VOL. IV

COLBY, FORSTER & COMPANY, }

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1859.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, }

NO. 22

Griginal Poetry.

TO ANNA.

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAY.

Time's course is ever onward; none may trace The shadow-line along the shining sands, Where childhood ends in youth its beauteous race. Or youth, perfected, in full manhood stancis. As abbing wave reveals the rocky beach, notted with wrecks, along the dark sea-side, Unsoen when ocean spreads his furthest reach-So life reveals the ills beneath its tide, Where once joy's sun-rays danced with hope's all-kindling

The flowers of spring-time are not all the same-One shuts its leaves when others brightly bloom; And o'er Time's track, full oft the vestal flame -In hearts we love has darkened in the tomb. But as when night draws on her sable vest She girds it with the planet-chain of gold. So round the spirit's darkness and unrest Gather the clustering links of memories old-And chastened lustro shed 'neath life's pavilion fold I

Wherefore, stern creed, would'st thou spread forth thy pall Over the budding instlucts of the soul? Life's as we make it; we free-agents all! Thou art of earth, and holdest no control O'er the aspiring mind—by patient toil Gain we the crown, when worldly storms are o'er! Long must we labor 'mid wild turmoil! Few know the flery car is noch bore
Through Israel's trembling to Eden's deathless shore
The rocky crag that frowns above the wave,

Unchanged by winter's wind or summer's smile. Is no life-model to the true man, save The independence taught, of every wile That sin or sorrow round the soul may cast! As forest trees together spread their leaves Low on the earth, when peals the autumn blast Or verdant gleam, when spring earth's garment weaves,

So sympathetic love must bind life's harvest sheaves I

Oh, friend of childhood I as the Milky Way To eye unnided seems but liquid light, Melting and blending in a gorgeous ray. Till telescope reveal each star-world bright-Be though in lowly ways we enward move, And glory's visions from our pathway flee, Be but each act performed in heavenly love, And angel eyes shall pierce life's liquid sea. And hall each atom bright, born for eternity!

Flushes of Ann.

"My hair is eighteen years older than my whiskers," said a lawyer, "and I cannot understand why my whiskers should turn gray first." "Because you forever?" She shuddered at the thought. have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains," replied Brad. . But mi gray, while my whiskers are not." "What is the words. To-morrow a crowd, and then the parting. reason?" asked the lawyer. "Because," replied Let us be cheerful now, dearest." Brad, with one of his peculiar smiles, "my hair is eighteen years older than my whiskers !" .

"Dan," said a little four years old, "give me ten cents to buy a monkey." "We've got one monkey in the house now," said the elder brother. "Who is of parting arrived; but ere the rosy morning crownit, Dan?" said the little fellow. "You," was the re. ed the day, they had met in dreamland, and united ply. "Then give me ten cents to buy the monkey | the present to the future with love's golden chain, some candy."

In the French translation of Paradise Lost, " Hall, horrors, hail!" is rendered thus: " Comment vous portez vous, les horreurs, comment vous portez vous !" that is, " How d'ye do, horrors, how d'ye do?"

A brother editor tells us that when he was in prison for libeling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailor to give the prison a puff. A PRODIGAL -" What makes you spend your time

so freely, Juck?" " Because it's the only thing I have to spend."

PRECOCITY .- If young ladies now-a-days did not become women at thirteen, men would have better

Too much familiarity breeds contempt, says the ancient proverb; and how many married men have

been martyrs to the great truth of it! Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.

What is the difference between a cat and a document? One has claws at the end of its paws, and him. the other has pauses at the end of its clauses ///

Never kiss two girls at once. A New York editor got kissed by two at once, the other day, by running his face (a customary practice on other occasions) between them just as they were going to kiss each

other. But he did n't find it particularly unpleasant. A starving Irishman, wandering about London, came to a building bearing the inscription, "Lyingin Hospital." "By the powers!" he exclaimed.

"that's the place for me, for I've been lying out for a fortnight." WHISKERS.-With whiskers thick upon my face, I went my fair to see: she told me she could never love a bear faced chap like me. I shaved them clean, then called again, and thought my troubles o'er;

the laught outright, and that I was more bare-faced wan before I
Why is a man "out of sound," (as the printers than before i

say.) like skim-milk? Because he has the blues. Rum is like death,—it levels all distinctions. An alderman with "a brick in his hat" would just as soon fraterhipe with a chimney sweep as with a forelgn envoy.

That's the rock upon which we split, as the man said to his wife when saked to rook the oradio. A country newspaper, speaking of the blind Wood haw or "says" although he can't see he can Written for the Banner of Light.

AND SACRIFICE;

HEARTS AND HOMES.

BY MRS, J. S. ADAMS.

CHAPTER L.

The silken lashes of twilight had closed upon the brow of earth, and she lay slumbering in the arms of star-eyed night. The flowers blushed upon her bosom, while the silvery moon threw its snowy drapery around her couch. Within the folds of that drapery two lovers sat, twining hope's brightest garlands for the future; weaving blooming wreaths that were to pale and wither in the sunlight of the morrow. But their sky was cloudless to them, and we will listen to their records of hope as we oft have listened in life before-for, as the clay is fairest when to the tomb consigned, so hopes bloom brightest ere they die.

"And you will not forget me, Grace, when I am away ?"

" Forget you ! oh, Charles!" and she cast a reproachful glance at him, as she spoke.

"I did not mean that. I only love to hear your lips repeat what so thrills my heart—that you love me. Are we not all the world to each other?" A gentle pressure of the hand assured him beyond words. and he continued-" Yes, we are a world to each other; I shall go to distant lands, and in three years return and claim you, Grace. But why do you trem ble so, my dear? Surely not at my words!"

"No, no! But as you spoke, a cloud seemed to rise from the ground and then settle upon us. What can it mean ?"

"What! superstitious, Grace?" said her lover with an attempt at perfect composure. "We must have no doubts. Do we notelove each other? Shall we grow faithless ? Oh! I see, my Grace is afraid that, perchance, some other fair one may cross my pathway, and a pair of blue eyes tempt me to forget her. Never !".

No, Charley! not that. You know my father may not consent to this-I have never told him in words that we loved."

But you forget that to-morrow night, before the brilliant assembly that commemorates your birthday, I am to tell him all, and of my future prospects. He will not refuse. We know no such word as "But what if heaven decrees that we must part

"Part! Forever! Grace you are gloomy to-night.

He drew her tenderly towards him, and imprinted kiss upon her brow. His touch, so magnetic, reassured her, as he closer drew her trembling form to himself. The moon smiled and waned. Their hour When Grace awoke the next morning the sun was

shining brightly in at her window: it was quite late. Flowers with dewdrops sparkling upon their tiny petals greeted her vision as she awoke at the portals of day. Her maid who had nursed her from child hood, and whose pride, and joy were to administer to her pleasure, had exerted herself unusually this morning, that her darling might be happy.

"Grace, your father wishes to see you as soon as you have breakfasted."

"What! have I slept so long? she asked.

"Yes, but you were very weary. I should have called you earlier, but you seemed to be in such sweet sleep, if I may judge by the smile upon your face." "Oh yes! I had such pleasant dreams. I thought

A soft blush overspread her face, which did not escape the eye of good Maggie.

"You thought we were what, Grace?"

"Oh! I only dreamt we were to be--"

The sentence was not finished, for the impatient call of her father, from below, hastened her to meet

"Good morning, father! I have slept long," she said, stepping towards him, and kissing his brow with all a daughter's affection.

"So I perceive," he replied petulantly, glancing at the clock, "But be seated, my daughter; I have much to say to you. This is your eighteenth birthday, Grace. The subject I wish to speak of is marriage. Your happiness is in my keeping, and you are probably aware that there have been many solioitations for your hand, but I have as yet found none

worthy of you, except one in this letter just received!"
"But, you forget, dear lather! Charles..."

"Charles Somers, my daughter, is nothing but a poor artist, a beggar in fact, and should he have the audacity to ask or aspire to your hand, he will receive my most decided refusal. You need not look so pale, daughter. Of course he dare not think of you in any other light than that of an acquaintance, and he ought to be thankful for that. I am happy that the acquaintance has not ripened into anything deeper," he added, as he cast an inquiring glance; at his child, Here was a test of her soul I a moment when truth must triumph ! Should she confess all? Yes, though the cocasion might not demand it, she would brave the storm and be true to her own soul. "But, father, I have formed that attachment, and I

love Mr. Somers as I never can love another "Grace I Charles Sometill the beggar I the the

scoundrel, I would almost say, aspire to the hand of my daughter! Why, Grace! and you have kept me

in such ignorance? Pray, inform me, Miss, how his waywardness, could not bear to hear a parent so long you have carried on this clandestine affair. lightly spoken of. Have I no voice in it? Oh! I suppose you had decided on an elopement—a pretty business—base in gratitude, I should say, to a father who has spent his life for you. A pretty piece of gossip it would have tions? Shall you practice law?" been-the daughter of Judge Weston eloped with a vagabond-beggar. Come, what have you to say for yourself and for him ?"

"Only, dear father-"

"You need not mind that endearing title: go on." She bit her lips at the taunt. It seemed as if the ife-blood around her heart was freezing; but she replied firmly—

"Charles Somers has not clandestinely sought my ove. He merits not the reproaches you heap upon him. It was his intention to ask, this night, of you your sanction of our mutual attachment, and abide the decision, whatever it might be. To-morrow he leaves for foreign lands, to perfect himself in his God-given art, and to remain until he has amassed at the Springs last summer, but found her conservaenough of sordid gold to satisfy the demands of life. tive father too shy of his pet. I never got even an Oh, my father! you surely have a heart. You will not refuse your daughter this one life-blessing-the husband of her choice, for the sake of that mother whose mortal form lies in yonder tomb. You will not give me misery! Father, will you?"

"I would give you happiness and plenty. Listen to me," he continued, a little calmer; "I will be brief. Many years ago, ere fortune had smiled upon me-but when poverty, with its thousand ills, pressfriend. That friend raised me from want, provided like her, she must by this time be charming, and me with means by which I, have attained eminence in the profession I now follow, and by which I have earned our bread. He was to me a brother—a coun sellor. Last week, while you were absent on a visit, a stranger was ushered into the drawing-room, with a letter of introduction. Judge of my surprise, on of his friend. reading, to find that he was the son of my valued, but now departed friend, who had bequeathed to this son a princely fortune, and whose last wish was that our families might be united, could an alliance prove satisfactory to all parties. My own fortune is insecure at present. I have entered lute large speculamight have been ruined but for this timely aid, which I regard in the light of Providence, as a source of joy and security, from which we must not turn: My happiness you have in keeping. Refuse this, we are lost; accept it, and the heart of your morrow will await your answer. How strange you | Mrs. Dayton to you." look, Grace!"

like one translated, the spirit shone out so clear and his sense of honor for that; but, away in the secret pure. The flesh seemed inadequate to sustain such chambers of his soul, he felt a lurking desire to bestrength of soul. It seemed to him that the prison- tray the evil secret of his friend, and saw just cause house must burst and release it. A moment more for doing so. Yet he had received too many favors she stood before him calm, self-poised, in her own from him in the past, amid financial difficulties, to natural quietude.

your friend's son, whose name I know not." The judge stood like one in doubt.

"What! you will? I did not ask you to decide so hastily, my child; in fact, I think such a decision should ever be prefaced by prayer. Have I not display too frequently attending hastily gathered taught you so, my daughter?"

"I have offered my prayer, and have my answer," was her reply.

"But what made you look so unearthly? Grace. you-you surely are not going from me," said he. inadvertently giving expression to his thoughts.

"Leave you? No, father, not unless this new duty bids me."

"But what did you see, Grace? Tell me."

"I cannot now, nor for many years-not till the time of death comes to one of us."

"How strange, child, you are! But are we not having too sad a prelude to your evening festival? To night, darling, are to be gathered youth, beauty. and talent, to pay homage at the shrine of pure affection—yes, pure affection."

Then pressing her delicate form to his heart, she heard its joyous beating, and felt the sacrifice to be sweet.

CHAPTER II.

"Hallon, Tom! Where are you bound?" " Home !"

"Where's that?"

"At the Burnett,"

"How long have you been in the city?" "About two weeks. Confounded dull! Time

lrags heavily-should die of ennui, but for a bit of peculation I have entered into."

"What is it?"

out vet" "Don't keep a fellow in the dark so! What game are you up to now?"

"Whist! and . hearts are trumps." His friend seemed but a trifle illuminated at this wine.com

"Did you come in for all the property-eh?"

"About an hundred thousand."

"A moderate supply. Tom, what are your inten-"I don't care to do anything; but my little in-

come is already reducing, so I have concluded-well —to marry."

"What! And add to your expenses?" "Oh, no! I shall increase my income."

" How so ?" "Do you know Judge Weston?"

"Let me see-1 don't remember."

"The man that owns that beautiful residence or the Ohio."

"Ah-yes! I recollect; but what now?"

"You have seen his daughter?" "Grace? Yes, and a splendid girl she is, too. But how have you got in there, Tom? I met them introduction."

"But I have," said Tom.

"How is it you always slide into good luck? One would think you were fortune's especial favorite?"

"Why, you see the judge and my father were old friends, and, during his illness, used frequently to speak of him and Grace, whom he remembered only as an infant. Her mother has been dead three years. Occasionally he spoke of Mrs. Weston as ed my soul with sorrow to the earth-I found a being very beautiful, and that if her daughter was mentioned, in connection, the wealth of her father." "Which, I suppose, was a powerful argument in

her favor. What an auxiliary a few dollars will make to the attractions of a plain face!" said his companion, a little vexed at the superior advantages

"Hush now, Will, and I'll let you into the secret." Will made a speedy reformation of deportment, in view of the perspective information.

"I wrote a letter of introduction to the judge my.

self, and signed my father's name."

"That was cool."
"Well, one must not be over-scrupulous now-a days if he wish to succeed. I knew that father would sanction it if he were alive; and, besides, I have made up my mind to have the girl. You see chances are all in my favor, as our parents were such dear old friends. But, let me tell you, Will, if old father will grow young again. We will sell this you should ever use this information against me, I estate, and remove to any you deem more beautiful. am not a fellow to be trifled with. And, beside all cannot bear to see you in any position but the one this, I have an invitation from her father to attend you ought to occupy. I will give you one hour to a great party there this very night. I shall win the decide. This eve our guest will arrive, and on the prize, and, ere long, shall be most happy to introduce

William Stanley in no enviable mood left his He trembled as he spoke, for the face before him friend that morning. Not that he would ever prove was like the countenance of an angel. She looked traitor. Oh, no! He prided himself too much upon acquiesce in his own better judgment. Tom knew "Father, I have decided. I will be the wife of his friend, and feared but little from him.

CHAPTER III.

The mausion of Judge Weston was one of taste and refinement, where wealth abounded without that fortunes. He had risen to his present position by his own abilities, and had a wide reputation as a lawyer. To his friend he felt he owed all, he having helped him to acquire his profession.

Grace Weston was well educated-not superficially -but soundly. Her judgment was matured, her mind unbiased by the opinions of others. Duty was her watchword-her guiding star, an approving conscience. These qualities won for her the admiration of many, and the love of Charles Somers, whose dig nity, and manliness of character, combined with an affectionate and poetic temperament, drew love from the heart of Grace. In person, Grace was not beau. tiful, but, to the eye that penetrates beyond the exterior, she was all that makes woman lovely. Affectionate, confiding, and generous in her nature, none could look upon her without feeling that holy charm which emanates from a true woman's sphere.

The life of Charles Somers had been one of storm. clouds. His soul was ever alive to the beautiful; his nature too impulsive to breathe the calm of an every-day existence. His father had passed to the land of souls in the infancy of Charles, leaving the care of his mother and two sisters, in after years, to him, whom he, by active industry, had maintained and surrounded with many comforts. Now his soul grew restless. He had met Grace Weston, and, charmed with her spirit, which he recognized as kindred to his own, he resolved to win a fame and name that might warrant to him the possession of a "Oh. a trifling affair! Can't tell how 't will turn heart so full of love. With high hopes of success he entered the home of Grace, to seek an interview with her father, an hour previous to the gay assembly.

"Tell Mr. Weston I wish to speak with him privately," said Charles to the servant who answered announcement, and proposed walking home with his call at the door. A moment and he stood before Tom. where they might make merry over a glass of him. For a time he stood like one paralyzedthe happiness of a life pending upon one word. "Deuced nice place here, Tom! Now tell us how | Such is life forever. Its joys and sorrows looked von kill time, and what your purposes are, fer, to with the key of Uncertainty, to be turned by the tell the truth, I haven't carned a thousand since we trembling hand of Doubt and Blindness. The inleft college; but you are more fortunate. How quiring and impatient glance of the judge aroused

"My daughter, Mr. Somers informed me this morning of your errand. Young man! I must speak plainly to you, and say, that you have taken great liberties with friendship. When I gave my consent that you might visit my house, it was not as a lover. I presumed you would not so far forget your position in life as to aspire to the hand of one of the most talented and worthy ladies of the land. Your position is humble; the life of the artist is an ideal one. Poetry and fancy will not bring bread. I can patronise talent and industry," said he, proudly gazing at his paintings on the walls, " but I cannot wed my child to want and privation."

The hot blood mantled the temples of Charles. All the passion of his nature was concentrated upon such a miserly and base refusal, and it required all the strength of his finer nature to restrain the impulses that fired his brain.

"But surely, Mr. Weston, you will grant me an interview."

"My daughter has made her decision, sir! She, this morning, accepted the offer of one every way competent to support her in her position, should any change of fortune-"

"God grant a change may come," mentally exclaimed Charles. Then addressing the father, he said, "For the sake of her you love-for the sake of a heart that's nigh to break, I pray you grant me this one request-an interview with Grace. Grace! the idol of my soul! Must she be torn so rudely from me!" and the noble man bowed his face and wept. '

The heart of Judge Weston was not wholly adamantine, (although grown callous beneath sordid, material influences.) No! there was one green spot of memory where the form of his cherished wife was imprinted, and the recollection of those soft, blue eyes oft came upon him. There were days when he saw mirrored in their orbs the love of his soul: now he felt their influence, and the strong man was moved, but not changed.

"You can see my daughter a few moments." said he, as he nervously rang the bell for the maid; "but I must stipulate that you forget not my desision, in connection with her future. I shall trust to your honor, sir, as to any reference to former errors of attachment you may have formed with her, and consider that you are in the presence of the affianced bride of another. Tell your mistress, Mr. Somers wishes to speak with her in the drawingroom, after she has made her toilet for the evening," said he as Maggie entered, then left the room.

Pale, trembling and helpless, she stood before her lover. The lity had stolen the rose from her cheeks, and seemed rivaling the purity of her soul.

"Charles ! Mr. Somers!" she faintly gasped, and sank upon the floor.

His cry of terror brought her father from an ad-

joining room. "To whom am I indebted for this unhappy result," said he, fixing flery glances upon Charles as he

"I trusted too much to your gentlemanly professions! You will oblige me by leaving the house."

laid her upon the couch, and rang for water.

"Not until she is restored." replied Charles with dignity, but respectfully. There was andetermination in his manner, which quelled the violence of passion.

"Well, since you refuse to go, you can help restore her to consciousness." they great to

Slowly she aroused and faintly gazed upon the face of her lover, but spoke not. The meaning of the dark cloud was revealed now.

"Have you no word for me, Grace?" he eagerly inquired. " I love-"

her lips the confession of love for Charles she was about to make; the faintness again overpowered her. and she could only gasp-" Another." The triumphant smile that lit her father's face

The searching eyes of her father frightened from

at this announcement, was agony to the heart of her "You have her confession! I now beg you to

leave us." Mr. Somers needed no further intimation that his presence was not wanted, and made a hasty retreat.

closing the door with a significance that was music to the soul of the judge, who, thus informed that he was alone with his daughter, was rejoiced to see in her features a return of consciousness. She gazed one moment at the spot where Charles had stood. and again fell lifeless at the feet of her father.

CHAPTER IV.

"My life is not dated by years; There are moments which act as a plough, And there is not a furrow appears,
But is deep in my soul as my brow."

"Tell me, Maggie, am I ill? Is it day or night?" Oh, yes, 'tis night! There is no day for me!"

"Not night, but evening, dear," replied her gentlemaid. You were ill; but your eyes are like jewels now-bright, as they should be."

"Why! have I been here long? Have the guests . come? Why, Maggie, I must dress me. Where are my things?" "Be quiet, now, dear, and I will bring them soon."

"But why am I so feeble? I cannot rise! It must be time for our guests! How strange I feel."

"Hush, darling, don't talk now. If you'll wait. I'll give you a letter that was left for you; only promise to be very quiet, and not tell your father."

"Who is it from, Maggie?" "That you must find out yourself, by reading. Take a little of this cordial new, which the doctor

"Doctor! Maggie, do not keep me in suspense

any longer-tell me all-I am strong, now. Has he

"Be calm, my darling; it is not your birth daythat has past. You have been very ill for three weeks. Oh, God! I have killed her! Father in Heaven have mercy !" cried the poor feeble maid, as she looked upon the ghastly form before her.

"Water," faintly whispered those pale lips. There, Maggie, good nurse, I'm better now. Go on!"

- "I dare not-I fear to. Oh, that I knew my duty. Dear mistress, I would not refuse you; but I dare not say more. I shall have to bear the blame of the physician, and your father."
- "But I am strong, now, I repeat. Go on! tell me all! I remember it now. He has gone forever. How long have I been ill?"

"Three weeks."

"Have I spoken of him since he left?"

"Oh, yes! many and many a time. Day and night you would rouse and call for Charles. Your father has not left your side only to take his meals and exercise, which the doctor insisted on. He has now gone to walk, as he found you sleeping so quietly. We must be more quiet by the time he returns; he never stays out long."

"Has any one called during my illness?"

"Oh, yes, a great many folks."

"But I mean, any one in particular." "Why, Mr. Dayton has been here every day, and brought you flowers. He was here the night of the party."

"Were my friends anxious for me?"

"Yes, very. The folks did not stay long on account of your sudden illness; only Mr. Dayton-ho stayed two hours after the others left. But you were in a raging fever then. Doctor was here all that night, and Mr. Dayton."

"Who is Mr. Dayton?"

"Why!-he-why-he is-you-" "Oh, my God! Yes, I know."

"Don't take on so-don't-he is a well dressed gentleman, though I must say he don't take my fancy like Mr. Somers; he can't come up to him in good looks; but our cook has put on such airs lately, because he gave her a gold-piece, she thinks he is a real born gentleman; but gold do n't buy me /"

Grace made an impatient gesture at this remark, which had the effect of arousing Maggie from her love of gossip into her gentler nature, and she bent over her in affection.

"Now, let me cool the pillow for you, dear, and perhaps to morrow you can read the letter. And you have not seen your birth day presents yet, have you? Well, to morrow you can, and if you'll be quiet, I will go and call Thomas to gather some flowers for you."

"Gather them yourself, Maggie, will you?"

"But I must not leave you."

"Who said so?"

"The doctor, and everybody." "But you will, if I wish it, will you not?"

"What if your father should return!"

"Then tell him I sent you! Will you go?" You need the air."

"I can't refuse that look," said Maggie, and away she bounded, joyous, because her idol was better.

"Talking to herself all the while-just like her mother before her, I never could stand out against that look. Oh! how I feared she was going, too. The days were all nights to me then, while she lay so sick. I hope God has n't spared her for any more sorrow. Her young soul can't bear it, I know,"

Maggie seemed to be drawing in the beautiful influence of the flowers. In her hand she had gathered lilies, and it seemed as though her spirit had caught their sphere of purity, as she spoke in her audible tone of thinking.

"But if God does put her in the waters of affliction, she would be like these lilies-pure and stainless."

Maggie stopped, astonished at her eloquence. passed to the house. Just as she entered the hall. Mr. Weston met her from the opposite door.

"Maggie!" he exclaimed, why did you leave

Grace?" "She is better, sir."

" Has she spoken?"

"Why, as to that, she's talked enough these three weeks. sir : but I meant no harm," said Maggie, as she met the flaming eyes of the judge.

"I'll excuse you this departure from due respect, now, but not again. I repeat, has she spoken with reason?"

"She's talked all the time you have been gone." "Were you not strictly commanded to forbid any

conversation on her part?"

"I-I did-but-'

Poor Maggie seemed to gain but little ground towards a reconciliation. Mr. Weston was not in good humor; he had been detained longer than usual by business, and had met with the unwelcome intelligence of the loss of about twenty thousand dollars. A trifle, to be sure, when compared with the great grief that was pressing his heart-the dangerous illnesss of his daughter. As the mountain range obscures the neighboring folinge from our view, so one great sorrow hides lesser troubles from our soul: but when we mount the heights, we see life as it issee its greater and lesser sorrows, its wild and tangled incongruities harmonized each with each inone beautiful whole, and we thank God for the mount of sorrow on which we stand.

STABLE SE TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

ORTHODOXY IS GOING.

The dogma of eternal punishment, even in Puriton New England, is gasping for life. The Recorder - a well known Evangelical paper-of a late date, has the following:

"Now we think it will be conceded by any careful observer, that for some cause, there has been, of late, a wide spread omission of the preaching of this doc-trine (endless punishment;) that among the topics of pulpit discourses used by all classes of our ministry, this doctrine has been far from having its share of attention. So long, indeed, has its formal treatment been discontinued in some pulpits, that its introduction now would surprise the hearers."

. The chief reason why men do not preach it, is because the people will not hear it, and so the timid preachers hold their peace. Their strong and best men would desert their churches, if mon were to preach as Edwards and Griffin were wont to do. You may as well endeavor to drive back the Protestaut natives into the pale of the Catholic Church, as to drive the people of this day to swallow the dogmas of the Evangelical creeds. Men do not like to swallow, as second time what they have once been! obliged to cost up .- Star in the West.

The man who, by an unintentional transposition of belique and will reat aches, from little top corns; grow! spake with no little truth which is trucked ed built was present min 1-11, the flet was not account HYMM TO THE BEAUTIFUL. BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

Wake I the world is rife with Beauty, Day is genmed with myriad dyes; Nature throws her starry mantle Nightly o'er the boundless skies. Redolent the air with music—
Song of bird, of breeze, and stream,
With the cataract of water
Thunders forth its ceaseless hymn.

Divinity doth fashion Nature Divinity doth fashion Nature
Into forms of joy and grace,
Then through man works transformation
Into Art, for time and place;
Yet, though human hands may labor,
He who looks with eye of thought
May behold the God of Nature
Living in the beauty wrought.

Marble lips seem near to utterance, Painted canvas beams with life, And we stand enchained, enraptured, Overpowered with the strife Of emotions that awaken In our sout, thus held in thrall, Thought like this—if the is human, What must be the God of all i

God doth dwell throughout creation:
When we bow to Beauty's shrine
We do meet him there as truly
As in that men call "divine;"
And the purer is that Beauty,
More of God the mind can see;
Thus along that he bould him. Thus alone shall we behold Him

In the vast Eternity. Human souls, forever struggling For some future, coming bliss, For some world of matchless splendor, Look! enjoy thy God in this; For the "Future" never cometh— To the Present we must bow; Our Eternity is dwelling In the ever-present Now.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LA GITANA.

BY GEORGIANA ROBERTS.

There exists in Spain a race of beings, whose lineage may be much more clearly traced by both moral and physicial distinction, than that of the haughty and effeminate nobility. In the Gitanos, or flexible figure, the fiery eye, and coal black hair, the courage and love of adventure of their Arab ancestry. They are the same wild, freebooting race, unrestraints imposed by the conventionalties of society, inhabiting mountain fastnesses and glens, beneath the free blue skies-a mode of life perfectly in unison with their temperaments and dispositions.

The mysterious influence of this wandering and both felt and dreaded by most classes; and the tricable difficulties, and learn too late the folly or heedlessness of despising the gipsey's warning.

That part of the Sierra Morena which divides La Mancha from New Castile, has, from time immemorial, been the abode of numerous bands of Gitanos. The wild, romantic beauty of these mouncataracts, the alternate richness of vegetation and brown rocky soil, the snow capped peaks reflecting their silvery light into the depths of some hollow cavern, all mark it the peculiar habitation of these roaming, uncontrolled people, and identify the tenantry with their home.

In one of these retreats, in a strangely insulated position, accessible only from one side, and that by a bridge across an abrupt and fathomless cleft in had formerly headed a party of contrabandistas, or brigands. Report ascribed to this man various of chain!" fences which called for the long dormant interposition of the law; but the apathy of justice, or the of that girl, instantly." danger and difficulty of any interference, had left him camped peaceably upon the plains, even enjoying, in ately. some measures, the protection of persons who possessed estates in the vicinity.

usual share of favor, and whose visits to them were ture of such a crime?" he demanded. more frequent than mere accident seemed to warrant, was the young Count Luis de Floresca, whose father, the marquis, owned a vast domain and sumthe Province of New Castile, closely adjoining the Sierra, where the gipsey retreat was situated.

The young Count, indeed, was a constant sharer in the gipsey revels and adventures, a fact but ill peared in a distant province, disguised as a Zingaro, of theft." obtaining money by his happy prophecies, which won the generosity of the credulous.

· Upon one of these expeditions the gipsey king was confined in the prison of Malaga, on the accusation of a friar, who deposed to having been robbed by him when formerly upon his route to his monastery, of a collection which had been made for his convent.

On this occasion the young Count's gold bribed the judge, the friar, and the jailor, for by the following morning the gipsey had escaped from prison, and the accuser had departed from the town.

At the period when this story commences, Count Luis had nearly attained his majorazo, or twentyfirst year, an event which was to be celebrated at

longed. The preparations exceeded anything that had been Spanish nobility were invited to the fele, and a series of amusements was devised for their diversion, which was to last a month; after this time the Marquis

introduce his son at court. The programme of the entertainments consisted of tournaments, bull fights, theatricals, concerts, and everything else that ingenuity could devise, or money command.

The Retiro presented a scene of splendor and brilliancy seldom witnessed at such a distance from the to look favorably.

The young nobleman's skill and address in all the sports of the period, and his no less accomplished

of commetances which caused no breach of friendship, mediate assaustation. I sahould have shared the where is the gipsey chief?"

had long since dissolved this the interest property of the troop assaued him on most unsuit property of the control of the troop assaued him on most unsuit property of the control of the troop assaued him on most unsuit property of the control of the

The interest of Count de Mariolana in Luis was not at all diminished, however, and being now without heirs; he had announced his intention of leaving his estates and title to his once intended son-in-law, whom he considered as his own child.

The fete was drawing toward a conclusion; satiated with the long succession of pleasures, new inventions even seemed to pall upon the guests, when Luis suggested a novel amusement for the party. This plan was to send to the Sierra for the gipsies, with whose songs and dances he proposed to divert

The idea was foully applauded. In a short time the Gitanos were scattered over the grounds, telling, the fortunes, and contributing to the delight of the noble guests. The scheme succeeded to admiration. All found

something to flatter their hopes and wishes in the predictions of the gipsies, amongst whom was a young girl, who, by her vivacity and intelligence, and almost inspired answers, had rendered herself a universal favorite.

Adelma was the daughter of the gipsey chief. Her graceful figure, and gentle, winning manners, tho classical beauty of her features, the expressive softness of her large, black, melting eyes, and the exceeding luxuriance of her glossy, jet hair, created admiration and interest in every person she addressed, that appeared like the effect of magic.

She possessed a voice that thrilled the listener, and played the guitar with great skill. So strong was the appreciation of this charming girl, that many persons earnestly solicited her parents to part with her; none were so urgent in their entreaties as the Count and Countess de Mariolana; they even promised to give her their name, and bestow every advantage and luxury upon her, that the fondest parent could desire.

The gipsey chief seemed disposed to accept these propositions, but Biorenka, the mother, was inflexgipsies of the Peninsula, may yet be seen the nervous, lible, and treated their offers with a scornful indignation, that amounted to rudeness, if not insolence.

But during the course of the gipsies' visit to the Retiro, an event occurred that threatened a separaused to the restrictions of law, and impatient of the tion of parents and child, on less agreeable terms than those just proposed.

The Count de Mariolana, during the noontide heat, retired one day to a pavilion in the garden to take a Siesta. He slept for some time, and very soundly; when he awoke he discovered that a chain original tribe, though often derided, is, nevertheless, of great value, which had been around his neck, was missing. The mystery of its disappearance, as well traveler who refuses to listen to their advice, and as its being an heirloom, rendered it a loss not to be pay for it, too, may find himself involved in inex- borne without mention. Indeed it caused so much concern, that every one became interested in the discovery of the lost treasure, and a rigorous search was immediately instituted.

The Gitanos were about to return to the mountains; their various articles and utensils were slung across their shoulders; the wild strain of their detains, their thousand hues and shapes, their foaming parture, and the tramp of their march, were dying away in the distance, when the report of the Count's loss caused them to be overtaken and detained.

> The servants of the Retiro in particular, busied themselves in inspecting the baggage of the gipsies. They soon came forward, dragging after them the lovely Adelma, and holding up the lost chain, which they had found cunningly hidden among her effects.

"I always said what would become of letting these gipsey thieves into the grounds," exclaimed one of the mountain, resided a gipsey band, whose chief the officieus sepials; "see now, with all our unusual vigilance, the vagabonds have contrived to steal this

"Insolent fellow!" cried Luis; "free your hold

The frightened servant loosened his grasp, and, to a species of independent sovereignty, so that the skulking away, muttered to himself that he would band remained unmolested in their haunts, or en- go and count the silver plates and spoons immedi-

All looked at Don Luis in amazement. His earnestness in the gipsey's cause excited no little sur-Among those who showed the gipsics a more than prise. "Why should you accuse such a gentle creation of the contract of the con

"Circumstances!" oried all together.

"I know; but they are deceitful, I grant-irreputable, at first sight. But use the girl fairly, and Imer palace, called the Retiro, situated in a part of stake my honor she will account satisfactorily for the possession of the ornament."

But Adelma was totally confounded.

"I am innocent!" she cried, "and I pray your noble natures not to condemn me, much as appearconcealed; and it was even said that he had ap- ances are against me. Believe me I am not guilty

> "But how came you by the chain?" inquired the Marquis de Floresca. "Remember, your fate depends upon your answer."

"That chain, Senor, has been in my possession for many years; it was a gift from my mother, and she gave it to me with injunctions that I cannot disclose!"

"Artful girl," said the Marquis, " such bare-faced presumption has decided the matter. That readycoincd falsehood has condemned instead of saved you. Take her away to prison."

"Stop!" exclaimed Luis; " would you disregard so entirely that look of innocence, those tears of mor tification, caused by undeserved suspicion? The the Retiro, on a scale of magnificence corresponding heart must be hard, and the tongue bold, that dares to the wealth and rank of the family to which he be to suspect her truth. Let her mother be brought forward, and the mystery will be explained."

But the gipsey's parents had fled. Profiting by heard of for a long time previous. Numbers of the the confusion which turned all eyes on their daughter, they had stolen away unperceived, and Adelma was left alone to support her innocence.

She gave a look at Don Luis, a look which impurposed to take up his residence in the capital, and plored pity and protection; it spoke to his heart in a language not to be misunderstood. At the same moment she held up her hand, displaying a ring to Luis, who alone understood the signal.

"But why this interest, my son," said the Marquis, "for this obscure gipsey, and these efforts to repel an accusation which confirms itself by every circumstance with which it is connected? I permetropolis. Universal gayety and satisfaction reign-ceive something here which gives a clue to suspied, or if there was an exception, it was Luis himself cions already vaguely hinted at, but to which I have to whom this feasting brought less joy than regret, as yet listened incredulously. Depend upon it, jus. for he foresaw in its termination the opening of a tice shall not be defrauded. What can you have in new era in his life, on which he was little disposed common with this gipsey girl, thus to interfere with its execution?"

"I will explain," replied Don Luis, "and leave you to judge. You may recollect the time when, manners and elegant person, gained him the admira- during my studies at Seville, by your direction I was tion of all, and had silently secured the hearts of ordered to make a tour to visit the Moorish cities of many proud beauties, whom more courtly cavallers Cordova and Grenada. In the course of the journey, had failed to impress. Although the state of the my carriage was attacked by brigands, and my life Among the guests of the Retire were the Count saved, with difficulty from the ferocity of the roband Countess de Mariolana, whose estates, igined bers. My tutor, who accompanied me, unfortunately those of the Marquis, and whose family was once to recognized one of them as an old servant of his and have been united, with that of De Floreson, by the thinking to excite his pity, called upon him by name marriage of an anly daughter with Count Luis; but | the consequence of (which imprudence was his im-

from the true to which I was fastened theoret the the fangs of the Lowlanders we are without a mastrobbers returned to execute their purpose. It was tar. Biorenka returned last night, but we have no intensely dark; I fied to a hut in a defile of the intelligence of our chief." cion. and. after some indistinct murmuring, told to morrow dayns innocent blood may be shed !" depart. In this extremity I knew not which way to The sentinel passed on to the mouth of the cavern my petition for a little food and a night's lodging fire shed a crimson light on the fretted roof and by the tramping of horse. Some men who had arrived spoke of an escape that would ruin them, and which had caught the fiery hues, presented fantasti. demanded of the gipsey chief the immediate aid of cal images to the sight, resembling giants, dwarfs. his scouts to scour the country in search of the fugi- and beasts. Some of the Gitanos had spread their tive. I needed little to convince me that these were mats around the fire, and were wrapped in deep the brigands in search of their lost prisoner, and collected from the answers of the gipsey chief, that he the flame, seemed to hush them in fearful music to was but a reluctant instrument in their service; and their rest. The long, shrill whistle of the guard also from the imprecations heaped on him, that his called the whole tribe into motion. Yawning, and own life depended on his obedience to their will.

The gipsey spies were dispatched in different di- new comer to ask his purpose. rections. Scarcely had the noise of their departure subsided, when this same girl, who had interceded for my protection and shelter, came to inform me of my present danger.

She brought me a disguise, in which I might way, bidding me, if I valued my life at all, to instantly begone.

with a heart nearly bursting at this spontaneous and unlooked for generosity. I besought heaven's offered her gold.

Her sorrowful glance told me how widely I had mistaken her motives. I felt renewed reluctance to quit the spot where I stood riveted, notwithstanding of an old Moorish castle, covered with arabesques, the dangers that beset me.

Withdrawing from my embrace, she reminded me of my delay, and pointed to the gray streaks of the waving her hand, disappeared.

I was conducted down the steep descent, through a narrow, broken ravine, which had been the bed of a mountain torrent, and, after passing through some subterranean windings, came to an outlet, which disclosed the open country and the high road. Here

interrupted your progress." I begged her to state what she wished. She removed a small gold ring from my finger, asked my

name, and said: "If ever your poor gipsey girl should be in danger, will you promise, if you have the power, to protect her?"

I vowed, religiously, to stake my life for her if it was necessary—to bear her away from the wretched associates with whom she was connected, to place her beyond the rude contact of the desperate beings in whose company I had found her. She spoke of her dislike to her mode of life, and allowing me again to draw her to my heart, and kiss her soft. crimson check, once more bade me farewell.

"Now," continued Don Luis, addressing the marquis, "tell me, have I not a right to proclaim this girl innocent? She who saved my life, who refused my gold, who spurned affluence and comfort for the miserable fate of a wandering beggar-can such a being be guilty of a crime? or can I, in violation of my word, refuse to protect her now?"

This relation made a deep and sympathizing impression on all his hearers, and presented a striking contrast to the situation in which the gipsey girl was now placed. It caused a greater effect on the person, for, in the energetic defence of the delinwas by this new light which broke on his mind, confirmed in his suspicions regarding his son's frehis solitary rambles, and the reason of the degree of dren of the mountains, and determined inwardly on misplaced affection.

Adelma was put into close confinement, from which no efforts or stratagem of the young count could free her; and the warmer he became in his endeavors to extenuate her offence, the more firmly resolved were her accusers to sacrifice her to their offended pride. She was brought to trial. With such a weight of influence, and such conclusive testimony of guilt, it was not difficult to obtain a speedy sentence against her. The Count de Mario. lana deposed to the identity of the chain, which, with the unsatisfactory account of its possession, was considered overwhelming proof of her crime, and the gipsey girl was condemned to die.

During the short interval between the sentence and its execution. Don Luis threw himself at his father's feet, and implored him to use his influence in causing the harsh doom to be remitted. Finding entreaties useless, he assumed another tone, and boldly declared his irrevocable attachment for Adel. mia, telling his father that if she perished, his son was also lost. His altered and resolute manuer convinced the marquis that some violent emotion agitated his son's mind. He/would willingly have restored peace at any less price than that at which it was to be nurchased. Don Luis retired to his chamber, proshim, to try the effect of reasoning and persuasion, but he had/quitted the Retiro, and none of the servants could give any account of his disappearance. of for ton you and a partion

It was a dark, tempestuous night. The rain fell in torrents. The heavens were of one dense black. ness, save when, at intervals, the fitful gleam of the lightning illuminated the sky. In the fury of this stored to the owner, threw such an air of impropelling storm, a person, closely muffled in a gipsey ability over the whole affair, that the Giano was dress, presented himself at the bridge of the ravine leading to the gipsey cave. This is

" Quien vive?" demanded the guard.

response, want to the good forth the

lowered, over which the stranger quickly passed. Inorning! The Count do Martolana, who was a morning! The Count do Martolana, who was a morning!

Sierra Nevada, to which I was guided by the glime "Rouse the gipsey crew instantly!" commanded mer of a fire. This I found to be the residence of the stranger, flinging back his mantle; "quick! some gipsies. I entered, and requested their hospi- both man, woman, and child; there is work on hand tality and protection. I was regarded with suspi- to night which does not admit of delay; before the

turn, when, by the intercession of this young girl, in which the band slept. The red embers of a wood was granted. During my slumber, I was awakened sides of the cave, which nature had carved in mockery of art. Numerous rude masses of stone. sleep, while the flapping of the bats' wings above shaking their matted locks, they crowded around the " Despierta muchachos!"

They knew the word, and eagerly sought his commands.

"Arm, arm, and follow me! Bring firebrands. and every combustible you can find; you, alone, escape suspicion, and a guide to conduct me on my Torreso, keep watch here. Let the rest follow to where I shall conduct them."

The troop was ready and eager for a fray. Their I clasped the beautiful trembler in my arms, and, leader, in whom Don Luis may be easily recognized. led them down the craggy precipice, over which they scrambled, with all the celerity which custom and blessing upon her. I knew not how to thank or long acquaintance with the spot enabled them to do. reward her, and, in my foolish zeal, drew forth my In a short time the gipsey gang, under the command purse, which the brigands had overlooked, and of their sometime leader, were drawn up before the prison where Adelma was confined.

This prison was situated on an eminence at no great distance from the Retiro. It was the remains and constructed of those durable materials which distinguish the Moorish architecture. But an out. work, of less permanent and modern materials, had morning's dawn; she whispered to the guide, and, been thrown up around it, in order, as was imagined, to complete its security; this once demolished, the entrance to the keep, which was the ruins of the Arab fortress, became of easy access. Firebrands were immediately applied to the exterior building, which contained much wood, while a battering of the gates and barricades was at the same time car-I paused, for my good angel again stood in my path. ried on. The women and children sought for fuel "Before we part," she said, " I wish to ask some- in every direction to feed the fire, which had already thing in remembrance of you, and have therefore taken such fast hold, that the pouring rain did not in the least serve to quench it.

The men ran wildly round the flames, brandishing their swords and knives, the blades of which glittered in its light, and with shouts and screams seemed like demons protecting and defending the devouring element. During this work of destruction, Luis an. imated the gipsies with their own wild, piercing cheers. He moved through every danger with a fearless and giant stride, urging and encouraging the completion of their task. At last a loud crash told the fall of a part of the defences; the gipsies entered the breach, disarmed the guard, and depriving the jailor of his keys, released Adelma from her cell. The crackling of the burning timbers, the heat of the flames, and the noise of the onset, had nearly deprived her of her senses, and on recognizing Don Luis, she sank fainting into his arms. A retreat was now sounded, and the young Count bore off the liberated captive to the mountain hold.

The light of the burning prison had been observed at the Retiro, and the guards who had fled, brought the full news of the disaster. The Marquis immediately ordered all his servants to arm, and pursue the fugitives, without mercy, to their den. But all that the Marquis's force could accomplish was a partial Marquis de Floresca, however, than on any other engagement. The gipsies had gained the mountain, ad had greatly the advantage of their pursuers. quent, he thought he read the feelings of the advo. They kept on an orderly retreat, covering their leadcate. His patrician blood was roused to indignation er, whose burden impeded the rapidity of his moveat the thought of his son's love for a vagrant. He ments; but several of the Gitanos, among whom was Biorenka, were wounded and taken prisoners. Don Luis himself, who in his disguise was not recognized, quent absences, and now accounted in his own mind although the dawn had already broken, was so hard for the rumors he had heard of Luis's connection with pressed that he only gained the bridge of the ravine the gipsey band. He saw the solution now of all by felling two of his opponents to the ground; a third who hurried forward had already planted himself on favor he had always labored to obtain for these chil- the bridge just as Luis had reached the other side, and was beckening on his companions, when, by an a course which should insure the extinction of such | unexpected hovement, the end of the bridge on which he stood was lowered into the ravine, and the unfortunate man was hurled into the futhomless chasm beneath.

The Marquis de Floresca was brooding over the inexplicable departure of his son, when the defeat of his retainers was announced to him. He could scarce credit the information, nor believe the daring that had animated the gipsey leader. His sorrow, however, now gave way to exasperation : he vowed to annilate the whole gang of Gitano outlaws, and at once sought the Count de Mariolana, who was Captain General of the province, to concert measures for this object. It was agreed that means adequate to the undertaking should be employed, and to this end an order was dispatched to the nearest town for a reinforcement of soldiery.

During the interval the Marquis's scouts had detected the gipsey chief; he was discovered nearly famished with hunger from the constant concealment he had been obliged to undergo, in order to eff feet his escape, and was brought in, bound. He reluctantly confessed to having robbed the Count de Mariolana of his chain, during his siesta in the pavillon, but protested he had given it to his wife Biorenka, in whose possession he said it was yet, and that she, on learning what he had done, advised him trated by grief. In the evening the marquis sought to fly. He had resolved on going to a distant part of the country to take up an abode where he was not. known, and where he intended his wife and daughter should have joined him.

The story of the gipsey chief's having stolen the chain would have exculpated Adelma at once, but the impossibility of its being still in Biorenka's possession while it had been found on the daughter and retreated as an impostor, and handed over to the

corregidor, or judge.
The troops for which the Captain General had dis-"Un hijo del penon!" (a son of the woods) was the patched orders, had now arrived, and left no forther cause of delay in storming the gipsey hold! Parha "Passe adelante." (Advance) and the bridge was rations were made for the attack on the following "What brings you here, senor, at this late hour?" perienced officer, undertook to conduct it himself, and inquired the sentry.

"No time for quantities and the sentry." "No time for questions now le Tellima quickly. Ing the plan of his operations, when the ground where is the gipsey chief?"

Biorenke was approunced as wishings.

male; writhing with pain, was ushered in. . She look would endure I reveled in the angulah that would ed wildly around, and said:

" Count, are we alone?"

The servants were ordered to retire. to communicate at this late hour?"

fore you, the glittering of piled arms, and the bivonac tent. Its beauty, its gracefulness, the jewels with fire I just now passed, tell me that death has mount which it was loaded, rendered it a greedy prize. We ed the pale steed, whose hoofs ere long shall plough hastily decamped; leaving no trace of our footsteps the mountain soil. Would you destroy the beautiful behind. the innocent? Have you no child by which to I had reserved the child for a signal retribution of judge of a mother's agony for the destruction of my own wrongs, but I mistook my feelings; the

night come with foolish words on your lips, thinking her infant when she quitted Eden, and heeded not to turn aside the sword of justice by such senseless the father's guilt. Its guiltless caresses subdued

"Count, do not despise me, though I am of the chance that gave it to my arms. wretched Gitane race! Oh, think for once that truth and sincerity may exist where tattered garments ap- to reside in the Sierra near by; here the young pear! The gipsey girl is innocent! I implore you Count Luis, who already owed his life to my daughto abandon the attack on the mountain hold, or never ter, sought by his kindness to repay the deep debt shall you sleep in comfort again. Justice, did you of gratitude he owed her-and a pure, irreproachsay! Since when has she had such claims for Mario- able love arose between them. land, that he invokes her name? Since when has conscience stifled remorse, that that word does not the gipsey girl. You may recollect, that when you choke your utterance?"

The count was agitated; long-drowned reflection seemed at this moment to rush across his mind.

"Gipsey," said he, "if you value your safety, be. your absence!"

and restored to me my husband and my child!"

Saying which, she threw herself at his feet, and clung to his knees. The count could scarcely disenhis attendants.

"Hold, count!" cried Biorenka, "if prayers and So saying, she drew the lost chain from her bosom.

"Avaunt, witch! I know not by what spell you have conjured up that chain, so like the one I wear; but never never shall your evil jugglery stir me was instantly dispatched, could convey her last refrom my fixed purpose. I owe your wretched race a quest, the shaft of death had struck the poor, long arrear of deep revenge, and I will discharge wronged woman. it now! Some robber vagrant, like yourself, once dashed the cup of happiness from my lips, and left ca, arrived too late. The gipsey's soul had fled to me a draught of bitter disappointment in its stead." that abode where sorrow and complaining cease.

"I see your motive now," replied Biorenka; "revenge is rankling at your heart, and to gratify your hatred toward the guilty, you would overlook that which may clear an innocent individual; but that shall never be! If my waning strength permit, with trumpet tongue I will unburden my soul to the winds-a tale of terror shall be borne on every blast! My child shall be saved! Do you know these features?" cried Biorenka, throwing back the thick hair which had hitherto veiled her face.

"If it were not for those sunken eyes, the timeploughed furrows of thy cheek, that haggard, shrivelled form, I could liken you to one, I would fain forget."

"Behold, then, in me, the wronged Amalia! Now count, you shall hear and judge my story. Twenty years have clapsed since you first beheld me. I was then in the bloom and pride of youth and beauty. My confiding disposition, and the seeming sincerity of your addresses; gained you possession of a heart too full of affection and truth, alas I to resist attractions like your own. The control you acquired over me, made a donting woman the blind victim of the -love that filled her, whole being.

But soon you were satiated with the happiness for which you had thirsted, and when victorious, grew cool, and wood one who set a higher price upon her charms. Your ingratitude stung my soul to madness; with the coming claims of a mother and child upon your affection, you laughed at my complaints; but oh! worse than all, you sought an unsuspecting moment to administer poison to conceal the bond. Your design succeeded only too well; you also succeeded in turning the guilt on me-me, who would have braved all, sooner than commit such a crime! An outcast and a murderer, I was despised and shunned by all. Friends, fortune, happiness, vanished from my sight. With broken heart and faltering step, I hastened to bury my shame and woe in the deep lake that bounds the wood on my father's estate; while the wretch, who triumphed in my ruin, possesses fortune and an unsulfied name! But Providence was watching over me, and reserved me for other trials. Some gipsies in the neighboring forest heard the plunge into the water, and came to my rescue. The gipsey chief, who is now your prisoner, drew me to the shore, and, with loud exclamations of pity, lamented that so much beauty should be driven to seek such an untimely end. When restored to life, I reluctantly consented to accept their cares, and was finally persuaded to marry my preserver, and join the gipsey band.

The rambling life I led diverted my mind from my misfortunes, and, in time, restored my health. I became accustomed to the rugged mountain paths, and to repose beneath the open sky; but the villany of my seducer was not forgotten-it sank deep into my heart.

Now, count, my story is drawing to a close; and, if she must resign all she loves, the gipsey little cares how soon her life closes, too! The world for her is now one wide spread desolation! The gipsey was finish asks but to sink to her rest on the heather, far from chamber. the pity or ridicule of man !"

Biorenka's voice grew faint—her trembling knees scarce supported her the hues of death were passing in quick succession over her face-the emotions of her mind were fast overpowering her-her wound was mortal.

After a pause, she continued:

A few years subsequent to my initiation into my new mode of life, chance brought our band to a Quinta, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the province of Andalusia. It fell to my lot to go for escaped from its weariness and trial into a purer; ward and offer to tell the fortunes of its inmates, holler atmosphere. Her thoughts floated out upon when I learnt oh, God! the recollection alone over those quiet waves, and thence seared higher, nearer powers me now!—that the Quinta was the residence to the Home of the Soul. of the Count de Mariolana, and that the lady to And now as she sits there, the great weight seems whom he had been married was living there at that to be gradually lifted from her soul, and she smiles, I entered the plantations. Revenge fired every

voice, all told me that she was the daughter of the would, the low of retribution she murmurs. Earth is not bright to me. Why come [This shall be the substitute for my murdered should I live, while my intellect longs for knowledge,

infant. The father shall now feel the pange that and it is dented me; while my heart graves the love

afflict your heart, and rejoiced in the thought that the echoes of that mother's voice: you should drink deep of the cup of misery with myself i

desperation could have given, and, with incredible "Count, my business is pressing. That paper be- speed, bore it, heedless of its ories, to the gipsey

germ of a mother's love was in my bosom, and I "What driveling hag are you, that at the dead of hung over it with the tenderness of Cain's wife over my soul, and, as I kissed its ruby lips, I blessed the

The girl grew in strength and beauty. We came

Count, you will have guessed before now who is missed your child, she wore your household chain; this only, of all her jewels, did I preserve. I gave it to her with injunctions of secrecy that she should never disclose whence it came, save misfortune or gone! If by your damned art you should possess a distress should overtake her after my death. In secret -But no ! it cannot be-I'll not believe it such a case, I bade her seek out that mansion in I warn you to recollect my power; your safety lies in Madrid, which bore the same armorial bearings as those upon the clasp of the ornament-to show it "Never, count! till you have yielded to my prayers, there—to tell her story, and then all her wants should be relieved.

But, oh! do not tear her from me yet! she still thinks herself my daughter. Ere the film which gage himself from her grasp, and was about to call gathers in my eyes shall quite close them, let me gaze upon her once more, and receive her forgiveness and farewell. Let the dying gipsey's last sigh be tears are useless, refuse this evidence if you can!? breathed in the arms of her child, and her last prayer to heaven shall be to dispense that forgiveness to you, which she does now-"

Before the utmost speed of the messenger, who

Adelma, afterwards the young Countoes de Flores-

Written for the Banner of Light, THE SPIRIT'S CALL.

BY MRS. D. L. CORBIN.

Ann-"Do they miss me at home." They are calling me home—they are calling-I hear their sweet voices e'en now: There is music, rich music around me. And angels are fanning my brow. Then ask me not longer to tarry, Where care, pain and sorrow, can come-I'd leave this frail casket and fly, for They're calling, they're calling me home. They are calling me home—they are calling— And nought could my spirit retain; A voice from you heaven has reached me With the promise of freedom and gain, My spirit is sad, lone and weary, And the angels are bidding me come-Familiarly sweet are the love-tones -That are calling me, calling me home. They are calling me home—they are calling— Earth's love I must bid an adlen; But grieve not my early departure, For soon we'll be calling for you. Not long will I linger in absence,

But oft, to the loved ones I'll come; Oh, then for the present I'll fly, for They're calling, they're calling me home. They are calling me home—they are calling— A halo encircles me round ; They're approaching with flowers and music-Enraptured I list to the sound. There's a joy pervading my being-I see the bright band—they have come— Oh, I'm breathing the perfume of heaven, For they 're bearing me, bearing me home. UPTON. Jan. 16, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE STEP-MOTHER,

BY GRACE LELAND.

Carrie was alone. How tired she was, and how her head ached !-and the stove must be polished. and the kitchen floor scoured, before her work would be finished. She was very beautiful, notwithstanding she looked tired and warm. Her plain calico dress was very neat, and her chestnut brown hair that lay in wavy folds back from her face, was quite smooth, and twisted in a simple knot behind. She had not the delicate white hands that heriones are often favored with, but they were very useful ones. which, in my opinion, are far better in this every-day life of ours.

Through that long summer morning had Carrie toiled, while the great sun mounted the zenith, and dropped from thence his soorching rays. It was not strange that she trembled with weariness, that her head ached so severely, and that around her heart were surging the bitter tears she would not let come into her eyes. It was past three when her task was finished, and she ascended slowly to her little

An hour later, we find her sitting by the window, her work-dress exchanged for a neat lawn, and her hair re-arranged almost as simply as before, with a few ringlets that seemed to rejoice in their regained freedom, and among them wreathed a beautiful moss rose-bud.

From this window she could look through an opening between the buildings off upon the deep blue waters of the Atlantic, and the lovely view seemed like a peaceful passage through which her spirit

for she knows that angel fingers are lifting p the burden, and will bear it away. She can almost feel nerve. I dashed on, I knew not why or wherefore upon her brows her angel mother's kiss; she knows In my way I met a lovely child; her features her that she is near, and she bows her head upon the window-sill and now the tears fall fast. "Oh, mother! dear mother! let me come to you!"

it may not rebilyer, Alone all alone why bust I ence toro my heart asunder l'accounted up the miseries you longer live ?! Alone all alone why must I

Peace—peace, my child! Thy way now is dark, but angels are ever near. A mother's hand leads The day following that on which our story opens, "What mystery," inquired the count, "have you I snatched the child with a strength that only thee through the night and the storm, up nearer to was the Sabbath. How gladly were its holy hours the Great Father. Patience, derling! the cross thou always welcomed by Carrie. It was a lovely day, bearest will yet become a crown upon thy head, and a breeze from the water rendered the air cool Forget not Him who was acquainted with grief, who and refreshing. Carrie had been to church all day. became a "man of sorrows" that the children of Toward the close of the afternoon she went to the earth might live. Be brave, and falter not, and thou beautiful cemetery, to seek her mother's grave. shalt be purified through suffering. Draw near to our Thinking herself alone, and screened from observa-Heavenly Father, and he will give thee strength."

A holy peace descends upon Carrie's soul. right,"

mother bears to the Father done all, the prayers mother's counsel, for her sympathy, her protecting of her only child. She prays for strength, that she may not falter; she' prays fir her father, and for mother still loved and watched over her, there were those who plant her way so thickly with thorns, times, as now, when she could not restrain her feel-She prays with a world-wide live for all, and lastly, there rises from the depths of her soul a prayer for one dearer to her than all others; and through all her petitions there breathes a perfect trust, which can find expression only in the words of the Divine hiding her face again in her hands, she leaned Teacher, " Not my will, but thine be done."

Again she seats herself by the window; but though she gazes out upon the distant blue waves, she sees them not. She beholds only a fimiliar form, a manly face glowing with the beauty of the enshrined spirit, and in fancy meets the glance of those deep, dark eyes, which always thrills her with a holy, mysterious influence. She has often met that glance, eloquent with affection; and though he has never told her in words that she is dear to him, there are moments, and especially when she meets his eye, that her soul joyfully exclaims, "He loves me!" Then come crushing doubts and fears, while through them all gushes up the blessed assumnce that yet she fears to believe. But now, after holding communion with the Father of Spirits, she feels renewed trust. Her faith in him is strengthened and she murmurs: "I will work and wait; my Fither knoweth best,

and he will do right." At this moment a harsh voice from the hall calls-Caroline!"

Stiffing a sigh, Carrie hastened down stairs. We vill not stop, dear reader, to listen to the harsh. fault finding tones that Carrie hears, but I will tell you a little more about our herine and her home.

At the age of sixteen, no sladow had ever fallen upon Carrie's sunny spirit. Protected and blessed by a mother's love, she had danced along through childhood, and she stood upor the verge of wmanhood, with a gladsome, loving, earless spirit, gazing into the future. But suddenly a dark shadow crept over that home circle, for Dath had paused, and, taking that mother by the hand, he led her gently to the higher spheres.

How lonely Carrie was in the long months that followed; but she was not selfish in her sorrow, and she always greeted her father with the same loving smile as of old, and was to him what she had ever been-a very sunbeam.

Scarcely a year had looked dwn upon her mother's grave, when one day her father, told her that he should be absent from home alay or two, and should not return alone—that she must be propared to welcome one who, in future, would be a mother to her.

He could only guess the ming those words had her countenance. She could not speak. The idea had never entered per mind that her father would seek another wife. How could he wish to see another in her place, who had become an angel, and who yet loved them with all her former affection? At last he spoke, a little hastily-

"Carrie, why are you so silent? Can you object?" hards clasped, and costing a momentary glance upleft the room.

Two days afterwards Carrie, with a throbbing heart, was awaiting her father's return. She was a Christian, and she determined to be faithful and obedient to her father, and to her who was now his ent, having left the room just before the commencewife. She had prayed long and earnestly that she might have strength to do right, and to repel all unkind feelings; and with a determination to give a arrival.

At last a coach stopped before the door, and Mr. her future destiny.

"Never can Inddress her by the sacred name of nother," she mentally exclaimed, and in the same breath the prayer rose from her heart, "Oh heaven! give me love for her!"

Mrs. Clifton was attired in the extreme of fashion. her dress being expensive and showy, yet decidedly inelegant, at once betokening a lack of refinement and taste. Her features were regular, yet her countenance was unpleasing, and her manners were evidently not prompted by that innate politeness which | ... Well, never mind, darling; we will think of is a part of the true lady's every day life.

As Carrie sprang forward to give her father a kiss of welcome, a dark shadow crept over Mrs. Clifton's face. She had hoped to find her step-daughter a less up into his with an expression of perfect trust and lovely girl; and her cold, worldly nature was at once turned against her. She thought of her own daughters, and even she could see the painful con- my home." trast they would present to the beautiful girl now extending her hand with a smile of welcome to her. wife." Carrie felt that the smile given in return came not from the heart, for surface-smiles are easily detected ing preparations to leave. Early the next morning by the pure in heart.

In a few days Delia and Laura came. They had been the almost constant subject of conversation B----, where Carrie was to attend school. when Mrs. Clifton had condescended to talk with Carrie, and yet she had dreaded to meet them. They were rude, ill bred girls, not far from her own age, ignorant, and extremely vain, their highest ambition being a desire for display, and for the admiration of those as shallow in intellect, and possessing as little refinement as themselves.

Then the shadows deepened and darkened, oh! how thickly, around Carrie's spirit, till at last even her father's love seemed to weaken towards her, influenced as he was by his artful and low-minded wife. Possessing a will stronger than his own, and determined that her daughters, if possible, should not be colleged by the superiority of Carrie, she swayed the heisehold with a tyrant's will. Ere long she dismissed the faithful colored servant, who had been in the family many years, giving as her reason to Mr. Olifton, that she and Her daughters would be much better contented with more to busy would be much better concented water with to steemselves about, while her plan, in redility, was to convert Carrie, if possible, into a more

Down deep in her own soul she hears, as it were, drudge, while her daughters were to live in comparative idleness.

tion by the trees and shrubbery around, she threw aside her bonnet, and seated herself upon the soft "Dearest mother!" she exclims, "I will strive green turf beside the grave. She felt more than ever to feel the clasp of the hand—then shall I do ever alone in the world, and the bitter tears that would come, dropped down upon the flowers she had And Carrie kneels in prajer, and that angel planted there. Oh, how her heart yearned for that love. Though she never ceased to feel that her ings of loneliness and sorrow, and she sobbed violently. Suddenly a low, manly voice said-"Carriel" She knew that voice, and starting up, she gave one glance into the face of Arthur Boynton, then, against the marble slab. In a low tone which conveyed the affection his lips had never yet spoken, he said:

> "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' You would not wish your mother back, Carrie?" and his hand was laid for one instant on her head.

"Oh, no!" replied she: "but I would go to her." "Were you to go to her, Carrie, my life would be bereft of all its brightness, its joy. The world would be dark to me. Will you not be willing to live for my sake, Carrie? How gladly would I make life beautiful and joyous to you! Your angel mother knows the love I bear to her only child. Carrie, will you be mine?"

And placing her hands in his, with one look of joyful surprise, and of undying affection, her answer was given. And there, in that sacred spot, the holy ties of love were bound, which even death should never sunder; and who shall say that angel mother hovered not near, with a smile of celestial joy dropping its heavenly light into their hearts, and attracting them upward in love to the Father of all?

There were angry voices a week afterward in Caric's home while the family were at breakfast.

"Such an insult to us!" exclaimed Mrs. Clifton. 'As though we couldn't take care of our own family la will let that conceited young Boynton know that we are as good as he, if his father does own his hundreds of thousands. If he can't take Cal as she is, he may look somewhere else for a wife, that's all! I won't have him sneaking round here with his fine airs, and advising us to send Caroline to schoolnot I I"

"And then what an insult!" chimed in the shrillvoice of Delia; " for him to offer to pay her expenses at school, as though her father wasn't able to do it if he wished to! I wonder if he thinks we are paupers? I should like a chance to give him a lesson!" she continued, with a toss of the head.

"He's handsome, to be sure," said Laura, "but then he's so proud, and sanctimonious, he wouldn't be worth looking at if his father wasn't rich. As it is, I'm determined Cal shan't have him," she whispered in an aside to Delia.

"I don't care if she has him, and clears out," said brought, from the sudden pileness that spread over Delia: "then we shall stand a better chance, Lau; so I say let her go, if he wants her, but don't let her go to school; she's as proud now as she can live." Mr. Clifton for the first time essayed to speak:

"He hasn't said a word about marriage. He only expressed a wish, as a friend, that she might attend - Seminary, as he knows the merits of the school. When I told him I couldn't afford to send "My mother lives !" was her only answer, with her her, he, in a very gentlemanly way, told me it would give him pleasure to render any assistance which ward. She could endure it no longer, and hastily might be acceptable. I felt very thankful to him, and supposed you would not object."

Here a trio of angry voices set in, from which he was glad to escape with a promise to refuse Mr. Boynton's proffered kindness. Carrie was not presment of the conversation above related.

About the middle of the forenoon, the office-boy came with a request from Mr. Clifton that Carrie frienc's welcome to the stranger, she awaited their would come to the office immediately. Fortunately Mrs. Clifton was not at home, and as her two daughters were busily engaged with some trashy novels. and Mrs. Clifton ascended the steps. One glance at there were none to oppose her going. In a few moher step-mother, and Carrie had read something of ments she deft, the house, and soon reached her father's counting-room, where she found Arthur, Boynton.

> "I was going to call and see you," said he, "but your father thought it best to send for you to come here."

Then followed an earnest conversation, which seemed, after much persuasion on his part, to result satisfactorily to Mr. Boynton.

"But it is so sudden," said Carrie, "it quite confuses me."

that afterward," said he, roguishly. "You can get ready, can't you?"

"Yes; it will not take long;" and her eyes looked happiness, as she said, "But I must go home now: I cannot realize that to morrow it will cease to be

"To-morrow, darling, you will be my own-my Carrie hastened home, and busied herself in mak-

Arthur Boynton and Carrie Clifton were married, and an hour afterward they were on their way to 0 0

The fifteen-minute bell had just rung, and I was at my desk, busily translating Racino's Iphigenie. alike unmindful of the busy conversation around, and of the tedious practice of one of the young ladies at the piano. I realized nothing of all this till I heard my name spoken. Jennie Wilmer bounded toward me, saying :--

"Say, Winnie! do resurrect from those poky books for one moment, and condescend to talk a little with some poor fellow-mortals."

"In a moment," said I, as I went on with those beautiful lines;

"Bi jo n'ai pas vecu la compagne d'Achille, () J'espere que du moins un heureux avont.
A vos faits immortels joindra mon souvohir.
Et qu'un jour mon trepas, source de votre gleire.
Ouvrira le recit d'une si belle histoire." "Oh, Winnie! you'll be nothing but a walking

book yourself, if you study so."

"Well, Jonnie, I'm at your service."

"Well, then; now, after waiting several conse outive minutes for your ladyship's attention, let me

proceed to inform you of a most august arrival. Our little band is to be horribly invaded by the arrival of a married woman! Our sport will be all demolished, our faces will grow long, and we shall have to be very deferential, or the lady will be telling 'husband.' I should think poky old married women might stay at home, and take care of their husbands, and not trouble us poor school-girls with

their presence. What shall we do, Winnie?" "Why, we must welcome the lady the same as we would any other pupil. She may not be so formidable a person as you anticipate. At any rate, we must expect good of her, and we must all be her friends. I see no reason why she should not attend school, if it is her husband's wish."

"Perhaps he has discovered that she is a scold, and sends her to school to get rid of her."

"Hush! hush! don't imagine such unpleasant and improbable things. We know nothing about it, and had better say nothing in our ignorance."

The five-minute bell now rang, the signal for us all to be in our seats. In a few moments two of the teachers entered, and with them a young lady of surpassing beauty and grace, with such a sweet and noble expression upon her face, that I believe, before she had taken her sent, a unanimous verdict in her favor had gone out from all our hearts; and many a silent look of intelligence, expressive of pleasure and surprise, was telegraphed from eye to eye.

During the intermission at noon, I was showing to the newly-arrived pupil the extent of our lesson for the afternoon in Abercrombic, and addressed her as Mrs. Boynton, having ascertained that was her name, when, with a sweet smile, she said :-"Call me Carrie, if you please."

"Thank you," said I; "I shall be happy to." And so she was at once Carrie to us all.

Very soon we all loved her very dearly; and Mr. Boynton, who called occasionally, became our beau ideal of manhood; not that Carrie often spoke of him, but we had learned the circumstances of their marringe, and then he was Currie's husband, and must be, of course, a paragon of excellence.

Carrie remained with us one year, and then returned to her native city, where she still resides in her beautiful cottage home.

She left us, but the influence of her bright, loving spirit remained to bless us, and in all our hearts will ever be cherished, as a precious treasure, the memory of Carrie Boynton.

Writton for the Banner of Light. SONG OF THE DYING, DESERTED WIFE.

BY MARY B. W. DAVIS.

I am dying, sister, dying ! Bend thy dear face to mine own; Cease, and cease thy bitter sighing. For I'm only going Home. But before my line are scaled In the quietness of death, I would have my thoughts revealed With my latest, truest breath.

Bring my darling baby hither, Place its tender check to mine : Thus in our last hour together Let its arms around me twine; Were HE here, my once fond lover, Sister, I could die in peace-For the angels o'er me hover, Waiting for my soul's release. Tell, oh tell him that I loved him

Fondly, truly, to the last; That I prayed to heaven above him To forgive him all the past. Tell him that the first sweet lisping Of our baby was nis name! That I taught her, ever whispering,

That he would return again.

Tell him I will keep a watch-care O'or him, from my home of light, Guarding all his footsteps where e'er, Hovering o'er his couch at night; Lead him back by words of kindness, That the talents God hath given May no longer, by sin's blindness, Keep him from the joys of heaven.

Go with him where the dark yew tree, Shades my narrow place of rest, Tell him he must strive to meet me In the mansions of the blest. I can say no more, my darling, For the death-film gathers fast! And I hear the angels calling; Farewell I may we meet at last !

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jowels five words long.
That on the stretched fore-finger of all Time,
Sparkle forever."

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain, Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain. Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise! Each stamps its image as the other files! Each, as the various avenues of sense. Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense, Frightens or fades; yet all, with magic art, Control the latent fibres of the heart,

Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the world of song-the poet's native land.

> Life hath its range eternally, Like water, changing forms: The mists go upward from the sea. And gather into storms; The dew and rain come down again, To fresh the drooping land; So doth this life exalt and wane, And alter and expand.

The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal, is to believe all stories to be false, which ought not to be true.

> Mortal! be this thy simple plan : Serve God, and love thy fellow man: Forget not in temptation's hour, That sin lends sorrow double power; Count life a stage upon thy way, And follow conscience, come what may: Aliko with heaven and earth sincere, With hand and brow and bosom clear, "Fear God-and know no other fear."

You may imprison the wind, you may chain the lightning but you cannot hind the free thought and the free utterance of a nation of freemen!

Why call me Lord? thou man of gold, Thou who hast wronged the needy poor! Thy lips abhorrent seek to hold Communion through heaven's open door; Away-go kneel to house and lands, Thine idols, fashioned by thy hands. Call me not Lord.

Oppression makes wise men mad; but the distemper is still the madness of the wise, which is better than the sobriaty of fools, at the process of the state of

dille

Many a man saves his life by not fearing to lose it, and many a man loses his life by being over anxious to save it.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1859.

Published at Me. 3 1-2 Brattle Street,

THOS. GALES FORSTER, J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE. LUTHER COLBY.

TERMS OF BUBSCRIPTION : Bingle copies per year,

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.

CLUE RATES.—Clubs of four and upwards will be furnished at the following rates:

Persons who send us a club of mour 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.

Persons in charge of Spiritual Associations, and Lecturans, are requested to procure subscriptions at the above rates. Sample copies sent free,

Address, "Banner of Light," Boston, Mass. Colby, Forster & Co.

THE USES OF SORROW.

"Every one," says Shakspeare, "can master a grief but he that has it. And if there is any special object in the existence of sorrow, in God's good providence, it is that we may show ourselves able at last to overcome it. All grief is childish, abstractly considered; yet when we look at it relatively. with our circumstances, our education, our social arrangements, and our struggles for a bare existence where life should be so full and free, it is impossible to regard those who are engaged in wrestling with it with other than the profoundest sympathy and compassion.

The question, therefore is, how we can learn to master our griefs in this present condition; how we may convert them from curses into blessings; how we may employ them in the needed work of selfpurification. Accept them, we must; there is no alternative. For when we take life itself upon us, it is with all its manifold conditions and appendages; we can have it on no other terms.

The uses of adversity are sweet-says the poet; so they are, if is put to any use at all. In some other sphere, and at some far more advanced stage of progression, we can conceive of the soul's knowing no grief, because all causes for grief will have been ab-sorbed in its own happiness. That is the state for which good men pray with fervor and faith; and if they believe it a possible state in the hereafter, in some distant and indistinct future, then why may it be impossible of attainment now and here? For the capabilities of the soul are infinite, and what it feels so certain it shall reach out and take in the future, it may not be forbidden to reach out and take in the present. Desires are but guide boards on our road. pointing with their index fingers to the goal after which we strive.

A man whose heart is like the riven oak, shattered and burnt by the remorseless bolt of lightning, yet standing up firmly and erect through all, with a green crown of leaves to mark the royal vitality that no lightning-stroke of sorrow may scorch or paralyzesuch a man draws to him insensibly the sympathies of all. Because all are sufferers; and as all cannot endure in silence and cheerful submission, making very joys out of their sorrows, they hope that in some way one who has suffered more than themselves can share the weight of their grievous burdens with them; or that, having tasted to the very dregs of the cup himself, he may be able to tell them how to drink and still possess their souls in peace.

Great sorrows are great medicines. Every little while our souls need alteratives of some sort or another, and these are presented to perform that effective office. We had better by far accept such a faith in them, than to hold out a state of rebellion, for that brings even greater sorrows still. They come not then as "single spies," but "in battalions." But when once we rightly discern their use, and in silence submit to the service they were kindly sent to perform, and even strive to aid in the work of purification which becomes their required mission, then they are no longer our masters and tyrants, but we have suddenly learned to master them. It is a simple operation, but the heart that is truly wise will soonest learn its invsteries.

And thus all sorrow becomes sorrow no longer. It is changed to joy. The dark scroll is rolled up, and a better one is opened before the spirit's eyes. Then, what we now weep over as the death of a friend, is but his going on a little before us to draw us the more powerfully to the better land. Then, earthly mischances are but blessings in disguise, bruising the evil passions of the soul and keeping all base tendencies in submission. Then, what we deem the loss of Love-that great and gigantic loss with which not even the loss of Life itself is comparable—is shown to be not loss, but our greater gain in that it reveals to us the deeps and profundities of this awful possession which we call the Soul.

Ah, these partings, and separations, and wailings, for what we think is lost to us forever-these swoonings of the spirit-these long and lonely hours of sadness, with which the intrusion even of proffered sympathy seems profane—these low moans of the soul because it will not be comforted—they are hard, hard indeed to endure; and sometimes the delicate spirit holds itself by too slender a link to earth-life to withstand their terrible tortures and wrenchings; yet out of them all is wrung, though as with a sweat Of blood, that thorough and perfect peace which passes all understanding, and that truer and steadier hope is born, on whose strong wings the spirit sours up to the Heaven that is to be its own.

The secret process, therefore, by which this needed work of conversion of grief into joy is to be wrought, consists in nothing more than patient and trustful submission; and that, on the other hand, is exactly what the purpose for which the sorrows are sent. Thus the purification becomes at length self-working: and thus the soul is led gradually on, step by step, to its own acknowledged redemption. Terrible and deep as the suffering sometimes is, the economy is nevertheless beautiful; even as physicians tell us that the laws of disease are fully as perfect and worthy of study as those that govern health. There are some animals who will sustain their offspring even at the cost of their own lives; so will the soul feed its deep instincts and its immortal faculties even at the expense and final exhaustion of the body itself.

We are drawn with a thousand fold more directiness to Christ, because we are told that, with all the rest; he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with That bond alone makes him indeed our Welder

brother." He loved without limit, yet his lot was sorrow. It could not have been required to draw out the dazzling beauty of that divine nature; but it was needed to draw the world's army of sufferers steadily up to the mysterious magnet of his Love.

Who-who is not, or has not been a sufferer? On whose soul has not the heavy hand of serrow been laid? If any, then they may be sure they have not us little to plead, as excuse, the low state of morals yet explored the untold recesses of their own being; they have abysses of feeling yet to sound, whose depths they may come to know in no other way. Sorrow generates patience and trust. The soul becomes calm and contented under the rod, and feels grateful ture becomes savory and pure. In the torturing fires of trial, the dross of the life is slowly melted and glittering. Selfishness is utterly consumed; in truth, self no longer remains, but the true soul, with the God within it, is the whole existence.

for our selfishness and blindness; it is only because tree. we refuse to see things as they are, but will have them as we want them. Once reconcile ourselves, however, to God's good providence, and place our little lives in true relation with what he has ordered and ordnined by the eternal laws of his universe, and the problem is solved; we are no longer wrapped up in self, but have already learned perfect submission; not the submission of sullenness, either, but of joy and peace. And then there can occur no disappointments; for the universal law is permitted to run without hindrance or obstruction through the life, and that law was never known to bring disappointments to those who yielded it a willing and entire obedience. To such a state of submission must every soul arrive at last, and these daily sorrows of ours are but messengers, sent to hurry us

LETTER ANSWERED IN GAELIC BY J. V. MANSFIELD.

A gentleman well acquainted with the Gaelio anguage, recently wrote a letter, addressed to Donald McBeth, a friend in the land of the departed, sealed it in three envelopes, marked with several private marks, so minute as not to be distinguished by the eye unassisted by the magnifying glass. This letter was placed in the hands of a second party, who gave it to Wm. A. Kenrick, of Roxbury, a skeptic as to the phenomena of Spiritualism, and Mr. K. carried it to Mr. Mansfield's office and left it for answer. The following are copies of correspond-

TRANSLATION.

Donald MacB,

A dhomhull Mhil Beathaig. ein ann an staid shons no mishona chan ell tuilleadh agamsa ri radh ann san so slan leat. Misi do chamide

A dhomhulli Mhil Beathaig.
Thu do chairdan ann imeheist
mhor bho'n, adk'fhag thu'n
saoghal so gun fhios ace, ciods
an diol bais a chaidh a chur
ort, a nes ma tha e'n comas
dhuitse fios a thoirt dholbh
mar a chaidh do char as an
rathad agus innis dhomhas way, and tell mo through this
traimhir litir ac caite an mobil letter, and where we last met. troimh'n litir so caite an robh letter, and where we last met sinn cusdeachd ma dheiradh and give me proof that it is a gus thoir dearbhaidhean dhomhas gor a he de sploradsa ply; and further let me know a tha dol a theirt freagramh if you are in a state of happidhomh, agus ma thae lome-chuldh dhuit innse innis dhomhas co dhuibh tha thu Your affectionate friend, fein ann a state shops no ALEX. FRASER.

dileas. ALASTAIR PRISEL. To this letter the following answer was written by Mr. Mansfield :--

ANSWER. Alastair Frisel.
O, thuss air Alex. Fraser, O, thou of little bheag creidimh car son a bha faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?

nounced the letter to be in the same condition as far as her practice has extended, she has not failed when left, that it had not been opened and private to effect a cure in every case presented to her, by marks were correct and undisturbed. He further this new and very simple method, and she has treated remarked that it would have made no difference had a large number. She uses no medicine whatever. it been opened, for he was satisfied that Mr. Mans- We have witnessed her operations, and there appears

this spirit is addressed, so that here is at least one gratitude.

Mr. Mansfield is an unlettered man, having had no opportunities to acquire knowledge of any but and she learns the condition of every organ of the the English language, and, as Professor Felton once body from its corresponding pole in the brain; and charge he made to disparage Mansfield in the eyes rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, and other traveling affecof the public. Yet, with all this ignorance, he has most unknown here. This last is the ninth foreign plied accordingly. language written at different times by him, which is something for so "ignorant" a man to do.

It will be objected to this, that there is still no evidence that the spirit addressed, wrote the answer. but that any spirit may have given it. Perhaps there is weight in this; yet it is partially destroyed. if not wholly, by the averment of Mr. Kenrick that the answer is very characteristic of the spirit when in the form. While we have ever objected to too great credulity in receiving communications purcredulous and too desirous to impute their origin to other causes than spiritual.

We address a letter to a friend in a distant land, calling for specific information on points which, like acknowledged facts, yet have not been exactly corroborated by our friend. In due course of mail, we receive an answer written in his proper tongue, quire of us any unreasonable act? There may be were turned, some difference in the relative positions of mortal and spirit, yet is it not diminished by the fact that the medium in the case before us writes an answer in a tongue almost obsolete, unknown to him, and signs it with his initials, which are not in the letter required to be answered. It appears to us that the application of the same common sense rules observed in mundane correspondence, will solve many of the objections urged against the spiritual. Every one will have his own opinion on this point

and acquainted with yet we think none will deny that this is a wonderful im indeed our felder performance.

WANTED! MORE TRUTH-MORE VIR-TUE.

It cannot be denied that the great spiritual move ment, although it has made the most wonderful strides in popular favor, is, at the present time, suffering intensely from the sins and indiscretions and fanaticisms of some of its adherents. And it avails in all classes of society, from clericals to laymen; from churchmen to those who ignore popular Christianity. We confess to a belief that there are full as many black sheep in other folds, as in our own, yet this is but a mclantholy excuse for the sins of our where before it felt only proud and rebellious. Sweet own household, and one we hardly love to plead. ness is crushed out of suffering, so that the whole na Certain it is that it avails us little in these times. when the sins of the church are passed lightly over by the press in short paragraphs, while an error of purged away, and the pure gold remains, precious and a Spiritualist occupies a column in the same paper.

We profess to have better gospel, and the world expect better things of us, and it is our duty to give to them what they expect. We can hardly ask people We should really know not what sorrow meant, but to believe that the bulk which bears a thistle is a fig-

> Belief in spirit communion and in those liberal, soul-inspiring and charitable words of great joy proclaimed to us by the angel world, is certainly one step in advance; but another is yet before us, and we seem to stumble in the ascent. We fall by the wayside, and presen a ghastly spectacle, when action is required of us. Lust is mistaken for lovedeception is allowed to be holy in the cause of truth, as if truth could be advanced by deception, or love attained by an unbridled use of the animal passions.

It is time we relaxed our efforts to make converts to Spiritualism, and enter heartily into the work of self-regeneration. It is time we show better fruits to the world; that we set our faces against lust, fanaticism and folly, and go to work sedulously to raise a higher standard of morals, and to exercise a wider charity. It is time we set our wills at work to obey the highest suggestions of our souls, and to cultivate the holiest aspirations for unison in all our actions, with the plomptings of the God-principle, which will, if obeyel, lead us into a closer walk with God. An immense responsibility rests upon every one of us to no Right in every act, at every moment.

This done, and the church and the world will flock to our standard, like bees to a flower-garden, for the sweets of Thuth and Love, which will bloom in our hearts, in the gorgeous beauties of heaven. This is the mission each one of us is called upon to perform. Upon our faithful performance of it rests our own hopes of happiness here and hereafter, and the redemption of mankind from folly and from sin-As it now is, half the good seed sown in the hearts of our brethren, is bulled up ere it begins to take root, or is nipped just as it commences to bud in the garden of their heart, by the follies of our people.

The people are calling loudly for the living bread now coming down from heaven, but instead of giving it to to them in its parity, in passing through our hands it is changed to stones. The world calls loudly for living water, which are poured into our midst to be dispensed to it, but we tincture it with the bitterness of our justs, our falsities, and our follies, and they turn from it with loathing. The experiences of the past lew months speak to us of our faithlessness as stewards, and call upon us to create in ourselves new hearts, and put clean spirits within. Shall we heed the lesson?

SOMETHING NEW.

Mrs. Rollins, now strying at the Marlboro' Hotel, by her intuition has discovered the means of diagnosing any disease in the human body, by applying electricity to the organs of the brain; and she also, in a very modest manner, claims the discovery of a When Mr. Kenrick called for the result, he pro- remedy for every disease; at least she says that so field did not understand the language employed, and to be here developed a wonderful truth in relation to that not one word in the answer had been employed the cause, character and treatment of disease. If by the writer, so that Mansfield could not have taken her claims be true—and, as far as we can discover, his answer from the letter. The answer, though they appear very reasonable-his is one of the wonshort and not direct, he said was characteristic of the ders of this age of wonders. This article is not a puff for Mrs. Rollins, as some may suppose it to be, It will be noticed that the signature written by but simply a notice of a truth, as we believe, which Mansfield - "MacB." - is not in the Gaelic in which the afflicted will hail with outstretched arms of

She says that every organ of the brain has an opposite pole, terminating in some part of the body, said, being quite incorrect in his use of this - which | that all disease is confined to the vital organs - that tions, called disease, are only symptoms of diseased now given answers to letters in the French, Chinese vitals—that the proximate cause of disease is a ces-Italian and Gaelic languages, two of which are all sation of nervous action; and her remedies are ap-

> One thing is remarkably in favor of the truth of her claims, viz.: she takes no pay until a cure is effeeted, and then only a moderate compensation.

RETRIBUTION.

The great excitement caused by the publication of the charges against J. V. Mansfield by Callaghan, has died away, and the parties figuring in the affair have somewhat changed positions. Mr. Mansfield has suffered severely in mind from it, but that has passed away, and no doubt has been productive of good porting to come from the spirit world, and advising even to him. The acknowledged and repeted writer close scrutiny of them, we think we are often too in- of the notorious Callaghan letters acquired in the outset some eclat-in fact the laugh was all on his side. No one knew better than we, the utterly worthless character of this writer; yet charity compelled us to remain silent upon it, even though we felt inthose in the letter above addressed to the spirit, are justice had been done Mr. Mansfield and the cause of Spiritualism. Now, we cannot forbear to state the closing scene in the writer's career in our olty. He was a man of considerable natural ability, prostisigned by him. This answer we pronounce to be tuted by intemperance. Shortly after the publication characteristic of our friend, and accept it. We may in the Courier of his letters, the writer was arrested not be acquainted with his hand-writing, yet we aclas a common drunkard, convicted, and sentenced to cept it as from him, without any exercise of the in the House of Correction for six months on this credulous, remark that it may have been written by charge; but at the intercession of friends, his sensome other person. Why not apply the same rule to tence was remitted for the space of twenty four answers from spirits, especially when it does not re | hours, to enable him to leave the city. So the cables

TIFFANY AND MONTI.

The discussion of Spiritualism between Signor Monti, late of Harvard College, and Joel Tiffany, editor of Tiffany's Monthly, has been published in pamphlet form by S. T. Munson, 5 Great Jones street. New York.

JUDGE EDMONDS'S LECTURE. The lecture on our eighth page is printed in the pamphlet containing Signor Monti's and Joel Tillany's lectures against and for Modorn Spiritualism. For sale by Bela Marsh.

MR. CLUER AND HIS DAUGHTER BUSIE.

A correspondent in Stoughton, writes that John C, Cluer and his daughter. Susis have recently entertained the people of that place, much to their satisfaction and delights: Mr. Cluer, by giving two excellent lectures on Spiritualism, and his daughter, by giving several readings from various poets. Many are afraid to hear Mr. Cluer; but he is a man, that is a man; he practices what he preaches; he has a heart that feels for another heart, and a tongue that speaks the truth right out so it may be understood. His daughter is truly a prodigy, only fourteen years old, yet she reads admirably, and produces a powerful effect on the heart of every one that hears her; in her readings she sends forth an influence that reaches the inmost depths of the soul, no matter how deadened that soul may be to the teachings of men; by it the heart is softened and inspired with the love of the true and beautiful. Her readings are like angel voices, whispering audibly to the holiest love of mortals.

We are glad our correspondent is so well pleased and that he but echoes the sentiments of others who were present. They will lecture and recite poetry at Middleborough Four Corners, on Sunday, 27th inst. We hope the house will be full to hear them.

BOSTON A GODLESS CITY!

The safe arrival in England of Rev. Charles G inney is mentioned by the London religious press. Dr. Campbell, of the Standard, says: "Mr. Finney, we believe, has had a considerable hand in the mighty revival which is now going on in the United States. We have already referred to the fact of his

never had anything to do with Boston !-never visited it. Well, this is remarkable, considering the difference in size between this city and a sparrow.

NEW PUBLICATIONS. Inspirational Discourses. Published by H. W. Swett,

128 Washington street, Boston. Price 10 cents. The two discourses delivered by Miss Emma Hardinge, at the Melodeon, Boston, on Sunday, February 13th, are issued in pamphlet form, from the phono graphic report of J. M. W. Yerrinton. These are entitled "The Place and Mission of Woman." and Marriage."

SCRIPTURE EVIDENCES OF SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS AND Analogous instances of Modern Spiritualism, by Jas. O. Ransom. Smyrna, Chenango Co., N. Y.

This book enters into the spirit of its title. It is rough and homely in its style, and tells its own story boldly and fearlessly, handling the matter well.

MRS. HAYDEN IN NEW YORK.

This estimable lady still continues to gives seances at Munson's Rooms, No. 5 Great Jones street. New York. She is a reliable woman and a good test medium, and is giving general satisfaction. She is also meeting with success in her examination of diseases, in her diagnoses of which she has seldom been known to fail.

MISS HARDINGE

Will lecture at Music Hall Lecture Room on Wednesday evening, Feb. 23d. Subject, "The Philosophy of the Spirit Circle-its Uses and Abuses." Next Sabbath is her last Sunday in Boston, and the subjects are "Spirit Mediums," and "Inspiration."

OUR CIRCLES. Our circles are resumed. The public are invited.

The Busy World.

READ EVERY LINE OF THIS WEEK'S BANNER. It contains a vast amount of entertaining and instructive matter. If incessant labor, and heavy outlay bestowed upon it, will If incessant labor, and neavy outlay bestowed upon it, will secure to us adequate remuneration—and we are gratified to say that we have been well patronized thus far—we shall move onward with renewed energy, and furnish our readers a paper unsurpassed in excellence by any in the United States. Our friends everywhere, therefore, will promote the great cause in which we are engaged, by lending their Individual aid in extending still further the circulation of the Banner of Light.

We call attention to the fine story commenced on our first page, from the pen of Mrs. J. S. Adams.

We have now in our family Thirty-three States. Oregon has just been admitted. There was more or less excitement over its coming in, but, considered on its naked merits, the objections will hold valid but for a little while. The Massachusetts delegation in the House of Representatives were divided in relation to the question, the majority voting against the admission, and Messrs. Thayer and Comilis voting in its favor. Of the entire Republican party, fourteen cast their votes in favor of the project. Many Southern members voted against it. Like many other questions that have arisen, and are continually arising in our politics, the question of admitting Oregon into the confederacy has operated in its way to disintegrate parties, and to throw men back on their judividual resources for their opinion and actions.

back on their particular actions.

News reaches us, by way of England, that the Brazilian Government has offered to intercede to adjust the troubler between the United States and Paraguay, and that the offer her accounted by the American Commissioner. A Brazilian to open the commissioner of the commission between the United States and Paraguay, and that the offer has been accepted by the American Commissioner. A Brazilian Admiral had accordingly started for Paraguay to open negociations. We are glad of this prospect of pacificating the two nations. There is evidently a great deal to be done by Science and Civilization in South America, but, in our opinion, this country can initiate and maintain a far better and stronger influence in that part of the world by peaceful and conciliatory instrumentalities than by changing forecast. and conciliatory instrumentalities, than by plunging furiously into a bloody war with a peaceful and strikingly unimportant nation. We trust all differences will yet be adjusted without exciting any more bad blood on either side.

Wm. L. Burt, Esq., of this city, has recovered \$500 from the New York, Providence and Boston Railroad Corporation the New York, Providence and Boston manifold Corporation the result of a suit brought by him against said corporation their cars. He purchased for being expelled from one of their cars. He purchased a ticket, which was taken from him by an agent of the road, who failed to return it, and the expulsion by the conductor was in consequence of not being informed of the action of the sgent who had received it. The last Westminster Review says that a clergyman no

long ago, was carnestly pressing on the attention of a dying Lincolnshire boor certain doctrines which have presented difficulties to clearer heads under more favorable circumdifficulties to clearer heads under more tavorable circumstances. "Wut wi' faath," was the faint response, given in the sick man's native Doric, "wut wi' faath, and wut wi' the earth a turning round the sun, and wut wi' the railroads a fuzzin' and a wizzin', I'm clean muddled, stonied and bot;" and so saying, he turned to the wall and expired. HONESTY REWARDED.-Recently a merchant of this city

lost a package containing the sum of two thousand dollars. He advertised it, and, to his surprise, on going to his store the next morning, he discovered a colored man, in rather humble apparel, scated upon the decratep, who inquired if he had lost any money, at the same time placing the packagin the astonished merchant's hand. The finder's promi nonesty was rewarded by a present of one hundred dollars. Our Newburyport correspondent informs us that Mrs. Charlotte B. Works, of this city, spoke there recently in a trance state, to highly appreciative audiences, that her lectures gave general satisfaction, and that she has been engaged

to lecture there again. WESTERM LITERATURE.—We copy the following from the North-western Home and School Journal," published at

Chicago, Ilir:—
"Mr. Charles Dickén's readings from his own works are crowded every night at St. Martin's Hall, with fashlonable and distinguished audience." The Provincetown Banner says :- "We can furnish Beech

or's Life Thoughts for seventy-five cents. her of Light can furnish his fresher. Life Thoughts for four "Trong" Fit A fit caused by rum.

that through the operations of the ladies having charge of that, through the operations of the lance, maning charge of the Enterprise, some seventy, different destitute families have been supplied with sufficient food and clothing to make them comfortable, and over one hundred children have been fed and clothed since the first of January. The school is in active operation, and now numbers' over sixty children. Its meet-ings are held every Sunday morning. — Utica Daily Observer.

MASS. LEGISLATURE.—The House, hast week by a vote of two to one, refused to increase the salaries of the Justicer of the Supreme Court. Also, by another large majority, the death penalty was maintained. The Judiciary Committee have reported adversely to a Betterment Law.

Grace Bean, the excellent test insidium, is at No. 15 Boyd treet. New York.

Many applications for divorce have been made in this State recently. It is gratifying to know that a very small per cent, of the applicants are Spiritualists. "There is a tyed in the affairs of men," etc., as Bly said when he cut the cords at one of his recent tying exhibitions.

The Webster Statue is being cut up by newspaper scrib-The Cuba question being before the United States Senate. Mr. Thompson, of Kentucky, made a speech such as no re-cent session of Congress has heard the like of. It was full of wit,

humor, and sarcasm. It requires nice stepping for those who walk close together, to avoid jostling each other.

Being positive in judgment to-day is proof that we shall not be of a different opinion to-morrow.

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon your. TIGHT LACING-Two hundred lashes on the bare back.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture during the month of Feb. Miss Emma Hardings will fecture during the month of February at Boston, Lynn, Lowell and Groveland, (In this month Miss Hardinge is fully engaged.) In March, at Philadelphis; 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.; Nashus, N. H.; and other places week-day evenings where her services; may be needed. In June, at Portland, Mc., and Oswego, N. Y. Next fall and winter Miss Hardinge designs to labor exclusive-ter the Wort and Sauth as for as New Orleans and reported. ly in the West and South as far as New Orleans, and requests applications for these districts to be addressed, duri spring and summer, at her residence, 194 Grand street, New

States. We have already referred to the fact of his having made more than one prolonged visit to the rich, gay, and godless city of Boston, when he preached without intermission in the meeting houses of the various denominations."

Beston is not considered a "godless city" about these parts, but on the contrary, a very pious and prime city. We learn for an item of news, that God him at Chicago, care of Higgins Brothers, before the 20th of March, will be considered.

March, will be considered.

Loring Moody will lecture in Warcham, Sunday, Feb. 27th;
Carver, Monday, 28th, and Tuesday, March 1st; Plympton,
Thursday and Friday, March 3d and 4th; S. Hanson, Saturday and Bunday, March 5th and 6th; E. Bridgewater, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 8th and 6th; in Newburyport,
Sunday, March 13th; in Byfield, Tuesday and Wednesday,
15th and 45th; in Georgetown, Thursday and Friday, 17th and
18th; in Groveland, Sunday, March 20th. Will some friend in
cach place, who may see these notices, make all needful arrangements without further request.

Warren Chess lectures in Bullimore, Md. Feb. 27th; in

Warren Chase lectures in Baltimore, Md., Fob. 27th; in Newark, Ohio, March 3d, 4th, 5th and 7th; in Dayton, Ohio, March 13th; Richmond, Ind., March 17th; in St. Louis, Mo., March 20th and 27th. Address as above, at the several dates. The friends wishing him to lecture in Western Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, must write early, as he is usually engaged several months in advance. Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook (formerly Mrs. Henderson) will

lecture in Oswego, N. Y., every Sanday in April; and in St. Louis during the month of May. Erichde in the vicinity of Oswego, wishing to engage her services for week evenings, during her stay in that place, will address her, Box 432, Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak at 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. Ho will act as agent for the Banner, and receive subscriptions either for this paper, or for the New England Union University. Address, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Binghamp-

ton, N. Y., on Sunday, February 27th, and in Oswego, N. Y., on Sunday, March 20th and 27th. Mrs. Felton will receive calls to lecture week evenings, in the vicinity of the places she lectures in Sundays. Address, care of H. E. Barthardton.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury, who has loctured much in Ohio, Michigan, and other Western States, will fecture at Hartford, Conn., on the 27th of the present month, and will answer calls to speak in the New England States, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address, box 331, Philadelphia, Pa. Miss M. Munson will speak in Philadelphia on the two last

Sundays in February. She will make engagements to lecture at places on the route from Philadelphia to Chicago at any-time previous to the first of Murch next. Address her at Philadelphia, care of H. F. Child, M. D. Miss Ross T. Amedey will speak in Marblehead, Feb. 27th; Lynn, March 6th; Cambridgeport, March 13th; Marblehead, March 20th; Foxboro', March 27th. She will answer calls for lectures, and attend funerals. Address No. 32 Allen street,

E. V. Wilson, Fountain House, will answer calls to lecture Sundays or week-day evenings, upon the practical uses of Spiritualism, and its truths, relating many wonderful inci-dents which have taken place, with name and place for

Dr. E. L. Lyon will speak at Auburn, N. Y., Feb. 27th; Buffalo, March 5th; Geneva, Ohio, March 13th. Address, care of Wm. Crowell. Geneva, Ohio. He will solicit subscriptions

for the BANNER in such towns as he may visit. J. C. Cluer will answer calls for lectures on Spiritualism or Temperance, and his daughter, Susie C. Cluer, will accompany him to give readings. Mr. C. will act as agent for the BARNER.

Alvin Pease, impressional medium, will speak at North Berwick, Me., Feb. 27th; and at Alfred, Me., March 6th. Mr. P. may be addressed at North Borwick, Me., until further Miss Sarah A. Magoun will answer calls to lecture in the

trance state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address care of George L. Cade, Cambridgeport, Mass. She will speak in Cambridgeport, Reb. 27th. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer lectures in Buffalo, through February, and Spiritualists in the line of travel from that city to St. Louis, who may wish her services during March, will please address her, to the care of J. M. Gardner, Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Emma Houston, trance 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.

H. A. Tucker, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at Foxboro'. Mass. He will speak in North Wrentham, Thursday, 24th.

A. B. Whiting is engaged to lecture in Albion, Mich., every Sunday for three months. All letters for him should be ad-dressed to that place till May 1st.

Mrs. M. M. Macomber, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture in any direction the friends of progress may desire. Address Olneyville, R. I. II. F. Miller wiji answer calls for lectures to be given by Mrs. Miller, traine speaker, in New York, Ponnsylvania and the Western States. Address, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Mr. Charles W. Burgess will answer calls to lecture on the wherever its friends may desire. Address. West Killingly, Conn.

R. S. Wheeler, insuirational speaker, will be happy to anawer calls to lecture from No. 13 La Grange Place, Boston, Mass., where he may be addressed.

John H. Currier, of Lawrence, Mass., will lecture in Concord, N. H., March 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Mrs. Charlotte F. Works, public trance-speaking medium, will lecture in Plymouth, Sunday, 27th inst.

Mrs M. S. Townsend will speak at Clinton, Peb. 27th; Taunton, Murch 6th and 13th.

H. L. Bowker will give free lectures and public tests of his powers, by having expenses paid. Address Natick, Mass. Miss Susan M. Johnson will receive calls to spook on Sundays. Address North Abington, Mass.

G. M. Jackson, Trance Speaker, Prattsburg, Steuben Co., N. Y., will receive calls to lecture. Mr. and Mrs. Spence will respond to invitations to lecture, addressed to Jampstown, New York.

H. B. Storer will lecture on the four Sundays of February. Miss E. E. Gibson, impressional speaking medium, may be

ddressed at Augusta, Me. Afrs. Alvira P. Thompson, trance-epeaker on Bible subjects. Address West Brookfield, Vt. George Atkins will speak in Orleans, Sunday, Feb. 27th.

Reports.

BOSTQN REFORM CONFERENCE.

Monday Evening, Feb. 14, 1859, 2 1 1841 Quastron-(continued)-Does a belief in Spiritualism tend

to a truer life? Mr. Wetherbee-That a belief in Spiritualism does tend to mr. wetnerone—rnat a belief in Spiritualism does tend to a truer life, in my mind, there is not a single doubt: I know that it does. Yet I am aware that a great portion of the dvilized world, particularly the religious portion, uppose it; but to those who do oppose it, the whole suffect is in darkness; they know not what they oppose; they know comparatively nothing of its phonomena, its facts, its merita of known in the sufficient is not become in the phonomena of Spiritualism. Another that without "Troht" Fre—A fit caused by rum.

Conorses.—The Committee on Ways and Moans have dinoted their chairman to report in favor of taking the census of Kansas, also adversely on the the proposition to establish a branch mint in New York.

Benevorant Operations.—The ladies of the Ragged School Enterprise, to which we recently called public attention, redered, a day or two since, several pieces of called and shifting from an upknown friend. By accident, it new becomes known that his unknown friend was that big-hearted man, Osivin that this unknown friend was that big-hearted man, Osivin that this unknown friend was that big-hearted man, Osivin the sum of the cashing tends to a heart when this year.

true and unobjectionable, if the teachings of Christ are true and unobjectionable, for he tangibly and really communed with spirite and angels. Who will deay that Christ's teachings lead to a better life It is a fact, that Spiritualism makes. Its followers lead a better life in practice; and does not practical godiness tend to a truer life? Is professional followers lead a better life in practice; and does a fact that Spiritualism casts in the heart, and thou profession or pretansion; it heads not reputation, but seeks reality. Spiritualism casts in the heart, and makes men better from interior motives, regardless of external authority, and, by such influences, are led to the truer-life. As the world now is, the great mass of man are restrained from doing bad deeds in daylight, before the eyes of others, but will do anything in darkness, and this restraint makes them really no better; it makes men decition. It is the sense of right which is within that marks out the truer-life. Both the fear of man, the love of reputation, the teadency of which is to a truer-life. Sensuous, material-minded men appear respectable and good, because they are a firsid of telir reputation. The true life is the development of the man within. By intualism makes men act natural; it strips off disguise and deception, and makes men act a truer-life. It is a step in religion beyond anything else yet discovered by man.

Mr. Wilson—Spiritualism, to me, is life, light and liberty, Before I was a Spiritualist I walked in darkness and in bondage; I saw the devil an enemy of God and man; helioffen, smoke and brimstone, and an angry, changeable God. Now I am a Spiritualist li walked in darkness and in bondage; I saw the devil an enemy of God and man; helioffen, smoke and brimstone, and an angry, changeable God. Now I am a Spiritualist li walked in darkness and in bondage; I saw the devil an enemy of God and man; helioffen, smoke and brimstone, and an angry, changeable God. Now I am a Spiritualist live and an allower of the man and love for one a

man.

Mr. Wilson—Spiritualism, to me, is life, light and liberty. Bebre I was a Spiritualist I walked in darkness and in bondage; I saw the devil an enemy of God and man; hell-fire, smoke and brimstone, and an angry, changeable God. Now I am a Spiritualist all these things have fied away, have become unreal, and I see a kind and loving God, who is my Father, and all life is full of beauty, happiness and joy. I claim, and I believe justly claim, that whatever removes darkness, bondage, superstition and error, leads to a truer life. I believe that every true Spiritualist has experienced, in some degree, the truth of what I say. The world may condemn us, and frown upon us; we know that spirits above approve, and smile upon us. I know that Spiritualism leads to a truer, higher, nobler life! It leads men to extend the hand of kindness, sympathy and fellowship to the most degraded of God's children, all of whom are brothers and sisters of one family.

of one family.

Mr. Edson—It is a question whether Spiritualism does, in an external sense, develop a truer life. The almost entire class of Spiritualists are not as yet out of the alphabet of Spiritualism. Some may be so advanced as to see that all things are right; that everything is made for a purpose. Spiritualist generally have apparently relaxed their ciforts in moral reforms; as they have also in the eyes of the world, that perceives with sense one sight heavest less respectively. in moral reforms; as they have also in the eyes of the world, that perceives with sensuous sight, becomes less respectable in their general behavior. There is a power that lies beneath this, and every condition of life. The external perception of this influence, without the recognition of the power behind, must decide it to be a curse to man. God is governed by laws, and he governs man by laws; his power is supreme. We may not, while in our alphabet of spirit progress, be able to see that what appears wrong will work out good. In one sense Jesus and Judas were equally true to their plane of life, and cach performed his mission. Church government makes people act unnatural, by restraint from fear; Spiritualism throws off restraint, and its believers act their bad natures out; it leads to a better life by invitations their bad natures out; it leads to a better life by invitations of love; it does not try to drive men to a better life by fear, or to cover up their deception by a closk of pretence or pro-

Mr. Cushing offered some criticisms on the form of presenting the question. He thought it should read—Does a knowledge instead of a belief in Spiritualism tend to a better life? Hope is lost in fruition, and faith in sight or knowledge. If you have evidence of a fact, you have a belief or faith therefrom; while if you have knowledge of a fact, your faith

ceases.

Mr. Walcot—Spiritualists have been charged with not taking part in moral reform movements. There is a reason for this. Before I was a Spiritualist I was a rabid abolitionist. this. Before I was a Spiritualist I was a rabid abolitionist, a temperance man and a peace man; and I was excessively severe in my condemnation of all those who were not. To these moral reform questions I devoted a great deal of time and effort; but when I became a Spiritualist I learned the fact that when all my time and efforts thus spent were summed up they amounted to little more than blaming and condemning others—those who were, perhaps, less blameworthy than myself. Spiritualism whispered to me, "heal thyself first;" and I have found it so much work to do this that it takes all my time. I find my disease feally worse than my neighbor's, and myself unfit to heal that in others which is worse in myself. In Spiritualism I have learned that I was not better than others, as I had before thought I was not better was not better than others, as I had before thought I was and the effort to make others better, when I am worse, was vain. Spiritualism tends to encourage all moral reforms, but in a different way from that practiced in the past; it does this by a practical life of reform begun at home, perhaps in quiet silence, not in the rabid, loud-sounding denunciation of others, common to moral reform advocates. Thus, in this respect, Spiritualism tends to a truer and better life.

Mr. Coleman.—The idea that fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, who have departed this life, are looking down upon us and witnessing our daily actions is imaginary; it is a fution without a single fact to make it otherwise. Eminent Solvensia government of the solvensia government with the support of the solvensia government of the fiction without single many than the reason that for the ficualists gets a division the reason what nonsense they please, and other Spiritualists believe what they teach, no matter how imaginary and nonsensical. The whole subject of Spiritualism is imaginary. When Spiritualists shall take the subjects of moral reform in hand, and help banish from society that tends jects of moral reform in hand, and help banish from society immoralities, I shall think there is something in it that tends to a better life.

Seaver—I think it is better to be fair. There is claimed Mr. Seaver—I think it is better to be fair. There is claimed to be by Spiritualists a belief and a knowledge of the facts of Spiritualism. Spiritualism is a religion, and it proves itself to be a better religion practically than the popular religions. According to my experience, Spiritualists are active in all reforms, moral and religious. One prominent lecturer I would mention—Henry C. Wright—is foremost in the antislavery movement. The philosophy of Brother Walcot is good; charity begins at home. The idea of Slavery in the model republic of the world is abominable, and when I hear model republic of the world is aboninable, and when I hear the people say the slave is not ready to be set free, it re-minds me of the anecdote—"John, don't you go near the water till you have learnt to swim." To me there is some-thing very mysterious about the whole matter of Spiritualism. In regard to the speaking of trance mediums I am certain that the minds of those present do influence what is said. Before I believe in Spiritualism, there is one important point to be settled, which is, whether there is a spirit in existence. Though I am not able to accept the belief in Spiritualism, I can see it is a great improvement over the popular religion. No religionists would allow me, an infidel, to come in and talk with them as Spiritualists do here. The first step taken in progress is free speech and free thought. I wish I kad power to sweep out of existence all the influences that make men afraid. I do not know whether Spiritualism is true or not, but I do know it is an influence that makes men better.

men better.

Mr. Pike—There is a degree of faith that comes so near knowbedge that it requires a hair-splitter to tell the difference between faith and knowledge. Spiritualism teaches us that we shall reap in the spirit-life as we sow here; and if mortwas a large conscious of this fact it, will tend to a truer life. It tals are conscious of this fact it will tolk to favor of moral re-is not true that Spiritualists are not in favor of moral re-forms; they favor all moral reforms with a mighty effort, but forms; they favor all moral reforms of all others. All do not favor one, alone, at the expense of all others. Al moral reforms are, of a necessity, developed in Spiritualism.

EMMA HARDINGE AT THE MELODEON Sunday Afternoon, February 20.

Taxi—"Whosoever shall give to drink unto these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of the disciples, verily I say unto you, he shall by no means lose his reward." verily I say unto you, he shall by no means lose his reward.'
There are few present who have not had their minds opened to investigate the claims which public mediums set up, to being influenced by intelligences either above or out of the reach of their own minds' action. Such has been the case with the speaker. Assumption must prove itself; and we wish to give a vision, and force her to speak of little children. She has rejected this theme before. God forgive her who could refuse the little children. Her teachers call up before her eyes an open area in the life beyond the grave, and show the destiny of man in the world that follows this. The first is a vision of little children.

her who could refuse the little children. Her touchers call up before her eyes an open area in the life beyond the grave, and show the destiny of man in the world that follows this.

The first is a vision of little children.

It is a picture of agony. Millions of human beings pass by in groups, and in silence. There are the faces of old men and old women, bruised in bone, distorted in feature, and painful in limb. There were such sights of woe as angels may weep to see. They are reduplicated in the little ones, and wait to be obliterated from humanity. They pass away, crushed out by cruelty, the human wrecks of years. And as they pass, gentle, rosy cherubs, soft and fair, with glossy ringlets and radiant eyes, voluptuous in beauty, take their places. No one dares to nourish the little heart. They knew not the blessing gem of life, as the eyes of the little ones look back on father and mother. The crushed hearts of these little wrecks bade us speak of little children. Then uprose a vision of factories, machine shops and looms, and little children prematurely thurst into the hands of labor, unknown and unclierished things upon earth, with hard men and women, and the prison and gallows as the warnings against evil, but with no incentives to good—crushing into misanthropy and materialism all too soon. The factories, and the dens of sin in bittles, and the gallows society has built and cherishes—all bid us save little children.

This is the first part. We will not yet press on to view the remaineder of the picture, prematurely wise as they are, you would rise in your strength and say it shall not be! They had no business to be thrust into earth-life so soon. It is the first part, we will not yet press on to view the remainder of the picture, prematurely wise as they man had no business to be thrust into earth-life so soon. It is the first part, we will not not earth-life so soon. It is the reducing the should be begun well, that all might know the responsibility of their own divine nature—that they might cultivate a

body is too weak, it bursts and sots the spirit free. God rules frain's darkness into light, and dooms all men to the brightness of eternity; and while we behold the bird enduring its own heart-pain for its little ones, so he does for little childerh. We cannot see the slighted child, without feeling that something has been lyst. There its a vacuum in nature, but God file, it up in time. But what shall we do to prevent the crueltles which have been heaped on children? Educate! But the education of two-thirds of the children of the cities begins at the wrong end. Let us see if, we cannot find out God file it up in time. But what shall we do to prevent the of ucidles which have been heaped on children? Educated by the children of the chi

malize their senses by the stench of the bar-room, nor abnormatic their senses by the stench of the bar-room, or the foul breath of the incbriate. Pure air is the breath of heaven—a messenger of love and happiness, and feeds their health and buoyancy. We claim that the child needs as much physical education as moral or mental. n as moral or mental.

There is in each human being a set of peculiarities. We ought to study the characteristics of mon. The narrow-minded man believes that God has made all men totally deprayed. The generous man has a heart humanity ev playing a harmonious tune upon, and its music is free as the flower's fragrance—can be had for the asking, but bought by

Error ever brings its own consequence, and the consequence never fails. Learn little children this fact, and the consequence never fails. Learn little children this fact, and they will grow up moral glants. Teach them their duty to themselves. Nature has placed on their battlements the sentinels of pain; and when the stomach, the brain, the musclea, are overtaxed, the sentinels give the challenge. Show the child the reason of things, and the relation between cause and effect. If he labors too hard, he is cross and tired—natural effects which must follow cause

The world has been called cold and hard. There is kind-The world has been called cold and hard. There is kindness there, if you will only work it out. Not only are men sensible and responsive to kindness, but the dog can by instinct tell the motives of a person, whether kind or malevolent. Be kind to the little child, and you touch his soul in its tenderest spot. See that justice is always done the little child, that it may never mistake the motives of men. We have the when of souther the when of souther the child, away from home—from child, that it may never mistake the motives of men. We loathe the plan of sending the child away from home—from the care of parents and the association of brothers and sisters. You break the tendrits of affliction when you transplant him to a new soll. You are preparing him to hate the world, when you send him out into it too young. What he looks for he finds. If he looks for hard hearts in the world, he will find them. Every heart is a magnet—a loadstone, and its kind are drawn towards it.

We cannot see that the world is so bad nor so wicked as misanthropes declare. Our roof God does not require any of

We cannot see that the world is so bad nor so wicked as misanthropes declare. Our good God does not require any of us to be sinners. The world is a very good one, and little by little we will make it better. We see enough in human nature that is wise and good, and we find nothing there a mys-

tery too deep for the mind of man to follow.

Why not let the little child speculate? In youth it has its little ideas of commerce, of manufactures, and loves to pull its toys to pieces, to see what they are made of. Nature shows him a system of mechanics, of which artificial science is but an appendix. Where is there a greater system of acoustics than the ear? of optics, than the eye? of locomotion, than the thews, nerves, sinews and muscles? In the child is always the love of knowledge; then why should it be cramped by authority? There should be no arbitrary authority. This is a bold statement. What! no control of father, mother, nor nothing? Yes, there should be guides to keep the child from doing wrong; but not to make it the reservoir of the conceptions tions of another mind. Let it draw inferences from its own experience. Never present to a child a single thought that you have no illustration for. Teach him comprehension and analysis rather than faith. Let justice ever be done him, and he will never know injustice. The child asks who made these he will never know injustice. The child asks who made these wondrous things in nature that it sees. When you can answer this question to your own satisfaction, you can do it to the child's; but don't become a Tantalus, and disguise the truth with metaphysical speculation. To tell a child he must believe what it cannot see reason for believing, because it is in the Bible, or anything else claimed to be the word of God, is doing him a gross injustice. In nature he finds God everywhere. This is enough for his purpose.

Then comesanother vision of little children—pure, guileless and angelle, harmonious and kind. The mind has come into sympathy with the lady, and the little hearts lead for low

sympathy with the body, and the little hearts leap for joy, in hig electric air, because life is so happy, to see the look of responsibility on their faces, when they are

to see the look of responsibility on their faces, when they are installed as the guardian angels of brothers and sisters on earth. They would fain whisper, Be strong to the loved ones beneath their ministration. And they throng around the couch of suffering, and bid the freed spirit welcome to the worthy. There is a magnetic chain between child and parent, through all eternity, and the parent becomes the centre sun of a system around which they all revolve

Little children, we have spoken for you. Oh, that God in heaven may bless our words, and lead other lips to speak for the little ones.

Sunday Evening.

After the choir had sung a hymn from the "Psalms of Life," Miss II. gave her texts in the following words:

"Ye are the light of the world." "Let your light so shine

before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." The world's reformers—who are they? They are the names that shall shine through immortality, and the light and glory of humanity. Yet we wish not to trace those luminaries in

of humanity. Yet we wish not be trace those diffinities in the history of the world—only to see if there is any test by which we shall know them. We have many reformers of an age, but few reformers of the world. In order to place before you our true idea, we must give the elements which must constitute a true world's reformer. Mirst—materialism; acting through the medium of the senses. Second—affection; the feeling of the bube in the arms of its benefactor, and the laws man bears for man. Third—a love of system, or order. ting through the medium of the senses. Second—affection; I the feeling of the babe in the arms of its benefactor, and the love man bears for man. Third—a love of system, or order. Fourth—intellect. Fifth—spirituality. The reformer who appeals not to each and all of these, is an age's reformer, but not a world's. We know of but one definition of reformer that which benefits man and woman. Here is overy faculty of man called into action. He who acts for elevity is a world's reformer; he who acts only for a lifetime is the reformer of an age. Trace up the history of man, and we find many samples of both kinds of reformers, but fewer of the world's than of the age's. We find it in man's first attempt to the orient. This was an appeal to the external. First reform built cities, dwellings, and temples of religion.

The world never had a history thi religion stamped the beginning of time. From the first we find man has attempted to unite the two worlds, and spirituality has been the ruling element of the past religion—though unixed with gross materialism. Cyrus in Egypt, Zoroaster in Persia, and the dark and swarthy reformer, who, on the Himalaya mountains, caught the inspiration from nature—from the great I AM, and whispered it to the children of earth; who poured out the stream of inspiration from which the creeds of all religions have been filled; whose date and name have been forgotten, though India, under the name of Vishnu and Brahma, claims in the film for her God—were reformers of the world, though the world scarcely delegas to remember them; their footprints

though India, under the name of Vishnu and Brahma, claims him for her God—were reformers of the world, though the world scarcely deigns to remember them; their footprints are lost in the sands of time. They taught no specialities, no creeds, but the sublime power of the great gospel of

The world has forgotten to recognize Isis as one of its reformers, though she taught to cultivate flax, to spin, and weave the robes and symbols the Christian priests deck themselves in. In her we recognize one of the reformers of the world, Who taught the use of the plow was another of the world's first and greatest reformers. In Pythagoras, Bolon, Pisto and Socrates, we find reformers who sought to demonstrate from nature the immortality of the soul. The world never recognized them, for it judged of things, as it does now, by their marketable value, considered nothing of worth which the present time did not demand. Plato and Pythagoras stood poor chances. The ruins of Rome and the Promethian leveliness of the relics of its pomp, tell us of the ages of reform, left new far back in the rear as landmarks of time. The world has forgotten to recognize Isis as one of its re-

The prophet of Mecca might have been a reformer of the The prophet of Mecca might have been a reformer of the world; but he chose the bauble of earthly power, and so became the reformer only of an age. What could he not have been, had he been unselfish in his mission! The world never saw a reformer like Jesus of Nazareth. He passessed all the elements by which the world is to be redeemed. He cultivated the material, showed his affectional in many instances, the most elequent verse in the Scripture is, "Jeaus wept." None will doubt his intellect, it was an intellect too grand for a nation—sublime for eternity. He was worldly unwise when he turned his check to the smiter, but God-like when he sought to bring the erring one to repentence. He was when he turned his cheek we the sameer, our God-like when he sought to bring the criting one to repentence. He was worldly unwise when he gave himself up to the death of the cross, but the influence of the resurrection is felt throughout

Calvin, Luther, Melancthon and Knox were the refermers Calvin, Luther, Melancthon and Knox were the references of the age, but not of the world. They were cold and solidsh in intellect, and so they preached eternal herror and tornent to thuse who dared think, act, speak or do contrary to their dictation. They were the daugers used by Providence to stab to the corruptions of the age, and let out the fevered blood—nothing more. Theirs was an atroclous religion—mad and insane. The poor, unenlightened Brahmin looks in confiding trust to the face of the good Father who has made nothing in vain, and nover destroys what he has made. We have many unknown reformers. Sculptors and painters have set things of beauty up for man to see, and he has been made better for the seeing. Who can see the master-plece of a Salbetter for the seeing. Who can see the master-plece of a Salbetter for the the seling. Who can see the master-plece of a Salbetter for the seeing. Who can see the master-plece of a Salbetter for the the artists living inspiration? Pictures, music and fastor at the artists living inspiration?

There have been many noble poet-reformers—Byron, Shelley, Burns. But they were reformers only of the leg in which they lived. Your poets, such as Euripides, Aschylus, Virgit, and Homer, and rare Ben Jonson, and the noblest of all, Shakspeare, were the poet-reformers of the world. Shakspeare wrote for no age, but for all ages, so he was not appreciated in the selfish age in which he lived, so much as he has been since.

Another age-reformer was Napoleon. But he was all am Another age-reformer was Napoleon. But he was all ambition, and heattated to break no the in the way of his lust for power. Had the ambition of his mighty brain been parcelled out to the world, it would have created scores of great minds. A foul fiend superstition brooded over him, and as she flapped her dark pinions he swung his sword. Place him beside the too-divine carpenter's son of Nuzareth, and what a contrast! There are other great reformers, but their works are beneath the surface of society, and we cannot trace them, for their footprints are below the surface. The great and goed man does not bow to norm, pride, or circumstance. good man does not bow to pomp, pride, or circumstance. To be great and good, does not prevent a man from being material, moral, intellectual, or spiritual. Look at your Washingtons, Franklins, and other noble names in your national history; Howard, and the humble woman, Elizabeth Fry, were world reformers—though too humble to stand in the brilliant array of west, pages which elizabeth brilliant array of great names, which glitter on the monu-ment of earth. She has no monument on earth. She built it so high that it soared to Heaven—built it of redeemed

souls and spirits elevated to nearly be not redeemed.

All of you may be reformers—may lift some human soul to a sphere it could never have reached unaided, and so make your light to shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Warren Chase's Lectures-Mullica Hill, N. J.

DEAR BANNER—A bright, sunny Babbath morning gladdened our eyes, for we had dreaded the renewal of last Bunday's programme of snow and rain. A large audience was assembled at Banson street Hall to hear the practical, thorough-

sembled at Bainson street Hall to hear the practical, thoroughly reformatory, good Warren Chase. I am sure his lectures have benefitted many, who have left the meeting with their conception of the Delty much enlarged, their charitable tondencies much expanded, reaching not only towards those of all classes and color on our own mundane sphere, but far beyond into the realms of spirit life and action.

The morning lecture on "The Influence and Effects of Spiritualism," was received with marked attention and manifest signs of approbation on the smilling, sympathetic faces around. Mr. Chase read a fine poem from the collection in his interesting autobiography, then proceeded to say that all ins-iration was from God; that there was an atmospheric pressure from the spirit world upon our world, that had been steadily increasing for the past ton years; its effects were visible on society at large, and in the individual: that, as the sunlight was beneficent and universal, so was this were visible on society at large, and in the individual; that, as the sualight was beneficent and universal, so was this spirit influence, that failing upon all, called forth the manifestations peculiar to each. As some were physiologically more susceptible to spirit influence than others, some were impervious to it; as the sunshine failing on the flowers, called not forth their colors, for they were formed by combinations in the flowers themselves, so, failing on decaying forms, the same sunlight called forth offensive odors; yet for this who would revite the glorious sunshine and call it ovil?

The lecturer spoke of an emblem in nature that was often

The locturer spoke of an emblem in nature that was often chosen as a text by him—the water-lily; growing, at first, dark and unseen in its slimy bed, enwrapped in mire, shrouded from the light and heat. Bo with humanity, on its first sensual plane; groping in darkness, beholding no ray of light, feeling not the warmth of heaven. Then slowly and gradually the refracted rays sought even its hiding-place, and the flower emerged from mire and darkness, slowly ascending to the surface, but as yet with petals closed, giving forth no fragrance. This is the second, or intellectual, plane of human life. The intellect soared abroad, building railroads and inventing telegraphs, but love was not there; neither love of God nor man urged these improvements; it was intellect alone that guided thom. On looking around, the popular man was he who sided with the popular voice, who gave forth other people's thoughts, not now and bold ideas of his own; the man who said just wint others thought, and what others were going to say, was the favored one to whom all responded, all called out loudly in acquiescence. The man most likely to be chosen for Tresident would not be the best man, but the keenest, strewdesk, cutest one—the willy diplomatist, the The lecturer spoke of an emblem in nature that was often he keenest, shrewdest, cutest one—the wily diplomatist, the

gatherer of facts and financial knowledge.

But there was yet another plane for the water-lily—another and a higher plane for humanity—the spiritual, where love comes to the soul, to arouse, strengthen and inspire; then
the water-lily opens its fragrant heart alike to all, that every
son and daughter of earth may inhale its perfume and delight in its beauty—the rich and the poor, the high and the
low, the white and the black, the good and the evil-doer. So with the harmonized heart; it gives of its love to all; saying to none, begone! not even to the most undeveloped spirit; to none, begone: not even to the most undeveloped spirit; for if that spirit be lower than ourselves, surely we can do it good, and by so doing, perhaps attract to us the higher influences who delight in doing likewise. In every form of humanity, however low and deprayed dwells the incarnate spirit had ever come to the share by done it has much as spirit had ever come to the bottomer as a spirit had ever come to the bottomer as a spirit had ever come to the bottomer as a spirit had ever come to the bottomer as a spirit had ever come to the bottomer as a spirit had ever towards me; no one ever had that feeling for me before; oh, how I wish I could take your hand."

And he felt as a brother should towards that darkened and And he felt as a brother should towards that darkened and unhappy one; and he came for pity, consolation and guidance; not to deceive or delude. The effects and benefits of this established intercourse between the two worlds have been proved by scores of testimony; its witnesses are numbers, its facts undenlable, its effects upon those who worthily accept it, elevating and harmonizing. But we must not forget, in our communion with the spirit-world, that our friends and brethren there are finite beings; incapable or giving other knowledge than what they have individually attained to; and knowing of the past only, as we know on earthfrom the testimony of others. All bear with them the characteristics, propensities, idiosyneracles even, that marked them here; and these are retained by some long after their transition to the other country. Some roturn, as sympaand orethren there are finite beings; incapable of giving other knowledge than what they have individually attained to; and knowing of the past only, as we know on earthfrom the testinony of others. All bear with them the characteristics, propensities, idiosyneracies even, that marked them here; and these are retained by some long after their transition to the other country. Some return, as sympathizing and affectionate friends; others are authoritative and commanding; let us submit their messages to the test of reason and judgment; not obeying them blindly as superior beings, but judging them by our own standard of truth and honesty. When spirits tell us to love one another feel that mandate right? When they tell us to deal kindly with the poor, to ald support, encouring each other, to speak gently and persuasively to the erring, does not our conscience approve, our judgment respond? By this rule we

nay try the spirits always.

It has always been said that God is love, but this is not so; for love is an attribute of God, an element of his divine nature only; and reverence goes forth to what is above and beyond all finite comprehension and distinction. So love may be said to have part in God, but is not all of his infinitual converse.

unds and power.

Brother Chase spoke dequently of our duties to each
other; of the energizing, fraternizing, harmonizing effects of
love; of that state of moril and mental harmony, in which there is no place for afger, scorn, envy or fear; that this state can be attained by effort; by a proper reception and adaptation of the inspirations of spirit-life and influence now descending through the epon door from other worlds to this. The effects of spirit intercourse upon himself had been to clevate and bless; to render him better, purer, wiser and

appier.
I wish that I could render justice to this beautiful and de-I wish that I could reiner justice to this beautiful and accounts at the learn state of many hearers. The evening subject was—"The Old and the New: the similarity of the Spiritualism of the past with that of the present day." By what standard should modern the New: the similarity of the Spiritualism of the past with that of the present day." By what standard should modern Spiritualism be judged? Not by the conflicting, varying creeds, for none were agred. Not by the seven associated churches, for even they sparately and collectively represented not the standard of the country. It could not be tried by the Presbyterian, Methodst, Baptist, or Catholic creed, for none of these was the religion of the country. But there was a standard of religion in the licarts of the people, in the ouls of all; it was the religion of the New Testament: that ferverted so much by the clercy. hearts of the people, in the bulls of all; it was the religion of the New Testament; that, erverted so much by the clergy, remained the standard of his people's belief. The simple, all-forgiving, fraternal dectines of Jesus were perverted and left uspracticed by its clercal exponents. "Jesus-chose his disciples from the lowest ind humblest spheres of life and avocation, and bade their go forth and preach the Gospel, saying unto men, that the kingdom of Heaven was at hand; that the spirit-world wa discovered and intercourse established between its deniens and our earth. This was the proclamation he issued; and his followers healed the sick, cast out devils, and raissi the dead. Not from the graves, where their bodies lay muldering did they go to raise the de-

cast out devils, and raisal the dead. Not from the graves, where their bodies by muldering did they go to raise the departed, but they called dim from the spirit-world, and communicated with them, of with us at the present time.

And they who preclaimed the nearness of the kingdom of Heaven, did not only preable, but they practiced the six days of the week, bringing fifts of healing to the sick, binding up the broken hearts, eating out the undeveloped spirits in charity and kindnesshot with denunciation and violence. They had no broad an stately churches to preach in, those disciples; they took in heed of worldly goods, but went forth on their missions of live; and, taking no heed of their uttersces a stoke as it westyen them by the spirit. So with the on their missions of New and washing to freed or their disconnects, specks as it weighten them by the spirit. So with the spiritual media of their count; inspired truths, pure morality, decepest charity, phadest love, is showered to earth from the angel world, give by the lips of mon and women fitted the angel world, give by the lips of men and women fitted for this work. In il respects, Spiritualism, as tried by the standard of the New Restament, will uphold itself, and prove to the world that it hof God, a truth forever. The lecturar spoke of the bendfalt tendencies of Spiritualism in the clevation of woman as that society is always the most refined and virtuous it which woman holds a piace, so the new dispensation handmitted her an equal co-worker in its cause—a practical replicated her an equal co-w

Last night (Mondy) I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Chase lecture at Milica Hill, N. J., a protty country twen about twenty miles but the city. A few carnest souls there are anxious for spitual food for themselves and others. Bro. Coates there, are gressive friend and true Spiritualist, are anxious for sifitual food for themselves and others. Bro. Ocates there, are gressive friend and true Spiritualist, extends an invitate to our mediums, to favor the place with a lecture, whe convenient. There was some demur at first, by a sectarial few to open the schoolhouse; bigotry went so far as to pout the lights, and refuse admittance to the subject of Spirialism. But our spirit friends, and the emergetic measure of Bro. Coates and others, obtained a light our spirit friends are the subject of Hampa were rolls, the growth admitted. energetic measured of Bro. Courses and the crowd admitted, signal victory. The lamps were rolls, the crowd admitted (some came from distance,) the seats were filled, and the (some cannot not all the save and the save more attents and interest manifest in any audience. Clear, bold and Little, Bro. Chase's discurse reached home Clear, bold and fulble, Bro. Ohase's discourse reached home to heart and intelet; setting many minds to thinking, giving the first glimp of freedom from sociarian shackies, the first sure-foundedope of Immortality to many doubting and aching hearts. Any growded around the speakor at the close of the lecture to purchase his book, sure press his hand. Many left the insting convinced that Spiritualism would lead souls to light and freedom; that it was a faith and a

philosophy imbued with the divine hues of boauty, truth and purity.

I have trespassed too far aiready upon your space. I have trespassed too far alternal and proper everywhere, harmonizing near our glorious cause prosper everywhere, harmonizing near and home, is the earnest prayer of yours for truth.

Cora Wilburn.

Philadelphia, February 15, 1859.

Bunner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1859. Office. No. 5 Great Jones Street.

Philosophical Society.

Philosophical Society.

The Philosophical Society's Conversational Meeting met last Thursday; the subject up for discussion was Sugar. The importance of the subject is greater than the majority of people are aware of. Sugar has ceased to be an article of luxury, the breakfast-table of the lacorer, in compon with that of the prince, requires sugar. To the Chinese we are indebted for the earliest history we have of its use. They have a legend that a mutineus crew left on a desert island in the China sea an uncompromising comrade; a few years after, one of the mutineers, when off this coast, gave the history to his comrades of the immolated individual. They sent a boat ashore, and, to their surprise, the recluse, par necessia boat ashore, and, to their surprise, the recluse, par necessity, ran down to meet them. He was sleek, embonpoint, and stated that he had found a maize-like plant on which he had lived, and had regained his health, the absence of which, and a fear of contagion, and caused his exile. He led them to the plant on which he had lived, which proved to be the sugar cane. It was carried to China, propagated, and from thence found its way throughout the civilized world. More recently, we are again indebted to the Chinese for a sugar-growing plant, namely, the Sorphum-saccharatum, now so universally plant, namely the Sorghum-saccharatum, now so universally cultivated throughout Christendom, although introduced from China but three years ago, and commonly known as the Chinese sugar cane.

In relation to augar, as an element, it was stated that the In relation to augar, as an element, it was stated that the value of the quantity consumed was now greater than the value of the breadstuff—the supplies received from Cuisa and other Spanish colonies, Porto Rico, St. Astashia, and other Dutch and Danish colonies; Jamaica, as an English colony, the Brazila Pernambuco, and other South American States, Manilla, and other East Indian sources, and last, though not lesst, from Louisiana, Texas, and Florida.—

The value of the sugar refined in the cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia alone, is greater than the total amount expended by the United States government, while the amount of buillon parted with to pay for the imports necessary for our consumption, is greater in amount than the gold furnished by California. And were it not for the fact that the augar-growing West Indics, East Indies and South American States, were our customers for our manufactures and agricultural pro-

our customers for our manufactures and agricultural products, the use of sugar sione would bankrupt the nation:

The amount of sugar experted in the refined state is l'mmensely large, and until the alteration in our tariff in 1842, it was surpassed by no other one article, other than the cotton crop. It was greater in amount than the exports of tobacco and corn, but the short-sighted policy of the government has materially abbreviated this export and the supply of the Mediterranean ports has fallen into the hands of England and Holland for refined sugars. The different processes for refining sugar were fully detailed, but as they have no interest other than to the sugar-refiner, we forbear giving the minutige. nutie

nutice.
The scintillating and curious points were as follows: Eugar is a proximate, known as a vegetable proximate. An ultimate analysis shows it to have the same composition or constituents as linen, woody fibre, gum, etc., and only to differ in condition, each of these proximates being merely different stages of progression, and exhibiting different functions consequent upon condition, and not upon composition. This truth was fairly and fully illustrated. It was stated that all successful in plants in the earlier portions of their growth. sugar-yielding plants, in the earlier portions of their growth, contained fecular or starch, which by further progression was converted into sugar.

Starch is not soluble in water; its spheriods merely swell

salten is not solution in water; its spherious merely swell and burst when separated from a growing plant, and presents the gelatinous appearance of starch when prepared for the laundry; nor will the boiling of starch dissolve it, but in dilute sulphuric acid, starch is soluble by continued chullition. The addition of carbonate of lime will cause the following chemical change: The line selzes hold of the sulphuric acid and falls to the bottom, sulphate of line being heavier specifically than the fluid; the carbonic acid belonging to the chalk, or carbonate of line, escapes at the surface, and the supermantant fluid, when decanted and boiled to solidity, is sugar of the black between the carbonic and the supermantant fluid.

that kind known as Grape sugar, sometimes called diastaste, and incapable of being crystalized.

Prof. Mapes stated that, at the fair of the American Institute, held in 1835, he had exhibited specimens of sugar made from woody fibre, linen, starch, and other vegetable proximates.

In the various processes in relation to refining, the following curious facts, were clucidated. Molasses is an oxyde of sugar. If an apple be suddenly broken and exposed to the summaphere, it turns brown; therefore dried apples are brown, therefore dried apples are brown. and becomes oxyde of sugar. If triple refined loaf sugar los dissolved in water, and placed in a common churn, and churned for forty-eight hours, it turns brown, simply by abcoursed for forty-eight hours, it turns brown, simply by absorbing oxygen; thus molasses is not a necessary product of sugar, but is merely produced by the faults of manipulating, such as pumping, so as to combine oxygen, running through gutters exposed to the atmosphere, semi-churning, etc. In addition to this cause, color of sugar is due to the formal or burst. In addition to this cause, color of sugar is due to the forma-tion of caromel, or burnt sugar, which is not soluble in water, but is soluble in alcohol, or in a solution of sugar. Its pres-ence interferes materially with crystalization, and therefore assists in forming molasses. It is the article with which grocers color alcohol in the various forms of rum, brandy,

Dexter's Dancing Hats.

The wonder-seekers here are not all dead yet, and neither are strange things defenct; among them are Dexter's famous dancing flats, which have excited the carlesity, and in very many instances made converts of the witnesses. There are some incredulous parties here who are "on pins" for fear the Banner of Light will be guilible enough to believe, and assert it to be a veritable spiritual manifestation. I have been particularly energetle in assuring them that the Banner would do nothing of the kind, and begged that whatever opluions it might give publicity to, would not be received as assertions, or anything of that nature. Tuesday ovening, in company with "Tom Shannon," of your good city, I strolled down Bleeker street, into Dexter's oyster saloon, which is a cellar apartment, with a bar, and four or five marble-topped tables. I should say it was about the size of a square room after the old-country house mode of construction. The floor was covered with a thin layer of saw-dust, which, I believe, is usual in places of that kind. As we stepped in, we found four hats on the floor, dancing and hopping about, keeping time to an air which Mr. D. was playing on an accordion. At the request of any party present, any one of them would dance by itself, and stop on being politely asked to do so. I took up one of the hats, brushed aside the saw-dust, and found a perfectly solld plank to all appearance, upon which it had stood. The theory of wire-work is advanced by the "knowing," who claim that the floor is perforated by a minute point, almost, if not entirely, invisible to the eye, which, pressing against the crown of the hat, causes it to wibrato. With pocket-kniffs in hand, I searched the entire space occupied by one of the hats, and I am free to say I found no evidence of any wire-work, neither do I imagine there was any, I then asked Mr. D. if they would move a hat on either of the tables. He is in the and one hat he put five more, making six in tables. He instantly placed one on the table—a martio-top—and on top of that one hat he put five more, making six in all. He then drew back from them, and struck up a lively tune, and the hats swayed back and forth, vibrating to the beats in the music. I transferred them to different parts of the table—they moved alike in all places.—I-den't know whether it is a trick or not. What thinks the reader?

Spring.

This vast Emporium seems indeed the recipient of all the unpleasantness of winter, with few of its pleasures. The falling snow-flakes carpet the streets with their whiteness, and at its silent invitation the thoroughfares are crowded with gay equipages, and the bells upon the prancing horses jingle right merrily. Yet, ere the joy is half enjoyed, and the pleasure half a reality, the smooth runners shrick upon the stones, and the snow passes away like the splender of a dream. Hardly a vestige of winter remains; the snow has melted away, and left Broadway something in the condition of a dock at low tide. The air is genial, and through the opening clouds in the screen skies, spring smiles in the distance, and filts by with all her flowery promises in her hands. What a blessing are the seasons: through them we are the recipients of that variety which simulates the mind, and invigorates the physical, while without them our very existence would grow rksome, and our tastes, expression, and character, as sombre sa winter's gloomiest hour. But suppose we had an eternal summers? We could not then grow wenry! The quality of the hullian mind is not such that it could expand, or exist, except to deteriorate, without change, and the changes so porceptible in the seasons, are, perhaps, as applicable to the necessities of man's unfoldment, as for the development and roduction of the vegetable kingdom,

W. L. F. Von Vleck.

Dr. W. L. F. Von Vieck, who, for sundry reasons best known Dr. W. L. F. Yon Vicck, who, for sundry reasons nest known to himself, probably styled "moral," has turned state's evidence against Spiritualism, is still waging harmless war against its host of claims. He induced forty or fifty persons to pay fifteen cents, or go in on a free ticket, to witness his farce, last Saturday night. The occurrences of the evening need no reviewing; Yon Vicck made a complete failure, judged by the same rule by which an honest investigator would nudge a medium. rould judge a medium.

Cora Hatch.

Last Wednesday was a glorious night, and crowds of people thronged to hear Cora Hatch, and were greeted at the door hy notices, informing them there would be no lecture. This was a great disappointment to many who had come long distances to listen to her.

Dodworth Appointments.

Rev. Mr. Benning occupies the stand at Dodworth's to-morrow, to be followed, next Sunday by Rev. T. W. Higgin-son. S. T. Munion has in pampilet form the lectures of Edmonds, Munit and Tiffany, which all should read.

SPIRITUALISM.

As Demonstrated by Ancient and Modern History. [A Lecture delivered before the Association of Spiritualists at Dodworth's Academy, New York, February 6, 1859.]

BY J. W. EDMONDS.

Where is Truth to be found? Such is the demand which comes up from thousands, to whose attention the marvels of spiritual intercourse are presented. It was once said to me by one of profound knowledge and distinguished character, "Oh, Truth! Truth! What is Truth? So difficult to find on earth: is it equally difficult to know what is truth in heaven?" If it be true that man is the cresture of progression, if it is indeed his destiny to salvance onward forever in knowledge, as well as in love and purity, then it must of necessity be a gradual process to obtain knowledge. Man's power of obtaining and receiving it must be over variant, and ever changing, and there must be conditions in his existence in which his capacity to receive it must be imperfect. Behold how slow has been the progress among mankind of many truths now implicitly received! Centuries passed after the annunciation of the true principles of the planetary system, before it was embraced. Hundreds of years clapsed before Aristotic's philosophy of the syllogism gave way to Bacon's wiser philosophy of induction. Where is Truth to be found? Such is the demand which

Arison's philosophy of induction.

The same law obtains in moral as in natural science. How slow was man's advance to the idea of one God, instead of a host of belites, and how long even after that, and through what difficulties the tenet of his own immortality struggled into existence in his own consciousness!

Truth is like water—though the element remains ever the same, it assumes the form of the vessel into which it is poured, and man's capacity to receive it, so long as it is less than infinite, must affect its advent to him. Our search after truth must then be painful and tollsome.

We must dig for our diamonds smid the rubbish of darkness, ignorance and imbecility, well assured by all experience that the reward of our persistent and patient search is ever certain

It is smid such considerations that I ask, on this occasion. what is the truth in respect to communion between the spirits of mortals who have passed beyond the grave, and men yet living upon earth? The question is most important to us for thus can be revealed to us what is the future condition of existence into which we are to be ushored, and how we can make our earth-life most available, as a preparation for the next. And thus alone can this work be done, for it is only through man that it ever has been, or ever can be, revealed to man. In vain do we reach forth a beseeching hand to nature for the revelation. It has spoken for ages—animate and inanimate—without disclosing to us what is the vast future -animate and

It is through the attributes of humanity, and to them alone, that the knowledge can be addressed, and man must depend upon his fellow-man for his onlightenment on this most mo-

mentous of topics.

Behold, then, how imperfectly the truth must approach us, how imperfect is our capacity to receive it, and how our pathway must be best with anxiety, doubt and error! What then? Shall we abandon the pursuit because it is difficult? Shall we cast away the whole product of the mine because the dust and rubbish preciominate over the glittering metal? The truth comes to us surrounded with obscurity, and enveloped in mystery and ignorance. What shall we do with it? Toll for it likewise men, or reject it like fools?

for it likewise men, or reject it like fools?
For my part, I choose to continue the search, and in the execution of that purpose, I will lead your minds in this discourse to a rapid survey of the past, in the confident belief that, amid the dust of ages in which me must grope, we can find the jewel of great price. Our glance must necessarily be rapid and general, for the limits of such a paper will allow it to be nothing more than an index only to more minute researches by yourselves.

I say, then, that the truth of spiritual intercourse is proved by sacred history, by profanc history, by the universal belief

by sacred history, by profanc history, by the universal belief of mankind in all ages, by personal observation, by an un-limited amount of human testimony, and by the opinions of the wise and the good, who have lived before us. Sacred history embraces not merely Christianity, but all the

religions ever known among men, and I believe none has ever yet been known, which has not recognized a sensible, palpable communion between mortal man and the unseen intelligence which peoples the future.

which peoples the future.

This is particularly true of the Christian religion, and the Bible, whence it is derived, is full of it. An angel appeared to Hagar, (Gen. 10); three, in the shape of men, appeared to Abraham, (Gen. 18); and two to Lot, (Gen. 10). One called to Hagar, (Gen. 21); and to Abraham, (Gen. 22); one spake to Jacob in a dream, (Gen. 31); one appeared to Moses, (Exdus 14); one met Bahaam by the way, (Numbers 22); one spake to all the children of Israel, (Judges 2); one spake to dideon, (Judges 6); and to the wife of Manonh, (Judges 18); one appeared to Elljah, (I Kings 19); one stoot by the threshing-libor of Ornam, (I Chron. 21); one talked with Zachariah, (Zach. 1); one appeared to the two Marys at the sepulchre, (Matt. 28); one foretold the birth of John the Bajtist, (Luke 1); one appeared to the Virgin Mary, (ibid.): to the shepherds, (Luke 2); one opened the door of Peter's prison, (Acts 5); two were seen by Jeaus, Peter and James and John, it who are and one spake to John the Evanualist, (Rev. 22).

It will not do to say those were angels—a distinct order of beings from man, for those seen by the apostles were Moses and Elias, and that seen by John, though called by him an angel, avowed himself to be his fellow-servant, and "one of his brethren, the prophete."

In Yetischism—the lowest order of religion received by men—where "stocks and stones" are the primary objects of worship, the connection between the visible and invisible worlds. This is particularly true of the Christian religion, and the

—where "stocks and stones" are the primary objects of worship, the connection between the visible and invisible worlds is ever recognized—dinly, faintly to be sure, but ever recognized as a reality. In Brahmanism, the Avaters of their Vishnu, or God the Preserver, embrace the idea of his repeated visits to man and there is taught the constant interference in the preserver. ference in human affairs of minor intelligences, numbering, I think, some 330 000,000. In Lamaism, the continual personal presence of the Unseen, in their Grand Lama, is recognized. presence of the Unseen, in their Grand Luma, is recognized.
And in Mohammedanism, it is a tenet that from the brief to the grave two spirits are ever in attendance on each mortal in his earth-life. Thus in all the religious ever known among men, and in all now recognized upon earth, the idea embraced in the belief of Spiritual Intercourse is taught and re-

But we are not confined to religious history for the idea; it is found in some form in the profune history of the world, and in the universal belief of mankind in all ages.

In the early days of Pagunism, those whom we recognize as the spirits of departed inhabitants of the earth, were worths.

the spirits of departed inhabitants of the earth, were worshiped as delites. They were clothed with human attributes; they were often but defied men; they were not superior to, but were controlled by, nature's laws—they worked miracles—they interfered in human affairs, and communed directly with the living. That religion did indeed acknowledge the existence of fate, as supeinor to their divinities, but it recognized no great God of all. In their bitindness, and perhaps to the extent of their capacity to understand, the Pagan world worshiped the unseen intelligence that was nearest and most palpable to them, and whose presence ever in their midst. palpable to them, and whose presence ever in their midst they most fully realized. This spiritual presence, which they thus recognized, though tainted, as we now receive it, with human intimities, was yet in their conception ever benign in its character, and not malevolent or evel.

Since two thousand years ago, while the whole world ex-

cept Juden, was Pagan, came Zoroaster as the reformer of the religion of the East, and by him was taught "the doctrine of an eternal spirit of Good, and an eternal spirit of Evil, with a vast number of inferior good and bad genii." Through his teachings, and by means of their association with the Assyrians, and not from their book of the law—for except in the poem of Job, the existence of a Devil is scarcely mentioned in the Old Testament—the Jews added to their belief in one God, and in the communion with angels, the belief in a spirit of Evil, as represented in one great master spirit, and in many esser ones.

Jesus of Nazareth, the founder of the Christian religion.

ound this belief in dovids fast rooted in the Jawish fatth at his savent to earth. It had not its origin with him; he found t there, and recognized it was truth. He superaided to the idvance which mankind had already made in their knowledge on this subject, the knowledge how man could overcome that spirit of Evil, and cast it out from his milest. Christianity took up the idea, and here it along the stream of time. It haught that davis could work mirrores, and were ever-present ent, influencing man. It taught, during the first three conturies of the Christian ers. that upon every child born on earth a demon was ever attendant, and fear of the invisible power was the great instrument by which the priestipod ruled the people. Born among Judaismenad Paganism—taking its lue in some degree from both—teaching that the Pagan divinities were devils, and that devils were cternal spirits of evil, Christianity worked more on the sentiment spirits of evil, Christianity worked more on the sentiment of terror than of affection. Hence in every convulsion of ma-ture—in the pestilence that walked at noonday and in inditure—In the pentence that wanted at monatay and in mar-vidual suffering and degradation, the early Christians ac-knowledged the ever-abiding presence of fallen angels, at the same time that they recognized the daily communion of the saints—the spirits of just nich made perfect. So wide-spread was this belief in this evil presence, and so bangual its influnce, that one of the fathers of the Church, St. Augustine, as

ence, that one of the fathers of the Church, St. Augustine, as early as the sixth century, found it necessary to attempt to miligate the evil, if not to ornalicate the idea.

Behold, then, how man had progressed in this respect, up to the time when Christianity became an acknowledged religion. It was universally acknowledged that splitts from be-joind the grave did commune with the earth's inhabitants, and interfere in human attains; that they were both good and evil, and that man had power over them. But white was the extent of that power, and what the limit of the capacity of the surrounding sulrits for good or evil, were hay we unknown.

aurounding spirits for good or cell, were as yet unknown.
In this condition of human belief ages rolled on; fear being the condition most predominant, in respect to spirit influence, and the teachers of the people affording no relief, but adding superstition and bigotry to the builden, impelled by their own superstition and bigotry to the builden, impelled by their own ignorance and the strong temptation of using fear as the instrument of cementing their power. Then came the invasions of barbarians of the north of Europe, bringing all the wild superstitions of bruidism, a firm belief in man's immortality and communion with the unseen world. That invasion repelled Paganian with all its knowledge and all its Grecian and Roman refinement, and embraced christianity as most consonant to its own belief. And from this source flowed what we call the "dark ages," when ignorance and superstition seeffed like a dark pall upon Christendom, and the belief in the abiding presence of the spirit world was universal, affecting all parties, and influencing all of human action. Religion made the belief blindly superstitions, because religieth was ignorant. All-pervaling and perverted to selfi-h" purposes, it assumed the form of Alchomy, Astrology, Magio and Witcheraft. The absurdities of the Romish Paganem and the superstitions of the Baladarans were interwoven with it; man's terror in vain re-Barbarans were interwoven with it; man's terror in val faibarning were interwoven with it; man's terror in valut re-sorted to por-secution to evaluate tit, and during a period of three centuries hundreds of thousands of victims fell a sacri

fice.

But out of this persecution sprung this most important idea, that man was himself individually responsible for the indiuence which it exerted over and through him. Hence it was that so many were stain for being possessed, and it was only CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.

Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim Each article in this department of the BARKER, so claim was given by the spirit, whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. CONANT, Trance Medium. They are not published only 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 erroneous dea 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.

Weak the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that they does not column this transfer.

in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives,—no mere. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted. Our sittings not experienced.
Wisitors Admitted. 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 HALFrast two after which time, no one will be admitted; they are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

Norice.-Mrs. Conant has been unable to attend to her department, since Jan. 8. When we resume our circles; notice will be given on the fourth page.

Anonymous-Judas and his error. Why was Judas suffered to betray his master?

This question has been given to us by a class of mortals, who, no doubt, expect us to answer it.

You have an old story in your Bible, concerning the man Judans, that will peorly harmonize with the story we might give of such a man; and, in order to answer the question,

give or sien a man; and, in order to answer the question, we shall be obliged to give a brief history of Judas, after he had become acquainted with the master spoken of—this Jesus of Nazareth. This same Jesus rose up among the multitude like a bright star, and that same star-bade fair to outshine all others. Although it had its birth among the lowly—although it was watched over by the publicans and sinners—although it came

water-arrow by the panelins and single arriving it camb to give light to that class of people particularly, yet its influ-ence was mighty—its rays of light and wisdom were Divino. But this same star dwell in a form of fresh; a tabernacle or temple, subject to the conditions of mortality, and thus it was necessary for divine will to guard this star, particularly it travelled through the darker corners of materialism i we find this star drawing to itself twelve disciples, or, other words, twelve magnetic batteries, through which the mortal form was to be

sustained—was furnished him.

These twelve forms were differently organized; each different from the other, yet there was harmony existing between them, Yes, harmony—but we specify no time. There was harmony for a time, at least; and while this harmony

was harmony for a time, at least; and while this harmony was complete, the light shone through the material organism, or, in other words, Jesus lived and moved among the sons and daughters of God.

But when one of these links in the chain, which had been thrown by wisdom around the medium Jesus, fell by folly to earth, and betrayed the light, to the material darkness of the time, then the temple became a victim to the darkness. But the same light that shone through Jesus eighteen hundred years may show to day and ever will show. But the terms years ago, shines to-day, and over will shine. But to our

Story.
Why was Judas suffered to betray his master? Jedas was a free agent, as all men are. He was lord of himself, as all men are. He could become a devil, as all men can, if they choose; or a god, as all men can. But the man Judas was easily influenced—easily led astray, and, by reason of the lack of firmness in his mortal composition, he betrayed his master, Jesus, and unwittingly delivered him up to the hands of those who east the spirit out of the body, ere its time had

Jesus and his disciples were in the habit of gathering to-Jesus and his disciples were in the habit of gathering to-gether for the purpose of receiving spiritual manifestations, as you of to-day often shut yourselves in a small apartment, and call for manifestations from the spirit-world. Yes, so did Jesus and his disciples. A few rods from them, in the same building, we find a scribe and a pharisec, who were very currous to know of the doings, or the performances, of Jesus and his disciples. They had heard many strange things, and were determined to find out something regarding them.

And at every opportunity, we are informed-not in the Bible, we do not gather our knowledge from thence—this scribe and pharisee were in the habit of stopping the disciples, one after another, and inquiring of them what had been Idea, one after another, and inquiring of them what had been done in the apartment. But all, except Judas, were close-mouthed, and kept their counsel, and were determined to speak nothing of it, for the spirits had commanded them, "See that thou tell no man of these things." But when Judas, poor man, was questioned, he fold all he knew, and Jesus was betrayed. Now Judas did not fall by reason of wickedness, but because he heked that firmness found in the cleven. In other words, his spiritual foundation was not so strong as it might have been, and the crafty scribe and tharistic knew how to margareh, him the crafty scribe and pharisee knew how to approach him, to gather what knowldge they wished.
The chief priests had been sending different individuals to

Jesus, to question him, to learn what the manifestations were they had heard so much of. But the spirit of wisdom, manifesting through Jesus, the medium, well knew their desires, and he answered them in ignorance, for he well knew that the gems he should east at the feet of the priests, would be trodden upon, and they would never pick them up. So he dispensed only to those who would receive them, gather them as the distance as they had received.

dispensed only to those who would receive them, gather them up, and dispense as they had received.

These same chief priests were the embodiments of evil, or the devil who tempted Jesus, or sought to tempt him. They carried him among the flue places of the land; they caused him to look upon the beautiful of the city, and they urged him, in strong terms to become one of their own number—perceiving that the light that shoue through him might crushtheir palaces of power; but the same power that shope through Josus, saw clearly through their purpose, and he said, get thee hence ye evil doers, for I will obey that higher source that guideth me through the valley of darkness.

And when the same chief priests found that he And when the same third pricess found that he thus young repulsed them, that the light was too bright for them, then they sought to throw him down by eraft, by mere subtle cunning, and we find one or more visiting him by night, striving to glean some word that would betray him; but the light could not betray itself as all things in nature will prove.

could not betray itself as all things in nature will prove.
But poor Judas, we find, is stamped with crime by the present generation. It should not be so—he only stumbled, as do many in your time. The wily ones of his time cast stumbling blocks in his way, and he could not see them, but fell. Long and bitterly did he mourn his folly, and even after forgiveness by the divine Jesus, he could not forgive himself, and even to this day he thinks he has committed an unpardonable sin. But from the same material plane where he first treativel his means light, shall he receive forgiveness. first received his meagre light, shall he receive forgiveness, and a light which shall carry it to his inmost soul, and shall find his sin was forgiven. Yes, he came to earth to receive light, and he shall receive it, and go away like a little child,

rejoicing.
So Judas betrayed his master—was suffered so to do. Yes. because the light could not control the conditions of his na-ture, because he was a free agent, and could not do violence to his nature, which lacked firmness.

God created Judas, and created him just as he was, and the Power could no more stay that effect, than he could stay the sun in his course. But my time has passed, and I am gone. I have no name. Read it in youder cloud, seek for it in the womb of earth—but in space it is not seen.

Jan. 6.

Joseph Hutchings.

Perhaps I am troubling you a little too much. I wish to find out some way to talk to a friend of mine in reference to a matter that remains unsettled, which I should have attonded to.

My name is Joseph Hutchings. I kept a hotel in Lowell—

the American House.
Well, this friend, Weeks by name—Samuel Weeks—he is made very unhappy by a neglect of mine, and I have been trying to come and square up this matter for the last six months. It's very easy to wish to come, but not so easy to

ome. =1-want-him-to-meet=me-at=some-medium's=-where-I--can speak to him as I speak to you. I was told to come here, and I could thus draw his attention to me by coming here. After I get so I can manage those things to suit myse should like to talk to some of my relatives, and some of

acquaintances; but there seems to be a great lack of the ght sort of mediums.

I did u't live just as I ought to—that was the cause of my

death—the effect, consumption.
Well, tell him this much. If he will call on me in the way I have mentioned, I will make this right, as I can. That's the best I can do. I ought to have done different; but you know people are apt to think death is not so near them, and to put things off until it's too late. I ought not to have done

I will thank you for your kindness and leave, for I do not feel very comfortable here, in what you call a medium,
Jun, 6.

Richard Sims.

Hallon! I'm here. Why don't you hurrah? I thought I never should get here; but I'm here—got a new body, though. I want to look round a minute or so, All strangers! Well, do you want to make acquaintance with such a chap as I

am?
Well, then, to husiness. Confound the luck! Why can't I have some fun before I do that? Can't you give us a cigar? Can't you ask a fellow to drink, nor nothing?
Well, I'm pretty happy, and I'm glad to get here, too. If you knew how long I'd been trying to get here, you'd think I might be happy.
To begin with—I'm dead; that's no news. Then the next thing is, how did you die? I see you would ask. Well, I wasn't siek; went off like a shot out of a gun. You want to know how. Well, a small instrument, picked at the point, and sharpened at both edges, put right in here, carried me off.

Bharn, that?
The next thing is, who are you? Well, then, I was called Richard—commonly called Dick Sims. Spell that with only

one "m."
Well, you see I've got some folks in the world I'd like to talk to. Oh, I lorget—I am going ahead too fast. I was born in a hurry, lived in a hurry, died in a hurry, and came here in a hurry.

I died in Sacramento. The devil always helped me—God

never did-and I got sent out of the world the next day after

I got there.

I was born in Auburn, New York State. I've got some folks there, I suppose. I've got an uncle—confound his old skin—I'd like to talk to him. He said to me when I went mway, "Dick, you'll never come to a good and if you go there." I believe he followed me there. He was always bound to have me heads up, anyhow. When I went to school

it was always so. I had done something I ought not to do, or had not done anything I ought.

You see the old chap told my mother, if she would name me after him, he would give me all he liad.. Well, she named me Richard, but he was so confounded afraid I wouldn't

come up in so tight a way as he had lived, he was always talking to me.

Well, when I went away, he said, "Dick. I'll give you the

Well, when I went away, he said, "Dick. I'll give you the money, but I want you to pay me back."

"Oh, ye," said L. But I haven't.

My mother is sick, so I'm told, and I want to get into the old fellow's good graces, and have him unloose his purse-strings, and take care of her. My father gives this; I don't. The old fellow is in New York city. Oh, he's old—one foot in the grave, and the other hardly out. His hair is just about as white as the paper you write upon—don't know but I stretched that a little then. I think he is about eighty-four; so he hair't much thus to live and my mother hair't and so

I guess if there's any medium in New York I'll go to her; and if I get so I can talk to him, hit him on the he

and if I got so I can talk to him, not him on the head and hele sat the same time—get him to go to a medium at the the same time he reads this.

If intends to give a small sum of money to my mother, if she outlives him, and the balance he intends to give to some institution in New York State. I know which it is, but I won't tell. I'm bound to knock that into a square pile if I

My father was no relative to my mother, but his name was same as my uncle's. ' Tell Richard, Esquire, I'm all right, and if he will do what

want him to, ho'll be all right; if he don't, he'll be the next thing—all wrong.
Oh, I tell you what it is, I was a happy customer. If I had Oh, I tell you what it is, I was a happy customer. If I had a coat it was all right, and if I was going to the devil I always went singling. Perhaps I don't come exactly right to impress the old fellow in my favor—he'll say if it is Dick he's no botter able to advise than he was before he died. You see I meant to come here real sober, but I found my-self acting out myself, spite of all my sober thoughts. Never mind; I'll open the door here, and if I don't drive in a wedge after I get it goes my name is n't Dick.

after I get it open, my name is n't Dick.

Well, good by. The next thing is, to make sail. This is n't
my head, that is a fact. Never mind, I've borrowed it, and it's mine while it lasts. Jan. 8.

Alexander Noble.

I was an American seaman; born in the year 1800, in Philadelphia. My mano was Alexander Noble, and I died in prison, in Birmingham, England, in the year 1840. I was tried for mutiny on board the ship John Sands, and was con-victed and condemned; but I committed suicide, by tearing up my shirt, and strangling myself—so I saved the Sheriff a job. I was not gullty—had nothing to do with it, but was convicted on the evidence of a liar, who perjured himself to save himself. I have a half-brother on the American Continent, and I would like to talk to him. I had about the hunnent, and I would like to that to my. I had about the undered pounds, but I believe it is customary to take all that belongs to convicts, if they have no friends, and appropriate it to the queen. I would like to make laws myself, if I could; but suppose I must always be a subject. Instead of a lawgiver. I want you to say that Alexander Noble wants to meet and speak with his half-brother, whose name is John Henry Haywood. He's nive sungwhere here. I have got something of

wood. He's alive somewhere here. I have got something of importance to communicate, when I shall no so fortunate as to meet him. He is about nine years younger than myself. He is the only person I have on earth that would know me, I think—except my enemies, and them I don't care to come to. I want to tell him something about his father's property. His father was not mine, except by law. He don't know anything about it, and when I left him he was working at his

trade—a journeyman carpenter.

I don't know as I shall ever meet him, but I was told this was my best course. I thought I should never speak after I got here; that is one of the unfortunes that attend a suicide.

His father was an Englishman by birth, and the property that should have gone to the father, will be inherited by the son, if he only knows enough to go and claim it. That's what I want to see him about. I can do better than his father can, by coming. His estates have been sold, and the proceeds deposited in the Bank of England, waiting for sonic ceers acrossive in the bank of England, string to some heir, if there be any, to claim the deposit. After a certain period of years it goes to the government and the heirs cannot claim it; but there is time enough yet. He was a very generous boy, well disposed, and it might be of great sorrier to thin action. in himself word, I want him to answer. He may take the same source, your paper, that I have taken, and I shall then be brought in communion with him. I don't know why it is I cannot go to him, as well as to come here; but so it is. I have lost sight of him. I shall go now, but not by the same way I went some years

go-a better way, and easier one.

Edward Henderson.

Say that Edward Henderson died in Calcutta, on the 25th day of December, 1833, of fever and dysentory.

Edward was born in New York city, January 17th, 1819;
has a brother in California, and a mother in New York, living with her brother, one Joseph Hammond. Edward wishs to commune with his brother, or his mother, or his uncle, or all; but he in spirit has taken this novel method of in-forming them of his death, and of soliciting an interview. God pirit has taken this novel messes. God sdeath, and of soliciting an interview. God Jan. 7. grant he may not fall.

William Crozier.

Do you suppose there is anybody alive that I can talk to? I've been dead since 1842. I was drowned; fell off Charlestown bridge. I was a mason by trade. I lived in kerry street, Boston. I have got a wife in Boston, I suppose. Now do you think I can commune with her? that's whit you call it, I suppose? I was n't born in Boston, but in Kennebunk, State of Maine, but I lived in Boston ten years before I died. If I had n't been drunk I should n't have been drowned : that' Just so, sure as you're born. I know it sometime ago. I see some one here writing—telling what they wanted; if I talk I suppose it will have the same effect. My name was William Crozier. First I used to earry brick, then I got to laying rick, and after awhile I got to be a pretty good-mason, and rI hadn't been drunk I shouldn't have been here now. I have been trying to speak for a long time, and I don't see how have been trying to speak for a long time, and taon the how it is I can speak to-lay, for there is a good many here who was going to speak, but they say it's too thick air; but I am as good's the fellow that-choked himself. We have taken up the time that belonged to some one cles, in consequence.

My wife's mane was Lydia Temple, before she was married. I'm no bettor than I ever was—an just about the sume. I lon't drink any rum now, but I see a good deal drank, for I dn't lit to be in any other company; when I am I shall go

Let a few of them fall over Charlestown bridge—they'd get Let a few of them fall over Charleson a charge thing about the off. I think; but it's no det to tell them anything about I was in the water bijs. for they must learn by experience. I was in the water most three months, before the body was found, and if I wan't in hell that time nobody ever was. I worked all that time to ake care of it, but could n't do much towards it, for it was n't mine then, and I couldn't control it—fidn't know much about it when I was in it, and that's how it came there.

Henri Dejein.

I want to tell my wife I come here. I sick. I vemit all the time. She knows I'm dead, but doesn't know that I the time. She knows I'm dead, but doesn't know that I can speak. My name Henri Dejein. I was alive last summer—dead now. I live in New Orleans, Louisiania. I do no like the way I was bury. No like to be shove in an oven and mortered and bricked up—tombs like I have seen where folks go in and out. Where I was put, room for collin, no more, and they shove you in—mason brick you up Write you name on the outside, so you know whose-body is there. I likes to be put in where there is room. I was there and see, and do not like it. Dr. Bache wait upon me. I tells him if he would save me I would give half the money I had; but he say 'is too late, Monsieur Dejein—too late. I likes my wife Louise to go way from New Orleans—go way. I come here for that purpose to tell you—you tell my wife Louise go way from Orleans, with her mother what would, like to have her come. Her mother live in New York. I marry Louise in New York—sho's American lady. I been marry two years.

I keep place where you be shave, front the old Levee. You spell me right Henri Dejein.

I do not like to be bury that way. I should no like to see can speak. My name Henri Dejein. I was alive last sum-

spell me right Henri Dejein.

I do not like to be bury that way. I should no like to see Louise to be bury that way. I no want her stay there; better go way. Her mother send letter inviting Louise to go stay with her. You tell her better go.

ter go way. Her mother send letter go.

You paper go there, and be sell there; plenty be all round.
Louise got one. How many week before you publish? You will say! like very much when I get accustomed to living here. I could speak French if I try, here. Louise do n't speak French. I should fearn her if I stay long, but I had too much business to look after, and die too soon. Louise must no think because I say I do not like the way I bury I and tout with her. No. not sho was sick when I burled; find fault with her. No, no; she was sick when I buried; when she get better she like to look at me, and she flud mason all brick up; she no see me, and she feel very bad, and I feel very bad, too. I was twenty-eight years old, I speak vory hard now.

John Hazwell.

year 10-15, in the medical education; but the state of all events called me higher.

I would tell my father and my mother that I am well off, and harmy in old age, My brother keeps that I would see them happy in old age, My brother keeps a drug-shop in Chathain Square, London. My principal oblice in confine here to day is to give my people to understand that I have power to return, and power to commune, and am happy and content in my new bondition.

My father was formerly paster in the Episcopal faith—Rev. John Hazwell. I shall try to get my communication to my father; if I cannot, I shall return and request you to send. I am John Hazwell—the rest you know. Good day,

Patrick Murphy. Faith, I'm after having a bit of a fight here. The likes of me is not so good as another. Path-1 be fighting with the medium. I'll show myself, like a confounded fool, and then I

old fellow's good graces, and have him unlose his purse strings, and take care of her. My father gives this; I don't. The old fellow is in New York city. Oh, he's old-one food in the grave, and the other hardly out. His hair is just about as white as the paper you write upon—don't know but I stretched that a fittle then. I think he is about eighty-four; so he hain't much time to live, and my mother hain't, and so I want him to take first rate care of her, no matter if it takes all he's got; but if he has any left, there's a little girl my mother has had with her—an orphan; her father and-mother died, and so my mother used to take care of her a good deal. Sine had an annt, but she was poor, and could n't do much for her. Her name is Mary lentley, and she is smart, and he had better take what is left, and put it out to take care of her. It he don't do this, when he comes on this 'side I'll shake him hard, I tell you. I used to tell him I'd do it on earth, and he did n't know whother I was In fun or carnest; but I'd laugh, and I guess the old fellow liked me, after all. There was one thing I used to win, and somethmes to lock. Sometimes I used to win, and somethmes to lock. Sometimes I used to win, and somethmes to lock. Sometimes I used to win, and somethmes to say that I comes no more till Easter Sunday. Faith, I'd like to be better looking, and sometimes I would go and get them, and then nad I did not others.

I there was one thing I used to win, and sometimes to say that I comes no more till Easter Sunday. Faith, I would not others.

I'd neck Sometimes I used to win, and sometimes to say that I comes no more till Easter Sunday. Faith, I was there the very next half-hour. Don't think he wondered why I could do so sometimes, and could not others.

I there was an entire of the come and they have any thing about it. I did to gamble a little—just a little after then of the come and they have the very next half-hour. Don't have yell there's any wond the proved myself there yell I come again, and then I'll be work to get into a muss.

I come to say I'll not trouble them any more till Easter

little better than I slips in.

Edward Payson. Tell us, oh ye invisible ones, whom shall we serve-whom

Tell us, on yo invision ones, whom shall we servo—whom shall we how down and worship?

This question has come to us wrapped in a shroud of unbellef and hypoerlsy, for they who question us are sitting in shadows, and wrapping themselves up in the clouds of olden times. It has been written, "Thou shalt worship the

olden times. It has been written, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Mark ye: "Thou shalt worship the Lord Thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Beneath the external of these words lies a hidden meaning. Every individual has a God, that is particularly adapted to himself. Such an one shall the individual worship, and at all times rouder homogo unto.

That principle that extent in mankind, that standth along from all will that ever resent and ever hely resistion.

nan may always know. That which will work no ill—that which will cover with a mantle of charity the sins of all mankind—that which will cover with a mantle of charity the sins of all mankind—that which will extend the hand to the fallen brother, and aid him on the journey of life—that which can see good in all things—that which beholds God in all that lives. Such a God may the individual worship.

Hives. Such a God may the individual worship.

Go not out of thy temple, oh man, to find the Lord thy
God; for, in going forth, you may find the God of another man. Your Got inhabits your own temple, and at all times guardeth you intaitively. Call not upon a God nfar off in the heavens, but enter within the closet of thy own soul, and there worship God. Go not upon the housetops proclaiming praise unto thy God but let the offering be silent.

Man should ever be guided—ever be controlled by his own highest and best conception of good, for there is God. Stretch not forth thine hand in vain, but while thou art reaching forth to sid the falsen ones, obey thy God, and THY God will give thee power to take such as are beneath thee. And when the evil principle, that also lives in all inen, shall say to thy exterior being, "Come, follow me, oh child of mortality," turn within, and consult thy God, and ever be found an obedient child

and when the evil influence is contending with thee—shall call thee from the path of duty by the allurements of wealth, turn within and consult THY God in regard to thy spiritual wenare, and thy feet shall not walk astray; but thy whole being in the natural shall be swallowed up in the

May the scholar of divinity profit by our brief answer, and may he in time to come consult the interior, worship the interior, and let the worship and the consultation be slient, for thy God is well pleased with the offering that is purely EDWARD PAYSON. spiritual.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THOMAS A. BREWER, PHILADELPHIA .- "I can assure you that the morning's healthful sunlight is not more welcome than is the BANNER OF LIGHT every Thursday morning. In sending you the following communications, given through the mediumship of Miss Mary Frost, I comply with the request of a spirit whose life on earth was one scene of sadness and trouble. The spirit of the little child, 'Sallic,' is one of four of my dear angel children now in the spirit-world.

My dear Father-I have been several times to my medium friend, and met a natificer of string and to me such a one as you can evil and dark spirits—he told me that he had been a murderer, and that over since he has been a spirit he been a nurrierer, and that over since he has been a spirit he has been haunted by the bittonest regrets of the past. Ho told me he felt all the time as if he wanted to by away from himself; and he came to me to seck that calmness and tranquility he saw I possessed. I pitted him. I wish I could help him. He told me he would come again. I never thought to ask him who he was. I will when I see him.

Nov. 1, 1858.

SALLIE.

Well, father, who do you think I have with me to-night? Why, the morderer I told you about. I have frequently since met him, and talked to him, and he calls me his little redeemer. I have brought him here. He never comp cated with a mortal, and I am going some night to bring him to talk to you. I know if you will talk to him you can ald him and make him happior; and what better use can we put our strength and wisdom to then in teaching others when we Nov. 29, 1858.

Well, father, I met that spirit again to-day, who came to me before—that dark spirit. He seems to look on me as his teacher. I do not know why, but he likes to talk to me, and I always get to talking to him, and telling him how to do; and he tells me he is a great deal happier since he first came to me, and I feel happy to think I can help him. There is a great deal of happiness in making others happy. I will bring him sometime and learn him to write. Tell mother we sent our love to her from our beautiful spirit-home. Dec. 2, 1858.

Doc. 2, 1838.

My friend—I come to you, though I am a stranger to you, and to all present. Your child now in the spirit-world has aided me more in my progress than any other person. I have had teachers ever since I have been here; but none seemed to give me what I wanted till I met her. She is one of the brightest little angels I ever met. You should consider yourself favored in having such a child to love and sider yourself favored in having such a child to love and watch over you. You remember the has spoken to you of me. I came to the spirit-world with the regret and haunting memory of many a past error; but I am now just beginning to progress. I have been here six years. I died in Hartoni, Connecticut. My name was William Howell. I will combe M.M. HOWELL ou sometime and give you my history.

Dear Father-I have brought the spirit to you I promised Dear Father—I have brought the spirit to you I promised to bring. He will come to you often. He expressed great pleasure to me that he hadsucceded in writing. I think people were born to do good. I know I was, and I intend to spend my time in alding other all I can.

SALLIE.

spend my time in aiding others all I can.

I look upon my early life the impression made on my mind, as the cause of all mymisery after, I was born in Connecticut. My parents were strict church people; they were harsh and severe with hier children, and controlled them, not by the law of love, but of force. I had a disposition that, if properly dealt with would have made me happy, and developed a noble character. They were uncongenial to me; dealt out threats wheregentle words would have controlled me; commanded, when a kind word would have been more effectual. I ran away from home before twolve years of age, and went to sea; was a tilor for many years; during orage, and wont to sea: was a kilor for many years; during which time my parents elled, and the only near relative inow have on earth, is one bather, living in my native state.—I was a young man what I died, which; as near as State:—I was a young man whet I died, which, as hear as I can remember, was about six lears ago, in Hartford, Conn. While at sea, in a fit of anger, I nurdered a sailor companion. My life has been one long chan of misery; I never knew what it was to meet with symbol you love; the very feelings that should have been stild were excited and made active. It seemed to be my destry to meet with harshness and unkindness, from the cradioit the grave. If the early life of earth's abandoned ones were known, you would off-these sixt, instead of condernu them.

thee sity, instead of condemn them

Well, I came to the spirit-world with every combative ill
feeling of my nature awakened, and has seemed ages since
I have been here. I have found vry few mortals I could
influence, and I felt alone in the mids of the ocean of humaninfluence, and I felt alone in the midsty the ocean of humanity, dend to myself, yet sailing with others on the sea of life. I met no one here who seemed tounderstand me; and years have passed, and I have been a underer. I met your child—she spoke to me, and the weds spoken seemed to awaken new feelings, and open my cyt to my past and present condition. She gave me the first wed of kindness, of sympathy, of love, and taught me I could let, be happy. I have followed her, and I have found a newworld, and I am hap-ster than I were dragned I could by: the Influence of your followed her, and I have found a newworld, and I am happier than I ever dreamed I could be: the influence of your little child has done more towards decloping me—towards removing the heavy shadows of ment darkness—than anything I have met since I have been in he spirit-world. This may seem strange; but there is a certim kind of sympathy and influence needed, when in the equition of mind I was when I first met her, and I found in h just what I needed. There were those around me who had be in here longer, and might be more capable of teaching me; but she answered the demand, and that was all any one coul do, and more than many. Like a porson who is physical ii, the medicine of the most learned might fall to heal, whe the magnetism of a field-plougher might cure. The seer lies in the remody appealing to the condition. The same by applies to various me. May I ask what you require of me?

Am I to suppose that you will send my message to my friends?

I was born in London, the 22d day of May, 1821. I died at the Marine Hospital, in Havre, the 16th day of January, 1857. My disease, I suppose, was consumption of the liver, but I believe the physician called it congestion—I cannot see any good ground for the arriving at any such conclusions. I have a father and mother at home, who would be very glad to hear from me. I have a brother, also. I left home in the the first him to the suppose of a little cld taught me the thinded to finish a medical education; but the Great Disposer of all events called me higher.

I would tell my hather and my mother that I am well—a with glorious homes of the mean with glorious homes of the minds of carth; I look back with feelings of region the mean with glorious homes of the mean with glorious homes and with glorious homes of the mean with glorious homes with glor but the gentle whisperings of a little cld taught ine the way of peace, and was a star to my pathabat led me on to heaven. I look back with feelings of regit on the past, but with glorious hopes of the future, for I and that, although d time cannot blot out what has been, nor of the past be ever effect of from the memory, yet the good may do will atone for the error I have done, which error we the effect of my diddeveloped condition. I will mourh nature for the past, in for it is worse than folly; but I will be the to myself hereafter; and, in becoming better myself as alding others.

will outgrow what I have been. I shall ever be near you, and often come and talk with you. I wish you would send this to the Banner of Light. My prother is a Spirituality, and recognize me. this to the Banner of Light, any product is a optional and will in all probability see this, and recognize me. WILLIAM HOWELL.

I have just received another communication from my friend, part of which I will copy:-

There is one thing that may help to identify me. There is a church there that is not used and my mother is buried there; her name may still people their own reasoners and their own judges." be seen. If I had this medium there I could lead her to the

B. C., CHICAGO.-"Little seems as yet, to have been done here to make Spiritualism more spiritually attractive, and halls of the city, with free seats and a free platform.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence (better known under the name of Mrs. Britt, as one of the most successful champions and support of modern Spiritualism in the west.) closed a fortnight ago, a series of seven lectures, which have not only once more brought together those who were already more or less interested in Spiritualism, but which seemed to have electrified a great portion of the grain and lumber-dealing community, so much so that the spacious Metropolitan Hall was well filled at every lecture; and there is no doubt but that she has left a salutary, permanent, and very promising impression upon her numerous hearers.

I do not intend to give you a synopsis of these life-impartlectures, having but little confidence in my English for such a purpose. Yet you will allow me to record the fact that the attention of her numerous and intelligent audiences, composed of the most beterogeneous elements was not only undivided and uninterrupted during the whole series of her lectures, but increased from time to time to a degree of true enthuslasm. Mrs. Spence is unquestionably the most powerful speaker among the advocates of modern Spiritualism whom I have had the pleasure of listening to. Full of life herself, and inexhaustible in real life-illustrating facts, taken from the very soul of human nature. Mrs. Spence seems to be almost irresistible in her demonstrations, always reaching the point appropos and with tact. Having evidently nothing but real life exclusively in view, she strives purposely and courageously rather to penetrate into the most secret chambers of the hearts of her audience, than to baffle and entrance their artificially developed intelligence by an ignis fatuus of flowery speech, or the airy web of a vivid imagination. Such seems to be the secret of this most successful laborer in the vine. yard of truth and freedom. Where scientific attempts and metaphysical speculations, more or less impregnated with mysticism, would fall, there this life-giving voice will always break the soil, and secure a harvest. If Spiritualism is, in fact, as it is believed to be, a new light sent forth in order to accelerate the progress of the human race towards harmony and perfection, all that bears specially upon real life-reform in the light of truth and virtue may justly be considered the true instruments in the hands of the heaven-bowering guardian angels of poor humanity. Such a useful instrument Mrs.

Prof. Sponce also favored us with three lectures, which have been considered the finishing touch of Mrs. Spence's work with us. On a truly scintific basis, the inspiration flows here among solid rocks of knowledge and mighty castles of philosophical investigation, the scenery is more delightful to advanced intelligences, and more quickening to souls yearning after a knowledge of their true home."

Spence of course is.

INVESTIGATOR, WESTERLY, R. I .- "The Spiritualists in this place have been having quite a refreshing time of late. A few weeks since A. B. Whiting delivered three very able and eloquent discourses to large and respectable audiences. At the close of each lecture he entertained his hearers, for ten or fifteen minutes, with a beautiful poetic improvization on subjects given by a committee which the audience appointed for that purposo.

On the 10th and 20th Hon. Warren Chase gave two very able and instructive lectures in support of Spiritualism, which were well attended and listened to in profound silence. They were a rich treat to those who think and investigate for themselves. For calm reasoning, fine illustrations, practical good sense, liberal and reformatory ideas, and a plain, forcible style, the lectures of Mr. Chase are not surpassed have a style to lectures and of life lectures suveral questions were asked by individuals in the audience. On the second night after the lecture was concluded, a plous deacon of the Baptist Church, arose and stated substantially, that on the preceding evening he had learned that Mr. Chase was not a believer in the inspiration and infallibility of the Bible, and consequently what he should say would have little or no weight with him : but as that book was the foundation of the Christian's faith and hope, and as he believed all present had not quite so 'far gone' as the lecturer, he felt it a duty devolving on him to read some passages which he had copied from the Scriptures during the day, and which would prove beyond the possibility of a doubt that Spiritualism was not of modern date, but as old as the Bible, and that the disembodied intelligences which manifest at the present day, are nothing more nor less than ovil spirits,' with whom Christians are or joined to have no communication whatever. He then read some fifty or sixty wizards, famillar spirits, etc. which he had copied from the Old Testament. In his reading, even in the graver portions, the audience could not refrain from giving vent to their mirth. No doubt the deacon thought he was doing much to counteract the influence o Mr. Chase and favor the cause of Zion,"

V. P. SLOCUM, MIDDLE GRANVILLE, N. Y .- "The Banner of Light is well adapted to set people thinking, as any paper that I have ever seen. Many are willing, and, indeed, glad to get a chance to read the lectures of such mon as Beecher, when they dare not be seen looking at anything more liberal, and, at the same time, would read ideas more advanced could they do so slyly, or under cover. Moral courage in them begins to arouse, and the latent truth in them begins to glow; the dark fog of superstition gives place to brighter ideas; the world, and all mankind, look different; God begins to smile: life becomes a pleasure, and death is stipped of fear. Many persons can date the beginning of all earthly happiness to you, as editors, for putting into your sheet Mr. Beecher's sectarian ideas, by which means they had had a chance to stoal a glimpse of the at first dreaded philosophy that makes all burdens light; turns all hate to love; all dread to joy; all damnation to blessings; all tiresome feelings into a lasting rest."

L. G. CHASE, Sr. Louis .- "Orude ideas frequently creep in among well-digested ones, and you will bear with me when I say, that in that land whither all are passing, it will not be a home for me unless I am rominded of old associations. I shall want to see, to meet, to greet, the faithful dog, the patient ox, beautiful singing birds, the kind horse, the gentle lamb, and all my old friends and enemies of earth-life in forms below man. The landscape, the scenery, will be very imperfect without them. How happens it that some of our spirit-friends in the flesh can see animals in the spirit-world, while others see equally plain that there are none there? How comes it that some in the spirit-land say they have animals there, and other spirits from the same world decide to the contrary? Is the animal immortal as man, or is he not? Among Spiritualists there is a great diversity of opinion in relation to the spirit-world, and while I am not inclined to split metaphysical hairs, still while the friends of progress have what to some of them is positive knowledge of the immortality of the animal kingdom, and while to others such a

Nour spirit, in its armor of flesh, starts forth into the battle mortality of the animal kingdom, and while to others such a view is positive error, it gives the world a chance to say that man may be mistaken in regard to his own immortality."

P. O. P., Mendota, Ill.—Permit one who welcomes to the fireside various newspapers of this progressive age, to give a tribute of respect to your voritable self for the independent course you have taken in publishing the pros and consort modern Spiritualism in the Banner. The synopsis of sermons given by your reporters, are very interesting. In Boston, I once heard Mr. Chapin preach a sermon on the dignity of manual labor, and I think if we could have a second edition of the same, it would be an excellent antidote for the community. By forming a society without the recognition of creed or personal discipline.

The labors of your talented correspondential editor, Thos. Gales Forster, have been highly appreciated in Mendota and viginity, by which we have been made to rejoice that "the canons of Divine Reveistion are not closed."

Le O. Moore, Barayra, Onto.—"In Spiritualism I feel safe; in it there is a power, competent to defend any and every sate with the men can make upon it. I thank God that I have been permitted to see it, and Know it. It has demonstrated the recognition for earn of the series of the world that it have been permitted to see it, and Know it. It has demonstrated the error of flesh weeters plor go of the will have been of the situation of the same in a proper series with rapidity the proper series in the first of the series in part material form, it grows an uncertainty work is accomplished. A true Christian shrinks not from the fire of adversity, for it partition of creed or personal discipline.

In the first of the will be a series of the improvement of the same plant that the manual plant is a series of the improvement of the same plant is a series of the series of the hope that struggles with your fears, and how cannot of the same plant is a series of

tack that men can make upon it. I thank God that I have been permitted to see it, and know it. It has demonstrated immortality to my understanding, which before seemed datk and uncortain. A new light has burst upon my soul, and I find in it truth that satisfies. I have witnessed many manifestations of spirit presence; many communications, both in prose and poetry, and wonderful physical manifestations. A violin has, without physical touch, been many times played

upon, accompanying in perfect time and tune, vocal music. This has been done in the day-time, as well as in the evening. The plane forte has also been repeatedly played upon when the lid was closed, and music produced, as sweet as the Rolian harp. I could fill pages with these wonderful manifesta. tions, if it would do any good. People will not believe these

J. G. Russell, Andoven.—"In spirit communion I have found immortality, a positive evidence of life beyond the grave and I have found it, too, in modern Spiritualism. The evidence is a thousand times stronger than all the revelations justly more popular; yet the Spiritualists of Chicago are the Sunday-occupants of one of the most elegant and spacious been so often asked, 'If a man die shall he live neating the sunday-occupants of one of the most elegant and spacious been so often asked, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' has been answered through the instrumentality of spirit communion. Death, to me, has been robbed of its sting; the grave of its darkness and gloom; and my soul goes out in grateful adoration to God, the giver of every good and perfect gin, and especially for the rays of light that dawn upon us from the spirit-world to cheer the heart of the bereaved husband or wife, the father and the mother—to wipe away the tear of anguish and despair."

> H. P. KIMBALL, ROCKFORD, ILL.—" Miss Hardinge, the gifted and inspired advocate of Spiritualism, has been with us, We thank those intelligences who persuaded her to come hither." when so many invitations were before her to labor in more remunerative places. She gave a course of lectures on the following subjects: "Magic," "Witchcraft," "Is the Divine Law a Unity?" "Does Science Conflict with Revelution ?" "Concerning Time," "Inspiration," and "Is Spiritualism a Religion?" To the lectures on these subjects Miss Hardinge had large and appreciating audiences. It was a common remark among outsiders, that if Spiritualism produced such speakers as Miss Hardinge, all the people would, in a short time, become constant attendants upon spiritual meetings. Miss H. has endeared herself to the people of Rockford. Blio never speaks malevolently of any person or medium."

MRS. E. R. TRACY, POLAND, CT,-"I have, through the medlum powers of Mr. William Keith, been almost miraculously cured of a most troublesome and apparently incurable discase which, for a number of years, has caused me sore affliction. The disease was a humor, both internal and external; external, were eleven sores as large as the top of a teacup, and as thick as my hand, and several of a smaller size, all of which were filled with holes the size of a goose quill, which were filled with canker. I cannot feel too grateful to Mr. Kelth, and the powers acting through him; and cannot commend him too highly to the afflicted."

L. S. MERRITT, WINDSOE, CT .- "On the evening of Jan. 14th, Hon. Warren Chase, in the teeth of much opposition, deliged a clear and powerful lecture at Union Hall in this place. All who heard him went home satisfied. This is the fifth lecture friend Chase has delivered in this town, all of which have had a good effect. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing him again soon, for he wields the sword of truth successfully, he attacks the enemy fearlessly, and weakens the strongholds of error." B. A. C., CHICAGO.—"We have this winter, in this place,

been listening to the eloquence of Miss Emma Hardinge, Prof. and Mrs. Spencer, and Joel Tiflany. Each one of these is a ninety-four pounder. Church creeds tumble and fall to the ground before such guns as these. We are soon to have here Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, and A. J. Davis. By the time they are through, spring buds and blossoms will preach to us. A. J. Higgins, of this place, is about entering the field as a lecturer: he is one of the right stamp."

gives the same lectures, word for word, in one place, that he does in another, if he is influenced by spirits? In answer, we did not know that Mr. White did this. But if the spirits have spoken the same lecture through him more than once. it argues nothing against the fact that his lectures are from I. E. A. Dr. Force, La Cross, Was,—"Spiritualism is pro-pering and spreading itself all through the North-west—lowa

INVESTIGATOR, NEW HAVEN, asks why N. Frank White

large audiences manifesting a deep interest in the cause. Intolerance and persecution, bigotry and superstition, all give place to the mighty car of progression and the divine light that beams from the angel world." MARY S. SANGER, GREENFIELD .- "During the past year, I have been a reader of your Banner, and from its columns I have gleaned many heartfelt, practical truths; new and

Minnesota and Wisconsin. In these places lecturers find

brighter hopes of heaven have been laid before me, and my soul has drunk from it satisfying draughts." Horace A. Krach has been on a lecturing tour in West Mausfield, South Wrenthum, Franklin, Woonsocket and Providence. We learn from him that the recent tragedy-the

murder of two lovers-in South Wrentham, was foretold through three different mediums.

S. L. WALKER, POUGHEREPSIE, has our cordial thanks for his generous efforts in our behalf.

Communication.

A Wife to her Husband.

A Wife to her Husband.

My Dear Husband—In this conflicting world the human soul must look towards the goal of affection as its thet and safest havon. Earthly friendship is at times false and changeable, but that love which has survived the winter of the grave, will return to bless your heart with its influence even as the vapory dows of Nature are drunk up by the sin, to fall again upon the thirsty ground. When death visited our home, and left it desolate, you could not inthom the wise our pose of Johovah; but now you see that death is life, and that my departure has been the means of opening your visiot to things pertaining to a higher life. How much I rejolee, Joseph, that you are searching for the principles that his underthings pertaining to a higher life. How much I rejoice, Joseph, that you are searching for the principles that his unformeath all the phenomena which interest those around you. You are not contented with the power that proves the existence of the shul, after the decay of the form; with the true spirit of progress you long to know more of the mysteries of nature, and to understand how far man is responsible for his actions. For your candid, liberal mind, I bless my heavenly father daily. You begin to feel that you were placed here to fill some vacant sphere of userbiness; you see, too, that God will bless hearts that will not be blessed, and just in proportion as your mind is tilled with an earnest desire to progress, can angel friends stimulate you to exertion. I need not tell you that I am with you, in the busy days on the public mark. you that I am with you, in the busy days on the public mart, where so much is required of you; and your path of duty is My beloved one, happiness is indeed a wayside flower, found

Aly beloved one, happiness is indeed a wayside nover, found in the sphere of active duty. How carnestly I desire your happiness, you may believe, when I leave my bright realm of perfect peace and tranquil joys, to join, my hand in yours, to breast the tide that is rushing on towards eternity. Do you realize how close is the union of our splitte? Every thought realize how close is the union of our spirits? Every thought is visible to my vision, and you often feel a sweet; scraphic glow, which lightens all your habors. You know that in these intervals of spirit communion I am near you. Impressions shall become distinct as your mind is cleyated, until the shadowy presence that follows you will become a palpable form, visible to your interior eyes, but shut out from others. Spirits often say, each one has a mission to perform, a cross to bear, before they wear the triumphant crown of victory. This must be apparent to you, for every inaulmate object has its sphere, its use; even the scawced upon the billow toseed, when gathered up by man, fills some allotted destiny.

Your spirit, in its armor of fiesh, starts forth into the battle-ground of life, strong for good or ill. This armor has a little sensitive nerves also are

by the boheficent Father.

It gives me much pleasure to write to you, and if I have cheered your heart by the continued interest in your welfarm.

I shall red well paid for continue.

From your affectionate and guardian angel.

Bosrow, Dec. 10, 1838.

Out of great tribulation the soul rises of God, as the loyellest flower outsprings from the day

The Bublic Press.

THE TRANCE.

DEAR BANNER-I find myself called upon in your issue of January 29, to reply to an article from Fall which Pathetism might involve you. But not so in River, Mass., signed Inquirer. Whether the writer the case of trance brought on by the idea or belief be male or female, I can no more tell, than I can in spirits. You do not know who the spirit is; you determine the personality or the sex of spirits who redo not know the real character or design of the inspond through mediums. The criticisms of Inquirer visibles; you cannot cross examine them; you canseem candid, and the style of the article tastes some not call them to an account for anything they say or

I should hope that ere this my Fall River friend had seen my article in your paper, in which the in bad company before you are aware of it. Thouerrors in the "report" of my remarks on the Trance sands have allowed themselves to be entranced by in the Boston Reform Conference were corrected; and, if so, the misapprehensions of Inquirer, in respect to my view, will have been in part rectified submit the nervous system to the control of spirits. also. But Inquirer is amazingly at fault in the rep. My own children have acted as mediums (for the resentation of my "theories," and also in respect to what I said and did to enforce them. I deny, in toto. that I ever made any such declaration, as Inquirer up to the control of spirits in the manner many affirms, in respect to my will! Never! Indeed, I always and everywhere affirmed directly the reverse! And vet Inquirer says:

" "Some twelve years ago, or more, his placards were placed in the most conspicuous places all over the country, telling the public what he would do by the on the whole, safe, or that persons should desire to power of his will. The things were done; but it now become mediums. appears that the manner by which they were done is not so apparent."

truth in this statement. I deny, most solemnly and aught I know, it may be safe for spirits to entrance positively, that I ever used any such language in spirits; but for spirits (real or imaginary) to enrespect to my will, in any placards or advertisements trance mortals, is a different thing altogether; and I ever published. Nay, I affirmed in all my handbills directly the contrary of this. In 1842, and from that year to the present, I promised in my bills to induce the trance "in a manner to show the falsity of the theories prevalent under the name of Mes. merism and Animal Magnetism, in respect to a fluid and I now call on Inquirer to prove the truth of what is affirmed in the above extract, or to retract it at once, and make the "amende honorable." I never made any such promise about my will-never; nor did I ever say, as Inquirer now alleges, that "the will is only known to act through the external senses." These are not the words I used in the minds of those who entertain them, concerning the Conference, as I have before shown. What I said attributes of that overruling power called God. was, that "the human will of one person was never Never has it so forcibly impressed me, as when known to act upon the nervous system of another, until a relation had been previously established be- popular papers of the time, written by a great and tween the patient and the operator, through one or | magnanimous soul, whose very being seems pervaded each of the external senses." Inquirer thinks my with holy fervor, and whose word bespoke a heart announcing that I would induce the trance on some persons, even before reaching my lecture room, is tellect spread its broad pinions to grasp the living proof that I taught this notion as to the independent fires of inspiration, and unfold them to others -on action of my will!! But this "announcement" to which Inquirer refers, proves precisely the contrary! When I announced what I would do beforehand, the patients all heard what I said, and thus they were chains them to their seats by his eloquence; he addressed through their external sense of bearing. Of course, when my patients heard me say what I wished them to do, they were reached through their what he only possesses through faith? He says :external senses, and this suggestion, or idea, set their own nervous systems to work, which resulted in the

But after a susceptible person has been entranced a sufficient length of time by suggestions, by sympathetic imitation (seeing others entranced)-and in neither are to me tangible, restful, accessible. They this manner, a relation is established between him and the operator-then, and not till then, may be be controlled, to a limited extent, by the mere will of the operator. But such a relation is very seldomsecured-hardly one case in ten thousand. Hence it was always my plan in all my lectures, to secure the attendance of one person over whom I could ex. prospective God, something they may have hereafter ercise more or less control by my will; and perhaps my Fall River friend will remember the attendance stipulations? Why cannot that great mind realize always gave so much satisfaction by her sonam. very God he is reaching out after, and that is ever bulic feats in all my lectures in Providence, Boston,

Fall River, and other places.

Now, perhaps, I should inform Inquirer, that persons entranced by one operator, are similarly and sympathetically affected. That is, what one feels. they all feel, and what one sees, they all see. And hence, if I entrance a thousand persons in one lecture, through the external senses, and have among them one reliable clairvoyant, or one whom I can control without addressing the external senses, why of course, in controlling that one, I control the whole, because they will all act in sympathy with that one.

Inquirer wishes to know how I control my patients to "see ghosts" in my lectures? I answer, precisely so far as they were under my influence, they would "see" or believe whatever I told them to. As to their really seeing an inhabitant of the moon, or of any other world, that was hallucination, and nothing else. The ghosts were inside the brains of those who saw them.

Whether Mr. S., or his reviewers, may "darken counsel by words without knowledge," when speaking on this subject, I must leave for others to judge. A dull scholur, indeed, one must be, not to learn something in this field, after continuing his observations for forty years or more. Here, again, follows the language of my friend:

" He seems to divide the trance into so mang different kinds, that one is almost bewildered in keeping account of the divisions which he makes, and instead

The "Bo many" of my friend were precisely three catagories, and no more! Under these three heads. I classed all cases of trance-viz., the Idiopathic, the Suggestional, and the Volitional That is, those cases of trance which come on from the idiosyncrasics of the subject; those which come on from suggestion, or I say again, why is this so? Is it not because they from the laws of association, or sympathetic imitation these two classes comprehend ninety-nine cases out of every thousand; and then, out of these there is another class, a very small one indeed, who may cause they do not discriminate between the false and sometimes be controlled by mere volition. I am, indeed, sorry that the mind of Inquirer is so easily Bible? Do they not cling to the erroneous ideas im-"bewildered." She (or he) is a medium, probably. bibed in their infancy, like swaddling clothes, that All mediums are more or less liable to become bewildered, as they do not always know what they are about it is said while a particle the at .

Inquirer is at fault again in the following state

ment: before the world, it is donied by him, the right to use the same instrumentalities which he so fondly coveted, to establish his theories, unless by the commission of a wrong in so doing. I would like to inquire if it is wrong for me to give up my individuality and self wood to the control of spirits? was it not wrong for me to do so to Mr. Sanderland, (as I did) establish the science of Pathetism?"
L. There is a between wide difference between Mr.

Sunderland, whom you know, and an invisible per Manifest, and after these a Film? In selecting which NO. W SELL MANY PURELY HOUSENESS MANY

sonage (real or imaginary, you cannot tell which,) whom you do not know. When you submitted your nervous system to Mr. S., you were both inhabitants of this world; and it was possible for you, or your friends, to hold him responsible for any mischief in do. If you shut your eyes, and allow your soul to be made a tool of by spirits, you may find yourself spirits, to their sorrow afterwards.

2. I never taught that it was morally wrong to physical manifestations only.) But I am sure that it is not safe for mortals to surrender their selfhood have done. I speak from what I know, and testify what I have seen. There are many who have acted as public media, without being conscious of any injury, no doubt. But this does not prove that it is

3. Thus I have shown the errors and fallacies of my friend Inquirer. The cases are not parallel. It My good friend, you are wofully at fault with is safe for mortals to Pathetise mortals; and, for hence the manifest fallacy in assuming that spirits, whom we do not know, may do with mortals, what mortals may do with each other; but what mortals cannot do, in return, on spirits.

Having now answered my friend Inquirer, truthfully, candidly, and to the best of my ability, I shall and the human will." I have copies of all my show- expect in return, a confession of the errors I have bills, and of all my advertisements, now before me, pointed out, or the documentary proof of the statements which Inquirer has made.

Boston, Feb. 5, 1859. LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

BEECHER'S CONCEPTION.

Much has been said and written relative to the effects that false and absurd ideas have upon the reading an article or letter published in one of the alive to every Christian virtue-whose unfolded inwhose words multitudes of hungry minds depend for spiritual food, such as the religious element of their natures demand. But do they find it? He kindles within them tender and fervent aspirations; but does he satisfy them? Can he impart to others

" Could Theodore Parker worship my God? Christ Jesus is his name. All there is of God to me is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the holy spirit. But are to be revenled to my knowledge hereafter, but now, only to my faith.

If they are not tangible or accessible to him, how can he hold them up to others, or give them what they so earnestly demand at his hands as their re. ligious teacher? Has he anything for them but a -a being they may have access to through certain re of that excellent clairvoyant, "Libby," who that within his own being exists a spark of that manifesting himself through his organism, as the conditions of that organism will permit; even the God principle within himself, ever claiming its kindred to the God everywhere around him? All animate nature speaks in harmonious accents. "I am here, living, breathing, filling the atmosphere with my presence, imparting myselfhood, my individual entity, to my offspring. You must not wait to have me disclose myself to you hereafter. I am with you now, the same that I ever shall be, a part of your very being. Lieten to my still small voice, and your soul shall be filled with light and truth. Open every avenue of your heart. Let the lyre strings reaching from the great central fount be ever vibrating, and then you will surely drink full and rich draughts from the eternal fountain of Omnipotent Wisdom. and no longer look forward to the future life for that meat that every child of God hungers for now."

Yes, here, in the first stages of our existence, right views of our heavenly parent should be cutertained. He has not hidden himself from us, even in our earth-life. If so, why does every child of humanity cling to Him with such tennoity in hours of deep affliction? Why do we open our inmost soul to Him when other sympathy fails us? Why do we feel that He is near us, niding and imparting strength to buoy us up? Why do we realize in our most severe afflictions His benign love lifting us above our afflictions? Is it not because he has imparted to us a spark of His divinity, so that we intuitively perceive Him in and around us? Why do we not of being culightened upon the subject, with his views, it continually grows more dark." self trampled under foot? Why are some of the greatest minds of the age-yes, the noble men and women of the nineteenth century-beclouded by "a film," that prevents the commencement of that heaven on earth, that their whole being longs for? hug to their bosoms the dark clouds of past ignorance? Is it not because the creeds and ceremonies of an unenlightened race bind them? Is it not, beprevent their spiritual expansion? How can a brilliant intellect soar high when it has a false idea of Deity? How can God-given powers grasp the universe, if the lids of the Bible are allowed to enclose them? Such, to me, appears the condition of the mind referred to. He sympathizes with the benevolent movements of another. He reverences goodness whenever or wherever found, without realizing that it is the God principle manifesting itself, not comprehending that they are worshiping the same Being by adhering to His monitions within, Do they not revere the same Father ? Is there more than one God ? Is there one Supreme, and then a

to revere, is there not danger of becoming confused, and of missing our aim? The "effluence" and the manifest" referred to, are links in a chain forged by false teachings, to bind a brother whose soul overflows with high and generous impulses. To our apprehension there is no intermediate agency between impulse to intellectual advancement, which has not the Father and the children, and they all serve Him if they love justice, exercise mercy, walk humbly in the path of rectitude, claiming allegiance to one overruling power; striving after knowledge and wisdom, that only can emanate from one source, relying upon the promises everywhere visible in the external world, and in the greater empire within, of an abundant harvest, having assurance of a glorious immortality in the future, where dissimilarity of opinion will not weaken the bond of fraternal love, or loosen our hold on God, or sever the silken cords of affection that bind soul to soul, strengthening and cementing the golden chain of harmony, that links universe to universe, and God to His children. Q. EAST HAMBURG, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1859.

GOD A PRINCIPLE.

Messas. Editors—It appears to be a natural desire of the mind to know as much as possible about the Supreme Being, or the Great Cause of all things; but the world; not a people, but mankind; as ready and two theories are entertained by spiritualists; the one that God is a personal Being, the other that land, and in America as in either. He was one of he is a Principle. Now the opinion I wish more particle ruling spirits in the American Revolution, and ticularly to advance, is, that practically it makes no aided both by his tongue and pen, his property and difference to us, and that probably we shall never know whether that Cause is a Personality or a Princhered it by his writings; when it wanted food ciple. And I think if the following promises are and clothing, he drew what was due him from his correct, it will lead to the above conclusions, viz: that God and matter are co-eternal, without beginning and without end. This proposition must be his writings. About a hundred thousand copies of admitted, also, that God always operates upon mat- his "Common Sense" were sold; but he gave the ter in a uniform or natural manner; or, in other words, the universe is a chain of dependencies-of causes and effects. Again, we infer from nature, the doctrine of progression, which is, simply, that nature has always progressed, and always will-we exist now as intelligent beings,-always did exist in which) - in tendency, essence, principle. The reason why it makes no difference to us is, because we shall never see, nor comprehend the great cause; for if we do, then we shall be upon the same plane, and progression will be at an end. We must always gravitate towards that Person or Principle, but never arrive in his presence, or to his perfections.

As we are now no nearer annihilation than God and nature were millions of years ago, so millions of years hence we shall be no nearer the great Divine. If matter is indestructible, if God is eternal, then progression is true, and we shall never "see God" save in his works; we cannot break the chain-no but an eternal unfolding of nature, and growing in died a peaceful and honorable death. love and wisdom.

This may be called materialism, but according to our best evidences is it not true? and truth understood will make mankind happy.

If, then, we are never to comprehend the form. nor understand the method by which this Power operates, except by his works, why then the necessity of an imaginary being, some great personal form, surrounded by a halo of glory, and attended by angels and archangels, and a retinue of spirits bowing in sacred homage? We say imagine spirits and angels, and love them. Woknow they are realities that we shall be with them and like them; they, like us, are effects, are component parts of the great the tombs twice, (the tombs of the living, not the whole, and the general brotherhood inspires feelings of affection; but our connection with the Deity cannot be of that intimate nature, to justify our calling upon him to do this, and that. Things that we know cannot be done without violating the law of cause and effect. The understanding of truth will agement of hope and promise touched many hearts eventually do away with this imaginary God-wor- and brought many tears from eyes that were unused ship. Let us love God for what we know is done for to weeping. Several remarked that they had never us, no matter how it has been doue: let us learn the relation we bear to the visible creation,—to our fel- us they would never be caught in that place again. low beings in this life, and those in the next life, My brother and sisters intend to continue the meetwho are scarcely less severed from us now than before they were born into the spirit world; then we shall know what will make us happy, and will certainly do accordingly. In my opinion, this being troubled about what God is going to do, is a gross misconception of the Divine Being. Let us rather an injury done to another strikes a chord of inhar- says. mony that vibrates back in misery to our own hearts. By learning truth we shall practice virtue E. D. FRENCH, M. D. and be happy. CHICO, CALIFORNIA, Dec. 80th, 1858.

INFIDELITY OF SPIRITUALISM.

The opponents of Spiritualism have well nigh excates are all infidels.

both infidels to each other? Preachers have much to say concerning the French proviously been carried on under the name of Chris ty supplant the Dible, in France? Besides, our Proestant objectors say that Popery is anti-christmore sinful than infidelity. The overthrow of Popery, therefore, would not do so much harm. But I affirm that the triumph of infidelity in France has done infinite good: it was a great, a happy, a glorious attendant on the revolution were not chargeable on the free-thinking revolutionists, but on the superstitions, corruptions, abuses and tyrannies that had lege for females, and aid that better and more suffergone before. Those revolutionists almed at the gen- ling and depressed part of humanity up to a level of eral goods They did much good They swept away equal rights and puvileges. Tenth, the Female phy."—Mohawk Valley Register.

a host of abuses. They abolished priestly cruelty and priestly impositions; they abolished hereditary rule and authority, and opened the way to intelligence, worth and talent. They severed the chains which had hitherto bound the public mind, and gave spent its influence up to the present day. They broke up land monopoly, brought vast quantities of land into market, gave millions a chance of earning a living, thus giving wealth and independence to those who had before languished in pauperism, bondage and misery.

Mr. Carlyle tells us that even in the reign of terror, as it was called, the thirty millions of the common people were better off and happier than they had ever been before. He tells us that the outery against Robespierre and his friends was because he put to death some of those rich and ungodly tyrants whose Christianity consisted in bloodshed and in-

A few words on Paine, and I have done. Thomas Paine was an intelligent, and able, and a virtuous man. He was a devout worshiper of truth, an ardent lover of mankind, a noble reformer, and a great benefactor of his race. He leved not a nation, to help the cause of Freedom in Franco as in Enghis sword. When the army was dispirited, he salary-about five hundred dollars-and gave the whole for its relief. He would have no profit from copyright to the struggling States. He was the first to name publicly—if not privately—the subject of American Independence; and we owe to him the republican structure of the western world. He plended for the freedom of the slave, and, with Franklin, helped to form an anti-slavery society. nature, as in God, (it makes no difference to us He has been charged with drunkenness and licentiousness, and his writings represented as obscene: and many lovers of free thought have heard these charges so often repeated that they fancy they must be true. They are the fabrications of bigotry and intolerance. The stories of his recantation and miserable death, have been traced to an Orthodox Quaker woman, and found to be her fabrications. The same woman was afterwards convicted of inventing similar falsehoods against the celebrated heterodox Quaker, Elias Hicks. From the lives of Paine, published by both friends and foes, the conclusion is that he was a great and noble man, a faithful and true friend, a benefactor of his race. beginning, no end, no consummation of all things; He lived a laborious and self-sacrificing life, and

E. L. LYON.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BROTHER CHASE. DEAR BANNER-Cora Wilburn and I have been

talking about you, but I shall not tell you what we said, for it is not proper to praise a paper to its face more than a person. But we are convinced that the pen shall supercede the sword," and Light, not Might, shall be the Lord in the good time coming

I twisted out of Gotham last week, but not until I had accompanied a good brother and three sisters to dead,) where we met the poor female convicts, numbering nearly one hundred, in the hall where they are wont to meet on Sunday, to listen to praying and preaching. At each visit we had a season of sympathy, and the words of kindness and encourseen nor heard such preaching before, and many told' ings there, and I am sure they will do great good to many of the most needy beings of the city. " In prison, and ye visited me."

I left many warm friends in New York and stopped over at Trenton, N. J., by request of Brother Pasco, and lectured to a respectable audience, who see to ourselves. Do we cultivate a spirit of love seemed astonished to hear that Spiritualism was so and gratitude towards the Fountain of all Good, do large of its age. They ought to have the BANNER we deal justly and kindly with all, and realize that there, freighted from both worlds, as Brother Storer

On Saturday I found my home for the first time in the city of Brotherly Love at friend Henk's, 202 Franklin square, where our sojourning friends will find pleasant rooms, family, and fare. It seems like going into the country to come from New York into Philadelphia, this is so comparatively quiet. There are several interesting peculiarities about this city. nausted their stock of slander and reproach, put First, it has more acres (not achers) than any city forth so plentifully hitherto, and they are driven to in the nation, if not the world, as it takes in the urgo the objections that it breaks up and destroys whole county, and had they taken in the State, conjugat and family relations; and that its advo- they would have outnumbered New York city in population for a few years, till New York could Much might be said in answer to the above ob- have moved over the rest of Ireland or Germany. icotion, but I will confine myself to the latter. . The Second, they have less people to the acre than most of term "Infidelity" is used by the mass of professing the large cities of the nation. Third, the people are Christians in the present day, in the same way that slower in physical and mental motion and progress the parrot imitates the human voice. For example : than in more eastern or northern cities. Fourth, the I am conversing with an Orthodox olergyman; we city is a chess-board, with bad matching at the cordiffer in our views; he pronounces me an infidel, be- ners, and occasional cow paths open without regard to cause I have no faith in his doctrine of endless squares or streets. Fifth, the street care run only damnation, and the numerous other dogmas which one way, and you have to change streets to return. constitute his faith. Because I have no fidelity for Sixth, the people shut, the light into at night, and his doctrines, I am his infidel; and because he has out of by day, their dwellings and stores, by board no faith in what I teach, he is my infidel. Then is shutters, like those of the old fashioned school-houses he not an infidel as much as I? And are we not of New England, to which we had shutters to keen the boys from breaking the glass. Seventh, "Uncle Sam" has a shop where he makes mint drops here. Revolution, and labor to show from the consequences and I was much pleased to find the old gentleman of that struggle what must follow the change of the employed many females to make money-rather new Bible for Spiritualism-which they term infidelity, business for ladies, but I hope to see it extended to A few facts will show that the French Revolution all the banks of the country, as I am sure they could was of vastly more benefit to the world, than the handle bills as well as coin, and cash drafts as well intolerent, Inhuman wholesale murder which had as receive wages. Eighth, the Fairmount Waterworks; the snow and mud, naked trees, and sustianity. They tell us that the Catholics did not pended fountains, impaired its beauty, but still it is allow the use of the Bible; how, then, could infideli- the pride of the city, and justly deserving, especially when aided by the wire bridge across the Schuylkill. Ninth, Girard College. I have just been through it, but did not graduate. It is a rich and magnifi. cent tribute to education, but what a pity its blessings and advantages are confined exclusively to mules, when females need them so much more. I event. The chief actors were noble man. The cylis think girls might study Latin and Greek, geometry, astronomy, and ethics, as well as coin dollars and

dimes. I wish some millionaire would endow a col-

Medical College, from which has come some bright minds, and more are coming, to oure disease, and teach people to avoid it, or oure themselves.

But I must break this string, for I can find no end but the end of my sheet or time. I am much pleased with the friends, the audiences, and the interest here. PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 11, 1859. WARREN CHASE.

LETTER FROM OSWEEO, N. Y. DEAR BANNER-Without offering an extended ar-

gument to illustrate or prove the truths of spirit intercourse, (as they always prove themselves to every unprejudiced investigator,) I merely wish to say a word with reference to the visit of Bro. H. P. Fairfield to our city. He has lectured here during the two last Sundays to overwhelming audiences, inspiring his listeners with the soul-stirring truths of the new gospel, as well as giving some most remarkable tests, during week day evenings, at private circles. He is an extraordinary medium, and although we were a long distance on the highway of spiritual growth and development previous to his visit, his lectures and tests have given us a new impetus, and Oswego, in a few mouths, will be one of, if not Tue banner city of Spiritualism. Places where lecturers are, or can be sustained, will do well to obtain his services. He will be of great benefit to them, and irrisistibly reach the minds of skeptics, and give them newer ideas of God, his government and laws, than they generally have, and favorable impressions of the glorious philosophy of angelic communion. We, in this place, are peculiarly favored, sustaining as we do regular and free Sunday meetings, with audiences of from five to seven hunlred people, and a continued solicitation on the part of inquirer for more light and wisdom from the spirit world. With a few exceptions our Sundays are now all filled up by engagements with excellent speakers, until next September, and before that time there will be such a tumult in the Orthodox sheep. folds of Oswego as was never known before. We have many circles held here regularly, and lately, at two different places in this city. We have had the guitar played upon at various times by the invisible ntelligences, producing most beautiful music. On one occasion, in broad day light, for one hour and a half, there was a succession of melodies surpassingly sweet-those composing the circle looking upon the instrument and witnessing the vibration of the strings, and the turning of the keys, as it was being tuned. And if Brother Coles, of the New York Conference, will come out here, we will agree to prove to him, to a certainty, that it is done, or forfeit all the expenses of his coming here, and pay him well for his time. We shall surely satisfy him. to his heart's content, that spirits do play upon musical instruments, without human aid, other than may be necessary by those comprising the circle furnishing the unseen forces that may be used by the invisible agents in accomplishing their object. We have also had dinner bells rung, with various other phenomena, all of which can be proved by unimpenchable witnesses.

You will, perhaps, receive from Bros. Warn or Miller more detailed accounts of our musical manifestations. We are promised, by the spirits, still more wonderful phenomena, an account of which, when received, will be forwarded to you, duly au-, thenticated. Till then, I am, as ever,

DAY BOOK. Very truly yours, FEB. 14, 1839.

WHENCE COMES THIS INSANITY?

MESSRS. EDITORS-We frequently see statements in the newspapers to the effect that Spiritualism causes We have recently had attempted a renewal of the religious excitement of last year among the Methodists of this town, and, as one of the fruits, a young and beautiful girl was last week carried to the hospital for the insane at Worcester, a raving maniac. It was impossible to even keep clothes upon her-she would tear them all to pieces. She was told, while under the preparatory state, (previous to her conversion) that she must fast and pray; and the poor girl did actually fast for some days. Her insane railings are awful to hear; she continually calls thus-"Oh, you devils, you devils, you curses! you told me I should be happy! Is this happiness, you devils? Misery on misery is all I have! Away, you devils," etc. Have they not much to answer for in the case of this poor girl? The religious friends have endeavored to keep this from the public-not one of the county papers have noticed it. Had it occurred among the Spiritualists, it would have been circulated all over the Union before this. The age of bigotry is still at hand.

Yours in truth, A SPIRITUALIST. Irswich, Feb. 8, 1859.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN BUFFALO:

Our partner, while at Buffalo the other day, witnessed some "manifestations" which we presume our readers will be interested in; so we furnish tho facts as related by him, for their entertainment and consideration.

onsideration.
Through the politeness of a friend I was invited to visit a "medium" in the city of Buffalo on Friday evening last and witness the manageres of the "spirits." The party consisted of one lady beside the medium, and three gentlemen. The medium was a girl about thirteen years of age, unassuming in manuers, and seemingly free from trickery ascribed to persons in such capacity. While these manifestations are usually conducted in the dark, in this case not only was the room illuminated, but the medium notually-required it, in order to oul the spirits in play. Hence the chance for deception was diminished. The first intimation of the presence of "spirits," was by beating a tune, as with a hummer, upon the floor, while the little girl entered the room. The next was the removal of a heavy table, covered with books from the wall to the centre of the room with not a hand near it. Questions were answered with marvelous accuracy, by raps—one for no, and three To ues. A guitar was placed under the table, and the "spirits" requested to keep time to the singing of the medium, which was done with great correctness, after which the guitar was thrown three or more feet into the room, and broken against the wali-Chairs were moved from one room into another, and each of the spectators was in turn rocked in rocking chairs, and tipped from them by this invision agency.

"A common lend pencil was placed by me under the table, and at my request was removed into a back bedroom in the story above, where I found it on resorting to the room. At my request it was again restored to the room below-and in its transit both ways we heard it rattling upon the floor. The girl asked the spirits to lift her from the floor, when atonce she was raised about a foot and a half, by merely resting two fingers of one hand gently upon the shoulder of the lady present. A light sheet iron. the shoulder of the may present. A figur sneet from stove was so securely held by this power, that a pair of stout arms could not stir it. The spirits told mowhen a friend of mine was to be married, corresponding with the day fixed for the nuptials; how old I was; how many members thad in my family; and other facts which staggered my incredulity. To, test the nature of a personal contact, I asked the spirits to give me a kick on the shin, when I received demonstration on my pedal extremity which wellnigh brought me to the floor. I asked for no further. demonstrations of this character. I left the house, believing more firmly that there are more things in beaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosoadvent on carth.

CONTINUED FROM THE FIFTH PAGE. through this immense suffering that the mighty truth was born, that man is indeed himself responsible for the influence

which the spirit world may exercise over him.

Let us here pause a moment and behold the progress made up to the fourteenth century, and we will see that while ignorance, blindness, bigotry and superstition have walked hand in hand to and for on the earth, human knowledge also hand in hand to and fro on the earth, human knowledge also advanced with equinistrides. We have been in the habit of looking at the Crusatrides. We have been in the habit of looking at the Crusades, which for three centuries poured the population of Europe upon Asia, and whitened the plains of Syria with the hones of expiring millions, and all for the inconsiderable purpose of wresting the birth-place of Jesus from the possession of the infidel, as the maddest display of useless fanaticism that the history of the world can unfold. Yet standing as, this distance from transcen, we can see how that insane entinusiasm, as we call it, was the means, under Providence, of arresting the onward progress of Mohammedanism, which in its more intense functicism, having swept over Asia and Africa, was treading on the verge of Christendom and threatening its subjugation. So amid the darkness and persecution which for centuries attended the belief in Sprit-intercourse, we can see how the mighty truth was promulgated tercourse, we can see how the mighty truth was promultated to man, that he could control it and was responsible for its action, and how he was being prepared for its more palpable advant or much high truth was promultated.

advent on earth.

Thus came, as the product of ages of experience, the belief in spirit intercourse; that it was for good and for evil; that we can govern it; and that we are responsible for its action. But when that idea of man's responsibility was fully received, it was for awhile fearful in its effects, and culminated in the fifteenth century. It was then that Pope Innocent VIII, promulgated his Bull against witcheraft, and acouncil of cardinals, appointed by him, sent forth to the world "The Hammer of Witcheraft," in which was minutely detailed all the signs by which the possession could be detected, and how the victims should be tried and punished. Thousands upon thousands perished in consequence. No class or condition of society was exempt from the persecution. Received as a dogms of the religion, even popes complained that their councils were bewitched, and the highest in rank found it difficult to escape the charge, when pointed by mislovolence and directed by superstition.

in rank found it difficult to escape the charge, when pointed by malevelence and directed by superstition.

This state of things, terrible as it was; was as yet a wise dispensation, for out of its very extremity grew man's emancipation from the superstition which had so long tyrannized over his faith in spiritual intercourse. All classes being in danger, had a common interest of opposition; and all classes, clergy and laity, soon manifosted their hostility. Writers of every condition warred upon the prevailing belief, and in spite of papal mandates, the clergy began to speak out.

The pendulum, disturbed from its perpondicular, vibrated far on the other side, and it soon became the fashion to seize upon the absurdities which had once been credited, and, arguing from their impossibility, deny in toto, not only witcheraft, magic, astrology, and alchemy, with all their extravagancies, but even the possibility of any intercourse with the unseen spirit world.

Thus Christendom progressed, until, at the end of the election contains the century, was inaugurated the age of unbelief.

eighteenth century, was inaugurated the age of unbelief. When the goddess of Reason was worshiped instead of the Beneficent Father, and it was regarded as indicative of igno-rance and weakness to believe even in the possibility of communion with the dead.

munion with the dead,
Such has been the progress of mankind in their dealing
with this great idea which we embrace; and prominent in
all that progress has been the priesthood, lagging behind the
advancement of the age, and hanging, like an incubus, on its
progress. Out of that progress, our age has emerged with
this mighty movement springing up simultaneously in all
parts of the earth, and leading its millions in captivity. I
repeat, what shall we do with it? And where shall we fly for
refuge? Shall it be amid the devotion of Paganism—worshiping the creature rather than the Creator? Shall it be in the
age of Superstition—trembling with horror at its manifostaing the creature rather than the Creator? Shall it be in the age of Superstition—trembling with horror at its manifestation? Shall it be in the era of alchemy and astrology, with all their absurdities? Shall it be in the time of persecution, acknowledging responsibility, but ignorant of our control? Shall it be in the period of inidedity, when with our lips we deny that which the immortal instinct within us compels us to recognize? Or shall it be in the reign of reason, when we may know that now as of old, the safety of the pels us to recognize? Or shall it be in the reign of reason, when we may know that now, as of old, the spirit of the dead may commune with us; that we are responsible for its influence; that we can control it, and can learn how to do so? Is there no medium for us between blind faith and knowledge? between fanaticism and infidelity? between superstition and reason? Can we, amid this deloge of time, find no Ararut on which our ark may rest, and whence we may send forth our dove, to return with its olive branch, rather than the raven, to perish amid the desert waste of waters, and return no more?

Let us however, bear in mind that amid all the discourage.

waters, and return no more?

Let us, however, bear in mind that, amid all the discouragements, difficulties and errors that attend our researches, the
truth can be found by the persevering investigator. Truth and error are in human life ever mingled together, and it is the part of wisdom to separate them, and not reject the truth, because error often sits down beside it, and assumes

The causes which gave error so much predominance are frequently to be found in ourselves. The philosopher, in-flated by the idea of his own superior knowledge, and to increase the reverence for himself, is often apt to disguise and conceal the truths he has discovered. Partially succeeding only in his researches, he hastily jumps to a conclusion, and pauses not for the maturity of his discoveries. And, dreading the persecution which so often attends the announcement of a new truth, he is frequently tempted to suppress or deny it. These propositions are as true in moral as in natural science, and we can be cheered in our investiga-tions into the truths of spiritual knowledge by the experience of the past.

Roger Bacon, six hundred years ago, amid the absurditios Roger Bacon, six hundred years ago, amid the absurditios and crodulity of magic, claimed the power to raise thunder, control the lightning, and create rain. With him it was untried theory, but realized in part by our Franklin, who disarmed the lightning of its destructiveness; and by our Morse, who, making it an instrument of transmitting thought, has bound it to the car of our oknowledge, and made it an obedient vassal to the supremacy of human thought, Lord Bacon, over two hundred years ago, shadowed forth the steam engine. Astrology, which long preyed upon human credulity, yet caused so many observations of the heavenly bodies, that the thought enunciated by Pythagoras six hundred years before Christ, was fully born under the auspices of Gallieo two thousand years afterwards. Van Holment, in his blind search for the clixir of life, found the spirits of harts-horn, and Paracellus discovered laudanum. The pursuit of the philosopher's stone, or the art of making gold, added to chemistry many of its most valued truths. Gunpowder came

chomistry many of its most valued truths. Gunpowder came in an anagram, and the kaleidoscope slumbered for two centuries in Baptista Porta's natural magic.

These great truths, baried amid the rubbish of the past, have, in our day, and guided by our spirit of intelligent and manly inquiry, sprung into active and effective existence. Admonished by these things, may we not, out of the credulity and superstition of former times, find the truth as to spiritual interceurs? Naw we not already found it? Let the intercourse? Nay, have we not already found it? Let the history of the last two centuries answer.

In two ancient works lately falling under my notice, ("Dr. John Dee's Dealings with Spirits," published in 1639, and "Glanville's Sadducismus Triumphatus," published in 1631,) I have found an account of manifestations two hundred and three hundred years since, identical with those of to-day. The faith of the Methodists under Wesley, and of the Quakers under George Fox, was inaugurated a hundred years ago under the same influence. The manifestations through under the same influence. The manifestations through Swedenborg, in the last century, were of the same character. The thirty years' war, which attended the reformation blue Luther and Melancthon, was accompanied with a lively display of the same power. The preaching manis, which so much disturbed both the church and the government in Sweden in 1842, was the same as our trance mediumship. And now modern Spiritualism, much contemued as it is, has within the last ten years, sprung up in all parts of the earth, was represented to the carth, was represented to the carthy of the cart overywhere bearing the same characteristics, under circum stances which absolutely preclude all idea of collusion—often betrayed, but never exposed—derying the utmost severity of investigation to which human ingenuity can subject it— calling to its aid thousands of intelligent witnesses—invoking human testimony which no same mind can disregard, and establishing a marvel unsurpassed in the history of mankind, namely, the marvel of insninate matter, moving without mor-tal contact, and displaying intelligence—and that intelligence embracing a knowledge of the siphabet, of reading, writing and arithmetic—speaking in many tongues, and reading hu-man thought, and revealing to us what purports to be the spirit-life, with details which no imagination can fabricate. Now, may we not ask—whence-comes this, and what pro-

The man of science denounces it as superstitution; the man of the world calls it delusion, and the religionist characterizes it as Satanic. We, on the other hand, insist that we must believe the evidence of our senses and the deduction must believe the evidence of our somes and the deductions of our reason—that we cannot roject the overwhelming evidence that is all around us. We insist that there is no other hypothesis but that of splittual intercourse which can give any solution to the phenomena we behold. And we insist that there is a power now at work in our very midst, capable of producing maivelous results, which is well worthy the investigation of the learned rather than their scotts and success.

If in these claims we are boside ourselves, we have at least the consolation of knowing that we err in the company of the good and the wise of past ages. A few illustrations ill show this.
Bocrates says, "The cause of this is that which you have

often, and in many places, heard me mention; because I am moved by a certain divine and spiritual influence, which also Militus, through mockery, has set out in the indictment. This began with me from childhood, being a kind of voice which, when present, always diverts me from what I am about to do. but never urges me on. But this duty, as I said, has been but haver driges me on. But this day, so a said, has been en-joined on me by the Leity, by oracles, by dreams, and by every mode by which any other Divine decree has ever enjoined anything for man to do."—[Cary's Works of Plato. Apology of Bocrates.

Cicero says. "Now, as far as I know, there is no nation whatever, however polished and searned, or however barbar-ous and uncivilized, which does not believe it possible that future events may be indicated, understood and predicted by

be indicated, underson, I.]
-[De Divinatione, Lib, I.]
- Writes: "I shall depend Pope, besides his Essay on Man, writes: "I shall depend on your constant friendship, like the trust we have in benovo-lent spirits, who, though we never hear or see them, we think are constantly praying for us." Dryden writes:

"The mighty ghosts of our great Harrys rose, And armed Edwards looked with anxious eyes."

Addison says, "At the same time, I think a person who is thus terrifled with the imagination of ghosts and spectres, much more reasonable than one, who, contrary to the reports of all, historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirite fabulous and groundless. Could I not give myself up to this general testimory of mankind, I should to the revelations of markinds. tions of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add hat not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favored this opinion."—[Spectator, No. II0; July 6, 1711.]

far outstripped his age, and is hardly yet acknowledged; and Agrippa, though learned enough to speak eight languages, and uniformly benevolent and kind, was universality avoided, and barely escaped the faggot. Where indeed, is truth to be found, except amid difficulty and error?

found, except amid difficulty and error?
And now let us pause yet once again, and ask what is it that the opponents of our faith demand?
They ask us to yield to their opinion, against the universal belief of mankind in all ages; against the teachings of sacred history of all religions; against the testimony of profane history as to all nations; against human testimony which the human intellect cannot disregard; against the evidence of our own senses, without which we could not live, and against the output of the advisery of the type of the party ages. Nav the opinions of the wise and the good in many ages. Nay, they ask even yet more. They demand that we acknowledge that man has attained the end of his knowledge of the works and the word of God, and that, though in former times and places. He has once and again spoken to man through his ministering spirits, he cannot, and will not, thus speak to him again; that the glory which once descended and sat-between the wings of the cherubin, has fided, alike from the sight and the memory of man; that the light which once shone on Mount Sinai is extinguished, and forever! Can stione on Mount Sinal is extinguished, and forever! Can this be so? No, my friends, it is not; it cannot be. If there is faith to be placed in human testinony, if the past can speak its lessons of wisdom to the present, if it is the destiny of man to move onward ever in the pathway of knowledge, we must believe that the spirits of the departed do commune with us, that a power has entered into our midst, and abides with us, which we yet may know, and which can work marvelous things in the sight of God and angels. And we may be well assured that the time is not distant, though it may not be in my day, or in yours, when the work which has been begun so feebly in the present, will be finished in the future, by clovating us, both physically and morally, yet nigher and by clevating us, both physically and morally, yet nigher and nigher to him who has created us in his own image.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday, February 13th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. ELLINWOOD.

TEXT.—" As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."—Gal., vi. 10.

As it happens in Athens, and in Egypt, and in the Oriental cities, that the most beautiful carvings are rubbed and de-faced by violence, or worn by time, and buried beneath gath-ering dust and soil, until they are quite hidden, and men walk over them, ignorant of what treasures lie beneath their feet; so, to some degree, is it with the Scriptures, and some of the most exquisitely touched truths, carved to the most lovely images, partly by the dust that time and disease have gath ered, and partly by the rubbish of confinentiating, and much by loo frequent familiarity, have come to sink beneath the surface, and their more beautiful lineaments have lost their freshness, their glow, their power. That relation which the truth bore, when it was first uttered, to mon's practices and opinions, has become, frequently, merely historic; and so dimmed, the power of a truth is oftentimes known most and best by the contrast which it bears to the circumstances in which it was uttered. Oftentimes the first assertion of a are going bare-foot yet; we must not carry our feet without

same truth in the same words, over against a corresponding ile, it no longer stands up in that clearness by which it was characterized when it was first made known; but it has come to be so generally received, that everybody says, when hear-ing it. "Ver of course."

Yes, of course." There is then no power in it. In this fact lies the necossity for preaching; for, certainly, there is no man that can preach as well as Scripture is written. But Scripture being continually used by us, grows smooth, and it is needful that men should take up its truths out of the dust of the past and disuse, and touch with a living chiscl, with living experience, the lines and the channels of truth, so that it may be made as plain to you through the living preacher, as it was originally to those to whom it was spoken. It is a part of the teacher's duty to reproduce old truths, to exhume the starue,

teacher's duty to reproduce old truths, to exhume the statue, to cleanes the soil from its limbs, to raise it again upon its pedestal, and to let its grace and beauty once more shine out as they did at the beginning.

These thoughts are suggested by the passage which we have selected, and which compares with the original just about as nearly as that bud which you have laid away in your, drawer, and kept there for years, compares with what it was when it was fresh plucked from the bush, and fresh handed from the hand of law. In part, it is covered by the larguage

when it was fresh plucked from the bush, and fresh handed from the hand of love. In part it is covered by the language of interpretation; because in nothing is it more true than in this case, that, as Tallyrand has said, "Oftentimes the use of language is to conceal our ideas." But in part, it lacks, in our day, the contrast which it had to old ways and thinkings. But I shall take it up, as it were, word by word, or member by member, and give it the largest interpretation.

I begin; and, first—changling the collocation of the parts—what is meant by "doing good to all men?" What is the good that is included here? It is of the most comprehensive kind. It. is. to. be. as various—as—all the wants and needs of men, and as all the faculties of the mind will permit us to give. It is to include whatever there is in the sphere of intellect by which the intellect may be made to degood to other men. The power of teaching; the power of knewledge; the power of experience; the power of wisdom—both wiedom of truths and wisdom of things, which are not always coupled together—all these are to be employed, under the great law of the contract of the state of the server in the state of the contract of the great law of the contract of the great law of the contract of the great law of the contract of the contract of the great law of the contract of the contract of the great law of the contract of the contract of the great law of the contract of the con truths and wisdom of things, which are not always coupled together—all these are to be employed, under the great law of love-duty, and that incessantly, constantly. You have no right to be selfish with your intellect, to use it as a lamp for your own individual benefit. Woe be to that man whose dwelling stands where lost wayfarers travel by night, and who, carcless of their cheer and guidance, bars up his windows, and says, "Let them find out their own day." As if a man had any more light if he shut it in from out of doors. No man has a right to take his intelligence, and all its various nowers in every direction. For eathering and giving forth ous powers in every direction, for gathering and giving forth treasure, and sit down in seclusion, without regard to whether his intellectual attainments are benefitting other men or not. The incentiate accuminate are beneating other men or now. You have a right to as much knowledge and experience as you can get, but you have no right to those things selfishly gained and held, unaccompanied by any lustre of benevolence. You are bound to carry your head so that it shall be as a light

nouse among your fellow-men.

Secondly—We are to do good by the constant use of our tasto. We are to scatter beauty and refinement as flowers along the paths of men, to make them sweeter. We are to sprinkle down on the paths of men every seed of excellence, every element of grace, which shall bring softness and smooth, ness to the care and trouble of life—which shall cover the barrenness of life, and diminish its ruggedness. We are not to use our taste merely as men use an instrument of music

Johnson writes: "That the dead are seen no more, said Imino, I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimour of his postion, where the property of the principal prevalls as fig. as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never head of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubt by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence, and some who deury it with their tongues, consess to have a single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence, and some who deury it with their tongues, consess to him, and the same is to a third, who was birolier is her first husband, head averyed kind of dream. She fanced that she saw her talk has and coming towards her, and that she own her talk the same read of the same and the same read of t summer, perpetually. It is a noble thing for a man to be cheerful in such a sad world as this. I think that a man that can make others cheerful, ought not to forget to thank God morning and night, that he gave him such a power as that.

inorning and night, that he gave him such a power as that. How much good a cheerful man can do, with a little outlay! This making others happy, as you go along through life, to be continually blossoming at the face, is the sweetest and pleasantest thing you can do; and yet you are all the time alleviating somebody's thoubles. You ought to thank God if he has given you a great heart; if he has made your heart life dikes that are always overflowing; if he has given you a great sense of the elegant and beautiful in life; if these this given have a life two properties there we have the standard and beautiful in life; if these you a great sense of the elegant and beautiful in life; if these things are in you, so that you can shake them down whenever and wherever you like, as the orange-tree continually bears fruit in all stages of growth, and says, "Come, take whichever kind you want; I am in all states and conditions at all seasons." A person that has the power of carrying these elements with him conjunually, ought to thank God, more than for the increase of corn and wine; more than for money in the time of want; more than for courage in moments of discouragement; more than for hope when weighed down with despondency. As how much good you can do down with despondency. Ah, how much good you can do with how little! for I think that smiles in times of trouble are those rainbows which arise during the storms of life, and give promise of peace and tranquility; and they are needed every day we live.

Fourthly—We are to employ our moral endowments in the same way. We are not only to employ them for our own good but we are to carry them habitually for the benefit of others. Our conscience teaching us what is right in the first instance, must not then be lifted up to break other men in pieces, but it must become a staff to guido the weak, and help them that need help, in the things that are right, or rather from the things that are wrong. We are first to fashlon our own vlews and drites in life, by conscience; but we are not to take it as a sword to chastles other mon's dewe are not to take it as a swort to chastise other mon's de-linquoncies. We are rather to use it as a means of leading them into better things. Our veneration must not be made a cloak to wrap our influences in. Many men think they must imitate Moses, and when they go to see God, they must leave the people at the bottom of the mountain, and go up in the clouds and darkness at the top; unlike Moses, however, when they come down from the mountain, their faces never when they come down from the mountain, their faces never shine. Our religious feelings must be used according to the law of love. We must use them to help ourselves, that being helped we may help others also. I think we are like pleasure parties in summer; or travelors, climbing ravines and mounneiped we may help chors also. I think we are like pleasure parties in summer; or travelers, climbing ravines and mountain sides. First goes the careful father, seeing where the seams are, and making foot-paths for the rest. After he has gained one height, he turns around, and reaching down, helps up the next, and that one the next, and so on. All having got up so far, the father goes up further, and when, after more exploring, he finds the way safe and practicable, he again turns around, and reaching down, helps up the one next to him, and that one the next, and so they proceed. He must climb, or he cannot help the others. You cannot lift from below. You must be higher than that which you would clevate. Be every man must gas his moral nature to promote his own growth in the first place. But the moment you have surmounted one ledge in the rock, when you have gained one height in ascending the mountain, your must turn around and help somebody up after you; and so all the world must be helping and helped.

Fifthly—All men must carry their social affections in such a way as to awaken kind feelings in others; in such away as to soften life, and make smooth paths for tender feet. We that are shod with the gospel, should not forget that myriads are going bare-foot yet; we must not carry our feet without regard to theirs, but should make straight the paths in which

which it was uttered. Oftentimes the first assertion of a truth fills the city or lane with amazement, it is so bold, it is so fills the city or lane with amazement, it is so bold, it is so fills the city or lane with amazement, it is so bold, it is so fills the city or lane with amazement, it is so bold, it is so fills the city or lane with amazement, it is so bold, it is so fills the city or lane with amazement, it is so beld, it is regard to theirs, but should make straight the paths in which should make straight the paths in which should make straight the paths in which they are to trend after us; thus preparing the way of his people. All our fact, and so it creeived. Heresy generally means something that is, it is not received. Heresy generally means something that is, it is not received. Heresy generally means something that is, it is is not received. Heresy generally means something that is, it is an experience, are to be held subject to this law of use for others. We are to do good with them all. We are to other assertion becomes authoritative—it gains the victory. Gladually men cease to resist it; they become used to wearing it, as the neck of the helfer becomes used to wearing it, as the neck of the helfer becomes used to wearing it, as the neck of the helfer becomes used to wearing it, as the neck of the helfer becomes used to wearing it, as the neck of the helfer becomes used to wearing it, as the neck of the helfer becomes used to wearing it, and leading them to the fountain of love, we are to bapatize them there. When you come to the baptism of these, I will believe in baptism by immersion, and that there—but here—but here. I will believe in baptism by immersion, and that there—but here will be leve in baptism by immersion, and that there—but here—but here. I will believe in baptism by immersion, and that there—but here—but here will here. When you should not baptize it in a bath merely, but hat you should put it into a vat, and keep it there thild here way of his people. All our fact, and the twa tize them there. When you'come to the baptism of these, I will believe in baptism by immersion, and that there—but only there—sprinking wont do; for I think when you baptize a faculty, you should not baptize it in a bath merely, but that you should put it into a vat, and keep it there till the glory of love has struck through and through, never to be washed out or worn out.

But this good-doing, I remark once more, must include as well, all actions, all our physical deeds, which true kindness well, all actions, all our physical deeds, which true kindness well, all actions, all our physical deeds, which true kindness well, all actions, all our physical deeds, which true kindness well, all actions, all our physical deeds, which true kindness well, all actions, all our physical deeds, which true kindness well all actions.

as well, all actions, all our physical deeds, which true kindness would suggest. Now, have I got down to your level?
When I read this text, I suppose you said to yourselves, "Oh,
yes, 'do good;' give bread when a man's hungry; give a
jacket when a boy's half-clad; give charities; do good
turns." But see how long it is before we get down to that
level. We are to begin up at the top of man's being, and
come down through all the different faculties of the mind to
that point where we do physical good—the point where some
men begin, and where they end. The man who says "Charity begins at home." They are at a topon with the charity. men togin, and where they end. The man who says "Charity begins at home," always stays at home with his charity; he lives in a house that has but one from, and that room is only large enough for one man, and that's himself. It is the devil's metto, by which he deceives men. This good-doing, I repeat, must include all actions, all physical decds of slims, all gifts of love, all generosities and liberalities. This a man is to love with his whole being, as an instrument of pleasure, of knowledge, of inspiration, of joy, of mercy, of kindness, of edification of urofit to bis follow, men. This is it accoust. edification, of profit, to his fellow-men. This is its scope. is not this thing, or that thing, but all the things I h mentioned which make up the sum of doing good. A man is not to be like a little miserable, grinding hand-organ, with which, when you have wrung out a certain set of tunes, you are done; but he is to be like an open organ that can play anything the neart of man can divine and write. Although its notes have given forth funereal sounds, they are capable of also giving forth sounds of wedding joy. He is, I expands of use giving forth sections of weeding joy. He is, I say, to be like the open organ, on which can be performed with majesty a great variety of music, from the sweetest melody of the monotone, to combinations that shall fitly set forth the harmonics of Beethoven.

But this is not all. There is a degree of activity about this

passage which does not appear in our version. As we have opportunity, therefore, let us do good." That "do" is a contemptible word there. It bears about the same propertion to the real word in the Greek; that a mouse does to an

elephant.

An analogous case of weak translation is found in the pas sage which says, "Strive to enter in at the straight ga so here, it is not, in the original, anything so small and miserable as Do, but ERGAZESTHOI—the outstreach of endoavor—work with an energy in it; that which taxes muscle; that which taxes bone.

It is true that men should do gentle and unconscious good.

that which tasks bone.

It is true that men should do gentle and unconsclous good, just as all nature is made unconsclously to do good. But men should do more than inanimate nature. This passage organizes doing good into a campaign, as it were. It is to be done. We are to do good in every way; by the use of all our faculties; with a power such as we bring to bear upon the ordinary occupations and emergencies of life. A man don't no farming. If a man is to get a living off his farm by raising crops, bo don't cover the spring work—the hauling, the spreading, the deep plowing, the sowing, and the harrowing; and then the hoofing, the having; and the harrowing; It takes a little broader word than no to characterize that. A man is said to work; and I tell you he has to work if he gets a living on a farm. Now we are to do good, and we are to do to after that pattern, Our life is to be a broad husbandry of good, and we are to make its point of duty so comprehensive as to not only include our faculties, but their activity; and gradually we will fashlon our doing good on the broadest pattern of achieves man forethought, the same arrangement, the same pattent gathering of materials, the same exertion of strength. It is to to be the luxury of a select hour—not an occasional solace. We are to do good as a part of the very end of our living; as one of the noblest things that becomes a man.

No man has a right to say he is doing good when he simply does the things that it is easier for him to do than not to do. You will notice that when a man does good where it is easy for him to do it, but does not do it where it is difficult and more needed, he makes no account of doing good ontilis side, but makes great account of it on the side where fifth much easier to do it than not to do it. Now where doing god costs you nothing, it may be as beneficial to others, and in a higher easier to do it than not to do it, has a consecuted from his house; it would require exertion. For lustance, a man who is poor, in finds that his neighbor is

ness to the care and trouble of life—which shall cover the barrenness of life, and diminish its ruggedness. We are not to use our taste merely as men use an instrument of music in their chamber, to soothe their own weary hours; but we are to carry it as horses carry their bells, that are ringing out o'er the crispy, moonlight frost, for the warning and cheer of others, as well as for the cheer of those that ride. This element of taste is generally a very selfish one. There is not another place where the moth of selfishness is so effectually at work. When persons become exquisitely refined, they become exquisitely evillsh. Very finely organized and very exquisitely attuned persons are very exquisitely selfish, and, therefore, devilish. Very finely organized and very exquisitely attuned persons are very exquisitely selfish, and, therefore, devilish. Very finely organized and very exquisitely attuned persons are very exquisitely selfish, and, therefore, devilish. Very finely organized and very exquisitely attuned persons are very exquisitely selfish, and, therefore, devilish.

Thirdly—We are to carry our imagination, and cheorfulness, and mirth, as men carry torchoes, to turn the darkness of other people into light; as men employ music, as a univorsal solvent of worldly care, and trouble, and sorrow. Those elements have been made to pipe to the wants of corruption; but most unwillingly and most unfilly; for gayety and mirth, and all the wiles and conceits of the imagination, do much more bedts a life of holiness, and the beauty of a heavenly sanctity. They are most out of place, though most often found, in a life of groseness. They belong to the higher feelings of the soul, and to the nobler purposes of life. Men, in early of the soul, and to the nobler rivors with their carrying the gayer and lighter relements of their nature, have been like the Jews, who sat by the rivors with their harps.

رائع فوسينجه فالشوية منتقول فالمستنان والماري والماري

Lord will prepare my way further." So he goes on, and they are enabled to keep the first of January, having struggled through another month; and I tell you that there are poor people in this city, who wade through the winter as men wade through snow-banks. Right in the middle of January, his next neighbof, who is not quite so thrifty or so shrewd, has got out of everything—has got out of coal, and raiment, and treat; and that is n't all, his landlord has got out of patience, and tells him if he deen it may his rout for the last two ineal; and that wh't all, his landlord has got out of patience, and tells him if he doesn't pay his rent for the last two months, he would the next day serve an ejectment on him. He don't know what to do. His children are crying for bread, his wife is sick, and he can get no work. He says, "God knows where I shall go, and what will become of my poor family." The man who has saved five dollars, goes in and says to himself, "It is a bad case;" and tries to get excuses around him, that he has n't any duty to perform in the matter; but they wont come around here, [over heart]; they're too short. His wife says to him, "No John, I know just what you 're going to do, and you may fover the well do it first as last." So he gives up, and takes the five dollars, and goes to his neighbor, and says, "Here, take this money, and go and pay your rent, and stay where you are." And then he says, "You and I are slike now; we've got to swin to get to land." And I have no foars for them; God

ill bring them both ashore.
But here's another illustration. Where is another man that lives across the way, who is worth about four hundred thousand dollars, and who has been applied to some four hundred times to give to charitable objects, and who has never given anything except to one man, who called upon him one day after he had just made five thousand dollars; him one day after he had just made not thousand untark, when he felt so good-natured that he actually gave him five dollars. And from that day he will remember that five dollars, and will think to himself, "Tell me I'm a hunka and crusty, will you; I once gave a man five dollars." Very likely there are men in this congregation who, while hearing me tell this other story about a poor man giving his last five dollars to save his neighbor from being turned into the streets, said to themselves, "I gave a man five dollars, too," Ver you gave five dollars out of four hundred thousand, you Yes, you gave five dollars out of four hundred thousand, you mean, sneaking man. When I see how some men act, I wonder what God is made of. It is well for the world that we are not God. If we were, how we should avenge our-selves on these contemptible men—and yet we are full as that God reigns.

I put it to you, is it right, when a man is doing good, for

I put it to you, is it right, when a man is doing good, for him to take to himself credit for any of the encouragements or any of the consolations which follow, if the good he does costs him nothing? We will suppose a man has gone into a gold mine, and made his fortune—and when has a man made his fortune? I never could tell. Some have not when they have made a hundred thousand; some have not when they have made five hundred thousand; some have not when they have made a million; some have not have mot when they have made five millions; and some have not when they have made five millions; and some have not when they have made five millions but we will suppose a man has gone into a gold mine and made his fortune, and has got thirty million; that when he comes out the dust covers him all over; and that as he shakes himself, some persons, by collecting and that as he shakes himself, some persons, by collecting the dust, as it falls from his clothes, make money out of it.

Do you think he is a generous man for giving away his gold
dust, because he shook it out of his coat?

dust, because he shook it out of his coat?

Now there are many men whose charitles are of this character. There are hundreds to whom it is easier to do some good, than not to do it; and after having done good that costs them nothing, they take to themselves the credit of being benevolent. Fellow Christian, are you, and have you been, following such a lying, such a judgment-day-blasted standard as that? It is not sufficient that we merely do good where it is easier to do it than not to do it. To perform our whole duty in doing good, requires studiousness, pains-taking labor; it requires great exertion; and when we meet the full requisition, we can say, "I am willing to think how. I can put my mind and time to a better use. My mental powers, my powers of to a better use. My mental powers, my powers of body, my property—everything: I hold all these under the Lord Jesus Christ, subject to this use for good. This is my life and my pleasure in this world." When you can truly say this, then you will begin to do that which you are commanded to do; then you will be using your whole being as God uses his. If you have, in doing this, subdued your life to Christ, and to love, until all that lives in you is no longer reluctant; if you have controlled every part of your being, so that it consents to this law of God, then you have reached that sphere of doing good when it, is easy to do it. This is the highest state of ripeness in Christian experience.

Another point to be considered, is the frequency with

Another point to be considered, is the frequency with which we are to do good. Our doing is not to be like a Thanksgiving dinner or a Christmas banquet, which comes but once a year. "As we have opportunity." That settles its frequency. You are to do good whenever you get a chance. As often as the opportunity comes, you are to do it. It is not to be a question of desert; it is to be a question of opportunity. No man deserves good, and every man deserves good. If you look at a man and measure him by the law of goodness and purity, nobody deserves it; but if you look at a man as a creature of suffering, and judge him by the law of love, everybody deserves it. Our doing good is to be a purt of our loving in such a sense, that past doing is to have no sort of relation to repetition. No man says, "I shan't est to-day, for I ste yesterday." So you did, and the day before, and so you have every day since you were born. No man to-day, for I ste yesterday." So you did, and the day before, and so you have every day since you were born. No man thinks of urging the fact of his having taken a past meal as a reason why he should not take one in future. No man says, "I am not going to be happy: I have been happy already."—as if being happy were a thing of times and seasons. No man ever ceases to love a friend, as though just to go up to him, and look at him, and caress him, were enough. Nature takes care of these things. He that has loved once an give himself no liberty in the matter; there is a fate upon him. And as it is in the speciality of love, so ought it to be in the large love of a voluntary benevolence. Having done, does not exonerate us from doing again, but is the very reason why we should do again.

reason why we should do again.

We are not to let a chance of doing good slip. We are to carry ourselves full of the spirit of benevolence. It is to be in us like water in a hydrant, which is pushing all the time for exit, and which comes gushing out the moment the faucet is turned. We ought to be so full of the spirit of benevolence for exit, and which comes gushing out the moment the faucet is turned. "We ought to be so full of the spirit of benevolence that the moment the faucet is turned, it says, as it bursts out, "I was waiting for you; I wanted to come out." I believe this is not the way that men do good, especially that which conflicts with their selfishness, and pride. O, how much of the good which men do, is done as we get water from a punip, when we don't get one single gush after we stop the strokes of the handle. There are many whose good is but it is so far down, that to bring it out, is like drawing water in Lawrenceburg, where the wells are eightly feet deep. A man could take a book, and read a good deal, while the bucket is going down; and, after it has dipped, he could read a good deal more while he is drawing it up, and before he gets it to the top his arm aches terribly. I have seen men that two buckets were as much as I could stand to get out of them.

Men don't recognize the law of God. A man says that he is a Christian, while he is such a Christian that he is ready to burn his neighbor, because he don't believe him; such a Christian, that pride in ecclesiastical matters, and vanity in faith, are among his leading characteristics; such a Christian, the world is percetally placed and temperated the such a contract of the sable and the great of the such as the such a Christian, that the world is percetaguly placed and temperated the such as the such as Christian, the world is percetaguly placed and temperated the such as Christian, that the world is percetaguly placed and temperated the such as the such as Christian, the world is percetaguly placed and temperated the such as Christian, the world is percetaguly placed and temperated the such as Christian, the world is percetaguly placed and temperated the such as Christian the world is percetaguly placed and temperated the such as Christian the world is percentaguly placed and temperated the such as Christian the world is percentaguly placed and temperated the such as Chr

falth, are among his leading characteristics; such a Unistian, that the world is perpetually pinched and torniented with his religion, as if he were possessed of some demoniator force. O, how many men, who are so strong in their Christian opinions, have the spirit of Christ? How many are fulth, are among his leading characteristics; such a Chriswater turned upside down, empties itself of all its liquid contents? How many men are there that would do as the Lord Jesus Christ did, who, being in the image of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon himself the form of man, and humbled himself unto death; even the death of the cross? How many men will do that for their fellow-men? the cross? How many men will do that for their fellow-men? God did it for the race; how many of you would do it for one? How many of you have this spirit of Christ, who, though rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might become rich? How many men love so that they will lay down their life for those they love? You are not to despise the intellectual view of religion; but the essence, the entity of religion, lies in the spirit of the heart; and the man that has the spirit of Christ, has a heart that leads him to do such things as Christ did. You must have a Christ. to do such things as Christ did. You must have a Christlike religion, not a merely intellectual, or theological one, or You must not wait for moods and dispositions for doing

You must not wait for moons and dispositions for doing good; you must not wait till you feel like doing good, before you do it; you must do it as oft as there is a chance. The feeling must already be prepared. Let me read the passago: "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good to all mon," Ah, there is a great difference among men about opportunities. It is the desire in you that makes the opportunity. Whether you see opportunities or not, oftentimes portunities. It is the desire in you that makes the oppor-tunity. Whether you see opportunities or not, oftentimes depends upon what faculty you walk in. The man that do n't want to do good will never see opportunities; and the man that does want to do good will never lack for opportunities. Over here in the city, comes along a man that was never made to make money; who should have been a scholar. He is a dreamy fellow; he don't know how to improve the chances for making a good bargain. He is forever thinking about abstract matters, when he should be thinking about concrete matters. There's a chance to make a thousand dollars, but he don't know it; the stocks have gone up, but he don't know it; there's a chance to cheat his neighbor, but he don't know it; here's a chance to wring that man's he don't know it; there's a chance to cheat his neighbor, but he don't know it; here's a chance to wring that man's neck and ge his money, but he don't know it; and so he goes along through life, and loses all his chances of becoming weathy. He lives forty years, and never gots rich till he gets to heaven; then he finds that he is rich; that he is an helr of God, and joint heir with Christ. But here he missed ail the opportunities of becoming rich. Here was one, and there was another, but he did n't see any of them; his mind was on other things.

As it is in making money, so it is in doing good. It depends very much upon who the person is, whether he will see any opportunities for doing good or not. Here is a man who has been walking to and from his business during the last fifteen years, and he has never yet got an opportunity to

see any opportunities for doing good or not. Here is a man who has been walking to and from his business during the last fifteen years, and he has never yet got an opportunity to do good. He says, "Other men got chances to do good, but I never do." Here's another man, who is continually walking over the same path, and there is n't a day passes when the angels do not have something to do in writing down in God's journal the good deeds he performs. He never returns home but somebody is happler for it. What was an opportunity to him, was not an opportunity to the first man. The first man did not think that beggar boy was an opportunity, so he did n't give him anything; he did n't think that man in perplexity, who wanted advice and encouragement, was an opportunity, so he did n't say anything to him; he did n't think that poor man who needed bis sympathy and aid, was an opportunity, so he gave him neither; he did n't think that those poor men who are beneath him in society, and who depend for their elevation upon those above them, were opportunities, so he gaye himself no trouble about them. He was looking out for capitalists; he did n't condescend to portunities, so he gave himself, no trouble about them. He was looking out for capitalists; he didn't condescend to notice men of low estate, so he saw no opportunities. If mon would see opportunities, they must not be star-gazers; they must live down among their follow-oreatures. The man whose heart is right, who desires to do good, and can say, "I thank God for every privilege of doing good," will find an abundance of opportunities.

I am rebuked by the poorest of my congregation in this matter. I never feel so rich as I do when I find that the

poor people in my congregation are doing good trifigs. It is no fault of theirs that I find it out, for they do n't blazon their good deeds abroat. Oftentimes I have walked home serious from reflecting on this subject. Here 's a poor man, who has but two rooms for his large family, and yet he could take in this 'unfortunate maid who has been led astray, and make her a guest, in sickness even. I had five stories in my house, and seven or eight empty beds, and yet this poor family, with accommodations scarceely sufficient for lilenselves, found room and lodging for this unhappy woman, in all her disaster and trouble. I have a house, and room enough; I am not over-strong in children; but here's this family, whose small apartments are crowded with children, like doves in a dove-cote, all the time pulling in those who are in trouble and in want. Somehow they have abundance of opportunities, while we who have more means with which to do good, have no opportunities. What is the reason that God duit's give us some of these opportunities? Do n't you knuw? I is because you do n't want them. They come; they knack 'out you ain't there; you are up in your pride chamber, or you are down in the caverns of selfishness and forgetfulness. God sends you as many opportunities to do good as there are leaves on the forest trees; but you are wanting in disposition to improve them. "Where there's a wall, there's a way," and in nothing so much as in kindness.

But the force of this passage is not yet quite spent, though your ratience may be. I desire to sweak of one or two polytes.

thing so much as in kindness.

But the force of this passage is not yet quite spent, though
your patience may be. I desire to speak of one or two points
more before I leave it." "As we have therefore opportunity,
let us do good unto all men—unto All men. That's the
thing I thought of when I made my introduction, namely;
that when the Apostle Paul said that, he pronounced one
of the greatest heresies; because the people at that time had
heen educated that they must do good to their own righbeen educated that they must do good to their own tribe. You know how they used to write heretics down then. Now pamphiets are issued against them; but then the same thing was done under another form. They used to stone them; and that convinced them. You recollect the Saviour liked and that convinced them. You recollect the Saviour liked to have lost his life, because he said the Gentlles were men, and were to be preached to; and Paul was often in danger, and always he but just escaped with his life. To teach, in that age of the world, that the Gospel came to all men, and that God had a right to send it to all men, required the prerogatives of God; and God lifted himself up in majesty on his throno, and says, "I have a right to save others beside the Jews I will have more on whom I will have a merce." contemptible as they are, only we don't know it. It is well the Jews. I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and whom I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and whom I will have mercy; and whom I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and whom I will have mercy; and whom I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and whom I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and whom I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and whom I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and whom I will have gument in favor of the pernicious doctrine of restricted morey. That divine proclamation of sovereignty, where God says, "I will save anybody; I will save whom I will save," has been used in support of the false teaching of restricted salvation and atonement.

salvation and atonement.

We are to do good to men that are good, and to men that are bad; to the great, and to the small; to those of our own circle, and to the wise, and to the tignorant; to neighbors and to strangers; to the black, and to the white also; to the bond and to the free; to the deserving, and to the undeserving. Our doing good is to be universal, but not without discrimination—not alike to all. The spirit of doing good must be the same toward all, without any distinction whatever; but the things that are good to them will vary according to their conditions. There your judgment must discriminate. What would be good to one would not be good to another. You would be good to one would not be good to another. You must be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove. But the spirit to do good must not be restricted. You must feel yourselves to be almoners of God, to carry help and love and

sympathy to every human being.

There is one apparent limitation, but that is not a real one

"especially unto them who are of the household of faith." This clause has been made a rudder to steer this whole yerse on to the rocks. Men read it in this way: "Let us do good unto all mon, and seprecally unto them who are of the household of faith." Bo the Methodists must trade with a Methodhold of faith." So the Methodists must trade with a Methodist; the Presbyterians must patronize a Presbyterian; the Catholics must take care of Catholics, and so on. The spirit of the whole passage is smashed out of it by this rendering; whereas, its teaching is this: You are, as you have opportunity, to labor diligently to do good unto all men: but as in early times the Church was feeble, you must especially be careful of them; not, however, in their circumstances merely, but also on the larger ground that they are nearer and dearer to you. That mother who is most careful of her own firstly account that the control of the country that method is most careful of her own firstly account that the same careful of her own firstly account that the same careful of her own firstly account that the same careful of her own dearer to you. That mother who is most careful of her own family, is generally the mother who is most careful of those outside her own family. The one who loves a good man on account of his character, will be all the more likely to love those who are not good. And although we have a right to make our doing good more sweet and rich to those who are nearest us by nature, and especially those who are nearest us through the consanguinity of Jesus Christ; yet this especial doing of good is not to damage the other. The large injunction is, Do good to ALL.

Christian brethren, what a sublime life is this marked out for us, if we will but take it as our model! What a life is ours—that of being God's princes, to distribute his bountes

for us, if we will but take it as our mode!! What a life is ours—that of being God's princes to distribute his bounties among our fellow men! It requires no great endowments to fulfill this end. 'It requires neither scholarship, nor genius nor peculiar skill. All God says is, "In your situation, and with just what you have, do good unto all men. If you are poor, do it according to your circumstances, and if you are rich, also do it according to your circumstances. Each may do it in his own way." But let every man remember this one thing—that there is not one in this congregation who has not the power of doing some things which no other man on earth can do. There are some things that God has committed to you, to do which he never gave to anybody else. There is not one, whether he be rich or poor, obscure or conspicuous, who is not bound to obey this injunction to do good to all men. It merely requires that we should do it according to our ability.

It according to our ability.

I was going to make some severe application, but I have not the heart for it; so I will take the only present one besides this. There are many who look upon doing good as something extra in their life; and they say, "How long shall we could need they often are you going to solicit us?" Christian brethren, doing good is your true life. God is trying to bring you into that life, and you are never going to heaven must you come into such a said that doing word will be

n more capable of work. You are not going to rest in heaven, in the sense of being in a state of quiescence. When you ended the control of the Father, it will not be to say, "There, I will throw off my sandals of work, and take my case." Godwill re-shoe you for new travels, and equip you for new labors. As long as immortality inheres in your soil, so long you will have to live in a sphere where it will be more blessed to give than to receive. May God breathe that spirit into you; may be give you that Christianity which consists in having the spirit of Christ,

REV. E. H. CHAPIN, Sunday Morning, Feb. 18th.

Rev. Mr. Blanchard occupied Mr. Chapin's pulpis, conse quently we have no report from him this week.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A. FOWLER, MORRIS.—We commenced your club at the time the letter was received, as we are out of some of the back numbers.

. TAGGART.—The paper is sent regularly to C. W.R., North East P. O., Erie Co., Pa. If he has not yet received it, somebody that way steals it, and it will be well for Mr. R.

to complain to his P. M. Subscriber.—Redman is at 100 Blecker street, New York.

MARRIED. In this city, on the 14th inst., by Rev. D. F. Goddard, of Chelsea, Wm. W. Thayer to Hattle A. Sanderson, both of Boston

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOSTON .- MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture at the Melo-A Checke for trance-speaking, &c, is held every Sunday morning at 10 1-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents. icon on Sunday afternoon and evening next.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening-

MRETIMOS IN CHELERA, On Sundays, morning and eveningat Guild Hall. Winnishumet street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Seats free.
Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall,
Speaking, by mediums and others.
Nawburtent.—Spiritualists of this piace hold regular
meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Essex Hall,
State street, at 2 and 7 o'clock. The best of trance speakers
engaged

engaged

S. T. MUNSON, DEALER IN REFORM BOOKS AND.
S. PAPERS, No. 5 Great Jones street, New York. Mr. M.
is Agent for the Hanner of Light. He is also sole agent for
Mns. METTLER'S MEDICINES, and will furnish them, wholesale
and retail.

16 Jones

and retail.

JUST PUBLISHED—THE PHILOROPHY OF LIFE—The eldesign of this work is to show, that faith in love is liberty which dannot be interrupted; and that faith in selfabness is bondage; also, to show that man's home is wherever he is intall times and conditions of his existence. The Philosophy of Life contains 540 pages, and will be sent, postage free, for \$1,25, to any part of the United States within 300 miles. For sale by BELA MMARSH, 14 Bromfield street.

A NEW SPIRITUAL BOOK.—TWELVE MESSAGES A PROW THE SPIRITUAL BOOK.—TWELVE MESSAGES A PROW THE SPIRIT OF JOHN QUINOT ADARS, through Joseph B. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham. 404 pages 870... Price 31.60. Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street.

THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER, FOR 1859. PRICE TABLE Cents.—Tust published and for sale by BELA MARSH. Bromfield street.

THE OW A. B. OBITO; MOD. OBBITS, JAMES LINE. NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MARS.