocally affected by whatever relates to the physical condition of each other, so that health and disease may be imbibed or communicated, we are certainly not less susceptible of influences emanating from the minds of those with whom we are in correspondence. Nor is this power of mind wholly dependent on the ordinary and sensible modes of communication. As the superior faculties are progressively developed, the grosser vehicles of thought may be gradually laid aside; the presence of the mind may be felt and its desires made known through a more ethereal medium than the common speech of the world. The pen may be mightier far than sword, and spear, and kingly scepter; the language of the lips may drive the blood back frozen to the heart, or send it in burning torrents to the brain, kindling into intense combustion the magazine of the passions; it may nerve the stout heart and arm to deeds of desperate daring, or, like an all-penetrating, fiery music, fall gently on the charmed senses, entrancing the soul by its mysterious power. But neither written nor oral speech expresses the highest thought or the deepest emotion. There is another—it may yet become—a more perfect medium of communication. This language, though unwritten and unspoken, may be adequate to a fuller expression of all we feel and know. It is not unfrequently the means—little as it is practiced and understood—of revealing thoughts and impulses to which a vocal utterance has been denied. We give forms to thoughts, and impress those forms on the receptive mind; we have power to hold up the ideal images we have created before the transfigured spirit, it may be as higher natures cast the shadows of their thoughts on the inspired mind, and write their laws in the willing heart.

It is well known that those who are highly susceptible of electro-nervous disturbances, may be influenced, and often controlled by the will of another person, even when there is no direct physical contact. If you chance to occupy the same apartment with persons of this description, a vigorous effort of mind will enable you to command their attention without seeming to regard them. Enter a room where a person of this class is in a profound slumber—fix your eyes steadily on the face of the sleeper—exert the will powerfully, and you will produce such a disturbance of the electro-nervous circulation as will cause him to awake. It not unfrequently occurs that persons are singularly anticipated in what they are about to say—some other person giving utterance to the same thought in the same words. Lovers, and all persons of intuitive and im-pressible natures, especially when united by a strong attachment, readily divine each other's thoughts, and read—in a silent but expressive language—the secret thoughts and impulses of the mind and heart. This intercommunication of mind with mind, is carried on through an excitation of the electrical medium of the nervous system which is quite as readily produced by mental forces as by physical forms. When there is no corporeal conjunction of the parties, the impression is obviously transmitted through the intervening electrical medium of the earth and atmosphere. We have had occasion to observe that this power is perceptible in the ability of some men to tame wild beasts, and to subdue their enemies. It is strikingly displayed in the electrical excitement that runs through and pervades a vast multitude, when some inspired orator

moves—as by a single impulse—the hearts of thousands. We have felt its thrilling power—

"In the song of the poet, when love's bright spells
Or the wailings of his wild harp were sweet."

In the responsive utterances of kindred spirits, and the sweet cadence of commingling voices in the vespera. It is felt when we press the warm hand, and heart answers to heart in the rapid measure of intense delight. We are sensible of the mysterious power when the electric fires of congenial souls kindle and burn on the parted lips of Genius and Love; and ever do we yield to the intangible and irresistible presence, as impulses wild, joyous, or terrible, come leaping up from the unfathomable depths of Being.

About fourteen years since I commenced an experimental investigation of this subject, which has been continued as opportunity has offered until the present time. The course of experiment has been greatly diversified and the results have been carefully observed. Curious and startling phenomena have met me at every step in my progress, and these all furnish instructive and impressive illustrations of the amazing power of mind over the functions and the faculties of animals and men. The facts are deeply suggestive, and the whole subject opens an immeasurable field for scientific research. I have met with many persons to whom I could readily, yet silently communicate the inmost secrets of the mind. When in immediate rapport with such persons, it is not difficult to direct the whole current of thought and feeling. In this manner a succession of images may be rendered distinctly visible, while they only have an ideal existence in the controlling mind. These effects, and a variety of sensational impressions—not requiring a precise specification in this connection—are doubtless produced agreeably to the same general principles which govern ordinary sensation. Thus thoughts and feelings, corresponding to our own, are—by a mental electric process—awakened or inspired in the passive mind. Indeed, the greatest electro-nervous excitement results from the emotional and executive powers of the soul. The electrical excitation is communicated to and through the sensor nerves of the subject, and corresponding cerebral impressions are produced. These electrical disturbances at the sensorium occasion all the diversified phenomena of sensation, and their interpretation by the soul constitutes thought.

The casual illustrations of this power of the mind have been numerous, and they should be convincing. Ideas are frequently transmitted by mental electric currents to kindred minds in the same assembly. By some invisible means we are frequently reminded of absent persons, and made to feel and believe that they are approaching us some time before the fact is cognizable by the senses. Many persons experience a slight spasmodic action of the nerves whenever they converse with one who expresses his thoughts with uncommon earnestness. We have experienced something resembling the chills and fever while witnessing a masterly dramatic performance, and a powerful speaker may even raise the hearer from his seat by the mysterious force that elevates the mind to the highest heaven of imagination. Some people are conscious of a soporific influence, when within the sphere of magnetic emanations of certain individuals, while other persons banish sleep from our presence. This susceptibility is often greatly increased by disease. There are friends who visit the sick room, whose very presence is an anodyne; others greatly aggravate the nervous irritability and wakefulness of the patient. Sleep is often driven from the couch of pain by the anxiety and restlessness of sympathizing friends, whose minds are fixed on the sufferer. Thus the mind acting through the subtle medium of vital motion and sensation produces both physiological and psychological effects. The sensational impressions produced by the tangible objects of the external world are certainly not more intense and lasting than the electrical excitation and mental emotions produced by thoughts when they are armed with the power of volition.

The instances wherein we are singularly anticipated in what we are about to say, numerous as they are, might be presumed to depend on an association of ideas; or they might be ascribed to a similarity in the intellectual development and general habits of thought peculiar to the individuals, but they do not often occur under such circumstances as must preclude the adoption of either of these hypotheses. The thought conceived and simultaneously expressed very often sustains no relation, however remote, to any subject of previous remark. Nor are we able to discern, always or generally, any marked resemblance of the parties to each other; either in their cerebral conformation or other physical and mental peculiarities. Nevertheless, the facts are matters of common observation and experience, and the philosophic mind is disposed to seek for some law to which such mental phenomena may be referred.

A fact that is perpetually recurring, proves the existence of some active principle or regulating law, on which such fact or phenomenon is the appropriate and natural expression. In the course of my investigations it has been clearly demonstrated—by experiments on a great number of persons—that the mind exerts a direct power over the subtle medium of vital motion and sensation, and hence that it may influence both the voluntary and involuntary functions of organized existence. It is further manifest from these experiments that the earth and atmosphere, or more properly their imponderables, may serve to establish this connection, and thus to open this intercommunication of mind with mind. This observation is confirmed by every experiment wherein one person is controlled or influenced—when at a distance—by the unexpressed will or thought of another. The electro-physiological and psychological changes, produced by mental action, are facts as real and indisputable as any within the whole domain of physical science. The vital aura is so highly sublimated that it may be disturbed by the slightest causes, producing nervous vibrations and cerebral impressions. Its ebb and flow mark the occurrence of every emotion—the gentle no less than the terrible—while in the flaming intensity of passion, as well as in the mysterious and delicate engineering of thought, we have the striking revelations of its presence and its power.

The phenomenal illustrations of this subject will occupy another chapter.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY CHARLOTTE ALLEN.

Little words of kindness,
Little acts of love,
Little deeds of mercy,
Sparks caught from above;
Little friendly dealings,
Charity for all,
Will our spirits brighten,
And our hearts enthrall.
Little loving tokens,
Little gentle ways,
Little smiles for each one,
Lengthen out our days,
Little things, we all know,
Make our little life;
Let us study kindness,
And our joy is rife.
Little holy blessings,
Little thoughts in prayer,
Little aspirations,
For the loved ones there—
Little things they may be,
Little things have weight;
And united—truly
Would be very great.

Plymouth, Mass.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STARRS.

Eighth Paper.

ITS CHARACTERISTICS—COMMUNION; THAT OF MANKIND WITH THE LOWER ORBES OF CREATION.

The only Heaven within our reach—
The only Gospel fit to preach—
The love that Jesus meant to teach,
Is "each for all and all for each."

Communion is a universal law of existence. Not only is it "not good for a man to be alone, but it is impossible: none is alone, or can be. To give is the very life of God; to receive is the very life of Nature. There is no such thing as isolation or independence, but all distinct entities are co-existent. This bond wherewith I write, exists only as a member of my body, and my body itself exists only as my constant companion. I also exist as a foster-child of Nature, while Nature exists as the offspring of God.

It is by communion of atoms that globes are formed, and by communion of globes that the Universe is framed. So all the elements and forces of Nature conspire to the end of creation, without which nothing like this world or anything it contains would ever have come to be. Then it is the planetary communion of our Earth with the Sun which has called forth its vegetative scenery, and given birth and sustenance to all the various forms of progressive life on its surface.

The same unconscious communion characterizes all vital forms and processes of development. Plants grow out of the soil of Earth, animals subsist upon vegetation, and Man and all in the spirit-world are nurtured by the physical tree of life.

To all sentient beings, this communing of appetite—the perpetual resort to Nature for sustenance, becomes a conscious reality: though in no rational sense; for brutes graze the fields or browse the wilds for hunger more than food, and men eat less for health than gratification.

Communion, as thus far described, may be termed involuntary, because it is necessary to life. But there is another species of communion which is common to nearly all animals, and which seems to depend more or less upon choice. It is that of a hen brooding her chickens; or that of pullets huddling together for warmth in the cool of a night; or that of birds of passage seeking for cheer and mutual protection; or that of sparrows and many other species marrying for domestic joys.

Social propensities are natural to all degrees and qualities of mental development, though more observable in the higher grades, and most numerous and positive in mankind. Ants, bees, and caterpillars form communities, in which they "have all things common," with one house, one interest, and the "one accord" of a perpetual pentecost; and butterflies, crickets and grasshoppers are excellent exemplifiers of "free love." Like these, each of the five great families of the human race is gregarious. The most savage varieties are accustomed to rove in herds, under the command of a single chieftain, for the general purpose of plunder, and for safety in hostile emergencies. The barbarous, but less ferocious, build local huts in a cluster, and wall themselves in from their adversaries, issuing in bands occasionally to hunt and fish and scour the wilderness for the spontaneous products of Summer. The semi-civilized arm themselves and resist all encroachments of man or beast, while they multiply domestic comforts by means of a rude agriculture and some of the simpler mechanic arts. The civilized erect the State as a bulwark against all foreign foes, and make legislation theegis of security in all the private walks of life. They also make commerce the magical horn of plenty, and gold the god of every earthly wish, to all the lucky-born! But the enlightened—I remember having read something in a treatise on geography, about "the enlightened nations"—the enlightened are yet to be. There are no such nations, but only some minds comparatively enlightened, implicitly humanized and yet to be spiritualized; and in their national generation "the body politic" will be swayed by a soul sympathetic, love will be dissolved by love, our golden commerce will give place to a genuine Communion, and the real horn of plenty, full of all good wishes, will become the happy portion of "each for all and all for each."

The foregoing remarks are intended to introduce the larger subject of this and the following paper, and to make the matter of both acceptable to the reader's understanding. Communion as here proposed is not as yet a human fact, and therefore its definition must be merely hypothetical. As I conceive, it is the righteous intercourse of earth's inhabitants, and the natural use of all created beings—on the basis of human maturity, and the growing characteristics of the coming Age of Virtue. In this sense, Communion is the natural method of all participated good, every evil being a sequence of non-union or mis-union. It is, therefore, the only mode of enjoyment, and, as I have written elsewhere, "the very make of Heaven." Mankind are happy just in the measure that this truth is realized, and all sentient beings are miserable in proportion as they disregard it. The whole art of living consists in knowing how and what and when and where to give and take; for every man and woman is of some use to every other, and every animal and thing is also in some wise serviceable to all who know how to appreciate the special endowments of each.

I know this sentiment is anything but plausible to mere perception. Some of my readers may be ready to ask, what is the use of vermin in the couch of ease or in the tangled curls of infant beauty? and I can only answer that I do not know; unless it be an incentive to exercise and cleanliness—the golden rules of health. But what if I misconceive here? Then I appeal to Reason. Since intelligence can act not with, and a purpose, the Maker of brains has created nothing useless. But the use of brains is to push research in the direction of greater queries.

I know of no better evidence of spurious intelligence than the popular designation of all forms of matter not fit to eat or drink, which by any process be forced into the stomach, as poisons: just as if destruction of life were the very end for which God made them. As well might the use of hemp be inferred from the common proverb for hanging. Fools! Ask the chemist if arsenic is sheer "rats'bane." Ask the dyer, ask the founder, if sulphuric acid is good for nothing, and only bad to be swallowed. Name all things in reference to the appropriate use of each, and you will find no other poison but the misnomer of ignorance. If you do not know the use of a thing, say so; but, for Heaven's sake, don't write your libel on the Creator on it.

Man is slow to learn the uses of things. He stands for ages an idle spectator of Nature's adroit achievements, or miracles of Chance as marvel tells him, without a thought of being in a schoolhouse, himself a pupil, with God for his Teacher. Woman brushed away the spider's web a myriad times before she learned herself to spin and weave. The ancestral pot was made to hold for a hundred centuries before anybody took a hint from its lifted lid of the world's factotum in steam. Before the days of Franklin, lightning was said to go whether it was sent, but Morse was the first to demonstrate that we could send it on our own errands. Till within some forty years, it was never imagined that solar light is ready to serve us with all the practical skill of a perfect artist. Gum-elastic was familiarly known to many generations, without a more remarkable application than that of school-children, to erase an idler's pencil-marks. Yet to us its various

mechanical, protective and ornamental agencies appear so obvious that we wonder and perhaps laugh at the stupidity which kept them hid so long. Still we imitate our fathers in gaping at Nature, and shaking our heads in token of distrust whenever we find anything of which no use is manifest; too foolish to consider that our own ignorance is the pith of every mystery. And we shall be laughed at in turn by those who come after us, to whom will be vouchsafed such new and multiplied revelations of natural uses as are impossible to our childish conceit.

For want of information, mankind have failed hitherto of a natural Communion with the world of material things. The race is comparatively young; we are just emerging from the state of primitive barbarism, and have hardly begun to apprehend the magnitude and multitude of our terrestrial resources. It is folly that assures us of having discovered all the material springs of mechanical power. There are certain indications that other agents of motion and locomotion are yet to vie with water and steam. Moreover, the ascertained uses of most elements are far from being generally appreciated. Even the vital and healthful utilities of the atmosphere are scarcely perceived by the uneducated masses, and not fully improved by the best informed. More people seem to take more pains to exclude air from their houses than to ventilate even their sleeping apartments. After a like fashion of ignorance, it used to be thought hurtful to drink water without a strong tincture of ardent spirits. And what a blunder was made as to the use of rum, when it was reckoned among the necessities of life without which nobody could work! The dupes of this delusion are not all dead yet, who imagine that rum is not only good to drink, but good for inflammation, good for rheumatism, good for the blues; and so it is—for inducing these maladies. But who of our grandmothers supposed that a shower-bath or a pack in a wet sheet, was better for the cure of almost any morbid affection, than all the skillful methods of allopathy, and all the costly preparations of pharmacy? Similar reflections apply to magnetism and other subtle as well as palpable agencies of human good, and would be in place here if the vehicle of this essay were less restricted. But these cursory recollections of human experience are enough to convince the least reflecting mind that we do not know how to use material things in all cases without danger to ourselves. The medical and hygienic errors of mankind are shocking to common sense. We ought to be aware also that for want of a due knowledge of the laws of Nature, and the latent forces which are sprung by contingent relations, we become the sport of accident in a thousand ways. All the calamities which have ever befallen humanity, such as epidemics, conflagrations, shipwrecks, steamboat explosions, railway collisions, the crash of bridges and fall of buildings like that of the Pemberton Mill, and all minor disasters which are incidental to individual adventure, might and would be avoided by a well-informed caution of all human agents and accessories. The constant turmoil of mankind by what we call misfortunes, proves that we are not wise enough for our physical safety.

Then, for want of science, we come short of a salubrious Communion with the vegetable department of Nature. Man, when he reaches the normal state—that is, human maturity—will find himself a vegetarian. In his exodus from barbarism he begins to preconceive this truth and feel its snail force; but habit aways his choice, and he lingers long by the Egyptian flesh-pots of beastiality. Believe not the saying of the beef-eating sophist, that canine teeth indicate a natural want of animal food. Look rather at the fact that your tusk hog fattens better on maize than flesh. Consider also the basic principle of development, that every instrumentality of life is quickened and promoted by its actual use, and therefore that our canine teeth are the mere offspring of our fathers' canine habits. They are the vanishing effects of the old carnal nature out of which humanity is born. Be assured also that the soul is nourished by what the body digests, and that every pork-eater must be a partaker of swinish propensities. These are incompatible with the rising aspirations of the soul; and whatever disturbs the harmony of soul and body is prejudicial to both the health of one and happiness of the other. Whether the position here assumed is correct or not, it is certain that mankind are not as yet agreed as to the constituents of a natural dietary; and the only reason is the general want of dietetic intelligence—very few have really asked the question. The majority have no concern but to maintain their ancient habits of eating whatever they like, and as much as they can with any sort of gusto. Whether this or that edible, this or that culinary medley, this or that vogue of eating, is salutary, they neither know nor seem to care. One who eats with a due regard for health, is called fastidious—"more sice than wise;" but to pamper appetite—to eat for dainty pleasure—to feast oneself and others, that is becoming—that is fashionable—that is the snail of social life—that is the religion of all our festivals—that is the virtue of all "good living." And the reader is too well aware of the morbid effects of such imprudent indulgence to be interested in their detail. I am persuaded that mankind know not as yet what is Temperance; nor is it to be defined to the popular understanding by calling it Natural Communion with the vegetable world. It is the control of appetite by enlightened Reason. Yet this control is hardly to be described, because it should never proceed by absolute rules, except so far as relates to health, but according to the special ends of the controlling spirit. Large digestion is needful to muscular power, while for the higher exercises of mind very little is allowable. My small experience has induced the conviction that literature is rarely promoted by a full stomach. Sometimes an actual fast seems necessary to the writer's end. Is not this the reason why many a poet has been accustomed to rhyme in bed, and why other great thinkers have quit the down to pen their thoughts at midnight? Is not this one reason why morning is most propitious to every author's wish? And is it not because the common people are always eating, that they know nothing about this secret of mental power, or the luxury of thinking?

Again, for want of that discretion which comes of an ample intelligence, mankind do not commune peaceably and profitably with the brute inhabitants of Earth. The fact that there are wild animals, which appear to have been created with a natural dread of mankind, or else with such malignant propensities, coupled with large muscular power, as renders them dreadful to us and terrible foes to each other—this fact must often force itself on the mind of every devout naturalist as an anomaly in Nature, apparently irreconcilable with the more general displays of Creative Wisdom and Goodness. It is not merely relevant to the science of natural theology, it is the proper business of all who have brains for research to probe this fact to the bottom, and if possible to find an explanation of its mystery consistent with the otherwise attested benignity of God. Ask, then, and do not smother the query, why the wolf, the bear, the panther, the leopard, the tiger, and other beasts of prey, were created with hating and hateful dispositions? Why was the lion made strong with malignity, and the lamb weak with gentleness? Was it purposely that the feeble and timid might be easily victimized by the strong, the bold and cruel? My answer is a most emphatic No; and though I cannot sustain this answer by any popular authority, nor deduce it from any obvious data in natural history, yet I deem it quite as well sustained by the very positive though impalpable fact, that the notion of God's making certain classes of animals to be cruelly destroyed by others, is repugnant to all the moral sentiments and human

feelings of our nature. Through this inner sense of the soul Reason hears the voice of God denying the hateful surmise of ignorance. Besides, it is absurd to suppose that God sanctions the multiplicity of brutes more than that of men. Wrong is wrong, and right is right; forever and everywhere. Man himself is born with brutish propensities, which succumb to Reason. When that shall bid the throne of Humanity, Man will begin to personate "the lord of creation," whose magnanimity will patheize all his inferiors into a benignant harmony with himself and with each other. Thus it is by human growth that all evil is to be expurgated, not only from mankind, but from Man's dominion.

How shall I commend this grateful thought? Let me begin by saying that there is not in reality so complete a dissimilarity among animals of different species as is commonly supposed. Have you never seen a ferocious bull, or a savage dog? and have you never heard of a gentle lion, or a philanthropic bear? If one of any species may be tamed, why may not all? Have you never known a man to lose control of his horse, and another man to take the same horse and subdue him? Have you ever heard of Rarog, and do you know the principle of his art? I am not privy to any secret of his, but I opine that he tames refractory horses by the most general law of influence, the same as that by which every man controls any animal—the mere fact of self-possession and conscious command of an inferior. Do you recollect the story of Alexander and Bucephalus? This fiery steed no other man could mount; but to the world's monarch he was accustomed to kneel to be mounted. How did the youthful prince, just in his teens, attain this mastery? Rollin tells us that he merely approached the prancing animal with a gentle word, patted him lightly on the neck, soothing his mane and soothing his ardor, till he jumped suddenly astride his back and gave him the rein. But in this statement we have only the outer phasis of Alexander's conscious ability and resolution to manage the horse, without which any mere imitator of his conduct might have lost his life. This confidence is what governs all domesticated animals. The fear of hesitation breaks the spell of command. The fearful cannot control. Victory never yet perched on a coward's banner. So long as you bravely but gently withstand a snarling dog, it has no power to bite. Anon it fawns at your feet. So with all other creatures. A cow might be induced to gore a man that fears her. A sheep may be incited to rage and made to fight. But a man of dauntless courage may go unarmed and salute the fiercest denizens of the woods even in their dens, yet not a paw will be raised to harm him.

But Man inspires the brutes with his own malice. Not only the most selfish, but the most savage and ferocious of all creatures are to be found in the human species. Just think of the diabolical agents of the old Romish Inquisition; think of such demons incarnate as Nero, Robespierre, or Henry Eighth; think of the hordes of anthropophagites that loiter on the shores of the Feejee Islands, watching for the wreck of luckless mariners as a panther watches for deer, that they may replenish their pantries with human flesh; think of the red men of our American wilds, praying forever on their brute associates; think of the white men of every civilized domain who skin live eels, cook live lobsters, and let the blood of their meek calves the day before they murder them for the table; think, and then say whether brutes are more savage than men. Tell a cannibal it is wrong to kill and eat his human foe, and he will laugh in your face. So Christians laugh at me when I tell them it is criminal to cut the throats of inoffensive cattle. If one may butcher an ox and still be a gentleman, doubtless all carnivorous beasts are correspondingly gentle, notwithstanding their occasional rapacity. A wolf devouring a sheep, or a Bengal tiger crumpling a man, is probably as unconscious of sin as any Puritan carving beef and turkey for his thanksgiving dinner.

It is evident that mankind in their intercourse with the various brute species, are governed by motives exclusively selfish; there is not a whit of generosity in it. There is no notion of animal rights among men, and therefore no well conceived obligation to treat animals kindly. Nobody thinks of applying the golden rule to a brute; and there is no sort of abuse which all do not incur, and many do not suffer, at the instance of their human oppressors. Not only are most species liable to be suddenly destroyed whenever their presence is in the least offensive to us, but even such as are harmless and pleasing to human taste—as birds, squirrels, and fishes—are often made game of and put to death for an ugly whimsey of sport. Yet, unless human endowments constitute a prerogative for oppression, or else the victim of human domination is so low in the scale of development as to be absolutely destitute of rights, it is not lawful for a good man to torture the means of God's creatures, nor to treat it less mercifully than he in its stead would desire to be treated; and I trust the reader is not so simple as to need being told that no law can be violated with impunity. Mankind do not escape the penalty of their misdoings in this regard. I might specify various diseases which originate in flesh eating; but these are less deplorable than the lustful propensities which carnivorous indulgences excite. I might describe the reciprocity of malice between men and brutes, and show how our unscrupulous tricks make enemies of all our inferiors; but this is trifling compared with the self-destruction which we unwittingly inflict in every act of cruelty. There must be some morbid affection in that man's heart who can hunt or fish for amusement. The moral influence of impaling worms and fishes on a book, must be bad; and to practice the fisherman's deceit will make a hypocrite of anybody. Every butcher sears his own benevolence. The pitiless abuse of animals in any shape, stupefies the moral and benignant sensibilities of the human mind; and thus the most exquisite susceptibilities to happiness are rendered torpid and useless. But not forever. I warn the wretch that does not feel the woes he makes, that, by the law of progress, every hardened heart is yet to melt with love; yet, just as frozen limbs are thawed with pain, and just as drowning men are brought to life with more than dying agonies, so frigid souls are quickened with anguish. This is truth, though not the half is told.

But what has this discourse to do with Communion as a characteristic of the Age of Virtue? It may be said that I have only descanted on the mis-union of mankind with the lower orders of creation, in the current age of wrong. Nor have I more; for want of a better method of commending the unrecalled blessedness which, as an ultimate of human development, is to be evolved out of the natural uses of all created things.

INTEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND.

For years and years almost all English tales, which have attempted to illustrate human misery as connected with the vice of intemperance, have pictured to us, with something of the fabulous, the gin palaces, and spirit stores of London. For one, I have regarded such as high colored, with, of course, a miniature foundation, and not in reality so deplorably bad; but a night in the haunts of London serves to show that if a writer wishes to astonish and surprise his readers, he need do little else, than pen the naked truth.

A few evenings since, in company with a friend, and a very useful official attendant from the renewed Bow Street Station, I took a Hansom Cab, not by any means symmetrically so, and started to see those palaces of London. Where and in what localities we drove I know not, but we visited palaces after palace, with its high frescoed walls, stained glass windows, and glittering lights—each one furnished with small tables, at which were seated not only old and young men, but frequently here and there a faded, pale, disconsolate woman,

