

and individual idiosyncrasies, rendered in the very...

It may be said, Why, in a certain sense, you argue...

We cannot make escape. If there is a general view...

Christ, the ideal of his life, the joy in friend, whose every element...

And so comes back in these last two sentences every...

This, then, is the grand unitary sense in which the...

Mr. Frothingham esteems it as something disfavoring...

But here is just where a broader, a higher and deeper...

Therefore, viewing this declaration of Jesus and his...

what abated by the mediocrity of the age, through...

But I am inattentive beyond the record, and must...

I believe, then, in the unitary sense of the Second...

Christ, the ideal of his life, the joy in friend, whose every element...

And so comes back in these last two sentences every...

This, then, is the grand unitary sense in which the...

Mr. Frothingham esteems it as something disfavoring...

whether the next seven or ten years will not behold...

MOSSUTH TO HIS SWORD.

BY DR. ROBERT DRESSER.

["I swear here before you (raising the sword to Heaven)...

Henceforth with me thou art, bright blade of steel!

I seem to hear beside Old Danube's wave...

Damascus blades the olden Magyar drew,

Thou thing of death! a freeman gave thee form—

Let flow of soul and feast of banquet hall,

ERRATA.—In the Apostrophe to Niagara, seen in...

THOUGHTS

WHILE STANDING BY A LOOSE VAULT IN ELIZABETH...

Mourning winds around are sifting,

Yes, a tale of tender sorrow—

Of a boy, who, young and lovely,

Pensive was he—almost manly;

Great his strength was, in his weakness—

Twining with his guileless sweetness,

Long years since his head was pillowed

Murmur on, ye solemn wind-harps,

would the darkening skepticism and the clouding selfishness...

WHAT IS IT?

Will some of the learned professors of the East explain...

Five or six years ago this young man began to have...

The style and language of the treatise is more like...

One clergyman got him to write an essay on the...

P. S.—If any one would know more of or aid this...

Quarterly Meeting in Cadiz, Ind.

From the battlefield at Aldie, Va., June 17th, 1863.

Passed to Spirit Life

Upon her husband, in properly directing his energies...

From Washington, Village, June 21st, Mrs. Ellen...

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

We desire to keep this List perfectly reliable, and in order...

Mrs. LIZETTE DORRIS will speak in Portland, Me., Sept. 6...

Mrs. ANNA A. CROSBY will speak in Oldtown, Me.,...

Mrs. ANNA M. SPANCO will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6...

Mrs. ANNA M. SPANCO will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6...

Mrs. ANNA M. SPANCO will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6...

Mrs. ANNA M. SPANCO will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6...

Mrs. ANNA M. SPANCO will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6...

Mrs. ANNA M. SPANCO will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6...

Mrs. ANNA M. SPANCO will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6...

Mrs. ANNA M. SPANCO will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6...

Mrs. ANNA M. SPANCO will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6...

Mrs. ANNA M. SPANCO will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6...

Mrs. ANNA M. SPANCO will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6...

Mrs. ANNA M. SPANCO will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6...

Mrs. ANNA M. SPANCO will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6...

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—We shall print in our next paper No. 9, of the series of the ably written articles on the above theme.

Fifth Annual Meeting of the Spiritualists of Manchester, Boone County, Illinois. Having had an invitation, dear BANNER, from the Committee of the Manchester Spiritualists to attend their yearly Grove Meeting, I accepted it, and in company with Miss Belle Boscogal, and our good brother, J. M. Peebles, left Rockford, on Friday, the 10th of June, taking the cars for Caladonia, where we were met by Mr. U. H. Ellis, of Manchester, who conveyed us to his home, a distance of about six miles from the depot. I was delighted with the appearance of his home and its surroundings; a neat frame, snugly nestled amid a few giant oaks of the forest which had encircled the "pioneers" axe. Extending around was a green lawn, with shrubs and choice flowers scattered here and there in groups, while beyond were fields of young grain gracefully waving in their luxuriant dress of green. I think I never saw utility and taste more beautifully blended than on the farm of brother U. H. Ellis.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LEXINGTON, KY.—Meeting held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 8-8-4 and 7-1-4 P. M. Admission Free. [There will be a vacation from July 19th until Sept. 1st.] Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. M. R. Townsend, Sept. 6 and 13.

SPIRITUAL HAND-BOOK. PLAIN GUIDE TO SPIRITUALISM! A Hand-Book for Skeptics, Inquirers, Clergymen, Editors, Believers, Lecturers, Mediums, and All who need a Thorough Guide to the Phenomena, Science, Philosophy, Religion and Reforms of Spiritualism.

NOW READY! THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE ARCANAE OF NATURE: Philosophy of Spiritual Existence, AND OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD. BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

DEAR DIO.—You ought to be bored, and I'll do it. Nothing but my abhorrence of seeing you buried alive has prevented me from conferring this honor upon you before.

THE GREAT FLOOD AND HERB WAREHOUSE.—The largest stock of Roots and Herbs, and embracing the greatest variety (over six hundred different kinds), is for sale by Octavius King, No. 634 Washington street, eclectic physician and dealer in herbs.

DR. J. R. NEWTON, The largest collection of many prominent citizens of New Haven, Conn., will commence practice there on the 18th instant.

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, Hancock House, Court Square, BOSTON.

ATTENTION, BEE-KEEPERS! PURE ITALIAN QUEENS. Pure Italian for one half, or less than former prices.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was written by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of...

These Messages are intended to be read in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle...

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

THESE CIRCLES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC. The BANNER Establishment is subjected to considerable extra expense in consequence. Therefore those who may feel disposed to do so, are solicited to aid us, by donations, to dispense the bread of life thus freely to the hungry multitude.

The Seances are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 133 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, May 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Abram Torrey, to his relatives, in Darlington; Edward Burgess, to Timothy Oursander, of New Orleans, La.; James Donovan, to Don Donovan, of New York City; William Porter, to his parents, in Columbus, Ohio.

Friday, June 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Solomon Shaw, of Springfield, Mass., to Mr. Clark, Town of Deer; Albert M. Barker, to his father, in Boston; Alice M. Warner, to her parents, Charlotte and Wm. Bascom, of Troy, New York.

Saturday, June 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Anthony Lauchach, of Windsor, Portugal; Charles Koppel, to his friends, in Boston; Isabelle Fry, to her husband in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sunday, June 19.—Invocation: The Manifestations of the Spirit-Land; Questions and Answers: Capt. Thomas Floyd Ellison, to his brother, Theodore Floyd, of New Orleans, La.; James Hafferty, of Gardner, Me., to his sister, Margaret K. Hoy, living near San Jose, Cal.; Harriet Alden, to her mother and sister, living in St. Louis, Mo.

Monday, June 26.—Invocation: Jack Tabor, of St. Louis, Mo., to his friends, in California; Lydia Thompson, of Rockland, Me.; John Henry Severance, to his mother, living in Columbia Street, New York City.

Tuesday, June 23.—Invocation: False and True Marriage; Questions and Answers: Surgeon Adam Payne, to Nathaniel Payne, in Richmond, Va.; Mary Brady, to her daughter, in New York City; Eliza Nutt, to her father, Dr. Thomas Nutt, of New York.

Wednesday, June 25.—Invocation: Are not all Thoughts of Spiritual Origin, and therefore Immortal? Philip Mason; William Oursander, to his family, in Memphis, Tenn.; Dorcas Finley, to her friends, in Philadelphia, Pa.; Gilbert Bryant, to Elizabeth Bryant, of Chesapeake City, N. Y.

Thursday, June 25.—Invocation: The Object and Use of Prayer; Questions and Answers: Sarah Elizabeth Dodge, to her parents, in Duxbury, Mass.; Thomas MacDonald, to Thomas L. MacDonald, in New Orleans, La.; Eben Avery, to his wife, in Troy, N. Y.

Friday, June 26.—Invocation: The Philosophy of Mediumship; Questions and Answers: Jeremiah Holden, of Perryville Center, Wis.; Mary A. Brass, of Savannah, Ga., to her father, in New York City; Harriet Coggen, of Andover, Mass., to her husband, Jacob Coggen.

Saturday, July 3.—Invocation: Fades and Hadesian Spiritism; Alexander McGuire, to his son, Dr. Wm. McGuire; Margaret Hilditch, to her father, Wm. Hilditch, of Walsby, Eng.; Daniel O'Brien, to his wife.

Sunday, July 5.—Invocation: The Non-Immortality of a) Things; Questions and Answers: Calhoun Jackson, to his wife, in Wake, Mich.; Abigail Eaton, of Wake, Mich.; Wm. H. Dorrance, to his mother, Otis Dorrance.

Tuesday, July 7.—Invocation: What is Spirit when Detached from Matter? Questions and Answers: Amanda Jane Caldwell, to her husband, in Utah; Col. Thomas Welch, of Virginia; Thomas L. Fenwick, to his mother, in New York.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who art the only Good, the wondrous Whole of which humanity is but a part, we would turn our thoughts in worship unto thee. Oh, thou Spirit of the Universe, once more through humanity we presume to adore thee; once more we presume to lift our song of thanksgiving unto thee. Oh, our Father and our Mother, we only ask that our worship may be as acceptable unto thee, as is the worship of these fair flowers. [A vase of flowers stood upon the table.] Oh, our Father, they are sending out their prayers and praises unto thee, and shall the human soul do less?—shall the human soul that has been created in the image of Intelligence and Mortality, fall to worship thee, oh Holy One? Nay, oh our Father, for thou hast implanted the spirit of prayer within the human soul, and it must forever well up unto thee; forever stretch out its powers unto thee in heartfelt adoration. Oh, our Father, may our utterances be all of Truth. Oh, Father, we ask that they may be clothed with Truth, that when we shall meet these thy children on the shores of immortality, we may feel that we have given them all of Truth and Wisdom that was bestowed upon us. Thus shall we be rewarded; thus shall we gather, oh our Father, into the halls of our being, those bright blossoms of beauty and goodness, that thou hast called Truth and Justice. Oh, our Father, need we ask thee to remember the suffering ones of earth, they who sorrow on the mortal plane. Need we ask thee to remember them in mercy? Oh, no; for thou whose right hand sustains mortality, and whose left keeps in its place the rolling world, wilt never forget them. And though their burdens be many, the cross be heavy, and Calvary's steep be long and hard to climb, yet thine angels shall give humanity strength to bear all life's sorrows. So the widow and the orphan may rely upon thee; so sorrowing humanity may rely upon thee. Oh, our Father, unto thee we will forever chant hymns of praise; unto thee we will forever aspire; unto thee we will forever send forth that eternal song that thou hast forever implanted in our souls. May 25.

How Shall Man Become Good?

"If God alone is good, how then shall man become good except by becoming God?"

This proposition we have been desired to consider. Humanity have received such erroneous ideas concerning Deity, that it is almost impossible to furnish them with any correct idea of Deity that they can comprehend. So long has the wrong been instilled into their being that the right can hardly find a place there. Deity has ever been conceived to be a something mysterious, something outside the boundaries of human life; a something that human life should not ask to know about; and yet Theology, while she teaches this, also teaches that the human soul is a part of Deity, that humanity is fashioned in the image of Deity, and a portion of humanity will be fortunate enough to enter the Kingdom of heaven, and enjoy the smiles of Deity at some future period.

Jesus of Nazareth said, "There is but one good, and that is God." What did he mean? Why, precisely what he said. He distinctly declared to the young man who came asking his advice, and who called him Good Master, that there was none good but one, and that one was God. What did he mean? That finite humanity could not by any possibility claim to be good, and substantiate that claim. Humanity is but humanity, and although a part of Deity, yet it is not Deity entire.

Let us give our opinion of Deity. Let us define it, according to the simple, yet glorious light of human nature, and then we shall be enabled to open a new highway, on which our dear friends who hath questioned us, may see himself and Deity; or Deity as he is, we should say. That which is good is entirely perfect; that which is entirely perfect is God. All goodness is perfection; all perfection is Deity. Now all, though humanity, or the individual, may claim to be a part of Deity, yet it should not claim to be Deity entire. We believe that goodness belongs to Deity entire; not to the finite, but to the Infinite, and that which is good in the strictest sense of the term is God. Therefore the finite being cannot be good according to the strict sense of the term.

And yet the human mind will forever seek for goodness, will forever aspire to be perfect, which is to become Godlike, and that is right, else Deity would not have implanted that power in the human soul. The human soul may seek for goodness throughout the endless cycles of eternity, yet it cannot be entirely good, for that which is but a part can never be the whole. There is a something of Deity in these beautiful blossoms—[alluding to the flowers on the table]—but would it be right for these buds to declare that because God dwelt in the flower, that the flower was God? No, certainly not; for to be God all else in the entire universe of mind and matter must pass into oblivion. Therefore it was that Jesus said, "Call me not good, for there is but one good, and that is God." He did not claim to be good; he knew that he was but a part of the whole, which was God. He did not claim to be good; he did not claim perfection. Although humanity of the present day tells you that he was entirely good, yet he distinctly avowed, when he walked the earth in human form, and spoke words of truth through mortal lips, that he was not the good, not God, not perfect; but only a part of that of which Deity was the whole. May 25.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—A lady desires some thoughts upon the commencement of life, or the life of the infant in spirit-life?

Ans.—All life belongs to eternity. It has no beginning and no ending. Do you understand us?

Q.—I do. It is written in the Gospel of St. Luke, that Christ, after the resurrection, walked the earth and ate and drank with his disciples. Is it so?

A.—Christ did indeed walk the earth, and ate and drank with his disciples, but not as an inhabitant of the body; that was crucified and laid in the tomb; for that body the moment it was separated from the spirit, came under a new law, which law was quite as potent as that from whence it came. We know there are many persons who believe in the literal resurrection of the physical body of Jesus, but we unhesitatingly declare unto you, that the physical body of Christ never was resurrected, for God the Infinite is a respecter of law; were he not, he could not be God. That body by which the disciples spoken of were enabled to see Jesus, that physical—if we may so term it—garment that was worn by Jesus when he presented himself to his beloved followers after his spirit had been resurrected, was precisely such an one as your disembodied friends sometimes gather for your surroundings, that they may present themselves to your mediums in as lifelike a manner as possible. It seems entirely physical, yet it is not the body that belongs to mortality. Jesus of Nazareth, again we declare, was resurrected in spirit, and in spirit alone. The physical body was not resurrected.

Q.—Did spirit exist before it became incarnate?

A.—All spirit is eternal without beginning or end. While it is incarnate in the body it is a child of progress.

Q.—Is that progress always?

A.—It is, for eternity is one grand round of progressive life.

Q.—How, then, are we to account for the origin of spirit? If it has always existed, what must it have started from?

A.—The soul of man has forever existed as a principle, a power, and all principles are ever perfect in themselves.

Q.—How, then, do you say it progresses?

A.—By progression we mean a constant series of changes in manifestation. The soul-principle does not change; is not affected by the things of Time or Eternity. Its manifestations do indeed change, but the spirit, or soul-principle, does not change.

Q.—Are there very many manifestations of spirit-principle in existence?

A.—Such as you see in the flower, in the granite rock; such as you see in the drop of water, or feel in the air you breathe. But individualized human spirit becomes such as it enters the human body.

Q.—Is spirit of itself material?

A.—In one sense it is, in another it is not.

Q.—Can it exist in abstract without being in the body?

A.—Yes, as a principle; but after being once incarnated in the flesh, it never loses its individuality.

Q.—Do we know that there ever was a Christ?

A.—No, you do not really know that such a person lived, for you never saw him, and all knowledge comes from experience.

Q.—I never saw the Queen of England.

A.—True, you have no positive knowledge that such a person exists, for knowledge is the child of experience.

Q.—Have we sufficient faith to believe in Christ's existence?

A.—We think you have.

Q.—How could Christ have said, "I am before the beginning of the world"?

A.—We do not believe he intended to declare to his disciples that he lived in the flesh before the beginning of the world. He intended that they should know that he existed as a spirit, a power; that as a principle of Truth and Life he had existed throughout all the endless past, as he would throughout the future. May 25.

Nathaniel Littlefield.

Bump! Well, I do not know, friend. [What say?] I'm here to get a chance to send something to my folks, if I can. [We will assist you to do so.] My name was Littlefield—Nat Littlefield—Nathaniel. I died at Falmouth. I had sort of a rheumatic complaint at first; they said it settled on the heart. I don't know how I came dead—as they call it; all I know is that I died, and that's enough to know. I do not care how I went; the main object is to get back right, seeing you want to come. I belonged in Madison, New York State. I was born there, but I had been out in Illinois some five or six years before this war broke out, and I thought I would see what I could do toward putting down rebellion. But I got put down myself. I was most thirty, one year of age. I've got no wife or children to come back to, but I've got a mother and a sister—most exactly slob, but lame—that used to depend upon me, and when I thought of going to war by sister said, "Nat, if you go away and get killed, who'll take care of me?" I said, "I hope I won't get killed. I don't think I will. I think I shall come back alive and well," but I did not.

Well, friend, I feel sort of bad for those I've left behind. I suppose the first thing to be done is to let them know where I am, and how I can come to them, isn't it? [Yes.] I've got nothing to say about this confounded war; don't care anything about it, any way now. My sister's name is Jane. Now she's sort of a kind of one of these dreaming folks. Well, I do not know how it happened, but she had some trouble with her hip—the left hip—and lost the use of one limb. Her general health was pretty good, but it left her sort of a dreamer. She'd foretell things; and she used to say she dreamed them. But since I've been here, I've been told that she was a medium. I don't dare to tell her square so, for she don't know anything about these things. She dreamed of me—dreamed that I was dead before she knew it, and told the folks so; but they could not believe it.

Now I don't want to come right square to her, for I'm afraid it won't be just the thing not to let her know I'm coming. [Where are your mother and sister residing?] Where are they? Oh, in Philadelphia, I think. I did not understand you; I kind of got mixed up, and I wanted to wait until I got straight.

Now I want a square understanding. You print a paper? [We do.] You print our letters in it? [Yes.] I understand it. Well, I want Jane to know that I can come to her in dreams, and they say I can write through her. I ain't aching to say so, myself; but if she'll give me a chance to come to her alone, I'll see what I can do in the way of writing. I should like to have her sit down to a table in some room alone, and expect me; yes, expect me, because I shall be there, and I'll see what I can do. I ain't going to promise anything; but if I can, I shall tell 'em what I want them to do, now I'm gone from them. I'll show them how to get along, for I'm well enough off in the spirit-world, and they're living here. You know, friend, you've got to talk about these earthly things when you come back, if you would help your folks at all.

Oh, I ain't none of your Christians. I can tell you, I was infidel to the backbone, but you see I've got my infidelity washed away, for the first thing that I see after death was a natural world and a natural state of things, that made me believe in God, as a principle. My good old mother used to say that I should join the Church and get religion when I was here, but it's just as well, exactly. I want to tell her that I see some Christians in the spirit-world who are worse off than I am.

Now there's a good many things that I should like to say at home, that I would not like to speak of here; so you won't take it amiss if I don't tell all I know here, will you? [No indeed.] I had not much of an education when I was here; never took to learning very much, and don't care about making too great a spread of myself. I want to make myself understood; that's all. I belonged to the 9th Illinois, Company F. Well, friend, you and I will part company now, if you've no objection. I do not feel exactly right here; they said I should not the first time. Oh, one thing more. I want to tell Jane not to be frightened at whatever comes, for if she's got any sort of powers at all, I shall be apt to strain them mighty hard. Good-by, friend. May 25.

Clara Frances Alden.

My mother said if I would come here and tell when I died and where, and my name, and what I died of, where I was born, and how old I was, and her name and my father's, she would feel satisfied that I lived since I left her, and that I could come.

My body was called Clara Frances Alden. I was eleven years and three months and a little more. They said I died of congestion of the lungs. I don't know. I was born and died in Cincinnati, Ohio. My father's name is Philip T. Alden; my mother's name, Clara. I was named for my mother and the younger sister of my mother, who died before I was born. Frances was her name. That is all, sir, my mother asked me to tell. Shall I go? [If you desire to.] May 25.

Jacob Ryder.

Be good enough to tell my friends I should be pleased to make some communication with them privately. Be kind enough to tell the friends who asked me to return, if I could, that I have not much power; that I've done the best I could. I know I've not come back as soon as they expected me to, but I've come here just as soon as I could. I was Jacob Ryder, and a member of the 1st Massachusetts Battery. I can't talk any more, sir. Good-day. May 25.

William Johnson.

Friend, be kind enough to say, in your paper, that William Johnson, of Cartersville, Georgia, died yesterday, at eleven o'clock, in one of your Federal hospitals. My friends there are in the habit of holding circles, as you call them; but I was, and shall be, perhaps, unable to go there direct, and as I know they receive your paper occasionally, I take this method of informing my friends of the news of my death. There's no one else in the army from Cartersville of my name, so I shall not be mistaken for another. [Did you pass on from sickness or wounds?] Both. I was wounded in the last siege with your Hooker, you call him. [At Frederickburg?] Yes; a fever set in, and between my wounds and the fever, I left yesterday, at eleven o'clock. [Sunday, the 24th?] Yes. My thanks, sir. May 25.

Invocation.

Our Father, we would adore thee for as much of thy being as we can comprehend; for all those manifestations of thy wondrous life that are everywhere exhibited to our senses. Oh, our Father, there are many thousand souls in this city alone this day that are essaying to worship thee. We only pray, oh our Father, that while they make loud professions, that they may worship thee as well in kind as in their fellowmen. May they come into thy presence this hour with new resolves and higher and nobler purposes. In view of thy great kindness to them, may they resolve that they will worship thee in thy creations, and we know that there is not anything in life that thou hast not created. But oh, if they should chance to meet any of the suffering and fallen ones of earth, may they extend to them the hand of their strength and sympathy, and give to them those kind words that shall cheer them on through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, wondrous Spirit of Love, we invoke thy presence this hour, that we may no more wander from thy holy ways. Oh, unfold us with a new mantle of charity, and teach us, oh Father, as well as all mankind, that we are all dependent upon thee. Oh, teach us to worship thee more in the beauty of holiness than in form, that by so doing we may be able to give thee an offering as acceptable as these fair buds before thee. They praise thee in spirit, oh Father, and shall we do less? They return thee thanks for the sunlight and for air, and shall we not thank thee for the sunlight of thy love and the atmosphere of eternal truth? We must thank thee, must adore thee, must forever feel that thou art near unto thy children. Oh, our Father, thus we will forever and forever adore thee; thus we will forever and forever call thee our Father in holy confidence. May 25.

Our Father, we would adore thee for as much of thy being as we can comprehend; for all those manifestations of thy wondrous life that are everywhere exhibited to our senses. Oh, our Father, there are many thousand souls in this city alone this day that are essaying to worship thee. We only pray, oh our Father, that while they make loud professions, that they may worship thee as well in kind as in their fellowmen. May they come into thy presence this hour with new resolves and higher and nobler purposes. In view of thy great kindness to them, may they resolve that they will worship thee in thy creations, and we know that there is not anything in life that thou hast not created. But oh, if they should chance to meet any of the suffering and fallen ones of earth, may they extend to them the hand of their strength and sympathy, and give to them those kind words that shall cheer them on through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, wondrous Spirit of Love, we invoke thy presence this hour, that we may no more wander from thy holy ways. Oh, unfold us with a new mantle of charity, and teach us, oh Father, as well as all mankind, that we are all dependent upon thee. Oh, teach us to worship thee more in the beauty of holiness than in form, that by so doing we may be able to give thee an offering as acceptable as these fair buds before thee. They praise thee in spirit, oh Father, and shall we do less? They return thee thanks for the sunlight and for air, and shall we not thank thee for the sunlight of thy love and the atmosphere of eternal truth? We must thank thee, must adore thee, must forever feel that thou art near unto thy children. Oh, our Father, thus we will forever and forever adore thee; thus we will forever and forever call thee our Father in holy confidence. May 25.

Our Father, we would adore thee for as much of thy being as we can comprehend; for all those manifestations of thy wondrous life that are everywhere exhibited to our senses. Oh, our Father, there are many thousand souls in this city alone this day that are essaying to worship thee. We only pray, oh our Father, that while they make loud professions, that they may worship thee as well in kind as in their fellowmen. May they come into thy presence this hour with new resolves and higher and nobler purposes. In view of thy great kindness to them, may they resolve that they will worship thee in thy creations, and we know that there is not anything in life that thou hast not created. But oh, if they should chance to meet any of the suffering and fallen ones of earth, may they extend to them the hand of their strength and sympathy, and give to them those kind words that shall cheer them on through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, wondrous Spirit of Love, we invoke thy presence this hour, that we may no more wander from thy holy ways. Oh, unfold us with a new mantle of charity, and teach us, oh Father, as well as all mankind, that we are all dependent upon thee. Oh, teach us to worship thee more in the beauty of holiness than in form, that by so doing we may be able to give thee an offering as acceptable as these fair buds before thee. They praise thee in spirit, oh Father, and shall we do less? They return thee thanks for the sunlight and for air, and shall we not thank thee for the sunlight of thy love and the atmosphere of eternal truth? We must thank thee, must adore thee, must forever feel that thou art near unto thy children. Oh, our Father, thus we will forever and forever adore thee; thus we will forever and forever call thee our Father in holy confidence. May 25.

Our Father, we would adore thee for as much of thy being as we can comprehend; for all those manifestations of thy wondrous life that are everywhere exhibited to our senses. Oh, our Father, there are many thousand souls in this city alone this day that are essaying to worship thee. We only pray, oh our Father, that while they make loud professions, that they may worship thee as well in kind as in their fellowmen. May they come into thy presence this hour with new resolves and higher and nobler purposes. In view of thy great kindness to them, may they resolve that they will worship thee in thy creations, and we know that there is not anything in life that thou hast not created. But oh, if they should chance to meet any of the suffering and fallen ones of earth, may they extend to them the hand of their strength and sympathy, and give to them those kind words that shall cheer them on through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, wondrous Spirit of Love, we invoke thy presence this hour, that we may no more wander from thy holy ways. Oh, unfold us with a new mantle of charity, and teach us, oh Father, as well as all mankind, that we are all dependent upon thee. Oh, teach us to worship thee more in the beauty of holiness than in form, that by so doing we may be able to give thee an offering as acceptable as these fair buds before thee. They praise thee in spirit, oh Father, and shall we do less? They return thee thanks for the sunlight and for air, and shall we not thank thee for the sunlight of thy love and the atmosphere of eternal truth? We must thank thee, must adore thee, must forever feel that thou art near unto thy children. Oh, our Father, thus we will forever and forever adore thee; thus we will forever and forever call thee our Father in holy confidence. May 25.

Our Father, we would adore thee for as much of thy being as we can comprehend; for all those manifestations of thy wondrous life that are everywhere exhibited to our senses. Oh, our Father, there are many thousand souls in this city alone this day that are essaying to worship thee. We only pray, oh our Father, that while they make loud professions, that they may worship thee as well in kind as in their fellowmen. May they come into thy presence this hour with new resolves and higher and nobler purposes. In view of thy great kindness to them, may they resolve that they will worship thee in thy creations, and we know that there is not anything in life that thou hast not created. But oh, if they should chance to meet any of the suffering and fallen ones of earth, may they extend to them the hand of their strength and sympathy, and give to them those kind words that shall cheer them on through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, wondrous Spirit of Love, we invoke thy presence this hour, that we may no more wander from thy holy ways. Oh, unfold us with a new mantle of charity, and teach us, oh Father, as well as all mankind, that we are all dependent upon thee. Oh, teach us to worship thee more in the beauty of holiness than in form, that by so doing we may be able to give thee an offering as acceptable as these fair buds before thee. They praise thee in spirit, oh Father, and shall we do less? They return thee thanks for the sunlight and for air, and shall we not thank thee for the sunlight of thy love and the atmosphere of eternal truth? We must thank thee, must adore thee, must forever feel that thou art near unto thy children. Oh, our Father, thus we will forever and forever adore thee; thus we will forever and forever call thee our Father in holy confidence. May 25.

Our Father, we would adore thee for as much of thy being as we can comprehend; for all those manifestations of thy wondrous life that are everywhere exhibited to our senses. Oh, our Father, there are many thousand souls in this city alone this day that are essaying to worship thee. We only pray, oh our Father, that while they make loud professions, that they may worship thee as well in kind as in their fellowmen. May they come into thy presence this hour with new resolves and higher and nobler purposes. In view of thy great kindness to them, may they resolve that they will worship thee in thy creations, and we know that there is not anything in life that thou hast not created. But oh, if they should chance to meet any of the suffering and fallen ones of earth, may they extend to them the hand of their strength and sympathy, and give to them those kind words that shall cheer them on through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, wondrous Spirit of Love, we invoke thy presence this hour, that we may no more wander from thy holy ways. Oh, unfold us with a new mantle of charity, and teach us, oh Father, as well as all mankind, that we are all dependent upon thee. Oh, teach us to worship thee more in the beauty of holiness than in form, that by so doing we may be able to give thee an offering as acceptable as these fair buds before thee. They praise thee in spirit, oh Father, and shall we do less? They return thee thanks for the sunlight and for air, and shall we not thank thee for the sunlight of thy love and the atmosphere of eternal truth? We must thank thee, must adore thee, must forever feel that thou art near unto thy children. Oh, our Father, thus we will forever and forever adore thee; thus we will forever and forever call thee our Father in holy confidence. May 25.

Our Father, we would adore thee for as much of thy being as we can comprehend; for all those manifestations of thy wondrous life that are everywhere exhibited to our senses. Oh, our Father, there are many thousand souls in this city alone this day that are essaying to worship thee. We only pray, oh our Father, that while they make loud professions, that they may worship thee as well in kind as in their fellowmen. May they come into thy presence this hour with new resolves and higher and nobler purposes. In view of thy great kindness to them, may they resolve that they will worship thee in thy creations, and we know that there is not anything in life that thou hast not created. But oh, if they should chance to meet any of the suffering and fallen ones of earth, may they extend to them the hand of their strength and sympathy, and give to them those kind words that shall cheer them on through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, wondrous Spirit of Love, we invoke thy presence this hour, that we may no more wander from thy holy ways. Oh, unfold us with a new mantle of charity, and teach us, oh Father, as well as all mankind, that we are all dependent upon thee. Oh, teach us to worship thee more in the beauty of holiness than in form, that by so doing we may be able to give thee an offering as acceptable as these fair buds before thee. They praise thee in spirit, oh Father, and shall we do less? They return thee thanks for the sunlight and for air, and shall we not thank thee for the sunlight of thy love and the atmosphere of eternal truth? We must thank thee, must adore thee, must forever feel that thou art near unto thy children. Oh, our Father, thus we will forever and forever adore thee; thus we will forever and forever call thee our Father in holy confidence. May 25.

Our Father, we would adore thee for as much of thy being as we can comprehend; for all those manifestations of thy wondrous life that are everywhere exhibited to our senses. Oh, our Father, there are many thousand souls in this city alone this day that are essaying to worship thee. We only pray, oh our Father, that while they make loud professions, that they may worship thee as well in kind as in their fellowmen. May they come into thy presence this hour with new resolves and higher and nobler purposes. In view of thy great kindness to them, may they resolve that they will worship thee in thy creations, and we know that there is not anything in life that thou hast not created. But oh, if they should chance to meet any of the suffering and fallen ones of earth, may they extend to them the hand of their strength and sympathy, and give to them those kind words that shall cheer them on through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, wondrous Spirit of Love, we invoke thy presence this hour, that we may no more wander from thy holy ways. Oh, unfold us with a new mantle of charity, and teach us, oh Father, as well as all mankind, that we are all dependent upon thee. Oh, teach us to worship thee more in the beauty of holiness than in form, that by so doing we may be able to give thee an offering as acceptable as these fair buds before thee. They praise thee in spirit, oh Father, and shall we do less? They return thee thanks for the sunlight and for air, and shall we not thank thee for the sunlight of thy love and the atmosphere of eternal truth? We must thank thee, must adore thee, must forever feel that thou art near unto thy children. Oh, our Father, thus we will forever and forever adore thee; thus we will forever and forever call thee our Father in holy confidence. May 25.

Our Father, we would adore thee for as much of thy being as we can comprehend; for all those manifestations of thy wondrous life that are everywhere exhibited to our senses. Oh, our Father, there are many thousand souls in this city alone this day that are essaying to worship thee. We only pray, oh our Father, that while they make loud professions, that they may worship thee as well in kind as in their fellowmen. May they come into thy presence this hour with new resolves and higher and nobler purposes. In view of thy great kindness to them, may they resolve that they will worship thee in thy creations, and we know that there is not anything in life that thou hast not created. But oh, if they should chance to meet any of the suffering and fallen ones of earth, may they extend to them the hand of their strength and sympathy, and give to them those kind words that shall cheer them on through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, wondrous Spirit of Love, we invoke thy presence this hour, that we may no more wander from thy holy ways. Oh, unfold us with a new mantle of charity, and teach us, oh Father, as well as all mankind, that we are all dependent upon thee. Oh, teach us to worship thee more in the beauty of holiness than in form, that by so doing we may be able to give thee an offering as acceptable as these fair buds before thee. They praise thee in spirit, oh Father, and shall we do less? They return thee thanks for the sunlight and for air, and shall we not thank thee for the sunlight of thy love and the atmosphere of eternal truth? We must thank thee, must adore thee, must forever feel that thou art near unto thy children. Oh, our Father, thus we will forever and forever adore thee; thus we will forever and forever call thee our Father in holy confidence. May 25.

Our Father, we would adore thee for as much of thy being as we can comprehend; for all those manifestations of thy wondrous life that are everywhere exhibited to our senses. Oh, our Father, there are many thousand souls in this city alone this day that are essaying to worship thee. We only pray, oh our Father, that while they make loud professions, that they may worship thee as well in kind as in their fellowmen. May they come into thy presence this hour with new resolves and higher and nobler purposes. In view of thy great kindness to them, may they resolve that they will worship thee in thy creations, and we know that there is not anything in life that thou hast not created. But oh, if they should chance to meet any of the suffering and fallen ones of earth, may they extend to them the hand of their strength and sympathy, and give to them those kind words that shall cheer them on through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, wondrous Spirit of Love, we invoke thy presence this hour, that we may no more wander from thy holy ways. Oh, unfold us with a new mantle of charity, and teach us, oh Father, as well as all mankind, that we are all dependent upon thee. Oh, teach us to worship thee more in the beauty of holiness than in form, that by so doing we may be able to give thee an offering as acceptable as these fair buds before thee. They praise thee in spirit, oh Father, and shall we do less? They return thee thanks for the sunlight and for air, and shall we not thank thee for the sunlight of thy love and the atmosphere of eternal truth? We must thank thee, must adore thee, must forever feel that thou art near unto thy children. Oh, our Father, thus we will forever and forever adore thee; thus we will forever and forever call thee our Father in holy confidence. May 25.

Our Father, we would adore thee for as much of thy being as we can comprehend; for all those manifestations of thy wondrous life that are everywhere exhibited to our senses. Oh, our Father, there are many thousand souls in this city alone this day that are essaying to worship thee. We only pray, oh our Father, that while they make loud professions, that they may worship thee as well in kind as in their fellowmen. May they come into thy presence this hour with new resolves and higher and nobler purposes. In view of thy great kindness to them, may they resolve that they will worship thee in thy creations, and we know that there is not anything in life that thou hast not created. But oh, if they should chance to meet any of the suffering and fallen ones of earth, may they extend to them the hand of their strength and sympathy, and give to them those kind words that shall cheer them on through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, wondrous Spirit of Love, we invoke thy presence this hour, that we may no more wander from thy holy ways. Oh, unfold us with a new mantle of charity, and teach us, oh Father, as well as all mankind, that we are all dependent upon thee. Oh, teach us to worship thee more in the beauty of holiness than in form, that by so doing we may be able to give thee an offering as acceptable as these fair buds before thee. They praise thee in spirit, oh Father, and shall we do less? They return thee thanks for the sunlight and for air, and shall we not thank thee for the sunlight of thy love and the atmosphere of eternal truth? We must thank thee, must adore thee, must forever feel that thou art near unto thy children. Oh, our Father, thus we will forever and forever adore thee; thus we will forever and forever call thee our Father in holy confidence. May 25.

Our Father, we would adore thee for as much of thy being as we can comprehend; for all those manifestations of thy wondrous life that are everywhere exhibited to our senses. Oh, our Father, there are many thousand souls in this city alone this day that are essaying to worship thee. We only pray, oh our Father, that while they make loud professions, that they may worship thee as well in kind as in their fellowmen. May they come into thy presence this hour with new resolves and higher and nobler purposes. In view of thy great kindness to them, may they resolve that they will worship thee in thy creations, and we know that there is not anything in life that thou hast not created. But oh, if they should chance to meet any of the suffering and fallen ones of earth, may they extend to them the hand of their strength and sympathy, and give to them those kind words that shall cheer them on through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, wondrous Spirit of Love, we invoke thy presence this hour, that we may no more wander from thy holy ways. Oh, unfold us with a new mantle of charity, and teach us, oh Father, as well as all mankind, that we are all dependent upon thee. Oh, teach us to worship thee more in the beauty of holiness than in form, that by so doing we may be able to give thee an offering as acceptable as these fair buds before thee. They praise thee in spirit, oh Father, and shall we do less? They return thee thanks for the sunlight and for air, and shall we not thank thee for the sunlight of thy love and the atmosphere of eternal truth? We must thank thee, must adore thee, must forever feel that thou art near unto thy children. Oh, our Father, thus we will forever and forever adore thee; thus we will forever and forever call thee our Father in holy confidence. May 25.

Our Father, we would adore thee for as much of thy being as we can comprehend; for all those manifestations of thy wondrous life that are everywhere exhibited to our senses. Oh, our Father, there are many thousand souls in this city alone this day that are essaying to worship thee. We only pray, oh our Father, that while they make loud professions, that they may worship thee as well in kind as in their fellowmen. May they come into thy presence this hour with new resolves and higher and nobler purposes. In view of thy great kindness to them, may they resolve that they will worship thee in thy creations, and we know that there is not anything in life that thou hast not created. But oh, if they should chance to meet any of the suffering and fallen ones of earth, may they extend to them the hand of their strength and sympathy, and give to them those kind words that shall cheer them on through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, wondrous Spirit of Love, we invoke thy presence this hour, that we may no more wander from thy holy ways. Oh, unfold us with

Pearls.

And quoted edes, and jewels five words long, That on the stretched fore-finger of all time Sparkle forever.
THREE WAYS.
" I burn my soul away."
So spoke the Rose, and smiled: " Within my cup All day the sunbeams fall in flame--all day They drink my sweetness up!"
" I sigh my soul away."
The Lily said; " All night the moonbeams pale Stial round and round me, whispering in their play An all too tender tale!"
" I give my soul away."
The Violet said; " The west wind wanders on, The north wind comes; I know not what they say, And yet my soul is gone!"
Oh, Poet, burn away Thy fervent soul I fond lover, at the feet Of bar thou lovest, sigh I dear Christian, pray, And let the world be sweet!

The Lecture Room. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

A Discourse by Theodore Parker, through the Instrumentality of Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday, July 3, 1865. [Phonographically Reported for the Banner of Light, by J. M. W. TARRANT.]

Our Father and our Mother God, whose life and strength are our strength and life, whose spirit, infinite, omnipotent and perfect, fills creation with harmony and joy--who art the past and the future, all that we know of life and all that we conceive of infinitude--who art beyond the comprehension of every soul, yet within the soul art the quickening life--thou who hast made all things, who pervadest all things, who art life and death, who art light and darkness, who art good and what men call evil, who art all of mortal joy and all of sorrow which we know--without intelligence, soul, life--we praise thee, God, because we love thee, and we lay our glad offerings upon thy spirit's shrine, as a child brings its flowers, or as a man, in the full ambition of life, brings his laurel-wreaths. We bring all our thoughts--each soul having its own offerings of praise--all our aspirations--as every spirit seeks to attain that which seems unto it the highest--all our joys--for these proceed from thee; and we bring likewise our sorrows, knowing that thy hand can change them to joys. Oh, Father God, Mother Life, thy spirit of love is upon us, and it is perfect; for we know that thou canst forgive all things, canst bless us in all things, and render that which apparently is imperfect, divine and good. We praise thee, oh God, that thou hast made the human spirit capable of understanding these things; that we can know the meaning of life, of intelligence, of eternity; that we can understand the power of thy spirit upon our being; that we can come to thee in confidence, as to our own souls, and ask of thee advice and counsel; that we can pour our joys and our sorrows into thine ear of infinite love, and thou wilt listen and thy spirit sympathize: that we can come to thee--for thou hast bestowed all things--and ask gifts: not that thou wilt give them, for they are already given. Oh God, we thank thee for every perfect life, for every good and holy thought, for every great mind, for every eternal soul which thou hast made. The spirit of this existence is perfect, and we know that in humanity thou hast sown the germs of infinite thought and wisdom which belong to thee; and we praise thee that some minds, greater and more perfect in seeming development than others, have shown humanity the way to peace, to knowledge and to goodness; that great men and wise men have caught the thoughts of the angels and of thy soul, and written them upon the scroll of human history, where all eyes may see them in burnished gold. We praise thee that upon the tablets of the human heart are written the words of thy love; and though they may be concealed or obscured by crime and sin, still they remain there, perfect forever. We praise thee that above all sin and sorrow, and the countless sufferings of humanity, their spirit prevails. We praise thee that the gentle breath of those that love thee and thy children hovers upon the hearts of those whom thou hast made, and thy spirit is made apparent thereby; and that that love which belongs to perfect truth, that consciousness of endless justice, that undying perfection which is in wisdom, all can be bestowed upon humanity. And while thy children are seeking for truth, oh let them learn justice; and while they are asking for justice, let them learn love and kindness; and while they are doing this, let them seek, in all their ministrations and communications with each other, to know that endless spirit of goodness and purity which is thine own. Bless, thou Spirit of Endless Joy, every sorrow; and thou, oh Light and Truth, bestow thy blessings upon each heart; and finally, let us drink at the fountain of knowledge, and grow strong as we grow great in endless truth. To thee, Spirit of Life, whom we call God; Spirit of Truth, whom we call God, shall be endless thanks and unceasing praise forever. Amen.

The theme presented for your consideration to-day is WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Men make heroes--God makes men. There is in the mind of a true man a something which is more than all history can picture. We never read, in the lives of individuals, that which makes them great. We never find, in the record of their lives, that which is greatest in them. Biographers cannot paint, nor can pen in any form portray, the true spirit of living greatness. It belongs to that something which neither the sword, nor the pen, nor the book, nor yet even language, can teach. It is a presence and a power within itself, and though different men are differently great, that, in our opinion, is greatest, which makes in its power the most lasting impression, and an inspiration for the best good. We can read of great warriors, and share their conquests with them; we can read of martyrs, and die the deaths which they suffer; we can read of heroes, and become, as they are, great in the power of a single effort; we can read of poets,

and dream their glad dreams, and sing their songs, as they chant them in praise of the gods of Nature; we can read of artists, and depict with them the scenes that render the soul inspired as it gazes thereon. But when we read of a gentle spirit, whose power was as soft and mild as a summer zephyr, yet who in the depths of his thoughts and the profundity of his attainments, seemed to soar beyond the proudest philosophy, our souls become subdued, and all that there is of barbarism (and there is much) in the human spirit becomes quiet and gentle, and the better man prevails. Of such a life and such a mind we speak to-day. We have no deeds of daring and fame to recount; nothing of marked heroism; nothing that would astonish or startle with its wonder and bravery; no brilliancy, as the world calls it, brilliant when they soar beyond our comprehension, and almost scorch us with their blinding rays; nothing, perhaps, that the pen of a poet would choose to recount; and yet we have a life whose heroism and purpose were as great as those of any martyr, whose courage would compare with that of any hero, and whose gentleness of spirit charmed all into obedience. Those who knew and loved this man, never have forgotten that one principle of his nature. While we admire intellect, while we adore and love and worship that which is high and ennobling, when these are combined in one life, and make a life of sacrifice, so minute that we cannot point to an individual deed, yet so perfect in its entirety that we see before us a blending of love and sacrifice, then, indeed, we must worship. We do not praise a man; we do not pay our homage to heroes. God has many to bow before its altar, and warriors thousands of beings to praise them; but those who lead, in public or in private, such lives as perhaps the saints might pattern after, and those who, in their comprehension of the love of God seem to understand that his whole being and nature are filled with an overpowering and overwhelming charity, that conquers every evil--these command our reverence and respect, though obscure; but if accompanied with brilliancy of mind, and an intelligence that comprehends and applies all natural things to the uses of human existence, then it grows into a deeper feeling of reverence. Such, in general, was the mind of which we are speaking to-day; and yet, this mind was made up of such singular combinations, that some might have dared to criticize it. For let us see, in the mind of this man, and especially in his calling, there was what, perhaps, I would love to criticize--a deeply religious nature. Never, during the existence of any mind, can we discover that religious nature unaccompanied with superstition; and yet it may be so finely toned, so perfectly blended with intelligence and logic, as not to seem to be superstition, or, indeed, to wear any semblance to that external form of religion which seems so much like hypocrisy. But in the religious nature that is truly, deeply, naturally religious, there is always something to admire, and if we do not feel that ourselves, we are even glad that others feel it. So, when we see a profound devotee at the Romish altar, though we may pity him, we still admire his fidelity; and when we see a devotee at the shrine of Nature, growing great in strength and inspiration derived from God, whose loving spirit fills the entire universe, and so contriving, with the wonderful skill of his mind, as to make everything in Nature subservient to that spirit of divine inspiration, that is, we say, true religion. Channing was deeply, truly, naturally religious. It is told of him, that when a child, so simple and yet so beautiful were his religious sayings, that he would charm even the most obtuse mind with the simplicity and beauty of his childish understanding; and when mature years and manhood were added, he seemed in that religion to grow strong, as other men grow strong in contact with the world, and in intellectual cultivation. There was no purpose in life for him but to aim at the highest religious good. No other theme so commanded eloquence or charmed his hearers, as that perfect simplicity and childlike devotion which seemed to inspire him far beyond himself, and cause even his intelligence to become subservient to the higher elements of religion. It seemed to me, that in treating of any evil, his highest form of punishment would be to charm the evil with the simple power of love. We might differ as to the manner of correcting crime, but there could be no mistaking this man's power. No anger, no sin, but would seem to melt in his presence, or beneath the influence of his love. The great idea of his life was, that as Jesus seemed to teach of love as conquering all ill, so all mankind could live, and no crime exist, when it was charmed away by the gentle power of love. To him, there was no breath so sweet, no power so great, no conception of divinity so large, as that which was comprehended in Christ's lessons of love and kindness. And often and often have I tried to comprehend how he could conceive of that wonderful supernatural power which was embodied in that all-sacrificing love of Jesus. Yet so did he believe and cherish it, that it seemed to become a part of his whole nature. With this, you will understand that bigotry was not a part of his nature. His creed, if such it might be called, was of the most liberal kind; and so in avowing this belief did he bring down upon himself the contumely of others, which by his overpowering love, he conquered. Criticized was he, because he believed in God's love instead of his anger. Condemned was he, because he believed in the love of Christ and not his condemnation. Often was he rebuked because he accepted the gentler mode of curing ill, instead of the harsher one, which often kills. He was censured severely for believing in Nature and Nature's God, instead of a God which had no nature, and was indeed an ideal. In conceiving of natural things, he regarded all things in nature as belonging to God; as worthy of consideration as being perfect in their places; therefore he believed there were no mistakes in nature, and that all things were designed for good. Even sorrows, which some men regret, were to him blessings and pleasures--angels clothed in robes of light. These were the higher elements of his nature, and these preponderated over all others. To him, history was but as a harp of many strings, which he could at times to suit the occasions and purposes of human life. To him, all heroes were but as beings who lived to answer the great end and design of existence. To him, there was no heroism in that which men praise; but, on the contrary, war, and all its kindred evils, were terrors--terrors, the result of human ignorance and folly, which would at last be overcome by the love of truth, and the all-prevailing principle of human kindness. His great faith was in the advancing kindness of humanity; if he believed in any one thing more than another as accompanying the Divine Mind, it was that instead of laws, punishments, criminals, and all forms of vice, we should have at last, by the overruling power of love which he deemed was embodied in the person of Christ, the principle of true government--a government of religion; a religion that would be embodied in every human life, which would accompany all intelligence, all law, and the purposes of all human existence. He had a depth of mind accompanying this religious nature, which even in its profundity would astonish and cause us to bow in reverence before it; an intellect which could grasp the mysticisms of Plato, or comprehend the most difficult problems of Euclid; an intelligence which would cause even philosophers in their depth of thought to stammer, while he, in analyzing every theory and every creed, would cause them to be subservient to the simple power of justice and truth. He believed that there was a higher principle than simple intellect; that human knowledge was but a means to an end, whereby men arrived at truth. He

believed that human minds that had lived before were but as tools; to point the way to a higher life and purpose; he believed that those who were great historians and philosophers had lived that the great mass might grow strong through the vitality that they gave to humanity; and in his heart of hearts and in his deep soul, he looked forward to the day when the whole world might possess an intelligence which in its power would overcome the ignorance and depravity so palpably existing in society. He had an unbounded faith; a faith such as few men possess; a faith which you or I might wish to live for, but still could never attain; a faith which never faltered, which in the darkest hour of adversity, when trials and storms were all about him, seemed unwavering and serene. "God is good," says this man, "and he loves us more than he loves the whole creation; I can trust in my Father." And so, from early childhood, until too soon in manhood he was taken away, this man lived in the full faith of God and belief in immortality. There was no mockery in his belief. It was not born of creed; it was not made of ceremonies; it was not the result of written documents; it was not predicated upon forms and symbols of worship. It was a faith that seemed to come from within a living fire, that burned upon the altar of his spirit, consuming all the dross, and rendering it bright and beautiful as a mirror, on whose calm, clear surface we might gaze and gaze forever. We might think, perhaps, there was too little of earnestness in his rebuke of crime. For the most part, it seems to me that justice is rather severe, and I would rather have had a little more harshness accompanying this gentle spirit. Yet in him, this gentleness was most perfect, and it was that which in all his life charmed even the most stolid heart. Even when he visited prisons, the sweet gentleness of his words overcame, when others, by their rebukes, would only harden. He has upon the street, seeing those that were advanced in crime, spoken words of gentleness, when you or I might have spoken words of harshness, and they would turn coldly away from us, while they would listen to him as to a being from another world, and finally drink in the gentle spirit which he breathed, as the thirsty traveler would drink the water that were handed by some good Samaritan. The power of his love was like magic. It enchained the hearts of those who listened to him. And though his thoughts were profound, he never forgot the theme of his life, which was the redemption of humanity--the making of the world better--the attainment of higher things. His was one of those few minds of which we read that compare nature with human thoughts. Shelley, the poet, does this; a few philosophers have done this. So did Channing. "If nature is grand, it is not so grand," says he, "as the human soul." "If it stands alone brightly and revolve in perfect harmony in their orbits, they are not so bright," says this man, "as the brilliancy of human thought in its highest attainments, nor so harmonious as souls are capable of becoming when they conceive of perfect truth." "If there is loveliness in Nature, in her Spring-time and in her bloom, these," says Channing, "are but symbols of human spirits, which grow perfect and pure as flowers are pure." "If in Nature there are breezes which seem to waft in the branches sweet sounding melody, these," says he, "are like the thoughts of good souls, swept by the angels' fingers." And so fully did he carry out this idea, that he would render humanity superior to all natural things, and you would forget in his presence the charm of Nature, the wonders of creation, and only remember that God was a soul, and that He had made living spirits in human forms. We so would forget the form of the world, so forget the intricate processes of creation, the geological structure of the earth, and the varied forms of animated life, that we only deemed them winged thoughts whereby Dolly had hoped to represent more fully his own soul. And this was the charm of his mind. It was not material. He had no greater facts than his experience and intuitions upon which to build his religion; and yet these were to him so reliable and so perfect, that the most profound subtleties of philosophy, the clearest examples of mathematics, the most undeniable material facts, could not overthrow them. And yet he was not stubborn. It was only that faith which sees beyond the material; that faith which penetrates beyond the exterior, which does not depend upon outward facts, which never could reach material minds; and which those that simply rely upon logic could never understand. Yet, with all this dreaming, all this seeming transcendentalism, he was far from being unpractical. On the contrary, he was one of the most practical of men; believing that every moment of human life should be spent to some purpose and some use. Time was never idled away by him. There was no such thing as robbing him of those hours or moments that were precious. To do good to another in distress, to talk with a friend upon a useful theme, or even to commune with his own soul and the great soul of Nature, was not a waste of time; but to idle away his time in useless pleasures and fleeting follies, as most men do, to see pleasure in the mere external forms of society, or in company with his friends to while away the hours in foolish conversation upon themes that were to no purpose and benefit, he was never known to do. He was plain, too, sometimes; not to wound your feelings, but to express truly what he thought; but if he rebuked, it was with such gentleness, that you would almost feel it like the caress of a mother, who soothes her child even when she tries to scold. This was his power. He would tell you your faults, but in such kind manner that it would seem like praise, while you would feel deeply conscious and humiliated by the rebuke. If he spoke sternly of crime, it was with such touching regret, that you would almost wish yourself the criminal, if that was to be your punishment. Yet there was such power in his rebuke, that it was humiliating, where severer, sterner words would only harden. There were those who, in conceiving of his power, thought him too lenient, too loving, too kind; that he did not speak strongly enough against the evils of society; that he did not deal severely enough with those daring vices and crimes which corrupt the world; that he was not, perhaps, intended to tear down the evils which society has built up, and erect in their stead a newer and better edifice. I have never heard stronger words than he uses against crime; but yet it was not by force that it was to be overcome. There are no deeper condemnations of vice than are to be found in his teachings and writings; and yet it was not a condemnation which breathed of bitterness, but a spirit of forgiveness, like that which I have always deemed Christ possessed, seemed to belong to his nature; a generous, loving kindness, which caused every touch and look to be gentle. Nature had done for him all that Nature could do for any man; and beside his endowments of intelligence and spiritual faith, there was in his presence a charm which seemed to cause every one to become spell-bound. But still, we might not call him a man to fight the battles of the world. He might not be the one to seize hold of those rougher forms of vice and crush them; he might not be the one to take up the sword and fight the battles which the world must always fight when it advances to higher positions. Governments do not choose such men to make their laws, nor do warriors choose such men to lead their armies, nor do we find such men occupying places of public life, where men place their most; and yet this man had heroism and courage and faith and trust, which made him stronger than a host of armed men, or than the greatest king or potentate. And his power lasts longer, for it was a power which time cannot change, which fame cannot build up, which calumny cannot take away, which is not based on the external life, but on the spirit, and therefore lasts the

longer. His sayings, already broadcast words, grow clearer and clearer to the human heart as time advances, and the gentleness of his spirit gains additional power as the world moves on in its vicissitudes. He believed war to be an excrescence on human nature, the result of ignorance and crime, and often said he could not see the good which war produced. He knew that history gave accounts of the progress of nations, caused by the outbursting of revolutions in consequence of oppression; but he says, "We would rather teach men not to be oppressors, than to have nations gain their freedom in such manner. We would rather have the world instructed not to do wrong, than to gain goodness through such vile means. We would rather have a peace that is born of love, than a peace that is wrought out by the sword." Yet he knew it must be so; and his only hope was, that by-and-by, when the world grew better--which time could not see, but he fondly dreamed of--there would be no more wars and no more crimes; that instead of jails and penitentiaries and charnel-houses, we should have schools, hospitals and places of instruction, to heal the wounded spirits of those, who, through sin, had become degraded and despoiled. Oh that such love prevailed as his! that every soul might be endowed with its ethereal elements, which would make the life of each man as bright and pure as was his life, as free from sin and guile, as perfect in its gentleness! For even those who differed could not be bitter against him. There never was a word of bitterness spoken of him through his whole life; and yet there were many who did not believe in him; many who thought his theories wrong; many who criticized, and yet criticized with such careful words that you knew that they regarded him almost as superior to other men. We are not saying too much when we tell you that his life and his mind were unequalled in gentleness; but it was a gentleness that seemed to be born of a higher power than human beings can possess. If any one impressed me with the certainty of immortality, that certainty came from the lips of Channing more than from all the works or books or creeds which the Church has ever given. If there was a shadow of faith in immortality, or a certainty of identified life, and reward for the trials and struggles and adversities of human existence, that certainty came from his loving inspiration, for it seemed as a perfectly written book upon his heart, by the hand of an unseen power. If there was a consciousness that beyond the grave there should be a reward for every sorrow, that life was not a failure, and eternally was certain, that inspiration was the means whereby the soul gains a knowledge of immortality, that religion but answer the purpose of the immortal spirit in its onward course, that light and life, and the dawning of immortality belong to death, then that consciousness might be derived from his lips. If there was power in the love of Christ, a redeeming quality in his blood, capable of washing away human sin, it would almost make me believe it to listen to that man. And yet my mind was fully conscious that my own soul must wipe away its own misdoings; that I must suffer for every guilty deed. And so he thought; but still there was such regenerating power in the love and kindness of the Christ-Saviour, that he would almost make any one believe in him. This power made up his religion. His religion made up his life. Born of his mother--for no soul did he ever love as he loved his mother--he believed her love surrounded every household; that it was the charm which made all men as good as they were; and which made all men agree that it was a golden light, leading them to a higher goodness; that it would overcome every evil under heaven, if men were disposed to evil, and that the light of her presence would cheer them on even in the darkest hours of adversity. The memory of his mother was ever sacred, and to her did he often attribute all of his love for religion, and the goodness and gentleness of his nature. "I am not better than other men," he said, "but I had a mother. I am not gentler than other men, but my mother was gentle." And so she was; and that gentleness made him like a woman in his kindness of spirit, yet strong as any man would wish to be when he knew that he was right. Of all that appertained to liberty and justice, he was an early advocate, and brought condemnation upon himself because he dared to differ from the multitude in regard to public affairs. All men who were true and good he loved; all who expressed a new truth, or a truth that seemed to be unpopular, or an idea that might be true, he would not condemn. Even if he thought them fanatical, he would rather say, "There may be something true," than condemn them and be in the wrong. He would adopt these new systems of faith so far as they would render humanity better, and would reject them so far as they would render humanity worse. He believed in social and religious laws, to the extent that they served the purpose of containing the soul or mind until it can gain a foothold on something higher. He believed in forms of religion, because they served to acquaint the spirit with the soul of religion. He believed in a high conception of divinity, because it served to make the spirit stronger and better in its daily conquests. And these made up his character. All vice, all laws which were wrong, all principles which were embodied in religion that seemed to breathe of evil, all persecution, or hatred, or dread--these he rejected. To him, the soul of religion was love, the soul of intelligence was wisdom, the soul of society was justice; and of these three, justice being the least, he thought that love and wisdom would gain the victory, and justice would be controlled by them. To him, there was an endless spirit and power in goodness, which could not be lost, and which could never die, and therefore could overcome every form of evil. We might love to dwell on such a mind forever. We might paint the effects which it would have upon society, as, wherever the words of this man have been heard, there seems to be a gentleness of spirit and a faith in immortality beautiful and perfect to behold. We might wish for such faith, for it is a faith which causes the life to grow strong and the heart to battle with external things, until it overcomes, by the very spirituality of its power, the material forms of thought. Science was to him but the means of comprehending religion. Most men think science supersedes religion; that it takes us into the regions of certainty, while religion is but a vague and indefinite dream. To him, science was but the stepping-stone to the sure realities of spiritual life. To him, nothing was real but the endless good and true. That was not in reality true which simply belonged to forms of expression instead of ideas. He did not think the facts of science were true, because they were merely believed, or supposed to be demonstrated. They simply answered the purpose of bringing the human mind to a better comprehension of Nature, and through that Nature, of the great Creator. To him, God was an endless spirit, so founded in his divine perfection, that all things were comprehended in and by him. God was not Nature, but was the soul of Nature, and Nature breathed but the spirit of the infinite. Yet this he regarded as subservient to the high interests and purposes of humanity. He believed that there was in human thought and human advancement something higher and holier than any other form of creation; and on this immortality, for which he believed the soul was prepared in its earthly life, he thought every aim and object of human existence should be concentrated. He thought that to do good, to live holy lives, to dream high dreams and endeavor to execute them; to take the lessons of the past and adapt them to the present, as far as their duty are concerned; to take Nature, and read her thoroughly, accurately, understandingly as a written book, and make that book the example of daily life; was the

great object of existence. He did not fear immortality. He did not think death should be dreaded, and his decease was as calm and holy as a summer sunset. When he breathed out the spirit of life, he laid his form to rest trustfully upon Nature's bosom, as he committed his spirit trustfully into the hands of his Maker. In this, more than in all things else, was his strength. He trusted God, in sorrow, in joy, in adversity, in triumph, in life and in death. He was willing that the spirit of his Maker should fold him to sleep and gather him to the great bosom of the infinite, feeling perfectly conscious that those whom he loved would meet him there, and that throughout eternity, they should journey hand in hand together. This may be incomprehensible; you nor I cannot understand it. To me, it was but the dream of an enthusiast, but the vision of one whose faith had blinded him, but the thoughts of one who imagined greater things were possible than we could conceive or dream of; yet to him it was the light of his existence, the faith that burned steadily and surely upon the altar of his soul, and that even through death lighted him on to the gateway of immortality. He passed from earth too early for those who loved him. In the full vigor and prime of manhood, his life went out like a sunset, glorious, calm and beautiful, breathing in its gentleness the spirit of love which he lived; having nothing to regret, for he had done all that he believed to be true; nothing to sorrow for, for those who loved him waited to receive him; nothing to mourn, for life was opening and death was receding; nothing to lament, for the rejoicings of angels seemed sounding in his ears; and all that he prayed for was, that the world which he loved, humanity, who were his brethren and sisters, might climb up to the heights where they could see the sunlight of God's love, and hear the calm voice and loving spirit of his trust and inspiration. Religion, in such a form, is ennobling, perfect. It makes up the life; it endears the soul to that which is good; it endows the soul with a divinity which is far surpassing anything of external form. And thus should you seek to live--that by this love, which was Christ's, you, too, may become pure; by this faith, which is born of religion, you may know of immortality; by this holiness, which is consecrated to faith, you may have nothing to mourn; and by this peace, which springs from trust, you may learn to rest where others are uneasy, and upon the billows of the endless sea of life piece the bark of your spirit, in full consciousness that the great Pilot is at hand, and will guide you safely to the harbor of endless rest. So let that peace and love and wisdom be yours--the calmness of his faith, the strength of his mind, the integrity of his purpose, the power of his gentleness; for we are almost persuaded in our own mind that there is greater power in love than in the sword, greater strength in gentleness than in the strong arm of physical force, greater power in wisdom than in all the chains and manacles which human beings can forge, and greater endurance in that trust that in all the false worship of which human souls can conceive. Thus, while peace is upon his ashes, and while the flowers bloom above his grave, planted by gentle hands, the spirit of his love lingers among you, and his gentleness shall drive away, perhaps, some of the sorrows and some of the evils that exist in your minds.

BANNER OF LIGHT: A JOURNAL OF ROMANCE, LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AND ALSO An Exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century. PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON, MASS. BY WILLIAM WHITE & CO. LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. ASSOCIATED BY SOME OF THE ALBANY REFORMATORY WRITERS OF THE COUNTRY.

The distinctive features of the BANNER OF LIGHT, are as follows: LITERARY DEPARTMENT.--Under this head are published Original Novels, of reformatory tendency, and occasionally translations from the French and German. MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.--Under this head we publish weekly a variety of Spirit-Messages from the departed to their friends on earth, given through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. COLEMAN, from the deceased and the deceased, who take to great spiritual intercourse between the mundane and supermundane worlds. EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.--The portion of the BANNER is devoted to subjects of General Literature, the Spiritual Philosophy, Current Events, Entertaining Miscellany, Notices of New Publications, etc. ORIGINAL ESSAYS.--In this Department we will publish from time to time Essays upon Philosophical, Scientific and Religious Subjects. REPORTS OF SPIRITUAL LECTURES given by Trance and Normal Speakers. All which features render the BANNER OF LIGHT a popular Family Paper, and at the same time the harbinger of a glorious scientific Religion. CONTRIBUTORS. PROFESSOR S. B. FERRIS, of New York City. HENRY D. CHASE, of New York City. HENRY T. CHASE, D. D. 534 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. HON. WARREN GARRIS, of Salem, Mass. HONORABLE TULLY, Esq., of Berlin Heights, Ohio. HONORABLE SHERMAN, Esq., of West Acton, Mass. HON. FRANCIS BACON, Esq., of Berlin Heights, Mass. O. D. GRAYWOOD, M. D., Cleveland, Ohio. H. M. MILLER, Esq., N. Y. A. B. CHASE, M. D., of Boston. REV. FRANK L. H. WILSON, of Goldwater, Mich. W. H. CHASE, of Auburn, N. Y. W. W. H. MCGONNELL, of Ohio. MISS ANNA HARDING, of New York. MISS CORA WILSON, of Philadelphia, Pa. MISS A. M. BROWN, of New York City. MISS ELLEN BURN, of Northwood, Pa. MISS ANNA TERRY, of Berlin Heights, Ohio. And many other writers of note. Terms of Subscription, in Advance: Per Year, \$2 50 Six Months, 1 50 Single Copies, 5 Cents each. There will be no deviation from the above prices. Money can be sent by mail; but where drafts are drawn on New York City can be procured, we prefer to have them sent. Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. Subscribers in Canada will add to the terms of subscription 25 cents per year, for pre-payment of American postage. Post-Office Address.--It is desired for Subscribers to write, unless they give their Post-Office address and name of State. Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always give the name of the Town, County and State to which it has been sent. Specimen Copies sent free. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the most favorable terms. All Communications designed for publication, or in any way connected with the Editorial Department, should be addressed to the EDITOR. Letters to the EDITOR for publication should be marked "private" on the envelope. All Business Letters must be addressed to "BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS." WILLIAM WHITE & CO. To Our Subscribers. Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper wrapper. These figures stand as a receipt, showing the exact time when your subscription expires, &c. the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume, and the date of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you subscribed is full. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts.