

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. III.

{COLBY, FORSTER & COMPANY,}
NO. 31-2 BRATTLE STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,}
{PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.}

NO. 16.

Poetry.

RIGHTS OF WOMEN—A POEM.

BY MRS. F. O. HYZEN.

Thou know'st my aspiration, God of power,
And life, and love, and wisdom! It is this:
That I may be to all my race a star
Of guidance to the highest, purest bliss.
To all my race, who hear my voice, or grasp
Within their own my fervent, outstretched hand,
I'd have that voice a herald-note of truth—
The grasp, a magnet from the angel land.
I'd have them see recorded on my brow,
And in the deep unutter'd love of soul
That lies reposed in the earnest eye,
That inspirations o'er my inmost roll.
Pregnant with that divine, all-searching power
Which permeates the grossest form of clay,
Baptizing its whole nature with a shower
Potent to wash its grossness all away.
To the poor, stricken one, bow'd down with grief,
Wearied and worn by earthly care and strife,
I'd bring the living power that there's relief,
And joy, and peace, in an immortal life.
And not that weary rest of one long song,
Chanted forever "round the great white throne,"
But the sweet rest of active wisdom, which
To all earth's toiling children must be known.
I'd tell the brother, sister, orphan-child—
The childless parent and the wedded one,
Whose light of life had passed beyond his ken,
That the sweet unions have but just begun;
If they have ever loved, they'll love forever,
And will embrace them on the angel shore.
I'd stoop as gently down, and lay my hand
Upon the harlot's sin-polluted brow,
Feeling that having sworn to truth divine,
Here I'd fulfill a portion of my vow.
As I would lay it on the pearly shrine
Of maiden purity, or angel love—
Knowing that every act of love divine
Is felt and echoed by the throngs above,
Drawing thereby an influx to my soul,
To keep me spotless as my faithful guide.
Who leads me onward to the angel goal,
Bound by Truth's magnets ever to my side.
I'd look into the world-beholder's eye,
As I would look into a crystal lake,
Not stooping his approaches to defy,
But in my own his burning hand I'd take.
And talk to him of something holier, higher
Than mortal pleasures, and earth-born desires;
I'd tell him of the flashing pearls and gems
Which I could see within his nature lie,
Which yet would form for him a diadem,
Such as the pure in spirit wear on high;
I'd let him gaze on heaven through my own soul—
Open the portals—let him walk therein—
For love's pure waves would "neath its arches roll,
So he could leave no foot-prints there of sin;
And I would lead him upward on the path I trod,
A living symbol of my trust in God.
I hear my sisters talk of galling chains,
Of agonies withold, and wrings of fearful power;
I see them too—and I would nobly toil
To burst our fetters more and more each hour.
They're doing their own work in their own way;
But I must do my work in my own soul,
Ere I can hold that mighty, everlastingly,
By which I would all-tyrant power control.
Must we not make ourselves divinely free
From all which the enslave can enslave,
Ere we can know the might of liberty,
And see the starry banner of our wave,
On which is written, Freedom? not alone for thee,
Oh, woman! thy brother's soul, too, should be free.
Our brother is a slave while we're in chains;
To go beyond us in immortal power, 'tis vain
For him to struggle, or for us to fear.
We're bound by chains that reach from sphere to sphere;
No is one half of the great human heart—
We are the other half—we never can part
While he exists who of the twain made one—
When first the pulses of his life began.
Then let the mother train her youthful son
To look for strength and purity and truth
In woman's not for gems, or gold,
Or sought that high withold him in his flight
Toward the high realms of love and light;
And to her daughters, from their early youth,
Impart the wealth of her great woman-soul,
That they may feel that all pure intercourse with man
Is the great vital current of the Father's plan
Of bringing to our earth the great millennial day,
When sin and sorrow shall be washed away,
Impress upon her mind that in her lies
The power by which to open paradise,
And lead her brother by her pure, firm hand,
Into the glory of the angel land.
And that it will be a blight on her own soul
To trifle with her brother for an hour;
That it will sow therein the thorns from which
Her soul will bleed, ere 'tis an immortal bower.
Thus taught, thus reared, will not a work begin,
By which we all a laurel-crown can win
Of triumph over all oppressing chains,
Which on our natures leave a blight or stain?
Could we not trust our sons and brothers then?
Our sires and husbands, when, true, noble men,
They go into the Congress hall, or to the polls,
Would we have need to tell them that we, too, have souls?
Would we have need to tell them, guard our rights?
As well implore the sun to shed his light!
As well might that great orb withhold its powers,
As they could trample on a mouse or oval
Thus I'd go back into the world of cause,
And seek to ultimate its higher laws,
Through God-like impulses and untiring care,
That, in our joys, our sorrows, too, shall share.
This may be thought the weakness of the rosy-brain,
A feeble fiction, or a love-sick strain;
That it may do to sing of in sweet, moonlit bowers,
But all too DREAM-LIKE for a world like ours.
But when the soul hath felt 'on one true thro' from
From the great, central post-heart of God,
And known how through it in the mortal's heart
The life of love's almightiness will start,
'T will know that poetry hath magnet power
To draw our whole great race into the angel bower.
It is not weak! I only write it wrong!
Trace it in books, or breathe it in a song!
But when we come to write it in our lives,
There'll be more happy husbands, happy wives;
'T will give us power to measure every line
Of action by a magnet law divine;
So we can rhyme our souls with every soul,
And as its inspirations through our beings roll,
'T will bear our brethren above the law of force,
And us above a supplication for divorce.

Splendid Romance!

Written for the Banner of Light.

COUNTRY NEIGHBORS;

OR,

THE TWO ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONCLUDED.

She came, and as she bent tenderly over her father, he whispered—"My daughter, you have had one secret from me."

"None but such as I wished to conceal from myself, dear father," she whispered.

"Ah, but he loves you, Alice; has loved you long and faithfully—come here, Jerry."

The young man stood by the side of Alice—their hands were clasped—they understood, each other without word or language.

"I will give you my dying blessing, my children; God has written his patent of nobility upon your brow, my son; I am sure my child will be happy with you. God bless you both."

He was exhausted, and lay for some time quiet, but his breathing became distressed—a few minutes of agony and he had ceased to live; exchanged the mortal for an immortal body.

Another year passed, and another thanksgiving week came round in Mapleton, but two whom we met in the farm-house six years before are not here to mingle in the festivities of the season. Alice's father and Johnnie are in a world where time is not reckoned by summer and winter, night and day, heat and cold.

Lizzie, too, was not there to aid in the preparations of the occasion. As the wife of the young minister, she had cares enough at the parsonage; but Mrs. Sewall had retired somewhat from the more active duties of the kitchen, and Martha, assisted by a dairy maid, was good and competent help. But Hannah was the life of the house. A boarding-school, French teachers, and a music master, had all failed to make her otherwise than the warm-hearted, fun-loving, generous girl we have always seen her. Now she brought things to pass like a fairy. Under her hand the parlor bloomed with fresh flowers in winter; and pastry, cakes, puddings, and all sorts of good things for the inner man, seemed to mould themselves into a most delectable and tempting form at her bidding.

"Jerry and Alice! only think of it, mother!" said Hannah, as for the hundredth time she arranged the parlor for their reception, the day they were expected, "it is like a story-book."

"I doubt whether the story would ever have been written, had it not been for mother," said Mr. Sewall, who entered at that minute.

"Have you sent the carriage to the depot?" said Hannah.

"Yes, Simon has just started with it. I wonder if Jerry will know him, with that Sophomore wisdom about him."

"You laugh at Simon, father, for his college ways, but I can't see that he's altered at all. You know he always was a good boy."

"When he was not making your mother grow in grace, by trying her patience with his quick temper."

"That has all passed away, Mr. Sewall," said his wife, gently, "and has given place to a beautiful, religious enthusiasm. Simon is a great comfort to me."

"But, wife, can you realize that your boy, your Jerry, is coming to-day—is perhaps here, for I hear the whistle?"

The tears sprang to the mother's eyes, but a smile was upon her lip, as she said—

"My Jack at all trades, and good at none."

"Ay, ay," said the father, "that too has all passed away, and Jerry is a famous man, now."

"Hurrah! there they are!" cried Jim, the farmer, as he ran to open the broad gate. A moment, and the carriage rolled under the sweeping elm—past the long row of cherry trees, and stopped at the side porch, where the family were assembled to meet them.

In the background stood Martha, holding by her hand a little girl, with sunny curls, and dancing blue eyes—a very little Hebe, so healthy and so bright.

When the first greetings were over with the family, and Alice had embraced again and again her new mother, and Hannah, her eyes fell upon the child and its companion.

"Martha, my dear friend, how you have altered! You used to say you were awkward and homely—you would do yourself injustice to speak so now," and she extended her hand, and offered a kiss once more, neither of which were refused, while the beautiful "Lotty" received a double share.

In a neat calico morning dress, with her hair smoothly parted, and wound in a heavy braid, and her countenance expressive of patient endurance, and subdued passion, she looked very unlike the Martha that we first saw in Mrs. Spicer's kitchen. She had sinned and suffered, and had been forgiven much. We must endure her trials to understand the depth of those passions which made her a victim to the sensuality of Spicer. At first her revenge was sweet when she marked the humiliation of her mistress; but sweeter far the spirit of Christian forgiveness which she afterwards learned.

Oh woman! loved and guarded by a watchful mother, and kept in all the purity and loveliness by the blessed ties of a happy home, turn not so quickly

and sternly away from thy erring sister. The poor orphan of the Ann street cellar, had she been in thy place, would have had thy virtue. Our Saviour turned not away from such; he spoke kindly to the trembling sinner, brought to him for judgment, and blessed the Magdalen, when she knelt at his feet. Well was it for poor Martha that Mr. Sewall was one of his followers. But we will pass on to the dinner, or rather to the dinners; and, first, we will look at Mr. Sewall, now a hale, hearty man of sixty. Upon his arm leaned his aged mother, and had she been an empress, the service could not have been more gallantly performed, for heart-worship made it graceful. Most tenderly did he guide the feeble steps of the old lady, and seat her at his right hand. Jerry and Alice, Mrs. Sewall, the minister, Lizzie with her two children, Simon, Hannah, Aunts Betty and Polly Wood, and last named, but not least, the Doctor, pretty, handsome, and smiling as ever. But is he married? says the reader. No, not yet, and here we will make a digression. Our friend Hannah, like all other girls, had her ideal future. She supposed she should some day be married, and have a bevy of little ones in her house, and cows, and pigs and chickens in the farm-yard, and if she thought farther, it was of herself as a bustling housewife, baking, brewing, mending, and trying to be as good as her mother before her. But how, when or where this was to take place had not even occurred to her. She told the truth when she said she had no beaux. She was one of those rare, beautiful specimens of God's handiwork, that no young man would approach but in earnest sincerity, and one for whom a lover would be willing to wait the second septem. And Dr. Wardwell was very patient; but when Hannah was finally won, her whole heart went with her promise, and in her eyes no man could quite equal her husband. Even Simon dared not pass his jokes upon the subject, nor did he even say one word when he one day found Hannah actually lighting a cigar for the Doctor to smoke, but he whispered to Alice—"Oh the power of woman's love!"

There was to be a double wedding in the farm-house that evening—but we were of dinner. As the appetite was satisfied, the spirits began to rise, and the conversation became animated. The Doctor had seen and conversed with Kosuth, and was giving Simon some specimens of his eloquence, and a description of the man.

"And yet, you think," said Simon, "that he had more enthusiasm than arguments—more rhetorical flourishes than solid argument?"

"That is my opinion," said the Doctor quietly; "and in the present state of Europe, I have little hope for Hungary. I fear that the republicans have put off the day of their deliverance. Despotism sits more firmly upon her throne now, than she has for half a century before this."

"I cannot think so," said Simon—"it is but the ominous silence before the storm—a storm which is to purify the moral atmosphere. No, sir, it is not the rashness of those who would be free, but the supineness of their friends, that has delayed the hour of deliverance so long. Had we more ministers who would raise cannon balls in their pulpits, and bid the people look at them as solid arguments to rouse the consciences of the oppressors—had we more women who would draw with a magic pen pictures of the sufferings of the oppressed in the habitations of cruelty, our southern plantations—those places which the Lord never visits, we might perhaps before this have seen liberty proclaimed on the plains of Hungary, and the rice fields and sugar lands of our own country. For myself, sir, I am warmed with my subject, while every hair on his head grow redder with his excitement, and glowed like burnished gold, as a stray sunbeam glanced through the western window, and fell upon the Auburn mass which the young man had carelessly brushed from his forehead, "for myself, sir, I am determined to devote my life to the cause of the captive, and my first mission is to arouse my own kindred and people. Here, in New England, where oppression is unknown, where every man sits under his own vine and fig-tree, having none to molest or make him afraid, we forget the sighing of the prisoner, and the woes of the needy. Out of sight, out of mind, we fancy our work done, because there is nothing just about us to do; but we should go forth, as did the disciples, by two and two, into the towns and cities of the Gentiles."

Simon paused to take breath. His mother smiled approvingly upon him, and looked with a proud glance at her husband, which seemed to say—

"How nobly our boy talks!"

But there lurked around Mr. Sewall's mouth that covert smile, so peculiar to himself, and which his wife understood as anything but wholesale admiration, though she could not define what it did express.

The Doctor listened politely, and Simon, whose excitement did not diminish, again took up the subject.

"It is astonishing, sir, to see the apathy of the pulpit and press upon slavery. Why, I would have every paper headed with a chained and suppliant slave, and a brutal master wielding the whip—every Sabbath should find our church walls echoing to the prayer of freedom, and to threats of vengeance upon the oppressor, and—"

Uncle Seth, a tall, robust farmer, with large features, indicative of good strong common sense, now asked Simon if he would not have the whole gospel preached, that, like St. Paul, we might make Christians like a noble edifice, perfect in all its parts, from foundation to topmost stone?

"Uncle, there is little religion without freedom—freedom to read the Bible, freedom to act according to the dictates of our own consciences, freedom to worship God." Wasn't this the object of the Puritans' exile? and is it not the precious birthright of New England? Uncle, I would that all the world were like this corner of our great republic, where the air is too pure for slavery, and where oppression is unknown."

Again that peculiar smile was seen to play around Mr. Sewall's mouth. The coffee had been passed, and as he quietly sipped his favorite beverage, he turned to his mother to see if she wished another cup of tea, and then slowly, and with a very calm air, said—

"You are getting warm, my son. It is sometimes the case that in contemplating one great evil, we forget the relative importance of others, and become one-sided in our views. I often think of the expression, a 'perfect man in Christ Jesus.' It is the beautiful symmetry of our Saviour's character which wins our admiration and love, the more we contemplate it; it was a perfect whole. He not only gave liberty to the captive, but sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and motion to the palsied. He not only reproved the aristocratic Pharisee, as well as his rival the Sadducee—the rich man, and the profane drover alike, shared his reproof. Now let us try and imitate him. We have men among us who hurl terrible anathemas upon the slave-holder, calling him thief and murderer, and yet treat their hired help like dogs. I saw, not long ago, a man who is a prominent church member, and a violent abolitionist, beat a poor overloaded horse, till the animal fell down beneath his blows, and died that night from the effect of them. Simon, that man will not sit at the communion-table with a slave-holder. I have known ministers who stand high in our churches as men of talent and zeal, especially in the cause of anti-slavery, who would give a brother minister the lie, and hold him up to the scorn and ridicule of the public, because of difference of opinion. I have seen a man shelter a fugitive slave, and give him his best horse to make good his escape, and turn a weak, feeble step-child from his house. I have seen an abolitionist lady walk to church with a colored fugitive, and read from the same prayer-book with him, and turn a little bound girl into the cellar-kitchen to eat her solitary meal from the cold remnants of the table, at which she had just entertained her sable guest. With all my feelings and principles opposed to slavery, I cannot defend it, but I ask, 'Are these men sinners above all others?' I pity while I condemn; and with him who is long-suffering and gracious, instead of repelling with harsh epithets, I would say to the slave-holder, 'Come, let us reason together.' And I would not deny that we are guilty of the sin of oppression even in New England. You think differently. Let me state a few facts. Nearly sixty years since, a middle-aged man moved from Massachusetts to the northern part of Vermont, then an almost unbroken wilderness. He felled the trees, made a path through the woods, built a log hut, and with his family, a wife and two little boys, almost infants, settled down in the solitude of the forest. Day by day, with his strong arm, he made progress in his clearing, till finally fields of waving corn and rye, and a young orchard, attested his industry. His young, energetic wife was a great help to him. She made sugar from the maple trees, and with her own hands made and tended the garden, so that they had a full supply of vegetables for use. She spun and wove all their garments, taught the boys to read, and what is more, instilled into their minds religious principles, winning them by example and precept to the better way. Two years passed; and this little lodge in the wilderness assumed the air of civilization, almost of refinement. The tasteful hand of the wife had twined flowering vines and a wild grape over the brown logs, hung white, fringed curtains up to the little square windows, and made a rag carpet for the rough pine-floored floor.

They were in debt for the land, but with brave hearts and strong arms they kept up courage, and toiled on. There was a settlement about five miles from there, in the same township of land, where once in a while they went in ox-cart to the meeting in the school-house. It was a rare privilege, however, and the wife and mother contented herself with her Bible and spelling-book; she used to long for better opportunities for her children, but she little knew that this discipline of poverty, and her example, was better than silver and gold to the little ones. Those were, after all, happy days; the rye bread, maple molasses, and roasted potatoes, were their greatest luxuries; hard work made them better to the taste than the feast of an epicure.

Three years passed; the oldest boy was eight, and able to make himself quite useful. He sawed the wood, spaded the garden plot, brought the water, hauled the potatoes, and began to talk very largely about "our land," and "clearing off our debt." His parents smiled, and they too, talked, when the children were asleep, about "our oldest boy," and giving him an education, when they had got rid of their mortgage; indeed, the far distant prospect of a college sometimes loomed in the distance, to the fond mother's eye.

In the midst of these bright hopes, a terrible blow came. It was a cold winter's day, and the snow lay hard and glittering on mountain, plain, and in the thick woods. The father went with his sled to cut wood. Through mismanagement or inadvertence a heavy log fell and crushed him, killing him almost instantly. The oldest child was sent with some message to his father, and following the track of the sled, the poor child found only the breathless corpse. God grant that few children may know the agony of that child in the dark old woods, beside the dead body of his father. But there was no time to sorrow there; he must hurry to his mother, and she must not sit down to mourn. The dead body must be watched

and sending her oldest child to the settlement for aid, she hid her little boy of four years, reminded by the corpse, keeping warm as they could, till help came. It was a mournful scene, that funeral in the forest in mid-winter, with only two or three men, and one woman, who had come to bear the poor wife company!

Three weeks after the funeral another child was born, and the mother, as she looked upon the little one, could only turn from that to heaven and pray. She struggled through the winter, her little boys working beyond their strength, but working in love for mother. Summer came, and hope revived; the oldest boy fancied he could take care of the family "poor child!" his heart was stronger than his body and he had no conception of the withered soul of his old landlord. The latter, finding his debtor was dead, sold the land to pay the mortgage, and the widow and children were homeless. The mother moved into the settlement, and tried to keep her little family together. But the scarlet fever, that scourge of our cold climate, entered her home and prostrated her two oldest boys. They recovered, but days and nights of watching brought upon the mother also a long illness.

The scene was sad enough when the sheriff entered the room where the mother sat with the baby in her arms, and her two boys weeping at her side. "And can't we live with you any more, mother?" said one.

"Not for the present, my child; but God will take care of us."

When the truckle bed was laid off, in which the brothers had slept, as long as they could remember anything, they threw their arms around each other and wept aloud.

"And must I sleep all alone now?" said the younger of the two.

"Hush, hush, mother is crying," said the other; and going to her side, he laid his head on her shoulder and whispered, "Mother, when I get well and strong again, I will work hard, and buy a house for you, and we will all live together again—will we not, mother?"

The last article which the law permitted to be taken, was sold, and the widow and children stood around their desolated hearth in silent sorrow.

The group of men, that assembled at the auction, did not disperse. One of them came in, and after shrugging his shoulders, and making several preparatory heus, said—

"Well, Ma'am, it's hard, I suppose, but it's the only way, and there's no help for it as I know on. Your man's dead—you're weakly, and the young ones sort of ailing, so we've concluded that the family must be bid off."

"Father!" said Simon, rising from his seat, "are you talking about Vermont?"

"Be seated, my son," said Mr. Sewall, quietly. "I am talking about Vermont. It's what we used to call selling the town's poor—bidling for their support."

The widow was first offered by the auctioneer. She was represented as a very smart woman when well, a good spinner and dairy-woman, but she had a young child, and was just getting up from a fever. After some altercation, she was bid off by old Squire Moore, who agreed to take her for twenty-five dollars a-year. The oldest son was fortunate in obtaining a tolerably kind master. He worked hard, and fared poorly, he said, but had the privilege of attending school three months in the winter season, on condition that he should walk three miles and back again in the day, the schoolhouse being that distance from home.

Poor little Seth, the second boy, fared worse. He was six years of age, and was bid off by a rough, rum-drinking farmer, who worked the child beyond his strength, and beat him cruelly up on the least provocation. The little fellow cried himself to sleep in the lonely garret; it was the first time in his life that he had gone to bed without a mother's kiss, or a brother's arm around him. Tears were still visible on his cheek, when he was aroused by the rough voice of the farmer, and bade to dress himself quickly, and bring a pail of water. Now, the well-sweep was very heavy, and the little boy, after trilling in vain to raise the bucket, came in and said he couldn't get any water.

"Don't tell me that story," said his master, and gave him a blow which felled the child to the floor.

Poor little Seth was so homesick—homesick for the only home he had, a mother's arms—that he started early one morning for Squire Moore's. It was four miles, but he knew the way, and had already traveled three miles of it, and saw from a hill that he had just climbed, the red farm-house in which his mother lived, when he heard a rough voice behind bidding him "stop," and in a moment received a sharp cut from a horse-whip across his shoulders.

"Hail I've caught you, you little rascal—wheel about face. There now, march back, and if I find you running away again, I'll take your hide off on you."

Seth obeyed, trembling with fear, and the farmer on horseback drove the boy before him, now and then cracking his whip, to remind the child that he had a master.

"Father!" said Simon.

"Be quiet, my son," said Mr. Sewall. "These were hard times for the widow and her sons, but thanks to the early instructions of that mother, they grew up industrious and God-fearing."

Their first care, when old enough to earn money, was to labor with all their strength, to buy their time, (remember, they were their master's property

and sending her oldest child to the settlement for aid, she hid her little boy of four years, reminded by the corpse, keeping warm as they could, till help came. It was a mournful scene, that funeral in the forest in mid-winter, with only two or three men, and one woman, who had come to bear the poor wife company!

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"Hail I've caught you, you little rascal—wheel about face. There now, march back, and if I find you running away again, I'll take your hide off on you."

Seth obeyed, trembling with fear, and the farmer on horseback drove the boy before him, now and then cracking his whip, to remind the child that he had a master.

"Father!" said Simon.

"Be quiet, my son," said Mr. Sewall. "These were hard times for the widow and her sons, but thanks to the early instructions of that mother, they grew up industrious and God-fearing."

Their first care, when old enough to earn money, was to labor with all their strength, to buy their time, (remember, they were their master's property

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO LITTLE ADDA'S MOTHER.

BY COUNSEL BENT.

"God keeps a niche in heaven to hold our idols."
"Dear friend, thy loving heart is sad,
Thy cheek is bathed in tears;
Affliction's heavy rod is laid
Upon thy youthful years."
The dearest ties that bound thy heart
To earth, have oft been broken;
The sweetest flowers that decked thy path,
Are blooming now in heaven!

I'm thinking, now, how short the time,
Since one so dearly loved
Passed on, and left the scenes of earth,
For higher spheres above.
And then another one was called—
Again, the tear-drops flow;
The eldest of thy sister-band,
Was called upon to go.

She feebly clasped the babe she loved,
To rest its weary form;
An angel snatched a silver string—
Mother and babe were gone—
She wandered to the morning land,
She rested on the shore,
And clasped in her immortal arms
The loved ones gone before.

And now when joyous spring had come,
With all her merry train,
Of birds, and flowers, and singing brooks,
To cheer your heart again;
The little land that just began
Its petals to unfold,
And shed its heavenly ray of light
Around thy innocent soul,

Has faded like the sunset sky,
And fallen from its stem;
God often takes our fairest flowers,
To draw our hearts to Him.

Though now you miss his little step,
And all his prattling voice,
And hear no more his prattling voice,
Through all the summer days;
Yet when God's holy stars at night,
Smile from their radiant sphere,
Methinks your little Adda comes,
To hover round you here.

His little soul, so tried of earth,
He could no longer stay;
Loved voices from the spirit-land
Were calling him away;
Then, leaning on an angel's breast,
He closed his sparkling eyes,
Crossed o'er the stream, and went to dwell
With seraphs in the skies.

Oh, could you see the spirit-band
Of loved ones gone before,
Extending out their waiting hands,
To welcome him on shore,
You would not, e'er to wish him back—
Your tears would cease to flow,
As through the meadows, soft and green,
Clasped hand in hand they go.

THATCHWOOD COTTAGE.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE DEVOUEMENT
OR,
A LEAF FROM CONVENT LIFE.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

The sudden death of my parents during my early childhood, left me at once to the care and guardianship of an uncle, a wealthy planter of Louisiana. This gentleman, the only surviving brother of my deceased mother, having made for himself a home at the sunny South, had there fallen in love with, and married, a lady of French extraction, in her religious belief a strict Catholic.

At the period when I first became an inmate of my worthy relative's family, his only children—two daughters—were both on the eve of marriage, having gratified their ambitious parents' pride, by connecting themselves with men of wealth and position, if not of intellect.

For two years after the departure of my cousins from home, I was sent as a day scholar to an academy in the immediate vicinity of my uncle's residence, which was at that time in the city of New Orleans.

My aunt, a worldly and fashionable woman, at last determined upon breaking up housekeeping, with the intention of spending a year or two in Europe. Being but twelve years of age, and withal a studious and dreamy child, my society would have been looked upon by her as rather more of a bore than a pleasure. It being decided upon to leave me at home, I was sent to the Montreal Convent, where I was to remain until the age of sixteen, at which time I was expected to graduate.

To a child of the North, the idea of convent-life was far from being agreeable; but, inasmuch as my cousins had there completed their education, and the orphan child was denied the privilege of exercising choice in the matter of her schooling, I determined to meet my fate with as brave and contented a heart as possible.

The last sad words of parting exchanged with those who had assumed the office of protector to the weak and parentless, and whom the broad ocean was so soon to shut out from my sight, and I was left to the solitude of my new life.

My admittance into the convent was the dawn of a bright era to my hitherto shapeless existence. To a child of my peculiar temperament, the calm pervading that holy-sanctuary noted—like a charm upon my senses. With no companions but books and my own thoughts, I was soon comparatively happy. My chief aim was to attain a high rank in my studies, and to graduate with the noblest honours of my class. To do this needed no slight degree of energy and perseverance upon the part of one who had never known what it was to enjoy perfect health from the first hour of her existence.

My petite figure and gentle ways, rather than any degree of physical beauty that was mine, made me at once the pet of the convent. At that time, I was the youngest pupil in the school; but though a mere child in point of years, I yet possessed more true dignity and strength of character than many young ladies of eighteen.

At the end of two years my aunt and uncle returned from Europe. Permission was now requested for me to visit them. I hailed this slight respite from study with delight, for previous to this time I had passed my vacations at the convent, regretting, alas, that I, unlike my companions, had no dear parents to visit me—no beloved home to return to.

Perhaps it was my youth, together with the extreme loneliness of my situation, that gained for me the love and sympathy of the entire sisterhood. The usual reserve of manner which the nuns exercise towards their pupils, seemed in my case to be laid aside. Perceiving my delicate appetite and natural distaste for the food oftentimes set upon the refectory table, they would slyly invite me into their seclusion to dine with them once or twice a week, where their

well-furnished board seemed actually groaning under its weight of luxuries. In vain they tempted my sense of taste with choice fruits and delicious wines. I seldom touched them, knowing, as I did, that the great partiality extended towards me was done under cover of secrecy, lest it should excite the suspicion and displeasure of my fellow-students.

My trip to New Orleans was not productive of so much pleasure as I had anticipated. Absorbed in making preparations for her intended residence in Paris, with whose gayeties she had become perfectly infatuated, I occupied but a small portion of my aunt's mind and time. She inquired slightly into my studies, and remarked that my uncle would either come or send to me from France, after I had graduated. The three weeks I spent with her—or, rather, at her house—were so tedious and irksome to me, that I was not sorry when the time arrived for me to return to the convent. The sea voyage, however, benefitted my health somewhat, so that, after all, I had no cause to regret the long journey I had so hopefully undertaken.

My readers are probably aware that the sleeping apartment awarded to the pupils of the convent, is called a dormitory. It is a long hall, furnished with rows of beds, which, if not always comfortable, possess at least one virtue—that of cleanliness. At either extremity of the room stands a bed, which is occupied by one of the sisters, whose duty it is to see that the lights are extinguished, and the pupils safely ensconced in their beds at a prescribed hour.

My particular supervisor was a nun called Sister Margaret. From the first hour of our acquaintance, I had become strangely interested in her. Her face was one of surpassing beauty. The expression of her countenance was by no means spiritual, the rich olive complexion and at times flashing black eye, betokening her French origin. There was an air of extreme haughtiness about her person, which seemed to indicate disgust for the kind of life she was now pursuing.

Her tone of command and repulsive manner were in no way calculated to win the love and respect of her pupils. They both feared and disliked her. I was the single exception to the general rule, for I really loved Sister Margaret. Upon me she bestowed as much affection as I believed a nature like hers capable of showing. I could not think that the beautiful features of that at times brilliant face had always been so chiseled and severe in their expression. I was sure that some great sorrow, or perhaps crime, had cured the current of her once joyous and happy life into a frozen channel, which the sunlight of love might never penetrate and melt.

These were my thoughts in the silent night, as I sat shivering upon my couch, with book in hand, and straining my eyes by the feeble rays of the night-lamp, over my lesson for the morrow.

As her bed was close beside my own, I had full opportunity to scan that glorious, yet mysterious, countenance, in its calm and statue-like repose. Sometimes she would sigh and start in her sleep, and then a sad and troubled look would sweep across her fair brow, as if some sudden sorrow had fallen like a dark shadow upon her heart.

Again the large black eyes would dilate, until they seemed to emit fire; the usually pale, olive cheek reddened, while, with firmly set teeth, and clenched hands, she would mutter words full of revenge, in which the name of Henri was alone distinguishable. At first I believed my beautiful yet cold teacher metamorphosed into some human fiend, and, seeing the full and lustrous eyes unclose, fancied her awake, and about to murder me. But the frequent repetitions of such night-scenes proved to me that such singular conduct was the result of nightmare, arising from a distressed or over-excited state of mind. One thing I did wish, which was, that I were gifted with the artist's power, in order that I might sketch upon canvas the varying emotions of that singularly lovely face.

Of course Sister Margaret was never conscious of talking in her sleep, and I never mentioned the subject to her when awake. Once I did venture to ask if she were contented to spend her entire life within a convent. I fancied that a shadow of regret passed over her face, and a tear glistened in her dark eye; if so, it was but momentary, for the next instant her features resumed their stern expression, as she replied, "that she was both happy and content with the life her own choice had dictated."

I said no more, but went on with my French lesson, of which language Sister Margaret was a most thorough and accomplished teacher. I had just entered upon my fourth and last year, when one morning, at the conclusion of mass, I was told that a gentleman awaited me in the parlor. Not being allowed to receive company, except in the presence of one of the nuns, I was accordingly attended by Sister Frances.

The deep crease on the hat of my uncle bespoke some recent affliction. In a tremulous voice, he informed me of the unexpected death of his wife. He had come purposely to deliver her dying message, which was a request that I should embrace the Catholic faith, and, taking the veil, henceforth dedicate my life to the service of God.

I received this peculiar communication with respect, promising, at the same time, to think well upon the subject before deciding. My companion, sister Frances, only too glad, at the prospect of attaining what is looked upon in their eyes as one of the greatest triumphs of their faith, namely, the conversion of a heretic; and, still more elated at the idea of a new acquisition, by way of a fortune to the convent, conversed long and earnestly upon the subject, without lifting her face once from the floor, it being a rule, or rather law, of all convents, that no nun shall ever look a man in the face.

My uncle left me, seriously believing that my youthful and enthusiastic mind was one easily to be wrought upon by the show and fascination of the Catholic religion, and with the idea that it would take but a few months to render me entirely subservient to the will of my deceased relative.

I was devotedly attached to my teachers, was certain; besides possessing an honorable ambition to excel in my studies, that, in graduating, I might not only reflect great credit upon myself, but also upon the institution.

Further than that, I saw no good reason for my prolonging my stay at the convent. I was young, inexperienced, knowing little or nothing of society, yet anxious to travel and explore the old world, which my large fortune afforded me ample means to do. Were I to fulfill the dying request of my deceased aunt, I should, in so doing, sacrifice all the happiness I had dreamed of in the future, at the shrine of religious faith, besides the settlement of all my property upon the convent, with which I became connected.

Determining to adhere to my Protestant creed, I pursued my studies with increased energy. About this time my health—which had long been giving way from over-labor and close confinement—began to fail me very perceptibly. So much night-work had affected my eyesight, aside from the general weakness of my body.

I was now obliged to spend a good portion of my time in the infirmary connected with the establishment. Sister Margaret did all in her power to lighten my task, while her pleasant voice, and sweet smile, oftentimes made me forget my own physical sufferings.

A new brother had been admitted to the priesthood; a man, I should judge, of some thirty-five years. His closely shaven head, monk's cowl, and coarse dress, could in no way conceal the great beauty of his person. The circumstances that had led him to seek an asylum in the convent, were not generally known by the sisterhood, having only been confided to the Bishop and Mother Superior.

His numerous accomplishments showed him to be a man of fine intellect, while the fervor and zeal of his religious faith excited the admiration of the entire convent. His great beauty and brilliant conversational power made him the theme of constant discussion among the young ladies. Full of conjectures, they tried in vain to solve the problem of his position in early life. One believed him a deposed monarch; another the chief patriot of some new revolution, who was forced to seek safety in retirement. All their debates, however, threw no light upon his previous history. The only thing known regarding him was, that he bore the name of St. John among the fraternity, and that he was master of some six languages.

I had always a passion for Italian, not merely because of the help it would afford me in my musical studies, but because, when spoken, its accent was always particularly melodious and soft to my ear. Resolving to see sunny Italy, (God permitting) upon the close of my school days, I became anxious to make myself conversant with its characteristic language.

Brother John was accordingly appointed my teacher. Under his careful tuition I soon made rapid progress, notwithstanding my feeble health. I was far in advance of the several members of my class, while Brother John's constant praise of my fine brain, and retentive memory, excited no little jealousy among my companions.

Sister Margaret was still as kind and attentive as ever, and I began to give over the thought of a separation from one who had proved herself so true a friend to the orphan-girl, when a circumstance occurred which left a fearful and lasting impression upon my mind.

As weeks rolled on, my handsome tutor continued to be as assiduous as ever in his attentions; but I was too intently engaged with my studies to perceive them. Observing me frequently engrossed in deep thought, St. John inquired the cause of my abstraction. His tender manner quite surprised me, and, starting and coloring deeply, I replied, "that I was busy with the composition of my graduating poem." We were alone, and he proceeded to extol my virtues, the brilliancy of my intellect, together with the spiritual beauty of my face.

Unused to such flattery from the lips of a holy man, and alarmed at the impudence of my companion, I turned to leave the apartment, hoping, thereby, to put a speedy end to such rash conversation. He stretched out his hand to detain me, when, at that moment, the door opened, and Sister Margaret appeared upon the threshold.

St. John trembled, and hastily crossed himself, as he met the unexpected glance of that fiery eye, as the nun stood for several minutes regarding him without uttering a word. Half dead with fright at the shame of my situation, I bent a hasty retreat from the room.

From that hour Sister Margaret's manner seemed strangely cold and altered towards me, so much so, as to excite the notice of my school-mates, who exulted the more over my misfortune, from the fact of my constant defence of one whom they all mutually hated.

A week or ten days after the above-mentioned incident took place, I perceived, upon retiring one night, a small note peeping out from underneath my pillow. I endeavored to conceal it, by placing it within my bosom, until a favorable moment should occur for me to read it. But even so quick a movement on my part did not escape the observation of my eagle-eyed friend. I felt her burning gaze upon me, as, with a show of composure, I placed the sealed missive in her hand.

All the time she was perusing it, I watched the changing emotions of her countenance. Her turns she became first pale, then red. I gazed upon her with half suspended breath, and dreading the storm of wrath which was fast gathering upon her brow. The note dropped from her hand, while her usually beautiful face grew cloudy and distorted, until it assumed a fiendish expression, such as I had before seen in her sleep.

I dared not speak to her, but sat upon the side of my couch, like one transfixed with fear. I would have raised the fatal epistle from the floor, but had not strength to do so.

At last she murmured in a voice husky with passion, "Henri Pelletier, you have wrought the ruin of one faithful heart, and now, under the garb of sanctity, would seek a fresh victim! Mon Dieu! this must not be, while Adelaide Clare has power to thwart your base scheme!"

Her strange words and determined manner raised my curiosity. I ventured to inquire the meaning of such singular language. Giving me the note, which, in the violence of her passion she had crushed beneath her feet, she bade me to draw nearer to the light and read it.

It was from St. John, and addressed to myself. I started at the truth of his intention flashed upon my unsuspecting mind. In a brief manner he boldly declared his love for me. My splendid intellect had dazzled his senses, and gratified his pride; rather than won his heart. He was ambitious to enter society once again, and with me for his wife, he should gain an honorable entrance into the highest European circles, whose elegant saloons I was so well fitted to adorn.

In conclusion, he urged me to fly with him to France, where, with a small patrimony inherited from an uncle, and the receipts (derived from the practice of his former profession, medicine) he hoped to obtain a comfortable, if not luxurious, living for himself and bride. He desired me to meet him outside the convent wall, at the hour of twelve, the following night, when he would have a carriage and post-horses in readiness to convey us to the adjoining town, where, having bribed the confidence of a priest, we were to be married, embarking immedi-

ately for France. My silence was to give consent to my willingness to elope with him. His last words were cautioning me to preserve the strictest secrecy in the matter, and warning me to keep a careful lookout for the vigilance of Sister Margaret, as she was our enemy, and would seek to work our common ruin. This note was signed with his real name, which was Henri Pelletier, St. John being the one given him upon his admittance into the holy brotherhood.

"If this be the doctrine preached by one of the disciples of the church, then may heaven preserve his followers!" cried I, tearing the note in a hundred pieces and scattering it upon the floor. My usually cool blood was fairly boiling with indignation, at the presumption of such a proposal, from one who professed to be a devoted follower of Christ.

My first impulse was to expose the whole affair to the fraternity, which would result, of course, in St. John's total excommunication from the priesthood; but this, Sister Margaret begged me not to do in all mercy for her sake. I then determined to reply to his missive, in language expressive of the scorn and anger with which I rejected his bold offer of marriage. Margaret was filled with contempt and disgust towards one who would not only violate the oath he had sworn before God, never to marry when entering His divine service, but would also seek to wed her whom he never loved, except for base and mercenary motives. I felt that I should hate the man, who only desired to turn my accomplishments to his own ambitious account, and who was content to possess my hand without my heart.

My insulted and excited manner seemed to alarm Sister Margaret, who imploring me to be calm, began to communicate her past history. She was, like myself, an orphan, confided at an early age to the care of a bachelor uncle, whose mind was only stored with avarice and cunning. At the age of sixteen she was married, against her consent, to a man who was some forty years her senior, and who had ingratiated himself into the favor of her almost bankrupt uncle, by the loan of large sums of money, the only equivalent required being the hand of his beautiful niece in marriage.

Forced into a union with a man whose habits and tastes were entirely dissimilar, the poor and duped child of fortune soon found herself a slave, bound in golden fetters to a man whom she neither loved nor respected.

Finding the health of his child-bride failing, and anxious to exhibit her beauty at court, the old millionaire left New Orleans for France. Here Adelaide was placed under the treatment of Henri Pelletier, a young and rising physician of that city. The rare beauty of his patient excited an unholy passion in the breast of the base-hearted doctor, whose apparent anxiety for the recovery of his young charge, had admitted him at once to the confidence of Clare, and the hospitality of his house.

The husband of Adelaide spending most of his evenings at the gaming-table, Pelletier was the constant companion of the young wife. Artfully insinuating himself into her affections, under the cloak of friendship, he gained first her love, then cruelly robbed her of that brightest ornament, a woman's honor!

Having accomplished his foul purpose, Pelletier pronounced the disease of his patient incurable, and settling accounts with her husband for medicinal treatment, closed up his lodgings and left the country.

Finding herself deceived and deserted by him whom she had loved wildly and madly, Adelaide knew not where to turn for sympathy. The sale of her diamonds, and various articles of jewelry, realized for her several hundred dollars. With the aid of a faithful servant she secretly left France for America, having previously left upon her dressing-table a note, saying, that having been robbed of her honor by him who had declared himself their mutual friend, and, unable to survive her disgrace, she had drowned herself. This conviction was only the more confirmed by finding the hat and shawl of the betrayed wife hanging upon the parapet of the bridge overlooking the Seine. After dragging the river in vain for her body, the enraged husband wandered restlessly over Europe, seeking, without success, for the cruel seducer of his wife. In Florence, the City of Flowers, he breathed his last, murmuring forgiveness for his poor wife, but cursing the name of Pelletier.

Landing at Halifax, Adelaide Clare wore away two or three miserable years of remorse and grief, thence proceeded to Montreal, where taking the veil, she became a member of the order of the black nuns, two years previous to my entering the convent.

The sad story of her wrongs concluded, I threw myself upon Sister Margaret's neck and wept for some time. My sympathy comforted her, and she told me of the deep love she still entertained for St. John, and which she had tried for years to stifle in her breast. Her tones grew soft and tender, as she breathed the name of Pelletier and I could not but think how utterly unworthy Pelletier was of such a devoted and constant woman, as even the sinful Adelaide.

Yielding to her wishes, I made no reply to St. John's note, which silence, he construed into willingness upon my part to elope with him. The following night Sister Margaret and I retired at our usual hour. When I awoke the next morning my teacher's bed was empty, and the greatest excitement prevailed throughout the convent. I entered the parlor, where were assembled a large crowd of the sisters and pupils, with sorrowful faces and streaming eyes. I approached the sofa, and my gaze fell upon the dead body of Sister Margaret. She was found stretched upon the ground outside the convent wall at daylight, with a deep wound in her breast, as if produced by the thrust of a dagger.

St. John being missed from morning mass, suspicion readily fastened upon him as the murderer. Yet the true circumstances of the case were known to none save myself within the convent. The shock occasioned by Sister Margaret's violent death so worked upon my nerves that I was thrown into a fever, during which time I laid insensible for weeks. Upon recovering, the whole truth of the affair flashed plainly upon my mind. Absorbed in her unconquerable love for St. John, Adelaide Clare had met him on the night assigned for our elopement. Disappointed at the non-success of his artful scheme, and in dread of exposure at the hands of Margaret, he had cruelly murdered his once innocent victim upon the spot. From that day the names of St. John and Sister Margaret were sealed words upon the lips of the inmates of the convent.

Five years ago, while on board the steamer from Havre, bound for America, my husband was taken seriously ill. For days I watched unconsciously be-

side his couch, until life began slowly, but surely, to revive. It was a dark, still night in October, when I stole away from his bed, where he lay quietly sleeping, to catch the cool air upon deck. I had not been there alone many moments before a tall, dark figure whispered in my ear—"God and you shall alone bear witness to my death!" I glanced at the face—it was that of St. John; the next moment he had thrown himself from the railing of the deck into the foaming waves below.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUR EVA.

BY MARGIE CARROL.

"Fold her, oh, father, in Thine arms,
And let her hitherforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thine."

This afternoon the lovely little form that shined our gem of immortality, was consigned to the cold, moist ground, for the spirit pearl had been borne away by the angels, to deck the heavenly shore.

How that sweet, God-given pearl glorified the tiny casket that enfolded it. It was hard to lay it away like a worn out raiment, hard to crush back our falling tears, so that, looking upward, we may see our jewel shining 'mid the stars.

We twined white roses over the fairy form, and placed them in the tiny waxen fingers. Sweet, summer-scented blossoms, fair and frail as their bud and bloom, were to us the life of our baby-land, our flower from God's great beautiful garden. The earth-light had fallen upon the snow-pure leaves, and the angels from the higher walks looked down pityingly; how peacefully the green meadow-lands of heaven stretched out and away under the never-darkening skies! Should they not transplant that fading soul-rose thither? There the earth-winds might never snap the slender stem, the earth-worm feel upon the tender heart, or the rain of earthly sorrow crush it in the dust. A bright presence stole gently over our threshold, and enfolding our sweet treasure with loving arms, we carried it to those waiting bands, and now it blooms beautifully upon the banks of the "still waters."

"Still waters," whose unholly depths mirrored their pure glory in those holly wells of thought, our baby's eyes, whose deep soul-satisfying peace hallowed our baby's stainless brow. We have folded the small, soft hands in their long rest, sweet hands that were never tired with coiling, and taking one dear, loving look upon the calm face, whose precious angel-likeness will never alter or grow cold, we put the useless vestment away, and have returned to our homeless home. How dark this home will be without our baby darling; how desolate our life, without the print of those tiny feet along its many paths.

But why do we still cling to the blind wish that they might have lingered? Are those many paths so beautiful and smooth that we long to lead our pet child through them? Ah, no, indeed! of their cruel roughness to tender feet, how well we who have grown older, know.

Without the print of those tiny feet, oh, mourning parents, look above! see to what holy heights those tiny feet have climbed. A few unaltered imprints on your lower walks, and now shining like stars upon the golden highway of heaven. Let us time our steps to their harmonious measure. Looking upon their impress here, let us endeavor to follow their faultless way, and not turn aside into strange roads, because our brother may stray there; and, looking upward to their flower-gemmed journeyings onward, let us strive, by our life and our loves, to attain those radiant hill-tops, and mark our progress with such glorious lightness, as strews the paths those little feet have trod.

And not only there, amid the unlighted blooms of the other country, does our little darling wander; although we do not see them, we know by the tender touch upon our hearts, that the figure of our fairy angel often stands upon our threshold, and those soft hands rest fondly in our own, and that as she grows older in the higher life, she will gently strive to lead us in the way we should go.

Aye, it was hard to lay that little form under the earth-sod; but we know that there is its heaven-born likeness blooming in still more angelic loveliness in the upper garden of God—blooming far away from the poor sunlight that storms can hide, in those celestial summer realms. Who would call our Eva thence? Who would summon her from the arms of the angels, so mighty to shield, to ours, so weak to protect? From the glory and the peace there, to the sorrow, dimness, and discord here? Who would, if they possessed the perfect power, unearth that buried garment, and call the free spirit back to put it on? Ah, no one! no one! though many tears are flowing, not even the mother who purchased its brief sojourn here with half her earthly life.

DIGBY'S FAST DAY RIDE.—On the last holiday, for which we were indebted to the kindness and partiality of Gov. Banks, Digby bargained with a jockey friend of his for the use of his fastest nag. Now Digby had been a temporary in-stallment for some days, and, on coming into the open air, was quite willing to show his perigrative ability. So scarcely were the first forty rods left behind, than he started off at a burly, unpleasant trot—which as naturally ripened into a gallop as a tailpole into a bullfrog. Digby became alarmed; and, of course, protested; but vainly. The "good time" he had anticipated was already turned from indifferent to bad, and was quickly progressing toward worse. Digby bethought himself that Shakespeare somewhere says—

"Screw your courage to the sticking point,
And we'll not fall."

So he resolved to be heroic, and tugged with all his available strength upon the reins. Alas! poor Digby! They gave way!—and scarcely had the wheels of his vehicle made a dozen revolutions, before he was laid, not so softly as might be, on the grass beside the road. The horse having got rid of the chief incumbrance, took "a turn or two for fun," round the various roads, and, in the course of an hour, his own instinct guided him back to his stable. In another hour, Digby made his appearance, slightly rumpled in appearance, to anxiously inquire for the horse. His friend, the stablekeeper, solaced him with the news of his safe return, though *sans* driver; and, with a malicious leer, he asked Digby how he liked his horse. Digby, as usual, put the best face on the matter, and replied: "Why, Dave, to tell the truth, between you and me, I was quite carried away with him!"

A postmaster, somewhere, writes to the editors of a paper, as follows:—"The Courier, addressed to N. O. Moore of this place, is the Courier, wanted. N. O. Moore being no more, his executors decline taking it any more."

thing about that; and he did not think they did. The Scriptures nowhere taught it. 2. He had been charged with throwing the rite of communion open to all the congregation. He had been misunderstood. The rite is celebrated in memory of Christ. Some held it to be an ordinance strictly within the church. He did not. It was proper for those who loved Christ, and held him in warm remembrance, and strove to live his life, to unite in it, and for none others. Mere church-membership could, accordingly, give no title to sit at the Lord's table; and if there were any such in his church—mere nominal Christians without the soul—he did not invite them on the present occasion; but charged them to keep away. On the other hand, there were warm-hearted lovers of the Lord—members of Orthodox churches, Unitarians, Catholics, Swedenborgians and Universalists; and persons of no particular faith; and some whom points of conscience prevented from uniting with any church—whom he must invite to the ordinance. They were true members of the body of Christ—whether recognized by the world as such or not, and he could not exclude them. He thought all ought to unite with some church, if possible, but each must judge for himself. The Lord's table was free; and in accordance with these views, Mr. Beecher gave out his invitation in his usual catholic form. The Plymouth church now numbers some fourteen hundred members, having received an accession of about four hundred during the last few months.

Dr. Gray read an essay before the Lyceum, last Sunday, on the identity of all religions. Three central ideas are found common to all, viz.: the Divine Incarnation, Immortality, and Rewards and Punishments in another life, or happiness and unhappiness, in accordance with one's moral condition.

Mr. Loveland speaks in Brooklyn to-morrow. Dr. Redman is absent from the city, in attendance on his sick wife at Hartford, where he is likely to be detained for some days. Munson, however, has made other arrangements, so that his public circles—already regarded as an indispensable institution—are prosperously continued. His chief medium is Conklin.

Prof. Brittan is rusticiating for a day or two with his family at Newark; but I presume not many suns will be suffered to revolve before he will be in the field again; in what direction, I have not learned.

YORK.

REMARKABLE PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS AT BRIGHTON.

BRIGHTON, JULY 8th, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—During the present week certain demonstrations of spirit presence and power have been given at my residence, which are so wonderful that I think it proper to send you the facts. Mrs. J. W. Currier, a medium who has lately entered the field, and who is an eloquent exponent of the truths of immortality, is now visiting at my house. Last night myself and family sat for the purpose of obtaining tests.

At the commencement of the sitting, my son who passed on to the spheres some years since, made himself visible to the medium, so that she described him accurately; he then promised me that he would give manifestations such as should entirely satisfy me. He promised to bring from an adjoining room a miniature, containing his likeness, also to present me with some flowers.

The first indications that we received of an invisible physical agency, were the dropping of several stones, and a couple of white sea shells, from the ceiling directly above us. A few moments afterwards the miniature of my son was dropped in my daughter's lap. Next, a small bouquet of fresh flowers, after taking a graceful sweep over our heads, alighted upon the carpet in the midst of the circle. I could give you a more extended report of these things, but time will not permit; therefore, I will pass unnoticed several interesting tests, and proceed to relate the most extraordinary manifestation that I have ever witnessed in my whole life.

The medium, Mrs. C., was sitting within a few feet of a large serpentine, when she became suddenly entranced, and improvised, and sang a wild but beautiful air, and while she sung, an invisible agent, whom, I have no doubt, was my son, played an accompaniment upon the serpentine, with most thrilling effect. At the request of the medium's husband, a friend of mine, Mrs. Knowles, held Mrs. Currier's hands all the time during this remarkable scene; this was done merely to render the demonstration more positive in its nature.

I am aware that my statement will be incredible to many; nevertheless, "Truth is mighty," and what I have written I know to be strictly true. I know that a miniature, flowers, &c., were brought into my parlor by some power beyond that of mortals, and I have no doubt whatever that this mysterious power was used by my son's spirit.

When we take into consideration the fact, that no individual was within reach of the instrument, and that a serpentine is a wild instrument, and, from its peculiar construction, requires the combined action of the hands and feet of the operator, the fact of its being played upon is wonderful indeed.

I would also state, that, upon different occasions, while in Mrs. Currier's presence, I have seen a very heavy table, and also a piano, moved with a force more than equal to the strength of a very powerful man. Names of deceased persons have been spelled out, and intelligence given in various ways. And these things have occurred without any contact with the medium's hands or person. Now I would ask the opposers of the spiritual hypothesis, what theory or philosophy will explain these wonders, other than the agency of disembodied spirits?

DANIEL SHILLABEER.

MESSAGE TESTED.

BOSTON, JULY 12, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—Having known Capt. Oliver Bacon, of Woburn—who was quite a remarkable man in his way—I would briefly say that the communication which appeared in the Banner of June 26th, was to my mind eminently characteristic of him in the general tenor and compass, in matter and in spirit. I have frequently heard him, in friendly conversation, make use of precisely the same peculiar expressions and comparisons as are found in the communication. Indeed, the whole message gives every evidence of being his own—an emanation from him.

Yours truly, G. A. B.

J. V. MANSFIELD RECREATING.

Mr. M., the letter-writing medium, of Boston, informs us that in consequence of close application to his calling, his physical health is at a low ebb. He therefore intends to go into the country on the 17th of the present month, to return on the first of August. His friends and the public will govern themselves accordingly.

Sabbath in Boston:

MRS. HYZER AT THE MELODEON.

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer, the well known poet-medium, made her first appearance before a Boston audience.

After being introduced by Dr. Gardner, she rose, and made a few remarks, asking her auditors not to expect any difficult or marvelous performance from her, but only the gentle inspiration of the angel-world—and then sang, accompanying herself on a melodeon, a simple, plaintive, touching air, the music of which was unlike anything we ever before heard.

She then spoke, in substance as follows:—I find it written in the interior recesses of my soul, that he who is most capable of understanding the natural laws and manifestations of God, and of adoring and worshipping that God, without binding himself down to any book or creed, is the best prepared to discuss the Bible in its true light. The man who is tied down by any chain of theological ideas, is not so competent to think and candidly investigate the inspiration of our Father, as the fresh and vigorous mind, which will turn over every page, and find God there, and beauty everywhere. Let us be rightly understood, not as believing that God was revealed more in the past than in the present, but that all thought is from God, and every idea is eternal.

It is claimed by those who oppose Spiritualism, that it seeks to trample under foot the Bible and its teachings; but it comes forth to rescue the past, and to give the right language to the records of the past, and thus harmonize the past with the present, so that humanity may be blessed. When the child is taught the commandments of the Scripture, and the words of Christ, that child is taught devotion. When you say the Bible means no more to us now than it did eighteen hundred years ago, you show that you have not been developed up to the demand of the times. I do know God spoke in the past, that he speaks in the present, and that he will speak in the future.

"Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

Who are those who claim to believe in revelations from God? Are they those who recognize the divinity of all mankind, or those who combat the intellectual nature, and deprive it of its dignity and power?

Do we love with our heart? Truly no more than with any other part of the body; but it is used as a figurative expression, to denote the affectional nature. Can there be less of affection and sympathy in God than there is in the mother's love for her offspring? No! Her love lasts forever; can God's love be less enduring? No! The mother's love to-day asks of her Father for the evidence or impression that her loved one still lives in the world of angels; and is the mind which receives no response, so prepared to worship the Great Divine, as if the answer came?

We are just as dependent on the inspiration of the present time as on that of the past, to teach the glory of the spirit-life. It is vain to believe that any pulse beats outside of the great rules of the Divine. We think of errors, wrongs and vices, and it is well that we do; but let us contend against them kindly and lovingly, and look up in every brother and sister, who thinks different from us as brother and sister still, and the children of the Father of us all. Extend the hand of Christian sympathy, and assist them in the path of goodness. There is not a soul in existence who does not need the spirit of worship to Divinity; and when we can answer all the questions of our nature, we shall better know how to worship him in spirit and in truth.

Man, though deprived of scholastic education, can yet worship in the great temple of nature, even if he knows not the first letter of his alphabet.

Mankind, instead of practicing charity with the hope of a return, should do it for its own sweet sake, and love to do others good, because it makes them happier, and so, by-and-by, he will go forth doing good, because he cannot help it any more than the flower can help shedding its perfume to the air. It is with the little things in our way that we build up the great tower of truth, in which the birds of lovely music sing. We recognize the power of our Good Father, and from the fullness of our soul we can only say, "Thy will be done!" We are so pervaded with blessings, that we cannot ask for more! We cannot ask for anything that we have not, except that we may be taught to bear the blessings God has endowed us with.

It may be called poetical imagination—this cultivation of the intellect and of the spiritual nature; and it may be called poetry in life—good enough to write about, or to talk about—but insanity to think of making practical. Can the child, thus conceived, be too frail to bear the reality of life? If it should be called all romance, and if it should be said that his Satanic Majesty was the author, I would say that romance is better than falsehood, and that I would rather worship a Devil on a high plane, than a God on a grade beneath him.

How can we do good to our fellow-men? Look upon the lowest nature on earth, as he sits in his degradation, cursing his God and humanity! Go not to him with that which he cannot understand, but give him just that amount which his soul can bear. If you go to him, and ask him if he loves God and his fellow-men, he says, No—that he can love no God who curses him, nor a humanity which passes him by in contempt. You ask him if he remembers the love of a mother; and he may be one of those in early life deprived of a mother's care, and the memory of her has faded from his soul. Then ask him if he never felt love for another. No soul ever existed without this feeling. So you have gone down step by step into the bottom of his soul, and reached the pure germ, hidden, perhaps, by the rust and mold of years of sin and suffering. When you are pure, you never need fear contamination from those beneath you.

Even in the earth-life, we may become as perfect as our Father in Heaven is perfect—as high in our sphere as he is in his—though relatively, rather than absolutely.

When we learn to practice charity and kindness as a necessity of our being, angels will bless us, God will bless us, and we shall learn to love our neighbor, truly, devotedly, and even as we love ourselves.

The exercises closed with another hymn improvised by the medium.

In the evening, as in the morning, the exercises were opened and concluded by impromptu singing, and playing by the medium.

She said: Man has an intellectual nature, and an

intuitive nature; but unless these two are wedded, he is not true, beautiful or divine. They must be united in God's own true conjugality. Often in the past, intellect has taken the lead, without the aid of intuition, and, again, intuition has controlled man without the guidance of intellect.

Man goes forth in the world that he may become great, and obtain a fame which others shall fall down and worship. He glories in the power of his intellect and throws intuition aside. He studies the stars, but only to obtain knowledge—not to cultivate his soul's impulses. So he goes into the laboratory of the chemist, and into all the sciences, that he may satiate his thirst for knowledge. But in all the pride of his intellect he finds not God. He does not seek to build himself an altar on which to worship the God of wisdom. Religious minds, viewing intellectual man, have been prompted to ask—"Do you not see that the more knowledge man obtains, the further he is led away from God?"

So with intuition when severed from intellect. We find men carrying devotion and worship to excess, and fostering that spirit which builds up the faggots around the martyr's stake. It has inculcated into man the necessities of his own nature; and if man does not recognize everything through its channel, it has prepared for him the instruments of torture. The mind governed by intuition alone, is always right in its own conceit, and never finds itself at fault.

Had the intellect guided the intuition of those who were seeking to know more of God in the past, they would have learned to search the soul of their brother man, and compare his acts with his condition; then they would not assume the position of judge. Each living soul is equally true to the powers that control him.

Had intellect been deprived of its selfishness, and wedded to intuition, it would have gone forth beautified and strengthened in purity. But now it investigates Spiritualism from the standpoint of old intuition, and so protests that it wants nothing to do with the worship of Spiritualism—it has seen enough of religion and hypocrisy—two often has the religious world attempted to crowd upon it beliefs without facts to sustain them—it is all false and illusive. It says—"Give me power to estimate the distance of the stars—of deciphering the language of age on the rocks—and I ask for none of your religion."

But we find in Spiritualism the poetry of the highest inspiration and intellect. So that when the man of learning goes out to measure the stars, everything teaches him devotion, and when a new discovery is made in the world of intellect, intuition puts on a new smile.

All that is beautiful and spiritual will be the offspring of this wedlock of intellect and intuition, and everything will take a new light, and become divine and bright, and true; the enigmas of the past will be unravelled, and man shall find that the more he knows, the better he will be prepared to worship his God.

Some have said that the tendencies of Spiritualism are to break down and trample on the past. But this hypothesis is false. The past is more valuable to us than it is to any other. Baptism and salvation mean more to the Spiritualist to-day, than to those who have lived all along back in the past ages of the world. It was to them but a shell, which they could not probe, but the marriage of intuition and intellect breaks that shell, and the beautiful bird of paradise soars aloft. It is true that we regard not form. It is said that we believe not in baptism, in repentance, nor in salvation. But there is no one on earth who knows what they mean better than the Spiritualist. He knows that repentance is the recognition of an error, which is the consciousness that we are one step higher than we had been—and a growing desire to go higher still. We cannot go back no more than a man can again go back into the stature and years of childhood.

Some talk of the backsliding of Spiritualists. Such a thing is morally impossible. A man who has heard a few raps, or seen a table tip, may be governed for a time by an insane enthusiasm, but he has never baptised his soul in the splendor of spiritual truth, or he would not fall. If he had a true spiritual stand-point, it would be as impossible for him to backslide, as for the bird to re-enter the shell from which it sprang. Do you not know that there is a difference between an inspiration and a growth? Yet we must be baptised with inspiration before we can grow; so baptism is essential to salvation. Inspiration, like air, is around us everywhere.

The prophecies from a higher life come to man in a degree corresponding to the conditions which surround him. Whatever may be the condition of our spiritual nature, so does God speak to us; and as we progress upward, and reach higher planes, we almost feel that God himself has changed. Two thousand years ago, men worshipped a changeable God—to-day all smiles, and to-morrow jealous of this or that of his creatures, and governed by wrath and vengeance. But was not that God the same that we worship to-day? Therefore, just in proportion as we take a higher view of him, so does his inspiration come to us.

As landmarks of progress in the past, we find the infidel standing out against all forms of religion, and meeting the malice of all religions and creeds. The very fact that he thus stood out against them, was grand and noble in him. The ecclesiastical conception of God seemed to him unreal, and so he refused to believe, until he could have that amount of testimony necessary to overcome his doubts—for belief is not optional, but always dependent upon testimony. So the infidel mind stood, firmly and beautifully through those times when intellect was severed from intuition, till the present dispensation came to satisfy his needs. This, then, is brought up against the morals of Spiritualism, that it receives the infidel into its fold! Is it immoral to teach men to believe in their own immortality?

None can better understand the verse from the New Testament that says—"If thy right eye offend thee pluck it out, and cast it from thee, for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body be cast into hell," than the Spiritualist. It is better to lose the eye of our interior nature, when we know it deceiveth us, than that the whole body be cast into a hell of inharmonious. A religion of hope, of faith, or of desire, will not make us free; but the religion of intellect and soul, going forth in their greatness, and blessed by the truth, is destined to supply the needs of humanity. Thus the free spiritual mind will go back into the past, and on into the future, and find the dependence of each upon the present. Then we can make the Bible of some use to us, because we can understand it better under the new eye of intellectual perception. Then we can take it into our hands and question and criticize it fearlessly, and

great, divine truths will leap out, just because we dared to question it. The Bible now fosters a system of idolatry. We would break up that idolatry, though we would not harm its divinity. We would not, if we could, and could not if we would.

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL.

Sunday Morning, July 11th.

[ABSTRACT REPORT.]

The exercises commenced by a voluntary from the choir, after which were sung the three following verses from the pen of our noble Longfellow:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead, that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

Life is real—life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art—to dust returnest—
Was not spoken of the soul."

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

PRAYER.

Oh, thou Infinite Spirit! who dwellest in houses not made with hands, whose abode is in all matter and all space, we flee unto thee for strength in the performance of every duty. We ask thee for gratitude for every joy that thou hast given to us. As thou feedest the ground with the sunlight and refreshing showers, so we know that thou wilt supply every want of thy children. Oh thou who art our father and our mother, we thank thee for all thy tender mercies and loving kindnesses to us. We thank thee for the plentiful harvest that grows out of the earth from the summer's heat. We thank thee for the transient flowers that bloom on the hill-side, in the valley, and along the running stream. We thank thee for the perennial beauty in the stars by night, and for the golden sunlight in the day-time; and for things more glorious than these we thank thee—for the great nature that thou hast given unto us, which is continually growing better and better; for the great truths that have come to us from all the great and noble men of the past, in whom has been revealed so much of thyself—and for thy revelation in the present through souls not less inspired, who publish humanity to all mankind, we thank thee. We bless thee for domestic comforts, for all thy gifts in our daily relations. We bless thee for the various seasons of life—for the tender bud of infancy, for the flower of maturer life, ripened into the fruit of mature manhood. We thank thee for all the joy thou givest in the manifold blessings of human life in all its varied relations. We thank thee that when the summer of life is ended, that thou shalt take the ripened fruit to be with thee, and dwell with thee forever and ever. We pray that we may live great and noble lives; use our bodies wisely, counting them only as vessels to hold and protect the precious spirit thou hast given to us. Day by day may we grow to higher and higher heights; may we grow by the reflection of thy light within us; grow better and purer, and attain to the triumphant glory of a brighter and better world. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

Matthew, chap. xv., v. 9.—But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.

To-day I shall speak of the injurious influence that the ecclesiastical view of Christ has had upon mankind. Next Sunday I shall speak of the real Christ, of his influence as it has benefited mankind.

The Brahmin, the Buddhist, and the Christian, came as natural out of the condition of the world at their time, as the white lilies lying before me came forth from the earth in their season of the year. All children do pretty much the same thing—they stumble when they begin to walk, and babble when they begin to talk. Were we to be babies again, we should do the same we have done. Each great doctrine has a character of historic necessity. There has been a cause for a logical development of all doctrines and religious opinions. Christianity, with all other doctrines, is naturally in its place. There is a logic in all human history. Each religion has its beginning, growth and culmination—runs its race, and comes to judgment, some for good, and some for evil. The evil detracts from the good, as weeds from the fruit of the farmer's toil. Yet weeds are the product of nature, and have their place assigned them.

The miraculous character ascribed to Christ, in his birth, his nature, and his life, is not true; the Jesus of theology is a fiction. This fictitious view of Christ has led to a perversion of the Old Testament. It has led Christians to expound their own thoughts into it. This perversion exists in the oldest books of the New Testament; no lawyer ever perverted or twisted truth to such an unnatural extent. The malarial of this perversion has poisoned the teachings of all Christian ministers, and the belief of their followers from that to the present time. Soon as a man abandons common sense, all folly is possible to him. This perversion turned the Jews against the Christian religion. All the apostles, and Christ, himself, were Jews, and yet to the Christian every Jew was more hateful than the devil. This came from the idea that Jesus was the Messiah of the Old Testament.

The Jews have the Old Testament for their Bible, which is full of piety and morality, and it seems strange that Christians should hate the Jews. The Jews have lived sixteen or seventeen hundred years mixed with Christians, learning of them art and science, yet they cannot be made to accept their religion. The miraculous character attributed to Jesus, does not appeal to common sense or philosophy; it leads man away from reason, and all the teachings of nature, and leaves him to indulge alone in that horrid delirium, that makes his hair stand up with fright of supernatural things—ghost and hobgoblins, fancy and fiction. We have seen this in Millerism, and in other fanatical Christian exhibitions. It was said that Christians had power to heal diseases and raise the dead—that the object of their mission should be to eradicate evil and cast out devils. This has proved a deception, and pious mountebanks and jugglers abound.

Religious history is full of remarkable stories of those who have been miraculously raised from the dead. These stories are lies, and have had a pernicious effect upon mankind by shutting out a better knowledge of the laws of nature, giving place to superstition and strange fancies. When a man has cast reason overboard, there is no knowing where he will steer.

The Christian doctrine teaches that the resurrection of Jesus is the only tangible evidence of immortality. This doctrine has done much to spread infidelity.

Ecclesiastical celibacy sprang up from the belief that Jesus was born of a virgin, by which many noble souls have been robbed of the most sacred

rights of natural life, and have gone to their graves saddened and sorrowing. From this miraculous conception of Christ has sprung up licentiousness and corruption in the Catholic priesthood. The Pope of Rome is really more polygamous than the Sultan of Turkey. From the Christian religion has sprung forth laws that govern the sexes—and behold the licentiousness and corruption existing in a Christian land!

The doctrine that Jesus was the sacrifice for men's sins, is a demand for a sacrifice of man's common sense, and a rejection of his own intellect; out of this comes that sophistical spirit, so common among all followers of ecclesiastical doctrine. They cannot look on anything aside from their own doctrine but with prejudice. This sophistry is exhibited in all the Christian world, and is prominent in our institutions of learning. This is an evil that has existed from the days of the apostles down to the days of a modern tract society, and ecclesiastical counsel at North Woburn.

True religion is a bond of union among all natural men. It consists not in being saved by the sacrifice of Christ, after five minutes belief; salvation is not irrespective of character and good deeds.

The Jews ever rejected the miracles attributed to Christ. In the church it appears to be no part of the priest's duty to convert men from their sins; they tell you it is not their business to meddle with great national evils; they tell you of a salvation by a belief. Believing that Jesus is Almighty God, degrades man by degrading God. It is the ecclesiastical belief that man, by and of himself, is degraded and Jesus is God, not man; he knows all truth, fulfilled all righteousness; yet did nothing, fulfilled nothing as man, but as God. This belief degrades our ideas of God, for it makes him so capricious, violent and ill-tempered as to damn man to eternal hell; and his son steps in, takes God's place, and will save mankind if they will believe in him. How must men feel towards God, who has had so much mercy taken from him and added to Christ? How the doctrine that there is no God, save God in Christ, betrays the intellect of man. God is in every man; he is felt in every heart, and in all nature, infinite in magnitude and in minutely beats with the pulsations of his life. How degrading to God is the Christian's conception of him. All the accidents in the history of Christ are God's accidents. Thus God was born of woman; was a carpenter; was betrayed, murdered, died, and was put in a tomb! Is it strange the Jews turn away from such wild conceptions? Is it strange that intelligent men turn to atheism? Millions of honest men and women have worshipped Christ as God, but by this worship the growth of their souls have been retarded and injured. In thus degrading God we lose the noble and useful example that Jesus has given to humanity—by making him what he is not. Let you and me take what good Jesus has offered in the unfoldings of his noble life, and walk humbly and truly all the days of our life.

MESSAGES.

The two following messages were requested to publish in our next paper, which is the present. We have no doubt they will both be understood by parties to whom they are addressed. The three lines from "Purity," we have already been informed are from a spirit who passed away in infancy, to a mother now in San Francisco, who has recently lost an infant child, to which loss it refers.

Mary White.

My dear friend, why should you mourn?—all is well. That which seems so hard to bear, is all right. When the inhabitants of earth shall learn to have more faith, then shall these things seem less hard to bear, and then will the thin veil which now hides them from you be drawn, and the faces you loved to look upon be visible to you, as they are to us.

Oh, mourn not—the angels have kindly cared for the bud which will blossom in the celestial sphere. Oh, the winds were too cold that blew around it in its first state of life, and thus it was transplanted to a more pleasant land; yet we would not rob you of your joys willingly. No, no; the angels love to look upon unbroken families in mortal life. Peace be with you, as it is with all of us. MARY WHITE.

July 2.

Purity—A Spirit.

I came to earth to behold and inhale the fragrance as coming from an earthly bud, and lo! the bud withered, and the fragrance is with me.

July 2.

PRIVITY, A SPIRIT.

I came to earth to behold and inhale the fragrance as coming from an earthly bud, and lo! the bud withered, and the fragrance is with me.

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PRIVITY, A SPIRIT.

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July 2.

PRIVITY, A SPIRIT.

Life Eternal.

Communicated from the Spirit World, to a Lady of Boston.

[Through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. B. Adams.]

PART EIGHTH.

And thus sings the immortal life-theme: Great Power of Heaven! give me my portion of wisdom to portray in beauty and truth the golden imagery of immortality.

Philosophers, sages, and bards, have all tuned the immortal lyre. But sweeter notes fall on the ears of earth's children, when spirits from the land ideal touch their golden harps, and waken souls to the music of eternity.

How sweetly soothing falls the words upon the mortal ear, "Ye shall live again—ye shall traverse worlds beyond, where bright, celestial magnetism holds the planet in its course. Not alone is this little circle of existence, in which ye now dwell, your field of action—but time and eternity are the boundaries of the souls of all. Work and toil—plod ye on your way; for every child of God there is a starry world in the realms of eternity, that he shall call his own.

There are myriad and boundless attractions that call thee to the fountain-head, and if thou dost walk after Deity, what tremendous, full, gushing fountains of life, may ye not bathe in, ere ye reach that ultimate of goodness!

We, the offspring of Deity, are following on after him. What glorious aspirations may not be rightly kindled in our souls! The thought that we work in the pathway of the Creator! The pleasures that to-day pervade, thrill, and animate his immortal Being will be our pleasures, when he shall have passed on, and from nucleus matter shall have formed higher worlds for us to inhabit.

Let us rapidly gather in, all, which the Deity has left for us, in the kingdom of love! Let us wed ourselves unto the beauty that he has painted on the great canopy of the universe! Let our souls affiliate with bright and beautiful conceptions of the glorious, unaging, immortal Deity! Over all creation his smile reigns—his love springs up like flowers. Over the vast universe we see his power, we see naught but the hand of God. There is no contra principle of evil that works antagonistic. In what we call the soul unprogressed, is only the far-distant matter, that stands from out the sphere of Deity—matter, that will work, in the end, triumphant glories. All is not placid as a summer's day, or the face of the universe. We mark the Creator's steps in the wild, dashing billows. We find him in the whirlwind and the storm. It ever takes commotion of elements, to produce the unruffled surface. There must be in the world of intellect the same confusion and movement as in the world of matter—there must be volcanic eruptions.

In the spirit-form, there are dashing oceans of thought—there are little running brooks of simplicity—there is towering genius, standing like the mountain on your globe—there is the repose of thought, like your quiet valleys. And from this very quietude in the mass, of spirits, springs up souls of genius—even as your valleys lay low, that your mountains may rise in grandeur. As the hill, dale and meadow give beauty to your earthly landscape, so do the varied minds take their corresponding positions, and give to you in their respective places, the aggregate of God's beauty and grandeur.

What your mountains show, the valleys cannot. The quiet dell gives you bright, mossy flowers—while the hill-top gives noble views, over the great expanse of the globe of life.

Bright, towering genius, like the mountain, may echo to you of far-distant realms and glories beyond—may whisper of bright and glowing joys in perspective—may catch some feeble flickering ray of the glorious setting sun, while the mind in the dell may be plucking for you little blossoms, bursting, tiny blades of grass, that the soul, on the mountain, has forgotten in his longings and gazings in the starry realms.

So, take mountain and valley, hill and dale, meadow and rivulet, in conjunction with mind immortal—let them correspond in the material world with the mental life.

Thou canst find a native plant in every soul, a flower that is foreign to thine own. Take it—wear it—walk in the valleys of life—traverse the mountain ranges—sail on the deep, calm waters, and thou shalt have all the glorious landscape pictured on thine own soul, which will reflect its brightness when it comes to the spirit land.

Go into the wide, wide world—traverse the mountains of thought—be a pilgrim in the land of beauty and perception—catch every sun-ray of light, peculiar to each form of soul; and in that way shalt thou gather all the beams that shine through the hearts of men.

The mental eclipse of the sun of glory is passing away. His shining beams rest more obliquely on the soul—the world of intellect is catching the radiance—each heart is coming for one ray. Oh, hasten the hour, when every soul shall be a sunbeam of Deity, till they shine forth in refractive lines, and God can look upon the children of earth as millions of rays, all blending in one circle and shining like a sun.

Oh earth, and thy children! how high is thy destiny! What transcendent glories are in reserve for thee! I see the planet of love revolving round and round thy orb; and in each revolve it throws off a gentle stream of light, which the planet earth takes in; and so it will revolve, till love is absorbed in earth, and the two are blended in one.

I see the angel of love, strike the silver harp—I hear deep organ strains peal forth, till it seems that every ear must catch the echo, and join in the chorus of soft, angelic love. Soft, deep, flowing and mighty is thy tide, oh love! Bright angel guest of heaven! most willingly earth's children bid thee stay. Come now, and dwell in every heart, and make it a court of joy! Oh sweet, immortal love! wrap thy softened mantle around the briery, hedged-up souls, till the thorns break through, and then hold in thy embrace loving, loving forms. Go forth, oh love, to desert souls! plant thy sunny blossoms—drop thy stars of light; let earth be paved with thy magnets—let a celestial empire be established; let thy giant stream of affection arise from thy parent source, bright love, and course its way through all the undying hearts of this suburban world, till it is linked in thy mighty ocean, and joined in the commerce of angel forms, to the great triumphal city, where God dwells in majesty. Every soul can hasten that happy day; every heart can take love's banner, and let it float in the breeze of affection, till earth's children woo the soft, angelic atmosphere that bears the perfume of roses on its breeze.

This is thy day, oh earth! Flee away, dark error, hide thyself—make way for glory, life and happiness. Divinity has moved on apace and earth is wanted to revolve amid the celestial orbs. There are darker worlds to take the place of earth. Creation is progressing—Divinity is passing upward. Every soul must fly onward—every spirit must make pinions of love, and go to the great fountain-head. There is no tarrying, saith Time and Immortality. The graves of the departed are sinking away, under the repeated coming of angels; and what have long been designated houses of God, are fast changing their walls of circumference, and moving on their boundary line, to the borders of eternity. They who have long grouped together as a multitude of righteousness, are now walking forth, taking the hand of science, grasping immortality, through the natural revelations of the mother earth. Geology stamps her impress—Theology fuses away—and God's triumphal, glorious works and power are reigning supreme. The tide of human life is flowing in; error seems ebbing fast away. Great ocean waves of thought dash around us. Immortal banks of faith rise upon the waters. Mighty waves go down and rush upon them. The great life-current moves, as it ever has, only far more advanced and bright, for immortality has written her impress and whispered of eternity, in the spirit forms that lift the veil of life. Under the sanction of our Father's kindness they come—not back to you alone, but they take you on.

Let heaven and earth join in the same melody; let life, eternal life, sing its brightest anthem over death—death all conquered; life victorious! Heaven, happiness and immortality are the goals to be won. Let us win the seraph's crown. Let us spread wide our wings of faith, and keep them waving, waving in the atmosphere, flying for angels and beckoning to mortals in time and eternity. Mighty and deep are the words—significant of unending glory: This soul made to know no death—this spirit never formed for annihilation—this hope within never to die. This faith that lights my soul is to light me forever—this quivering breath of existence to live on through endless ages, to drink in the particles of life, that flow from the Godhead; to taste that joy with which he has created time and eternity! My soul, all inadequate of the conception, shrinks, and draws tremblingly away from the thought of immortality.

But life again whispers, "Tis joy to live forever. Thou art made of particles of immortality, and the God-dwelling thought craves eternity—hunger and thirst after immortality. In humility we fall and pay homage to Deity. In thankfulness we rise. In gratitude we swell and grow, when thinking on the boundless, trackless shores where we are sailing. Oh, for a pilot of truth and beauty, to take us on. The work of life is but just begun—this unending life! What deeds have ye all recorded that ye will dare meet again?—what impress along your track? What beautiful laurels have you laid at the altar of sacrifice? What crosses, rule and heavy, have you borne? What golden anchors, have you secured and fastened to your barks? What deep sacrifice have your spirits passed through? What flowers of love have you planted? How number the hearts your home made glad? How deep and broad is the stream made of the tears you have caused to flow? These are the questions that time asks of every mortal. How many deeds of nobleness crown thy brows? Children of immortality, thy works are begun—thy deeds are known. Thus far hast thou all left in the pathway of life, unfinished duties. Some flowers ye have gathered—some lie drooping.

Clothed thyself in the armor of righteousness. Take the helmet of salvation. Pass on to the future. Eternity has work for thee. God wants thy hearts and hands. There is laid up for each a crown of righteousness, which he will give unto thee at the day when thy work is faithfully done. For the present, the spirit and the bride say, come! Ye; who-soever will, let him taste the waters of life, and he that thirsteth shall drink from the stream of eternity. Ye may buy without price, and hold noble possessions, mighty estates, lofty cathedrals of wisdom, in the land of thought.

Children of earth, dost thou reflect, and know what a gem this casket of thine has within? A pearl of greatest price—a diamond from the soul of God dwells within each. Guard ye well the precious life-gem. Gather into thyself mighty and glorious thoughts to polish it, that, when called from its earthly tenement, it may be fitted to go with one dashing bound near to God. He will collect all his jewels rare. He prizes them—he numbers them—he goes on creating worlds on which to insert these diamonds. He will polish them with his own loving kindness. His eye runs through creation, and his tender mercies are over all his works. Day unto day uttereth speech, as it were. In him we live, move and breathe. We have our being in Omnipotence. Oh, to what tidal seas of life and love shall we not rise! Lightning thoughts dart through me. Deep rolling thunders of eloquence burst over me. Running currents of beauty flow round me, and down into my spirit-heart drops gentle, gentle world of love. Oh, shower divine! Let the rainbow of eternal peace pass over me, after thy pearly drops have washed my spirit clean, and I am prepared to go on to brighter joys, to write them on the page of life, and give them to thy children; that linger yet on earth.

I long to walk abroad over the earth, in a form of goodness, so that I may visit every heart of sadness and sorrow—may go where the lowly abide. Yes! I must come among you, and do my labor that I left undone. The Syrian beauties charmed me—but I grew sick and tired of the flattery of earth. I labored for wisdom, but found not the equivalent I claimed, which was, a tide of happiness. I see, and plainly see, now, that my work was not done. Oh, I would send whispered messengers to one and all—to fill and finish up the work of their existence there, so that the spirit here will not have to atone for inadequacy. Were it not for neglect of my duty, I might now be hastening on to higher joys—might be linking my soul to brighter and more exalted beauties. But I love my labor now; I gladly whisper to the children of eternity, and tell them how to live—how to fill up the golden moments—how to plant the seeds of immortality—and how to gather the ripened fruit.

I feel that I am going on to brighter joys in this labor, that I am walking through a path I left untrodden when on earth; that I am cutting flowers, that I passed unheeded—and they seem almost to have grown bright by neglect. Heaven help me to cull them all now, to take every atom, every tiny blade, every particle that permeates the great space-way of existence. Let me grasp creation by atoms. Let me take the shore of time by sands—one by one. Let me grasp the starry universe, ray by ray. Let me fill the world of love, smile by smile. Let me dry the ocean of sorrow, by stopping tear by tear.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

The following communications were written through a medium's hand; recently, in Marysville, Cal., says the Express. It will be seen that these productions purport to come from Thomas Paine, and Robert Burns. Paine's was written in about fifteen minutes, and Burns's in about ten:—

When the anthem shall rise from the hosts of the skies,
And release from all thralldom proclaim:
When the hills-top shall bow, like the vales be made low,
At the sound of Jehovah's great name;
When the mist and the gloom shall arise from the earth,
And the nations rejoice in the light
That comes from above, with a halo of love,
Dispelling the curtains of night;
Look then to your creeds, to your preaching and deeds,
Who stand as the chosen of God,
Who have sworn to the wind (blind leading the blind),
And bow down and kiss the just rod:
There is time for the poor to increase in their store,
There is time for the hungry to beg for more;
There is time for the sinner to say he did just,
The hearts of his church to beguile;
But he that stands fast on a creed to the last,
That he knows in his heart is unsound,
Along the rubbish is thrown, when the great corner-stone
Is in place by the builder is found;
There is light dawning now—all the world is aglow,
And the light of his heart trembles with fear,
For he feels, in his bones, that the hush and the stones
Are not taken for bread, even here. THOMAS PAINE.

My friend and brother, do ye ken
The wayward bard, the quondam fron,
That held the plow and whistled chimes
In Scotland's vales in former times?
Well, time has but changed some things in him,
Since death, with visage long and grim,
Sent him to chaunt his jingling rhymes
Mid brighter scenes and fairer climes.
His muse no longer stoops to tell
Of "jests" of flesh that offset
Your dreams, my "liver" set;
But, whether love, or hate, or pet,
Inspire the pen, "tis all the same.
To raise the poet's transient fame;
But sturdier rocks by leeches cold
Can be melted into fold,
And spirit-power can hardly find
A loop-hole in this body mind.
To squeeze a verse or jingle rhyme,
To sound like those of "liver" time;
But hope ye'll not agree, by turns,
That I'm the ploughman. ROBERT BURNS.

SURPRISING MANIFESTATION THROUGH MR. MANSFIELD.

Messrs. Editors—I reside in Baltimore. About a year ago, having read some remarkable cases of sealed letters, answered through this gentleman, and wishing to have such a test for the benefit of my sceptical friends, I addressed a letter to my son, and sent it to Mr. Mansfield by mail—giving him no other clue than the post-mark, from whence it came—for I had understood, that not only would the letter receive a reply, but the answer would be sent by mail, properly directed to the writer.

A few weeks afterward, my son came to me at the circle, and said that he had been to the medium in Boston, but could not control—promised to try again. The same was repeated at intervals several times, until at length the subject passed from my mind.

Business calling me to Boston, I determined to try again; accordingly I called on Mr. Mansfield, and without introduction, stated that about a year ago I had sent him a sealed letter from "the South," which had received no answer; that as I was now here on a visit, I had brought with me another, hoping for better success. Being engaged for the day, he appointed the following Saturday for a sitting. I was punctual to the time. On a shelf near the window lay a row of letters, edge up, several hundred in number, the accumulation, he said, of a twelvemonth. Over these he gently passed his left hand, the tremulous fingers slightly touching them, paused, and drew forth my Baltimore letter! Again in search of the second, without success. Then to a similar row on his desk, and in like manner drew forth my second letter! Gently rubbing them with the fingers of his left hand, he took the pencil in his right, and began to make marks—"He has been in the spirit world more than twenty years,"—"you have seven letters in your name"—and then wrote, "Francis." Let it be known, that I came to Boston an entire stranger—not an individual I ever seen before.

Mr. Mansfield writes on sheets of paper cut into strips six inches wide, and four feet long. He filled six of those sheets. The correspondence is as follows:—

BALTIMORE, 26th JULY, 1857.

My dear Son Frank—More than twenty-five years have passed since I laid your earthly form in the grave; and yet here am I, your earthly father, addressing a letter to you in the mansions of bliss, with a confident expectation that an answer will be given through the medium.

You were the first, my child, of all my numerous spirit-intercourse, who opened to my mind the truth of spirit-intercourse; thereby affording me a consolation under trials, which no language can express; and although I now enjoy frequent communion with many of the loved and departed, yet do I look back to the first circle in which your presence was manifested, with peculiar interest.

You are aware that your mother, sisters and brothers are opposed to this new dispensation from the Almighty; that I stand alone among a numerous circle of relatives, and you know my great anxiety on the subject, and how often I have prayed that God would enlighten their minds, and dispel the clouds of bigotry and prejudice which they are surrounded. I had hoped that some of my friends would have visited the medium in Boston, through whom messages are given, and then published in the Banner of Light. Such a message, given so far off among strangers, might awaken the attention of my family. I wish you would endeavor to control the medium, and get several of my friends to unite with you, if only to give their names. Hoping soon to hear from you,

I am, your affectionate father,

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

To my dear son Frank, now in the realms of bliss.

I made no copy of the above, and when I sat down to write the second letter, had forgotten every word of it; nor could I even have guessed within a month of its date.

BOSTON, 16th JUNE, 1858.

My Dear Son—Your earthly father now addresses you, through this medium, a second time, hoping to be more successful in obtaining an answer than when about a year ago I wrote to you from "Baltimore." You told me afterwards that you had been to him, but could not get control. As I shall take this letter to him in person, perhaps you may exercise more influence.

Three years have elapsed, my beloved, since, as an angel messenger, you first brought to me this glorious truth. From it I have derived more happiness than language can express, but it has also occasioned much sorrow, on account of the opposition which I experienced from your mother and sisters and brothers, and, indeed, from all our relatives. Their minds are so warped by bigotry and prejudice—so bound by the church and its creeds, that they cannot give the subject a sober thought; and thus lose the ineffable happiness of communing with those they once held so dear, and who, though invisible, have so often clustered around me, pouring consolation into my heart, and many trials. As you read these words, can you see any change? Shall I yet see a family spirit-circle formed at my house?

Your cousin disappeared mysteriously, more than two months ago. Before I left Baltimore, you, with several of my spirit friends, promised to search for him. Can you give me any information in regard to him? Were you here last evening, and did you endeavor to influence Abby to write?

Since my arrival, the family with whom I am staying have been interested in the subject—formed a circle, and a spirit, professing to be my son, was urging me at the table to write.

Who else is here besides you?

Of course you know that the object of this letter is merely a test; that, if answered, with the seal unbroken, I may show it to my friends as a proof of spirit-intercourse. Besides replying to my questions, you may give other things which the medium cannot know; and, as a further test, sign your answer with your name in full.

From your loving father, who loves you a thousand times more than he loved his darling boy when on earth.

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

The following answer was given June 19, 1858:

My Dear Father, Francis—God be praised for this blessed privilege of speaking to you through this medium, to whom thousands come, and which I have many times attempted, but without success. My control, dear father, is not as full as many; therefore I have to give way, when others, more powerful than me, wish to communicate. Then, dear one, I lacked just your magnanimity with that of the medium—that is, your media power with that of the medium, assists me now to speak.

God only knows how delighted was your dear Frank when he foresaw and anticipated this visit to the medium. It is not in the power of mortals to imagine, or spirits to describe; but suffice it to say, that I was, and now am, almost frantic with delight.

Oh, my dear father, many has been the time that you have in thought, gone down, down to the cold, cold grave, where you laid me more than twenty years ago; but alas, alas, you found me not; and the thought would occur to your mind that you might never behold Frank's form or features again; and thus, dear father, did you first hope, and then doubt, until about three years since I came to you so unmistakably. You doubted no longer that the soul of man was immortal; that your son Frank lived and could communicate. Oh, happy, happy moment this to my soul. Since then not a doubt has disturbed your mind.

Now, dear one, I will give a fact, more as a test than is pleasing to relate, and which, I hope, will be understood as coming from one that has naught but love for them, or for any mortal. You, dear father, have had to stem the tide of opposition all alone, so far as having the sympathy of my darling mother, sisters and brothers dear. So much are they wedded to church creeds and ceremonies, so have they been taught by the would-be wise, that they choose to remain with their former associates, enjoying their long preconceived ideas of the future. Well, dear one, it is their right, and if they act up to the highest light given them, they do all that is required. But with you, my precious father, God has opened your spirit-vision on the interior principle of your soul, and you now see as they do not; you now have had they never have partaken of it, and it stands you to live before your dear family circle, as one possessing superior wisdom—live, as well as preach, or your talk becomes as a sounding brass. I have sought to censure you with that point; no, my father; but I find many that profess to be Spiritualists, who do not live up to their privileges; and it is to be regretted. However, the cause of Spiritualism is fast revolutionizing the world you live in. Already, as a body, do you number over seven millions; and could you but see, as we do, with what rapidity the old dogmas and creeds are crumbling and falling to dust, you would not, you could not, believe it coming from any other than a divine source.

Well, dear father, you tell me that this is designed as a test-letter, but I doubt if what I have already written will serve much as a test. I am speaking from my soul's desire. But, to return to your letter and questions. You ask if I was with you and the family with whom you are stopping, on the eve of the 15th June. I was, and did my best to influence Abby; but my control was not full; I tried, however, to show my identity.

Well, dear father, you may hope, although you have nearly despaired of ever witnessing the conversion of your dear family to the blessed truth. You may not yet see much light in that direction, but, dear one, they now believe more than they are willing to acknowledge. Then live before them—live before the world. Try to have it said, when you are called to exchange the mortal for the immortal, did you say, that you have fought the good fight and have gained your reward.

Oh, my dear father, be not cast down; but bear with patience what you may be called to pass through; believing it is calculated to purify you for that mansion which awaits you in this, the celestial kingdom. This world is made up of all that is beautiful and good below, that is, it is your world in a pure and beautiful state; and yet this sphere is only preparatory to the next and the next; upward and onward to all eternity. This is our encouragement; for at each successive step that endless journey upward, new and fresh beauties open to our spirit-vision.

We have our planes and mountains; our forests and prairies; our lakes and rivers; groves and gardens decked with every imaginable variety of shrubs and flowers; the fragrance of which makes and perfumes the atmosphere we breathe.

Well, my dear father, I think I have said enough to satisfy you that I live. You will please excuse me for not answering yours of July 26, 1857. I find nothing in it that is now worthy of notice since I have yours of June 16. You speak in that of the infidelity or unbelief of my dear mother and sisters, which you have also noticed in yours of June 16.

To my precious mother and sisters dear, I would say, I am ever by to make them happy, and I do all I can to make them feel my spirit-presence; and sometimes I fancy mother sees me as when I passed away. But now I am a man, nearly twenty-seven years old, and I have the stature of a man; therefore you will not see the little boy you were wont to look upon so tenderly, so fondly; but a man. There is no one with me, dear father, but a spirit friend of mine, who is with me always. His name is George Francis Teel. He is a dear spirit, and will write to you ere long.

God bless you and them at home, dear father. Call on me often, that I may speak words of consolation to you.

Your son,

FRANCIS H. SMITH, JR.

In the evening, while sitting at the dial, Frank came and said, "Dear father, I forgot to answer your question about Peter. Nothing—gratifies me more than to gratify you—so if you will go again to Mr. Mansfield, I will answer it. Were you not pleased, father, with the letter I wrote you to-day?"

A few days after, I laid on Mr. Mansfield's table a folded paper, on which was written:—

"You forgot to answer the question about Peter. You made a mistake in your age. Sign your name in full."

Mr. Mansfield's hand was influenced, as usual, and wrote:—

My Dear Father—I promised you I would look for Peter, and I forgot to make mention of it in my first communication. Well, father, it was a long control, and I dare say you think I did well. Well, dear father, as to Peter, I have looked and looked, but never have been able to see his whereabouts.

You tell me that I made a mistake in my age. Well, dear father, dates and ages pass away from us; we do not promise to give them correctly. You have your nights and days to regulate time; but we have our eternal sunships—one day as a thousand years, or a thousand years as a day. Excuse me, dear father.

FRANCIS H. SMITH, JR.

Does not this remarkable letter refute the charges that have been brought against Mr. Mansfield by some of those who have consulted him, and whose published letters display anything but a spirit of Christian charity? I entertained no such feeling when my first letter was not answered, because I knew that all spirits cannot control all mediums. There must be an affinity between them, and for that affinity there must be diversity—like must meet unlike. But let me give it in the words of Sir Hum-

phrey Davy, as I received it in a communication more than a year ago, at our Baltimore circle:—

"Every one is a vast electrical machine. Some are more highly-charged than others; and in this world it is the same. Spirits have the same power. Mediums are those who have the most electricity without them. Some are positive—some negative. So with spirits; and the reason why some spirits find it more difficult to communicate than others, and can control one medium better than another, is, they do not assimilate; that is, a spirit who is positive, comes to a medium who is positive; or negative, to one that is negative. Like should meet unlike; thus the difficulty. It is not the fault of one more than another, but such are the principles and laws which God has established."

JULY 2.

Having copied the above for the press, it struck me that a part of my first letter, had not been answered. On my way to the printing-office, therefore, I called on Mr. Mansfield, and again laid on his desk a folded paper, on which was written:—

"You did not notice my remarks about the Banner of Light."

The answer came immediately:—

"You desire me, my dear father, to communicate through the Banner. Well, father, the dear Mrs. Conant has not strength to communicate for Mrs. Mansfield will pardon me for coming in this way. I am well pleased that you intend to have it inserted in that valuable paper. Your dear Frank."

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM DR. H. B. STOKER.

NEW GREENFIELD, HERKIMER CO., N. Y.

JUNE 30, 1858.

DEAR BANNER—Heretofore on the Frankfort hills, one thousand feet above the Mohawk river, and some five miles from the city of Utica, I am comfortably domiciled at the New Greenfield Water Cure establishment of my friend, Dr. Holland. The excitement of three days' constant attendance upon the Free Convention at Rutland—and the dust of two hundred miles travel—enable me to appreciate the luxury of this quiet spot; the cool, fresh breezes that rustle the leaves and grasses of these woods and fields, as well as the "pail douches" and "half-baths" that James, the bath-boy, has administered to me, are decidedly refreshing. En passant, be it known to your unsophisticated readers that a "half-bath" means a whole one, and is taken by immersing the whole body in an ordinary bathing tub; whereas the "pail douches" is administered in the same manner as sennifers are sometimes received, by the vigorous discharge of a pail of water over the entire person.

I have considerable faith in the hydropathic system of practice, notwithstanding the apparent failure of that early application of water treatment, termed the "baptism." I believe "baptism by immersion" to be in many cases a saving ordinance, and though there will be exceptions to all general rules, as in the case of the old world, as well as in the case recorded in the New Testament, where the evil spirits entered into a herd of swine, and then took a sea bath, (which Elder Swan, of Williamstown, says was the first time he ever knew Universalists to be baptized) yet generally speaking, water is a means of grace. Judiciously applied, it is a potent element in removing both physical and mental maladies, and although the deluge is said to have killed more than it cured, yet it must be remembered that was a first experiment, and according to popular belief the Lord learns by experiments, and would doubtless apply the aqueous flood more judiciously another time.

Priessnitz seems to have systematized its application, and his disciples are exultant over their success in curing "all the ills that flesh is heir to." The New Greenfield Cure, named in honor of the birth-place of the distinguished founder of this system, at which I am now visiting, is, I think, one of the oldest institutions of the kind in this country. The building, a very large and spacious edifice, was erected by the present proprietor, Dr. Holland, some eleven years ago, and has undergone various additions and modifications, until it is now capable of accommodating at least one hundred patients, in the very best manner. It has been my pleasure to go over the whole establishment; and all the arrangements for the different kinds of baths—for washing, and bathing, and in short for every purpose needed—are complete. The rooms are large, clean and airy, and the general impression made upon a stranger is, "if water is sufficient for the removal of disease, here is the place to have it applied." I like to have such establishments small, sweet, the beds clean, the food well cooked, and the general conduct of the house agreeable—and this is emphatically true of Greenfield.

My "better half," (decidedly better since she came here) has been trying for several months past the virtues of this new system, and it is for the purpose of seeing her, that I have come up on this hilly range. To a lecturer, jaded and worn out by excessive travel and public labors, it is very refreshing to come away from the excitement of public duties, even though those duties be ever so important, useful and agreeable at the time, and to "lay off" on grassy banks, inhale pure air, pick the fragrant red strawberries, and recuperate generally. Our spirit friends favor such rustication, and while the manifold influences of natural scenes, and processes tend to strengthen and harmonize body and mind, the spiritual world seems nearer, and its inhabitants become our familiar companions. That, at least, is my experience.

Dr. Holland, the proprietor of this cure, has had a long and very successful experience in the application of hydropathy to the relief of human suffering, and is widely known throughout the land, not indeed by paid puffs and extravagant advertising, but through a large number of patients that have been restored to health. Dr. Thomas, the associate physician, is a native of Wales, and combines those natural qualities which win the confidence and love of his patients, with others not so common, but which, to the spiritual philosopher, are in the highest degree important. In him is found that remarkable faculty of normal clairvoyance, by which the nature and location of disease he discovers almost at first sight. He has long exerted the wonderful vitalizing power common to the healing mediums of our day, at such times as he felt the influence upon him, as much surprised often to see the lame walk at his bidding, and the weak become strong, as were the subjects of his experiments. The doctor, however, does not place reliance upon this peculiar personal quality, but upon the judicious use of water, and the careful nursing which every patient here receives. It is true, and "pity 'tis 'tis true," that he does not write an honest notice or friendly recommendation of any particular individual connected with the healing art, but I never infer it is a paid puff. This I never grey eyes not

