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NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 5, 1859.

NO. 19.

# Original Poetry.

THE VOICE OF THE AGE. BY H. CLAY PREUSE,

Hark! hear ye a wailing-half moan and half shrick? Tis the cry of the human that yearneth to speak; Like a helpless dumb-creature, it striveth in vain To utter the thoughts that are burning its brain!

There are signs on the waters, and signs on the land. Which tell of a fearful convulsion at hand; The SPIRIT OF CHANCE stalks abroad o'er the earth, As ne'er hath been seen since Humanity's birth. Room, room ! for the stranger-and give him full sweep-

Wor his step wakes the carthquakes, like wild beasts asleen And he startles aghast with his deep thunder-tone The priest on his alter—the king on his throne! From the great World of Mind cometh giant Ideas,

Whose shadows were seen in the vista of years; Soon the blade shall be drawn, and the banner unrolled, For the struggle is near of the New with the OLD. Ah! the blind Earth may reel on her course round the Sun, Yet deem not, oh, man! that her race shall be run;

The seas may roll mountains, but cannot o'erwhelm For God is your captain, and Christ holds the helm i Oh, mortals i with spirits once spotless and fresh. Ye are shut out from God in your prisons of flesh: Ye have sunk the last trace of the Heaven ye have lost,

And forgotten the Epic of Christ on the Cross! The star that o'er Bethlohem shone out so clear, Grows sickly and faint in your foul atmosphere; Souls shrivel and die in a spiritual dearth-

Oh, Christ! thou art wanted now on this sad earth! Too long have ye wrangled e'er dry crusts of creeds. Which cannot supply your Humanity's needs; Yo have bowed to the LETTER, and lived in your sin. While the spirit diving was glowing within I

Ye would tie down the world to the text of its youth-In your own narrow creeds monopolize truth; But learn this great doctrine, blind worm of the sod-There is no finality outside of God!

With a strong, living faith, and a soul truly brave, Ye should revirence the Past, but not be its slave; Ye should "prove all things" first," hold fast to the good, And recognize mankind as one brotherhood.

Come, Christian and Pagen come, Gentile and Jaw-The viney. is ripe the energy lew; From the king on his phrone, to the sort of the sod, Ye are brothers all stamped in the image of God!

This world is no play-house for pleasure and sloth. But a workshop for mental and spiritual growth; Ye were not made to heap up mere ant-hills of gold, But to rear up a temple sublime for the soul.

Of holy affection, of beautiful thought, And unselfish action, this temple is wrought; Have a care how ye build—tis no frail earthly home,

There's a law for the body-a law for the soul-For both are but parts of one harmonic whole; Ye dare not expose your quick flesh to the flame; Would ye sully the soul, while ye guard well its frame?

By bread, or by meat, not alone do ye live, But by the sweet manna a pure life doth give; Ye would barter your conscience for plunder and pelf, But a wrong to your KIND is a wrong to Yoursely!

Ask not to what "worship" your brother conforms, For Jesus taught PRINCIPLES, not outward FORMS: Nor lifeless abstractions he sought to impart, But preached his pure law to the warm, human heart.

Hierarchal systems were not of his plan, But gross, mongrel offsprings of animal man; As the state of the soul, is the faith it believes, And 'tis man's clouded vision, not Christ, that deceives.

Would ye fly to a refuge from sorrow and sin? Remember "the kingdom of Heav'n is within;" Go ye forth to the world, and this great truth impart, That Christ writes his gospel in every man's heart!

The man is more prized than his external looks. And the God-imaged soul is more sacred than books: Much truth ye may learn from your pulpit and scroll, But more from the still, quiet voice in your soul.

With the light of the Past and the PRESENT combined, A glorious day will soon dawn on mankind; And oh! like the flower that bursts through the sod. The old Earth shall bloom as a garden of God! WASHINGTON, D. C., January, 1859.

THE HUMAN FACE.

-In some shape or other, when manhood has been attained, time has begun to set its indelible stamp on us all. In all who survive the period of life when, not consciousness, but the almanac tells us that fifty years are past and gone, every face of man or woman becomes more and more a book in which the life and thoughts are written in hieroglyphics, to be deciphered by those who have acquired skill in such reading. Almost at a glance we discern the signs and quaint shapes of habitual thoughts and come. I must hasten to my company. occupations, of station and rank, of command or obedience, of conscious wealth, and all the varieties of broken down respectability; of intellectual great- bewildered, amazed. My birth-day pleasure has tastes. I left you a child; jou are a young woman ness and calmness, or of vain assumption, or of been rudely broken in upon. I could weep if I were grown. I have the disposal of you; I give you to brazen pretensions; and, indeed, of all the differential not indignant! I met my company so cheerfully- Edward Chaney." gradations of social and mental life, down to the dear Laura, and her city friend, Rosalie Masters; To all this I only replied: "I will never marry worn face of ignominious toll, and to the unmistak- Lucy and Maria Thornton, with their brother John; him!" But I must have looked fierce and hateful able abjectness of nature or position, from which the and young Norton from the South, who is a boarder for my father arose and locked me sternly, threat eyes even of the good and kind turn painfully away. at their house. Mrs. Grant was deep in conversation eningly, into the eye, as he judely grasped my arm. In the meantime old age keeps steadily advancing, with mamma, and I was playing a favorite Scottish and cried with a fury that was even yet repressed: although usually considered so distant that its voice ballad, when I heard the front door open. I did not Startles those who find it close at hand, and who are move, for I knew Bridget was in the kitchen, and father? your legal guardien? Will not? when I unwarhed by failing faculties, or even by the ever would let the caller in. I even heard her loud ex- say you shall? Out of my sight, disobedient bag accumulating wrinkles which have curiously usurped clamation of surprize without faltering in my song; gage! and see that you seceive Edward with a all the face that was once so smooth and unruffled. when suddenly the parlor door was thrown open, friendly face, or by all — I will find means to compel Year after year the sculpture of age goes on. Friends and a loud imperious voice exclaimed: "So, so! en- you. Out of the room, I say! away with you!" who meet after forty years' separation do not recog. Joying yourselves finely, no matter whether the mas. I rose from my chair, and passed across the room. nize one another. Every subsequent twelvementh | ter is alive or drowned !" and, stalking heavily into | but at the door I stopped, and again repeated my has left its trace in some feature or another. The the room, I beheld my dreaded father, accompanied defaut "I will not!" My father rushed towards mouth once a double are, expressive of what medical by a stranger, whose dark eye encountered my con- me, but I avoided the theatened blow; I ran up prose cannot convey, has perhaps become a stereo fused and blushing face as I hastily arose from the stairs, into my chamber, and looked myself in. typed sorrow, with lines drawn down laterally from pinno, and advanced to meet my parent. I know What wild, rebellious, bitter thoughts stirred in my its corners. There are griefs written in the eyes not why, but the eye that met mine sout a cold bosom! what a host of enuties arose to battle with which have never been expressed in words, nor never shudder through all my frame, and completely un the filial duty of obedience I could not invoke one dan be, for language is impotent to carry to another nerved me. Wet the stranger's face was handsome; softening memory, one love team from the past; all

### Written for the Banner of Light. EVELINE'S JOURNAL.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I am old maidish and peculiar, say my friends; friend. odd and reserved is the verdict of strangers. Bridget | "Well! I say, can't you greet a fellow? Is this says I'm "queerlike;" many think me cold and the house warming you give me and my friend? proud, and wonder if I ever possessed a heart. Ah! Folks will think I'm an ogre. Mrs. Hope, I have speak not so arrogantly thy freezing words. Were Miss Eveline Hope." the veil uplifted from many a nature that seems cold My mother had recovered herself, and bade them and time, and call the meekly-resigned ones cold stranger is! If I were fanciful or superstitious, I I repell all human advances in the way of kiss gaged in conversation with him. and caress. This is one of my old maidish foibles.

of the past. I have been to the Elysian Fields of mother descended to the kitchen, to assist Bridget in childhood; I have bathed my face in the sunny preparing supper for her husband and his guest. fountain of youth; I have wandered on the margin of the golden river of life, and seen once more the some time, and that Edward Chaney will beard with airy castles, the rose-covered cottages, the fairy gar. us. I know not why, but I dislike the arrangement. dens beaming from afar. I have again watched the As I was leaving the room, after bidding both good rising of a bewildering sun; the setting of a white night, the young man followed me to the door, and and lustrous star; I have prayed beside altars, and taking both my hands, he said, "We must become very watched by graves: have walked over buried hopes, good friends, Miss Eveline!" I hastily withdrew my and beheld the slow and solemn rising of the solitary hands; I felt the color mounting to my very brow moon: have been in utter darkness, and now am I was alarmed, indignant, and rushed up stairs, as walking in the glorious beams of a refulgent sun, if some pursuer was at my heals. Why did I act so in the dawn of light and faith.

that the close shall be a supproue, despite of distearfully bloomed most . What it he the matter 2. I appointment, faithlessness, gloom and death. Death! kn w I shall not sleep to night; and the day was so there is no death! Life is eternal, and once its bit- propitious! ter earth-potion drunk, even to the very dregs; its | "One week later. What envious spirit of discord continuance unwinds before us a spiral stairway of beholding the blessed calm of our united household is the first page; read here:

face glows with the hues of health and youth, though has been persecuting me with his attentions; folthere be no beauty there; and mother says I am lowing me with his evil eye; smiling maliciously clever, that there is much in me that time will devel | into my face, and familiarly calling me Eveline! op into usefulness. I have at present no desire Yesterday Bridget summoned me to the parlor beyond my given lot; my home is a happy one, and father wanted to speak to me. I felt the presenti my brother Arthur is so kind and gentle; and if I ment of some coming strife, and my heart throbbed have no sister, is not my pretty neighbor, Laura painfully; ere long it had a reason for its pain. Field, all that I could wish for in sister and friend? True, father is still absent, and mother seldom speaks drew near to him. "Do you know what obedience of him. He has been away four years, and I remem- to parents is; has your mother installed that into ber he used to speak loud and harshly to us all your soul? It were better than the poetic nonsense whenever he came home from sea-but I hope he and sentimentality I find." will do better now; at least, I shall try to do all I can to please him. My beautiful and poetic mother, all true principles!" I replied warmly. how came she to marry one so uncongenial? I have The Fisherman's Daughter." The pensive face and picturesque attitude of the girl enchants me; mother looks at it approvingly, but she sighs, and Chaney?" snys I must not occupy myself with such things painting, and will not have a flower within the stance. house. I suppose I shall have to muzzle Selmo, and keep the canary from singing; but I will not anticiing party.

write down all that may occur, so that in after years your intended husband." I may recall the pleasant memories of my youth. I ... "My intended husband?" I repeated, and for a mo am dressed in white, with rose-buds holding up my ment I paused, too overwhelmed to say more. sleeves and adorning my corsage; a pink ribbon en- "Yes; I told him about you, months ago: he

and the intense passion of our own. his stature noble, his bearing that of a gentleman. was bitterness, compulsion strife; and beneath this with which they are stained; for a moment pause to

I stole a glance at my mother's face; it was color. less, and her trembling lips could not frame a word of welcome. The merry faces of the girls looked apprehensive and sobered; all talking ceased, and all eyes turned to the Captain and his follower or

misjudging world! restrain thy harsh decrees, and brought a friend, Mr. Edward Chancy-Ned, this is

and unloving, how warmly would that heart be welcome; she took my father's hand, but there was cherished-valued as some pearl of priceless worth, no welcome kiss exchanged. The stranger bowed Because brows have grown placid from the reaction deeply before my mother, then before me, and again of deep suffering, and eyes, long used to weep, have that dark, arrogant, piercing glance, sent a shudder resumed their calm expression; because pallid lips through my frame; I know not what I said; some have bloomed again and smiled, shall we deny these thing inopherent, I fear, for he smiled sarcastically, suffered and wrestled long, and finally conquered? and dropped his eyes. I do not like him; how un-Shall we deny the soothing ministrations of faith like Arthur, how very unlike young Norton, this and unloving? Many may think so of me, for I am should say this man bears with him an atmosphere not demonstrative; there is something within me of repulsion; he will bring trouble upon me. Arthat shrinks from all outward caressing, all pro-thur warmly welcomed his father, and was coldly testation. I can only fondle a child, a dog or a bird, replied to, as usual. But the stranger was soon en-

Our neighbors and friends departed, and were not To-day I have been wandering in the shadow land once urged to stay by father. With a face all flushed. Father has announced that he will remain at home childishly? What was there in those simple words Will you read my Journal, and with me feel, and to fret me? Mother came into my room, as I was sigh, and weep, and pray? Come, and I promise saying my prayers. She folded me in her arms, and

ever-increasing beauties, wonders, and joys. This has broken his chains to have full revel here, where all was peace and contentment? I will not yield to I am sixteen to-day. How beautiful is the this tyranny! I will—oh, I cannot fly from home; world; what warm hearts gladden this earth! how my mother my pale, sorrowing mother! I cannot blest am I with friends and home. I know that my leave her! All the week that odious Edward Chaney

"Come here, girl!" said my father sternly.

" Mother has taught me practically the value of

"No long-winded speeches, Miss! short and to the just finished a pretty and fanciful drawing, entitled purpose. You are ready to obey me in all things?" "In all things reasonable-where my duty lies." He smiled sarcastically. "You like Edward

The blood mounted to my face; the vague pre when father returns; he abhors poetry, detests sentiment in my heart began to have form and sub-

"I do not like him," I answered with a firm, determined voice, and I looked up into my father's pate trouble. I will go and dress for my little even- dark and strangely repellant countenance. His brows were knit in anger as yet repressed: he bit I have always kept a journal; silly and childish his lips, and said in low, decided tones: "I bid you things enough are therein recorded; now I intend to like him-more, you must learn to love him; he is

circles my waist, and sprigs of delicate white flow- wanted to see you; I brought him on; he likes you ors nestle among my dark-brown curis. I wear no -you suit his taste. You and your mother showed ornaments, though I possess a few; I admire sim- your utter disregard of my life or death, by your plicity, and am happy that we live in the country. reception of me, after a four years' absence : repair There is Arthur calling me, and Laura Field has the mischief by prompt obedience to my wishes. or ome. I must hasten to my company. by all— I will compel you to know the master. You Twelve o'clock. The town clock is striking mid- have seen but little of me Eveline; you may see by all- I will compel you to know the master. You night; I am alone in my chamber; I feel rebellious, more than would be agreeable to your superfine

"You will not! You threaten to thwart me, your

household tyranny my mother dropped and languished, but never, never complained.

There was a gentle knock at the door. I opened. and my mother entered, pale, with quivering lips, ( and eyes that showed traces of recent tears.

"You have been hasty and rebellious, my love!" she said, enfolding me in her arms, and drawing my head upon her bosom. "Dear child, when will you learn the necessity of self-control, when teach your feelings subjection. Why did you answer him, your father, so rudely?"

There was so much of plaintive entrenty in her voice, I burst into tears, and told her how tyrannically the announcement was made to me; how like a slave my father disposed of me.

"But you, too, spoke harshly, darling; you tried no softening answer, no womanly remonstrance. Was that right, Eveline?"

My young, indignant blood, boiled up again; but met my mother's reproachful glance, and the angry reply was smothered.

"Go, my child, be yielding, gentle; speak to your father; tell him you cannot love this Edward Chancy, for I see that he is repugnant to you. Not for worlds would I compel your inclination, my child; but for the peace of this household, for my sake, show not yourself defiant; I, too, will use my powers of entrenty to win his ear; you shall not be rendered miserable, take your mother's promise for that; but oh, my Eveline! be in all else obedient to his wishes!"

Strange she often omitted to say "your father." I bowed submission to her commands, kissed her fondly, and sought my father. How cruel was the struggle within myself! how his taunts and railings aroused the slumbering spirit of opposition! and when he said, "call your mother hither," I went to obey him with a heavy heart.

August 29th, 18 -. Three weeks since, I last confided to the safe keeping of these pages the record of my thoughts, feelings, and experiences. In some strange, unaccountable manner, I am delivered from the annoying attentions of Edward Chaney; my father speaks no more to me upon the hated subject. My mother's fund is very pale and sad : I feel, though I know not how, that she has saved me.

Why does William Norton gaze upon me so long and earnestly? He is handsome, talented, wealthy. Can he think of loving the humble country girl? Fie upon my vanity! and yet they say I sing those Scottish ballads sweetly; and my music is expressive of more than mere science; my taste with the away far in the Southern clime he speaks of so rapturously, I would bear my drooping mother; beneath the orange groves, the brilliant skies of that poetic land, she would revive to health and strength. Am I dreaming, that I write thus? Is my spirit bowing to the forged links of a rosy chain I have laughed at until now? Is my mother drooping and declining? Oh! a fearful thought seizes upon me; a phantom stands in the door-way-its name is death! Can she leave me? can I ever live without her?

Sent. 22d.—Peace and calmness dwell once more within our home. That I should say it! I am grateful for my father's departure; and Edward Chaney has gone with him. But one sorrow, mingled with au apprehension to which I cannot give a name. strives with my selfish joy. Arthur has gone with them, and I do not like to see the apparent friend. ship between him and that brigand-looking Ned: there is evil in his soul; I feel it. William has demanded a private interview of me; what can he have to say?

Dec. 22d. Three months have elapsed since last I penned my thoughts; I have emerged from the paths of girlhood and thoughtlessness, into the broad way of thinking, acting, earnest life! I know that life's significance, and the duties of womanhood-the responsibilities of love and labor-have been revealed to me in all their magnitude, by my dear mother's sweetly counselling lips, as by my own heart's awakening. I have won the love of one of earth's truest hearts: I, so humble and unknown, have won to love a mighty intellect, a rare, superior mind. Oh, world, thou art more than beautiful! Rainbow hues from Eden encompass, and belts of richest gold, all gembespangled, surround thee with giory; oh earth of love and joy! Only one sorrow obscures the brightness of my bliss-my mother! Her face grows pale and wan, her step is laggard; oh, love and home, wealth and all realized joy is not complete without thee, my blessed mother?

Jan. 10th. The snow lies deep, and the brooding clouds denote a tempest. The year has entered upon its mission, bringing sorrow so me, for my mother is fading fast, and I know that soon I shall be left alone! No. not alone, for the love of one true heart is sacredly mine; but it is all untried—this freshly found wellspring of affection. My mother's love has been tried by fire. Her eye brightens when William speaks to her; she trusts her child to his keepinghe vows fidelity to the sacred charge. She has given me a roll of papers-I am not to read them until I am a wife; she has given me all her trinkets, and has placed a ring on William's finger. I know not what all this portends—ah! shrinking heart, I know too well, and fain would conceal the painful truth! But I am compelled to wear a serene and smiling face in her presence, for so the physician ordered me. if I would not shorted her days. Oh, cannot prayer invoke the return of health, and set at defiance the approach of the destroyer? My mother i can I not save thee by entreaty and sacrifice?

Pass over these pages, almost illegible from the excitement in which they were written, the tears

harken to the heart-wail of anguish, the sharp, poignantery of bereavement:

She is gone from earth! and never will the sunshine gladden, and the night be hailed as before I I am alone and desolate; the cherished love of a stranger's heart is cold, cold and distant to me now: I have a brother, a home, youth, health, bright prospects-what are they all, unshared by her? How shall I pass through the bleak world without her smile, her guiding hand? Oh, mother, mother! let me sleep with thee! Take me from all beside, now that my mother lives not! take all, I will murmur not, God! My heart and soul are crushed beneath this cruel blow. Let me die, or live in sorrow-I care no more for happiness!

There it stands, a written record of a daring, impious prayer, that was responded to-oh, eternal justice! all too quickly!

Turn over the leaves; forgive the maniac ravings of a first despair; see resignation, calm, returned, ere other trials sting my soul afresh to madness. My father wrote occasionally, and I apprised him of my mother's death; of my betrothal to William Norton, she, the departed, had written. His answer had been that she could do as she pleased with the willful girl. l lived secluded in our quiet home; Laura Field came to keep me company, but for many days I banished William Norton from my presence. It seemed to my morbid feelings, a desceration of her memory, to listen to his words of love. Read here a few pages:

Lucy and Maria Thornton often come to visit and console me; dear, affectionate hearts! They tell me that a gay party from the South are staying at a hotel in town-they are friends of William's; the beautiful and dashing daughter was the belle of his native city. What care I for this foolish gossip? dear girls, they tell me of the world and its gay doings, to revive my drooping spirits. Yes, Augusta Delormaine is beautiful, talented, witty and graceful-I envy her not a single charm, not one gift of hers-I envy her only for what I never can possess again—a mother's love!

William came in this afternoon; he appeared abeant in thought-abstracted; he said my gloomy feelings infected him. Am I growing morbidly wensitive and nervous? I imagined he looked at me reproachfully-I burst into tears, and he soothed me in his usual gentle manner: his loving smile and magnetic touch restored me to somewhat of my former self. He spoke to me kindly, but gravely, of the necessity of self control, of the selfishness of undue abandonment pencil is not all uncultivated. Oh! if he loved me, to grief. I felt the full power of his argument; I will strive to be cheerful, and think of her only as one gone before. Surely there is a land where mother and child shall meet again!

A week since I wrote in this repository of my thoughts; it is six months since my mother died. Then the snows were piled high and soft upon her grave : now summer blooms in all its brightest tints : and beneath the cenial influences of the season. I awake once more, to the enjoyment of life and youth. Every day I think of, and pray to thee, my mother! but I think with a chastened sorrow, that no more blinds itself with tears. I will live to become like thee-patient, loving, much enduring, ever resigned to the will of him who orders all things for good. I expect father and Arthur home every day; what a pity my gentle brother should have been taken from his studies to follow the rude calling of the sea. But it may strengthen his health, which was always delicate: surely he will not become coarse and rough like father. How strange he has not written, when he heard of mother's death: he must have suffered terribly, poor sensitive boy! Mrs. Grant has taken mamma's place; alas! can a stranger ever fill that place? but the kind hearted widow has installed herself my guardian and housekeeper until I go to my own southern home. She was a true friend to the departed. I yield to her as such. I am troubled for William's sake; something annoys, perplexes him. He is often absent minded; flushes when I address him suddenly-starts when I appear noiselessly before him. Perhaps pecuniary difficulties press upon him; he has had news from his friends at home -all are well. Why does he not confide his cares and sorrows to me?

It is inexplicable. He asked me to sing a favorite ballad: I complied, for it was a mournful song, and I cannot sing the gay carols I once loved—at least not yet; I sang another, after the conclusion of the first -one my mother had composed, which William Norton had pronounced a gem of poesy and music. I watched his face in the glass; it flushed crimson, and paled—his lips quivered, tears were in his eyes. He rushed from his seat, and took my hands from off the keys, crying in a broken, husky voice:

"Not that! not that song! it sounds like a reproach—a voice from the grave!"

I know not what trouble stirred within my heart. for I clasped his arm, looked up beseechingly into his face, and wildly cried:

"What do you mean? what ,ails you. William? What troubles you?"

In a moment he was himself again—pale but dignified, firm and smiling.

"Forgive me, Eveline, I have frightened you: hecalm. I meant not to alarm you; you promised meto be strong and cheerful."

He called me not dear Eveline; he did not pass his. hand across my brow, as was his wont when he. soothed me into quietude. There was a strange reserve in his manner; we conversed in a wild, disconnected, rambling way. I felt that his thoughts. were not with the present. My calmness was forced,. merely apparent.

August ... To morrow is my birth day ... my seven...

teenth birth-day. How much of heart-experience. if ! not of outward event, has occurred since the last celebration of this day. Then my dear mother livednow she is an inhabitant of heaven, and I, on affianced bride, sit in the little parlor so often beautified by her presence, and await his coming who is now all to me. Despite of myself I tremble, for I' will have an explanation with William this very day. There must be no cloud between us, who are to walk through life together. There, Bridget is opening the door for him--harken to Selmo's joyous bark! No, I will not go to meet him: I will await him here.

It is midnight. I am sitting alone in my chamber -alone with a grief surpassing all that earth can give of bitterness. Wormwood and gall have been given to me, for the bread and wine of life and love. I will write the record here, though my hand trembles so I can scarcely hold the pen; though through every vein and fibre of my being, dart lightning shafts of despair, arousing wild and sinful thoughts, quickening serpent-forms that ever slept while peace and love held sway! I know that between me and the world drops a lurid cloud, and phantom faces glare through it with fiendish, exultant glee!

Hush!-Mrs. Grant is sleeping-all nature sleeps: my mother bade me live and hope in God! I will obey my mother! She is the saving angel of this hour; but, for her, despair would lead me into the arms of a fell temptation-to cool and endless rest beneath the glassy pool! But I will live, because my mother bade me; I dare not disobey her; if I do. we shall not meet in Heaven. I know not what I am writing. The record of a great wrong-that, if I live. I may peruse it with unwavering eyes, and steeled, cold heart. Where shall I begin? Oh. yes: I waited for William Norton in the parlor, and when he entered, the shadow fell closer and denser on my heart. I knew he was the bearer of evil news. I asked him if he had heard from father-if aught had befallen Arthur. His pale face expressed astonishment; he had not heard aught concerning

"Something dreadful has occurred," I said; and, in my eagerness, I clung to his arm.

He gently, but firmly, put back my hands.

"Eveline, I must speak to you; it were dishonorable to keep you longer in suspense. Judge me leniently, I implore you, when I confess to you-

"What?" I shricked in tones so loud and startling, he drew back in alarm.

"I dare not tell you, while you are in this mood. Eveline, forgive, forgive! I despise-abhor myself! But I cannot go on in this path of deception. I cannot marry you, Eveline."

"Why?" I exclaimed; and my wild, excited manner must have frightened him, for he knelt at my feet, and implored my pity, patience and forgiveness. He offered himself to me as a brother-a friend; he endeavored to gain the door, saying he would return when I was calin.

I intercepted his egress. I stood bold, daring, defiant before him, reiterating the simple " why?" "Oh, Eveline, do not urge me!" he prayed.

But I was inexorable.

"Not before I know the reason, can you pass this threshold," I said. "I have the right-I will have the reason."

He wavered long-his face paled and flushed-he trembled violently. Rejuctantly, sorrowfully, he spoke the words-

"To love Augusta Delormaine."

I did not intercept; him, then; I opened wide the door, and bade him depart. I saw him leave the room, pass down the alley of trees into the quiet village street.

I came up here to think, and write, and weep. I cannot shed a tear; I cannot collect a thought; all is confusion. Bridget called me down to tea; I said my head ached, and I desired to be alone. Mrs. Grant came in the twilight; but she could not see my face, and she thought me sleeping, so she quietly withdrew. I am alone with this new and mighty calamity. I know that I have to face a cold and bitter world-an unrelenting destiny-alone.

Nov. 16th. Three months since last I looked upon this book-what has not occurred since then! Ile-I will not write his dastard name—has left forever. The Thorntons speak not of him before me; all I know, is, he has left, in company with the Delormaine family. Oh, that I could have seen that proud and triumphant Augusta, to know wherein she excelled, and how she conquered. It was her beauty-her commanding figure-her smooth, false tongue; my heart whispers she is false-as cruel. She knew he loved me-he was the betrothed of poor Eveline Hope! I can weep, now; three months ago, I was mad. Now the icy band is loosened; I feel and think and pity myself. My mother bends over me in dreams, and says " poor child!"

· Hark! a loud ring at the door. I am superstitiously expectant-nervously afraid. It is only the postman; he gives Bridget a letter. I look on all things with indifference-perhaps it is wrong; but I cannot yet arouse from the lethargy-the dismal confusion-that makes of life a blank. I am called: there is some hasty news for me.

Oh! the necessity of exertion when heart and brain would be at rest. My father is about returning home. The only feeling of joy I have for long months experienced, was when I read the announcement of Arthur's coming home-my beautiful, gentle brother! one yet is left to love me. Rest awhile in darkness, thou silent witness of my young life's trials. What have I to write about. I cannot boast of fortitude and stoic strength-of indifference that I presume not to feel. I will not fill these pages with wild plaints-with my wrung heart's clamor. I cannot gather consolation here; I will to my mother's grave and pray-I will to the footsteel of the pitying God, and cry aloud to him who listeth the orphan's moan l

Turn over the dark, tear-blotted pages, and read

Winter snows lie deep on the earth, tempests are brooding in the leaden sky, and winter's icy desolation is within my heart! The last hope wrecked, the last light extinguished, the last blossom trodden under foot! My brother-oh, my brother Arthur! lost, lost, and by a fiend's wiles! Was that the slender form our angel mother held against her panting breast? that tottering, wasted figure, reeling drunkenly into the house? Was that my brother's face, all bloated with the damning signet of intemperance? Oh, I thanked God, she who bore him was not there to witness his degradation! .The lips, once uttering eloquent and prayerful discourse, emitting language too foul to record-those lips oft hallowed by a mother's kiss, giving forth ribald jests, profane words! Oh, Holy Chastener, is my

all the vindictiveness of my nature aroused. I ac- hopeful. I can draw and paint; I will make use of him with a departed spirit's avenging track! I was-a wild erratio singing bird. know not what all I said, for I was wild; beside myself. I only know, that he, the craven! quailed the distant city of P--: before my flashing eye and loud, accusing tones. His usual pertness had vanished; he was pale and for several pictures; I have as many pupils as I can trembling, and, like a guilty coward, he left the teach; pecuniarily, I am well off; at heart I am room, not daring to look me in the face again. My sick, for brother Arthur is yet unheard from, though father is silent-morose-subdued; it is clearly visi- I have called upon him in all the newspapers. Unble that he mourns my mother's loss; but he rarely fortunate, deluded boy! is he dead, or sinking deeper speaks to me, and I unconsciously avoid him. To day by day into degradation? Blessed mother! what Arthur, he is distant, harsh and cold as usual. fearful thoughts come over me in solitude! they make Yesterday he dropped some strange words regarding | me shudder; for I see theft and murder at thy Arthur, and "that pale, moping thing," as he calls soul's right hand! I see him plunging into crime me. A sudden impulse seizes me, to read the papers to escape the fiery torments of accusing conscience. my dying mother confided to me. I shall never be a Oh, brother, brother! rather would I mourn thee wife-I will read them now.

of love and sacrifice. Oh, sainted mother! and for me, and that mistaken boy it was, thou didst bend thy heart to martyrdom! But, mingling with my reverence, sorrow and amazement, comes a sense of deep thankfulness, that I-that Arthur, all fallen as he is-are not the children of the harsh, cold, Captain Hope, He is our step-father only, and we were too young to know him as aught else. Left to penuryluxury and affluence; she who had been a tender He was lost overboard in a voyage from the West taught us to call him father. She purchased my have some true friends, and many patrons; my privileges and Arthur's schooling, by her own means; business prospers. Oh, if it were not for memory and she could only evade his brutality by bribing him sacredly, even as she would. Oh, listening is any of this new fanaticism. If we could estabspirit! read thou this racked and aching heart, lish rules of communication between the blessed and devoted mother! I would die to save him; but alas! this earth, what a beautiful consolation it would be! I cannot: it is too late-too late!

Strange and heavy burden laid upon this weak and trembling spirit! Yet it must be done for duty, honor's sake-for the peace of the departed- pages would not interest you. Pass over several in obedience to the voice of God!

Dec. 21st. I have exhausted all my powers of entreaty; I have bent my stubborn will; I have bowed a grateful spirit-of a healed, not a broken heart! my pride, and sued with tears to him, who robbed Now do I know, not only believe that the departed my mother's life of hope and joy. I have prayed live—that my angel mother hovers around me with that he would give us a little sum from our dear a blessing and a prayer—that my poor tempted mother's store, for in his hands was all, that we two brother is advancing to the light wherein she dwells. could begin life for ourselves. I told him of my I see the path all clear and radiant—the taugled, mother's revelation, but I hinted not that she had often-seemingly darkened way of life. I feel the complained of his usage. I must have been eloquent, purposes of sorrow-I kiss the rod that chastened for even this hard, cold, rough nature melted; for me, with exultant joy! I feel as if the all absorbthe first time I saw a moisture in his eye.

flesh and blood; well, it was natural for the old mourning, I know that love, like life, is endlesswoman to tell you. I'll consider the matter over, that it awaits me-radiant, pure, exalted, exclusive, and maybe let you have something. But what's the in the spirit bowers. I have learnt with reawakened use of your going away? Stay and keep house for heart and energies all life inspired, that there is no me, and keep Arthur alongside of you, if you want death, no grave; and I feel that I have gained a to. He's got into an ugly habit of drinking."

though this place contains all that is sacred on that invites knowledge. Heaven beams on me everyearth to me-my mother's grave. But Arthur must where; and my fiery spirit, ourbed by suffering, away from here-away from all the old associations arises in conscious strength to begin life anew. that humiliate and good him on to recklessness; he must be taken out of reach of the influence of Ed- ennobling standpoint of spiritual teachings. Blessed

him through green and yellow spectacles. He never Spiritualism! forced Arthur to drink-'t was in the boy. There, I | This is all of Eveline's Journal. There are scraps do n't want to hear another word. Ilike Ned; you of paper lying about my writing desk, and little settle vour own affairs. You aint of age yet. I books all filled with closely written pages; but they could compel you to stay, but I wont ; I must have are the records of my thoughts no longer; they are a housekeeper: I'll be for marrying again some the sentiments of spirits disembodied -of pure lives, day, and then, I suppose, you would n't like to showering to earth their blessed influences. At stay-would n't like step-ma'am any better than times I pen my own reflections, but there is not much

make some kind of a settlement with you." with this great sorrow—this blighting sin and dead- won angelhood. ening shame! The gloom clouds of sorrow, sickness, death, dispel at last, and leave the untarnished hearthwith darkness the sunny spots, and home can smile

there is no hope for me?

him; for reason holds but momentary sway above posed in me; I will strive, with heart, and soul, and that clouded intellect—that utterly obscured mind. energy, to wean him from his besetting sin. Cap-And he, the schemer and revengeful fiend, has done tain Hope has given me two hundred dollars; he all this! he is the cause that led the innocent, un- loudly vaunts his generosity, and says half of the wary boy to ruin-he, Edward Chaney! To day I money is from his own store. I knew not if he taunted him with all my former bitterness-with speaks the truth, but I am grateful, and once more cused him of Arthur's moral ruin; I cailed down these talents. I can teach, too, but my music is all upon him Heaven's direct retribution; I threatened too untrained to impart to others. I am-rather I

The following was written, months afterwards, in

I am prospering in my business; I have orders

dead, than know thee living thus! He came with

Deeply absorbed in the perusal of those pages, I me to P-, and for a week he was himself; then twice relighted my lamp, and the first glimmer of again the demon-thirst possessed him; he came to dawn found me finishing the last leaf of that record our humble quarters, a reeling, shouting, exulting drunkard. I ventured upon a few words of remonstrance; his arm was raised to strike me; but he collected himself and perpetrated not that last oruel wrong. He rushed from the house-I have not beheld him since, and I have ventured into drinkingsaloons and filthy cellars, for our mother's sake!"

Sept. -. The morning summer tints yet with a lingering glory the distant hills, and my heart beats defrauded by mammon-serving men-that noble in thankfulness, for Arthur May sleeps 'neath the mother toiled for us, she who had been reared in ocean wave, ere theft and murder stained his soul! husband's idol. Captain Hope was wealthy and Indies. I have all the mournful particulars from prosperous, when he proposed to be her protector—a the captain of the vessel, who called on me on readfather to her fatherless ones. For love for us, she ling my advertisement for the unhappy youth. I wedded again; for our sakes, that we might not be pray for him nightly and I shed many tears for his exposed to a cold world's charity. Soon, the true untimely fate. Poor, old, shaggy Selmo crouches character of the man revealed itself; the tyrant still beside me-I was permitted to take him with showed his despotic colors. The chain she had me from ---; he whines when I pronounce Arthur's deemed of gold, turned to fiery links, that burnt her name; he was his favorite. I do not write often in tender soul. Years passed on; a part of her proper- my journal now, for I am kept too busy; the hardty was restored to her. How vainly she sighed for working, every-day, earnest life claims me; and I liberty for us, and for herself! She dared not tell feel that in occupation is found the true elixir for us that he held us by no sacred claim, for he had the mind's disease and the heart's restlessness. I

for the captain prospered not in his undertakings, Dec. 20th .- What is all this talk I hear about spirits returning to earth? I always believed that him with gold. When I was so unaccountably re the true and pure in heart, those whose vision was leased from Edward Chaney's persecutions, it was unsealed, could behold the forms, and hold converse owning to her gentle entreaties, aided by a purse of with the departed. But that spirits rap on chairs gold! Alas, beloved mother! she bids me care for and tables. Pooh! that is simply ridiculous and Arthur in my Southern home; she bids me draw impossible; what vagaries will not the human mind him from his step-father's influence; watch over indulge in? But I will watch the progress, if there But I fear I am irreverent and presumptuous, and am scribbling nonsense.

Read one more record, reader; the intervening years; the following was written six years ago:

Father of love and bounty ! accept the offering of ing love I once bestowed so unworthily was not the "Well, well," he said; "you know you're not my boon of my spirit. Arising from hopelessness and haven from which no storm can drive me. I am at "Captain Hope," I replied, "I cannot remain here, anchor beneath the smiling summer skies of a faith And that life is beautiful, as viewed from the be God for the dawning light, for the purity, beauty "Tut, tut, girl! You dislike Ned, and you see and holiness of this descended angel of the Times-

step-dad, ch? Well, well, don't cry, Eveline, I'll of instruction, still less of melancholy, in them. I am changed; and, thanks to Spiritualism, changed I left him to his pipe, and went out to seek Arthur. for the better, in heart and frame, in spirit and in-Can it be that a few months should so completely temper. I am an old maid now; but no one thinks change a character—so utterly uproot all traces of me cross or disagreeable—a well-spring of mirththe moral structure so reverently upreared by a fulness has found admittance to my nature. I canmother's hand? Where are the guardian sentinels not weep over the irreparable past, or anticipate of the soul-Conscience, Duty? Lulled to sleep by trouble in the future, in face of my bounteous the potent drug, rocked to death by the foul tempta- Pather's glorious sunshine, and mantling canopy of tion. Every day the son that was his mother's pride light and stars. I cannot close my yearning, loving reels drunkenly into his mother's room; laughe loud woman's soul against friendship and sympathy, heand coarsely in his imbecile state, where that pure cause a few proved falsa. If I have not loved again presence dwelt-perchance yet lingers. On the place it is not because the matter chord of my spirit has where she prayed he blasphemes; where she sang not been touched by the only hand that can draw her touching songs, he shouts in ribald glee; he tells from it the divine melodles of love. But it will be stories unfitting a sister's cars, from the chair wherein in the future—in the lards of reunion—when I first she sat. Oh, what was the agony of losing her; the meet my mother, exalted to a scraph's station; my bitterness of unworthily bestowed affection, compared pardoned brother, beartified, ennobled by his self-

I have not grown senimental, nor thin, because I was deceived in my estimate of one man's truthfulstone fair as ever, though desolate; the memories ness. I hear that William Norton lives in east and clustering there are all pure and holy, though steeped luxury, with his proud, still beautiful wife. My in tears. But the presence of sin covers for aye heart it neither cold nor steeled, though I read the record of his perfidy with smiling lips, with most no more. I feel that I must leave this place, that I complete indifference. Haugh, and sing, and romp; | not true, was told with such a good grace as to give assembly so, donning my dressing gown and slipmust go far away, where we are unknown. I will am happy at heart; taking no care for the future, it, at least, the semblance of truth." resume my father's name; how inappropriate to my beyond what earthly prulence dictates. I have outstate of feeling it is. May! when December, with lived many great triak, and have suffered the its cold and gloom is in my heart. I resign the name severest pangs of heart-martyrdom. But no imof Hope; is it an emblematic sign that on earth press lingers on my brow, no melancholy feeds upon my cheek. Sunshine, griteful, heart warming sun-Feb. 19th. Yes, to morrow I leave the home of my shine, illumines my path, and I dream sweet, lofty, own senses, I am ready to swear." bildhood and youth; the many graves of the beau romantic dreams, of the future beyond this earth. tiful, fond hopes I cherished; and the visible grave I am, what a belief in Piritualism and a residence of my self-asorificing mother. With tears, and pray in New England is sure of making one, a hopeful,

For the Banner of Light, WAITING FOR DEATH. In memory of Mrs. Susan Duckworth. BY LITA H. BARNEY.

"Waiting for Death! my soul has long been weary In looking for the summons to my home, Earth's paths are dim and shadowy, dark and dreary-Then heavenly angel, quickly to me come! When down my eyelids droop in heavenly slumber. I hear the distant pattering of thy feet, Around me bends the "host without a number," But when shall I THY nearer presence greet?

Thy arm, O Death, is mighty to deliver: . Then in thy healing glory come to me. Bid fell disease give up its hold forever. And place me in the maneions of the free. O droaded spectre of my days of childhood, But now invoked as beautiful and bright, How little in that time of sports in wildwood, I thought thy midnight could be changed to light And now the hectic flush grows deep and deeper,

A lovely radiance thou dost o'er me shed, I haste to join me to thy loneliest sleeper, And lay me down within my grassy bed. O sisters, friends, who tenderly surround me-Wiping the death-damp from my dewy brow. As thus I burst from cerements that bound me, Yo must not weep, for it would stay me now

Yes, let me go; the morning light is breaking, The air is vocal with the songs of Spring; From chrysales the butterfly is waking, To soar forever on its glittering wing! Ah! much and long I've thirsted for the merrow. And now the lustre of its dawn I see: Hold me not back by unavailing sorrow. But from this suffering body let me free.

O, know ye not, this seeming dark Death-angel, Which back ye'd conjure, as with mischief rife, Is but the coming of God's pure evangel To lead my soul from darkness into Life? And in my spirit-robes of light and beauty I'll come to thee, and with my loved ones dwell. Let songs of praise complete your work of duty, I go, my dear ones; till we meet, farewell!"

And thus! 'mid heavenly strains of joy and gladness

She passed, how gently! from our sight away. Leaving our spirits draped in shroud of sadness. While she but on her robes of endless'day. Yes; we will let thee go! thy soul's wild longing No voice responsive found upon the earth, And we will meet thee in a glorious Morning, And join thee in thy songs of heavenly birth! PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 20, 1859.

### Written for the Banner of Light. GIOVANNA A TALE OF VENICE.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER

If changing cheek and scorching vein, If changing cheek and scorening vein, Lips taught to writhe but not complain; If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain, And daring deed, and vengeful steel, And all that I have felt, and feel, Betoken Love—that love was mine.—BYRON.

It was in Venice-dear, dreary and delicious Venice -I first beheld Giovanna Orsola. Soon after my arrival in that city, whither my extreme love for art had led my wandering footsteps, I heard frequent this acknowledged Venetian beauty. At the opera. theatre, and even in the public cafe, the name of word. By degrees I became infected with the prevailing mania, and awaited, with no slight amount situated upon the left side. of impatience, a favorable opportunity for beholding a woman, who, judging from general report, was nothing less than a paragon of female loveliness. about a meeting, the particulars of which I will now by a pretty, dark-eyed girl, whose vivacious manner briefly relate.

It was the close of a delightful day in July. Since early dawn I had been hard at work in my by no who have their own fortunes to carve out, are apt to be rather restricted for means in the early part of their career. The oppressive heat of noon day had given me a severe headache, which I had striven hard to dissipate or forget, by constant application to labor. But twilight was fast setting in, and the fresh breeze which stole in through my lattice imparted a cooling sensation to my burning brow, and rooed me forth to taste the beauties of an Italian

Throwing aside my chisel with which I had just been putting the finishing touches to a bust of Canova, I regarded my labor of several weeks with an air of complacency and satisfaction, then turned quickly away to prepare my toilet for the coming night. To substitute a black velvet jacket, white pantaloons, Byronic collar, and a small Lombard hat, for my morning neglige, was but the work of a few short full length upon a softly cushioned gondola, that was skimming along the Adriatic towards the Piazza San Marco. The gentle rippling of the water, and with their precious freightage, I vielded to the caresses of the soft south wind, and soon fell into a light slumber.

How long I slept I know not, but when I awoke my gondolier, Glacomo, assured me that I had talked almost incessantly of Giovanna Orsola during my sleep, and had once half-risen from my cushions with an excited air, crying out, at the same time, in a loud voice, " For the love of Heaven, save her, ere she sinks!" as if apprehensive of, the drowning of some female friend. I laughed lightly at the words of Giacomo, and thanked him for the pleasant jest which he had manufactured during my short slumawakening.

unusual for him to wear.

humor. "Do I not know your earnest endeavors to residence. amuse and beguile the weariness of a stranger in a but to applaud you, for the harmless falsehood which

"I see that your excellency still doubts the hon- coffee. esty of his servant. Believe me, Signor Linton, when

only by report, should so excite my fancy and alarm. While revolving this idea in my mind, a gayly decorated gondola shot by us with terrible rapidity. and ere I could ask the owner's name, a slight scream, like that escaping from the lips of a female, arrested my ear, accompanied with the plash of some falling object into the water.

"Push on quickly, my brave Giacomo!" I cried in loud voice, and the next moment my gondola was near the spot, where by the silvery light of the rising moon I espied what appeared to be a mass of drapery floating upon the surface of the water.

Without uttering a single word of my intentions to my skilful boatman, I hurriedly divested myself of my velvet jacket and collar, and before Giacomo could pronounce my name, I had leaped into the water, and was vigorously buffeting with the tide.

Being somewhat of an adept in the art of swimming, I soon succeeded in seizing the drowning woman by her hair, which hung in long and tangled masses over her shoulders, and putting out again in the direction of the two boats, from which I had become strangely separated; in less than five minutes I had the satisfaction of placing my fair charge upon the velvet cushions of her own gondola.

"Is my lady dead, your excellency?" anxiously inquired a liveried servant who stood at the door. way of the pavilion, and who had evidently more heart than courage.

"Life is not yet extinct, although her resuscitation is, I must confess, a doubtful matter," was my serious

For several moments my precious burden lay entirely insensible, and looking in her marble whiteness of face and neck, more like an exquisite piece of sculpture, in her classical and regal beauty, than a living, breathing woman. After considerable effort upon the part of Enrico, the youthful attendant, and myself, we at last succeeded in forcing down the throat of the unconscious sleeper a few spoonfuls of wine. This, together with the continued chafing of the temples and extremities, at last aroused her to a state of semi-sensibility, just as the gondola drew up before the marble steps of one of the largest and most elegant palaces that border the Grand Canal.

"Do we land here?" I hastily asked of Enrico. lose delight at the thought of his mistress's reovery was plainly written upon his beardless, but handsome countenance.

"Yes, your excellency, this is our place of desting. tion. Please follow me, and I will give you safe conduct to my mistress's apartment," was his hurried answer.

To raise the swooning beauty in my arms, and quickly mount the steps, preceded by the lighthearted Enrico, was the work of but a single mo. ment. I soon found myself in a spacious and brilliantly lighted hall, the atmosphere of which seemed heavy with the double fragrance of orange and citron trees. Obeying a motion from my guide, I crossed to the opposite side, and quickly ascended a broad staircase, whose covering was a piece of Persian mention made of the manifold charms and graces of tapesty of the most gorgeous dye. This flight of stairs opened into a lofty gallery filled with rare specimens of painting and statuary, illumined only. Giovanna Orsola passed from lip to lip, like a watch- by the flood of silvery light which the rising moon poured in through a number of Venetian windows,

At the extremity of this extensive gallery, Enrico paused, and opening a glass door, I soon found myself in what appeared to be the ante-room of a mag. Accident rather than intention, however, brought nificent suite of apartments. Here we were greeted and coquettish style of dress at once betokened her a child of "la belle France."

"See that your mistress's couch is in readiness." Ligatte " said Enrich addressing the young airl Italian.

The dark face that but a moment before had been completely wreathed in smiles, suddenly paled, as the glance of Lisette fell upon the drooping and insensible form of her beautiful mistress. No second bidding was necessary upon the part of the maiden, who instantly lead the way to an inner apartment. whose sumptuousness fairly astonished me. Upon a bed, fit for the repose of an empress, I deposited my lovely charge, who shivered slightly, and then opening her dark eyes, gazed vacantly about her like a person suddenly awakened from a deep trance. How shall I describe to you the wondrous beauty

of those eyes, as glancing wildly from one to another of the group collected about her bedside, they at last rested tenderly upon my face.

"Ah, signor," she said with a faint smile, and in n low and tremulous tone, whose rich music thrilled moments. A half an hour later, I was reclining at my very soul, "it is to your kindness and mercy, that I now owe my present life. Be assured that so noble an act upon the part of a stranger, will never quit my memory; and now, good signor, I must beg the low chanting of my by no means unintelligent your pardon for having so long intruded upon your gondolier, had a soothing effect upon my nerves, until time and patience. With many thanks, I bid you at last, weary of watching the gayly painted boats farewell. To-morrow you shall hear from me again Addio I'

Without uttering a single word, I stooped and respectfully touched my lips to the taper fingers of the glorious being before me. The next instant I was quickly threading my way along the spacious gallery, whose rare works of art at first attracted my attention, close followed by the faithful Enrico, who upon reaching the outer door, said-

. " As your own gondola is not in waiting, signor, you will, I trust, honor my lady by the use of hers. Alessio!" he shouted to the attendant waterman, "convey this gentleman to his lodgings !"

This remark momentarily roused me to my senses ber, for the purpose of entertaining me on my Giacomo was gone-tired, no doubt, at the length of my stay in the palace. Nothing remained for me to "Your excellency is disposed to be incredulous," do but to accept the proffered hospitality of my said the gondolier, with a slight shrug of his burly guide; so, stepping into the gondola-which lay, shoulders, and a serious expression of face, quite moored close to the steps of the palace. I was soon speeding along at a rapid rate. Upon reaching the "And why not, my good Giacomo?" I replied, at mole, I thrust a silver coin into the hands of my the same time giving him a hearty shake of the gondolier, and, passing under the colonnade of the hand, with the view of restoring his natural good Ducal Palace, soon found myself at the door of my

I now remembered that I had engaged to meet a foreign land? By my word, I meant not to censure, knot of artist friends at the academy. Glancing at my watch, however, I found the hour to be nine your ever-active brain originated, and which, though o'clock—the time for the dispersion of our little pers, I lighted a oigar and rang the bell for a cup of

With my thoughts constantly fixed upon the beau-I tell you that every word which I but now related tiful being I had so recently rescued from drownings to you, passed from your lips while apparently I sought my pillow. But sleep came not to my eye under the influence of sleep. If I may credit my lids during the whole of that seemingly interminable night. Like a tired child, I tossed restlessly shout "Nay, nay, no caths, my kind fellow !" I oried, in upon my couch, until weary with my long wakeful terrupting him, as the thought that I had perhaps ness, I rose and paced the room. The yery air been dreaming flashed across my mind. . . . seemed hot and oppressive, while an undefural fire ers, and entrenties, I have at length prevailed on energetio, never daunted woman, and the friend of Main, and the friend of Main, and the friend of oup not yet full?

At is useless to argue, to entreat to reason with Arthur to accompany me. I will fulfill the trust to laid inadical fulfill the trust to laid inadical fulfill the trust of laid inadical fulfillies inadical fulfillies in laid inadical fulfillies in laid inadical fulfillies in l from a watery grave, was still a mystery to me. In no ornaments save a set of milk-white pearls, and a actually forgotten to inquire her name. The thought | beautiful woman that I had ever seen. that I might never again behold one whom, once The marble whiteness of her skin, would have fair-

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hers,

forth for a short stroll upon the Piazza San Marco. eyes. Large and oval-shaped, of a dark color, they The sun was just rising from out the blue depths of were at times bright and flashing, again liquid and the Adriatic, bathing tower and steeple, church and swimming with love, and anon touching one's soul palace, in its golden light. The atmosphere was with their mournful sadness. From the first moladen with the fragrance of newly opened flowers, whose brilliant and varied dyes are known only to a magnetic power. All other eyes seemed dull and extropical clime. The faint stroke of the waterman's pressionless, compared to those of Giovanna. oars in the placid waters, and the singing of birds, soothed my peturbed spirit, and made me, for the time being, a better and happier man.

While lingering over my solitary breakfast an hour later, I was surprised at hearing a loud knock at my door. Imagining it to be my particular friend and brother sculptor, Hoey, an Englishman by birth, stranger to her as I imagined, as she had seen me and a genial, good natured fellow, I did not rise from frequently at the church of St. Mark, while engaged my seat at the table, but merely responded to the in her devotions. What surprised me most was the summons by a loud "come in."

broke the seal, and read as follows:

"I am happy to write you of my complete restoration to health, after my unluckly bath of yesterday. To night I shall attend the opera. Come to me in modest request to make to one, to whom I am already so largely indebted.

Yours eternally, GIOVANNA ORSOLA."

"Giovanna Orsola!" I murmured half audibly, as that this lady is your mistress?"

the liveried servant, as apparently unmoved by my surprise, he glanced carelessly about at the various pieces of statuary which adorned my little studio. Without a moment's consideration, I seated myself taking leave of her, Giovanna thrust into my hand a at my writing desk and indited a brief reply to the | heavy purse of gold, as a recompense for the great fair Giovanna's note, in which I politely assented to service I had done her in rescuing her from the jaws her proposition.

all Venice.

The arrival of my friend Hoey, put an end to all further reflections upon a subject which had for the last twelve hours constantly occupied my mind.

"Good morning, Linton," exclaimed the light hearted Englishman, as, with genuine friendship, he her willing cavalier upon all public occasions. gave me a hearty shake of the hand; "how was it the academy last night? By my word, Linton, the among the artists there assembled."

flattery this morning," I replied, as, handing my love of the fairest flower in all Venice. companion to a seat, I begged him to give me his candid opinion of the Canova which I had just com-

gard to my labors, in the field of sculpture, by Hoey- come a Catholic. After a short struggle with con-Aters—and the offering of some trifling excuse by my- Giovanna our marriage was consummated in a small salf on account of my non-appearance at the acade- chapel attached to the palace. From the first time leave, with the promise of dining with me on the private wedding, I took a strange dislike to him-

ent excited state of mind, so I took up a book and highly displeased, and wondered that I should feel so tried to while away the hours intervening between unkindly towards one who had been for many years my friend's departure and dinner time. But here a her father confessor. new difficulty arose in my entire lack of absorption. For a time life glided calmly and happily on, and Fix my eyes as steadfastly upon the page before me to be constantly at the side of Giovanna seemed to as I might, I could see nought but the lovely vision be all that I desired to complete the sum of earthly of Giovanna Orsola before me, in her great and happiness. But, alas! a change came o'er the spirit wondrous beauty. Like an impatient child, I counted of my dream. Business of an important nature the weary hours, and when at length, after long suddenly called me to Florence. Upon parting with watching, "night threw her sable mantle o'er the Giovanna, I had told her that I should in all probaearth," and the splendor of an Italian sunset faded bility be absent two weeks. Contrary to my expecfrom my sight—then, yielding to the holy impulse of tations, I returned a week sooner than I had anticithe moment, I fell upon my knees, and thanked God pated, and with the view of surprising Giovanna, I for the great happiness which the future held in repaired at once to her private dressing room. Judge

the preparation of my toilet, as upon that eventful seen! evening. To make a deep and lasting impression upon the mind of the proud Venetian beauty, was of my wife, as quickly releasing herself from the the darling wish of my heart; and, as I drew on my arms of him who held her, she advanced to greet me, gloves, and took from its case the exquisite pearl at the same time tremblingly pressing a kiss upon lorgnette, which Maud Linton, my cousin and my be my white lips. Perceiving my anger and surprise. trothed, had given me as a parting gift, when leaving Giovanna seized the hand of the stranger, and prethe home of my childhood in distant America. I sented him as her cousin, Antonio Lorini. confess that I did not bestow even a passing thought | ... My great love for my wife made me a willing beupon the pure, sweet girl, that from earliest infancy liever, and before a half hour had elapsed, all three face more dazzling in its beauty than Maud Linton's merous and unmistakable attentions, however, which

my box at the opera. Amid the crowd of female jealous of her only living cousin. While engaged in beauties that thronged the theatre, I saw not one the labors of my profession to which I still adhered, that answered my ideas of Giovanna. As "Le Antonio would read, sing, and oftentimes occupy the Huguenots" progressed, I began to grow nervous time in sailing or visiting with Giovanna. These and impatient at not being allowed even a momen- little things sowed the seeds of unrest and distary glimpse of the beauteous being who had so quietude in my breast, and made me at times, the unconscibusly robbed me of my heart. About half most miserable of men. past nine o'clock in the evening, while engaged in Looking over my trunks one day, I stumbled upon conversation with Hoey and one or two other artist a miniature of Maud, which I had painted upon friends, there came a low tap at the door of my box. ivory a few months before leaving America. Her The sudden start which I gave at the sound of it, sweet and heavenly face took me back into the olden brought a smile to the lips of my companions, who days, and made me to regret the terrible felly of were ignorant of the cause of my nervousness and which I had been guilty, in breaking my engage-

him the wink, I stepped outside the box, and quick- mindful of my happiness. ly inquired his orrand. His mistress had but just In the midst of my reverie I raised the miniature arrived, and had sent him to escort me to her box. instinctively to my lips, but ere I had pressed a kiss Not wishing to relate my adventure to my brother upon the old lyory, an unseen hand dashed it quickcompanions, I excused myself from their presence on ly to the floor. Rising from my knees, I turned and the ples of indisposition. From the significant beheld Giovaina my wife i standing before me, glances which passed from face to face however, as I with tightly compressed lips and flashing eyes that took leave of them, I began to fear that they discred transformed her into a flend. From that moment transformed ner into a fiend. From that moment ited my words, or recognized Enrico as the servant Glovanna love seemed turned to litter hatred. In of Giovanna. A second or two later, and I was ush ered into the pressure of my inamorata. Simply yet that Mand's image had long since been supplanted elegantly clad in a dress of rich black velvet, with in my heart by her own. She would not listen to

the midst of my fears for her safely, as well as my long black well thrown carelessly over head and shouldeep admiration for her matchless beauty, I had ders, Glovanna was to my mind, the most gloriously

seen, could never be forgotten, was a saddening re- ly dazzled the eyes of an artist, while the exquisite flection to my excited and disturbed mind. Remem- symmetry of her tall and majestic form might have bering the parting words of my fair unknown served for a mode to even the most fastidious of "To morrow you shall hear from me again,"-I took soulptors. Hair of a dark purple hue, was woven in fresh courage, and entertained bright hopes for the Grecian braids above her oval shaped head, and studded here and there with pins of snowy pearl. But As soon as day dawned, I seized my hat, and went the loveliest feature of that classical face, was the ment that they were uplifted to my face, I felt their

> My lady received me with a degree of hospitality that was quite refreshing to a stranger in a foreign land. She addressed me as familiarly as if I had been her own brother, calling me by my first name, Theodore.

She declared that I was by no means so much of a fact that in me Giovanna discovered a close and as-The next moment the door opened, and Enrico tonishing resemblance to her deceased husband. the quickly advanced towards me, bearing a delicately Prince Orsola, for whom she still wore sable robes. perfumed note in his hand. With trembling fingers Concealing myself from observation behind the heavy curtains of the box, I commenced an earnest conversation with my fair companion, and became entirely unconscious of the flight of time, until Enrico knocked at the door, to say that the coach was in waiting my box, No. 30, during the evening, for I have a to convey his mistress to her gondola. Accepting Giovanna's pressing invitation to sup with her, we were soon sailing calmly along the Adriatio, towards the Palazzo Orsola.

Arriving there, we found supper awaiting us in a my eye fell upon the already familiar name of small but exquisitely furnished room, in the middle Giovanna. "Can it be possible," I said, turning to of which stood a small centre table which seemed ac-Enrico, "that she whom I saved from drowning- | tually groaning under its load of delicacies. It was nast the hour of midnight when I arose from my seat "The same, your Excellency," was the reply of at the supper table, where my beautiful companion had for nearly two long hours held me prisoner by her witty and charming conversation, as well as by the fascination of her singular beauty. Upon my of death. Pride would not permit me to receive the With a low bow Enrico retired, and left me to money so kindly offered, and so, after bidding my meditate upon the good luck which had accidentally fair charmer a tender adieu, I took my departure. thrown the into the society of the loveliest woman in after faithfully promising to spend the ensuing evening with her.

Day after day, and night after night, found me at the side of Giovanna Orsola. The favor which I constantly received from the hands of the wealthy and distinguished Venetian emboldened me, and made me

My male friends warned me of the dangers of my that you were not punctual to your engagement at position, and Hoey even went so far as to whisper in my ear, "Beware, lest she prove another Borgia!" loss of your society was a subject of common regret Intoxicated with the beauty of Giovanna, I would not listen for a moment to their friendly advice, "I fear, my kind friend, that you are disposed to thinking, naturally enough, that they envied me the

At the end of three weeks' acquaintance with Gio vanna. I made offer to her of my heart and hand My proposal was accepted on one condition, which After some valuable hints, and suggestions in re- was that I should renounce my own faith, and bewho was, in reality, an excellent critic in art mat- science, I consented to do this, and at the desire of my the evening previous, my companion took his that I laid eyes upon the priest who officiated at our Upon mentioning the aversion which I felt towards To set myself to work, was impossible in my pres- him, a week after our union, Giovanna seemed to be

of my horror upon beholding my beloved Giovanna Never before was so much care and time spent in in the embraces of a man whom I had never before

The blood rushed in a torrent to the face and neck

had been my playmate and associate. No; another were on the happiest terms of friendship. The nuhad engraven itself upon the tablets of my heart. Antonio bestowed upon Giovanna, at last began to A loving, noble soul was cast aside to give place to a arouse my jealousy. In short I began to feel that newer idol, wearing the shape and form of Giovanna his visit was protracted to an unnecessary length Whenever I inquired the time for his departure, Gio. Long before the curtain rose, I was stationed in vanna seemed displeased, and teased me for being

ment with her and wedding another, who, if not Upon opening the door I beheld Enrico. Giving unworthy of my love, was not at least sufficiently

me, but turned away with a demoniac and mooking I looked, and saw what I had before failed to nolaugh, that sent a cold shudder throughout my whole | tice-a small silver line of particles flowing to and

busy in the chapel, planning an elopement for the and you would take the last." coming night. Thanking the priest for his kindly information, I determined to enlist his confidence. By "Ro," he answered; "death is never painful. a secret passage-way my companion conducted me to The disorganization which produces it may be severe, the chapel, where we concealed ourselves from obser- but when death begins its work, the organization sation which ensued, I learned that Antonio Lorini itself. The contortions of the muscles, which frena, the dearly beloved idol of my soul, was his favor- electrical conditions, caused by the withdrawal of could hear no more, but emerging from my retreat, I have suffered all that is ever suffered in dying. The in his unholy embrace.

n his unholy embrace. your spirit remain in this sphere forever."

The king was unarmed, and falling on his knees "Why is it not broken? Why is not the process adge of my wrongs made me deaf to his entreaties, ant process?"

and brandishing my dagger aloft in the air, I pro "Because there is harmony between your spirit pared to sheath it in the breast of the wretch at my and body. They are adapted for each other, and bebeautiful, but perfidious wife, Giovanna Orsola.

is now my wife. There are times, however, when occurring to your body can break it!" the thought that I am a murderer, haunts my otherwise peaceful soul.

GODMINSTER CHIMES. .

BY JAMES B. LOWELL.

Godminster! is it Fancy's play?
I know not, but the word
Sings in my heart, nor can I say
I dreamed the name, or heard;
Yef rugrant in my mind it clings
As blessoms after ruin,
And builds of half-remembered things
This vision in my healn. This vision in my brain,

Through aisles of long drawn centuries My spirit walks in thought,
And to that symbol lifts its eyes
Which God's own pity wrought;
From Calvary shines the altar's gleam,
The Church's East is there. The ages one great minster seem
That throbs with praise and prayer. And, all the way from Calvary down,

The curven pavement shows
Their graves, who wen the martyr's crown,
And safe in God repose;
The saints of many a warring creed,
Who now in heaven have learned
That all paths to the Father lead
Whom Self the Set have a grave Where Self the feet have spurned And as the mystic alsies I pace,

By aureoled workmen built,' Lives ending at the Cross I trace Alike through grace and guilt; One Mary bathes the blessed feet With cintment from her eyes; With spikenard one; and both are sweet For both are sacrifice. Moraylan hymn and Roman chant

In one devotion blend, To beak the soul's eternal want Of Him the inmost friend;
One prayer soars cleaned with martyr-fire.
One hearse with sinner's tears. In heaven both plain with one desire, And God one music hears. While thus I dream, the bells clash out Upon the Sabbath air; Each scems a selfish faith to shout-

But in that heaven so non This discord into music flows In God's atoning ear,
O chimo of blessed Charley! Peal soon that Easters morn, When Christ for all shall risen be, That Pentecost, when utterance clear To all men shall be given; When all can say My BROTHER here, And hear My sox in heaven.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## Rebelations of a Clairbopant.

NUMBER IL

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

How can I describe the sensations I experienced when I first sank into the superior clairvoyant state? | boundless ocean, ruffled by the slightest breath. The cannot : words are employed to convey known ideas, but the ideas there awakened have no words, and island masses of clouds, like folds of silver, bordered must remain unexpressed.

friends, through my impressibility, and writing the and blushing the landscaps with his golden hie. words as fast as they were given me, when I per- On earth, winter had not left his stronghold, and a ceived that the sweet sensation, which fell like a few daring spring flowers by the side of the snowgauzy veil over my nervous system, was slowly deep- bank, alone harbingered the coming spring. Here ening. Before I was aware, earth objects were experpetual spring breathed mild fragrance on the cluded from my senses. I saw not, heard not, felt ambrosial air, and nurtured the flowers in beauty. not and my tongue refused to speak. It was like The zephyrs came in invigorating breaths, scarcely lying. The blood seemed to flow in from the extremities, and concentrate in the heart and brain, and the odors of a thousand flowers, and bearing the the former organ soon partook of the paralysis, beat | songs of sweet-throated warblers, chanting in iring slower and slower, until its pulsations were im- repressible joy in every tree. erceptible.

apid change of intermingling halos, with all the free, at least felt not the weight of its physical fet a vast structure, and was discernable from a great grand and inexpressible came like pulsating waves from every side, and it seemed that I was en rapporte with the combined intelligence of the angel sphere. not till then was I aware that by losing my physical enses, I had acquired spiritual perceptions infinitely more acute. The scene which before spread around me dull and monotonous, brightened with spiritual radiance. The colors were vivid and gorgeous, and an etheriality involved all in a dreamy maze.

While transported with exulting rapture at the beauty of the change, I became conscious that a person was by my side; I turned to look at him. and recognized a guardian spirit. With a beneficent smile he took my hand, saying, "Son, I am thankful for this opportunity to show you the reality of our served. existence !"

bosom. His keen blue eye spoke of long centuries of others, still, are visiting other societies." deep investigation into the mysterious labyrinths of We entered the halls of the temple; passed the

Upon returning from the Academy one night at "That," continued he, "is all that connects you an earlier hour than was my custom, I was met at with earth. If it became broken, death would imthe doorway by the confessor of my wife, who whis- mediately ensue. You have suffered all the pange of pered in my ear that .Giovanna and her lover were death; you have taken all the steps, and sever this,

vation behind a curtained recess. From the conver- is lulled to rest with an opiate, overpowering disease was the king of Naples in disguise, and that Giovan- quently attend it, are the result of the disturbed ite mistress. My blood boiled with indignation. I the spirit, and are not attended with pain. You draw forth my dagger and aimed it at the heart of rupturing of this thread would not be painful, and the villain, who still held the lovely form of my wife then your body would moulder back to earth, and

before me, sued loudly for mercy. But the knowl- carried further, until death terminates the clairvoy-

feet. But just at that moment Giovanna threw her tween them exist the strongest attractions. True, body across that of her lover, to avert the blow, and your spirit has left your body, but it has not withthe fatal dagger pierced to the heart of my own drawn the vital magnetism necessary to keep the physical mechanism in motion, and preserve it un-Ten years have passed since my return to my na impaired against your return. A close sympathy is tive land. Mand Linton, the constant and forgiving, preserved by this cord, and nothing but a disaster

> "What a beautiful work!" I exclaimed. "Let us go," said he, taking my hand.

We arose from the floor of the room, through the ceiling and roof, and soon were far above the earth. [Written for a Fair recently held at Cambridge, Mass., with a view to raising money for a chime to be placed upon the tower of the Episcopal Church in that city.]

I thus became aware that physical matter offers no resistance to the passage of spirit organisms. They can pass through the walls of a house, through a solid rock, or into the earth, as easily as through the atmosphere. They are borne up and supported on all sides by a spiritual other, which pervades all space, and all bodies, and wherever that enters they can go. Their organisms being lighter than this ether, their gravity is annulled, and they fly in any direction by the force of their wits rendering them positive to their destination.

As we rapidly passed to the North, I felt a strong

impulse bearing me onward. "What does this mean?" I inquired.

"It is the flow of a vast river of magnetism, which passes from earth to the spirit-sphere," he replied. "It passes, you see, parallel with the earth's surface, until it reaches the polar opening, when it arises and becomes diffused in the spiritual atmosphere."

Above us spread the spirit sphere, plainly discernable, as a broad belt extending each side of the equator, sixty degrees, and hence covering the whole southern heavens.

"Why does not this thick belt conceal the sun and stars, and thus manifest its presence?"

"Because it is composed of spiritual matter, which holds a different relation to light than that held by physical atoms. Light is composed of numberless elements, and while this zone intercepts the spiritual portion, which lights its surface, it freely transmits that portion which is light to earth. Our spiritual eyes are so organized that the earth light is darkness to them, for they can see only by the aid of the spiritual element; and were it not for the portion of the latter transmitted through the polar opening. earth to spirits would be involved in perpetual

We had now passed as far north as Labrador, and beneath us spread the snow-fields, the frozen ocean, and the monarch icebergs; and the terrible Odin drove across the frigid waste in biting gusts, lighting the dancing flames of his northern watchfire. We arose a distance of about sixty miles, and allowing ourselves to be borne gently onward by the flow of the tidal current, alighted on the surface of the spirit sphere.

Oh, what magnificence of scenery-what splendor of coloring! Words are insipid and meaningless, and the pencil would fall from the hand of the disheartened artist. In front of us was a gentle elevation, beyond which spread the waves of a blue and sky was a liquid cerulian; in which floated great with purple and gold. The sun was declining in the I was communing on a deep topic with my spirit- west, drawing around him his crimson cloud mantle, stirring the delicate foliage of the palm, laden with

On the eminence stood a mansion, combining the My mind grew active. It threw off the restraint elegance and delicacy of the Oriental, with the solidof the body; a thousand rainbows came and went in ity, grandeur and effect of the Grecian style. Its base was a truncated pyramid of steps, on which beauty, diversity and rapidity of the kaleidoscope. I arose elegant carved columns, entirely surrounding felt myself arising from my body-felt that I was the building and supporting a crystal dome. It was ters. Then my mind was quickened. Thoughts distance. As we approached it, I observed that it stood on the shore of an arm of the sea, and commanded a prospect unrivaled in grandeur and beauty. It was surrounded with lofty arborescent trees, some loaded with blossoms, others with ripened fruit; and gorgeous flowers diffused the sweetest perfume. 'The leaves of an isis, by the foot of the steps, appeared to be cut from emerald, while its flowers appeared as though carved from cerulean. A rose, by its side, appeared to be formed of exquisitely cut rubies.

"This is my home." said my spirit guide: "here. with others who are congenial in tastes and desires, I hass my time in study, in writing, or conversa-

"There are few persons here at present," I ob-

"They are away: some on missions of benevo-I could not answer, but he read my grateful lence to lower Circles, endeavoring to reform the thoughts. For a long time I could not take my eyes erring and clevate the depressed; others traveling away. His lofty brow was shaded by snowy locks across the vast oceans of space to other worlds, obof glossy hair, and his white beard waved on his serving the various manifestations of Nature; while

nature, yet overflowed with ineffable kindness. His massive carved portal, and through long corridors, robe was silver white, and fell around him in delicate hung with exquisite paintings of landscapes—scenes drapery. Tall, noble and spiritual, he stood before in the spirit land, in other globes-in earth, all the me, with his great heart speaking of universal love interesting localities were represented; and, interspersed with them were portraits of great men. nd benevolence.

\*\*Observe this small\_cord of spiritual matter, among which was a delineation of Christ, said to which passes from your head to your physical brain," have been made five hundred years ago. Other halls said he and the door bell at a certain well-known hour of the idential doorte konnet

doms of nature, where the student might retire, and, by comparing her endless diversity of forms, seek to levelop the great laws of creation. It was the home of a great family, who, with pure and trusting." hearts, dwelt in harmony; possessing it in common, and devoting it to a common use.

As we entered one of these halls, the mate of my guide arose and embraced him. She was listening to the narrative of a noted traveler, who had just returned from a long voyage of discovery to a remote. star-cluster. After they had exchanged a few remarks, the guide turned to me, and inquired-" Are you not fatigued?"

"Yes," I replied; "I have felt a sensation of weariness for a considerable time."

"Then you must not remain in this state a monent longer. Retrace this line of spiritual matter. which you observe has remained unbroken."

It was with deepest reluctance that I left him on the brow of the Spirit Zone; but fate, stern and inexorable, compelled me to do so, and the next moment I was again clothed in my mantle of fiesh, awaking with a dreamy unconsciousness-a dim. indefined recollection of the scenes of the two proceding hours. The gloom of twilight mantled the external world, strangely contrasting with the otheriality of the region I had loft.

MABEL.

BY W. D. C'OONNOR.

The shining sickles the reapers wield The shining stexies the reapers when Are bright to the sunlit morn—
They go to the opulent harvest field
To reap its wealth of corn.
The choral whole of morning chant A harvest song of praise,

And the mellow sunlight shines asiant
Through the Autumn's golden haze. No more to bind the amber sheaves With the reaper bands I go;
I stand where the rays in the gabled caves
From the Orient softly flow.
The days of my life fire old and sere,
But my heart is glad and young.
For the song of the singing birds I hear,
Are the melodies once they sung.

I sm old, but Hope can never decay,
And why should my split care—
The sun sheds blessings on locks of grey,
And hallows an old man's hair. My prouder and passional days are flown,
But the light in the valley shines—
And from the edorous woodlands still is blown

The balm of the balsam-pines. My hopes are plumed with the wings of doves And away from earthly things.
Let the amaranth vision of early loves Find rest for their weary wings.
O, Phenix hopes I such rost ye found When ye rose from a heart of flame To a Heaven of Love, to gather around One simple, sylvan name.

Mabel-dream of the years that fell-That fell by the reaper, Time; It was here in the afflownt harvest dell When my youth was in its prime; It was down in the harvest pride, unshorn, We stood with the reaper bands.

And love to our hearts was thrillingly borne
In the tremulous clasp of our hands. The golden radiance lent your face

And flushing your cheek with a maidenly grace, Bloom roses there were lain; And Love saw mysteries in your eyes— And dreamed in your red lips' parted dyes, Of pearls amid the corn. Bo the sweet vision of gentle Ruth

When the Syrian nobleman gave his vonth To her beauty forevernore; And I was the Lord of the lands from whence In the Autumn's amber pride, Your virginal beauty and innocence Were borne a wedded bride. That night there was joy in the gabled manse,

When home were the harvest swains, The young and the beautiful met in the dauce. To the bounding music's strains;
And the trusting love in Mabel's eyes,
In their clear and holy shine,
Was the love—O. spirit in Paradise!
When last they backed in mine. Thou hast gathered home to thy garner, God!

The sheaves of my golden years— But thou leavest hope in the sepulchre cold, And smiles in a world of tears: The pines are green immortalities
When the Eden blossoms die,
And the Passion that sinks with sunset, sees
Eweet peace in the star-sown sky.

Softly the winds of Autumn sing Their choral soug of praise, And a prophecy thus to my soul they bring "of its slowly parting days— Of the sleep that shan fondly and gently guide On my eyes from a callly hand—
Of the dawn, with Mabel by my side,
In the calm of another Land.

OUR POSTMAN.

I don't mean that thin, sharp-visaged little man, who for long years perambulated the streets of Boston with a huge pile of letters, and a face so uniformly sour that one could have sworn that the possessor of it had been fed upon vinegar from his birth upwards. No. indeed, I don't mean him, but the youthful and singularly agreeable successor of said him, who daily frequents that particular portion of this favored city, wherein I may safely say, "that I live, move, and have my being." You have seen him, reader - mine, hundreds of times. I have playfully christened him Apollo, because of his bright face, fair hair, waving gracefully to and fro in the morning breeze, and his quick and elastic step. A rosier or happier countenance I never before beheld. in the midst of all my wanderings, in town and out of town, upon sea or upon the shores of a foreign land. In storm or sunshine, his face wears always that bright and joyous expression, which is a never failing index of the warm and generous heart which throbs and pulsates within his manly breast. Damp and drizzly weather cannot sadden or depress his naturally buoyant spirits, and as for "the blues," he has heard of the thing, but does not distinctly remember the time when he was afflicted with that strange disease, unless it was indeed during the term of his babyhood, when chicken pox, hoopingcough and measles were more or less the order of the

Such a person as "our Postman," is a perfect godsend in this dark world, where humanity is no longer the type of all that is grand and beautiful in the scale of creation, but is shrunken into a deformed and hideous thing, which we mockingly call

I do not wonder that the unconscious hero of this sketch is so great a favorite among women and children, or that his coming is so anxiously looked for by myriads of expectant hearts, who stand ready to rob him before his very face and eyes, of the large pile of letters which he so mischievously holds up before your gaze with an arch smile, which says plainer than words could, "Unfortunately, this is not for you." A more patient and obliging youth than this selfsame postman, (whose name I would divulge, were it not for my knowledge of his extreme modesty,) never breathed the free air of America.

Unlike his illustrious predecessor, he does not map out at you like an angry cur, if perchance you have not in readiness the required penny. But as I never like to impose upon good nature—when I meet... with it—I always try to keep a few cents by me, tobe used whenever occasion may require. I must confess, however, that I never hear the quick ring

and the first for from the first of the first for the top of the first of the front of the friend but the

morning, without experiencing a peculiar sensation of delight.

Yet to all hearts in this great metropolis, "our Postman" is not the welcome messenger of good tidings. Many there are who tremblingly take from his hand the letter, whose black seal is a sure key to the dread tidings within. Others there are whose dark eyes brighten, as, with flushed cheeks and halfsuspended breath, they drink in the intoxicating and eloquent language of love. The shipping merchants frowns and curses his fate, as he reads of the loss of some heavily freighted vessel, from the sale of whose valuable cargo he had anticipated reaping so large a reward. The land speculator draws a long sigh at the recounted failure of a scheme which had caused him many sleepless nights to originate and mature. Welding cards, offers of marriages, news of sudden illness, and of death by drowning or fire, together with a host of business letters of every conceivable kind and variety, go to make up that miscellaucous package of letters which fills daily the postman's leather bag. Yet who shall say that such a merry blithe hearted creature is not a blessing and a public benefactor. Echo answers. BEL BREIGHTON.

# Banner of Night

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 5, 1859.

Published at No. 3 1-2 Brattle Street,

THOS. GALES FORSTER, J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE. WILLIAM BERRY, TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \*- three months,

All subscriptions must be paid in advance, and the paper will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, of which due notice will be given. CLUB RATES .- Clubs of four and upwards will be furnished at the following rates:

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Six months, 75
Persons who send us a club of group subscribers, or more, will receive an additional copy during the term, FREE. Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper

changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent. Porsons in charge of Spiritual Associations, and LECTUR-

mas, are requested to procure subscriptions at the above rates. Sample copies sent free.

ADDRESS, "BANNER OF LIGHT," BOSTON, MASS. Colby, Forster & Co.

J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE, Junior Publisher of the BANNER OF LIGHT, has established himself at the Bookstore of S. T. MUNSON, No. 5 Great Jones street, where he will attend to the interests of the BANNER in New York and vicinity. Articles left with him will be forwarded to the principal

New York Office.

#### THE GREAT AND THE SMALL.

We need not be at the trouble of saying that the things which are esteemed great and small, are only relatively so; or that/the standard with which they are compared is in no sense an absolute and definite one, when every thinking person understands that it does but vary with the constant growth and development of his own being. No delusion rises before the reflecting mind in such stupendous proportions, as this single delusion about greatness and great things. It takes the world captive. It is as much an idol as any ever worshiped by the natives of Ceylon. It has the more power, too, in that it is nothing but a delusion; if it were more than a disease of the imagination, to whose destroying control people love so much to relinquish themselves, its power would ease to be felt immediately. For people are ever controlled, they know not how; and they ever obey, they know not why.

We have all to come back yet to the teachings of Christ on this matter: timfirst (in popular esteem) are the last (in point of fact), -- and the last shall be the first. What we generally set down for great men, for example, are, when closely scanned and carefully weighed, not really great at all; but only so by the help of the trick which imagination and credulity combine to play off upon the mental vision. We accept a great many things as facts, when there is not the least tincture of fact about them. What other people think and say, we feel bound to blindly think and say ourselves; surrendering every element of our individualism without even a summons so to do. Whoever presents himself to us in the most pretentious manner, no matter how absurd may be his pretensions, is sure of the most generous reception and the most confiding admiration.

This is the habit men have insensibly fallen into: of supposing that their own thoughts were of no value, until they heard them spoken by the mouth of some other and more imposing character. Hence we really know nothing, in and of ourselves, of what is great,-either of men or things,-just as much of what is small. A person, for example, becomes impressed-no matter how, or when,-that he has some great mission in the world to perform. He sets himself to work thinking how he shall best perform it. And in thinking of that, it is impossible for him to keep it out of his mind that the act of performance must of necessity be accompanied with noise and shouts, with wonder and admiration, with the playing of bands of music, and the firing of cannon. He passes by the "still, small voice" in his soul, that is ever ready to tell him what a fatal misconception of greatness is this. And he therefore brings forward all the forces of ambition and will, of pride and selfishness, and, keeping them perpetually displayed in the front, marches on in what he deems, a majestic way to secure little else, at the best, but the hollowness of a disappointment.

Such is not true greatness; it is no more than great personal aiming and striving. And if the kingdom that is to come were a kingdom of force and authority, instead of gentleness and humility and love, the marshaling of such forces for the purposes of assault might be deemed perfectly proper. But the mistake lies in failing to perceive what the new kingdom is, and who and what can only be great men and great things in that kingdom. This once understood, and a very different estimate-interposes: the great become suddenly the small, and the small are magnified into the great. Because simply of this; that men and things assume their real shape, stature, and relation, and are no longer made to appear of a-size to which their intrinsic qualities never entitled them.

Most persons cherish a fancy that in order to do great things, or accomplish a great work, they must needs tear town gigantic impositions, and set up in their place some stupendous conceptions of their own; anything less than this is little indeed—is message. William Roulstone's message, published is short hardly worth the trouble. And so, not fluding 1, No. 5, is varified to us, after this late day.

the occasion approaching as fast as they think it should whereby they are thus to signalize their lives

truth the only great things, and the only abiding tions in this way; and the public man who is ready realities. It is a grand idea for a man to set before to show his sagacity by introducing the plan, serihimself the building up of a new sect, or organiza- ously and earnestly, to the attention of Congress tion; the overthrow of a government; the destruct and the Post Office Department, may be very certain tion of a tyranny; the erection of costly and im- that he will receive the thanks and hearty support posing edifices, such as colleges, and hospitals, and of the press. infirmaries; the acquisition of vast wealth, or enormous power ;-but to teach others the superior beau- weekly newspaper what an advantage the introducty of simplicity and truthfulness; to make the world tion of a system of transmitting money by orders more fit for the presence of angels by the daily puri- through the mails would be. In fact, we really befication of one's own individual life; to lift up the lieve it would largely increase the circulation of the fallen; to exalt and ennoble the performance of the weekly papers at once. People could send their subcommonest and humblest duties; to make the voice scriptions without the least trouble or risk. Fracpeople, and himself, in the doing; to make all the circulation would most naturally increase itself. stations and conditions of life high and noble, be This system of transmitting money through the

perfectly natural laws. The men and women who already handed over. are destined to work out this most needed reversal are already born. They are even now preparing them-ling such a large amount of good, it is to be much selves with most assiduous care for their work; per- wondered that it is not brought into immediate serhaps they are themselves least conscious of the true vice. Not one class of persons only would be benegreatness of whose achievement they are to be the fitted by it, but all classes; yet we have thought willing instruments, as it is fitting that they should proper to speak for none but the newspapers. We be. They are to work more wisely, and far more propose to our friends in Congress-of whom we grandly, too, than they now know; and it is because know we have a great many—to take up this matter they are the simple, humble, yet large and expansive while it is fresh in the public mind, and see if somesouls, through whom alone such a needed work can thing cannot be done for its introduction. be accomplished.

Dr. Channing used to say that the one great thing needed, was to reach the masses. Christ himself said the same, when he declared that he came to This problem has exercised the thoughts and prayers | Chelsea. Speaking by friends of the cause. Social of both men and angels; and we do earnestly believe amusements; instrumental music by Halls' Quinthat the problem is soon to be solved. But not by tette and Concert Band, will occupy the evening until earthly powers; not by force and violence; not by ambitious aims after the greatness of renown. It is to be done by those noble souls, already becoming filled with the indirect of the best of the be filled with the juffux of the higher spiritual influences, that dwell now alone and apart, but still fold within their embrace the souls of all who suffer or sin, or live in the darkness and death of ignorance. The work is in their hands, and this is the work. Men everywhere need to be lifted up: not by the sheer force of others, and even against their own willingness.—but of themselves, through the resistless magnetism of sympathy, and philanthropy, and love. And they who assist in doing this, will everywhere be accounted in time the only great ones of the earth.

## BWEET OLD AGE.

Most people look forward to the season of Old Age with an undefined sort of doubt and dread, associating it with palsied limbs, and sightless eyes, and departed hearing, and a querulous voice, and, generally, an unhappy soul. They do so because they have hardly a higher conception of what Old Age should be, from seeing only the lamentable illustrations of it that have been, from childhood, thrown in their way. But how great a mistake they fall into, a better and truer contemplation of that particular period of life will satisfy them.

A fine and thoughtful writer says of this seasou-God sometimes gives to man a guiltless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, not childish, and the faculties, in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow, without sign of decay. This is that sought-for land of Beulah, where they who have traveled manfully the Christian way abide awhile, to show the world a perfect manhood. Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in an eveblessed the family or neighborhood that numbers the sins of others. among it one of those not yet ascended saints! Gentle are they, and tolerant, and apt to play with THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL NOTICES. little children, easy to be pleased with little pleas-

own home, at its own fireside, surrounded by its own no means an inferior production, when considered through whose mysterious process Immortality is to be put on! This is no growling, snappish, cynical Old Age, from which all men and women are glad to flee: it is clothed with attractions that rather draw others to its side, eager to receive the last blessing and catch the dying smile from the gentle face of the departing friend and patriarch. Why cannot all men live so that their old age will be truly beau-

## PAINE'S BIRTHDAY.

The birthday anniversary of this great moral pioneer was celebrated by his friends in Boston, in Union Hall, on Friday evening, January 28th, by a Ball and supper. Beautifut women, and men with great, intellectual heads-seldom seen on the baliseemed eminently to mark the occasion. At the Museum goers. supper, J. P. Mendum presided, and an address was delivered by Horace Seaver, Esq., of the Boston Investigator. Songs were sung, and toasts were read. and the best feeling seemed to pervade the entire company. It was in the "wee sma' hours" when our reporter left, and then the number of dancers had but slightly diminished. We wish a few of our sectarian friends could have been there, and learned a lesson or two in Christian kindness from the admirers of the man they love so much to hate-Tom Paino.

William Roulstone's message, published in Vol.

A SUGGESTION FOR LEGISLATORS.

If any member of Congress is anxious to associand trasmit their names, they lose their faith in all ato his name with services that will bring him the progress, and are often willing to allow that the speedlest and most abiding remuneration, he has world is at length to be given over to the devil, cer. but to give his attention to the plan for sending tainly enough. The fault is all their own, however; money orders through the mails. It is what the pubtheir very disappointment serves at last as a severe lie would generally like to see done, and especially corrector of their own misconceptions and misappre- that large and influential part of the public represented by the newspapers. No better service could What are popularly reckoned the small things, the be done for the publishers of the weekly newspapers things of little or no account in the world, are in than by a movement to facilitate post-office opera-

Nobody knows better than the publisher of a a melody, because only a melodious soul utters itself tions of dollars could be sent along as readily as through its wonderful organ; to give to the eyes an dollars themselves. There would be no trouble, expression radiant with joy, because it proceeds only either, about broken or dilapidated banks; and of from a living and overflowing love; to go among course no discount on that ground would have to common people, and perform common acts, in a com- come out of the publisher. Where other means are mon way, and yet lift up and beautify the deed, the now resorted to, in order to increase circulation, the

cause human souls are to be found in every one of mails by means of post-office orders, has long been them; and, after all, to depart with a name graven in operation in England, and is known to work adon no tablets, but writ only on the souls of men; this mirably. The Post Office charges a low per centage, is not popularly esteemed a great plan, or a grand though sufficient to discharge the expense of makidea, and hence the men are few and scarcely men- ing, filling, and cashing the orders, or drafts, and tioned who are to be found working in so humble a assumes all the risks. Each order is duly registered and numbered, and, even if lost, is not lost either to But the day has come when these same small things the department or the individual to whom, or by are to be considered the great things. The old order, whom, it was sent. The order can be paid but once: is about to be reversed. And yet, it is to be done and when once paid, no miscarried one can be preonly through human instrumentalities and after sented afterwards and claim money that has been

Where so simple a plan as this is capable of work-

#### SOCIAL LEVEE.

The First Independent Society (Spiritualists) of Chelsea, will hold their fifth annual Levee on the evening heal the sick, for the well needed not a physician. of Tuesday, the 22d of February, in the City Hall, 25 cents.

The above Levee is to raise funds to aid the Spiritualists, ministered to by Bro. D. F. Goddard, in sustaining their society. Who can calculate the good results which will arise from a generous reply to this call? We hope our friends, who have abundance. will not let this slight call upon them go unbeeded, but will go and carry with them to the Levce their kind sympathy, and the trifling pittance asked for.

## OUR CIRCLES.

The readers will see that our last circle was held on the eighth of January. On Monday following, Mrs. Conant was taken sick, but not in season to enable us to give notice to our friends.

We expected she would be able to resume her labors last week, but nature otherwise ordered, and at our present writing she is still unable to attend to her duties with any success. We are aware this has been a disappointment to some of our country friends, who, not being informed of her sickness, have come to the city with the hope of visiting us. We should have given public notice of her indisposition, had we supposed she would not overcome it ere this. We hope to be able to commence our circles this week but friends out of the city, had better postpone their visits until we give notice that we have resumed our labor in that direction.

## DR. LYON.

We have been requested to state that the man Lyon, who is connected with the Hatch trouble, and is represented to have fled New York, from difficulties with offended husbands, is not E. L. Lyon, who is now in New England. This we state upon our own authority and knowledge derived from Dr. ning undress of calm and holy leisure. Thrice Hatch. There is no necessity of any of us bearing

The Cataract of the Ganges has been drawing crowded houses at the Boston Theatre, during the This is a most beautiful picture. Old Age in its past three weeks. It is a gorgeous spectacle, and by family friends, and patiently awaiting the change in a literary sense. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport appear to good advantage in their respective roles, "Mokarra" and "Zamine:" while Mr. Setchell. keeps the audience in good humor throughout the entire evening, by his original acting and witty remarks. If such a play as this don't draw away the money from the people's pockets, then nothing ever written will. More of the same sort are promised.

Miss Jane Coombs has been playing a two weaks' engagement at the Boston Museum. She is said to be a young lady of much personal beauty, as well as a rapidly improving actress. That Edwin Forrest thought favorably of her dramatic abilities was proved, by his consenting to play Claude Melnotte, to her Pauline, upon the occasion of her first appearance in New York. Neighbor Jackwood is promised this week. This has been one of the most popular room floor-were there, and happiness and harmony plays, and will be hailed as an old friend by the

> Mr. Sothern has leased the Howard Athenaum for short season. Agnes Robertson, and her husband, Dion Bourcicault, are his present stars, and will be succeeded by Miss Vandenhoff and Matilda Heron.

> When any of our cotemporaries consider our editorials of importance enough to copy entire, we desire them to give us credit in full. Merely saying "printed in the Banner." is insufficient, in our opinion, as there are several papers in the country bearing said name.

William H. Prescott, the historian of Mexico and Spain, died last Friday afternoon, at his residence in Beacon street, Boston.

## Book Notices.

TWELVE MESSAGES from the Spirit of John Quincy It rains-Dr. Hatch-Warren Chase at Dodworth's Adams, through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham. Boston: Bela Marsh.

This elegantly printed volume from Marsh's press contains twelve messages from the spirit of J. Q. Adams, on the following topics: 1.—The fact and mode of Spirit Telegraphing. 2 .- His Last of Earth and First of Heaven. 3.—The Reconciliation. 4.—Addresses and Scenes in the Spheres. 5 .- Spiritualism. 6 .- Temple of Peace and Good Will. 7 .- Napoleon. 8. Home of the Just made Perfect. 9. Washing. ton. 10 .- Peter Whitney. 11 .- Closing Scenes of the Reception Meeting. 12.—Sphere of Prejudice So striking and eminently readable a book deserves

even more attention than we have the room to give it in these columns. The intrinsic evidences offered in the pages of the book itself that its contents emanated from the spirit of John Quincy Adams, are, in our sincere judgment, after a careful examination into the same, quite sufficient to give it the character of truthfulness and reliability. The very direct and readable preface of Mr. Allen Putnam, narrates the whole history of the writing of the volume through the hand of the medium whose name is necessarily associated with it, and enables the candid reader at the outset to understand both the character of the ensuing pages, and the peculiar circumstances under which they were written. Fac simile specimens of dentity of the two specimens.

his own spirit in his own way; or that the matter proceeding from him is more or less mixed with the organization employed in the transmission; yet, with all this, there is amply enough to convince any really candid searcher after truth, that these Messages are essentially and in reality from his own exalted spirit, and that the reading and heeding of them will so that it matters not whether the parties are single, not fail to result in great good.

The beatified spirit of the departed statesman and philanthropist is first anxious to convince mortals that communion is to be had with angels, and to show them the processes by which it is accomplished. Next he gives a full account of the welcomes he received on all sides, on reaching his new, celestial home. Then he furnishes graphic descriptions of the actual scenery of heaven, with only such reflections as a nature like his own could interpolate as he went on. He speaks of the many noble men and women, who came forward to greet his advent present condition and surroundings.

The same eminent philanthropy that was the high characteristic of Adams while on earth still shines out in these messages from his spirit. He is as much a foe to Slavery now as he ever was. He pleads for Freedom everywhere, in the largest and he gives mortals are such as might be looked for from the ascended and expanded spirit of such a spiritual structure.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE; by E. Winchester Loveland. Boston: Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street. New York: S. T. Munson, 5 Great Jones street.

in love is joy and liberty that cannot be interrupted; that faith in selfishness is bondage." Of this book, book, viz.: It possesses originality; and for this reason it may be cast down and trodden under foot premise, that to the man who cherishes any creed, vatism, there will be found in it gems suggestive of his selfish love. We quote a few sentences:-

"It is selfish in man to be annoyed by any injury in one moment of time to that of another. Man can-

"Can a man be free among the righteous and among the damned; among the pure and the degraded; in the church and in the play-house; among we have little, if anything, beyond testimony. the naked and among the clothed; where they shout praises, and where they curse God; among angels and among reptiles; in the presence of Christ and Judas Iscariot; in the forest, and in the city; among flowers and among thorns; when he is pierced with daggers, or resting on a couch; amidst the groans of the dying, and the music of the angels; when praised, and when defamed; amidst the destruction of worlds, and on a pleasant morning in summer? Has a man faith in loving the infirm, children, the beautiful, the ugly, the deformed, the drunkard, the liquor dealer, the servant, the slave, the murderer. But it is a wide subject, made up of year and nays. the slave master, the harlot, and all of every name. events of life are the manifestations of love, he is ing: "The Utrole—what are its scientific descriptions of love, he is ing: "The Utrole—what are its scientific descriptions of love, he is ing: "The Utrole—what are its scientific descriptions of love, he is ing: "The Utrole—what are its scientific descriptions of love, he is ing: "The Utrole—what are its scientific descriptions of love, he is ing: "The Utrole—what are its scientific descriptions of love, he is ing: "The Utrole—what are its scientific descriptions of love, he is ing: "The Utrole—what are its scientific descriptions of love, he is ing: "The Utrole—what are its scientific descriptions of love, he is ing: "The Utrole—what are its scientific descriptions of love, he is ing: "The Utrole—what are its scientific descriptions of love, he is ing: "The Utrole—what are its scientific descriptions of love, he is its uses and abuses ""

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## New Hork Correspondence.

The Conference-Personal.

DEAR BANNER-Gotham is nigh being flooded. The signification of this remark will be recognized by those who were finding pleasure in the outside world on last Thursday night. Down, down, came millions of massive rain-drops," pattering, spattering and tapping on street, sidewalk, roof and spire, making that winning music which has often kept us willingly awake for hours in "the parlor next to the shingles," in some country cot.

There is little stir made here over spiritual mat ters, yet it is not altogether a by-gone thing, for investigation goes on silently, and everything regard. ing the philosophy, of a written nature, is readily sought after; and not the least among them, I am gratified to see that you hold no inconsiderable place in the estimation of those who delight to read. I owe an apology to your many readers for not being able to furnish them at an early date, as I anticipated, with reports of Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York-but with your next appearance, they may be sure of No. 1, from Dusseldorf pulpit.

I clip an article from the Herald of the 28th. which covers the ground pretty essentially as far as Dr. Hatch is concerned:

"Another Letter from Dr. Hatch on Spiritual. sm.—We have received a second letter from Dr. Hatch, on "the moral, social and religious aspect of the medium's handwriting, while under the control Spiritualism;" but it contains no facts. It is a of the spirit of Adams, are given, and likewise simi- mere essay on the doctrines of the new sect, on lar specimens of Adams's own handwriting, that the which we have had letters and articles, lectures and pamphlets, and books ad nauseum. There is nothing reader may the better judge for himself of the perfect new in this writer's second letter—not even as much as was contained in his first, of which it is almost a It cannot be denied that Adams does not at all repetition, but much longer, and, therefore, so much times, and in all respects, convey the utterances of the worse. The letter would be entirely too long for

But it is on the subject of marriage that Dr. Hatch spreads himself. Some of the Spiritualists. he says, believe in the sacredness of the marriage tie, and hold that it is only in pairs men and women ought to be united in wedlock, while others contend that sexual intercourse ought to be regulated by 'affinity'-that is, by mutual liking and aptitudeor already married and have mistaken their affini ties,' they are at liberty to try others till they are satisfied at last. Dr. Hatch says this leads to promiscuous intercourse and prostitution. He promises facts in his first letter, but gives none in his second; but again promises revelations hereafter, yet with a reservation and a condition. We cannot publish the doctor's letter." Warren Chase addressed quite an assembly at

Dodworth's, last Sunday. His subject was "Knowledge and Testimony." He commenced by saying that his audience might do their own praying; he did his own, but could no more do theirs, than he among them, and so takes occasion to describe their could eat, sleep or drink for them. One would be equally as effective in its results as the other. "We bequeath to our children all we possess of lands and personal property, but we cannot leave them our knowledge; that comes only by demonstration. The knowledge of the parent may lead the child in pleas. ant ways-teach it how to apply itself; but what most liberal sense. He implores men to cultivate the parent knows by actual experience, the child the spirit of Forgiveness and Love. The teachings can only acquire by like experience. The judge does not know whether or not the prisoner is guilty; though the witness may by actual knowledge. He man as he. The pages of the book throughout bear therefore charges upon the testimony; the jury reinternal evidence that they were indited by no less turn a verdict—the result of belief, founded upon person, and no other person, than himself. Though opinion formed from testimony. This law of Knowl. reedists and materialists may offer these Messages edge and Testimony holds good in its application to their scorn, they should remember that they pin the Bible. Is the Bible knowledge to the reader, or their own professed faith to "manifestations" not one whit more striking than these, and worth nothing to us? or is it the testimony of the lives and experience. more, as mere authority, on which to erect a truly perience of certain individuals? If they were inspired and influenced directly from God, it makes the narration of their lives none the less free from testimony. And again, if it were knowledge, all would agree with it. Men would not and could not This Book is neatly executed, and contains over derive from it foundations for a thousand systems. ive hundred pages. The preface says: "The design and the church would have but one name. None of of the Philosophy of Life is to demonstrate that faith | you differ upon the sum of six sixes, because all who know anything of mathematics, recognize by a rule. the result of its demonstration—the oneness of the that can be said which seldom can be said of any way in which you are to arrive at the conclusion. Science is knowledge, as far as it goes; and the distance, speed and time of appearance of a comet will but it will rise again. Theodore Parker has said, if be the same from every astronomer in the world, if a pupil should write an original composition, the they make no mistake in their figures. Do theoloprofessor would tear it up as worthless, for he alone gians manifest this power of certainty or agreement who wrote that which was original at the time it derived from that which they denominate the writwas given, could appreciate it, but time would make | ten wisdom of God, which shall be knowledge to all its value appreciated by all. . We do not hesitate to men? It would be a strange thing to hear a grave professor in one of our colleges, call a student up bethis book will be very absurd; while to the soul fore his class, and say, 'Do you believe the sum of struggling to free itself from selfishness and conser- such and such a calculation to be so and so?' • I do.' 'There is your diploma; you are fitted to go forth deep thought, deeper and truer than anything yet and teach "-and send him out into the world as a suggested in religion and science. It is a mighty guide to his fellows, without even seeing if he could book; to be appreciated and loved more in the future demonstrate his belief. Yet men are daily sent out than in the present. About one hundred and fifty into the Christian world to guide, govern and congods are portrayed, which are made by the elements trol, if they can, their fellows-who cannot demonexisting in each, peculiar to each. A man's God is strate aught to which they are constantly repeating 'Yes, yes.' The life hereafter is in no way a demonstrated fact to the reader of the Bible. He may behe may receive. It is selfish in man to become at lieve; but he cannot know. To-day we may knowtached to any opinions or truths. It is selfish in and Spiritualism does demonstrate her claims, and man to suppose that his opinion or belief is superior asks to be credited with nothing which she cannot make men experience. Testimony has always been not say that his condition is superior to the most de found to be liable to error and mistake; Knowledge graded; if he does, he is presuming that one condi never. Testimony says the sun rested in his course tion is more ordained than another; and if one con at Aijalon; Science, with her knowledge, tells a difdition is more ordained than another, no condition ferent tale. I speak of Spiritualism as a system in any period of time is ordained; for no being has which demonstrates to every heart and shows that the same position or condition in different moments Death is no robber." And he proceeded to illustrate the claims and beauties of Spiritualism in a manner which gave general satisfaction. And how true it is that in the ethics of the past,

None doubt but nature pulses with a law,
Designed and issued by a mind supreme;
And those from Church and Bible who withdraw,
Can with an honest question broach a thomo, O'er which the two have fulled to cast a gleam.

Theology, too much like haughty kings.
With little power, yearns far beyond its sphere
It struggies with a maze of inyslic things,
Toiling in ignorance to make them clear,
And hurls its thunders at each new ides.

The Bible-source of all we now enjoy: The Bible—source of all we now enjoy;
The Bible—guide, companion to the good;
The Bible—source of half the world's annoy;
The Bible—source of countless miles of blood if thou art Knowledge, why misunderstood?

The Conference last night, notwithstanding the as being joy? If a man is pure, if he sees no one moist condition of the streets and the still falling superior or inferior to himself; if he sees all as rain, was quite fully attended. The question before brothers and sisters; if he has faith that all the last week's session, was again put before the meet events of life are the manifestations of love, he to lag: "The Circle what are its scientific elements."

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might have been avoided. the breath, and a less degree of temperature in the others. extremities. I think that not even a rap can be produced, without some one or other of these signs being present." Mr. Partridge-Are not the same evidences to be

was mistaken or was stupid in giving my ideas."

be seen in the psychological subject as are present when a spirit controls?

Dr. Gray-I answer that in the affirmative.

Dr. Gray-It may be one or the other; but there are instances which are fur above either of these two, which prove the communication-for instance, a gentleman told me to-night, that a short-time ago he sat with Kate Fox, and with his hands holding both of hers, he saw a luminous body, of about the size of a cannon ball, descend toward the table, and a hand inside of it take a pencil and write.

Dr. Hallock agreed in part with Dr. Gray, but thought, as man was himself a spirit, he might get communications without the necessity of these signs.

J. F. Coles-The uses of the circle cannot be stopped; the abuses can be. Now, if I understand the circle rightly, it is a condition when the external is shut out, and the internal is opened. There are certain persons who cannot retire from the external state. The man of genius is almost always on the verge of the internal-the man of talent, never. Now, before we go into the circle condition, we should be sure how it will operate upon us; it may make a good man a fiend. For instance, for the first time six persons imbibe some exhilerating drink—they will all be elevated above the normal plain; one, whose combativeness is largely developed, will instantly square off, and be anxious for a brush; another wants to bet; another, whose reverence is large, sets about praying—and I have seen drunken men pray with all the fire of eloquence, who couldn't pray sober to save their lives; you have all, doubtless, seen men most religious by drink. Now, instead of giving them the wine, place them in the circle. Here one gets excited who doesn't quarrel with persons, but with principles; he goes to work, and knocks down churches, Bible, and deacons; another is reverence in the strongest ordener land and knocks down churches, Bible, and deacons; another is reverence in the strongest ordener land in the circle. Here one gets excited who doesn't quarrel with persons, but with principles; he goes to work, and knocks down churches, Bible, and deacons; another is reverence in the strongest ordener land knocks down churches, Bible, and deacons; another is reverenced in the strongest ordener land knocks down churches, Bible, and deacons; another is reverential and talks of Martin Luther.

In lath and known that his the basis of theif religion here is the substituted in some of their religion. It is this faith that influences their religious action—not knowledge; it is founded, nutured, and ultimated in error. Faith in himoricality is the basis of all religion, which the name is knowledge; it is founded, nutured, and ultimated in error. Faith in himoricality is the basis of all religion, which the head with the basis of all religion, which the head with the basis of all religion, which the head with the basis of all religion, which the head with the basis of all religion, which the head with the basis of all religion, which the head with the basis of all religion, which the head with the basis of all religion, which the head with the basis of all religion, which the head with the basis of all religion, which he head with the basis of all religion, which the head with th another is reverential, and talks of Martin Luther. Wesley, &c. Now, if a child be placed in a circle, he may make a saint or a devil, and if a spirit can influence at all, it may make a man imitative. Here is where the honest medium may make himself accomplish things without his own volition.

Mrs. French stated, that when quite a child, she once ran home from her play, and told her mother that her brother was being brought home by her father, having almost severed his foot from his leg: once told of a fall her father received when thirtyty-five miles from home; predicted, also, the death
of a sister by lightning, and subsequently cured
her mother of deafness produced by lightning, as
she was sitting quite near the daughter when killed.

deceased brother. This, to me, has occurred, and to ten
thousand others, like evidence of spirit-life and spirit-communion has occurred, which evidence to each is not faith,
but knowledge, that time or eternity cannot obliterate from
their conscious intelligence. These are facts—real, tangible,
unmistatable facts. The fact of spirit existence and communion has been demonstrated and proved to millions beyound a question—which facts millions in doubt yet wait to
learn.

and as healthful as when she first favored Boston

Dodworth's on Sunday, the 6th of February. Subject: Spiritualism, as compared with the superstitions of former times. I understand he wishes it souls aspire and are rising? We have evidence in all nature

SPIRITUAL CONVENTION AT PENN

SPIRITUAL CONVENNYION AT PENN

Dran Banner—By railroad to Geneva, and there is yet the little steamboat which runs all winter as well as summer on the placid Seneca Lake, I came to Dresden, and then, six miles by stage, to Penn Yan, to attend a three days' convocation of Spiritualist. I did not arrive until the evening session on Friday; bit immediately going up to the Court House, found the control of that over active and eccentric spiritualist. Lorenzo Dow, pouring out the living tides of truth upon the minds of some one hundred and fifty persons, all told.

The roads were very muddy, and the weather unfavorable for a large attendance from the country round, therefore I was not surprised to heart the Convention opened with an attendance of about twenty persons. The same rules of order which were observed at the Syncuse Couvening, were adopted—the moraling sessions being devoted to the rehearsal of facts and personal experiences; the Convention expenses and personal experiences; the Amoral of the Syncuse Couveniton, were adopted—the moraling sessions being devoted to the rehearsal of facts and personal experiences; the factor on the Syncuse Couveniton, were adopted—the moraling sessions being devoted to the rehearsal of facts and personal experiences; the factor on the syncuse Couveniton, were adopted—the moraling sessions being devoted to the rehearsal of facts and personal experiences; the factor on the syncuse Couveniton, were adopted—the moraling sessions being devoted to the rehearsal of facts and personal experiences; the factor on the syncuse Couveniton, were adopted—the moraling sessions being devoted to the rehearsal of facts and personal experiences; the factor of the spirit, many of which the observed the moraling sessions being devoted to the rehearsal of facts and personal experiences; the factor of the spirit, many of which the observed the spiritualism is four-into the spiritualism of the spiritua

tle of the sense of his statements. "Either Mr. Coles utmost capacity although a fea of ten cents was received at the door at each evening session.

Mr. Coles' here took the doctor up on some points, The speakers had all arrived by Friday morning, and a little "talking back" ensued, which, had there and every moment was improved. Of course, in this been a copy of the Bannen in the room, doubtless passing notice, I cannot tell you what was said, or who said it all. Among others were Mr. and Mrs. "Before we can be certain," said Dr. Gray, "or in Uriah Clark, of Auburn, the editors of the Spiritual fact before we can have communication with the Clarion, H. P. Fairfield, H. B. Storer, G. M. Jackson, spirit-world, there must be some physical manifesta. A. P. Pierce, Miss Mary J. King-the last five being tion or sign—such as a dilation in the pupil of the all trance mediums—H. M. Stewart, Esq., the Presimedium's eye, a perceivable difference in the odor of dent, and short speeches and experiences from many

All the exercises were of a most interesting character, the tides of inspiration flowing full, free and strong through all the speakers. Though I have attended many conventions, yet in the prevalence of fraternat love among all the participants-in a deep, prevailing consciousness of the presence of angel ministers—in the power of uttered truth to convince Mr. Partridge—Then how are we to know whether the minds of skeptics, and awaken earnest desires the communication is a psychological or a spiritual and determinations to know personally "if these things be so,"-I have never seen it equalled. The highest expectations of those who called the meeting, have been more than realized, and we know that some truth has been sown in good ground.

> The Clarion will probably contain a full report, to which all interested are referred. After voting thanks to the citizens of Penn Yan, who have hos pitably entertained all who came from abroad, the Convention adjourned to meet at Watertown, N. Y., on the 3d, 4th and 5th of June next.

> > Fraternally and hurriedly, H. B. STORER.

## Reports.

BOSTON REFORM CONFERENCE.

Monday Evening, Jan. 24, 1859.

QUESTION .- "Is Spiritualism a FACT, or a BELIEF?"

Mr. Wheaton-What is truth, and what is faith? Many people believe that faith is knowledge. To report a hearsay is only to report a faith, not knowledge. Let us compare the effect of faith and knowledge on the people. All-antions have a religious faith, which faith is a basis of their religion.

them. The whole superstructure of religion rests on faith, and, for the most part, is arbitrary.

Mr. Wilson—Faith to me is that which I have been reasoned into by my neighbor; knowledge is that which I have seen and participated in. The former is of the church—the latter, of Spiritualism. Orthodoxy rears its doctrines on faith—Spiritualism on positive knowledge. Hearsay, based on this knowledge, has been the means on making many willing believers in Spiritualism. Belief says, I believe there is a God; knowledge says, I know there is a God. A medium says that she sees, sanding by my side, or hovering over me, a spirit, and describes that spirit. This is positive knowledge to that medium. If I see that spirit, then I know what I have seen, and to me it is positive knowledge. have seen, and to me it is positive knowledge. This spart speaks to me, tells his mame, the time of his death, his age, when he died, and in his features and form I recognize my deceased brother. This, to me, has occurred, and to ten

she was sitting quite near the daughter when killed. She never knew the spirits to tell her anything that did not turn out to be true.

Much more was spoken regarding the subject, but of little importance, and I leave the speakers as I found them, hoping that I shall not, at the next Conference, be called up to answer for my injustice to the orators.

Among the bright faces there, I was pleased to see that of Miss Emma Hardinge, who looks as finely and as healthful as when she first favored Boston to the organization; it comes with the seminal kingdom; and so the speakers are the speakers as I flud the same law existing throughout the animal kingdom; and so the subject to the orators. and as healthful as when she first favored Boston with her presence, and moved its intellect by her eloquent powers.

Some genius has discovered a gentleman in Blecker street, who plays on an accordion, and sets four hats on the floor to dancing without any visible agency. I shall see the manifestation as soon as convenient, and describe it to your readers.

Signor Monti, of Harvard College, will speak at Dodworth's on Sunday, the 6th of February. Sub-

cannot perceive spirit; physical eyes cannot see spirit forms.

How does he know the mysterious and complicated operations of all nature that are above him and us all, to which all tions of former times. I understand he wishes it understood that his lecture is strongly opposed to Spiritualism. He will doubtless be heard and followed by a master in the art of polemic debate.

Wishing you a thousand successes in your visitations, trustingly toiling till time tells truly thy worth, I continue

HOPEFUL.

SPIRITUAL CONVENTION AT PENN

souls aspire and are rising? We have evidence in all nature of progress—of perpetual change—from lower to higher conditions—from a cruder to a finer development of the mineral; then in the vegetable, from coarsor to finer quality; the animal apparently, is without intelligence, then rises in progressive series of development, till it comes to the crowning element manifested in animal life—human intellect. Does nature stop here? No; there is a consciousness sooner or later development with it in tintelligence, of still higher development—and this consciousness is, to many, more positive than any earthly knowledge can be. Mr. Seaver is just as much a fanatic in his indelity, as is the church in the hobbies of its faith. Spiritualism may have some fanaticism, and it would be strange if it had not; it brings it from habit out of the crores of the past—time will speedily destroy it. Natural laws must govern true Spiritualism, now it is awfully tinctured with the fanaticism and nonsense of the church is a consciousness.

Mr. Trask—The more intelligent modern Spiritualists have

ttempt—nay, rather, I trust, only to postpone it for a few

depends on me, be assured, desk friends, I shall leave nothing undone to affect it; and so far as it is beyond human centrol, certainly you and I can trust the Infinite Parent of us all, without whose beneficent Providence not even a sparrow falls to the ground; living here or in heaven, we are all equally the children of that unbounded Love. It has given me great pain that I could not be with such of you as have suffered be-reaveneouts and other affliction, and at least speak words of endearment and sympathy, when words of consolution would not suffer

"What Religion may do for Man"-will be published during the present week, and be for sale by Bela Marsh. We give a few sentences from Mr. Emerson's locture :

Mr. Emerson said that he had been suddenly called to stand before this congregation; that it was not his inclination or custom to come into pulpits; and having had no time for preparation, he had brought a lecture on a topic that should be interesting at all times, to all people, viz., Culture. Culture in individuals makes rank and power. Where there is no mercy, the individual has redress to

Nature has given every man a high and mighty esteem of his own powers; and man runs around a ring of his own, and loses a relation to the world.

narrow self-ism.
Than be applauded, let us rather be insulted, while we are Life is narrow to him who walks in the circle of self, or a few notable friends.

The prependerance of culture warns a man of the danger of selfish evils, and redresses his balance. Culture kills the

exaggerations of self-conceit.

A man of genius pays dear for his distinctions. Nature is sometime reckless; when she has points to carry she carries

of philosophy, arts, science, and religion.

No one will deny the validity of education. A boy, says one, is better, uniorn, than untaught. The soldiers of an army may all be made heroes by training.

The great art of courage is the knowledge of having done the thing lefter.

experience. They are tickets of experience to the theatre of life. There is a negative value in the use of the boat, gun, fishing-red, etc, in the culture of the boy. These are to the boy what freemasonry is to manhood.

I am not much of an advocate for traveling. Mon run away to other countries because they are not good enough to stay in their own; and come back again because they are not thought better of than they are at home. Yet traveling may be of importance to some. If we go to Europe we may by comparison, value our own country more. We go to Europe to become Americanized. There is sometimes in every constitution a solstice, when the stars of the soul stand still; when this happens, a man may look at Paris, Naples and London, and find amusement.

There is a restlessness in American people, which indicates a want of character. Americans have the European com-

er up.

I have heard that throughout this country men pay respect I have heard that throughout this country men pay respect to good broadcloth. Cities degrade us by magnifying trides. In them is a subtle, gilb-tongued tribe, who lives for show, to dine, and send for a dector. Man should learn to live on coarse food, and wear coarse clothes. A man of sense don't mind deficate food or fine dress. The boy that saves superfluities, wears a rusty hat and out-grown clothes, to work his way through college, is a worthy boy.

It is better to dread an easy home and popular manners. If there is any great good in youl or for you, it will not come out in fashionable cities, or come forth at one effort.

A man is only a beggar that lives for the address the present

A man is only a beggar that lives for use alone; the perception of the beautiful is also for man. A cheerful intelligence is the end of culture; for the ills of life are effect by the beautiful. Fine scenery appeases our irritation, and developes our

tiful. Fine scenery appeases our irrection, and developes our friendship.

Above all-culture comes a reinforcement of a higher influence, a power divine; this power has a certain mastery.

A boy should have his education young; he sometimes gots it beforehand. The chance of appreciation in a son is greatly increased by being born of an appreciative father. A considerate man will govern his life for the benefit of the succession.

There is nothing that culture cannot convert to good; it

The hope is now; the day is distant.

This wide commonwealth, is for millions to culture; culture shall be added to culture, and no ray of light, no pulse of

### LIZZIE DOTEN AT THE MELODEON. Sunday Afternoon, January 30.

The choir sung the song beginning and ending: "Oh! tell me not there is no love, Ro. God' who made the heavens upolo-Hath made the world below

Oh, yos! all earth is beautiful
With every varied scene;
For, wheresee'er the eye may turn
The hand of God is seen!

timony makes a fact to our perception in one case, not pertaining to Spiritualism, why may not the same amount of evidence produce the same fact in Spiritualism? A.B. Child.

RALPH W. EMERSON AT MUSIC HALL.

Sunday Morning, January 30.

At an early hour the spacious hall was filled to its utmost capacity, with as intelligent, thinking, and, we do not hesitate to say, as deeply religious audience as Boston can produce.

Mr. John R. Manly, clork of Mr. Parker's Society, read the following letter:

Much Valued Friends—When I first found myself unable to speak to you again, and medical men bade one be silent, and fee off for my life to a more genial clime, I determined before I went, to make ready and publish my New Year's Serman, the last I ever preached; and the one which was to follow it, the last I ever wrote, lying there yet unspoken; and also to prepare a letter to you, reviewing our past intercourse of now nearly fifteen years.

The phonographer's swift pen made the first work easy, and the last serman less printed before you; the next I soon laid aside, reserving my forces for the last. But alast 1 the thought, and still more the emotion, requisite for such a letter under such circumstances, are quite too much for-me now. So, with much regret, I find myself compelled to forego the attempt—may, rather, I trust, only to postpone it for a few wocks.

broken. This was only an image, that ere the next dispensa-tion should come, the children of brack would be scattered

weeks.

Now I can but write this note in parting, to thank you for the patience with which you have heard me so long; for the open-handed generosity which has provided for my unexpected needs; for the continued affection which so many of you have always shown me, and now more tenderly than there; and yet above all for the joy it has given me to see the great and yet above all for the joy it has given me to see the great least and emotions of true religion spring up in your fields with such signs of promise. If my shoors were to end to-day I should still say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," for I think fow men have seen larger results follow such labors; and so brief. But I shall not think our connection is ended, or likely soon to be; I hope yet to look in your eyes again, and speak to your hearts. So far as my recovery depends on me, be assured, dear friends, I shall leave nothing tundone to affect it; and so far as it is beyond human control.

tors stroye to drown his words in their cry of "Urest is Diana of Ephesos." But he was not to be crushed down, Fishermen, carpenters and common people followed him, and he had compassion on them as a flock without a shopherd. He is the example to be looked up to at the present age, by the carnest soul. It was he who first taught that God is worshiped in spirit and in truth.

From the teachings of this noble man had grown the Christian church—2-the religion of this son of a carpenter and man of doubtful parentage is that recognized by the civilized world to-day. Though in the Christianity of the Catholle, the Episcopalian, the Orthodox, the Unitarian, the Universalist, the Spiritualist, where shall we got the true light? These churches are the growth of Christianity, but not its ultimate. In the Orthodox has a jealous and vindictive God, who leads condearment and sympathy, when words of consequences of the consequences of consequences of consequences of the composition of the corporative church your souls are bound to creeds. In the corporative church your souls are bound to creeds. In the corporative church your souls are bound to creeds. The Orthodox has a jealous and vindictive God, who leads men down the blind golf of despair. The Universalist has an day and the composition of the realmant of highest think only too kindly of Your Minister and Friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

THEODORE PARKER.

around his throne.

As your idea of Deity is according to your capacity, so is your idea of Heaven. Were you to see it, as it is, you would cry, "Away with it for our old ideas are far better. The Orthodox saw a nightnare hell, and the Universalist a Utopian

heaven. Both were dreams; neither are true.

Oh, the secret power of Delty! Gold called thousands to
the Pacific coasts, and through it was Emigration hastened,
and healthy commerce has taken the place of adventure and avarice. The communications now come, and the world heeds them; and in time they shall give place to a religion where God will be worshiped in spirit and in truth. These rappings broke the shell of selfishness, and made man free—and when he is once free, and has soared away in liberty, he cannut fly back, and, hugging close his wings, onter the

Rature has given every man a high and mighty esteem of his own powers; and man runs around a ring of his own, and loses a relation to the world.

Some like to be sick, to draw the sympathy of others; children feign a cough, to got attention from callers they would not get without.

The goltro of egotism and self-love in society is the scourge of talent.

Boware of the man who says, "I am on the eve of some great revelation." The views of such a man that him up in a narrow self-lism. of the natural religion which thrills sympathy in your soul, and recognize yourself as the temple

She closed her discourse with an invocation to the good Father of humanity-and the choir followed her with a song closing the afternoon services.

sunggerations of self-conceit.

A man of genius pays dear for his distinctions. Nature is sometime reckless; when she has points to carry she carries hem.

The antidote to egotism is gained with the high resources of philosophy, arts, science, and religion.

No one will deny the validity of education. A boy, says not, is better, unborn, than untaught. The soldiers of an entire the natural laws on which it is founded. She said that the will of God. Speaking over the ocean of chaos, he rolled out system after system, and by the same Divine will they will roll on forever. His will creates a magnetic chain, which is better, unborn, than untaught. The soldiers of an entire the control of the No one will deny the validity of education. A boy, says one, is better, unborn, than 'untaught. The soldiers of an army may all be made heroes by training.

The great art of courage is the knowledge of having done the thing before.

He cannot be human who wants faith in the power of education.

Poltroonery is acknowledging inferiority to be incurable. Let us make an education broad and brave, and it shall prevent all evil.

It is conceded that much of our learning fails to be immediately felt.

Books must always enter into our systems of education—but they are good only so far at the child is ready for them. Wo send a boy to school for education, but he gets his education from other boys, and, from the wayside, as he goes to school, nore than from books. The boy's fishing rod, his gammar, his spelling, and figures.

Chees, whist, billiards, and dancing, have due weight in experience. They are tekets of experience to the theatre or life. There is a negative value in the use of the boat, gun, shishing-rod, etc, in the culture of the boy. These are to the boat, gun, shishing-rod, etc, in the culture of the boy. These are to the text in the special and support the mist power. The part is the power of the special has been a gain to the spiritual strength of man—for progression to the higher, is the unchanging law of life. Bo passive—meek as a child and as pure—and the angels can come and talk with you. Inspiration comes not in words, the text is the power of the spiritual strength of man—for progression to the higher, is the unchanging law of life. come and talk with you. Inspiration comes not in words, but in ideas, and these ideas must be filtered through the ideality and language of the medium.

At the close of her lecture, she was asked to give the true idea of the marriage union:

thought better of than they are at home. Yet traveling may be of importance to some. If we go to Europe we may by comparison, value our own country more. We go to Europe to become Americantzed. There is sometimes in every constitution a solstice, when the stars of the soul stand still; when this happens, a man may look at Paris, Najles and London, and find amusement.

There is a restlessness in American people, which indicates a want of character. American people, cannot abroad; he only hides his insignificance. A man is the same in Europe he is in America. Do you suppose they do not scald milk-pans and broil fish in Europe, the same as in America?

Citles give us collision; it is said that London and New York take the nonsense out of a man; you cannot have one well-bred man, without a whole society—they keep character up.

I have heard that throughout this counter way.

Last Sunday evening week, Mr. White's theme was "The oppositions to and the good resulting from spirit communion." He hold up the motives which induced the speculator to go into Spiritualism—greed of gain; which led the man of pride there—to trace his ancestral honors through the past; the inquisitiveness of the curiosity-seeker, and the mercenary motives which governed the actions of men; and because their expectations were not realized—because the spirit-world would not obey their beheets, they turn against Spiritualism and hitsely rail. He then spice of the west result. ualism, and bitterly ruli. He then spoke of the good resulting to those who go into the investigation with cander and nonesty—of the beautiful religion of ratth, Hope and Charity it taught, and the freedom that wont with it—freedom to do right: for wrong is not freedom, but slavery,

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

L. G. C., St. Louis .- Miss Hardinge sowed much heavenly truth while she remained in St. Louis, and it has not failen by the wayside, but has taken root and will yield an hundred fold. Her addresses taught many an Old Fogy that it is not a shame for a woman to speak in church; but that it is s The measure of a master is his soccess in origing an end to his opinion twenty years later.

Four not the revolution that will make you live five years in one. Four not making an enemy now and then.

Millons are called men, that are not fully men, for they live one half in the earth. The quadruped has not yet had its day. The age of the heart and brain will come in its be saved. Hell-fire and damnation have done their work. So long as the human heart remained cold as an iceberg, will change the furies to muses, and hell into benefits. Culture is the unfolding of the human plant into a bright flower. The highest culture exists in obedience to the liner law, of which the outer law is only a stone table.

I believe in great grown and equalization in humanity. for its kindred-and just in proportion as the fire of love yard with more laborers like Miss H., and the poor little pigmies who have been striving so long and so hard to convince the good Lord of the error of his ways-that it is his duty to damn ninety-nine hundreths of his children, and to make a home in heaven for the "few that be saved," by dividing it into sectarian homestcads narrow as the grave, will decide that it is advisable for them to take a tour to the islands of the South Sea for the benefit of their health during the remainder of their natural lives, or else engage in some more respectable calling at home.

A. J. Davis and wife have been holding forth to crowded houses. It will be hard to fill the desk after they leave. Mr. D. did not speak very flattering of our "peculiar institution." but still, not a single dissenting sound was heard in his crowded houses. The friends of progress are friends of free The locturess rose and said: Ye people of Boston, we see there are many things in which ye are too superstitious, for when we walk in your city structs, we find temples created to a God of Catholicism, a God of Episcopalizatism, of Orthodoxy, Baptistry, of Methodism, of Unitarianism, of Universalism, and of Spiritualism. The God who made the world all who dwell in it, dwells not in temples made with hands, neither does he command that his children shall worship him. It is the great law of attraction which drives man to hay his offerings before the altar of a deity, and he will worship no God save such an one as his soul points out to him as worthy to be worshiped.

Our subject is "True Worship," and we speak of confidence, having no authorities for worship. We are lost in contemplation of the glory of the Godhead. We know not our beginning nor our end, nor whether we are tending—and we can only prophesy according to our faith.

Man is by nature a worshiper. When God breathed into man the breath of life, he incorporated into him that which can never be severed from Deity; and, surroubded by sense and circumstances, he has looked upon himself as a riddie, dom, everywhere; they respect the prejudices of the world

are not fully informed as to the features of this new institution of learning. One feature, however, is, the institution is negaced

Management of the control of the con

"one family" of which each pupil becomes a member, and is taught to act in harmony and to be kind and affectionate to one another. We make the following extract from Dr. W.'s circular :

"Our method is original and very peculiar. We never reward merit nor punish transgression, but have more confidence than ever that 'the rank weeds that infest the moral character of children will wither and die' in an atmosphere of love and purity. We never assign lessons to be committed to memory, but our pupils give their own thoughts in their own words and go to books, as they go to the table for the food they need and crave. To a great extent we have won them from mere play, to amusements that develope as well as entertain. The two sexes associate with a freedom, purity, and beauty we are proud to have observed and well as entertain. The two sexes associate with a freedom, purity, and beauty we are proud to have observed and examined. With the donations received we shall found a Juvenile Library, and we invite denations of juvenile and scientific books and periodicals, and especially of tools and specimens for a Geological Calinet. We shall welcome pecuniary aid in any form. If ten persons would take scholarships for one year it might double the practical value of the labors of five teachers. More than all we need an energetic and loving man to unite with us in this work—a manly man, who can relieve us of all duties except the school and general care. We need a Matron who knows she has love enough to care. We need a Matron who knows she has love on south the troubled spirits of children, and strengthen their good resolutions."

L. HARES, CICERO, N. Y .- "Have been an investigator and peliever in Spiritualism since 1851, and have not, among the many communications received from spirits since that time, had but one that has proved untrue. I believe that a great majority of reported false communications from spirit are not false, but are conceived to be so by our blindness and misapprehension. Spiritual communications, I believe, are given in good faith and are generally correct. I rejoice when I look around and see the spiritual philosophy based on a platform broad enough to admit the whole family of mankindand however low and degraded some may be found to be, in them there is a germ developing destined to breath the pure air of angel-spheres; there is an eternal law of progression running through all things." Had we space we should print nore of this letter. We thank you for your efforts in spreading the BANNER OF LIGHT before the people.

D. C. GATES, WORCESTER.-Is not your communication, our good brother, a little severe on orring mediums and Spiritualists? Our confidence in a "dear God" satisfies us that he reaches his arm of love around all his children, as tenderly and affectionately around the less favored, as the more favored. We believe your prophesy will come true, which is in the following sentence: "True Spiritualism is as sure to cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea. And when its philosophy shall be practically carried out, every man and voman shall be the possessor of a home and happiness."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. G., Moosur.-Your suggestion is a good one, which is comething as we understand it to be after this sort: That for the benefit of lecturers who go from place to place preachng the glad tidings of Spiritualism, the towns and neighborgoods where there is a want of lectures be published in order. For instance, each town on the line of every railroad and stage-road through the country. We imagine this would make a longer list than any one supposes.

PITSFIELD.—Communication purporting to come from Lorenzo Dow deals so largely in the condemnation of others, that we must reject it. It is not the business of Spiritualism o hold up to view the faults of others.

W. D. MARTIN, MEDIUM, EAST BARNARD, VT. We have resolved your communication, written from the text; "Be not Mraid." We congratulate you in your development in the good cause. Go on from lesser to greater attainments.

FRANK G. H., PRILADELPHIA.-William Crosier was of Kennebunk. Died in 1842 by drowning off Charlestown Bridge.

### MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture during the month of February at Boston, Lynn, Lowell, and Groveland. (In this month Miss Hardinge is fully engaged.) In March, at Philadelphia; in April, at New York. For the week day evenings of these months she will receive applications to lecture. In May, at Providence, R. I.; Worcester, Mass.; Nashua, N. H.; and other places week-day evenings where her services may be needed. In June, at Porthard, Me., and Oswego, N. Y. Next fall and winter Miss Hardinge designs to labor exclu-sively in the West, and South as far as New Orleans, and requests applications for these districts to be addressed, during the spring and summer, at her residence, 194 Grand street, New York.

Prof. J. L. D. Otls will speak at Abington, Mass., Feb. 6th; Frof. J. L. D. Otts will speak at Abington, Mass., Feb. 20th; Leominster Mass., Feb. 13th; Natick, Mass., Feb. 20th; Dover, N. H., Feb. 27th. He will answer calls to speak at other places during the week. His addresses are mainly in the trance state, and upon the subject of Education. He will act as agent for the Bannen, and receive subscriptions either for this paper, or for the New England Union University. Address, Lowell, Mass.

versity. Address Lowell, Mass.

Warren Chase lectures in Trenton, N. J., Feb. 4th; in Philadelphia, Feb. 6th and 15th; in Baltimore, Feb. 20th and 27th; in Newark, Ohio, March 3d, 4th, and 6th; in Columbus, Ohio, March 15th. Address as above, at the soveral lates. The friends wishing him to lecture in western Ohio Indiana, and Michigan, must write early, as he is usually engaged several months in advance.

Loring Moody will lecture in West Bridgewater, on Tues-Loring Moody will lecture in West Bridgewater, on Tues-day and Wednesday, Feb. 8th and 9th; Raynham, Thursday and Friday, 10th and 11th; East Taunton, Sunday 12th; Buttanniaville, Monday and Therday, 13th and 14th; Weir Village, Wednesday and Thursday, 15th and 16th; New Ecd-ford, Sunday 20; Wareham, Sunday 27. Will some friend in each place, who may see these notices, make all needful at-rangements without further request.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Binghampton, N. Y., the four Sundays of February. Address, until Jan. 28th, Willard Barnes Felton, No. 12 Lamartine Place, 29th

John H. Currier of Lawrence, will speak as follows: Feb. 9th, at Warwick; Feb. 10th, at North Orange; Feb. 11th, at North Dana; Feb. 12th, at Orange; Feb. 13th, at Erving; Feb. 14th and 15th, at Northfield; Feb. 18th, at Montague. Miss M. Munson will speak in Baltimore, Md., on the two first, and in Philadelphia on the two last Sundays in February. She will make engagements to lecture at places on the routo from Philadelphia to Chicago at any time provious to the first of March next. Address her at Philadelphia, care of H. F.

Mrs M. S. Townsend will speak at Cambridgeport, Feb. 6th; Waltham, Feb. 13th; Cambridgeport, Feb. 20th; Clinton, Feb. 27th; Taunton, March 9th and 13th.

Miss Emma Houston, tranco-speaking medium, having returned from a visit to New Hampshire, will answer calls to lecture Sundays and week evenings. 'Address to the care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Fountain House, Boston. A. B. Whiting will attend calls to lecture in the West and

Southwest, during the coming three months. He may be addressed at his home, Brooklyn, Michigan. H. F. Miller will answer calls for lectures to be given by Mrs. Miller, trance-speaker, in New York, Pennsylvania and the Western States. Address, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Miss Sarah A. Magoun will answer calls to lecture in the trance state on Sundays and week day evenings. 'Address are of George L. Cade, Cambridgeport, Mass. Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Lowell, Sunday, Feb. 6th; Cambridgeport, Sunday, Feb. 13th. George Atkius will speak in Worcester, Sunday, Yeb. 26th :

Marblehead, Sunday 2701; Taunton, Sunday, Feb. 6th; Orleans, Sunday, Feb. 13th and 27th; Middleboro, Sunday, Feb. 20th; and on intervening evenings in towns adjoining, or in the vicinity of the above, if notified soon. E. S. Wheeler will speak at Waltham, Mass., Sunday, Feb. 6th. He will answer calls from Norwich, Conn., where he may be addressed.

H. B. Storer will lecture on the four Sundays of February, Mrs. Charlotte F. Workt, public trance-speaking medium may be addressed at No. 19 Green street, Boston.

Miss Susan M. Johnson will receive calls to speak on Sun-Mrs. Alvira P. Thompson, trance-speaker on Bible subjects. ddress West Brookfield, Vt. H. A. Tucker, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed

Miss E. E. Gibson, impressional speaking medium, may be ddressed at Augusta, Mo. H. L. Bowker will give free lectures and public tests of his powers, by having expenses paid. Address Natlek, Mass. II. P. Fairfield will speak in Oswego, N. Y., the 6th and

13th of February. Alvin Peaso, late of Eimira, N. Y., will locture upon topics ntimately connected with the spiritual movement. He may so addressed at Boston until further notice.

G. M. Jackson, Trance Speaker, Prattsburg, Steuben Co., I. Y., will receive calls to lecture. Dr. Lyon may be addressed at Lowell for the present,

### NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOSTON .- MISS EMMA HARDINGE Will locture at the Meloon on Sunday afternoon and evening next. A Circus for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday torning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Ad-

isolon & cents. MERTINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening to Guld Hall, Wimitsimmet street. D. F. Goddand, reglar speaker. Souts free.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forencen and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall. nectings on the Sabbath foreneen and alternoon, at Law-ence Hall.

Lowell —The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet-ngs on Sundays, foreneou and afternoon, in Well's Hall, Speaking, by mediums and others.

NEWBURYFORT.—Spiritualists of this place hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Esseg Halt, State street, at 2 and 7 o'clock. The best of trance speakers

## The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs.
J. H. CONANT, Trance Medium, who allows her medium
powers to be used only for this object.
These messages are not published on account of literary

merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed. We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of

their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the errondous idea that they are more than FINITE beings.

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits. n these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives,—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted. In order to satisfy the public that these messages are received as we claim, our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend, on application to us. They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at HALF-PART TWO, after which time, no one will be admitted; they are closed by the spirit governing the mainfestations, usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

#### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will every Spiritualist, who reads one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false? By so doing, they will do as much to advance the cause of Spiritualism, as we can do by their publication,

Dec. 25—Polly Barclay, Edward Wilson, Joseph Jewell, Dec. 29—James Brooks, Charles Adams, Abigail Simson, Charles Wikkins, Francis White, Dec. 30—Mary Ann Marden, Solomon Winslow, George Cellyer, Edward Butler.

Jan. 1—George White, David Sinclair, Susan Brown, Charles Johnson. Jan. 3—Charlotte Tucker, Seth W. Winslow, Lorenzo Dow,

Lizzie Homer.

Jun. 5—Geo. Loveland, Peter Elkins Sanborh, Tim. Brickett,
Jun. 6—Elizabeth Dow, Anonymous, Joseph Hutchins,

Jan. 7-Alexander Noble, Edward Henderson, William Crozier. Jan. 8—Henri Dejein, John Hazwell, Patrick Murphy, Ed-

#### William Poor.

No. no: I cannot describe the conflict that is going on with me to-day. Ah, I forgot my time is limited, and if I would work I must do so white the day lasts. Good sir, tell me what you expect of me first?

I left this mortal state of life in 1847. I was a member of

the Free-Will Baptist Church of Lowell. My name was Wil-ham Poor. I have a wife fiving in Lowell, but I come not to speak with her. The year before I died, I adopted a little girl, a mere infant. She was a fair flower, and as near to me as it. a mere infant. She was a fair flower, and as near to me as it ghe had been my own. It is not my purpose here to state who were the parents of that child, or how I came to adopt her, but I will say I have watched over her ever since I left certif, and I have sought hard to-wyest her from the evil that has everywhere attended her. She is fair to look upon—would to God she had been less fair. That child is now in one of those places of ill-repute in your city, and while I speak, not forty rods from me. Can I not save her? will you

not and me? Spicak, for my time is ahort.

I grave to her the name of Ellen; I know no other name.

not aid me? Spiak, for my time if short.

I gave to her the mame of Ellen; I know no other name. She is fair, brown hair, light blue eyes, line form, of medium height. I will give you her exact age if you will give me a few minutes. She is seventeen years of age—not more than two or three months over, I think.

Should you meet her to-day, and ask her where her parents are she could not tell you. Oh, let me speak to her; devise some means whereby I may do so. I tried to bring her here to-day. She is a medium and I tried to use my power to bring her here. I cambot tell you what house she is in, nor can I describe the keeper of the house. I see only the child—nothing else. -nothing else.

Can I not save her? is there no way? No, it is not doubt-Can I not save her? is there no way? Two, it is not doubt. I will not admit of it—there is none. As God lives and I live, I will accomplish that I have undertaken to-day. She has been there months—very many. I have a way—one that I trust, I know, will prove good. Tell her, through your paper, I see there months—very many. I have a way—one that I trust, I know, will prove good. Tell her, through your paper, I see and know every thought, and will, ere long prove it to her. Until that time tell her to walt—to stand still until I come and prove this to her. She will read this, she will understand it, and white she reads, I will grasp her and I defy all the power of hell to,wrest her from me.

Publish in your time; that will suit me, and I will see you mean; but I can no longer stay.

Dec. 21

ngain; but I can no longer stay.

### Mary Foster.

A spirit, giving this name, examined a number of sea'ed and open letters we had on file, but found none for her friends. She then wrote:

"Say all is well to my son George." John Washburn.

Bay that this day's session was closed by John Washburn, of Cincinnati, who could not speak as requested, but takes this method of informing his friends of his presence.

Doc. 21.

## John King.

How do you do, all of you? Had a little time to spare, so I thought I'd come round here. Somebody wants to know way truth don't prove itself to be truth as well at one time as another. Straight forward question, and I suppose it de-mands a straight forward answer. Now Nature has made mains a straight forward answer. Now Nature has made ample provision for all she creates; gives all plenty of room for progress, and plenty of time, too; and its no kind of uso for any of her creatures to go to crowding everything into one moment of time, or into one inch of ground, because they lose sight of themselves; and when they do that, they lose sight of everything else. Just as though the world was n't made up of truth and falsehood! Just as though you had n't out to work for truth! There's a richt was only a hadn't got to work for truth! There's a right way and i wrong way to get truth, and you have got to work the right way; if you work the wrong way, why you must expect to

get error.

That same somebody wants to know, if there be any truth That same somebody wants to know, if there be any truth in spiritualism, why it don't sustain itself. Now, I want to ask that person what reason he has to suppose that it don't sustain itself, and whether it will not? Depend upon it, what truth there is in it, will, in due time, root put all error; and if they seek for error, they will be likely to get it soon or late; if they seek for error, they must take the consequences. That somebody wants to know whether the manifestations I give through the boys [Davenport boys] are genuine. Just as though I couldn't lie here as well as there, and give the truth there as well as here. If I doubted a person in one place, I should do so in another. All I have to say of these manifestations, is, that if they are true, time will prove it; and if they are humbug, their life is short. Falsehood is short-ived, and humbug is shorter. Now, suppose I should say that all these manifestations I give through the boys are all correct—straight—perfectly genuine—what bethows are all correct—straight—perfectly genuine—what bet-ter proof have they that they are so? None at all. Time must decide all such questions. No one over got whole truth

must decide all such questions. No one over got whole truth by looking at a subject once.

I profess to be true, but that does not prove me so. Men and women of to-day call for something more than words here, and in the spirit-world. But one thing I will say, I would not trouble myself to give the manifestations I do, did I not expect they would bring forth something better. Notiner would I give them if I did not expect to gain a reward for it—nobody woeld. I expect to get free from many things which trouble me now. I know whether I am true or false, and time will prove me so to the people. As for the boys, they are honest as any other boys—I know they are. It would do no good for me to come here and say they were It would do no good for me to come here and say they

It would do no good for me to come here and say they were perfectly honest; what knowledge the people get of them, should enable them to judge of their truth, or falsity.

As for the old man Davenport, he is not smart enough to get up such manifestations. I know him, but the people don't know it; I know him inside and out, and people must do the same, if they would judge of him. This going to heaven on other peoples' knowledge, is like getting into a rail car without paying your fare—you've he business there.

other peoples' knowledge, is the getting into a rail car without paying your fare—you 've no business there.

Spiritualism has but one foundation, and that is truth. It
does not matter how many spurious articles are thrown upon
that foundation—in time they will get thrown off. I'm not
coming here, or going anywhere else, to prove the truth or
fallacy of Spiritualism—it must prove itself. My advice is to fallacy of Bjiritualism—it must prove itself. My advice is to skeptics to sit everything they see; first understand all the laws that govern them, and then abide by them, and they will not have many spurious articles. All you have to do, each of you, is to act on your own judgment; if you have not got any, you cannot be expected to act on it.

Somebody, either below or above me, has a protty good winnowing machine at work, and the chaff will get blown to the four winds of heaven, or hell—if don't know which. If I when the their certain, the soner I so the work then.

belong to that portion, the sconer I get blown off, the better; if my next neighbor gets blown off, so much the better. I 'il do my work well, and when you are competent to judge of the work, come and talk to me about it. Men and women of the work, come and talk to me about it. Men and women of this day have got to live for themselves and die for themselves—all they know, they have got to learn for themselves, and it is no use for them to depend upon any person's any so.

Dec. 22.

## Anonymous.

All souls are seeking for truth, each individual in his or her own way. No two can seek alike, for each individual is governed by a natural law suitable to himself. All these laws blend into one, yet are each suitable to the canadians. laws thend into one, yet are each suitable to the capacity of individuals in this or other worlds. And thus it is vain for once to seek to understand bimself by the laws that govern another, for there pro no two individuals dwelling in existence alike—all differ. However similar they appear to be, 'tis but in appearance, for the germ will be found to differ widely, one from another. And from this great cause we find numerous effects; but the greatest of all is discord, because all differ. One soul is satisfied with one ray of light; one soul demands two, another wants ten, another a thousand, and another will be satisfied to sit in darkness.

One soul cryeth out, manifest thyself in this wise to me, O

Another says, not so, oh Lord. And one soul does not by another should differ with him. One says, I have e why another should differ with him. One says, I have cof; my neighbor has the same; why can he not believe? Ah, judging soul, learn to understand thyself, then shalt thou learn not to sit in judgment on another.

iou learn not to sit in judgment on another.

We say each has a law governing himself, and that law will
of govern another; all are branches of one tree, yet all dif-

not govern another; an are present.

fering, one from another.

Look abroad upon the bosom of nature. You find flowers.

of a thousand hues—no two are alike, yet all draw nourishment from the same soil. Why is this? because each flower has a law that is peculiar to itself; it is an emaintion of nature as much as the man, and if one is governed by law, so

there can be no perfect harmony. You can have no perfect karmony on earth, because all differ one from another. The spirit can quickly draw a dividing line, however man may think you harmonize. But the soul asks is there no harmony? Yes; we all shall merge into one sphere of harmony when individuals are so far progressed as to cease to be governed by the branch, but shall be governed by the branch, but shall be governed by the grand law, which is God. Then you will find harmony, such as you find to not, because it is not with you.

Spirittnalism is an offspring, an one growed organisms. Well, such ones are standing upon dangerous ground, which will, ere long, crumble beneath themselves, is none at all.

When men ask for light, they should ask in all truth, wishing and expecting to receive it, and according as their faith is, so shall it be with them.

The questions which comes to us to-day, are these: When and how shall men pray? At the outset, we must say that many have clity, you find it not, because it is not with you.

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The questions which comes to us to-day, are these: When and how shall men pray? At the outset, we must say that many have the faith of the supported they ask in honesty.

When and how shall men pray? When men pray, they expective, you find it not, because it is not with you.

Spirittnalism is an offspring, an out-growth of the great law, and that, too, is governed by a law peculiar unto itself; and thus mortals should not expect to find harmony there sither. Spiritualism is a progressive principle. Now you was at strongth enough to be within the progression, will not be a support on the form and the progression will be progression.

Spiritualism

have it in its radimental or crude state; but all you who have strength enough to follow it through the various stages of its progression, will not be disappointed. Law is life and life is law. The law of one is not the law of another; the life of one is not the life of another; but if all were governed by the same law, individually, no one man could depart from this sphere without taking another with him. Yea, all would de; all would be sick at one time; all would depart, at the same time. Should you trespass upon the law that governed you, you would inflict a trespass upon your brother, and he would suffer for it. But Nature has given each a law, and if you sin against that law you alone are to be judged for it, by Nature—for who is a better judge than Nature? Who is more able to judge than the Greature? Who is more able to judge than now, as the star of Spiritualism shines alike for all, we would advice all to gather light from her ray, by virtue of the law that governed desire.

Should we attempt to satisfy the friends who have called upon us, we should fail. We can elucidate the subject to our subscident shines for my brother. The light that shines for me, seldom shines for all one, for all differ. The light that shines for my brother, my friend, my enemy.

One man should not seek to go to heaven upon the savery one should their homes for them selves, and should see they are builded upon a rock, and will pass away on the tide of public opinion. But to our subject.

When the creature man feels that he is strong in evil, and weak in goodness, then he should pray, for prayer will draw around the individual, as he prays, such a cloud of invisible intelligences, or slights, as will emble that soul to increase in the Greature? None.

And now, as the star of Spiritualism shines alike for all, we would advice all to gather light from her ray, by virtue of the law that stages and the friends who have called upon as tages.

we would advise all to gather light from her ray, by virtue of the law that governs themselves; for when they seek by the law that governs another, they will see that they have filled their garner with chaff; for we tell you that what is pure to ual is not that which governs another. Oh, then stand upon the foundation belonging to yourselves, and then, as truth is

#### William Chase.

Yes, ready; but it's one thing for you to be ready for me, and it's one thing for me to be ready for you. Suppose you point out what you want of me? Confound it, you are exacting! Suppose I should make a blunder? "Twould n't lo for them to tell me I lied, if I did, and was on earth-d you know why? Well, they would get a whipping, if I was trong enough.

Do you know where Barnstable is? Down in Maine? Not exactly—hadn't you better guess again? Cape Cod—now you come a little nearer. Well, I was born there, so they-say-I can't swear to that, of course I can't, so if I do n't get that right, do n't blame me. You want my age? Well, I'm blessed if I can tell you whether I was thirty-soven or thirty-eight. What you going to do about that? Well, I've been dead sixteen years, if this is 1858. If you are right, I am; I am going to lean on you for that. You must remember we have not as good a way to measure time as you have. Now the manner of death. I was lost overboard in a storm, on the passage from New York to Cape Verde Islands. My name was William Chase—pretty common name, aint it?

Now, what do you suppose my friends will say to my com-Do you know where Barnstable is? Down in Maine? Not

Now, what do you suppose my friends will say to my com-ing here? Welf, they'll make a fuse about it at:first. Do you want to know why? Well, because they are on the right side of the minister. They will suppose I in either an right side of the inhister. They will suppose I to enter an angel or the opposite extreme; but I in plain Bill Chase, not much wiser in some things than when on earth. Have got well acquainted with one fellow since I have been here, and that is Death. If you hold on to him with a good grip you'll be acquared to a real agentical with him. be pretty sure to get well acquainted with him. too soon, and don't get well acquainted. I can tell you all about Death. If you ask me about God, I can't tell you about him, for I do n't know any more than I did.

Most of my near kin have removed from Barnstable. Some f them are here, some in New York, and some down east: 6 I ve got to take a circuit all round to meet them, and I thought I'd come here and try to hit them all with one shot. And I'l can see any better through another I shall take the properties to use hit.

opportunity to use him:

Well, you may just say I'm in the market for a communi cation, and if anybody wants one from me. I'll meet them half way—oh, a little more. I'll step over the mark a little out I'll not come too near earth; for when one has been here he's mighty afraid of stepping too far, and gesting too near

Well, old chap, any necessity of my giving any more? I'm would be, if everybody on earth was a minister, would be, if everybody on earth was a minister, be up here and look on. That fellow that came before me had a larger glass than I have, and better eyes.

Are you writing down what I say? Well, they will say, verily and of a truth he hasn't changed much. What he was charge for doing what you have for me? Well, good Dec. 22. just as good in my way as any other. What a fight there would be, if everybody on earth was a minister! I d like to be un here and look on. That fellow that came before me

I don't want to express much dissatisfaction in regard to the conditions I am obliged to succumb to in controlling your medium to-day, but really. I think you might make some improvement. I have spoken to your director or guide, or what ever you call him, and he did not think it well to make any change, and so I thought I would speak to you. Would it not be well for you to set apart one day in the wock for such spirits as preceeded may? Now I have a day in the wock for such spirits as preceeded may? Now I have a day in the wock for such spirits as preceeded may? Now I have a day in the wock for such spirits as preceeded may? Now I have a day in the wock for such spirits as preceeded may? Now I have a day in the wock for such spirits as preceeded may? Now I have a day in the wock for such spirits as preceeded may? Now I have a day in the wock for such spirits as preceeded may? Now I have a day in the wock for such spirits as preceeded may? Now I have a day in the wock for such spirits as preceeded may not see the provided provided the provided provid not be well for you to set apart one day in the week for such spirits as preceeded me? Now I have a desire to select my company, and I do not like to see light and darkness coming company, and I do not like to see light and darkness coming together in this way. I see many coming here who are from the circles of Light, but I see many who are from the circles of darkness; and I do not like for these to be mingled. Now I told your director or guide that I desired to here this afternoon, and he told me I could speak at this time. I found a space had been set apart for me, but I did not

like the company.

I was very well pleased with the remarks of the two first

I was very well pleased with the remarks of the two first spirits who spoke to you, but I must say I could not be in congeniality with the last person.

I was a member of a Christian church many years before I died, and I could not go out of my church to hear the Bible discussed, for it was out of harmony with my views. I once went to a convention and found such a promiseuous crowd there that I would have given much to have been away. I do not know as I am taking the right ground, but I would not be offended if one should say to me, "Mr. Hill, your company is not congenial to me." Now here I see colored health. s not congenial to me." Now here I see colored Irish, Garmans and all classes of individuals, and th pany is so promiseuous that I am entirely thrown off my

guard.
I have been in the spirit-world something like eighteen years. I was a member of a Congregationalist Church for many years, and now I feel a certain degree of Jealousy and ill feeling in coming back to earth; for if I would be just to myself and to those I come to, I must say I find that religion totally false. I have tried very hard to convince myself this is false and that there is truth in it, but I find the foundation is false and that there is truth in it, but I and the joundation fallen entirely away. I am told my fabric was of mortal birth; my God was builded of mortality, and as all mortal must decay, mine has done so. I would advise all my friends not to trust alone to that religion, but accept truth wherever

they find it.

I have been told it was my duty to return to earth and speak to my friends. I do not care to point out matters here which shall identify myself, but if my friends will point out any time, and place where I may meet only those who are congenial to me. I will meet them. I well know I am peculiar. I have many times incurred the displeasure of those I was in convenue with but I could not be the I. Oh the west-

resided in Boston : my name was David Hill.

Oh that mortals could know what was right, and then have the power to perform it.

Well, my good sir. I will bid you good day, after thanking

#### you many, many times for your kindness to me. James Finnegan.

Faith, I don't know that I'm right. If there be any mistake Faith, I don't know that I'm right. If there be any mistake, its Donahoe toldene to come here, and there'd be only a few here, and ye'd write for me, and send to my wife and childer. Faith, I don't know what I would say. I want to talk to the say I was I do to you. They say I must tell you when I died, and all about payed. I died in Manchester. N. H., five years agone. I work in Stark Corporation; I work in the yard—I wheel waste. My name was James Finnegan—Irlsh, sir; I was not born in this country, though I came to this country of them years agone. My wife is in Manchester. Donahoe

line. I don't know about God, or Jesus Christ, or the Virgin Mary any more than I did on earth. I was a go on't know whether its all true or not-perhaps time

will tell me.

I don't know what time it is with you sir, but will say good
Dec. 22. morning to you sir.

## Elizabeth Hopkinson.

Bay to my child, the dark shores of mortality shall in time so made to shine with the sunlight of brith, Love and Truth. That which has been shall not always be, but the new gospel will make the weary ones of earth to sit in pleasant places.

Ah, that I could speak! but it cannot be.

Dec. 23.

ELIEABETH HOTELEON.

are replied on the relience and and historical trans

### William Alliston.

ment from the same soil. Why is this? because each flower has a law that is peculiar to itself; it is an emaination of nature as much as the man, and if one-is governed by law, so is the other.

Behold two roses supported by the same stem—are they alike? Oh, no; one receives the same nourishment the other has, and yet each differ. It is because each is governed by his own law.

Behold the child. We find, perhaps, the two parents walking in the paths of truth of wisdom, of purity. But the offspring, the child, we may perhaps find where sin abounds—where moral death reigns. All his feelings differ from the parent—they are uncongenial—the parent cannot harmonize

## "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Unuttered or expressed."

True prayer is the calling for a corresponding influence helr garner with chaff; for we tell you that what is pure to the pure is good under all circumstances, and will ever lead the not pure to another; the law that governs one individed in who prays to a higher plane of life. None can pray with all is not that which governs another. Oh, then stand upon out being made stronger in goodness, for the holy ones who he foundation belonging to yourselves, and then, as truth is will be drawn to the weak, will give them strength in good

the grand corner-stone of nature, they who seek her shall nurposes; therefore, men should pray when they feel strong find her.

Our remarks, kind friend, have been called for. We have

We find the rich man sitting in his well furnished apartwe interned than sitting in his well turnished apart-ment, pondering upon what he shall do to kill time, and knowing not which way to move. Let such a man pray, for then holy influences will draw near, and that man will seldon fail to do right. And again, when the little beggar comes to the door asking for alms, and you feel disposed to doubt her tale, pray that you may be guided aright, and that prayer will not fail to draw about you influences which shall direct

you what to give.

Men should pray at all times. They should not set apart one day in seven in which to pray, for all time belongs to God, and he should find a prayer going up every moment of your lives, that the race may be made better. Then we say men should pray at all times, and under all circumstances. And how should men pray? Shall they ask of God to tell them how they shull get rich? Shall they pray that God shall send rain upon the carth? Oh, no; for God is a principle, ever changing, yet unchangable. In him is centered all life, all wisdom, all power, and the creature must not expect to turn God by praying, and bend nature to the will of man. Oh, no; prayer draws to the soul holy influences, and elevates the spirit. Men may pray for this thing or the other. and expect to be answered, but such prayers are no prayers at all. Men should pray in harmony with nature and nature's God, and when they full to do that, they full to pray.

One questioner says, "I have prayed, and prayed carnestly,

that God would give me proof regarding the phenomena of Spiritualism. I have prayed that if it were true, my friends would come from the spirit-world, and give me the proof of their conjing."

Our friend displays a great lack of judgment in these things.

We think the prayer is faulty in some respects. We think the creature had better add, "in thine own time, oh Creator, not in mine, culighten and, oh God, in regard to these Patience is wanted with our friend, who calls upon us-

oughly acquainted with the phenomena of Spiritualism, and to make every moment of time a prayer. Yes, let eve ment bear upon its golden wings a prayer acceptable to di-vinity, and that prayer shall, in nature's own time, which is God's, bring the good gift.

We think our friend is like to a man sitting in a dungeon

we think our richal is lact of a man sitting in a dangeon where no light can come, and yet that man is praying that God will send light through those thick walls of iron and stone. Now that individual may have something to do with this darkness; he must see that the cold walls of sectarianism be pulled down from around him. It may be so, we say; and the question is one for him to solve, and it will be well for our friend to think upon it candidly.

the question is one for him to solve, and it will be well for our friend to think upon it candidly.

Our friend says, "Go to such a place, and speak upon what we have given you to speak upon, and if it be in harmony with my own ideas of right, Twill walk in the new path, and if there be flowers by the wayside, I will pick them."

Our friend has done well in asking for us, and we have complied, and now all our friend has to do is to break down those cold marile walls, that the sunlight may come in, and warm the dead particles that have life within the surface.

## Tom Aiken.

Well, you see I'm a regular jack of trumps—I torn up once in a while. Did you over hear of anybody talking to you by the name of Tom Aiken? Well, I suppose you'd as lief have me as anybody clse. You see, I have been sent here to gratify folks' curiosity.

An old friend of mine, who, by the way, I haven't seen for—well, I saw him about a year and a half before I died—it seems he has just turned up from foreign parts, and has heard of Spiritualism, and how I turned up, and he says, "Now, Tom, if you are anywhere in hearing, come back and tell the last place I ever saw you, or what you last said to me." Just as though I have a memory that is eternal.

me." Just as though I have a memory that is eternal.

Well, I met him about a year and a half before I died, on
High street, Newburyport. It was in the morning, and I was
going for my team. He sung out, "Here, Tom, I'm going
away, and shan't see you for a long time, and I want to talk

with you."
"Well," said I, "this is a poor place to talk. Let's step
into the Merrimac." So we went in, and had a conversation.
I do not care to give the matter we spoke about; but if he

wants me to, and says when he reads this: "Tom, go back and give the story," I shall do it.

Now he wants me to come here and give my name, but he does not want me to give his, but I'll give it to you, so if he should call on you you could know him.

Dec. 27.

. This spirit has manifested before, when statements in relation to himself were proved true, and his style said to be characteristic of him when on earth. He was a stage driver. and lived in Newburyport, Mass.

## Robert Owen.

Glory be to God in the highest, peace upon earth i for truth is being youchsafed to all who ask.

And here let me say that that which I found to be true by observation when on earth, I find to be true by knowledge now. And while here, I will take occasion to say, that I shall avail myself of an early opportunity of answering the llar. I have many times incurred the displeasure of those I was in company with, but I could not help it. Oh, the words of the second spirit fell with remarkable power upon me, for I certainly could not help my poculiarities.

I was born in Portland, but I claim no residence there; I esided in Boston; my mane was David Hill.

Shall avait myself of an early opportunity of answering the request of friends at home; but at this time I find myself wholly incompetent so to do, and I come to-day only to learn how to graduate my power to the medium, and to offer blessings to the Great Creator, for blessings vouchasfed to the creature. I find myself unable longer to control your modulum.

Rungar Opportunity of answering the capacity opportunity opport

## To Richard.

Oh, that memory would die with the body! Oh, that I could fling aside all the shadows that linger around me, by the strength of my own will. But they tell me that the passing of spirit shadows must be like the passing away of midnight, which gradually gives place to morning. But mine sooms to be so far oil and I am so weak! Oh, that men sooms to be so far off, and I am so weak! Oh, that men would cease to remember that such as I over lived! But every sensuous thought casts so dark a shadow in my pathway, that my struggle is hard—too hard to bear. Yet I will be strong, and though all heaven and hell oppose, I will be frep from the darkness which onthrails the spirit, and makes me what I should not be.

I find, instead of electing away remembrance of the rest, which light seems about hefer me and the rest seems.

a bright light seems placed before me, and the past seems clear; and not one not—not a shadow—is gone from me. Why is it so? Oh, they tell me it is but the working of nature's laws—if so, it is well. Struggle on, oh spirit, born amid shadows, for the future may bring one ray of light; one

ome thinks of coming to Boston, to take washing for the face of a right as any one.

I likes her to stay where she be—she is better off.

The fine old gentleman here tells me so I speak truth I have as good a right as any one.

I was sick only four days, and had the crysipelas. Four days is all I remember about bring sigk—I might have been more, but I don't remember about it. Faith I wants the childer brung up good Catholics. I don't know, but I thinks I want the old gentleman who last spoke he no likes me at all, but I was told by the old gentleman who last spoke he no likes me at all, but I was told by the old gentleman who last spoke he no matter about it now. I did feel a little bad about it while he was talking, but I'm all over it now.

Nor myself I don't know whether I'm where I was a little bad about it while he was the remember all thinks to stand next to him, then I'd have a chance to come next. And the old man no likes me at all—no matter about it now. I did feel a little bad about it while he was talking, but I'm all over it now.

Nor myself I don't know whether I'm where I m. I thinks I'm where I m. I m. I thinks I'm where I m. I thinks I'm where I m. war—there was no peace for me. Every hour of my earthly life was written in shulows, and now they tell me I must 

## THE PIRESIDE.

"If solid happiness we prize Within our breast tills fewel lies.

And they are fools that roam.

This world has nothing to bestow. From our own selves our joys must flow,
And peace begins at home." Controls.

## Correspondence

LETTER FROM VERMONT. BRANDON, Vt., Jan. 10, 1859.

Situated in the valley of Otter Creek, on the through this medium, purported to be Benona Lovel. western slope of the mountains, amid picturesque He gave his name, residence, and manner of his scenery, and by railroad 180 miles from your "City of death, &c. The first feat Benona performed was, (at scenery, and by railroad 180 miles from your "City of death, and the last text Denom performed was, (at Notions"—our busy town of three thousand souls is and forth, without a finger touching it. I know that no human being in the form touched it, or had any. which distinguish metropolitan civilization, nor of thing to do with it. that activity of thought and antagonism of opinion Now, the objector is ready to say, "the table which has thus far greeted the latter half of the nine moved by odylic force." Very well: "odylic force" which has thus far greeted the latter half of the nine-teenth century. Free expression of ideas and reso-lute action in attaining desired ends, are among the characteristics of our citizens. The prevailing reli- I will assert, without fear of successful contradicgious sentiment is Orthodox, which is represent tion, that it was the same odylic force by which ed by the Baptist, Congregationalist, Methodist and Christ was enabled to walk on the water, and that Episcopal denominations, while our numerous French by the agency of spirits. and Irish population have a well attended Catholic two spirits, one a wife, and the other a mother, givchurch. As in most towns of its size, the Orthodox ing the names, and the number of years they had people may be divided into two distinct classes—the been in the spirit-land. Two gentlemen, (both enpeople may be divided into two distinct classes—the tire strangers,) were present on this occasion. One proscriptive and the liberal. Allied to the latter of them declared that his wife had been perfectly described, and the name given correctly. The other the Orthodox theology-who are fearless in advanc- gentleman affirmed that his mother's name had been ing their opinions, and conscientious in their belief given correctly, and that she had been described with that every one will enjoy a future state of existence more exactness than he could have done it himself. in proportion to the merits or demerits of his practical life here. The introduction of Spiritualism in the rapping when it was loud enough to be distinct. this vicinity, is of a quite recent date, and those who ly heard twenty rods. I have whistled "Yankee ave its exponents have met severe opposition from Doodle" for the spirit to drum it (by the raps,) the conservative class, while many of our liberal citizens are giving the Spiritual philosophy that candid izens are giving the Spiritual philosophy that candid and critical examination which all religious systems many as fifty different occasions, the exact number leserve; and the result is, that our numbers are of persons in one room, while the medium was in gradually increasing, and we are not at all disheart another, and done when it was totally dark-no one ened. We already have in this village a Spiritual of the company knowing how many, until the spirit had rapped the exact number. I have known an. trance medium and physician, Dr. Ezra A. Smith, other spirit to come through this medium, who was whose medical practice is quite extensive and very a Free Mason, and give all the signs perfectly, withuccessful.

which the apparent Spiritual phenomena are now have failed in every instance. This Masonic arbeing subjected-trusting that all impostures may rangement is converting all the Masons who come be separated from those manifestations which fur to see this medium. oish positive evidence to the reasoning faculties, of immortality and of intercourse with disembodied spirits. alphabet. We were all, at this time, ignorant of the We are also glad to observe your abstract reports of dumb alphabet, medium included. I went to the Theodore Parker's and Henry Ward Beecher's ser bookstore and procured the alphabet; my wife nons—for their manly, liberal sentiments commend learned it, and the next time we met, we conversed themselves to every enlightened mind.

claims—being too few in numbers to be as well favored in this respect as is Rutland (16 miles south.) old objection, that "the mind of some one, or more, or Burlington (50 miles north) Still we have occa um," is entirely refuted in this case. On another sionally enjoyed excellent public speaking; having occasion I saw the medium entranced by a lady among others, listened to Miss A. W. Sprague, of spirit who was of French nativity, and she talked Plymouth, Vt., the eloquent trance speaker, and more good French with the mother, who was present with recently to the distinguished logician Mr. Jason F. us; the medium not understanding one word of it in her natural state. Now permit me to make a single Walker, of Glenns Falls, N. Y., well known as having comment. It is too ridiculous and absurd to suppose been President of the Rutland Free Convention last for one moment that the medium took the language June, and Vice President of the late Utica Reform from the mind or brain of the mother; for the rea-Convention. Mr. W. was formerly a clergyman in son that the medium turned around, and commenced the Troy Conference of the Methodist Episcopal to certain subjects not on her mind until the medium Church; but a man of his intellectual ability and (or spirit) had once called her attention to it. I progressive spirit could not remain in mental servi- once saw another medium who was influenced by tude; therefore he resigned that position a few years | the spirit of my wife's mother. I was recognized at since, and is Principal of Glenns Falls Institute, once as her son-in-law, and she wished me to "tell only is now lecturing at Glenns Falls and misinity. Chlose not to be so skeptical," and talked the Quaker and is now lecturing at Glenns Falls and vicinity, (or Friends') language. Chlor is my wife's name, where he is well known as a fearless advocate of and she was at that time very skeptical in regard to emancipation from the shackles of tyrannical creeds. spiritual manifestations. Now mark you, the medi-

ing subjects respectively: First, "The False and and my wife on this occasion was twelve miles True Religion." Second, "Intersection of the Nat away, and when I reported it to her, she was, of ural and Spiritual planes of Human Life, and conse- course, very much astonished. quent intercourse of embodied and disembodied spirits consistent with Philosophy and Revelation." Third, The reasons why Orthodoxy cannot be a redeeming I can now understand many things in the Bible, religion for humanity."

It is not too much to say of Mr. W.'s discourses. that they were distinguished for clear, connected ogic, brilliant illustrations, and comprehensive reitualism, through communications, proves immortality, while other religious systems assume or infer it. brought me to embrace (as I most heartily do,) the regarding Deity as a capricious individual monarch, wise is sufficient. I feel conscious that the day of we should search within our own souls for his divine jubilee with me has come—I am forever free. presence. Evil, or sin, does not spring from a depraved will, nor usually from ignorance of specific laws; but results from ignorance of the universal laws of organized existence. The sacrifices mentioned in the Old Testament, were for unintentional sin, while the Jewish laws were intended to apply to voluntary sin. Repentence always implies subsequent ignorance. At death, every one enters the next sphere with happiness or suffering, according to the capacities and tastes he has acquired in this sphere, but owing to the expansion of his spiritual spiritual body from his outer material body, his disposition and opportunities for advancement become creatly enhanced. The New Testament, when correctly interpreted, is worthy of universal accepance—not as authority, but because it appeals to our reason as containing truth. The real teachings of Jesus are totally at variance with the Orthodox creeds. A belief in the Orthodox system leads to sclushness, and retards the development of the moral with the principles of Spiritualism, develops the soul's intrinsic nobility, and corrects perverted impulses. The lecturer was favored with large and interested audiences, and a strong desire has been gave me six for the same purpose. manifested to hear him again.

I have recently received a letter from Mr. Reuben Parkinson, an esteemed friend in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, (my late residence,) relating his experiences in the phenomena of Spirit communion. Mr. P. has been resident of that city for several years, and is well known as a reliable, practical and incredulous man. herewith transmit it to you for publication. Wish. ing the Banner a largely increased circulation, and yourselves encouragement and success in the advopacy of your cherished Spiritual principles. I am yours in the cause of Virtue and Humanity,

JULIUS H. MOTT.

Озикозн, Wis., Dec. 20, 1858. JUIAUS H. MOTT, Esq.—DEAR SIR,—You ask me to give you "the reason of my conversion to Spiritualism, do. I will most obserfully do so. I will in to be a Spiritualist) as the authority. The guilleman the first place give you the proof, or evidence, of came forward and denied having made any such adthe state of the s

spirit manifestations, as I have witnessed them mysolf. I commenced investigations some time in the month of March last, in company with several others, and with a young lady medium, who had just commenced being influenced by the spirits, (as some of the neighbors said.) I thought it a good time to MESSRS. EDITORS—Perhaps an epistle from among begin the work of investigation, inasmuch as I knew Messas. Entrons—Perhaps an epistic from among the medium to be as ignorant as myself of spirit the conservative hills of the Green Mountain State, identity. This medium, when entranced, was always unconscious. The first spirit that manifested itself

The next thing done by Benona was, to describe

out a mistake, (so the Masons say,) and strange to Those of us who read the Banner are rejoiced to say, the spirit would order every one out of the Those of us who read the Banner are rejoiced to room, except the Masons! I have done the best I learn through its columns of the sifting process to could to induce the spirit to give me the signs, but I I once saw this lady entranced by a deaf and

with the spirit-ascertained who it was-the name. age, and where it lived when on earth. It proved We have as yet had but few noted speakers to elu- to be a deaf and dumb girl that one of the company idate the Spiritual philosophy and advocate its (Mrs. Miner) knew in the southern part of this State. Now, my dear sir, you will see at once that the Mr. Walker gave three lectures in this place on um was at this time an entire stranger to myself and wife, did not know my wife's name, and had no knowledge that knowledge that my wife's mother was a Quaker:

Now, my dear sir, I could present you any number of facts to prove spirit agency, but I will trouble you no more at this time. Permit me to say to you that which heretofore have been very dark and misty. Take the case of Paul, when he was caught up to the third heaven, &c.; and the case of Moses and Elias at the transfiguration of Christ; and the angel that appeared to John; the angels seen at the sepulchre search. Among the positions he urged, were that: by different persons; Jacob wrestling with the an-Spirit intercourse takes place through voluntary and gel; the laying on of hands; the signs that should involuntary psychological influence between minds of follow them that believe; and I might name hunthis sphere and those of the higher spheres. Spir. dreds of cases which are now made very plain by

Now, sir, you have some of the evidences which Inspiration is universal, and not infallible. No re. doctrine of "pure and undefiled" Spiritualism. If I igion can be true that is not natural. Instead of thought it necessary, I would write an excessis on

Yours in truth and love, R. PARKINSON.

LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

Messas. Editors-Assuming that the knowledge of the whereabouts and doings of Mr. J. S. Grimes might be desirable to your numerous readers, I will give, in a few words, his rise, progress and decline in this vicinity. He came amongst us, issuing flaming handbills of "exposing Spiritualism." His first leoture was fairly attended. He made one or two exnature consequent upon the separation of his inner periments on subjects in a psychological state. There was nothing satisfactory to the audience; but he promised that the next night he would give some exposition of the subject, and so he went on for six nights, promising each night that on the succeeding night he would fulfill his promise. On the fourth night he told the audience that he was disappointed: he had not taken money enough to pay his expenses, and should lecture but two nights more. He was well patronized by the clergy, one of whom was presclements in human pature; while a life consistent ent every night; his method of getting an audience is by giving away tickets principally to the orthodox community. One young man, a convert of last winter, had fifty tickets to distribute, and a clergyman

> The lectures abounded in low slang of the most disgusting nature, and his manner of delivery is of the buffoon order. Were it not professedly for the purpose of exposing the humbug of Spiritualism, it would not be tolerated in any decent community.

The cause of his failure here, was the refusal of the Spiritualists to notice him. He tried hard to in-Thinking his letter may interest your readers. I duce a discussion, but the fish would not bite. We knew too much to aid in creating an excitement for him. As a last resort, he one night said the Spiritualists had acknowledged to him that he had produced the phenomena they had produced. He was not disturbed, but at the end of the lecture, a demand was made for the name of any Spiritualist who had made any such admission. He was disconcerted; the demand was unexpected. But he finally rallied, and pointed to a resident (who does not didin

mission. This is a fair specimen of his manner of meeting the question. He was asked to move a table without touching it. He said it could not be done! Any experiment that he could perform, was produced by Spiritualists the same way. Anything he could not do, they could not.

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After leaving here he went to West Newbury, but his success was worse still; the audiences demanded a fulfillment of his pledges. They had seen spiritual phenomena, and required him to produce the same, having paid their money for that purpose. This he of course could not do, but they were inexorable, and he was obliged to give up his lectures in the hall; him gracefully and happily along the shining and afterwards the Methodists took him under their protection, and allowed him to use their vestry, but with no better success. He will long remember his visit to these parts, but not for the money nor suc-

To turn to a more rational subject; we, on Sunday the 23d, were gratified with hearing two discourses from Henry C. Wright, the world-renowned agitator. He was formerly settled over an Orthodox church in this vicinity, and lived for years in our midst. Here was the scene of his first offences against the popular theology. He was but the pioneer; and he met the opposition all reformers meet. The prejudice against him was strong, and doubts were felt as to what would be his reception; but I am glad to be able to record that his audiences were large, respectable, and attentive. His evening lecture was nearly two hours long, yet no one got uneasy-all were sorry when he had finished.

Orthodox Church in this city, the committee invited previously subjected, through not having taken At the recent settlement of a clergyman over an every resident clergyman to attend the services; even the Unitarian, the Universalist, and the Roman Catholic priest. This seems almost incredible, but it is a fact, and is an evidence that, either they are getting more liberal, or else they are in favor of uniting all the forces in opposition to us-

January 25, 1859.

# Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 24, 1859. DEAR BANNER-After a stormy night, the sun shone brightly on the Sabbath morn that greeted us, accompanied by the presence of Brother Ambler, at Samson street Hall. He spoke to us upon the sub- principles." I say so still. By the efficient and ject of Reform, its true uses and adaptation to the sometimes imperative application of those principles, social and spiritual needs of the times. I wish I I have prevented insanity - have cured insanity, could give you word for word this beautiful and even where the victim has been given over to the thought-awakening lecture. With his usual elo- mad-house-have qualified and conquered ill condiquence and poetic range of thought, the medium tions in mediums—have prevented falsities in medispoke of all reform as being merely superficial and umship, and secured invariable accuracy in facts. transitory when confined to the external only, and names, dates and descriptions of spiritual personnot begun within the individual man. He spoke of ages, etc., etc. This same freedom, to criticise the political revolutions as necessary, yet never ultimating in the ideal republic that men dream of, as of a somewhat unpleasant yet needful contest, with is the case with trance, because the true meaning of the direct view, by direct warning, and the plainest liberty is not fully understood by their souls. He spoke most feelingly of the contrasts in society—the hidden miseries, vices and wrongs that form so dark which the mass of Spiritualists have rendered thema picture to the mental eye; the poor, worn seamstress, toiling in the garret; the starving, freezing outcast; the festal wreaths soon changed to who do not accept its ideas, is no criterion for either the ensignias of mourning, all through perverted use a true Christian or a true man of any class; for the of the Godlike faculties of man. In individual reform alone could the great work of redemption be- and hold fast that which is good." The BANNER OF teach man the proper uses of his faculties, to bring than any merely Spiritual journal has heretofore him into harmonious relations with the material and done; and is doing more to benefit all true inquirers, spiritual worlds, teaching him the supremacy, the whether "weak" or not, by simply acting on the grandeur and boundlessness of his spiritual nature— principle that it is as right and needful to open our-

the fulfillment of all noble deeds. worthily fulfilling our duties, earnestly striving for itualists themselves can possibly find something self-reformation, we should turn from all mighty valuable among those who do not agree with them; schemes of reforming the masses, by selecting the and that, in this or other departments, we can save individual, and, in the true spirit of brotherhood, up ourselves many disagreeable experiences by con-

this was the reformer's mission. And he must not

be faint-hearted, if much trial and opposition meet

tract, entitled, "The Spiritual Ministry of Night;" A. B. C., writing in the Banner of Jan. 22d, also then, with deep feeling, he read the hymn which was seconds an idea given recently through a medium in afterwards sang by the choir. His subject was, Boston, asserting that, "transgression is but an out "Mystery," and beautifully were its uses given.

were prompted to action by the very mystery sur- over this "outworking of the spirit," and that rounding us; not satisfied with the intuitive assur- "good" actions "do not destroy the love of earthly ances of immortality, the soul reached forth for things so soof " as do " bad " actions. Verily, this more, and, in the struggle, gained in wealth of testimony, to begin with, does not exactly correspond thought. If the darkness that enveloped us were with other Spiritualistic teachings of a late date, withdrawn, the highest incentive to action would be | (Cora V. Hatch's recent lecture in Brooklyn, for inwithheld, and progression—the life and happiness of stance,) to the effect that there is no such thing ashumanity-would cease to be. Some would behold transgression-that God's law cannot be violated, etc. the heavens unveiled, and the angels as common vis- And it would be, truly, quite a problem to determine itants in our streets, knowing not, that if this could which sentiment is purest in its character, and of be, they still would demand for more, such is the the highest importance to humanity—the idea, that natural craving of the soul.

piring, ever reaching upwards to that Divine perfect evidence of an "expanding spirit," and that "bad" tion, which even the highest angel hath not seen; actions are better and more servicable to humanity ever rising in the scale of being, yet always distant than "good" ones! To be sure, the two ideas or from that unknown source that ever is enthroned in doctrines do not precisely harmonize with one an-

The astronomer, discovering a new world, ories than many other things which are advanced in conout with joy and rapture, as the revelation comes to nection with Spiritualism. And both are quite as his soul. He has made the discovery, and to him be contrary to fact as they are to one another. For the longs that gleaming orb so bright and far away. The fact that a falsehood is not the truth, shows that a very partial revelations of the spirit-world, the im- man can depart from the sacred rule of truth; and perfect communion of its denizens with those of the fact that man is capable of bitter hate, proves earth, serves the wise purposes of mystery, in awak- that man can deviate from, go beyond, or transgress ening thought, arousing the mind, inciting to action. the divine law of Holy Love. Or, to take the other There were mysteries of heart and brain, mysteries idea, that bad actions "destroy the love of earthly of God and soul; and attendant upon the works of things," more readily than do good actions—the fact the Infinite, was ever mystery the necessary awaken- is that bad actions chain and crush the soul into the er of thought and action.

grandly poetical, and prayerfully beautiful. He con- - crowd the spirit back to earth for long periods, cluded with the words of the inspired poetess, who even after it has thrown off the body-and are seldeeply felt within her own aspiring soul, the revelations of that land of mystery:

"Darkly we move—we press upon the brink,
Haply of unseen worlds, and know it not!
Yes! it may be that nearer than we think,
Are those whom death hath parted from our lot.
Fearfully, wonderously, our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, yet undismay'd!"

Who would prefer a sermon, strongly imbued with the sulphur spirit, or a long-faced lecture on total depravity, after listening to the beautiful and elevating teachings of such speakers-some of whose great thoughts and stirring expressions I venture thus imperfectly to record? Hoping to give you some additional news of the progress of Spiritualism in The Catholics themselves have had enough of the

this our Quaker city, I am yours, for truth,

## The Public Press.

[This page is opened to the public for a free expression of opinion on the phenomena of Spiritualism.].

SUBJECTS FOR SOBER "SECOND THOUGHT."

MESSRS. EDITORS-There seems to be among Spiritualists—at least with many of them there is quite a tendency toward, crude ideas-ideas which carry the man through the bruising and crushing process agreeable walks of that true "wisdom," whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all whose paths are peace." And evidence of this is found in the pages of the BANNER OF LIGHT, as well as else-

Thus, a writer in the Banner of January 22d writes an essay, to criticise criticism; and objects to "objections" against Spiritualism, lest they should be "fatally discouraging to the fresh inquirer." or the "weak" Spiritual believer. But does not this critical brother know that the "fresh inquirer." etc., ought to understand the demerits of Spiritualism before he can really estimate or rightly select and appreciate its merits? Does he not see that the very notes of warning which have long been sounded, and are now being multiplied, are directly designed to warn and save the "pure and confiding" or the "weak" from falling into the same errors and undergoing the same evils, to which many have been sufficient heed, or not having been sufficiently well advised? What would not Spiritualists have gained -from how many sufferings would many have been saved, had they, before plunging into the vortex of investigation, studied well the sacred and solemn, yet beautiful lessons of the past; in reference to inspiration and spiritual influence? Or, from how much that is disagreeable and even painful and prenicious, may not "modern investigators" now save themselves, by merely looking full in the face, and fully considering those results both ridiculous and horrible, which have thus far afflicted Spiritualism? I have said, from the outset, that spiritual investigation and spiritual intercourse should invariably be associated with a close attention to the "regulating errors of Spiritualism, in Spiritualism, is the result illustration, to guard this "fresh inquirer," as well selves too much liable. The course of a "Christian Journal" in refusing to open its columns to those maxim of Christianity itself, is, "Prove all things, gin, that would save from social and moral evils Light is, at this moment, honoring itself, both among such as now saddened the true reformer's heart. To the believers and unbelievers of Spiritualism, more

him; no one ever accomplished his life's purpose "Banner," till the beacon flame of broadest Truth here; eternity was boundless, and it spread before and Love shall be recognized and beloved of all fand us, beautiful and inviting; there was ample time for let all honest sceptics, investigators and believers. fully understand and well remember, that even Reducing all theories to the simple practice of spirits can learn something from mortals—that Spirlifting his soul to higher conceptions of life and duty. sidering wisely the experience of others, whether In the evening Mr. Ambler read that beautiful ex- ancient or modern. Apropos to this, our good friend, ward evidence of the expanding spirit within, grow-Living in a world of mysterious effects, our minds ing to fill its destiny "—that, " man has no control " there can be no transgression of God's law, or the And as it is here, so will it be hereafter, ever as dootrine that-there is transgression, and that it is other, but then they are not any more contradictory

selves to just and manly criticism, as it is to criticis

others. Shine on then, and shine out, oh Lightsome

very grossness of earth--have an effect that lasts Mr. Ambler's invocation to the spirit-land was for ages, in impoverishing and demoralizing nations dom, if ever, broken up, except through the special

interference and sometimes forceful influence of a good agency, or, it may be a powerful judgment or series of judgments. The Jews, originally a stiff-necked and selfish people, are, to this day, distinguished for their rigid enslavement to their own jaundiced prejudices, and

greed of earthly gain. The Thugs, of India, signalized for theft and murder, have, for whole generations, pursued their evil tendencies, until wickedness, itself, has become to them a religion.

whole nations for consecutive centuries; and, like necessity of keeping up an excitement by such mani- it. The rolling orbs in the far-off fields of space,

and revolution.

class of spirits, like that of Rebecca Nourse, (see not of God. Banner, January 22) whose "hate," even for the space of well nigh two hundred years, has not been tional being." Free to do what?—to break God's driven out of her, and will not probably yield till bear upon her. I, myself, have, by a certain kind of in the mind of a determined person, in the course of ence in "bad" action, on the part of that or any element any sooner?

looked. It is broached in an article on "Hashish," stimulant, is truer to the principle of forgivenesshas more charity—than those who are not in the this statement, except so far as a person, addicted to such things, is of a sympathetic nature, and has noblest minds and kindest hearts in the world, have been thus sympathetically led into social vices, No. To himself? Yes. through the more social and affectional avenues of cial and companionable with those around them. But it is a great mistake to suppose that these persons were social and sympathetic because they habituated themselves to rum-drinking, opium, and tobacco! And not less of an error is it to claim cles, are superior in sympathy and charity to others. The cruel and relentless Saracen-the mercenary and exclusive Chinaman—the sensual and murderous rowdies of Christendom, and many besides in Christian and other lands, who are futtening themselves on the blood and brains of humanity; all these, and others, who are malicious and vile, are habitual drinkers, chewers, etc. And even the church was the most besotted with these vices, when it was most addicted to blood-thirsty persecution. In those days of fiery theological wrath, the clergy dram between services, and at divers other times daughters are ashamed of now; and it is a noticable fact, that in proportion as the body of Christian interdicts all commerce between them. professors have outgrown these social vices, they have dropped the extremes of their vindictive and

churchmen are pleased to call heresy. been found to be. For "in the past" men had ever. " of man to the spirit world, what wretched topers upon this food, than the body upon paving stones. the blessed Saviour, the self-sacrificing Paul, the

have been? But I have not space to enlarge. The providence of God in bringing good out of evil, is an admitted deed, we cast aside a saving faith, and adopt a piratical and pernicious philosophy. Opium, hashsh, rum, and delirium tremeus, may, through their deadly influence upon the human system, do something toward separating the spirit from the body, but I have yet to learn that they are desirable agencies in opening the spirit-land to the observation of mortals. Arsenic, equally with alcohol, opium, &c., in sufficient doses, will send a man right into the spiritworld; is intherefore a thing to be desired to help him to heaven? I say again; let Spiritualists, as well as others, learn to adopt that true wisdom. which avoids the crude and crazy courses of vicious experience, and is beautiful and healthful in all its ways and walks. I have more to say hereafter. D. J. MANDELL.

ATHOL DEPOT, Mass.

gospel and miracles were of God, did God fail in the come cloyed with the business of damnation. proposed object? You say neither of them were of a kind to afford evidence, &c.; if not, then the God until I am satisfied. While the reply of the victim you speak of must have been at fault, and made a is, burn away-unlook the reservoirs of your wrath. great mistake somewhere. For if his purpose was and blow your seven fold heated breath upon me not gained, then is he not all powerful, all wise, and 'till your power is done-your satisfaction can never all knowledge. The theological laws of which you come. And thus the wasteless years of God shall be treat, represent him as possessing attributes entirely witness that the fire of vengeance, fed by the conantagonistic to this. If he failed because they were stant creation of his own hand, burns forever in his bad action among them to debase and brutalize not of a kind to afford evidence, why was there any own bosom. The whole universe shall be witness to

others, more or less, they never yielded one jot or festations, when the mass of the people would not one tittle to improvement, till they were battled and receive them as of divine origin? It follows, then, driven to it by the heavy hand of religious reform | that as they failed, they were of a wrong kind; and, as you state in another part, they became precisely And so, in like manner, comes from the spirit-land, the right kind and failed, then. Corollary—they are

Further-you say, "A free, accountable and ralaws? Never. They are so far placed above man's some additional influence of "good" is brought to reach, that he cannot touch them, cannot break them, cannot understand them. They are laws for and to good" action, caused the condition of hate to yield himself, producing universal harmony in all creation. If you could break them, he would be dethroned half a day. Does any one suppose that a persist | Can finity comprehend infinity? There are certain laws governing man's own organization, and all other person, would have conquered that baneful other organizations, which are as immutable and unchangable as the laws applicable to Deity: these. Just here, there is another topic which runs in the applicable to man, he may violate, but not with imsame channel as the above, that must not be over punity. If he violates his physical laws, the penalty is disease; if his intellectual, the penalty is insanity (also in the Banner of Jan. 22.) by "A. B. C." He and other evils—and so on. There is yet another affirms that the opium eater, the drunkard, the element of the soul, that springs up spontaneously debauchee, made so by the use of any narcotic or within, which is not taught, that knows no law but its own, or boundary, and cannot be circumscribed: knows no limit, and understands no rules. This is indulgence of those habits or substances. I deny Religion. You may teach this element how to manifest itself externally only, but in no other way. Man's moral nature may be cultivated, as we find different been drawn down into the whirl of dissipation degrees of morality in different localities. The moral through the force of social influences. Many of the and religious tone of every nature is different. "Accountable," you say. To whom or what? To God?

Again-the reasoning adopted has been on the their nature—through the mere desire of being so- assumption that the miracles are the foundation or attestation of theological laws, and that they (the miracles) have never appeared, have never been equalled or exceeded, in later times. If these miracles were performed at all, they were performed only in attestation of the truth. And the truth to-day can that those who are in the indulgence of such arti- be manifested to day, as well as in apostolic times. What are the startling wonders and phenomena now existing, but the ushering in of evidence of the truth. These wonders of ancient times, and of to-day, are based upon some law which has existed from the beginning, and will exist to all eternity; and when mankind follows the observed conditions, he will always have evidence from the Great Spirit, of his communion with him. T. COVERT.

#### THE ORTHODOX HELL.

Messas. Epirons-Popular orthodoxy, on the occahad their liquor in the pulpit—had their pipe and sion of a great day of judgment appointed to take place at the end of the world, winds up the external esides; deacons grew rich on the profits of rum, conflict between the evil and the good-separates tobacco, and other ruin; the very dames and dam-them from each other, and assigns them their resels snuffed and smoked, &c., to an extent their spective places in opposite spheres of the universe, erects a huge gulf which divides, and positively

This dividing gulf reaches from the depths of hell to the topmost heaven, so that, should a genpersecuting spirit, and have grown grauually nearer erous angel get a fellow feeling in his bosom, he and nearer to one another, and approximated more could not lift his brother from the pit. Indeed, toward a truer relation to humanity at large; should pity make a breach in this huge wall, it though there is enough of the rum and tobacco would be at the risk of angered gods, so bent is dement yet in the church, to insure a violent out. Christian justice for the rebel's blood. The dread preak of persecution against any new form of what ful sufferings of the damned are known in heaven, but they only give a keener relish for God's justice So much in objection to the idea that drunkenness, to the ever singing saints. So the sweet delights of obacco, opium, &c., render their victims superior to Paradise are known in hell, but they only give a others in charity and in other Christian virtues. sharper edge to the piercing blade of justice. Thus, Neither do I assent to the idea of "A. B. C." (also these two states continue on, side by side, enlarging expressed in his article on Hashish) that alcoholic and intensifying in the agonies of despair, and the stimulants and narcotic substances, have been of ecstacies of bliss, through the unborn, infinite years. special use in introducing man to a state of spiritual Good and evil shall stretch forward through the exaltation, "which could not be in past ages," from endless ages, and the two kingdoms of Apollyon and the fact that man, in the past, "had not grown to Messiah shall war against each other in jealous to the real state of the case, as previous ideas have shall fan the flame of fraternal strife forever and

'grown" to a "condition" far purer and nobler This is the conception of Orthodoxy. It is taught than that of the wretched hashish and opium devo in their schools, writ in their creeds, preached in tee, or delirious drunkard. Witness the beautiful their sermons, sung in their hymns, and prayed in inspiration of Daniel, Isaiah, Stephen, John, &c., their prayers. To them this may be an honest conand even of the "witch of Endor," to say nothing viction, but it is not less the rankest of errors. They of Jesus himself! If getting tipsy on rum, opium, may deem it to be wholesome food, but it is not less and what not, was necessary to the first introduction a deadly poison. The human soul can no more grow

But if endless misery is a fact, then it is a part benevolent Ananias and Cornelius, the faithful Abra of the Divine plan, and is inseparable from the ham, and even the humble of Joan of Arc, must moral destiny of the race. And this being so, it is proper to inquire what purpose it is intended to serve in the Divine arrangement.

Orthodox theology answers: it is to "satisfy the and hallowed truth with me, as it should be with demands of infinite justice," while some of its more all. But when we say that wrong is right-when pious exponents raise their hands in holy horror at we call "evil" good-when we affirm that "bad the impertinence of the question, affirming that it is actions" are better than good actions to unfold his enough that it is revealed, and if it is not agreeable manity-when we declare that transgression itself to reason, it is strong proof that it is the inspiration is an unfolding of the spirit, beyond human control, of the Holy Ghost. Alas, alas! for the stupid world, or maintain contrary to that, that there is no such when the genuineness of a revelation is determined thing as wrong-no disobedience to God-then, in upon, from the fact that it contradicts the human reason.

But let us see if endless punishment satisfies infinite justice. The phrase infinite justice, stripped of its theological cant, means, simply, justice-that attribute of God, or principle in nature, by which all things in the world of mind are adjusted to anexact balance upon the basis of equity.

· But it is obvious to common reason that justice

can neither demand nor receive satisfaction for its claim, when that claim contemplates a debt, which, by its very terms, can never be paid. If the demand s unlimited, when can it be met? The process of liquidation may be entered upon; but an everlasting series of instalments cannot diminish the original amount. Would not the ceaseless clamer of justice always ring in the ears of the ever-suffering victim; and, as the new-born ages come forth upon the roll of time, would not the fire of justice still burn with REVIEW OF W. S. A.-MIRACLES, NO. 4. unabated vigor? What, then, would be the result? MESSES. EDITORS-In the edition of January 18. There would be no result. That which is eternally W. S. A. states the following among others: "These in the process of completion, will never be finished. dispensations to the nature of man as a free, unac- The contest between justice and the sinner, must be countable and rational being," &c. "And that when perpetual. Nothing can terminate the conflict, but any new system of government or additional revela- the satisfaction of justice, or the exhaustion of the tion of his is to be made to the human race, it must subject of its power. But it is set forth in the combe accompanied by such evidence as is adapted to plaint against the sinner, that justice demands eterconvince the reason of man and influence his con- nal suffering, and the power of the "throne" is duct." And that "the gospel of Jesus Christ was | pledged to supply the material, by recuperating the attested both by miracles and the fulfillment of pro- drooping energies of the victim, and to what the phecy." Well, if the gospel was attested, and the appetite of justice to a keener relish, should it be-

Therefore, the ceaseless cry of justice, is, burn on

shall echo back the voice of wee that goes forth from the damued of this poor earth. The melancholy notes of woo shall chill the sweet strains of the morning stars, that sung the birth-song of creation. The solar worlds will be dropped in mourning, and the sun himself shall veil his radiant brow in the black ensign of death.

But again, if justice is omnipotent in its power to punish, sin is equally omnipotent in its power to resist. But neither the one nor the other can be omnipotent. It would contradict the clearest apprehension of human reason, to say that God represents in his inherent essence, and embodies in actual life an eternal antagonism.

When justice is directed to the punishment of sin, ome object must be contemplated in the act, and its administration must be limited to that object. And this leads us again to inquire, what is that object? Orthodoxy is still ready as heretofore, for an answer, and replies, "To uphold the dignity of the Divine Law." This venerable and gray-haired matron has always had a marvelous taking after dignities. By the wonderful dignity of her bearing, she has won golden opinions from kings, and exalted the servile offerings of wealth.

But how can God uphold the dignity of the Divine aw, by perpetrating himself the greatest crime a god could conceive of? Is it not a crime to make others unhappy, and does not God, according to the theory we are discussing, commit this crime in its most aggravated form, and under circumstances that admit of no palliation? Does he not commit a crime in the endless dumnation of human souls, by deliberate purpose, at whose enermity fiends and tyrants blush, and in comparison with which their wildest dream of horrors dwindles into insignificance? Does he uphold the dignity of his law at such an immense outlay of wrath, and with such an astounding contradiction of his character—such a character as he has written in the sunbeams upon the flowers, and, upon the heart within, in the life pulses which beat here, and yearn for a better 'life, and a nobler joy? But by what possible calamity can the love of God lose its "dignity?" Evidently only by a failure to answer the end for which it was made.

. And in case of its failure that is, in its principle the only remedy is in its repeal, and the enactment of one which will secure the design of the Creator. But according to orthodoxy, an attempt was made in the sacrifice of Jesus, to recover the law from the contempt into which it had fallen, either from its wn inherent weakness and want of adaptation, or rom its bad administration.

But this attempt was utterly futile-Orthodoxy itself being the judge. For, instead of reinvesting the law with new vigor, and causing it to be respect: ed by a just and certain execution of it upon the offending party, the Divino-Authority transfers it for execution to other hands, and administers it upon a new basis; that is, upon the basis that all who will acknowledge this new scheme of transfer and execution, shall be exempted from its penalty-that is, eternal damnation. But all who fail to perceive the propriety of this new piece of Divine jurisprudence, are denied its benefit.

But did it never occur to the advocates of this monstrosity of thought and opinion, that man cannot break the law of God? The first violation of the law of Gol would be the signal through the universe for the Deity to abdicate his government, and commit the affairs of his empire to wiser hands. No, the law of God is only another name for God. What we call law, is his mode of action, or is himself thus acting, and man can no more break these laws, or turn aside this method of action, than he can command the solar worlds to cease their everlasting motion. \_k. H. S. Chapman.

"THE BOOK AND THE ROCKS."

Under this head Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1857, has an article progressively liberal, and much in advance of the hitherto intense toryism, ical as well as political, of this Scotch period ical. But after showing that the accumulating testimony of the rocks is proving the foregone conclusion of the Book to be resting on a sandy foundation which the science of Geology is surely sweeping away, he turns aside in his course to throw a son at the theological Cerberus. He fails to preserve a brave and manly front in passing, as if he feared the belching of the three headed janitor of darkness. After telling us that " it behooves the friends of revelation to, to find some better way of meeting the facts than by venting puny and puling distribes against the "unscriptural conclusions of Geology,"-after telling us that the "young science of Geology, naturally endowed with a growing appetite, now refuses to dis gest the interpretation which divinity had always some difficulty in swallowing, and that the later Ge ologists reject Dr. Chalmers's scheme of reconciliation or armed neutrality "-after telling us that "it is easy enough to lough out of court all such wellmeant, but impossible attempts to bolster up the assumed authority of holy writ," the author himself engages in the delectable task of soothsaying for the old theology, by holding up hopes of disentombing a fossil Sabbath, which shall not have its measurement in the long days of Geology. After thus giving aid and comfort to the old church, he continues-"In like manner, then, we say of the Geological discovcries, that without denying that God could have created the globe out of nothing in one hundred and forty four hours-or in one-here is evidence that, in point of fact, he did not. It is not a theory or speculation, but matter of historical record, written and graven on stones? proved by occular demonstration, that these successive races did inhabit this earth before ourselves." And now how does our Geologic soothsayer escane

the dilemma of seeing the Book entombed with Korah Dathan and Abiram? Why, with Hugh Miller, he takes refuge in a dream. He says " he must first settle the mode in which the facts were actually communicated to the inspired writers. Several ways are conceivable: they may have been told in a dream, as many of the prophets were visited," &c., &c., accord ng to the visionary formula, as set forth by Miller.

Now, we who are sitting in this day in the midst of the heavens opened, with the mesmeric aura or spirit poured out upon all flesh, with sons and daugh ters prophesying, and old men dreaming dreams, and young men seeing visions, we shall not deny the dream theory of Blackwood, nor the vision of Hugh Miller. We only ask for the modern unfolding that t be tried by the same canous which gage the old. If Moses could give an account of orcation from the trance state, let us know by what process of induction the Spiritual aura refuses to flow into mediumistic flesh or conditions of to-day-how Balaam was entranced by the familiar spirit of the God of Israel, and the same law and conditions not available for the entrancements of to-day? We receive neither the old nor the new as infallible, but as a way by which the correspondent Spiritual world utters its sayings to this, according to the light its inhabitants are in. The " Book" is of worth, as showing the status of Hebrew Spiritualism, as the sacred Books of other nations show the status of their Spiritual life; and it is only that the old theologies have subjugated our minds that we walk with trembling steps and slow. and fearfully grope our way under the thick dark ness of the ancient clouds.

It is not meet that we fall prostrate before the an-

cient or the modern seer, but bravely seck, and take so much as aptly fits in the broadest harmonies of our own souls. Varying mediumistic peculiarities, physical and moral, must more or less stamp the Spiritual influx, whother through Moses, Balsam. Paul, Swedenborg, or all others through whom we have the variable quantities and qualities according. to the correspondential relations of the two worlds.

# New York Reports.

# HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, N.Y. Sunday, January 23d, 1859.

TEXT .- " And lead us not into temptation .- [MAT. VI. 13.] These words are not peremptory or confident, but rather confiding and nestling. As a child, timid of the sea, embarking, some bright morning, for a sail, would be seech the beatman not up so upon the outside, where the swell is, and where storms may come; or, as a cautious nature, submitting to a guide, in a tangled and difficult mountain country, might say. "Do not venture the most perflous paths, but keep to the safest," "so is the spirit of this passage, a beseeching, a timidity of danger, because unknown, and a shrinking from contact with it, because of a fear of the issue, through a simility of danger, because unknown, and a sirinking from contact with it, because of a hear of the issue, through our weakness, and a yearning for a higher wisdom and a higher care than our own to protect us. This passage manifestly implies that God exercises over human affairs a personal and a practical influence. He teads us. It is the prayer of the individum, and by Christ we are taught each of us for himself to say, "Lead us not into temptation." It would be a mockery of our faith to teach us to pray to God not to lead us into temptation, if he did not lead us at all—if he had wound up the world, and we were spinning as it e wheels in a place of machinery passively revolve in their places. Equally would it deceive our confidence to teach us to ask God to deliver us from evil, if he in no way interferes with the affairs of human life, but leaves them all to the play of cause and effect, unhindered, unmodified. But if human life is under the direct superintendence of God; if his will can shape its details; if he can do or undo—then there is reason for such a petition, but in no other case. Yet, while the weak and timid feel the need of this divine petition, the hopeful, the strong, the good, often regard it as especially designed for the victous and the fallen, or those that are liable the weak and time feet the feet, often regard it as especially de-hopoful, the strong, the good, often regard it as especially de-signed for the victous and the failen, or those that are liable to fall. But the longer men live, the more I think they feel to fall. But the longer men live, the more I think they feel the power of temptation upon themselves; the more they cobserve the workings of ovil in this world, the more do they feel the wisdom of this petition, and the divinity of the forecast of Him who makes it a part of the few universal petitions of the Lord's Person, they work a weak because the tions of the Lord's Prayer; for the more a man knows him-self and the world, the less confidence does he feel in more human strength, and the more need does he perceive for divine aid to escape from the evil by which he is surrounded.

self and the world, the less commence does he perceive for human strength, and the more need does he perceive for divine aid to escape from the evil by which he is surrounded. I shall proceed to give, briefly, some reasons why we should employ this potition—reasons designed to unfold our nature and condition in such a way as to enable us to give great fullness to this part of the Lord's Prayer.

First—Men are ignorant of what is good and of what is evil, of what is right and of what is wrong, in life. There are a great many things, to be sure, that are entirely apparent as right or wrong. Law has interpreted and fixed many things; custom many; common opinion, or society, many more. Those are plain. But all evil is not thus set forth. There are thousands of evil things which custom does not touch, which public opinion scarcely glances at, which law never dreams of, but which conscience must determine as right or wrong. There are thousands of courses in life whose effect upon the character is material, which wear away the character or build it, but which, notwithstanding, every man is left to find out in the use of his own judgment and moral sense. Many things are evil only to certain degrees, or under particular circumstances. Men may verge dipon danger quite unconsciously. They may not be conscious of how far they have gone in courses where, beyond certain lines evil begins, though till then, good. Many things are changed in their moral character by circumstances. There are nany things which are evil at one time and good at another. "No," may be a benevolence to-day; it may be a malevolence to-morrow. "Yes" may be a virtue, or it may be a vice. The circumstances under which we are called to act are continually playing and counter playing upon our judgment. There are few men able to conf. rm their judgment to circumstances with sufficient accuracy and rapidity to meet all the exigencies of daily life. Our judgments of right or wrong, of good or evit, require a clear and discriminating understanding. But even mor out heart, can by the dedections of most and have here is where men need the guidance of God. In all the large deportment of good and evil, which vary according to circumstances, where we are to determine by our own judglarge deplatements of which are to determine by our own judgment and feelings what is right and what is wrong, we need
divine inspiration, not every day merely, but every hour.

Secondly—Men err from ignorance of the nature of the
powers they are carrying within thom. Not only are we
ignorant of what is right and what is wrong in our external
relations and conditions, but of the use and carriage, for the
most part, of the powers which we have in us. We are wonderfully endowed. We are carrying powers within us to
compare with which there is nothing in this world. What
they are, we scarcely know by hame or nature—most men
not at all; for in all the world beside, there is not such a pit
of ignorance as that of human nature. A man with a ship
filled with all the combustible materials of war, sailing in a
time of conflict, among forts and fleets, ignorant of what he

time of conflict, among forts and fleets, ignorant of what he carries, is like a man with powers and passions in himself which are most inflammable, but of the nature of which he which are most inflammable, but of the nature of which he is profoundly ignorant, as well as being ignorant of the circumstances under which they are continully aroused and excited. Should a man ignorant of chemistry be put into a chemist's laboratory where the shelves are all covered with the most pungent acids, and the mest deadly poisons, and should he there be left, day by day, to make his bread, and cook his meat, ignorant of implement and of element—he would be scarcely more in danger than we are. Round about our souls are influences more pungent than acids, and more deadly than poisons; and yet we are ignorant of what they are and where they are. This, added to the fact that we are ignorant of ourselves, makes it necessary that, day by-day, we should employ the petition, "Lead us not into temptawe should employ the petition, "Lead us not into tempta-

Thirdly-Men are very ignorant of the conduct of their minds under taxation or temptation, from any experience they have of the way in which they act in times of quiet and peace. We cannot tell what the steed which we drive so peace. We cannot tell what the steed which we drive so quietly, and which displays so much gentleness as it moves along, will be and do when affrighted. Mon, when quiet, are like beasts in menageries. When full-fed, they lie down, and stretch themselves, and sleep. The tiger and the lion, full-fed and sleepy, are as quiet as a lamb; not so when they are hungry—not so when they are aroused. Men, in days of prosperity, when their feelings are placated, are gratified, pair, who roar when they are touched with the sharp point of iron adversity. There are many dormant feelings in the soul, whose nature and influence we have never dreamed of Men are sometimes raised up and whirled about, as before a gale, and destroyed by the sudden outpouring of passions within them, whose existence they scarcely suspect. For instance, there are men who possess a great amount of pride. stance, there are men who possess a great amount of pride, but never find it out until their pride comes to be crucified; and then how their natures change in their own eyes, and in the eyes of others! There are men who, at ordinary times, seem all genial, but who, when placed under circumstances where their whole nature is brought within the influence of where their whole nature is brought within the influence of selfishness, receive wonderful revelations respecting themselves. There are men who never, at ordinary times, suspect themselves of being in the least under the power of avarice; but their time-has not yet come. The hour that shall open temptation to its very hight upon their avarice, has not yet come. In that hour they will find that they had but very little idea of what they bore in them. Revenge and hate, may be unconsciously rossessed. A man may be but very little idea of what they bore in thom. Revenge and hate may be unconsciously possessed. A man may go twenty-five years, and say, "Thank God, revenge and hate happen to be among the sins I ain not addicted to." He is right; he is not addicted to them. He may go forty, or forty-five years, and say, "If there are any sins I am clear from them, thus far. He may go fifty, or fifty-five years, and say, "While I regret to see so much revenge and hate as there is manifested in the world, I am thankful that I am delivered from them." The reason why he is apparently delivered. from them." The reason why he is apparently delivered from them, is because the particular door through which they can be reached has never been assalled. He may have been assalled in his own person; he may have been assalled in regard to money; he may have been assailed in various ways in the ordinary conflicts of life, and been more or less mutilated. By all these assaults he may not have been touched. liut when he arrives at the age of sixty, or sixty-five years, he is bouched through his daughter; and there is not in the he is touched through his daughter; and there is not, in the voins of the most deeply-dyed murderer such blood as there is in that man's heart. This man who has lived sixty, or, sixty-five years without exhibiting hate or revenge, now says, "As God is my judge, I will not rest till I have avenged my child." Murder is in his footsteps, and the bitterness of deadiy hate is in his heart. He did not know, till now, that they were there. You never can tell by the way an egg looks, what kind of a bird will come out of it—it may be carde: it may be vulture. We are all hearing about with us looks, what kind of a bird will come out of it—it may be cagle; it may be vulture. We are all bearing about with us powers subject to violent and auddou temptation. We may not submit under the first temptation, or the next, or even the next; but by and by the hour may come—it may be for the first time—when we shall learn what is our real nature. We are more dependent upon our circumstances than we are upon our nature, for restraint, and for salvation. Much as our own will, much as our own moral sense, much as our own will, much as our own moral sense, much as our ducated reason have to do with withholding us from evil, and leading us toward the good, yet do I not think there is more than one man in a million that can afford to be taken suddenly out of his circumstances, we have within us so many than one man in a million that can afford to be taken suddenly out of his circumstances, we have within us so many passions the nature of which we are unaccustomed to suspect. A farmer, in January, draws out from a hole, a ball of twisted snakes hibernating there. He noves them about with his foot, but they do not hiss or offer to bite; and he says, "Rattlesnakes are not so bad as I thought they were. I have heard a great deal about these fellows, but I don't think they are so very bad after all." Rattlesnakes in January are not. After a while, finding that they will not bite or even hiss, no matter how roughly he may handle them, he concludes to take them home. Accordingly, he carries them into the house, and lays them down on the hearth, saying, "There has been a great deal of nonsense written on the them into the house, and lays them down on the hearth, saying. There has been a great deal of nonsense written on the subject-of snakes." As they gradually become warm, as they gradually thaw out, from head to tail, he having forgetten them, they begin to writhe, and turn, and finally they unlock themselves, and then one glides under the bed, another flies toward the fire, and the others go in other directions, till, by and by, when he looks for the lump, behold it is gone, and there is a serpent in every corner of the room, and they are all ready to strike dead the person who ventures near them, let it be child, maid or man. So we bear, oftentime, in the winter of our lives—in the days of presperity and peace—frezen serpents, which, when warmed by the fire of temptation, unlock their coils, and then the evil nature in us which has not been destroyed, but only hidden, manifests or us which has not been destroyed, but only hidden, manifests itself. These unsuspected powers which we bear about us are all the more dangerous, because so little known. We need, day by day, most humbly, to employ the pelition, "Load us not into templation;" for no man knows what he will do then tempted.

Fourthly—No man has any knowledge of the great variety of ways in which he can be tempted. He not only does not know what is right and what is wrong, or what is the nature of the powers he bears about with him, or what, under particular exigonces, those powers may be or do, but he is exceedingly ignorant of the different ways in which the same powers may be tempted. It is not enough for us that we can defend a fort on the side we expect the enemy to approach. An engineer, when building a fort, says, "I'll make it impossible for them to approach on any side except this, and when they come up on this side I'll sweep them." So we fortify those parts of our nature which are most liable to be assailed. For instance, a man fortifies his conscience, and so long as fate similar to theirs. The reason for this is that the former they come up on this side I'll sweep them." So we forthy those parts of our mature which are most liable to be assailed. For instance, a man fortifies his conscience, and so long as you attempt to assail it on the side where it is fortified, you will find that you can't get at it. But counter engineers know that there are more points at which a fort may be assailed than the one had in view by the erecting engineer. There is many a man's conscience that you can't strike down in a straight fight, but which you can undermine, and take by manocuvering. For example, there are many men who cannot be moved in their conscience by any play of intellect, there are many others who can. Some men, with no pride of intellect, have a sort of stubborn conscience, and you may play about it with all the reasonings you please, but they will not feel the force of your reasonings, and will perhaps say to those who endeaver to argoe with them, "You may talk as much as you like; you are not right, and I won't give up." There are other men whose conscience can be upset by reasoning. Reasoning is that in which they think themselves articularly good. They all but touch the heavens in this part of the head. Therefore, they can be influenced by argument when it is advoitly presented. There is many and many a man that can' reason himself into wickedness. The sophistries men practice upon themselves often do more to lead them astray than the teamtrations of cayli salitis.

not the case. You may follow a good impulse to the upset ting of a moral purpose. There are men who, when they are agood-natured, are most circumspect in their deportment, but who, when they are angry, will do the most detestable things. It is said that anger is insanity. You cannot tell till a man is enraged what he is capable of doing. When the mind is under the influence of the infernal electricity of anger, his character is entirely different from what it is when it is in its ordinary state. No man knows what part of himself will flash out and burn, or when. Men who are kind and good when their vanity is conciliated, are, oftentimes, when their vanity is wounded and put to shame, rancorous and bitter, so that you scarcely know them to be the same persons. You never can tell by a man's conduct, under circumstances that crucify them. These men who "never do wrong," will cometimes do the worst and the wild they bore in themselves when they went astray, and man knows things for party. In the human faculties there is an immense sphere of changoableness, so that man's character and conduct are more or less dependant upon the kind of temptations which are brought to bear upon him; and no onto knows himself well enough to be able to say, "I know what I will do under all circumstances and combinations," For, as when the chossinea are set, and one or two moves are made, the game is susceptible of endless combinations, "For, as when the chossinea are set, and one or two moves are made, the game is susceptible of endless combinations," For, as when the chossinea are set, and one or two moves are made, the game is susceptible of endless combinations, which made my faillen brother one kind of wicked man, I carry on a greater board, with a though you have succeeded in one game, there is no certainty that you can succeed in another; so when a man plays on a greater board, with a though you have succeeded in one game, there is no certainty that you can succeed in one game, there is no certainty that you can succeed in anoth

not so much because we perceive this to be right, and follow it, or because we perceive that to be wrong, and avoid it, as because it is more convenient under the circumstances, to be good, and ity from evil. Now when our circumstances change, and we are brought into places where there is no education that bears upon our case, where there is no custom, or habit, or law, by which we can regulate our conduct, and left simply to the operation of our own moral sense, our real love of right or wrong, we cannot tell what we will do, or what we will not do. A man administers at trust of money under such and such circumstances. The same trust oces not so much because we perceive this to be right, and follow what we will not do. A man administers a trust of money under such and such circumstances. The same trust goes into his hands from one step to another, with reference to the administration of which there are established customs, and a settled public sentiment. So long as he has these prescribed customs, and this public sentiment by which to square his conduct, he administers the trust faithfully. But by and by he is put in a different position; he is entrusted with a milition of dollars, where there is no responsibility, no lawnothing but his sense of justice to guide him in its administration. Now if that man loves what is right better than he loves had is wrong—if he loves ylustice better than he loves himself—he can administer it just as he pleases. How many men that you might solect from among a thousand of the most honest of your presidents, and cashiers, and directors, and bankers, and they could not done to do that follow bankers, and they could not done to do the most honest of your presidents, and cashiers, and directors, and bankers, and they could not do as they did not do as they did not do as they did. honest of your presidents, and easilers, and directors, and bankers, and brokers, do you suppose that have such an inhorent live of good, negacouse it is good—of right, negacouse it is good—of right in the of good negacouse it is good—of right in the investment of good negacouse it is good—of right in the of good negacouse it is good—of right in the neighborhood that follow it was known by all in the neighborhood that follid. It was known by all in the neighborhood that follid. It was known by all in the neighborhood that follid. It was known by all in the neighborhood that follid. It was known by all in the neighborhood that follid. It was known by all in the neighborhood that follid. It was known by all in the neighborhood that follid. It was known by all in the neighborhood, would all the begacous to the we known that the

men. We ought to speak pitifngly, rather/than contempt uously of them. They are dependent upon public sentiment, and when your zeal flags, remember that you are a man of and the conditions of social life. They are upheld merely by what is stable about them. Few men's circumstances change suddenly and thoroughly, without producing a corresponding change in themselves—a fact which shows, I think, that men are, to a great degree, dependent upon these things for their character. This is the case with all classes of men, whether they are up or down in life. Men that pass suddenly from obscurity into publicity, or those that pass suddenly from publicity to obscurity, are materially changed in their dispositions thereby. So it is with men who pass suddenly from poverty to wealth, or those who pass suddenly from weakness into power and influence, or those who pass suddenly from weakness into power and influence, or those who pass suddenly from weakness into power and influence, or those who pass suddenly from weakness into power and influence, or those who pass suddenly from so joyous and blessed as sunshine, and to me it is a symbol of into power and influence, or those who pass auddenly from so joyous and blessed as sunshine, and to me it is a symbol of power and influence into weakness. I will say here, that the the shining of my God. I know there are men who hate the revolutions of Europe have shown that men who have had idea of depending upon God; but I love to depend upon him,

There are emigrant nobles scattered all over the world, in consequence of their rights having been violated, and it is found that they sustain their reverses better, that they suffer liss under their adversity, and are changed less by their altered circumstances, than other men, who have met with a fate similar to theirs. The reason for this is that the former have more resources, and rely more upon the superior faculties than the latter. Some inferior plants have but two or three leaves, and those near the ground. If from such a plant you cut these two or three leaves, it is dead. But you can cut bushels of leaves from a tree-you can dispranch it: plant you cut these two or three feaves, it is dead. But you can cut bushels of leaves from a tree; you can disbranch it; you can cut the top of it all to pieces and yet it will put out new boughs, and by and by will have new fruitage all over it. Men who live low, and have but few faculties, are soon destroyed when trouble comes upon them; but men with large resources are much better able to stand up under adversity. These things all go to show that much which is good, and much which is evil in us, depends upon our relation to circumstances. to circumstances.

I remark, once more, that we are in a world where it is in

the power of a single act to list the character, or to destro life. One stroke, and the body is good for nothing—one swal themselvery-articularly good. They all but touch the leavests in this part of the head. Therefore, they can be influenced by argument when it is adjustly presented. There is many the content of the part of the low, and the doctors can't help you. One misstep, and you are thrown headlong five hundred feet, and dashed to pleces, with scarcely time for prayer, and no time for amendment, between the top and the bettem, no matter what your life

made, the game is susceptible of endless combinations, so that though you have succeeded in one game, there is no certainty that you can succeed in another; so when a man plays on a greater board, with a thousand times greater number of combinations—with his powers and faculties constantly upon our crowded thoroughfares, and take the testimony of changing—he cannot tell by the game of to-day what will be the chances of the game of to-norrow.

Fifthly—No man can estimate how much of his virtue is simply habit—simply education, and not deliberate strength in goodness. Of course I do not mean to say that virtue, which has ripened into habit, is not as good as that which has not; it is better. I do not mean to say—that that which has not; it is better. I do not mean to say—that that which has not; it is better. I do not mean to say—that that which has one upon us by education, is to be desplaed; it is not; it is good. But this I do mean to say, that we often time is say to ourselves, "I thank God that while disclosure came upon them, he shielded me in the hour of weakness and not so much because we perceive this to be right, and follow such a weakness, such a temptableness, that we cannot afford to look upon our tellow men and say, "You are the wicked and base; we are the strong and honorable." On the other hand, "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." How many of us are not often constrained to say to ourselves, "I thank God that while disclosure came upon them, he shielded me in the hour of weakness and temptation"? How much nearer on a level than they now are would men be brought, if all the secret thoughts and interest of the hoart which God seas and which will be a secret the care. tents of the heart which God sees, and which will be brought to light in the final day, were disclosed to view! These thoughts ought to make us humble. They ought to make us sparing, charitable and kind to the unfortunate and degraded. I think that in the directions of the spestic about restoring those who have fullen through wrong-doing, and taking heed to ourselves, there is abundant evidence of the divinity of the New Testament. Men that have gone down to

honesty, what those are in respect to music, who do n't avoid a discord, because the book says it is a discord, but because it is painful to him; there are few men to whom wrong and injustice are so painful, that they cannot do otherwise than avoid them: there are very few such men. I wish there were more are very few such men. I wish there were more in the ministry; I wish there were more in the church; I wish there were more in the ministry; I wish there were more in the church; I wish there were more in all the business relations of life; and I hope there will be in the milienium. When there are, it will be millenium. When men speak the truth, and do things that are right, because there is a sweetness in the things themselves—because virtue tastes better than vice—then we shall be on the dawn, at least, of the millenium.

Sixthly—No man can tell how much of his goodness is dependent upon circumstances—upon the restraining influence of the society he keeps, or of his family confinctions. It is cortain that many men are wholly and absolutely dependent upon these things for what of goodness they possess. Many men she like a species of beans, which require to be supported by a pole. They will stand up as long as the pole stands; but I some school-boy, desiring it for a bat, takes it away, they fall to the ground, for there is nothing in them to make them stand straight. We sometimes speak contemptiously of such men. We ought to speak pitingly, rather/than contemptuously of them. They are dependent upon public sentiment, and the root of the world, how many saudenly and thoroughly, without producing a corresponding suddenly and thoroughly, without producing a corresponding change in themselves—a fact which shows, I think, that men the contempt to make us feet. "I must treat men as I things one only to make us feet." I must treat men as I ching in themselves—a fact which shows, I think, that men

properties to the control of the physicans the larger in a grand of the physical properties will

our souls—because we realize that not a soul lives withou

Thy presence is the life of all matter, and we would lay Thy presence is the mig of an matter, and we would my upon thy altar to-night the offerings of our souls, all that have been got in the joys of a life—all that have been got from the mountain-tops of truth—all that have been gathered in the deep valleys of the earth where men congregate to look up for eternal truth and reality.

The man of the world comes before thee to-night, asking thee to seem his inwost soul. The lover of knowledge comes

thee to scan his immost soul. The lover of knowledge comes asking more light. Those from whom the stone of darkness thas not been rolled away, ask that thou wilt roll the stone has not been rolled away, ask that thou wilt roll the stone aside. The good, the pure, and all are in thy presence. All believe the soul's cladel to be guarded by thinking of thee. It was all the stone aside. The good, the pure, and all are in thy presence. All believe the soul's cladel to be guarded by thinking of thee. It was all the soul's sanctified only—though the heavens are not vast enough to contain thy majesty, thy presence is here, and whether the soul is in sim, or whether it is possessed of infinite love and adoration, there thou art chastening and purifying. May we know what thou art and when we feel thy presence—that thou art not with us for a time, but for all time—the soul's sanctifier, and to the name shall be all praise; feeble though it be, we lay it upon the alfar of thy love. As some kind hand has garnered flowers in winter to beautify and perfume the atmosphere, so we lay the flowers of our souls before thee, asking thee to sanctify them by thy love, until they perfume the atmosphere of our souls.

If there be any here who are bowed in distress, may they feel that thou art their God, with a love for all as boundless as eternity—not more for the ministering angels, or him who walked the earth eighteen hundred years ago, than for those walking in sin and darkness. Bless us and aid us tonight, and to thy name shall be the glory forever and forever.

DISCOURSE.

Once last winter, or spring, we addressed an audience in

Once last winter, or spring, we addressed an audience in this same building, though in a smaller hall, on the subject of miracles. Probably but few of you have heard of this, and as spiritual mediums are not permitted to speak twice upon one subject without engendering the idea of collusion. I mention it: but I think the subject one of those which will bear speaking upon more than once.

Miraclea according to the received notion, are the result of the suspension of divine power to demonstrate divine majesty and grace. Miracles are, however, the result of inatural law not understood. The word miracle is in itself a misnomer, signifying a something which is mysterious—a drvine suspension of natural power. Now no one can draw the distinction between natural and supernatural law. All laws are natural. There can be no such thing as Jaw, unless it is natural, and there need be no interposition of God to accomplish one thing more than all things.

God is the cause of all life—all law that is to be—his will the cause of all law that ever will be, therefore he is Eternity.

Got is the cause of all life—all law that is to be—his will the cause of all law that ever will be, therefore he is Eternity. If there is one faculty over the other in Delty, it is that of order—heaven's first law: Order being that, which, in the divine arrangement of matter, keeps all things in their places. Law is that which governs these things. Law is the result of mind, and God is the mentor-motor power of the universe. Creation is in itself a misnomer, for that which has been for all time can have no exercise. or mind, and God is the mentor-motor power of the universe. Creation is in itself a misnomer, for that which has been for all time can have no creation. God in himself is the law. We claim there is no such thing as a miracle in the universe. That there has never been a miracle in the universe, and never can be so long as God is omnipotent. A miracle is that which is in direct opposition to that which is natural law. Miracle, as accepted by theologians and the world, is impossible. If God is immutable, he has a law for everything; and, if there be a law for everything, there is no upsetting of law to carry out anything. To prove that miracles are not what theology claims, but us turn to the eldest histories and find their origin. The Grecian and Roman mythology tells us that overything in earth and heaven was endowed with light; that the earth and sky were filled with personalities; that the sun was a vast delty, and that the stars were lesser gods, doing it obedience; therefore, it was a miracle for the sun to shine; if it were clouded, God was angry, and prayer was offered—as to-day some think if they pray for rain, God will send it. It was felt if the thunder pealed, or a hurricane came, God was angry; if a disease came, God was punishing; if a dread missua arose, carrying away millions, God was revenging hinself; and if a flower was stated of the smilly God was not the sun to the su away millions, God was revenging himself; and if a flower weige snatched from the wreath of the family, God was punish-ing them for something. They never thought of the cold the child had taken which caused its physical dissolution in the

Miracles were performed constantly; the earth and sky were, in themselves, miracles. Astronomy, however, began soon to shed its light, and it was discovered that the planets soon to shed its light, and it was discovered that the planets were regular, that they had the power of motion, and that they were subject to such revolutions as evince a constant law. The astronomy of the ancients was confined to the cartin, and as the sun seemed to rise in the East, and sot in the West, they believed it; and so, with that mistake, they discovered, as they supposed, certain fixed rules. Copernious discovered that the sun was the centre of light, and that earth and stars revolved around it; and as suddenly as if God had been revealed to him, did the vast mechanism of the solve been revealed to him, did the vast mechanism of the solar system appear to his mind; the miracle all vanished, and although it is a miracle that the sun shines to-day, and although it is a miracle that you are here listening and thinking, there are no greater intractes than these in the universe, and neve

And though God was looked upon as Creator, there was a law surrounding all things; and though there is a law which causes the sun to shine, there is also another which obstructs its light; and when the thunders come, and the obstructs its light; and when the thunders come, and the clouds roll up the sky, God is not engry. We simply know when the earthquake comes, it is the safety-valve to the engine of the earth; that the volcane is not a type of God's vengeance, but one of the results of natural laws. We pass on to the age of Christian miracles. It is considered that the soul and mind of man is direct from God-head. Our discussion will not touch this point; but to the fact whether the so-called niracles are the result of natural laws, not understood, or the miracles are the result of natural laws, not understood, or the direct interposition of God to better manifest his majesty to the children of carth. Now the changing of a rod into a serpent, the birth of Christ, his healing of the sick, the raising of the dead, the changing of water into wine, the feeding of the multitude with the loaves and fishes, and the transfiguration, to our minds, although not ordinary occurrences, we believe to have been nothing outside of natural law; and we simply believe the missing in law in your impropers of the

believe to have been nothing outside of natural law; and we simply believe the miracle to lay in your ignorance of the means of accomplishment, and in no other way.

If you knew by what power of wondrous divinity he raised the dead; if you knew how he could be crucified, and still retain his character; if you knew by what power he ascended to the Father; if you knew by what means he transferred his power to his disciples, it would no longer be a miracle. Now, by the same means, the philosopher discovered that the world did not move in this way; but that you might see those things the effect of constant laws, which have always been in existence, and with the same circumstances, some faith and some constancy, you might do the same; for God is eternal, omnipotent, and the action of his laws is forever. Where are the miracles which were granted to the fultiful, if they would follow? Where are the miracles which are offered, if you will conform to his principles? Not in the church! We see none by fatth raising the dead. We see none by fatth healing the sleek. We see none transformed into angels of mercy by the power of Divine compassion.

Under the same circumstances, the same trust the same

power of Divine compassion.

Under the same circumstances, the same trust, the same constancy, it is meet that you, too, have the power. You do not understand in your word—development—the Diving law of love which caused Jesus of Nazarcht to make companions of the lowly. You do not comprehend this law, and therefore you are at a loss to conceive why he performed these miracles; and you do not understand faith, although it underlies all circumstances and all occurrences in life. If there are any practiced physicians here, they understand that the faith of the cumstances and all occurrences in life. If there are any practiced physicians here, they understand that the faith of the patient has much, if not more to do with the cure, than the physics; therefore, that they somerimes allow nature to help herself, and she almost always does. So it is not a miracle when a patient lies almost at the point of death, to see the old physician enter, and, with a kind word, proceed to feel the pulse; and the more he says—"You are better," the better the patient is, until finally he or she gots entirely well. When, on the other hand, if he were to wear a long face, speak dethe patient is, until finally he or she gots entirely well. When, on the other hand, if he were to wear a long face, speak despendingly, Death—instead of faith and the doctor—conquers. You know the sight of a dearly loved friend adds much pleasure to the pafe of physical suffering. You all know that sometimes the presence of a loved and almost lost one, will, in many lustances, restore the hopelessly sick. Imagine the faith of the patient in the physician, to the reality of Divine power, through Divine love, and you have the scoret of healing by the laying on of hands. Imagine the effect of Divine power on all things, and you have the solution of mirroles. ing by the laying on of hands. Imagine the effect of Divine power on all things, and you have the solution of miracles. If the power of healing the slok, or raising the dead, were peculiar to Jesus, it would not have been transferable; unless there existed in humanity a power which might be brought forth, it could not have been given to the disciples; and why should Christians expect it, had it not been capable of being transferred? Magnetism, although it is not comprehended; psychology, always used when people do n't know what they are talking about; clairvoyance—by the world called humbug—in a great measure explain miracles. The same law which will allow one mind to control another, and relieve intense pain, and produce exquisite pleasure, may have been the ter as a second of the first stone

as I used to love to cuddle to sleep in the arms of my nurse, or my mother. When a man fixes up his religion, and asya, "I have got it so that man's independence's secured," it is as if a man should build a house, and fit it all up like a hard about the partor, with window's, having inside blinds and outside blinds, roll-down curtains and roll-up curtains, and roll-up cur increased and newer light—for God's light comes slowly, as the light of day streams through the stained windows of the prisoner's cell; if it came all at once, it would blind his eyes. None of you suppose that because the stars are brighter now, than in the day, that the sun does not shine. You have no knowledge, but you believe the earth has turned its face away. Bo in the event of human affairs, the earth turns its face away, and you wonder where God is—thinking he has a suppose that the same where God is—thinking he has a suppose the word of the same where the same way and you wonder where God is—thinking he has a suppose the same way. away. So in the event of human affairs, the earth turns its face away, and you wonder where God is—thinkirg he has turned from you—while he still shines the same. You shut yourselves up in your houses, bar the windows, bolt your doors, and then, in the darkness you engender yourself, you pray for God to reveal himself. Throw open the doors and windows of your souls, and God's light will surely find you. You build up granite walls towering way above the soul—tear away from one side hate, from another superstition, from another envy and pride—all that makes the roof of this granite structure of the brain, and you will find God has been shining all the time.

all the time.

You will find, that, when a child goes from your sight,
God's hand has not interposed, but natural law.

Miracles are nothing but God's power and love seen through
the dim shadows of ignorance, and as you increase in Christian faith, as you increase in rightcousness and compassion,
as you increase in the possession untargetistic of Christian. as you increase in the possession, not profession, of Christian

as you increase in the possession, not profession, of Christian qualities, miracles will pass away.

Does not the astronomer feel a greater degree of awe for him who has fashioned such a system, than the heathen, who considers the sun a lamp hung in heaven to light the earth—a flat surface, resting upon the back of some huge serpent? Is there not a greater degree of reverence for a being who, being great, reveals his greatness, than for one who keeps you in blindness? And when in fifth and love the moral system shall be spread out before you, and the love of God imparts a grandeur to it, how much greater will be your conception of him; how much more peffect the possession than the supposition! But, says one, you take away from God and make men equal with God. No! It doesn't follow if you can love, you can love as God loves; it doesn't follow that you render less to truth, because you don't render all things to it. As the astronomer who cannot see the stars with the naked eye, when the telescope is raised they are brought to to it. As the astronomer who cannot see the stars with the naked eye, when the telescope is raised they are brought to him as existences beyond his sight; so the knowledge of God's love will make that which scenns a faint speck, a sun. Don't be afraid of getting too near God; don't be afraid of knowing him too intimately; he is as near as the pulsation of your heart. Miracles are for those who can add beauty and life to the mind. Miracles is that which signifies ignorance. Law is that which signifies knowledge.

#### OBITUARY.

Passed away, in Providence, R. I., January 20th, at the age of thirty-eight, the spidPof Mrs. Susan Dackworth, wife of Reland Duckworth, of this city, from the suffering form that has enfolded it so long, and which the inroads of consumption brought the death-angel to release. Through all her life, our friend and sister was kind, loving, and self-sacrificing, breathing in her last moments, "I freely forgive those who have done me the most injury." Her loving soul attracted numerous friends, and her pathway, as it drew near to its termination hore, was cheered by all that human add could accomplish. Her mediumistic powers have been good and true, and have brought consolation to many; but toward the last, the conditions of her system were such that she could not be influenced with safety. Her two children were the bond that kept her so long to earth, and when she had finally given them up, she only asked for the angel Azræl to come quickly and surely; and only about an hour before she diled, sang in a broken strain, but firmly:—

## "Come, welcome Death, and set me free, For I the spirit-land would see."

She was perfectly conscious until the spirit took its flight, which transition was so peaceful and gentle, that we could not point to the exact time that the lungs ceased to act. The beautiful sun had just departed, leaving his golden radiance upon the western sky, and the glorious sublimity of her death-seene was worthy the termination of such a day, kissing all her friends, and her children and husband, a good-bya. She was buried from our Lecture Hall, which was well filled with an audiance of them tradak hundred where our sixted with an audience of about twelve hundred, where our sister, Mrs. Henderson, profiered to the mourners the consolations of Spiritual;20, which they received into hearts prepared by its teachings, appreciate. May they be richly rewarded for the affect and care they bestowed on the beloved and

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