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NO. 23

# Original Poetry

## SPRING!

I design to the second we squire.

Once more, oh Spring, from Winter's icy regions, ... We welcome thee, as gaily stepping forth Thou wave'st thy wand to those mysterious legions, Who wait on thee to beautify the earth.

Bare flowers of every hue are on thy bosom. Which thou wilt scatter over earth afar, On hill, in dell, to bud, and burst, and blossom, And glow, as glows in heaven the evening star. Thou left us when the Summer sweetly singing.

With Nature's distillation in her hand. Came from the skies; with rosy censer swinging, Pouring its contents over all the land. Gaily she went, where'er the flowers were blooming. On o'er hill and over dale with fleetness,

And in her joyous mission of perfuming, She poured them from the censer, full of sweetness And Autumn came and in the distance thundered. And spread his golden banner to the breeze-The link twixt earth and Summer being sundered,

She passed away in low, rich melodies. And sadly through the dim old forest swelling, The requiem of the Summer died in song With sterner breezes in each blast foretelling

That Autumn's reign of glory was not long. Proud Autumn died, and in the light of morning, ... When sunbeams circled far o'er earth's dim zone, In all the splendor of their light adorning,

The leafless Winter took dead Autumn's throne. Loud came the blast from out the north-west rearing. And hurrying down the fleecy snow-flakes fly. Until thy smile, oh Spring, and sweet imploring. Won thee a place as Winter's reign went by.

And now we welcome thee again, thus drifted Upon the tides of seasons and of time; ..... Where hast thou been, what seen? Has veil uplifted

Revealed a realm, than this, far more sublime? The snows have melted on the fields and mountains, A tinge of green is in the valley wide.

The torrents thunder from the bursting fountains,

And dance and leap adown the mountain's side. The flowers that Autumn kissed while they were sleeping, MThat winter held in ley chains of gloom, Won by the winds that down the glen are sweeping, Burst slowly forth, and bud to beauteous bloom.

Our function burnt miew, as do the flowers From earth's cold form, when Spring-time hath control And we behold how outward things and powers Brighten, and have an influence o'er the soul.

The flowers retreat, when Winter's blasts are sweeping Across the earth, escape the war of storms,

Watch, till Spring calls them back in newer forms.

So in our life are days of pain and sorrow, So in our life are Winters, too, and Springs; 'Tis ours to live, 'tis ours to soluce borrow From the great lessons of these senseless things.

Bo in our life are Summer months of growing-Moral fields swept by action's genial breath, And Autumns, too, that bring the harvests glowing.

That tribute pay when we are housed by death. Sweet Spring, thou dost with all thy powers fashion Structure on structure, ere thy race is run:

Bo we, in spite of our own selfish passion, May leave, by action, much which, though undone,

Will stand as types of what we were while living-Foot-prints left in the sands where we have trod; Actions which show our fallings worth forgiving, And make our souls acceptable to God. New York, Feb. 28, 1859.

# flashes of fun.

WRITING AND PRINTING.—A modern wit says of young writers ... It may be that, like John on the Isle of Patmos, they hear a voice saying unto them. write! but when they hear any such command as print! they had better inquire whether it is an angel that gives the order."

Very right; but the only true test in that case. we think, would be, if the angel gave them strict injunctions to "pay the printer." Then they might go shead without fail .- Investigator.

REFERENCE—A glass of water obtained from the epring of the year.

A wag says that the Cataract of the Ganges, which had a successful run at the Boston Theatre, was put upon the stage under favorable horse pieces, (auspices.) Why is the mind of the drunkard similar to that

of the Hindoo? Because it is always jug or not (Juggernaut) with both.

STOMACH US. HEAD .- There is a man in this city whom policy actuates to talk temperance, but who sleep. Night was in her soul, but day in her eyes, drinks daily-"for the stomach's sakel"-several glasses of Scheidam Schnapps. His head enaps con- and the flowers below. Fervently she prayed, in tinually.

One of the hardest sort of people was asked to subscribe to some worthy object. "I can't." he re plied; "I must be just before I am generous." "Well," said the other, "let me know just before you are generous, and I'll try you again."

"At a printer's festival, the following toast was offered :-woman-Heaven reward her: she is always in favor of a well-conducted press."

A rustic friend suggests that type setting must be & sedentary occupation. A great many stand it, though, however.

The man who stood up-on Ceremony, has been bent on Mischief ever since.

A good story is told of Mrs. Douglas, when asked am an Old-line Whig, with pretty strong Douglas can you do for me? Besides, Carrie, it is very late;

Besonia on Bouns A lady, when told that Mr. Beecher was about to deliver a locture on Burns, want some one to know me; no one does, not even suggested the equal necessity of a lecture on scalds. you, my brother, who have so many years taken me | first; that's all."

HEARTS AND HOMES.

BY MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

# CHAPTER V.

" I declare! Carrie, one would think you perfectly heartless, gay as you are only the evening before Charles's departure. I think it must have hurt brother's feelings to see your trifling this evening before our guests. Of course we can understand you. We know you are affectionate and feeling, but strangers and acquaintances, Carrie, mother has often told you are very moompetent to judge, occupying the position they do of occasional visitors."

"I am truly grateful to you for your sisterly sentiments," rejoined Carrie, archly, " and I cannot be too humble in the presence of so sage a councillor two years my senior. What a period you had to gather wisdom before I came to conscious existence !" and she cast a mischiovous glance at her sister

"Don't trifle forever! Carrie, I am heart-sick of it;" and her truly, wounded feelings gave vent in

"There! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, sister, I was only in fun."

"But your fun is out of season; you should study the law of appropriateness; I cannot feel lighthearted like you. Only think, to morrow he leaves us to be absent three years. We may never see him again,"

"But we must not drape our souls in clouds; better for him to appear hopeful, at least."

"We can be that without being trifling, Carrie." "Opinions differ, sister. What appears gayety in me is only the dancing lightning before the stormcloud."

"You always did have odd comparisons, Carrie you are not at all like mother and myself." "No! I am not like the Baileys: I am a Somers

think of changing the orthography. Yes, I should always be summer."
"Not if you change your name."

"Yes! because it is my nature, and that will never change." "I fear it never will; but come, it's time for us

to retire. Hark! what is that?"

plainly that sorrow was treading the secret chambers of the soul. "Poor brother! how I pity him," exclaimed Carrie.

"How cruel in that heartless girl to refuse him," chimed in Julia.

"But I do n't believe it was she, do you?" "She? Why, who else could?"

"Parents, guardians, often control; and they say her father is very proud, though I have never seen him."

"I never should wish to," said Julia. "I should!"

"What possible good could come from it? Nothing beyond curiosity, surely, could induce you to think so."

"I will see him forthwith, Julia, and tell him he s very cruel."

"But we have no evidence that he controlled her decision."

"I feel that he has. I can't blame her: she is woman, and I pity her."

"We must not remain up any longer now," said Julia. "Remember we must arise early to-morrow. Oh, how I dread the day that takes him from us; do n't you, sister ?"

"We must not dread anything; must we?"

"We must not only dread but shun all evil, dear." "Not if that which we call evil makes us better?"

"There ! not another word to night; we must go

to rest." " If we are not weary ?"

"Yes, of course. Good night."

Carrie retreated to her room, which opened from Julia's, and sat down in the pale moonlight. The footsteps of her brother had ceased, but not the wild throbbings of his heart. Softly she stepped to the bedside of her sister. Morpheus had folded her in his arms, but an oft-repeated sigh told that the morrow lay like a shadow on her heart. Noiselessly as she had entered she departed to her room, but not to as she sat at the open window to gaze upon the stars, that still hour, that her brother might be spared from deeper sorrow, if it was the will of her heavenly Father. Then, noiselessly gliding to his door, she asked, " May I come in ?"

"Carrie, is it you?" "Yes; please open the door; I could not sleep, and I have come to see you, dear Charley," she added, as he admitted her.

" Tell me, sis, what troubles you?" said he, with an attempt at gayety. " Your sorrows, Charley."

"What have they to do with my light-hearted sister?"

Much, very much, dear brother. I would be your confidant, your support, for I am very strong." "Why I You are only a fairy," said he, glancing recently regarding her politics. Her reply was -" I at her delicate form and heaven-blue eyes, "What you must retire, or you will be ill to morrow."

you must restre, or you will be in combiner. Oh, I do father," sald Grace.

upon your knee and called me pet names. You think I am only a child. "You do n't know how my heart aches to know all about this sorrow that weighs upon you." and first first freeze and

"I have told enough Already," said he, drawing strength and confidence from her. 

" Who ?" inquired Charles. "Grace Weston." " Yes."

" How? through a third person?" "No! with her own lips," gasped he, turning doubly pale, as the remembrance of that hour came

before him. "These are painful recollections. Carrie," said he. "I had resolved they should never be brought up from my own soul." He forgot that he was talking to a child, as he deemed her. "Yes! there this secret must lie: this heart must

go on wildly throbbing out its great pulsations of hope; this hope, mountain grown within my soul. cannot be torn away in a moment; years must do "Charley, I have prayed for you, and shall forthe work."

ever pray: My life shall be one holy orison upraised for thee, and though one of my sex refuse thee, yet shall my love oling around thy heart so close that should another ever turn to thee, it must, twine its tendrils through my heart to thine."

"Carrie, my child," exclaimed her brother, " have you grown in one moment to a woman? Who gave you those thoughts?" The wall of would

"The God within me." ( 14 d) to read that the "Sister, I have never known you," and he clasped her to his heart. "No, never," Twelve long years we have lived beneath the same roof. Each morn and night I pressed you to my heart and thought you but a sunbeam in my pathway, but I did not expect that sunbeam to shine amid the storm. My Father in heaven, I thank thee that thou choosest this back ground of sorrow whereon to place this light of my sister's love and strength; that I may see how beautiful it is." A chief and about

"I love the storms, brother; they make us feel so humble and yet so strong; you will let me be your matter\_"

Ere he laid his head upon the pillow to rest, he fireside. Chide not the light-hearted and seeminglybring out the woman from the girl-the God power from feeble manhood, which cannot emanate from an uneventful tide of life.

# CHAPTER VI.

of each day with her father. Charles had never so unjustifiably assumed." heard of her illness, but lingered beyond his aptioned, and sent it to her. It was his intention to outdepart immediately, but he was obliged to attend to all am not convinced, and I still believe that your some business which unexpectedly arose.

Little did he know of the wound he inflicted upon close, never, for a moment, left her thoughts.

"Vanished like dewdrops from the spray,
Are moments which in beauty flow—
I cast life's brightest pearl away,
And, false one, breathe my last adieu."

misunderstand me? And he will leave with the in the disturbed waters of conscience.

me.' I only gasped, 'I-love-another-" who is to be your husband."

"Excuse me, father, but my recent illness..." vant

The girl departed with her message, leaving the judge with his eyes still fixed upon that name. "You must find something unusual in that card,

father," said Grace.

""" Ob, nothing." I could not make out the name at

"Who is it, father?"

"I dare say, some of my poor tenants."

"Is it customary for that class of people to call upon you in private, and would they be likely to leave their card ?"

He felt the awkwardness of his position, but made no reply; which made his daughter still more curious." She was about to question him deeper. when he suddenly remembered his engagement, and descended to the drawing-room to encounter a pair of the sweetest eyes that ever met his gaze, not excepting his daughter's.

"Judge Weston, I believe," said the visitor, polite-

"I have not the honor of vour acquaintance: but be scated, madam, "You have business with me. I presume," said the judge, feeling it was his place to

speak. ... Are you a resident of the city?" "No, sir; we live a few miles out. I am the sister of Charles Somers, and have important business," said Carrie, with as much dignity as her child: nature could command.

" Please state the nature of it?" said Mr. Weston. "I have come in behalf of my brother, to tell you his heart is breaking for the love of your daughter,

now so cruelly denied him." "He sinks lower in my estimation than ever, to commission you with his grievances to me; and more, to overstep the bounds of propriety, in thus

intruding his importunities upon me." "But he does not know of my being here, neither of my intention to come."

"I should say, then, you were a very presuming young lady, voluntarily offering your opinion upon a stranger."

"I know I have no claim upon you as an auditor to my complaints, and it was not without a conflict of feelings that I sought this interview, which, in doing, I do not feel I sacrifice the modesty and retirement which belong to a lady. I come in behalf of my brother. I feel that he is wronged, and that your daughter does not sot independently in the

"Misa Somers!"-the voice of Mr. Weston was dearest love now ?"

Miss Somers !"—the voice of Mr. Weston was far from harmonique—when a lady so far forgets.

He answered with a king add hade her seed good breading and the rules of society as to thuch good breeding and the rules of society as to touch upon themes of so delicate and private a nature. I thanked the giver of all good for this light in his the task may be, I now inform you that your brofeel it my duty to advise them, and, unpleasant as hour of darkness. Sorrow and storm wash the ther, with unwarrantable conceit, imagined himself jewels from the heart's depths of those around us, the accepted lover of my daughter. I heard her reproving them blessings in our pathway, and at our fusal. I heard it from her own lips, and we both gay too often, for they need only great conflicts to that should be locked in the secrets of the family look upon the, to him, unfortunate avowal as a one out of respect to your family, and according to the rules of society. Had he the delicacy upon those matters, which I supposed existed in all well-bred people, he would not importune for love, where only friendship existed. As it is, I cannot be too thank-Grace was now convalescent, and able to sit most ful that my daughter refused the claim his egotism

Here Mr. Weston cast an impatient glance at the pointed time of departure, in hopes that some word door and the vexed, but undaunted Carrie who of repentence or reconciliation might come. The arose to depart, thinking argument to be useless. first week he had written the letter before men- But she could not avoid saying, as she was going

daughter is innocent of this change." It was well for her that this was her valedictory. her in his epistle. The lines which he quoted at its for the anger of Mr. Weston was fast gaining the ascendency over his politeness. He bade her an loy good morning from the winter of his soul, and her blue eyes looked a "Somer" good day.

It was a question, as he sat in his library the re-"And, oh i" she thought, as she daily read it o'er mainder of that morning communing with his own and o'er, "must it be that of all others he should thoughts, whether angels could mirror their forms

thought that I love another! Oh, Charles! how has | The morning's adventures had so excited Carrie, our bright dream faded-if I could only have read that when she came to external consciousness, she that before-but-now, he is far, far away. Heaven-found herself walking at a rapid pace in the direcly Father! protect this poor, aching, misjudged tion of home, and a mile beyond the station where heart-guide me into light and truth, even though, she intended to have taken the cars. The day was its vale be darkness-let me see but wisdom at the very warm. She was not only vexed that she must end. He writes, I said, 'I love another.' Could I walk the remaining distance under the scorching heat of the sun, but because she had forgotten sun-"Ah, well, I now romember," she said to herself, dry commissions given her by her mother and sister. as new light came upon her dimmed vision .- "I was At length she discovered a large tree near the roadgoing to say, 'I love you-but another duty calls side, within the shade of which she might rest, and meditate in what way she could excuse herself in "What! in tears, Grace? Have you no smiles for their sight, and yet be truthful. She missed the your father? You were much absorbed, I should trains-that would do-how dispose of the errands? say, not to notice my entrance. You should not In vain she searched her brain for a reason: none concentrate your thoughts too much. Dr. Warden would come. Fatigued and anxious, she really felt has repeatedly warned me of that tendency. But I that it was wrong for her to have undertaken have news for you, darling. In two weeks, or as this business without the knowledge of her parent. soon as you are able, we are going to the springs. She rapidly concluded that her present ill-luck was I found you so much better this morning, I invited the consequence of disobedience, for she well knew Mr. Dayton to take tea with us, and we can talk that her mother would never have consented to such over the arrangements, as he is to be one of the a step. At this juncture of affairs she arose to go party. I think your nerves must, by this time, be on, when she espied one of those traveling merstrong enough to meet him, as he is so anxious to chants, with needles, trimmings, embroideries, and have an interview. Come, you are unusually under other knicknacks too numerous to mention. She monstrative for one of your sex. I should say, apart | hailed him without delay, and found to her surprise, from interest, curiosity would aid you to meet one all the articles enumerated in her list, which was not brief. As this, her only difficulty, was surmounted, she tripped along with a light heart, and "A lady is below, waiting, sir, to see you. Here joyous as the birds that sang around her, unconis her card. Are you at home?" inquired the ser- sciously joining them in their matins, when suddenly a voice caused her to turn quickly around, and she "How? No! That is-yes. I'll come down met the gaze of the owner of a pair of charming black eyes fixed upon her. He was riding in an open buggy, and endeavoring to control a beautiful, spirited horse, while he inquired the way to when suddenly a dog leaped from the bushes by the road side, which so frightened the animal that he reared and with one bound cleared himself from the

in hopes of speedily securing him, he knew was useless, and, as he gazed upon the blue eyes and beautiful face of Carrie, who was trembling with fright, he felt that his misfortune was most opportune. It really was a question with him whether he had met with any loss, to find himself in the society of so lovely a creature. Carrie wonderingly gazed at him, to witness such calm demeanor amid what seemed to her a very serious and vexing loss. Then suddenly recollecting the long walk, she hastened on her. way, hoping no more adventures might come under her notice. The footsteps of the stranger now followed close behind her, and she trembled a little as he approached her side, but the pleasant tones of his voice reassured her, and she found the weariness of her walk relieved by conversation.

"Do you expect to find him?" inquired Carrie of the stranger.

"If I knew anything of his habits, I should not be surprised to find him quietly feeding by the roadside, after a little run-but he is a new horse, and was a present to me only yesterday from a friend. I valued him much; but if he proves himself so treacherous as this, I shall not dare to trust myself with him very soon again. I should rather be a little more definite in my plans when I start for a drive out of town; but I feel indebted to circumstances which bring me so agreeable a companion this morning, otherwise I should be considerably out of humor."

Carrie did not answer. He felt he might have said too much, and remarked, "I hope, Miss, I have not intruded upon your solitude by my conversation." She was forced to reply that he had not, and that her walk was far from intentional, she having missed the train, and the tediousness of the walk had been relieved by their adventure, although she did not like to have another's misfortune administer to her recreation. He insisted that he had enjoyed it much, and that it was necessary for him to learn the habits of his horse, and his fallings could not have been exhibited at a more favorable time. They had now come in sight of her home.

"Can you tell me," said he, as she pointed to the cottage, "how far the road extends before a turn? I shall be a little puzzled in that case, which one to

Just beyond our house there is another road that winds to the right : upon the bend is the residence of our friend, Dr. Ashley. His men are constantly at work upon the place, and they probably saw your horse as he ran by."

"May I have the pleasure of your name?" said her companion, as they came in full view of her home, and as she was about to turn into the shady path that led to it. " Miss Somers, sir."

He handed her his card, and bade her "good

morning." ---"Carrie! Why, Carrie, where have you been? Ma has been so anxious about you. The train passed two hours ago. Why were you not here? How weary you look! What has detained you?"

"One interrogatory at a time, sister, if you please. In the first place, bring me a glass of ice-water, as my answers may be rather dry."

Julia ran and brought it; its draught was truly refreshidg to her parched throat, and she laid aside her bonnet and mantle, preparatory to a long expla-"There! that's right! Give me the rocking-chair

and a fan. But where 's mother?"

"She has gone into the garden. I will call her; she has been quite anxious for you; but she concluded that you had met with acquaintances, that induced you to drive with them. We had just made up our minds that you would come in the afternoon train. I expected cousin Bell with you. Have you seen her?"

" No !" "Why did n't you come earlier?" "I missed the train." "Oh, there's mother. Carrie has come."

"Why, my daughter, how very weary you look ! You have not walked from the city?" " Yes. I have and had an adventure, too." " And we have had a long call from Dr. Ashley, this. morning," said Julia. "He gave me much advice

about music; and, only think, he is going to Italy in.

one year. Mother and I have been talking it over,

and perhaps I shall go with him to see dear Charles." "Did he ask for me?" inquired Carrie, carelessly, as she threw back the curls from her brow.

"Yeth, he did," said a little voice at the open win-"Why, cousin Freddy! where did you come from?" said Carrie, bounding from her seat, and almost an.

nihilating the little fellow with kisses. "Why, papa bring me out here, and I'm going to stay 'till Seppletember." "You will make us a long visit, won't you, Fred ?".

"Yeth: and will you run over the fields with me, Carrie, like you did last summer?" "I hope you will not destroy so many dresses."said Julia. "We almost forgot to tell you that." uncle has been here; he was much disappointed in, not seeing you; he is agoing to leave Freddy with. us the remainder of this month, as aunt is not well. And oh! we have such good news. You know how generous uncle is; he gave us an hundred dollars a piece, to spend just as we need. He thought we

should need it, now that brother is gone." "Your dinner is ready, Carrie," said Mrs. Somers: and if you are not too weary, we will have your morning's adventure."

She sat down to her meal with a good appetite. ad related her morning's encounter with the strangbuggy. Here, surely, was a dilemma. To pursue,

er, omitting the item of the interview with Mr. Weston, and the purchases.

"Here ish a card. Carrie ! Carrie !" oried Freddy, "me pick it up in the yard." "Oh, yes! I suppose I dropped it in my hurry to get in; Its the name of the stranger, William Stan-

ley! No one that I know." "Nor L" echoed Julia.

"Do you suppose he'll find his horse? There is the bell. Has Mary gone to the door ?"

"She always does," said Mrs. Somers. A gentleman wishes to speak to Miss Somers,

said the maid; "he's standing at the door." "That's definite as there are two of us," said Carrie; but suddenly remembering it might be the stranger, she stepped to the door, and found her thought verified.

"I merely called to tell you that I found my horse near the house of Dr. Ashley, and that he had done considerable damage to his cats, which I remunerated as far as money could. Thinking you would like to know of the result, I took the liberty to call."

Carrie thanked him, and was really pleased to know that he had recovered so valuable a gift, and expressed her desire that he might be equally successful in finding his vehicle, which he left at the honesty of travelers by the road-side. He gazed upon her beautiful eyes, and bade her good morning -perhaps forever.

### CHAPTER VII.

The village of B-was a quiet spot, far removed from the noise of the city. The only important item of occurrence during the day was the arrival of the stage from town at twilight. The inhabitants were strictly religious; four towering church spires told the traveler that God could be worshiped in as many different ways-not according to the dictates of conscience, but of the apostles. But one lamb had strayed from their fold for the last twenty years. She was only a poor girl, whose sins had never been washed by immersion, and they of the Calvanistic order passed by on the other side.

Her mother was a widow, and poor. Very hard did Nellie work in the factory by the river side, that they might not want throughout the long, cold seasons : but the tempter came at spring-time, stole the virgin sweetness from her soul, and she fell, not to be forgiven. No Christ-like love was in the hearts of the people. They did not say, "go, and sin no more," but by cold looks, and colder words, drove her from her place of employ, to meet her fate in an untried world.

Mrs. Deacon Starks sat at her window embroidering a scarf for the pastor's wife, (she had no time to make a dress for the half-clothed child in her kitchen,) when the stage drove past, and stopped at the door of Widow Markland.

A young man, apparently about twenty-eight years of age, alighted, opened the little gate, and knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall, awkwardlooking girl, who motioned him to the room of the her pathway here. patient.

"Doctor Ashley, I presume," said Mrs. Markland " we have been expecting you for some time."

"I regret I did not get your message sooner, but I was absent from town when it arrived; however," he cheerfully replied. "I hope to be of some service yet," and he scated himself at her bedside.

"How long has this illness been on?" "Oh, sir, I've been growing weaker every day since last spring." Here her voice failed her, and the tears fell from her eyes.

The keen perceptions of Doctor Ashley-for he was a physician by nature, alive to the sorrows of the soul, as well as physical ails, knowing that in vain do we appeal to the external if the spirit is not first harmonized-read by those tears a cause of the present prostration, and saw how useless it was to medicate effects.

"Will you confide to me the cause of your sadness, Mrs. Markland?" said he. That tone and voice were not to be mistaken, and the mutual bond of sympathy was established, which exists in all hearts. ready to be called out by the magnetic tone of sym-

"Tis a sad, sad story, sir, one that only a mother knows how hard it is to narrate. It is of my daughter, who fell by the voice of flattery and intrigue, from the path of virtue; but oh, she was all innocence to me; she has been my only support for the last six years; she was so far from sin ---" "But who was the base deceiver that dared to take

her from you?" inquired the Doctor. "We know not. She would never tell, but chose

to suffer in silence."

"Have you no knowledge as to where she is?" "That is what troubles me. She left me two months ago, at night; no one saw her leave, but I hope she may yet be found. You live near the city, sir, I believe."

He readily understood her desire, and replied-"Madam, I will do all in my power to find your

daughter. Please give me her name." "It was Nellie, sir, Nellie Markland."

"And I will not only endeavor to find your daughter, but the scoundrel who led her astray."

"Oh, sir, the prayers of a mother will forever rise to God that you may be blessed. I have no one here to speak to, and my poor, aching heart has been almost burst for sympathy."

"But have you no neighbors?"

"Yes, sir, before Nellie --- "She could not say sinned-" went away; now they think me too sinful to speak to."

"But you are not to be blamed."

"Yet they do blame me. Deacon Stark, across the way, has forbidden his wife and daughter from visiting me, and the overseer of the factory drove my child away, that she might not contaminate the virtuous."

Doctor Ashley was a man of noble principles, and his indignation at such acts, under the guise of . Christianity, was plainly visible, as he rose to depart. Before leaving, he delicately placed a bill on ther hand, saving it would give him much pleasure and comfort for her to appropriate it to any necessisaics she might require.

"It is not drugs that you need, Mrs. Markland." said he. "but medicine for the soul. I will call upon you to-morrow. I have engagements in the neighboring town, and, on my way home, will see that you have some one to remain with you."

"Oh, sir, Sally will stay. She is a friend to me; she came from the work house last winter, and begged as hard to stay, that I could not refuse. I felt that God would provide for her, for she has a heart"

"And he will," said the Doctor, as he slipped

another bill into her hand.
"May our Heavenly Father reward you," said the

widow: "stranger though you are, my heart is full

ray of sunshine falls on my life's dreary waste." his way, a larger-souled man,

"Do, Betsey, draw down that shade! What on the gate of the mortal, and reveal the immortal. earth are you looking at ?"

is atopping a long time at Widow Markland's. I something of their history, Doctor Ashley." should really like to know if she is any worse. That is the same Doctor Ashley that we met at Niagara, three years ago; he lives a few miles from Cincinnati. But, father, who knows but the widow may be worse." for Mrs. Starks had, really, a little human kindness in her heart, and a trifle of curiosity.

"But have n't I forbid your going? Do n't let me hear of you or Sarah Jane going there, or, as true as my name is Stark, I'll report you to the minister as an associate of the vile-and you remember the adage. Birds of a feather."

This command being given, there was no margin for the mother and daughter to speculate upon the visit of the young physician, or illness of their neighbor. So Mrs. Stark quietly drew down the curtain, and took her knitting, while Sarah Jane read aloud from "Baxter's Saint's Rest," for three hours, in her usual dull, monotonous tone.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Two years have passed since the events narrated n previous chapters. Carrie Somers is now the happy wife of Doctor Ashley. They live within a few minutes' walk of Mrs. Somers: Julia remains single, whether from choice or destiny, we are not able o record, but her time is very serviceable in supplying the demand of both mother and sister. By the influence of Doctor Ashley, the fallen Nellie was saved from further sin and degradation. She was employed by them as a servant for one year, during which time her mother was informed of her locality and supplied with means for her support by the kind doctor until Nellie should return, which she did at the expiration of that time, to confess and to be fortheir sacred reputation must not be sacrificed, and | tice ! . the sinner must go from them, for she had long ago moved from their hearts.

Glad was the poor widow to pass from scenes so him a woman, stronger for weakness, brighter for Nellie was very expert with her needle, and she darkness. He placed the star of Hope upon her would like her services in that department very brow, and it sent its bright rays forward, lighting much. While thus occupied Nellie and her mother

Grace, the long suffering, the martyred girl, whose daughter. The conduct of her husband had frosted execute their work, which came in abundance. many a lock upon his brow, and buried the hopes of Nellie, the good and faithful daughter, had never his heart. Would no angel roll away the stone from revealed the one great secret to her mother—the their dim sepulchral life? Behold one, mortals, name of her betrager, where Markland calmly waited, thorny path with garlands of flowers.

It was a pleasant spring morning, and Grace had to gush from its hiding-place. been sitting by her father, reading, when the angels | She sat down this morning in her apartment. came to take him home. Maggie the faithful nurse, Nellie had gone to return some work they had finwas by the bedside, and, weary with long watching, lished, when it seemed very much as though a form had fallen asleep. Mr. Dayton was absent all night, flitted past her. It was a female; and now came and as usual, in his accustomed place at the gambling stood before her. In one hand she held the miniasaloon, and was now in a heavy, dull repose in an ture of Nellie, clothed in spotless white. adjoining room.

"Grace, my daughter, come nearer to me," said her father, "I feel that my hours are numbered; cause of your suffering. Lend commiseration for the sin of that fatal error, oh, my God!"

He sank almost lifeless upon his pillow.

sacrifice was given me. You were only the subject of higher commands. Father-listen!"

The dying man turned his eyes toward her, while she began :

"You well remember my sudden decision the day you proposed my alliance with the son of your friend? On that day a vision came to me."

" A what ?".

"A vision, father, from the world to which you are going."

"Go on," said her father, his eyes brightening at ach word.

"On that day my mother came to me, seated upon a cloud of soft vapor, and on her brow was a wreath of stars. In her hands she held two mantles, or garments; one was of fine gold fabric, and of exceed ng beauty, lined with rose colored down; the other coarse, heavy and black. 'Choose,' said she, quickly, wards the golden, downy mantle, but the other was reached towards me. My heart sank dreary and cold within me when she, smiling, turned the heavy garment, and lo! it was lined with stars and flowers. Their brilliancy exceeded the noonday sun. and penetrated and broke the threads of the garment so unsightly to the world. As the mantle pressed against my form, the perfume of the flowers filled Then the garment fell at my feet, and I stood in a I done my duty well?"

Tear after tear coursed down his cheek, and, trembling he said: " Most faithful, most noble daughter ! and child were filled with emotion, and we know not all my grief now is, that I must leave you !"

"Fear not. father : I feel that I shall quickly follow. We shall be a happy band in heaven."

She stopped-a soft, mellow cloud of down had risen over the inanimate form of her father. Death had been swallowed up in life! His spirit reposed in a softer clime! The shock was too sudden for her; most wild with joy. she gave one cry, and fell as lifeless over the form of her father.

The cry of anguish awoke Maggie. One cry of ter- was by a mere accident that I learned your whereror brought the servants to the room, who trembling abouts." ly lifted the inanimate form of their mistress, laid it upon a couch, and went to arouse her sleeping husband. Remorse and anguish were depicted on his great sorrow had burdened your soul, and you had countenance, when he was informed of what had oc. given way to sadness again. Really, I am glad to curred. A physician was summoned immediately to bee you. But where is that runsway Nell? I have

have for many weeks. Even though a great burden wife. Doctor Ashley was paying a visit to their famlies on my soul, I cannot help feeling happier as this ily physcian when he was summoned, and he accompanied him to the home of death. The physician The Doctor bade her good, evening, and went on had supposed that Mr. Weston would survive till evening; but death had chosen his own hour to open

"I can discover no signs of life, no pulse-died of "Nothing; only it seems to me that Doctor Ashley a broken heart, I should say. Perhaps you know

" I have heard some of the leading points. She was engaged to Charles, my wife's brother; but her father chose another." The entrance of Mr. Dayton closed the conversation.

"She is dead, then !" gasped the truly miserable husband glancing at the doctor, as though there might be a ray of doubt, even though the marble brow and pulseless heart were before him.

"She will never walk among us more in this form," answered the doctor, with as steady a voice as he could command. "Her earthly race is run; she has

entered upon life immortal." "It is all over. Carrie-she has gone!" said Dr. Ashley, as he entered his home an hour later. "What is all over? who has gone?" and the face

of his wife was deadly pale. "Grace! Mrs. Dayton!"

"Why, Edward! when did she die?"

"This morning about half-past ten-at least, we suppose so. She was watching by her father-he too is gone! God's will be done!"

"But, oh Edward!" She burst into convulsive sobs. "Why. Carrie, I did not mean to shock your nerves so. Be calm dearest."

She could only point to a letter that lay half read before her, and with fresh bursts of sobs exclaimed, "My brother! my brother!" He glanced at the contents. It was from Charles; he would be with them in a few weeks, and was then

on his way home from Italy. He playfully alluded to the marriage of his sister, and added that although earth had some fair jewels, yet he should not marry, as the one he found had proved false. Poor, deceived mortal, like thousands before you, blinded by circumstances which are often so dark

given. She was not to remain, however, for the and impenetrable that angels are made to appear as righteous people of B--- knew not of him who demons. Busy life flows on, and we judge and mismade himself of no repute, but sat with publicans judge our fellow mortals, giving the pure the stigma and sinners. Oh, no, they were too holy, too pure ; of the fallen, condemning, also, without mercy or jus-

### CHAPTER IX.

In a very retired but pleasant part of the city of repulsive to her nature. Nellie, the once pure babe C —, Mrs. Markland and Nellie had taken rooms. of her bosom, she could not cast away; she was where they lived since their departure from B-Nellie still. Though sinful to the world, angels did They had, on arrival there, written to Doctor Ashnot condemn her; why should we? The sainted ley, but through some mistake he had not received form of her spirit-father had washed away the stain their letter, and was ignorant of their locality. Carwith tears of sympathy, and Nellie yet stood before | rie often grieved that she could get no clue of them. obtained a comfortable livelihood, though their condition was isolated; still, health, and the consciousheart had been sacrificed to avarice, was still living ness of doing all in their power was their recompense. out her external marriage with a fresh weight of They had brought Sally with them, and found her a sorrow on her soul. Her father, lying ill, daily ex- happy acquisition. She took in washing and earned pected the summons of death. He had grown pre- quite a sum, besides attending to the heavier duties maturely old and feeble since the marriage of his of their little family, which gave them more time to

sitting star-crowned above them, softening their knowing that some event of her life-some great emotion flowing into the soul-would cause the secret

"My God! she has come for my child," immediately exclaimed the mother. The spirit occupying the form seemed to perceive

that only a thin weil divides me from the outer life. the mother's impression, for she instantly held forth I have much to say to you ere I go. I have been the the other hand, in which was the face and form of Thomas Dayton, the once sinless boy of B \_\_\_\_, the child of an old benefactor. He had long ago left the paternal roof, and none of the people of B--- knew "Father, I pray you cease those reflections. My of his locality. Again she held the form of Nellie to her eyes. The pure, chaste robe of virgin white was bordered with black: then on the brain of the widow all, all was impressed.

> At this moment Nellie entered the room with a pale and suffering countenance, and the form or spirit passed out, leaving where she had stood a bril. liant star.

> iant star.
>
> Pale and agitated, Nellie knelt at the feet of her mother. The astonished woman could not divine the cause of these strange events

"Oh, mother!" she oried, bursting into tears, "I

saw him!" "Saw who, my child?"

"My destroyer. Oh, mother! I can no longer keen it from you. It was Thomas Dayton. He promised to marry me, then fled, I know not where. It was for the sake of his father, so kind, so true and good to all, that I kept it to myself. Then I dared which shall be thy garment!' I held my hand to | not reveal it in B--- lest the spirit of outrage that would come from the people, would disturb the quiet influence that rests upon his grave. If I have sinned more by my silence, I trust my Heavenly Father will forgive me."

The mother could make no reply. There they remained, Nellie kneeling at her feet, her scoret disclosed before her lips could give the confirmation. Now the mother held one from the daughter, for she me with much joy, and I felt how sweet is sacrifice. could not sufficiently comprehend this mysterious event, to satisfy the curiosity of another. She cloud of stars and fire, by the light of which I saw soothed the brow of her daughter, and noticed that my mother approaching me with the garment of the star which remained in the place of the spirit down and gold. This was my vision. Father, have rested on her brow. A new life thrilled the soul of Mrs. Markland. She felt that a life-time had been crowded into the space of an hour. Both mother how long they would have remained so, had not a gentle rap at the door aroused them. Nellie ran to bathe her face, while Mrs. Markland answered the

call.
"Dr. Ashley! where have you been so long, that you have not visited us?" exclaimed the widow, al-

"I should not have denied myself the pleasure of seeing you, had I known your locality, my friend. It

What! did you not receive my letter?" "Not a line from you. I almost feared that some

half hour to catch up with her. I caught sight of her take a parting look at the miniatures of his kindred. face as I was making some purchases at a store, and and to let his earthly eyes look for the last time immediately followed her as swift as decorum would pron that little tress of hair, which, amid all counter admit, when suddenly I encountered Mr. Dayton, influences, had ever been dear to him. Though inafter which I lost sight of her."

fter which I lost sight of her."
"That name!" again thought the widow. "What an hour of events!"

"I knew that you must be somewhere in the city." continued the doctor, "and I continued my search ious to see her."

"She is not very well this morning, doctor."

Perhans I did not give a professional glance, but softer, sweeter, "Love thee still; I love thee still." looked with my eye of friendship."

soon be in," and she called her to the room to wel- peace came in the place of those wild resolves. come their friend and benefactor. The keen eye of ceeded to inform them of the sad scene at Judge number less. Weston's

less at the same moment."

merly of your native place—an—"

told of the sufferings of her daughter. Promis dewdrops. She gives the forest a fringe of gold ing to return to them that day, he arose to depart around its mantle of green. The meadow revels in with a look of determination in his face that betray. a flood of light, as she waves her golden hair. ed a firm resolve to protect innocence and punish wrong. With great emotion he bade the widow good raptured artist, as the ship neared his native land. morning, and drove rapidly home.

### CHAPTER X.

Earth to Earth, and dust to dust." Hark! Tread softly now. How sweetly she re poses. Death, thou hast done thy work well. Thou

Place this lily in her hand, for she was purity itself. marriage, thinking her illness the one previous to The snowy bosom rivals its shrouding, and the mar- that event. ble brow its wreath of roses.

Glance at the other form-the aged sleeper. The halo of immortality plays around his gray locks. Now, that wrinkled hand grasps a golden harp. Those closed eyes have seen a happy morrow. Peace to his ashes. He has entered upon life; cast aside as the condition of affairs, both past and present, the earthly mantle, and caught the robe of immorburst upon their vision. tality. Reverently gaze on the earthly casket till it mingles with the dust.

mourning. Dr. Ashley and the family physician are the most quiet manner. sitting in a room adjoining the one in which the two forms are reposing, to morrow to be entombed, a loud shrick from the adjoining room. Strong men Hark! there is a low moan not to be mistaken. It is from the form of Grace! At this moment the servant John enters the room with eyes wild with fear and excitement, and exclaimed-

"Oh, sir, my master is killed; he came home, and ordered me to leave him alone. I suppose I fell asleep, for the first I knew, a pistol went off, and oh. sir. he's dead-stone dead-on the floor below; he's all mangled, and \_"

"Enough," said the physician, "we will be ther presently. Go, arouse Maggie immediately, and send her here. We must attend to this, first," said the old family physician and friend of the deceased. "1 have heard of such things before, but never witnessed one until now."

"Of what?" asked Dr. Ashley, almost bewildered by the midnight events.

"Of death coming to life-or, rather, of a body seeming to be dead, but proving to be only in a state of suspended animation. Come, let us enter imme diately. She must not awaken in this condition. and in the room with her father's body!"

They approached the couch on which she lay robed from the room to her apartment, and laid her upon bride. her bed.

By this time Maggie had aroused and came to them. It required all the control of their natures to make her disrobe her mistress, and clothe her in garments more fitting. The poor, trembling maid. wild with excitement, obeyed, and mechanically followed their directions, though they were fearful it might dethrone her reason. After she had finished. they gave her sedatives, and compelled her to lie down, and calmly impressed her with the idea that her kind mistress was not dead, but would be restored. At this disclosure, a tumult of joy burst from her lips, which was followed by a burst of tears; then all danger with her was past.

Restless and weary was the soul of Charles Somers while on his voyage. It seemed as though his spirit had flown home to the loved ones, and waited for the mortal to arrive to possess it again. In vain he tried to read or write. Ever before him arose the form of Grace Weston-the ideal of his soul-the embodiment of all that was beautiful in womannow, alas, dead to him. What cared she for his return and the fame he had won? There was no heavy on his brow. With these thoughts accumu- pointed time the band marched up and proceeded him down to the level of demons.

It was at midnight; at the same hour that Grace

awoke from the death like trance, that Charles re solemnities of a Baptist prayer-meeting!" the intensity of his love for her, and the thought the band very innocently took for an expression of that she was another's, was fevered madness to his brain. What matters; the wave would soon hall him to repose in physical death, but the spirit would Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding. of love and cratitude to you. I feel better than I see if any signs of life were visible in the form of his followed her through streets and lanes for the last strengthening the thought, he went to his trunk to mailty, no entered any signs of life were visible in the form of his followed her through streets and lanes for the last

tellect said, ever so coldly What is that to you? shads another's now; till the heart would beat with a new emotion, and the brain grasp a loftier conception when it lay in his palm. To prove his constancy to one so false, he would place it in his and, on inquiring, found you, and this is the result; bosom, and sink in his ocean shroud. Hark! A but where is Nellie? Carrie and myself are very anx- voice—no wild fancy—no delusion—clear and deep it rang upon the air-" Charles-Charles-I am thine-I am thine!" Was it a spirit of the deep, "Oh, I thought her face was very rosy and healthy. waiting to receive his weary soul? Again it came,

There was no fear within his soul, only a great "A little excitement disturbed her, doctor; she will throbbing joy-he knew not why-and then sweet The proud ship sped on its way, bearing its wealth

the doctor saw that all was not quite right within, of true, loving hearts to their destined abodes, as but supposing it to be some trifling event he pro- though conscious that the ocean had not made their

Morning bursts in all its splendor and glory. As "Did he die suddenly?" inquired Mrs. Markland, the artist gazed upon the scene, his soul fills with "Very; and his daughter, Mrs. Dayton, fell life- awe and beauty, and the prayer of his spirit rises in thanksgiving that he gave not way to those dark "Mrs. Dayton, did you say?" asked Mrs. Mark: temptations. His soul scans the beauty before him. and before his ideal vision floats a scene of loveliness. "Yes: she was the wife of Thomas Dayton, for a beautiful conception—a beautiful Madonna, throwing aside the mantle of Night, and her wreath of Nellie had fainted, and lay at their feet. Careful stars, to don an ermine robe, and let fall her golden, ly, tenderly the kind doctor lifted her form and laid wavy hair, over a neck of marble white-each thread it on the bed. In a few moments she returned to of hair a ray of light, and the blue orbs the azure consciousness, but the sad expression of her face sky. The crimson robe melts into a fleecy white: told how deeply she had suffered. They left her in the cheeks outvie the sea shell's rosy tints. The the room, and returned to converse together. In a ocean, each tiny brook and lake, form her mirror, few words the mother told the doctor of Nellie's con- into which she, laughing, peeps, while the waves refession that morning. Anger and sorrow were al- flect her beauty. At her approach the tiny flowers ternately defined on the face of her auditor, while she hold their sparkling cups, from which she sips the

"Beautiful, glorious morning!" exclaimed the en-Soon he stood upon the shores where disappointment had saddened his soul, and to which he only returns. as he supposes, to look it afresh in the face; yet his soul is happier than he has known it for years; and why? The echo of his spirit answers, "Why?"

The morning after the eventful night at the residence of Mr. Weston, all was commotion and excitehast only added a more angelic smile to a face that ment, except in the room of Grace, which the phywas once so radiant; laid the silken lashes tenderly sician had strictly ordered should be occupied by on the almost tinted cheek. As the loy mantle of none but her maid. Grace lay on her bed, weak, winter only half conceals the life of the waving but free from pain and all consciousness of what pines, so thou, oh Death, hast crystalized this earthly had occurred. They told her that she had been ill, and was now recovering. She poke of her father These white rose-buds-twine them in her hair. as alive, and of every event as it was prior to her

Pale and agitated, Dr. Ashley returned to his home, to narrate the strange events of the night; and to learn that the steamer had arrived that morning and that Charles would be with them. There were alternations of joy and sorrow in their hearts.

It was thought advisable for Dr. Ashley to visit Grace at the close of the day, after the burial of her It is midnight. Still and solemn is the house of husband and father, which was to be conducted in

.As the consultation of physicians had decided that a sudden impartation of her true condition might when a loud noise is heard from below. It is the prove fatal to her, they hoped that time would reeport of a pistol, then a fall; at the same moment cover her fully to health, and secure to her full possession of mind. It was a critical time. Events as these are, they tremble, and sit gazing into each transpiring so rapidly were not easily controlled, others faces, with limbs almost paralyzed with fear. except by "Him who doeth all things well," and we

yet be happy here. Impressive and solemn were the rites of the dual funeral. The bodies were conveyed to the church, which was crowded to overflowing; and the occasion was one so replete with interest and sympathy that

words were almost useless. All knew the life of Mr. Dayton, and many a downward course was checked by the timely remarks of the pastor, who solemnly warned them to repent, and turn and live; and when the bodies were consigned to their last resting place, many a heart overflowed, and felt that it was better to be in the house of mourning than in a house of feasting. Each heart beat in sympathy for the restored, the beloved daughter; but they could not sorrow that he who was to her such an uncongenial mate, was taken from the earth; no mourners stood about his grave; they sorrowed that he had so sinned. But one among the crowd, so pale, so sad, dropped a tear mingled with pure affection. She placed a faded garland on his grave, made of hope's blighted buds for the burial. She was breathing softly—a tinge happier clime, might unfold, and be purified by the flames that consumed the happiness of his earthly

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

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although sportly

LIFE'S HARVEST FIELD.

When morning wakes the earth from sleep, With soft and kindling ray, We rise, life's harvest-field to reap-'T is ripening day by day.

To reap, sometimes with joyful heart, Anon with tearful eye; We see the spoiler hath a part gety e då æyggj We reap with smile and sigh. 18 3 18 8 W. Full of the tares obstruct the way; and all add to Full oft we feel the thorn; Our hearts grow faint—we weep, we pray—

Then hope is newly born. Hope, that at last we all shall come, Though rough the way along.

Back to our Father's house, our home, The society And bring our sheaves with song.

A BAD BLUNDER. - One of our exchanges relates the following as an actual fact: "In a western village, a few days ago, a brass

band from a neighboring town were invited to attend a lecture and enliven it with their music. The leckindred eye to gaze upon his laurels, and they hung ture was to be at the meeting house, and at the aplating in his mind each day grew darker, so that the gallery. Finding a few gentlemen and ladies despair assumed the control of his soul, and bore occupying the seats below, they immediately struck up Yankee Doodle-a very excellent tune, and excellently played, but singlarly inappropriate to the occasion. They had broken in suddenly on the solemnities of a Bantist prayer-meeting! The tew solved to destroy his earthly existence. Each hour persons below turned around and viewed the inthat drew him nearer to his native land quickened truders with staring eyes and gaping mouths, which

be free to roam in realms above. Each moment civility is best which excludes all superfines or

from the collection will be the control of the last free that the last free of the collection will be the control of the contr

satisfied the blood consequence of the factor of the party of the party of the control of the party of the party.

10 Vil [Original.] of 5% TO LIZZIE M. H.

BEJOHN WILLIAM DAY. The human soul's like a fairy stream 'Mid embow'ring trees, by life's mountain side; And the angel-pinions brightly gleam As they float in bliss o'er its glassy tide, And far through its arcades, soft and low, The echoes of Eden sweetly flow!

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But a spirit dwells in woman's form, That stirs the tide to its fountains dim! More flerce than the midnight's raging storm. Or sweet as reviving Nature's hymn-When spring's bright hosts o'er earth's frozen mould. Wave the south-land's vernal banner-fold!

I've walked 'mid the forest's twilight aisles, When the tree-tops parched 'neath mid-day's sun; Bus bush and shrub spread their length ning files, Bright with the dew they at morn had won! Bo woman's soul through life's journey bears The glory man but in childhood wears!

The warrior Greeko on Platma's day Chained an anchor to his fearless breast. And firm 'mid the tide of the war-array, .Victorious stood his untrembling crest! So woman's word may man's spirit chain. That the flood of sin sweep by in vain !

Oh, gentle maiden, that bade me bind The sign of Truth to my swelling heart, Though the tempter come like the simoon wind My soul shall ne'er from its duty part-But quiet as in that holy hour. It shall own thy spirit's mystic power!

And when, 'mid the realms of endless day, Heaven's sentry smiteth his golden lyre. And man's deeds of life their music play, That his soul be tuned with the angel-choir, Be it mine to hear in thy tender tone, "Thy faith is accomplished! thy task is done!"

• Sophanes, a warrior from Athens, at the battle of Platma is said to have worn an anchor and chain at his girdle, which he threw out before him, that he might not be borne backward by the charge of the enemy. Boston, Feb. 17, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light.

# HOUSEKEEPER:

HOW I CAME TO BE MARRIED.

BY CHARDES A. SEYMOUR.

Previous to the time of my mother's death, my daily life had been one smooth and unbroken calm. visit. Learning from Mrs. Hudson, an old and warm She presided over my home, looked after the ser-friend of your late mother's, that you were in quest vants, made and mended my under linen, and min. of an experienced housekeeper, I ventured to present istered to the numerous wants of her only son (for myself to your notice as one well calculated to fill so bachelors are constitutionally exacting and tyrangical important a situation." in their disposition,) in a thousand ways which no possibly have suggested.

Her sudden and unexpected demise fell like a dark shadow upon my hitherto unclouded soul, and humble claims might not be altogether unheeded." for a time seemed to blot out all future hope of earthly happiness. Though a full grown man, I yet pronounced these words, excited in my mind-first, felt what a drear and sad thing it is to be orphaned a strong feeling of surprise, and, secondly, an almost and alone—to live on from day to day in this cold incontrollable desire to laugh. and selfish world, with no one to share and sympathise with you in those hours of sorrow and tribula. Imy seat I looked earnestly into the face of the beaution, which with few exceptions, fall to the lot of tiful stranger, "that you have been married, and common humanity.

How to act, or whither to turn, I knew not, in this | "What you seem disposed to regard as a jest upon peculiar and unsettled stage of my existence. For my part, is most true, I assure you, sir," said my marrying I had not the slightest inclination, since companion, as coloring deeply she rose and moved I firmly believed myself incapable of loving an towards the door, with the air of an injured woman. other woman in the wide world, as I had loved the mother who bore me, and who since the days of my than my usual warmth of manner, I urged her to be earliest childhood had performed the double office reseated for a few minutes, until both could more of father and mother to her orphaned boy. .

could not bear the thought of being constantly stranger, as, with a sweet smile, she repliedthrown into contact with persons whose habits and mode of living were exactly the reverse of my own, and whose room, in nine cases out of ten, to use a common expression, would be far preferable tions to which ladies are subjected when seeking for to their company. Call me proud, kind reader, if you will, but I never did fancy life in a boardinghouse, and hotel life was altogether too expensive a luxury for a self made attorney to indulge in, whose success thus far had been based almost entirely upon principles of economy and frugality.

Since nothing could induce me to board out under the present style of management, there was but one resource left me, namely, to still continue housekeeping. This was no easy matter. Accustomed for long years to no cares but those of a business nature, I could not think for a moment of assuming the yoke of domestic responsibilities, which my lamented mother had worn for nearly a quarter of a century, with so much ease and dignity. Somehow person into his family, of whose former mode of life or other I said to myself, "Law documents and culinary, matters do not seem to harmonize and blend however, I have since found out is not an uncommon together," and so, after mature deliberation upon so thing upon the part of people who pride themselves weighty and important a subject, I determined to upon their fastidiousness and discretion in all worldemploy a housekeeper.

Accordingly the next morning, an advertisement appeared in one of the columns of that most influential daily paper-the New York Herald. I had publicly stated that I desired all applicants for the situation of housekeeper to present themselves at I introduced the youthful Mrs. St. Clair to them as my office, No. - Broadway, between the hours of their new mistress. twelve and two in the afternoon.

For two long hours of that eventful day the cry flowed into my not over and above spacious office, than a girl of eighteen summers. Her brunette comwas positively alarming. My two clerks looked aghast, and in their entire ignorance of my adver- at once to be a child of the sunny South. tisement, wondered what could have been the nature of an occasion which called together so large a night of her arrival, was both dignified and ladyportion of the female population. There were coarse like. Her wardrobe, though entirely of a sable color, and burly looking women fresh from the country, was nevertheless elegant in its very simplicity. A and poor, broken down looking creatures, whose pale, beautiful diamond ring, set in jet, was the only thin faces, told a tale of keen poverty, and anguish. ornament upon the person of my housekeeper, that Two or three well dressed and good-looking colored women also presented themselves among the large seen better days. list of candidates for election.

"For two successive days, just such a dense crowd not one of them realized my ideal of a housekeeper. more like a child than a woman, in her perfect art-Perhaps I am one of the few particular men of the world, whom it is almost impossible to please in any not been an inmate of my household more than two shape or form. Anyhow, I could not make choice of a woman whom I considered well fitted to sit at the Marguerite St. Clair my sister, instead of my househead of my table, and look after the interests of my keeper.

small family. Beturning home that night, I found things in a terrible state of confusion. My mother had been mistress, carried things pretty much their own way, dead hardly a month, yet judging from the general came at once into strict and proper discipline. By air of uncleanliness and disorder which pervaded her kindness she seemed to win their rough but not my once model establishment, one would certainly unfeeling hearts wholly to herself, and it was pleashave thought that old Mrs. Seymour had lain in ant to observe the respect and willingness with her grave for years. My own private sanctum was which they executed her orders in all things. With a sight to behold. Books, papers and writing materials we've scattered here and there in glorious pro- spirit of my dream," for a brighter, happier home

fusion, while the dust lay nearly half an inch thick' upon the various, articles of furniture in the room. In the kitchen below the cook and chambermaid were having a regular pitched battle. My sudden appearance in their midst, however, silenced their tongues, and prevented the hard blows which the rapid rise of angry passions would have provoked.

"This mode of life is insufferable, and cannot longer be tolerated," soliloquized I to myself, as vexed and weary after a hard day's labor at the office, I lingered sullenly over my small but yet cheerless tea table. It was evident to my mind that. if the services of a thorough and practical housekeeper were not speedily procured, I should soon find myself an inmate of some lunatic asylum; to such a perfect state of desperation had things at last arrived in my once quiet and delightful home.

The following morning I walked down to my office with the firm resolution of engaging the very first applicant who presented herself, whether her personal appearance impressed me favorably or not.

But to my extreme consternation, not a single candidate for the office of housekeeper called during the whole forenoon. Two o'clock came and passed. but still not even the shadow of a female form was to be seen. The term for the insertion of my advertisement had already expired, and it was just about nightfall, when I despatched one of my clerks to the office of the Herald, with an order to renew my advertisement for three days longer.

He had been absent but a few minutes, when the door of my private office softly opened, and a slight and girlish figure, clad in garments of deepest mourning, glided almost noiselessly into my presence. "A lady client," thought I to myself, as springing up from my comfortable arm-chair, I offered my fair companion a seat.

"Mr. Seymour, I presume," said the fair unknown in a low and musical voice, that vibrated pleasantly upon my ear, at the same time raising her thick sable veil, and disclosing a face not pale and sad, as I had expected to see, but one strangely fascinating in its rich, dark style of beauty.

"The same, madam, I managed to stammer out, though hardly daring to lift my eyes to the face of the speaker, whose large black eyes seemed to mesmerize me at a single glance.

"To be brief, sir," continued my companion in black, with a degree of composure quite to be envied. "I will at once disclose to you the object of my

"But, madam," I interposed, "if I remember one but a mother's tender and watchful heart could rightly, my advertisement was addressed especially to widow ladies."

"It was: a fact which led me to believe that my The serious manner in which my fair partner

"Can it be possible," I exclaimed, as rising from are now a widow?"

"Stay a moment, madam," I cried, as, with more perfectly understand each other.

Boarding out was a thing altogether out of the My entreaties were not in vain. The crimson estion. Shunning rather than courting society, I flush instantly receded from the forehead of the fair

"Perhaps my conduct was a little too hasty, Mr. Seymour; but few persons in prosperous circumstances realize the keen insults and severe mortificaemployment, in order to gain an honorable livelihood."

My companion's rebuke, though modestly given, did not fail to produce the desired effect upon my naturally sensitive heart.

Before leaving my office that night, I had engaged the services of Mrs. St. Clair, with no other recommendation than the fact of her being an acquaintance of Mrs. Hudson, a wealthy widow lady, residing in New York, who, for several years previous to my mother's death, had been one of her warmest and most devoted friends.

Another man would have inquired more into the real facts of the case, before receiving an unknown he had not the slightest knowledge. Such rashness.

y matters. Early the next morning Mrs. St. Clair drove up in a carriage with her baggage, consisting of some three or four heavily laden trunks. The servants glanced at each other in perfect astonishment, when

Marguerite St. Clair, as she gave her name, might have been some twenty-three or four years of age; was "Still they come." Such, a tide of crinoline as but to the eyes of a beholder she looked not more plexion, raven hair, and large black eyes, proved her

> Her appearance at the tea-table, upon the first seemed to indicate that, young as she was, she had

A more cheerful and active little body could not have been found, "search the wide world through," as I have before mentioned, swelled my office. Yet than this self-same Mrs. St. Clair. To me she seemed lessness and simplicity of character, and she had weeks, before I carnestly wished that God had made

By her management and peculiar influence, the servants, who had, since the death of their former

than I now began to enjoy, man never was blessed and his jouly sister, who had died when I was a with upon earth.

Mrs. Hudson called occasionally to see Mrs. St. To save her father from bankruptcy, Marguerite Clair, but as she always sedulously avoided any allu- Duret had married a wealthy planter of Louisiana, sion to her friend's past history, I resolved to trouble | who had long sued for her hand, and who was thirty myself no further about the early life of one, whose years her senior, and for whom she entertained not virtues had evidently gained for her the regard and the slightest spark of affection. The thought of friendship of so worthy an old lady as I knew Mrs. having sacrlficed his only daughter's happiness, to Hudson to be.

and gentle rule.

of her receiving regularly each mail, a letter, bear-ling the situation of housekeeper. How well she ing the California post-mark. The bold and ele-played her game, my readers have seen. Her brogant hand writing in which such epistles were ad ther's sudden return from California, hurried matwriter of said documents was, to say the least, a housekeeper into my wife, Mrs. Charles Seymour. gentleman and a scholar. Whether he was relative or lover, was an enigma which, lawyer though I was, I could not satisfactorily solve. My watchful eyes, however, did not fail to perceive the eagerness and joyful expression of countenance with which Marguerite St. Clair received from my hands the documents whose real import I could not possibly divine. As Mrs. St. Clair always retired to her own room to read the letters which she evidently looked for semi-monthly, and never once during her stay under my roof mentioned the fact of her having living any brother or near relation, it was but natural for me to infer that a certain interested gentleman, residing in California, was the acknowledged lover of Marguerite St. Clair.

Strange to say, that, bachelor though I was, I did vnot in the least degree relish this thought, and as m increased attentions towards my beautiful housekeeper received no slight or check from the lady herself, I was cruel enough to believe that with earnest perseverance of my suit, I should come off conqueror at last, in winning the heart of Margarite St. Clair, and thereby achieve a perfect triumph over my imaginary rival in California.

Sleeping or waking, Marguerite St. Clair was constantly in my thoughts. I saw her fair image daguerreotyped upon dusty law books and time-worn parchments. That I was for the first time in my life knowledge, even if attained. thoroughly in love-and with a woman, too !-was a fact not to be disguised.

elor and lawyer friends, who bantered me not a little posterity in sundry speeches. but a little lower than the angels."

Clair, and asking her to become my wife. Upon peare impossible. But I am digressing. entering the house, I found both servants in tears. "Beautiful as an angel!" exclaims some rouse. Inquiring the cause of their grief, I received the about an opera dancer. riage.

blingly broke the seal, and read as follows :---

gross piece of deception. Circumstances compel ance. me to resign at once, a situation, which, though of brief duration, was, I trust, productive of ho slight degree of pleasure to both parties. It is better for the happiness of both that we never meet again : but, should curiosity tempt you to seek an explana tion of this affair, I will consent to grant you an interview between the hours of seven and nine tion of the cerulean concave. o'clock to-morrow evening, at the residence of my friend, Mrs. Hudson, No. 13- Lexington Avenue,

Yours, very respectfully,

MARGUERITE ST. CLAIR.

This sudden death blow to all my fondly cherished hopes, was too much for a man of my sensitive nature to bear with fortitude. A sleepless night, and the wicked wish that I had shared a common few hours before.

My pale face and sunken eyes attracted the notice "myself excepted." of my clerks at the office, who, attributing the cause to illness, urged me to suspend all labor for the day.

appearance of Marguerite St. Clair. A moment the arm of a tall and handsome looking man, Mar. Bailtie say. guerite St. Clair entered the apartment, and ad anced immediately towards the spot where I was sitting. My ghastly countenance seemed to startle greeting were over, was after my health. Upon my reply, that I felt myself quite as well as usual. he seemed relieved, and, with a sweet smile, turned quickly towards the stranger, whose eyes seemed twitching of the mouth-

Duret, my only brother, and your cousin, whose ac a pleasant stroll. quaintance, I believe, you have never before had the leasure of making."

have made myself ridiculous, by falling upon my lowing that ladies have any right to bet at all? knees before Marguerite St. Clair that moment, and declaring my great love for her, so perfectly de. lighted was I to find that Mr. Duret was the brother. newly-discovered cousin.

the satisfaction of all. The mother of Henri and winners. Marguerite Duret was the sister of my father, who which broke off the Intimacy between my father worst is yet behind, however.

mere child.

avert his own ruin, so preyed upon the mind of Mr. Domestic existence seemed to present a new phase Duret, that he sunk rapidly into a decline, and died to my hitherto careless and indifferent eyes. Things just one year after Marguerite's marriage with Mr. were now kept so neat and orderly, that I began to St. Clair. Six months after that sad event, my look upon Mrs. St. Clair as the good fairy of my life, cousin was left a young widow, with a handsome so magical and wondrous was the transformation property. While visiting her friend, Mrs. Hudson, effected in all internal arrangements under her quite in New York, she learned the fact of our relationship, and, being told that I was a fastidious old One thing, I must confess, annoyed me a little, in bachelor, she thought it would be a capital joke to ny intercourse with Mrs. St. Clair; it was the fact pass herself off as a poor widow, desirous of obtaindressed to my care, assured me at once that the ters to a close, and finally ended in converting my

Written for the Banner of Light.

# Probe Your Mords.

BY NED ANDERTON.

Let men both use the curse and eath, For us their habit to— But much I leathe what woman deth In common parlance do.
For ladica, you should never let
Exaggerations rise,
Your I tile fingers thus to bet,

Or give away your eyes!"

Altered from Watte Hymns. As a matter-of-fact person I have more to say in the cause of seriousness and truth than I will now attempt, but confining myself to one of my subject's lowest branches, must confess that many a phrase daily accepted in female society annoys me grievous ly, as impolite, false and profane. I will begin with some of the most moderate.

"Everybody knows so and so," says one.

Now, really this would throw the stigms of ignorance on all persons not happening to be informed on the theme in question, unless we first took into our consideration the improbability of the speaker's having ever taken any steps to ascertain how many individuals, even of his or her own parish, knew or did not know; or the necessity, or the utility of such

"You never saw anything like it," cries another. Surely this expression, unless addressed by a pa-Learning by accident that Mrs. St. Clair was a rent to a child who had never been one hour from fine musician, I immediately hired a plano for her under parental care, is rather presumptuous. What use. Besides being an excellent pianist, Marguerite lover, wife, friend, sister, can possibly tell how like St. Clair was also the possessor of a rich contralto or superior to the things of which they are talking voice, which she used in singing with great taste may have been those seen by their hearer when they and ease. My sudden appearance at the theatre were not by? Why should anybody ostensibly and and opera with so young and lovely a woman, was ostentatiously monopolize experience? I will not now the subject of common remark among my bach- comment upon the manner in which they also insult

upon my devotion to so charming a person as Mr. "What has posterity done for us?" some may in-St. Clair, the housekeeper. Words that before would quire. Yet what has it done against us that we have annoyed and teased me, now fell unheeded up | should doubt its power, (heaven's rather) to produce on my ear, so completely lost was I in admiration of shows as brave as—well, never mind, not quite pera woman, who seemed, to my exalted imagination, haps, as some of ours; for time hath not yet seen a second Shakspeare. Yet if the comet ends not all Marguerite St. Clair had filled the office of house- doubt this year, the roses of sixty-eight shall "smell keeper in my family for a period of six months, as sweet" as have those of fifty-eight. "Tis a mere when I returned home one night, fully impressed "temptin' o' Providence," as the Scots say-a kind with the intention of declaring my love to Mrs. St. of disbellef in futurity, to call a hundredth Shaks-

unexpected intelligence, that Mrs. St. Clair had left How should he know? By what criterion can he the house a few hours before, in company with a judge? By what plea excuse his actual blasphemy? strange gentleman, who had called for her in a car Besides, no woman likes the comparison. These rhodomontades and hyperboles, from female lips afflict To the care of one of the girls, who could neither me doubly. They will call a six foot high, whiskered read nor write, she had entrusted a note, to be de. militaire a perfect love!" How perfect? and why livered to me on my return. With all the excite love? Oh, Cupid! oh, "you little god on roses rement of a madman'I seized it, and rushed quickly clining!" thou punishest the vain flirts by never t) my room. Locking myself securely in, I trem. siming at-where their hearts should have been; and "to make use of a strong expression," I think "MR. SEYMOUR-Sir, you have been the victim of they lose some very pleasant dreams by thy forbear-

> One handsome, fashionable, clever, lively, amiable daughter of genius, wrote me word the other day-I will not attempt to imitate the elegance of her style but the purport of her sentence was, that some one who had offended her, she had wafted to the eleva-

She is certainly nearer heaven than most ladies by the altitude of more than one wish; but as she has complained to me of weak lungs, and as the sky is, I suppose, as high as ever-one can't always see itwhy, I can only say, with Hood-

"I've met with many a breeze before, But never such a blow!"

"The greatest fool in existence!" Mrs. — calls grave with my poor mother, was the result of the her husband. If she is sure of this, the more shame heavy tidings which had been forced upon me but a for her, is all I venture to say; save that I think self-knowledge might have given her the grace to add,

Try the being who vows he'd "go through fire and water to serve you," by damping but a curl, or Seven o'clock the same evening found me alone in scorching but a shoe-tie, and see how he'll take it at the parlor of Mrs. Hudson, anxiously awaiting the your hands. He would then, perhaps apologize by "I'll do anything in the world but bear that," offerlater the door opened, and, leaning gracefully upon ing some huge, unlikely substitute," as Joanna

"Anything in the world!"

Would he bring you a sorap of lichen from the Polar shore, if you were in a consumption? No; if her, for her first inquiry, after the usual formalities he would put himself out of his way to cross the street, and fetch you an ounce of cocon butter, he's a hetter fellow than I take him for. Had he said, "anything in my power," I would not fear, nor scruple, to bid him get me a bottle of Eau de Cologne twinkling with merriment, and said, with a nervous from Washington street; if I did so, money in hand, allowing him to take his own time about it. on a "Mr. Seymour, allow me to introduce you to Mr. fine day, when he had nothing else to do, and wanted

With regard to the wagers and promises alluded to in my heading, let me ask, when the bet is de-Had an earthquake suddenly opened at my very cided, who is ready to suffer the amputation of even feet, I could not possibly have been more surprised, their most diminutive digit? What use would it be than I was at so strange a denouement. But for the to any but the owner, if to her? Would not a oun timely entrance of Mrs. Hudson, I should certainly of coffee have been more germain to the matter, al-But-"I'd give my eyes for" such or such a

Oh, curiosity | what a dreadful wager. This is

instead of the betrothed lover or husband of my impious. Say they are pretty eyes; fancy Hubert and Prince Arthur; say they are tear-dimmed eyes, Mrs. Hudson soon explained the entire affair to but still not only your joy-winners, but your bread-

I am as loquacious as any old maid need be, and had married at an early age, and settled in Louisi. yet I say, without hesitation, and quite in earnest, ana. Some little trouble had occurred in the family, "ent out my tongue, but spare mine eyes." The

Ladies! when ye get together, unrestrained by the presence of your lords, ye do say-deny it notstrange, daring things!

Only last week I heard an innocent creature protest, which, by the way, I take to be an unladylike action, that she would have gone either to his Satanic Majesty, or his dominions, for Lord Byron.

Now, when we reflect—which she did not-how much mischief she must have done to get there, and how uncomfortable a reception she might have met with at her journey's end, we may be permitted to bless Heaven that the misleading peer was in his family vault ere his fair votaress was old enough to nrove her words

One story more, and I have done. A country radesman announced on his shop cards: "For imimmediate remuneration. Every description of box, trunk, or case, which can be ordered, made and mended here, by me, with the utmost dispatch, and sent to any part of the country, on the most moderate terms. N. B .- Old ones taken in exchange."

One of your grave men, "and when they jest, your smilers know not how," sent him on the first of April, by a half-witted messenger, the following written demand:

"Wanted, for ready money-

Sentry,

Of Snuff, . . . . . . . Boxes. Christmas, . . . . Coach, . . . . . . . . . dozen each. and Second Hand Watch. . .

A few, ditto, on the ear, will be given in part pay-

Trunks-one elephantine, and two human; viz. one black and one juvenile, to be sent into the Cases of high treason and yellow fever also re-

uired, half a dozen each. I send one of idiocy to be repaired. If you do not edeem your pledge to the public, by executing this commission, your boasts are as empty as your

Think of this, dear reader; moderate your style. or be prepared to prove your words.

# Philadelphia Correspondence.

Miss Munson's and Warren Chase's Lectures, etc. DEAR BANNER-Again a rainy Sabbath morn, keeping DEAR HANKER—Again a rainy Sadouin morn, Evening many away from spiritual lectures, that would come from all parts of the city, if the popular religion permitted the running of our railway passenger-cars. Many strangers visit Sansom Street Hail, anxious to hear for themselves, and to find out what this much-talked-of Spiritualism is actually

and out what this much-talked-of Spiritualism is actually composed of. Miss Munson occupied the deak, and spoke upon the "Inimortality of Man."

She spoke of the use and beauty of prayer, as the soul's aspiration going forth and attracting purer, higher, lovelier influences; the continual prayer of life and action, that upraises thought, expands and elevates the soul. She gave as the highest conception of God, that idea with which every individual regards him; that the highest embodiment of Delty was within the soul of man; and living up to that light within, that guiding voice, man reached after and aspired to brighter, grander conceptions of the Infinite; his ideas of God expanding as he progresses onward, and beyond this he cannot comprehend his God. In every form, the minutest and lowlest form of what we term inanimate matter, dwells the triume principle—soul, spirit and body—that

minutes and contest form of what we term inanimate mat-Gr, dwells the triune principle—soul, spirit and body—that reaches its ultimate in man. Thus, as the soul-principle existed in the first forms, it continues its progress, changing forms continually, even projected forwards, endowed with indistructible properties, immortal forever. Every leaf has its life—its spirit. We cannot conceive of any form of exist-ence devoid of the soul-principle, hence we cannot conceive of God outside of matter. of God outside of matter.

The lecturer spoke of the gradual progression of all forms, striving for higher manifestions—for more perfected exitences; that God expressed and made visible in the varied

ences; that God expressed and made visible in the varied forms of Nature, progressed ever onwards, or else, if he did not, man would at some time overtake him. The views of the presiding intelligence, new and startling as they were to many, yet gave an illimitable view of Detty; demonstrating that, as our souls were ever existant, and the highest God were felt within, they'were imperishable in form and autanace, destined to live on forever, throughout innumerable existing and ever forming worlds. It was a profoundly suggestive discourse, to which I cannot attempt to render justice.

justice.

In the evening, the stars shone frostily clear, and a bracing wind swept over the prous and quiet Quaker city. The hall was filled with its usually attentive and intelligent audience, and Miss Munson spoke to us upon the "Philosophy of Sleep and Preserts".

and Dreams."

She gave a deeply suggestive lecture, filled with beautiful thoughts and practical rules, for the observance of health and a harmonious life; saying that dreams were mostly always the result of physical disturbances; that in dreamless, profound sleep, the soul went forth to its higher home, to the worlds or planes corresponding to its highest attractions. There, the toiling, weary artist-gathered, unknown to him-self, fresh inspirations for his work. There he obtained new self, fresh inspirations for his work. There is obtained new glimpses of beauty—new unfoldments of the brightness he valuly struggled for in his toiling, waking hears. Left in profound unconsciousness, the body rested; while the soul went forth to gather strength and truth and beauty, from the spirit realms; enriching his waking hours with the treasures thus gathered unconsciously to his sense. And the poor artist, perhaps toiling valuly through a lifetime, finds, on his entrance to the spirit-world, his conceptions of beauty—his ideal plans outwrought and awaiting him. From such sleep the man arises refreshed and invigorated, and over his waking moments flash the inspirations—the thoughts—gathered the man arises retreshed and invigorated, and over his waking moments flash the inspirations—the thoughts—gathered in the far-off realms. But dreams hover night the earth; the soul leaves not the body, or, if it does, hovers among familiar, scenes, leaving not the earthly plane. One prevalent cause of dreams was eating before ratiring to rest;; another was the insufficient ventilation of sleeping rooms. If man attended to the physical, striving ever for harmonious action there, he would find this dreamless rest, in which the soul gathers new strength and inspiration; there was a strong necessity of proper attention to the body, for with it the spirit is intimately connected. No person, suffering and troubled with disease, could be good; they grew irritable, morose, misanthropic through bodity aliment. The man suffering from dyspepsis had within him a worse hell than that taught by theology. If we studied the laws of health, and rendered obedience to them, we should feel the result in a harmonious condition of the soul, and we should never be harassed with the terrifying dreams that often hzunt us. The medium spoke of the duty, of living up to our highest conceptions of right, guided by the unerring voice within; that man who willfully newleafed this singular within the first of the fi ing moments flash the inspirations—the thoughts—gathered The medium spoke of the duty, of living up to our highest conceptions of right, guided by the unerring voice within; that man who wilfully neglected this, sinned against the God within, against the Holy Ghost, the inner consciousness that ever pointed upwards, and he suffered in consequence. Those who possessed this light were accountable—responsible to their own souls; and on the book of life, in the hereafter, were inscribed the deeds committed in the body. Physically harmonious, the mind would be attuned to a corresponding harmony, and the soul would go abroad in sleep, visiting the highest planes of its aspiration, and curiching life with the treasures found there. We must feel that unerring obedience to all God's laws is necessary for our happierring obodience to all God's laws is necessary for our har ness, feoling it as much a sin to neglect our physical, as it is to neglect our minds.

Questions were asked; among the rest, whether the soul

Questions were asked; among the rest, whether the soul of the animal lived hereafter, as it had been said in the morning lecture, that the soul-principle pervaded all forms. The modium replied, that all life was indestructible; that as long as man desired the companionship of the horse or dog, he would be gratified, as his heaven would be incomplete without them. The demesticated animal was developed to a higher them. The domesticated animal was developed to a higher plane by his admittance to man's society, and in the spiritife would be with him still, until ages rolled by, and the human spirit grew so refined and elevated, so surrounded with superior attractions, that it had aside the love of the animal; then the spirit of that animal, refined and developed to its utmost capacity, was ready to enter into the elements composing the human spirit. The medium said, during her discourse, that Jesus, endowed with great powers of clairvoyance, foresaw his death, as the inevitable result of the path he had chosen. A gentleman among the audiorse inquired whether, knowing this, he had not in a manner been, guilty of suicide, in giving hinself up to a condition costsin, of ensuring his death. The medium replied, that Jasus, although he foresaw the certainty of death in following the course he had chosen, could not act against his own inner consciousness, the light within that urged him on, a martyr

consciousness, the light within that urged him on, a martyr for truth's sake.

Other questions were asked, and promptly responded to. Miss Munson will resume her sittings for a short time, for Miss Munson will resume her sittings for a short time, for been anxiously inquired for by eager health-seekers, has been anxiously inquired for by eager health-seekers.

Brother Chase left us on Saturday, leaving many lessons of strength, truth, and charity, impressed upon our souls. Last Weducsday evening he lectured at Frankford, on "Phresology," a subject involving so much of spiritual truth. On Thursday last, he gave an eloquent and practical discourse at the Phonix Street Church, Kensington. On Briday evening he delivered his farewell lecture at Sansom Street Hall, by request. It was a repetition of the subject given on the

ning he delivered his farewell lecture at Sansom Street Hall, by request. It was a repetition of the subject given on the first stormy Sunday evening of his appearance among us: a scientific demonstration of the realities of spirit-life; the materiality of all spirit-forms, that, intangible to our physical senses, were real and substantial, as all matter must ever be. Your poor correspondent's head is somewhat bewildered with the throng of beautiful ideas, thoughts, and facts, presented to her in one short week's time; therefore, dear sanner and readers, forgive may short-comings, and believe, although neither mouth nor pon can express it, my heart is full of the beautiful, the good, and true, received from our inspired ones, who come like ministering spirits, to reat with nspired ones, who come like ministering spirits, to rest with

inspired ones, who come like ministering spirits, to ress with us of the busy, plodding city, for awhile.

A pamphlet has been published, entitled, "Thoughts from a Ciergymau in the Spirit-World," It was written through the mediumship of Miss Mary E. Erost, of this city, and contains

many excellent thoughts. The son of the clergyman-spirit raised quite a process of opposition, and threatened our venerable friend liarry (who sells spiritual books and nowapapers) with the ponitentiary. As we are not living in the days of an inquisition, the reverend gentleman spent his breath in vain; and his opposition to the communications, which tend to prove the clergyman a better man than he was on earth, will not not all arrest the programs of Suiritual. was on earth, will not at all arrest the progress of Spiritual-ism, or the sale of the book. We have not outgrown bigotry and intolerance yet; for it appears the clergy think if a man proclaims himself advanced in religion, morality, and honesty, in another life, the communication must necessarily be false. Friends and strangurs visiting our Quaker city, and inter-ested in the cause of Spiritualism, will find a pleasant home at Bro, Henck's, 202 Franklin Square, west of Race street. There Spiritualists can meet with comfort and quiet, and proeed to view all the places of now and interest, as the house

ceed to view all the places of note and interest, as the house is centrally located, and affords every advantage.

The friends of Spiritualism in New Jersey are fully awaking to the interests of the cause. Some of them come to the city to attend the Sunday meetings. The progressive friends hold meetings every Sunday afternoon.

"Light—more light!" Is the prayer of humanity, and listening angels answer to the call. Yours for truth.

Cora Wilders.

Philadelphia, February 21, 1850.

# Banner of Night

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changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent. ADDRESS, "BANNER OF LIGHT," BOSTON, MASS. Colby, Forster & Co.

#### BACK NUMBERS.

We are entirely out of the BANNER for January 8th. Persons ordering the paper from January 1st, will please notice.

#### WHAT IS THE USE P

This is a question, that, thoughtfully or thoughtlessly, many men ask themselves every day. One meets with an obstacle, drops his hands at his side, and wants to know "what is the use?" One has been doing his best to hold another up, under oppo sition or temptation, and, feeling discouraged at the turn matters seem to be taking, in spite of the best he can do, relieves his mind by asking himself "what is the use?" Another has labored to pour the excess of his own true love, overflowing as it does in gushing streams, into the hearts of others, but finds that their hearts utterly refuse to be the recipients of his oversoul, and therefore asks himself in a tone of sorrow that almost means despair, "what is the use?"

And so it is all the way through. There are men and women enough who are willing to make exertions on behalf of the race, and make them disinterestedly, too; but in the untold delays to which they are unexpectedly subjected, they find so much to disappoint their expectations, that they feel more than half inclined to give it all over, declaring that it is idle indeed to try to convert the world, or make it botter, against its own will. "What is the use?" is an inquiry that is heard every day; but there is one peculiarity about it as an inquiry, and that is, it rarely receives an answer. There is, in fact, no answer that a man can very well make to it. It is a highly indefinite query in itself, and the one who puts it, rarely, if ever, expects a reply. It is a sort of half protest, and half whine. It means nothing, and yet it means much. It is asked in all sorts of moods, troubles, trials, and tribulations; and it is probable it always will be asked on similar occasions, d with just about the same amount of success and satisfaction.

It is an inquiry, however, that implies doubt: and doubting makes up a much larger share of the world's advancement than that same world thinks for. An habitual doubter may not himself be such an enlivening companion, nor put quite so much heart and courage in you as some other and more positive character, who is willing to accept for granted and real, about all that comes along; yet it is your doubter who first discovers wrong relations in life, and by his very doubting sets on foot those social movements that result in the re-adjustment of what was misarranged. Skepticism has played a necessary and a noble part in the world's progress; we should not be where we are to-day, were it not for the noble army of skeptics that have kept the atmosphere free of stupefying impurities, by keeping it in a state of perpetual agitation. Hence, let no one accuse himself wrongfully, because of being at times a doubter: to doubt is not of necessity to waver, or to vacillate and spill one's purpose like water on the ground. But it may be made to mean that he who doubts is already on the way to being a steady and firm believer.

You ask what is the use, when surveying the general aspect of the social world around you, and beholding the wrong that is on the upper side, and the right that is on the under—the fraud that possesses all the power belonging to the social machinery, and the integrity and honor that is shoved into a corner. and bidden to hold its tongue in silence—the bluster and pretension that occupy the conspicuous places, and the modest merit that sits unassumingly, and therefore unnoticed, out of sight; and, on the face of it, we grant there is quite reason enough for asking oneself such a question every day. The world is wrongside up, and everything in it is inside out. But not thus did the First Great Cause make or adjust them. His laws are full of harmony, and regularity, and beauty. It is Man who has come in and deranged the whole system, and none but himself has he to thank for it. These present mistakes grow out of his present ignorance; it is nothing more than that. Sin itself is only the child of Ignorance, and a perfectly legitimate child, too. The causes that have led to our present suffering, socially and otherwise. must first be well understood, and then removed. But it is everything first to understand them. Give men knowledge, show them that what they are doing now is certain to take from their enjoyment to-morrow, and that it can be no otherwise in the nature of things, and you have already exacted a pledge of improxement from them. For the human heart seeks primarily its own good; and it would chase after nothing but its permanent good; if it were first made certain, beyond the shadow of a doubt, where that good really lies. The trouble is, that these sidelights of pleasure and temptation fall across the soul's pathway, and tempt it out of the road into places that fail to bring the fruition counted on. There is too much deceit by the way; but this might all be avoided, or got over, if things were set down in the

mind in their right relations.

it. The great problem is, how best to remove the ignorance; how to introduce knowledge-actual, posiwho knows what has been the history of the race, they have been preached from the beginning; in fact, when the people were at their worst estate, they ture efforts. were most in the power of religious domination; Rome in their midst, and the Inquisition flourished when Spain was altogether in the power of priests, and all through the Cimmerian darkness of the Middle Ages, none but the monks had the learning and the task of teaching morals in their hands; yet it was reserved for an age of free inquiry and diffused knowledge like this, to make the most rapid progress do a perfect work, if indeed it can work at all, that ignorance. Science is one of the most effective preachers. God is in it, and his voice speaks in every one of its manifold revelations. Man must first learn to master the forces of nature, and see for fore he can intelligently feel that the Creator of ly of, in the exercise of their high calling. those forces possesses a greater love for him than for them. And that is the direct result of our civilizait robs man of that superstitious fear which, in his subserve good ends. childish iguorance, the wonders of nature had imposed upon his mind; it clears up mysteries, and

shows him that he was made greater than them all. heart, they will be as common as failures now are. So there is still a great deal of "use." It would be idle to give over exertion now, when all things are so full of a glowing promise. It would betray petulant impatience, if, because we began to see our of Rev. Geo. Howell, which was to have taken place at East way out of the labyrinth, we should stop to complain is said, did not come up to the standard of some of the coundoes the heroic worker persevere. He takes his op-asked him whether, if a member of an evangelical church, portunities as they are offered him, and, content to not of the Baptist denomination, should desire to commune stand still when he must stand still, is no more glad with his church, he would give his consent. He replied to go forward when that that is the necessity likewise. to go forward when that that is the necessity likewise. council, who were to take part in the ordination services, de-We accomplish as much in this world by patience, as clined to proceed any further. It is probable that a new we do be what we think is action; for does it make council will be called to consider the matter further. so much difference whether we work ourselves, and of nature work for us? Everything has work in it; the catechisms—the platforms—and all the preliminary pareffort helps, though oftentimes in a very different di- aphernalia are to be agreed to, literally and exactly, but the rection from that intended; and, whether we think seene is become of little or no account. A minister, provery great advantage sometimes, too.

### TESTS BY MANSFIELD.

One of our subscribers in Belfast has handed to us for pubcation the following capital test, obtained by him from Manseld, in answer to a letter hold in his own hand, while the answer was written. The letter never was in Mansfield's ossession, and is as follows :--

Boston, Oct. 13, 1858. My Dear Beloved Wife:—I feel anxious to get a commu-nication from you. God only knows low, much I have mourned your loss.

here to-day anxious to get a communication from you—such an one as may satisfy me of your spirit identity.
You know I was always skeptical, and could not believe
without evidence. Then, my dear wife, come to me this
morning, through the medium whom I shall take this to, and

attefy me you exist.

Speak of the Journey you took about a year since that I may know you take cognizance of what I write.

Now, my dear wife, if I do get this note answered, and can

believe it came from you, how happy you will make me. Write your full name and sign mine. From your affectionate husband, John R.

The reply to this is below. It answers some queries which ad been in the mind of the husband, but are not in his note, in relation to the brother and sister, and the children of the ead to whom she had alluded in a provious communication. MY DRAR-Onco, and not less now, John : how happy I am to come to you, though my strength of control is now very weak. Yet, dear husband, I will try and make such allusion to your mind or note, that you shall not mistake this control as coming from your once mortal but now spirit Dolly W. Whiting. Well, dear one, you have truly passed sorrowful Whiting. Well, dear one, you have truly passed sorrowful winds dallying with them, of cattle and sheep on the hills hours since my departure; yet, dear one, you have fancied winds dallying with them, of cattle and sheep on the hills and fish leaping in the streams, of flowers and bees and singthat I was not at him yet all you require to be made a believer, is to give you evidence unmistakable, and you believe as easy as any one. But, dear one, I will not at this time be able to as any one. But, dear one, I will not us this time of avive ye give you that evidence that I hope I may be able to give yo by-and-by. I am pained to know I cannot, but the time is beyond the partial way satisfy your mind beyon ot far distant when I hope I may satisfy your mind beyond ubting, that you are now and have been in communi-

with your dear Dolly.

You tell me you loved me better than all earthly ones.
Well, this, dear John, I never doubted; and I never expect to loubt; yet by-and-by when you have fulfilled your mission, as have I, you will then come to me, and hand-in-hand will we walk the shiney pathway of eternal progress, upward and

onward, while eternal ages roll on.

Oh the beauties of the spirit land, and that which conon the beauties of the spirit hand, and that which constantly meets my spirit gaze! By-and-by I shope to come and tell you all about it, and then I hope to be better able to give you dates and places, while I may make mention of those journeys you refer to, and who I saw and what was said and there. You are mad I thousant our dark that it is not the same of the same and the same on ask me if I have seen our dear brother and sister done. You ask mell I have seen our dear brother and sister?
Yes, they come to me often, you our sphere is not the same.
Now you tell me how happy you will be if you do receive
a response to your note, and feel that it comes from me.
Well, John, I feel that with all your skeptlelsm you will have
confidence in this communication. I have overworked to give it to you, and if this will not convince you then I hope I may at other controls.

You ask me, what of the rose bud? Well, it is a sprout

that had it have been born alive would have been a mortal child. This is more than I expected: I find two that call me mother; their features I never beheld on earth. They remember us both. So I am told by those who know us both. remember us both. So I am told by those who know us both. Now, dear John, do not longer mourn my departure, but believe I am near you, and that to council you, and soothe you in all your sorrows and rejoice with you in all your rejoicings. I would that I could say more to you now, but my strength is fast failing, and I am rominded by my guides that I must go. Come for me often, dear John, that I may come to you with words of consolution. Love to all the dear ones who may ask for me; toll them that Dolly W. Whiting lives and that to communicate.

I am your once mertal but new spirit wife,
DOLY W. WHITING.

To John R. Whiting.

While the matter of Mr. Mansfield's mediumship is befor a we will notice a letter from another subscriber, which is

ALA., Feb. 12, 1859. DEAR SIR—Your kind favor of a late date, enclosing a com-munication through Mr. Mansfield, came duly to hand, and therein you inquire, Do I see any test in it? I certainly am almost compelled to believe that it evinces a knowledge of my feetings, which could be known only by the spirit claim-ing to communicate, and which cannot possibly be entirely ng to communicate, and which cannot possibly be entirely accounted for by psychometric reading; novertheless, there is no strong test. On my first application to Mr. Mansfield, I s no strong team. On my man application to mr. Adminish, in orwarded him a fee of three dollars, in return for which I released to the control of the contro

ortainly did not succeed.

O. N. K———

Perhaps others may labor under the same difficulty in not nderstanding what Mr. Mansfield intends to convey in his advertisement, as our friend does, and we think it proper that we correct the impression. By guarantee, Mr. Mansfield neans nothing more than this :- "I will use my best endeavers to obtain an answer to scaled letters, without opening hem or reading them. I will give up to the control of any spirit addressed, and he may use my organs to write such an answer as he can, and if none is written, I will refund your noney. A spirit may honestly answer all your questions, or io may say, 'I do not choose to do so.'"

This imposes upon Mr. Mansfield a duty to religiously allow himself to be used by the spirit addressed, and in no case to send other than the real answer writtens through him, and it also imposes faith upon the party employing him that he will

We think we have before stated that many answers written by Mansfield to letters given to him, do not in reality contain what we should consider tests. They might have been written by any one, who, clairvoyantly or otherwise, had been enabled to read the letters. But though they are no proof of spirit communion, they do not prove a medium false.

Therefore there is little use in giving over effort on Neither have we been disposed to think they were all written behalf of the world, or of any particular portion of by one spirit, who, being clairvoyant, has read the letters, and used Mansfield to give answers not containing tests.

Experience has taught us that while a small portion of those in the spirit-world are able to so control mind and mattive, serviceable knowledge. Preaching formal moral- ter as to give lucid and direct answers to questions propoundities will effect but little, for, as everybody knows ed, the larger part are incapable of excrelsing this control. Yet their anxiety to commune with their friends in ever so vague a manner, induces them to give general communications, with the promise to endeavor to be more explicit in fu-

The people demand proof-the majority of spirits are unthe Italian people have always had the Church of able to give it, and incredulity and unbelief on the part of mortals in spirit communion, prefers to ascribe to the medium the efforts of the spirit, who cannot give the required proof. Herein the medium, who advortises to answer letters, runs a gauntlet, even though he does not advertise to give tests to all, but merely to allow himself to be used by the spirits addressed, to do what they are able to do.

There are many good tests given-satisfactory proof of a power outside the medium, yet these weigh little against the failures of spirits. Our ideas of spirit-life are too lofty altoin Christian character, and to show to the centuries gether. We expect too great a transformation in the capacithat are engulfed in the past, that no religion can ties of spirits, resulting from passing through the change of death. We forget that they are in an entirely different life, and are obliged to exercise powers of mind in controlling a has no other resources than such as are supplied by medium, totally different from what they ever exercised on earth.

Great and glorious as is the truth of spirit communion, it must be acknowledged there is a blank drawn to every prize, where positive proof of identity of spirits is required. And such is the provalence of dishonesty among all classes, that himself that he is their superior and their lord, be- the best mediums, and the most honest, will be judged harsh-

The actual dishonesty of some mediums injures all, and all are now called upon to exercise the strictest truth in the pursuit of their calling, never for an instant harboring detion of to-day; it quickens and increases knowledge; ception in their hearts, even though guile should seem to

> The reliability of spirit intercourse will increase daily, if all pursue their calling with purity of purpose; and, instead of tests being strewn sparsely upon the soil of the human

#### AN ORDINATION POSTPONED.

The newspapers of the city inform us that the ordination Boston, Wednesday evening, was postponed. Mr. Howell, it that we were not already out of it. No, not thus cil on the doctrine of close communion. The question was promptly-yes. And on that ground two members of the

That is the way. And this is what some people call Reliwork perhaps vainly, or wait and let all the powers gion. It is the merest chaff, while the wheat is never given to those who are hungering for it. The forms-the creedsof it or not, waiting is working, and working at a fessing to preach to the people the gospel of an all abounding, overflowing, vastly enriching Love, is turned out of the place for which no one denies that he is fitted, because he will act out the same gospel that he preaches in his pulpit.

Well, let the makers of clerical clothes quarrel and grumble as they may; the day of these things is fast going by. People with hearts and brains will refuse to be much longer fooled by these trilles-once aids to authority and ambition, but such no longer-and will turn their backs upon the men whose religion lies altogether in black-letter precedents, in quotations from the fathers, and in seeking to impose personal authority upon others. The general resistance that is visibly making to this ancient order of things-a resistance sometimes silent, but always in active operation-only shows the tendency of events in this age and generation. That tendency is directly towards the supremacy of the individual conscience; towards free inquiry, and free thinking in all directions. Every man must feel for himself, know for himself, and address for himself, the God that sits enthroped within his nature. Less than this is abject dependence on others, and that is in no sense a way to progress or selfdevelopment

### THE END OF WINTER.

The last day of Winter has come and gone. Neminally, at least, therefore, the Winter is over. We may have more snow, and in fact we expect to have it; yet from this time forward we can say in all truth and positiveness-"It is

Spring! the very thought of it makes the blood bound through the veins. It calls up imaginary pictures of green grass and running brooks, of sprouting leaves and soft South ing birds. And these are not pictures writ in the air either; they are among the only true realities of life. They send new thoughts to the brain and fresh currents to the heart, We dwell upon them as we do upon some darling projects, which nobody knows anything about but our own selves.

We all rejoice that Winter is at length over, although we may feel conscious that since it began we have made marked progress inwardly. It may have been a season of great profit to us, and yet we are glad to welcome its last day. Because the spirit, ever fond of change, seems to feel that in the atmosphere of Spring there is a something akin to itself, that the new and fresh breath is what it so much needs hitch the dreary Winter's experiences, 'And the Spirit tells us what is true. That never deceives us. It is the ambition, and the personal preferences, and the aimless unrest, that stand in the way of our true sight, setting up before us objects for which we should not naturally aim.

Welcome, therefore, Spring! and farewell, Winter! The one has served us well-we are filled with hope for the other. We have extracted a deal of comfort and happiness out of the Winter-we hope the Spring will have as much to give us, and more.

# THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

The peace of Europe appears to hang in the balance. France has taken her attitude in reference to the influence exercised by Austria over the Lombardo-Venitian States, and it is not likely that she will recede. There is great anxiety. both on this side and the other of the Atlantic, to know what and how soon the result will be at the door, but nothing declaive can well be known at present. Europe seems to sympathize mostly with France, or rather against Austria, that nation having succeeded of late in detaching from herself the good-will of all her sister States. England-if we are to suppose that great nation speaks through the London Timesprotests that Austria has it in her own power to avert any such giganitic calamity as a general war, by taking peaceful and prudent steps in Italian matters. 'It is conceded on all sides: just now, that Louis Napoleon holds the leading power in European politics, and is competent even to change the face of things throughout the ontire continent. Another steamer may possibly bring such intelligence as will give a decided character to the politics of Europe for at least the remainder of the year.

A letter from Washington to a New York paper states that the Administration is in possession of letters from a high official source in Europe, expressing the opinion that a general war is almost certain. Popular opinion in England is opposed to war, but if forced to take a part, she will break up the grand alliance, and take sides with Russia.

# AMERICAN WATCHES,

Massas, Editons-I know that you and your readers all sympathize in whatever will help the race forward, even on the material plane, and that you will be much interested in the success of a manufactory established among us, within a few years, for making watches by machinery. The plan originated nearly ten years since with Mr. A. L. Donnison, a very ingenious mechanic, and known to many of our watchmakers; and most, if not all, the delicate and complicated machines used in the various processes, were constructed by him, or under his superintendence.

The American Watch Company, as it is now called, own about one hundred acres of land just beyond the village in Waltham, all available for building purposes, and most of it do so, and that whatever he sends will be received as an already occupied. They also have a large and very common honest communication from other than himself. necessary for employing about one hundred and fifty hands, and turning out from seven to eight hundred highly-finished watches per month. The demand, at satisfactory prices, excoods their present production by twenty of twenty five por cent, and additions have been made to their rooms, to insure a larger supply. They are now obliged to work a portion of It has not been demonstrated to us that these answers their hands until midnight three nights in the week, and will were written by the mediate, nor have we believed they were soon be compelled to add at least fifty per cont, to their ten influency bearing her fathers bused greated growth to be because in

effective force, to meet the growing demand for their watches. They even have orders from abroad, and no one ever returns to complain of imperfect work. In fact, that is the great advantage of the system. There can be no imperfect work, for it is all done by the most perfect machinery, and exceeds in exactness anything that can be accomplished by

the most practical hand and eye without, At present the company confine themselves mostly to substantial silver-cased watches. But Mr. Dennison is engaged in adjusting a movement to a gold case, which, when comploted, will compare favorably with the best imported watches in style and finish, and be altogether superior in real

It is a gratifying fact, that in spite of all the discouragements which beset new enterprises, and the mistakes into which we inevitably fall, the cost of these watches has never exceeded the original estimate, and they have always sold at as high a price as was anticipated. During the last year the sale was very small, owing to the general depression in busicost than before, and now find, as they expected, demand springing up which will soon exhaust all the old stock.

The present highly successful financial condition of the company, is due to the talent and energy of Mr. R. E. Rebbins, from New York, who, though yet young, has made himself independent by the importation and sale of foreign watches. He is well known to business men in New York treasurer and manager of the financial concerns of the company, and has a large personal interest in its success. That it will succeed now, is a fact beyond all doubt, and I know hat a majority of our people will rejoice that another grea branch of industry has been fairly started in our midst, which will help us on in our efforts for independence. W.

#### NOVELTY IN BRICK-MAKING-SUN-DRYING DISPENSED WITH.

The most important event of the year, in connection with he Art of Brick-Making, is the drying of them by artificial heat, instead of the slow and precarious method in common The experiment had been made a year ago, on a small have been recently erected on Moon Island, in Boston Bay for Charles A. Green, of Squantum, Massachusetts, working two large Steam Machines, and in connection with them, this new method of drying, which we will briefly de-

Imagine two tunnels, side by side, each eighty feet long, three feet and six inches wide, six feet and six inches high. Near the entrance is a chimney two feet square in the clear, forty feet high; at the other end is a furnace: this causes at but instead of this they first meet a current of cold air, which takes off part of the moisture and carries it up the chimney. They are three hours in reaching the furnace when, being partially dry, they are able to bear it.

Emerging from this, the bricks are edged up to let the air circulate on all sides, and prevent their being warped or cracked. They then enter the other tunnel, and are four hours in the passage: this renders them perfectly dry, more so than by the sun, and they are wheeled off to the kiln. Measures will be taken to secure a patent.

The business may now be conducted at all seasons, pro-The business may now be conducted at all seasons, pro-baker—if required to do it by the law—would stamp the Ten-yided the clay be not frozen. The expensive preparation of Commandments on every loaf, provided he was the better infloors and sheds are not needed, and a lot two hundred feet square is sufficient for all purposes.

THE NEW BRICK MACHINE is gradually extending over the Union, and received with general favor. The largest and most complet establishment yet erected is that of Mr. Green above-mentioned. The building is 80x48-twenty feet to the eaves, working two machines, and with the aid of the tunuels, capable of, making upwards of ten million bricks a year. On one occasion, by way of trial, one machine turned out fifty-four bricks a minute for twenty minutes by the watch but the men could not continue this long, forty-five a minute s enough for steady work. The prices are—

The Little Brick-Maker, mold the usual size, \$70; do., do., mold. 12x6x3, \$85; one horse machine, \$150; two horse do., \$200; power machine, \$400; pulverizer, old plan, \$50; do. new invention, \$125; with molds, shoes &c., complete, delivered at the wharf, or Railroad Stations. All the necessary hose, belts and lead pipe for the power machine, will cost

For further particulars in a pamphlet containing full instruction on Brick-Serting and Burning, address Francis H. Smith, Baltimore, Md.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS. SPIRITUAL TRACTS, BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

lisher, a small volume of about one hundred pages under the above title, which, we are informed, is in some demand. The book consists of eight tracts. The first of the series is "The Appeal to the Public," of the Judge, being his first public announcement of his belief in spiritual intercourse, and an account of his experience up to August, 1853. The second is his "Renly to Rishon Hopkins, of Vermont" in which Spiritualism is defended on Scripture authority against the attacks of the clergy. The third is "The Newsboy," being an nocount of his entrance into the spirit-world and his experience there, which is at once full of pathos and interest. The fourth and fifth are called "The Uncertainty" and "The Certainty of Spiritual Intercourse," and consist of a corre spandence between the Judge and a "distinguished logal gentleman,"-one who, we hear, holds a high rank in the judiciary of our country. In these two tracts, all the evils, and detailed, as well the great truths which, notwithstanding a correspondence with a divinity student in a theological college in which is detailed many instances in which me diums have spoken in fifteen or twenty languages unknown to them. The seventh is called "Intercourse with the Spirits Mechanical Bakery, reported a verdict that the fire was of the Living," and gives an explanation of the phonomenon often occurring of spirits speaking through mediums, of ner sons yet living. The eighth, which is "False Prophocying," accounts for, and gives instances of, foretelling future events, and how far that is to be relied upon.

These tracts are published separately, or bound together in small volume, and can be obtained at the more cost of paper and printing. The writer has had the whole of them stereotyped at his own expense, and many thousand copies of some of them have already been circulated; and any number of the whole, or any single one, can be procured of Mr. Munson, who has the use of the plates, gratuitously for that purpose-the only cost being for paper and striking off the copies from the plates.

Number nine of the series will be the lecture published in the BANNER OF LIGHT of February 26th, and will be furlished on the same terms.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, OR THE GOLDHE AGE: By E. W. LOVELAND. BOSTON: Bela Margh. This is a valuable and very interesting book, and should

be found in the hands of every Christian Spiritualist. It contains nearly three hundred pages.

#### THEODORE PARKER'S SOCIETY AT MUSIQ HALL, FEB. 27.

A letter was read by Mr. Slack, addressed to Deacon May written by Dr. Howe-Mr. Parker's physician-on Mr. P.'s arrival at Havana. The letter states that the passage from New York was very bolsterous, during which Mr. Parker suffered much from sea-sickness, and that at the time he wrote, the improvement in Mr. Parker's general health had become so marked, that he thought it real. The letter furlow England.

After the roading of this letter, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson. followered a lecture full of original gems and religious beauty. Ie rose and spoke to three thousand attentive hearers, ap arently as if nobody gazed upon him with admiration, or stened to his words with delight. His equanimity appears inlimited, and his love of fump and show dwindles to nothing. The crowded state of our columns this week obliges us to

lefer a report of this lecture till our next issue.

#### OUR AGENT IN CHICAGO. McNally & Co., 81 Dearborn street, dealer in books and pa

ers, are our agents for the sale of the BANNER in Chicago,

On Washington's birth-day Mr. Exerctt received from S. Fund, and one from Huppard W. Swett of \$51 08.

### IT IS STEATING!

We have a friend not many miles from Buston, to whom we send the Banner, who knows that it is taken out of the wrapper at the post-office, is kept from two to fourteen days for a general reading, and then sent-minus a wrapper-to the proper party.

We hope that anybody who is in the habit of doing this. will read the heading of this article twice. It is very flatter. ing to us to have a paper worth such treatment; but this kind of compliment has its perplexities, both to us and to our subscribers. If such people desire to pay us a compliment, we know of no better way than to send us a dollar for six, months' subscription.

# The Busy World.

CONTENTS OF THE BANKER. - First Page, Original Poetry, Flashes of Fun; "Love's Sacrifice." Second Page-Continuaness. But the company continued to manufacture at less tion of said Story, &c. Third Page-Poetry; an Original Story, entitled, "My Housekeeper," by Charles A. Seymour; "Prove your Words," by Ned Anderton; Philadelphia Correspondence. Fourth Page-Editorials, &c. Fifth Page-New York Department; Discourse of Dr. Edward Beecher, at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Sixth Page-Poetry; The Messenger Department; an interesting communication, "A Wife to her Husband;" Correspondence. Seventh Page-Boston as one who never falls in what he undertakes. He is the Reform Conference; The Public Press; Poetry; Correspondence. Eighth Page-Continuation of Dr. Beecher's Discourse; E. H. Chapin's Discourse at Broadway Church, N. Y.; Movements of Mediums.

MURDER IN WASHINGTON .- On Sunday last the people of Washington were thrown into an intense excitement on learning of the killing of Philip Barton Key, the U. S. District Attorney for the District of Columbia, by Daniel E. Sickles. According to report, Mr. Sickles, becoming convinced of the truth of certain scandalous rumors involving his wife, resolved to redress his wrongs. At about two o'clock this afternoon, proceeding from his residence, near the President's house, to the Southest corner of Lafayette square, in the same neighborhood, where Mr. Key was engaged in converscale, with satisfactory result; but whether a like success sation with Mr. Butterworth, of New York, he charged Mr. would attend a more extensive operation, remained to be Key with having dishonored him, and destroyed his domestic proved. This is no longer a matter of doubt. Brick works peace, and shot him with a revolver. One of the balls entered the left side of the body, and passed through to the corresponding point on the opposite side, lodging under the skin, Another shot took effect in the right thigh, near the main artery, when Mr. Key fell, imploring Mr. Sickles not to kill him. The third shot was in the right side, but glanced from the body, inflicting only a bruise. Death ensued in a few moments. The body was taken into the National Club House, when a jury of inquest was held, who, after an examination into the circumstances, of some hours' length, constant current of hot air. The tunnel is litted with rail- returned a verdict, merely stating that the death of Mr. Rey way and train of cars, on which the bricks are laid as they was from the effect of pistol shots, as above stated, fired by come from the machine; each car boiding 240 bricks. It is Sickles. After Mr. Sickles had killed Mr. Key, he repaired to then passed into the tunnel, each car pushing the other the residence of Attorney General Black, where he was advised along. If subjected suddenly to heat, the bricks would crack; to deliver himself into the hands of the officers, who subsequently conveyed him to jail, to which he was committed for further examination.

The Massachusetts Legislature have a bill before them to regulate the manufacture and sale of bread. The bill proposes that all loaves shall be made of a certain weight, and shall be sold by weight. The baker's name to be stamped on each loaf, as well as its weight. It was objected that it would be impossible to impress such marks upon the brick-loaves of Boston, and other towns and cities of the Commonwealth, but we will guarantee, for a sixpence in advance, that any sured a living for performing such a missionarying process. It is quite probable that the bill will pass the present Legislature.

Hallam, the English historian, is dead. He wrote the great work entitled "A View of Europe during the Middle Ages," together with a learned work on the "Constitutional History of England." It was on the death of his eldest son. Arthur Henry Hallam, that the poet Tennyson wrote that beautiful and wonderful volume of verses, entitled "In Memorism." He was Tennyson's warmest and closest friend. The father and historian had arrived at the venerable age of eighty-one. He had got through his historical labors just at the time Prescott commenced his.

A fine poem, by our correspondent "Coascos," entitled Go feed the Poor," will appear in our next number.

There will be a Social Levee at Union Hall, Boston, on the evening of the 16th inst., complimentary to Mr. J. H. CONANT. Music by Halls' celebrated Quadrille Band, who have kindly volunteered their services for the occasion. It is expected that several of our best trance and test mediums will be present. Dancing commences at 8 o'clock. Tickets \$1, admitting a gentleman and ladles, for sale by the committee of arrangements and at the usual places.

The Editor of the Star in the West copies a portion of one of Dr. Chapin's discourses from our columns, and, as a true have been less conscientious in this respect, will pattern after the Star. It is our due, and they should do it.

Oninous.—Letters have been received at New York from Nicaragua, announcing the fact that the Cass-Yrissari trenty has not been ratified, but that a treaty negotiated by Mr. Ousely, the British Plenipotentiary, has been signed, sealed. and delivered.

and delivered.

Queen.—The Provincetown Banner says it has "a Log in, rhyme, from a Lady now up the Straits."

Conorass .- In the Senas, on Saturday last, Mr. Slidell stated that he should make no further attempt to bring up his Cuba bill, but should again present it at the next session when it could be introduced under the rules. The Army Anpropriation, items of which make a total of fifteen millions, was discussed in Committee of the Whole. House-The dangers, and obscurities of the Intercourse are dwelt upon President sent in a veto message on the bill granting land to States for Agricultural Colleges, giving his reasons at those difficulties, can be obtained from the Intercouse. The length, Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, spoke against the veto of sixth of the series, entitled, "Speaking in Many Tongues," is the President, but the question being taken, the bill was not, passed, as the two-thirds vote was not obtained. The vote stood-in favor of the bill 105, nays 95.

The jury summoned to an inquest on the burning of the caused by design, by firing a basket of shayings which had been placed upon a pile of proving boxes in the second story of the building, and directly beneath and touching a box filled with sawdust saturated with oil from the machinery Mr. J. G. Russell the proprietor, offers a reward of \$5000 for. the detection of the inconding who destroyed the establishment.

Among the passengers in the Canada is Richard Cobden. the distinguished philanthropist and statesman. He is on a second visit to the United States.

The Chelsons celebrated Washington's Birth-day Anniversary with becoming spirit. The "Continental Guard" partook of a dinner at the armory of the Chelsea Light Infantry. In the course of the evening a song was effectively sung. claiming for Chelsea that the "whole boundless Continental" Guard" was theirs, in which the following verse occurred

The charging—on a state—when the tin had give They come as trophies from that time as tributes To hang about our banner on our anniversaray."

The Boston Periodical Dealers have received all the Magazines for March. It is rumored in Washington that all the available naval

force, including the sloop-of-war Vincounes, has been ordered to the Gulf of Mexico.

Rrour The Hancock mansion, on Boacon street, is to be burchsed by the State. a constraint of the property A. J. Dandridge, Medical Electrician, has removed from

No. 13 to No. 11 La Grange place. He has engaged the sorvices of Mrs. Delafollo, the independent clairvoyant from New York. her states that the weather there now is like that of July iti | Many hats, coats and shawls changed owners in the jam

and confusion that prevailed at the President's levec. The Washington Star suys, "We saw several gentlemen reluctantly taking their departure with their heads tied up with

handkerchtofs."

The Austrian government continues its military preparations. tions, by recalling soldiers on furlough, purchasing horses, and stores, and casting artillery. According to the estimates of the Vienna correspondent of the Times, the Austrian army now consists of about 450,000 men of all arms; but might easily be raised to 600,000 men. Whatever may be the prepare rations which the Austrian government is making it pro-

fesses to expect peace.

The first Social (Levee in Chelses was given at the town. hall, Peb. 22d. About two hundred couples were present. and overything passed off ugreenbly. Who muslo was 19 M. Pettengill & Co,, a donation of \$500 to the Mount Vernon | Halls Quadrille Band, which is deservedly popular with the musical community, and have used herestand of the thirty

says he spake to God face to face; and was so hidden that he could see him as he passed; and Abraham spake to God as to a friend—notwithstanding the assertion of Jesus that no man hath seen God at any time. We are compolled to take a position against the popular ideas of theology, because we wish it understood that the Bible is not inspiration—only a revelation, or a narration of events. It matters not who were the spirits that communicated, but it matters everything what they spoke and to whom. There are, and there must be special could tone by which medium are sixtenated. must be special conditions by which mediums are surrounded.

As flowers attract elements of nourishment to themselves, by
their innate electricity and affinity, so the same electric laws pervade all nature—as much man as the flowers or stones. Nature is harmonious with herself, in all her combination and so the spiritual formations must of necessity engraft themselves into the organs of being. It is by this magnetic sphere that spirits come; and as we find certain elements draw certain forces, and repel certain others, so does the

draw certain forces, and repel certain others, so does the individual soul attract or repel.

Such was the case decidedly with the seers and prophets of the Old Testament Dispensation. Spiritual communion, in all ages of the world, has been a solemn mystery, and it remains for the present age to determine what spiritual modiums are. The guiding elements of man's soul are intellect, moralliy and spirituality. We take examples from our own Scriptures, and find the mediums at times, deficient in one, two or all of these components. We are convinced that the Bible was not inspired—only revealed to man as a history, or record. You read a poem, and your own sympathy-thrilling heart tells you it is an inspiration. But how much inspiration did it take to write the book of Genesis? Was Abraham inspired, when he saw the spirits and talked with them? It inspired, when he saw the spirits and talked with them? It was not inspiration—it was but the unfolding of his higher capacities—his spirit perceptions—and an appeal made to them. If all humanity had beheld the men Abraham saw,

Going on further, we find in Jacob the model of a narrow mind, blokering and deceptive. Almost the first specialty of his life, that is knewn, is the willful cheating of his brothconversed with them; and we will speak of him only assuch.
We find a fur different degree of the conversed with them; and we will speak of him only assuch. We find a far different degree of spirit mediumship in the pur and beautiful Joseph. Balaam was a powerful trance medi um-could see spirits, and divine men's thoughts. He was a Moshitish propilet—worshiped the sun, moon and stars.
How frequently we hear the wayward Israelites lamenting the
evil he had caused them to do! He exerted an immense electrical influence. He was more notorious than scripture makes him seem, for cotemporary history speaks of him as a prophet of immense power of cvil. But it was his organic spiritual condition, not his inspiration which made him so. Next, was it inspiration that made Gideon bow before God, when he mistock himfor a man? It was simply an act of spirit communication. Was it inspiration that spoke to the little child in thunder tones which he only heard, and made him respond. 'Here am I?" Samuel was a medium, and this was a phase of his modumship. We look upon the Bible as a revelation—call it so if you will; but the stories of David, of the wise Bolomon, are so immoral in their tendency, that however valuable they may be as history, you dare not give however valuable they may be as history, you dare not give them to your children as examples. We come to the blessed medium of Nazarath. We find him controlled by conditions. He required faith in order to perform his miracles. Sometimes he can perform strange, mysterious things, and then his power is lost. Sometimes he restores health by the use of spittle and elay, and again by only placing his hand on the invalid; and again they were healed by touching the hem of of his garnent, through which his own electricity flowed. Peter was another medium, governed by conditions and circumstances. Though the fetters dropped from his hands, and the prison gate flow open at one time, he could not avert the prison gate flew open at one time, he could not avort disaster, sufferings and death at another. He denied with blusphemy his master, and was Jealous of John, and the position he should hold in Heaven. Thus we see all mediums tion he should hold in Heaven. Thus we see all mediums were not men of the highest character.

Organization is all that is required to make a spirit-medi-

um. Some natures can be drugged by spiritual magnetism. The trance state is identical with the oriental\_religions—the The trance state is identical with the oriental religious—the Fakirs, Dervishes, Lamas, and many others. It is the result of a passivity of mind, in which the medium speaks words no one knows why they should be spoken. It was usual in the olden times, to consult augurs, and the entrails of beasts; but no result would ever follow these consultations if there was not the passive condition of the medium there. The augurs required someining—a crystal or a bone—upon which to fix their mind, and become passive to spiritual influences.

The clairvoyant is but a spirit bound around with the flesh, which draws other spirits to itself. Every human being is

possessed of magnetism, and it only requires the faculty using rightly this power, for all human beings to be magnet

using rightly this power, for all human beings to be magnetizers. For spirits out of the body to come in contact with spirits in, requires the piny of the medium faculties.

Now the question arises, is the exercise of medium powers healthful, and can they be developed by the use of poison. If the normal condition of mediumship was found to be injurious, it would require the interference of law, as anything else would, tending to the injury of society. But we do not find it baneful or injurious. There are two classes of persons, the graph of the more than any other suscentible to mediumship who are more than any other susceptible to mediumship-the coarse and material, and the sickly and feeble. It is said the coarse and material, and the scar and the test that mediums are queer and odd, because they act out the characteristics of the spirits. But they act out simply themsolves, and attract only such spirits as come to them, attracted by their condition. Munifestations do not make thom. In some organizations the magnetism is diseased, and gross matter surrounds them, and there the exercise of medium power is not only normal, but necessary; while sick medium power is not only normat, out necessary; walle sick ones are supplied with electricity by spirits. Little children are adverse to the exercise of their medium power. Nature has made them so, in order that the electricity necessary for perfecting the spirit be not drawn away from them in early with the interest them. youth, and to protect them from man's or woman's igno-

Can it be forced by artificial means? Mon and women in early days sought to produce the state of mediumship by breathing vapors of burning drugs. This has given rise to breathing vapors of burning drugs. This has given rise to all the horrid tales of magic. We protest against attempts to frame conditions of any kind. Stimulants should never be used, for they destroy rather than perfect natural relations, and make the mind morbid rather than receptive.

Mediums, it is your sphere to bless the world—not a man or woman; or a father or mother only. So sure as you become selfish in your place, you will be left behind. See if you have been action out the numbers you have been com-

you have been acting out the purposes you have been commanded to. Rear not to trust the spirits. Not a sparrow wi manded to. Fear not to trust the spirits. Not a spirit with full to the ground without the Aluighty's will. Fear only yourselves. The purpose of the present time is to bring the hidden, things to light. If you have aught to conceal, do away with it. Deal with all men justly, and yourselves shall rank with the noble army of redeemed, you have helped to

# Runday Evening.

The choir sung a hymn composed by Miss Hardinge, after which she proceeded with the following text:

"In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." "And the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

Ere we proceed to the consideration of the subject, we ask Ere we proceed to the consideration of the subject, we ask you to pause with us and consider the words here spoken. The idea was not original with Jesus, nor with his historian in the New Testament. The idea of the incarnation of the logas, or word, in tiesh, is one which we find identical with logas, or word, in tiesh, is one which we find identical with the world's history. From the beginning of time the world has had its incarnate God. No insighon is without it. Ages before John lived or wrote, the idea was venerable and old-before John lived or wrote, the idea was venerable and old in the Hindoo and Egyptian divinities—in the Mercury and in the Hindoo and Egyptian divinities—in the Mercury and in the Hindoo and Egyptian divinities—in the Mercury and in the Hindoo and Egyptian divinities—in the Mercury and in the Hindoo and Egyptian divinities—in the Mercury and in the Hindoo and Egyptian divinities—in the Mercury and in the Hindoo and Egyptian divinities—in the Mercury and in the was found growing out of the hunnan brain. Man has ever received him, and it has ever gratified him to recognize an embediment dwelling among men. They conceived of his embediment dwelling among men. They conceived of his wrath, and anger, and made before him their offerings, to turn away the dreaded and merited yengeance. Terrible as turn away the dreaded and merited yengeance.

EMMA. HARDINGE AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday Afternoon, Tehrnary 37.

After the choir had sing the song beginning:

"Go forth among the poor—

"They pathway leadesh there;

"And blunt the thorns of care,"

"And blunt the thorns of care,"

"And we concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I, would not have you ging orant,"

"Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I, would not have you ging orant,"

"Now there are differences of administrations, but the same flow which worked hall in all. But the manifestation of the Bpirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is giren by the Spirit; the word of whedom; to another, the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another, the girls of healing by the same Spirit; to another, the girls of healing by the same Spirit; to another, the linterpretation of the path of tongues; to another, the interpretation of the girls, the spirit but the sale of the spirit, the spirit but in subject to a girls by the same Spirit; to another, the linterpretation of the girls of the spirit is a spirit, the spirit is the spirit in the spirit but the spirit is the spirit in the spirit is the spirit in the spirit in the spirit in the spirit is the spirit in the spirit is spirit, displaying the spirit in the spirit is the spirit in the spirit in

growing brighter and truer day by uny, and us the result of their experiences?

Men and angels—all are spirits, and, as spirits, are bound together by common ties of love and affection. You must look at the present to see the true Jesus—the appreciation of the truest avetem of teaching ever given to men, and which

the truest system of teaching ever given to men, is making men perfect as God in Heaven is perfect. A Japanese nobleman, upon being shown a fashion plate in an American magazine, was very much startled and exclaimed: "How very fat your woman are!"

# Banner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

#### Office, No. 5 Great Jones Street. An Old Spiritualist-No. 1,

We have lately fallen in with a gentleman who has occasionally written on Spiritualism over the signature of Phoenix. and after having spent many evenings in pleasing conversations on our favorite subject, we propose to give a synopsis of these conversations in such a way as to render his experience didactic to others. We do this from the belief that it be would not have been even a medium. But we have no evidence that the spirits were beheld by any but him, so we proclaim it the exercise of his spiritual body, and not of his readily understood. Indeed, we cannot but hope that such a series of articles will fill a void long experienced by those who would wish to investigate Spiritualism. First, then, let us describe our informant PHENIX. He is now between fifty of his life, that is known, is the willful cheating of his brother, and then apologizing for the shameful outrage, saying that his God 'told him to do it. In nothing else do we find this medium any more scrupulous. We find him, when he sees the vision of the ladder running up into Heaven, bargaining with his Lord God. If you will do thus by me I will so by you, and give you back one-tenth part of all you have given to me. Again we find him deceiving his father-in-law by an agricultural ruse, and then informing his wives that God did it for him. Jacob was a great medium; he saw spirits and conversed with them; and we will sneak of him only assuch. laws themselves, constitute what is known as natural laws; that if these laws, as measured by man's perception, were precise truths, instead of mere facts, or registers of perception that men would be gods, and therefore infinite, instead of be ing finite.

He is now well aware that, as man cannot comprehend Eternity in Time, or Infinity in Space, he probably is short in perception by the mere exercise of his five senses, and that his intuition has a mere formal advantage beyond his perception, and not a substantial one. His peculiarity in intuition alone constitutes the difference between men, as intuition seldom far exceeds the status of education or experience. He states his own experience to be as follows:-

His education having been strictly chemical and philosophical, did not permit of his receiving any truth which contradicted received Natural Laws; and at the time of yet he knew that the British mail crossed at the same place once a week. He knew that John Stephens had walked across, and that Napoleon Bonaparte and his suite had made a similar attempt, but had turned back for fear of a return of the waters. He knew that many such cases occurred on the coast of England, where, when the wind was in a particular direction for a long time, carriage roads would be covered with several feet of water. He had learned to understand miracle as natural law not understood, and that religious sects, who had founded their belief upon fixed miracles, were unwilling to have them dissipated by the lights of science, and thus held on to error, even when truth could readily have

dawned upon them. In early life he had been a student with the celebrated William Cobbett, and the skeptical views of this great man were fixtures with him, difficult to be removed. With all this he found an aching vold in his heart, a desire to adore, but an inability to comprehend enough of a great First Cause to frame for himself a God. He prayed to a scientific tyrant, an indescribable but intuitively admitted logos, while a recurence to his own normal plane always disapproved of the acts of his abnormal enthusiasm. Under these conditions he com menced the investigation of Spiritualism, for the purpose of proving its falsity, as soon as the subject was agitated by the Fox family in New York, Since that time he has been uncensingly industrious; and we propose, in this series, to give an epitome of his entire experience. The early numbers will recite the phenomenal phrase alone, and will contain much which is curious, unaccompanied by any rationale.

The numbers in continuation, however, will show his gradual convictions as to many errors in supposed natural law, which he has discovered with the assistance of Spiritualism. And while he still claims that three-quarters of all he has seen may be attributed to self-deception, fanaticism, intentional deception, a pre-disposition to believe the marvelous, still that the remaining portion, not so dissipated, is entirely worthy of investigation and study; that the truths eliminated are self-sustaining, and that a review of the sciences which they seem to contradict, generally causes their revision, so as to advance the student of natural law to a higher and more cortain basis, and beyond the ordinary creed-lack knowledge of the day.

We can promise our readers a rich treat in the continuance of this series.

# Philosophical Society-Bread.

The Philosophical Society's Conversational Meeting was held on Thursday evening, as usual. The subject before the meeting for discussion being Bread, and the following facts were elicited. The term bread is usually applied to such organic compounds as either form leaven during the course of their partial fermentation, or are assisted in assuming the sponge-like form by yeast, or other forment. Various substances have been used as bread. The Mandloc root yields two constituents. In the West Indies and Africa it is valued for its cassava, which is made into bread, and is in degree equal unto gluten; while in Brazil it is valued for the tapioca which it yields, in substance not unlike starch. In the washing or cleansing of this taploca a poison is given off, which is used to poison arrows.

In the isles of the Pacific, bread is made from the dried pulp of the broad-fruit, and indeed the pulp, when dried, is often caten as bread, without any other manipulation. In the Island of Ceylon the Palmyra fruit is bolled, and dried, and then made into bread. In the mountains of Switzerland

broad is made from chesnuts. The root of the lotus, a water-plant found plentifully in wrath and auger, and made before him their offerings, to turn away the dreaded and merited vengeance. Terrible as turn away the dreaded and merited vengeance. Terrible as turn away the dreaded and merited vengeance. Terrible as turn away the dreaded and merited vengeance. Terrible as turn away the dreaded and merited vengeance. Terrible as turn away the dreaded and merited vengeance. Terrible as turn away the dreaded and merited vengeance. Terrible as turn away the dreaded and merited vengeance. Terrible as the concept of the interest of the lotts, and rice, are used as breadstuff. In the lotte of the diasceria batatis, and rice, are used as breadstuff. In the lotte of the interest of the lotts, and rice, are used as breadstuff. In the lotte of the lotts, and rice, are used as breadstuff. In the lotte of the main soul without with a merited batatis, and rice, are used as breadstuff. In the lotte of the main soul without with a merited batatis, and rice, are used as breadstuffs. In the lotte is used in many ountries as a breadstuff, especially in the north of Europe. In Bootland and Ireland out meal is much used, but this form a supervise, proves, buds, and blossoms into a flower. How is sprouts, grows, buds, and blossoms into a flower. How is gluton. In the early editions of Johnson's Dictionary he describes outs thus: "In England, food for horses; in Scottand outperformed by spontancity? Is there such a thing as spontial describes outs thus: "In England, food for horses; in Scottand outperformed by spontancity? Is there such a thing as spontial describes outs thus: "In England, food for horses; in Scottand outperformed by spontancity? It is were such a thing as spontial describes outs thus: "In England, food for horses; in Scottand outperformed by spontancity? It is there are the indians make their bread almost entirely disascent in the diasceria batatis, and rice, are used as breadstuffs. In the diasceria batatis, and rice, are used as breadstuff. In the diasceria batatis, and rice, are used as breadstuffs. I

mummy dog, after being entombed for four thousand years, is now extensively grown, and is supposed to be identical with the wheat stored by Joseph during the seven years of famine. The braize of best-root, or that portion left after the manufacture of sugar, has been extensively used in France as a divisor for the more costly cereals, in the making of bread. The chief ingredient used for bread however. is wheat, and to this the principal part of the conversation was directed. Wheat, when subjected to proximate analysis, yields gluten and starch, which, although they differ widely composition. When taken into the stomach of men and animals, it meets with this proximate division, the gluten going to form muscle or fibre, and the starch to supply fat o cause a portion of the dough, by favorable temperature, to forment or rise. This is brought about by the conversion of a small amount of sugar contained in the flour, into alcohol, and its after evaporation, in addition to the escape of a certain quantity of carbonic acid, generated during the ferentation. This portion, technically termed the sponge, may then be mixed with larger portions of dough, and will cause the whole to "rise," which simply arises from the continued series of cells, caused by the expansion of the pent up gases, or atmosphere, by heat. The other method is, to mix a cerain amount of yeast with the dough, which also causes the bread to rise. The action of this ferment may readily be discovered and observed, by placing a drop of yeast under the lens of a solar microscope, which will cause the constituents to be magnified a millions of times on the screen. It will then be seen that yeast is a plant, or a series of plants, and that its natural soil is the sugar of malt, or other analogeous substances; for if a drop of water, saturated with sugar, be placed on the lens with a drop of yeast, the beholder may observe upon the acreen an apparent forest, of an eccentrically rapid growth. For these trees will blossom, show fruit. or seed-vessels, and drop their seed, which will in turn germinate and produce other trees, all of which will occur within a few minutes. And to this action, in part, may be

attributed its use in bread-making. Previous to the year 1812 no sour broad was known in New York; about that date, some Scotch bakers arriving here, in-York; about that date, some Scotch bakers arriving here, introduced a new kind of artificial yeast, since which date sour bread has been frequent. Instead of remedying the evil properly, various chemical means have been resorted to as correctives; such as the use of alkalies of different kinds, manufactured prepared fleur, by mixing these with supermanufactured prepared fleur, by mixing these will neutralize the alkalies, setting free the carbonic acid gas. It was suggested that we should not make drug-shops of our stomachs. Prof. Mapes stated that a vender of this prepared flour in New York, had applied to him for a certificate for ublication, which he refused to give; shortly afterwards. owever, the flour dealer published a number of certificates, and closed his advertisement with the remark: "Prof. Mapes has refused to give us a certificate, but he uses our flour alto gother in his family." He inquired at home, and found this

to be the fact. The various kinds of bread made by the French and English with these various processes, were enumerated. Much was said about the machine bread now being made in New York; the use of alum and sulphates of copper used in England and elsowhere, to whiten bread; a saving of alcohol from bread during the process of baking. The use of muriatio acid and soda eventually forming common salt in the bread, after liberating the carbonic acid from the soda, to raise the dough, was fully set forth—all of which, in detail, would occur to much second to the world which in detail, would occur to much second in our selection. These things have I spoken unto you being yet present with you. But the would occupy too much space in our columns. The audience were referred to Ure's dictionary of arts, for full and precise information on the subject of bread-making.

### Edmonds, Monti, and Tiffany.

We have received a neat pamphlet of some forty-four pages, containing the loctures of Hon. J. W. Edmonds, Prof. L. Monti, of Harvard College, and Joel Tiffany, Esq., delivered at Dodworth's Academy, in February last. These lectures should be read by all, whether skeptic or believer, for they formish many satisfactory solutions to the honest inquirer. Judge Edmonds has long stood his ground manfully in the cause of Spiritualism, until the public mind, most familiar with him, while it may not be ready to admit his theory, has in a great measure learned to respect him as a sincere adherent to, and an able defender of, the cause nearest his

The educated Christian, the College-faught Christian, the College-faught Christian, the lawyer, the merchant, the intelligent mechanic are profoundly ignorant of it, though they are members of that Church. Now it is owing to this ignorance, and to the ignorance much as a meteor glares for a second in the midnight heavens, and leaves all as dark as hefore. His lecture—of history—that certain wonderful phenomens present themselves continually in the history of the Christian community. dge of his historica Spiritualism, which, before he attempts to treat upon it every man should have.

Tiffany's lectures is a fair and candid review of the treatcent Spiritualism has received at the hands of its opponents. and all who are familiar with "Tiffany's Monthly,"-an excellent periodical, edited by Joel Tiffany-are well aware that his labors need no praising at our hands.

We advise those who are at all interested in the literature of Spiritualism, to read these lectures. The pamphlet is published, and for sale by S. T. Munson, No. 5 Great Jones street, N. Y.

# The Street Sweepers.

The state of the weather in the city for the past week has on particularly fine, excepting, perhaps, a snow-storm on Priday, which left the streets in a most disagreeable plight, especially for pedestrians. Broadway has a bad habit-par icularly when aided by the salt so generously distributed upon it by the omnibus companies-whenever a snow-storm isits us, of showing its evident dislike of such occurrences in a most muddy way, and on such occasious much is due to the corps of little individuals who keep the crossings clean, while they freeze for a penny; though, perhaps, fow think of it in that light, forgetting what they enjoy, while they avoid their benefactors as bores. Very soon in her rambles through the world Spring with her genial smiles and fragrant airs will pay us a visit, and unless some of the city fathers awake from their long continued stuper, consequent upon the gratification of office-holding, or the neglect of public weal, for personal gain, she will find a most flithy city. Many of our strects are in a most deplorable condition, particularly those off from Broadway, and if Spring and Summer finds then still in that condition, full of refuse, decayed and waste matter, there is no calculating the amount of disease which will be engendered by the miasma which will arise, and which even thus early is arising from their accumulated filth. An appropriation of over \$250,000 has been made for the purpose of in-

as regards the possibility of health, but the poorest as regards

be improved "a heap," and then not be at all equal in its arrangements to the Boston post-office, where business is don to accommodate the public.

For two years we have been annoyed to find that newspapers put into the mail for Cuba at the advertised time, acording to our post-office list, never went on in the steamer for which the mail was made up, but invariably were kept back, until the following steamer. Now as the steamers for Ouba do not go oftener than about once in ten days, such papers are very old when they get to their destination. Our riend writes in reference to this delay, as follows :--

"I find the difficulty with the paper must be in New York, as papers mailed in Brooklyn the day before the steamer leaves New York, full to come till the following mail. Postmaster Fowler, as Chairman of Tammany Hall, professes to have great sympathy for us here, and desires to serve us in any way he can for our relief. Now here is a very good oppor. tunity to serve us, and attend to his business beside. -If he will see that we get our news when we should get it, instead of keeping it in his post-office till it gets to be stale, even if he has to stay away from Taminany Hall to do it, we will be nuch obliged to him."

Porhaps our friend is a little hard upon the Postmaster, for there is another cause for the delay he complains of. It is said the building occupied as the post-office is far too small for the business, so that the number of clerks which is absolutely necessary for the transaction of the immense businoss, cannot be accommodated. This ought to be remedied TABLE OF THE SHIPPING

# DR. EDWARD BEECHER PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday, February 20th, 1859. REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. BLLINWOOD.

On the morning of Sunday, the 20th inst., the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, after the singing of the last hymn preceding rom each other in condition, do not so materially differ in the sermon, announced to his congregation that they would be addressed by Dr. Edward Breches, of Galesburg, Illinois, who then rose and spoke, extemporaneously, as follows:

going to form muscle or fibre, and the starch to supply fat and animal heat. The art of the baker consists in causing a chemical change to occur between the gluton and starch, so and them. I have been often requested by my brother, as I that each loses its individual character, and combines with the other, so that no after treatment will permit the starch to be separated by washing. There are two ways, or grand divisions of process, by which bread may be made—the one is

ome from a distance, and taken pains to attend at this house for the purpose of hearing him, and not myself: and I did not think it right for me to trespass upon the feelings or upon the sympathies of any individuals. Another reason—which is somewhat selfash in its character—is, that it is easier to speak with the sympathies of an audience, feeling that another is expected to address them, finds himself—unless he may establish an understanding between himself and them—not sustained by their sympathy.

Let me, then, state to you the reasons why I have altered my uniform course, and have consented to address you to day. The first is, that I have been assured by my brother that he needs my assistance, owing to the state of his health, and to the multitude of his past and prospective labors; so that I shall secomplish some real good by my efforts on this occasion. The second reason which has induced me to address you, is, that in the circumstances in which I can accomplish by preaching at this time. And that there may be no mistake as to what I mean by this, and as it is always well to fire directly at a mark, and not indirectly, I will state what those circumstances are. ircumstances are.

It is probably known to most of this assembly, that there has been a union of certain influential papers calling in ques-tion the Orthodoxy of my brother, with regard to the doc-trine of the Trinity, by reason of certain statements of his as trine of the Traity, by reason of certain statements of insa-regards the manner or mode in which he apprehended, or con-ceived of that doctrine. It so happens that the discharge of my official duties for four or five weeks past, has led me to a historical investigation of the development of the doctrine of the Trinity; and reading, as I did, at a distance in the fur West, of the conflict that has been had upon that point, it seemed to me that I might avail myself of the existing interest in the subject, to lay before your minds certain useful lessons of history, respecting the development of that dectrine. It is for these reasons that I have consented to address you

"If ye love me, keep my commandments; and I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of Truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but yo know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." [Observe these are the words of Christ.] "I will come to you." Yet a little while, and the world seeth me on more; but ye soe me (or shall see me;) because I live, ye shall live also. At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." [You observe that we have here the three Persons of the Trinity, in living, practical relations—the Holy Ghost, the Son, and the Father.] "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved by my Fath-er, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him. Juread I will love him, and will manifest myself to him. Ju-as saith unto him, (not Iscarlot,) Lord, how is it that thou not mine, but the Father's which sent me. These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost (Holy Spirit), whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."—John, xiv., 15-20.

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—Matthew, xxiii., 19-20.

There are my heaves years withings which the meson

There are, my hearers, very few things which the masses There are, my nearers, very tow things which the masses of intelligant Christians understand so little as they do the history of what is called "the Church." There is not one intelligent church-member in a thousand who has any practical understanding of the history of the Church of God to which we belong. A man would be ashamed not to understand the history of his own country. The Englishman, if he is intelligent at all, boasts that he can understand the history of England. But the Christian—alas, that it should be so i generally is profoundly ignorant of the history of the Church The educated Christian, the College-taught Christian, the

which, however, only an abstract is given, at his own request

—in particular, the use that is made of the spectre called

"the Church," and of the war-cry of "Heresy!" to impede Statements, shows no result of that personal experience in true believes. There are no more powerful things at this day than these simple words, the Church and God's elect. If a man dares to think for himself, then, forsooth, this Church and God's clost, like a spectro stand before him with a spear and shield, to intimidate him, and tread him down. Who is this Church? and who are these God's elect? It is almost time that common Christians should be able to answer those time that common Christians should be able to answer these questions for themselves. Nowhere, perhaps, is this knowledge more important than it is in respect to the dectrine of the Trinity. The Trinity has been in all ages, the sensitive point of 'Christendom. No other point has been more sensitive, if, perhaps, we except Pelagianism. These have been the two great sensitive points of Christendom in all ages. And I do not, by any means, imply, by this statement, that this sensitive emotion is, of necessity, unfounded; for if the Trinity be truly studied and apprehended, and if the dectrine of human deprayity be truly presented, they are, indiced, the of human depravity be truly presented, they are, indeed, the central points of Christianity. The deetrine of human depravity discloses the ruin of mankind, and the deetrine of Trinity the redemption of mankind. One is the centre of anthropology, so called; the other is the centre of theology, so called. And yet, my hearers, there is perhaps no deetrine of the Bible that has suffered more in development, than this same dectrine of the Trinity. It is therefore that I intend, at this time, to present to you the result of some reading and investigation upon that sulject, in the form of great practical lessons of history, as to the development of the doctrine of the Trinity. I shall not amuse you with any dry and abstract speculations, but I shall take you to the masses of living, feeling, thinking, active men, as they rise and meet us in history, and show you how they have felt with regard to that destricts the straight developments and when are the loctrine in its various developments, and what are the essens which we as intelligent Christians, should derive from the volume of history that lies open before us.

The first great lesson that I shall present, is this: We are taught, by the development of the Trinity, that the law of human conception, as to form and aspect, is not the measure of spiritual things. The point of assault in this case, as I understood it, lay not in the central dectrine of the Trinity itself, but in the mode in which that was conceived. Got the Father was indistinctly apprehended; God the Son, as incarnate, was distinctly apprehended; God the Holy Spirit, as a Spirit, was indistinctly apprehended. That, if I understand it is the point of the charge, of are as there is a charge. Now it, is the point of the charge, so far as there is a charge. Now the is the point of the charge, so har as there is a charge. Now what is the law of apprehension under which the human mind acts, and acts of necessity? for there are laws of mind necessary and fixed, just as truly as there are laws of body. It is not in the power of man to walk upon his head. If he would walk, he must walk with his feet, and not with his tion of over \$250,000 has been made for the purpose of its suring thorough cleanliness if the public thoroughfares in New York; over \$300,000 have been consumed, and yet the city to-day presents almost as strong claims as ever before. New York is indeed the first city in America, the richest in commerce, in its resources, and in its geographical situation as regards the possibility of health, but the poorest as regards the condition of its people and government.

The New York Post Office.

Our country has some institutions, and from what we know of the New York posto-ffice, it is one of them—but it might be improved "a heap," and then not be at all equal in its arn love dwelleth in God, and God lu him," he gives the only rule by which you can conceive of God as a pure spirit. No form, no color, no size, no locality is to be conceived of but if you have love within, then you can know love in him; if ou have right will, then you can know right will in him; if ou have right thought, then you can know right thought in ilm; and as a Spirit, as God has made you, there is no other onception of God possible.

Notice now, that God the Pather, and God the Holy Spirit, as not incarnate, must, if conceived of aside from Christ, be then conceived of as pure spirit, without outline, form, size, wlor, locality, shape—simply by the conception of thought, smotlen, will. As man is, can such a conception be made so clear, so definite, so affecting as to meet the wants of man in both his natures? Did not God become incarnate, at least in part, to give more distinctness to man's conceptions of God? Is not Christ, in this sence, the visible image of the nvisible God?

Now suppose you endeavor to invest with more reality the idea of God the Father and God the Spirit. All that can be done is to invest them with form. In this case, what is the necessary law of mind? It must conceive of some form that corresponds to things known. You may conceive of God, as Swedenborg does in certain visions, as a sun; or, you may conceive of him as a central point of illumination too intensely bright to be gazed upon, as you have seen in some experiments with the cay-hydrogen blowpipe, lights produced, so intense as almost to sear the eyes. This is what the Apostle means where he says, "He dwelleth in the light which no man can appreach unto: whom no man hath seen, nor can see." It is the intensity of divine thought, it is the action of mind, which is thus symbolized. The image that is conceived is the huge of thought intensified. But if you seek a nobler form, you may conceive of God in the human form. And if you thus form a concention, whether it be of the Father, or of the Son, who is incarnate, or of the Holy

Spirit, it is all one; it is the human form, under that mode

conception.
But is not this equivalent to seeing, the Father, and the But is not this equivalent to seeing the Father, and the Stirit, distinctly only in Christ? The conception of the Father and of Christ, are in this mode identical, and so of the Holy Spirit. Aside from him, as pure Spirit, there cannot be a distinct conception of them in form. And I ask any man who professes to conceive of God distinctly, except under the human form, as in Christ, what is the form under which he conceives of God'so distinctly. Over and above thought, emotion, will, what is the form? I say there is no form that is so anymorphism as the human form, and therefore God the emotion, will, what is the form? I say there is no iorin what is so apprepriate as the human form; and therefore God the Father speaks of his eye, and his hand, and his arm, and his foot. Not that he thinks, or that we think, that these conceptions correspond with the reality; but if there must be a form, the human folm is that form; for man, even in the human form, is the image of God. But, as I said before, in alther case our conceptions of form whatever they may be. ither case our conceptions of form, whatever they may be, are not the measure of spiritual things. We must always detach them: and if, when we think of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in this mode, we think of three distinct men, it is simply incident to the necessity of our mode of conception. We must detach the form, and go back to the anisting realities.

conception. We must detach the form, and go back to the spiritual realities.

I remark, in the second place, that the scriptural revelation of the three persons of the Trinity was designed by God to be conceived of in form freely, for practical purposes, and without embarrassment. For what end did God reveal the distribute was destributed to the Trinity and the formula of the Trinity and the formula without embarrassment. For what end did God reveal the glorious doctrine of the Trinity? Was it for speculative metaphysical, philosophical ends? No; but for practical purposes. Look, then, at the use which we are to make of the doctrine of the Trinity. It is to meet certain obvious wants. The moment that we begin to preach the Gospel, what is it that meets us? It is the hardness, the stupidity, the pride, the worldliness, the ambition, the selfishness, the love of pleasure with which the world is filled; and so powerful are these obstacles, that even the preaching of God incarnate himself—the preaching of Christ—how little did it accomplish: "Who hath believed our report?" These are the words of the incarnate God himself—"Who hath believed our report?" And when you have to meet the tide of a great city like this—when you have to meet the politics of a nation like this—when you have to meet the wealth and great city like this—when you have to meet the politics of a nation like this—when you have to meet the wealth and the pleasure of a community like this—when you have to meet the card-table and the theatre—when you have to meet the appetite and the passion of depraved man—what hope is there for a man who stands up to preach the Word of God? It is the hope that Christ pointed out when he said to his disciples, "The Comforter, even the Holy Spirit, whom I will send unto you from the Father, he shall teach you sli things; and when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment: of sin, because they believe not on me: of righteousness, because I go to my they believe not on me; of rightonsness, because I go to my father, and ye see me no more; of Judgment, because the prince of this world is judged." The God of this world—that invisible spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience, ha is to be overcome; the Holy Ghost is God's great execu-tive in this work. He is the omnipresent Spirit of truth and rightcousness, everywhere, at all times.

Now, my hearers, how do Christians come to believe in the divinity of that Spirit? Let there be an assembly here, another in Europe, unother in Africa, another in Asia—let there be assemblies throughout the world; and to them all, that one promise comes, "I will send you the Holy Ghost." Who is that Holy Spirit—who is that Omnipresent Being that can convince of sin in Africa, in Asia, in Europe, and in America, simultaneously? Who is that power? Oh, my hearers, the road is directly up to the divinity of the Holy

Phost, in this practical aspect,
No man who has ever taken the doctrine, not as a point of No man who has ever taken the doctrine, not as a point of speculation, but as a point of practice, feeling the intensity of sin; feeling the need of divine power; feeling that man was rebellious; no man who has experienced the transforming power of that Spirit, and considered the language of the Word of God concerning him, has falled to come to a bellef of his divinity. Now how does man come to the divinity of Christ? Let that Spirit come; let him reveal the guilt that he alone can reveal; let him reveal the sinner's life, and point him to God's eternal judgment; let the weight of sin, heavier than the weight of ten thousand worlds, rest upon his soul; let the great, and mighty, and noble, be ready to his soul; let the great, and mighty, and noble, he ready to say to the mountains, "Fail on us," and to the rocks, "Cover us from the face of Him that sittleth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb." Oh, my hearers, then there is a new element in man's nature—the element of overwhelming. conscious guilt. His moral nature is now stirred as it was never stirred before. It is not the result of the persuasive words of man, nor of rhetoric, nor of trojees and figures, nor of imagination—no, it is the work of God's eternal law, God's eternal government, and the principles by which that man must stand or fall, in the final day of judgment, before God. Those have come home, and man's moral nature is now

Those have come home, and man's moral nature is now thoroughly awakened.

The inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?" the answer to which comprehends all the theology of any worth, in this world; that inquiry, deep in the soul; that inquiry, in view of an eternity of joy or of woe; that inquiry, answered by the testimony of Scripture, brings the soul to the divinity of Christ through the atonement which God alone could made—to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

Let us now turn and consider the original and the eternal principles of law, in view of which that atonement was made. How shall they stand? Shall they stand as an abstract law? A law has no heart; how can you love a law? A law is not A law has no heart; how can you love a law? A law is not a living thing; a law is a rule; it is an iron rule. No, my hearers, that law needs also to be seen as impersonated. It needs to be seen—sustained by a heart—loving, living, glowing; and as Christ, the Intercessor, pleads for the sinner, that law is seen impresented the Edwin Park. law is seen impersonated in the Father, and sustained by him. Here, then, we have the three Persons of the Trinity—the Holy Spirit, the Son, and the Rather; and the houman mind needs them all; one just as much as the other; and in he road of experience, man goes as directly to the one as to

he other. Now it is God's design—and my text shows ii—that the Now it is God's design—and my text shows n—that the Scripture revelation of these three Persons should be conceived of freely, and without embarrassment, as a revelation of real persons. Take my text. How freely did Christ talk of the Comforter—the Holy Spirit: "He shall teach you all things," How freely did he talk of himself and of the Father: and the future of the line of the future of the future of the line to you; the father with me. We will come to you. We will make our abode with you." No metaphysical hair-splittings. It was Christ's design, it was his intent, that the three Persons of the glorious Trinity should thus be conceived of as three living, real, co-operating, sympa-thizing Persons united in one work, and for one end.

The third great lesson that history teaches us, is this: It was God's design, and not an accident, that Christianity should develop itself around this doctrine. It has been said by some that the Trinity came in from Platonism. It has been said by that the Trinity came in from Platonism. It has been said by some that the Trinity was an after-thought of the third century. I say, in answer to this, history most clearly indicates that it was God's original design that Christianity should develop itself around this doctrine; and to effect this, he ordained and established a measure that was certain to bring it to pass. What was that divine measure? It was the ordinance of Baptism. "Go ye, therefore, and teach all antions, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Ghost." Now that, as a practical measure, met every convert upon the steps of the church. Not a man could get into the church who was not bantized in the name of the every convert upon the steps of the church. Not a man could get into the church who was not baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. It was just as though God had unfurled the flag of the Trinity on high, in the presence of the whole intelligent universe, and as though the army, as it marched on, from conquering to conquer, was beneath that flag, waving over the church. Who could be converted and baptized, and not raise the question. Who is this Father in whose name I am to be baptized; who is this Son in whose name I am to be baptized; who is this Son in whose name I am to be baptized; who is this Son in whose name I am to be baptized; who is this More Son in whose name I am to be baptized; who is this Holy Spirit in whose name I am to be baptized? Not a minking human being could enter the church without asking this question. Accordingly, history teaches us that the first creeds were shaply answers to these questions. What else is the Apostle's Creed? "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ."—then enter Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ."—then enu-nerating what things Christ has done in the work of redemp-ion—"and in the 1019 Ghost."—and then enumerating what hings the fiely Ghost has done in the work of redemption. All the creeds of the ancient church grew up around that nucleus. Theology crystalized around the Trinity. And what is Calvin's "Institutes": It is simply a full develop-ment of the Apostle's Creed. That is the little short Creed that you have in the Prayer Book. Did the Trinity, then, come from Platonism? Was it an after thought? What was God thinking about when he said, "Go teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and The fourth great lesson that I will present to you, is this:

Those views of the Trinity are most to be trusted that grow up in the holiest atmosphere; and especially that grow up in the region of revivals. If, as I have said, the Trinity is known by experience, and not by speculation; if it begins with conviction of sin, and goes on with atonement, and finally results in a full reception of the redeemed by the eternal Father, so that they are "elect, according to the fore-knowledge of God the Father, through sunctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ"—then, I say, those views of the Trinity are most to be trusted that community the bully considered that sa trusted that come up in a holy atmosphere. Not in the chools of Greefan speculation and dispute, but in the confer-nce room in the revival, in the meeting of inquiry, where his question revolves from side to side, "What shall I do to be saved?"—there is the place to understand the Trinity; and you come near to God's idea, just in proportion as you The fifth great practical lesson is this: Tried by this test,

The fifth great practical lesson is this: Tried by this test, the presumption is in favor of the New England idea of the Trinity, and against the standing ecclesiastical yiew of the Trinity, by which a man's orthodoxy is commonly tried. If you ask what is the New England idea of the Trinity, I auswer, It is presented in the Articles of the Plymouth Church, It is the view given by Dr. Hopkins. It is the view which presents the Persons as real Persons, just as they were presented by Christ—living, intelligent, sympathetic, loving, cooperating Persons. Dr. Hopkins, and Dr. Emmons, and other New England divines have hear went to say in their discussions. the England divinos, have been wont to say, in their discus-tions of the decirine of the Trinity, that the holy intercourse of the divine Three, the holy fellowship, the holy society, is the model and standard of all lower society; and that when he model and standard or an lower solving Three, we are brought into fellowship with the divise Three, we have reached the consummation of hely communion. And with regard to this I assert that whatever may be a man's special thought the form of the Trinity, into the use of which every man of necessity falls as soon, as he astempts to doctrine for sanctification and salvation. No other an affect the human mind as God designed to affect it. No.
ther agrees at all with the Word of God. Moreover, if the
mity is so stated as to prevent such a use, it defeats the great
and of the Bible. The unity is asserted and defended in its place, but not so as to defeat the great end of the rovelation of the Trinity at all. This is the New England development; now let moss ke what is the ecclesiastical development?

I answer that it is that at the head of which stands the name of Athanasius, commonly called the Nicene Creed, because it was the doctrine established at the Council of Nice, water the Transaction Council at the Council of Nice, water the Transaction Council at the Council of Nice,

under the Emperor Constantine, and because, forsooth, it loaned the Emperor Constantine to establish it. After an interval of some years of subsequent discussion, it was restablished by the Emperor Theodosius, in the Council of

CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.

#### THE SOUL SHRINE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

There is a shrine of prayer In holy realm, aparted from the throng Of worldly mockeries, where seraphs great The stars of heaven in song.

There wander to and fro The white-robed angels of our life of dreams, And whispers from the lands of bliss afar, Float o'er the crystal streams. 4 It is enchanted ground;

For forms of strange, bewildering beauty flit Across its azure sky, and by the shrine, In holy musings sit.

There swells the anthem grand Of rolling surges; there the winds arise, Burdened with longing for the ideal life, Earth's meed of sacrifice.

Over the mystic lyre, Clinging in beauty to its golden strings, Falls the sweet summer's lavish wealth of flowers, The dream-bird's rainbow wings.

Earth sparkles 'neath the ray Of distant star-worlds; and the hand of night Leads forth in pity to the prayerful heart Its visions of delight.

'T is intuition leads The wandering fancy to that starry goal, Where household angels' loftiest glories meet, Deep in the human soul!

# The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim Each article in this department of the Banner, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Conant, Trance Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous des 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.

Weask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Rach expresses so much of truth as he perceives,—no more. Bach can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted. Our sittings are from to any one who may desire to attend, on application to us. They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at HALF-PAST 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.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

Feb. 23-Elizabeth Harwood, Joseph Henry Wadsworth, George Roberts, Clarence Wilmarth. Feb. 24—Ondaski, Nattle White, Harriet Russell, Walter Scott Evans, Rev. John Brooks.

### John James Newbury.

John James Newbury.

I am not used to this: it is strange to me. But if one wishes to perform any duty, he must first try.

I was born in a small place, known by the name of Kent, Berkshire County, England. The year, if I am not hadly mistaken, was 1800, and I have seen nine years apart from my old body. So you'll see, if you'll take the trouble to look back, that I was fifty years old when I died.

Now I suppose, like all other Yankees, you will want to know what I am here for; let me tell you I am aware I am on Yankee ground. Yes, yes, I anticipate your question, and will save the trouble of asking. Who are you, and what do you want? Name; yes, my name—that's old and familiar—John James Newbury. Now you see I'm here to find a brother who is somewhere this side the water. It is name is Georgo—thirteen years my junior. He is not dead—so then he must be alive—that is to say, he is sole possessor of the body that

who is somewhere this side the water. His name is Georgo—thirteen years my junior. He is not dead—so then he must be alive—that is to say, he is sole possessor of the body that you call a mortal one—a very good plece of mechanism, but very bad if it is not kept in good tune.

My occupation, Yankee? Be patient, and you'll have all you want. My object is to find my brother, and if I want to do so, I must make myself known. I might say John James Newbury, who died at such a time, in such a place, but that is not sufficient, for I have a cousin bearing the same name, who might be mistaken for me, so I'll set matters right by telling all I know. When I was twenty-one years old, I opened a small place of trade in Manchester, England. I continued in that business about four years. I then sold out and went to Portsmouth, where I entered into business, differing somewhat from that I had followed before—that is to say, I traded in different articles. In Manchester I sold boots, shoes, traded in different articles. In Manchester I sold boots, shoes, leather, and nothing more of any account. In Portsmouth I sold shoes for ladies, and fancy articles beside.

I continued in that business in Portsmouth—let me see—

nine years—yes, nine years. I then lost my property, most of it, by fire. Then got discouraged, and thought I would visit America, and see what old Dame Fortune would give me thore. Two years before I was burned out—that's what you would say-my brother came to America, and settled in the southern part of New York State—so he wrote me. After making up my mind to leave home, I got sick; was sick two months, about. During that time two letters were received making up my mind to leave home, I got sick; was sick two months, about. During that time two letters were received from my brother, I suppose. I never saw them, for my carelose old woman-nurse lest them—so she said. After getting pretty well, I started for America. I came in a sailing vessel—ship Athens. Yes, she was an old ship. We left Liverpool in May; can't say what day; arrived in New York; (again I forget what day,) but I remember well the Captain said he had made quick passage, two days quicker that ever before. After I land in New York I go to the hotel—I forget the name now. Well, never mind that—I stay there two days, long enough to get off my sea legs and get on my shore onea, and fix myself up to start to find my brother. I go to the place where I supposed he was, and 1.5mg he had moved—gone away—out of the State, nobody could tell me where; so I look back and say, George wrote me about it, and I lose so much by the old woman's losing the letter.

Well, I stay around New York State and city—two, most three months; I then came to Boston, hear something when I got here about one George Newbury living at Savannah, further South, so I post myself off for Savannah. When I got there, found out it was Boston man—Yankee—no relation to me or I to him. I look round there awhile, and then go to New Orleans. There I took sick—sick some weeks, perhaps

me or I to him. I look round there awhile, and then go to New Orleans. There I took sick—sick some weeks, perhaps three or four, and then got up, and paid my bills, and thinks three or four, and then got up, and paid my bills, and thinks to myself. I'd better go home. So after looking round for a passage, in a few days I found one what suit me, on board a brig called, I think—yes, Helen—owned in New York, Captalu Barnard. When I got home, I found three letters, all telling me my brother was living in New Orleans; right where I been. I swore and raved well when I got there. So then I answer them, telling my brother how I had been in New Orleans, and how I had missed him, and how I had traveled round for nothing and had not reaved. traveled round for nothing, and in due time reply came, saying, "Come to America; write me when you come, and how, and I will meet you." I think I better stay at home, and I write I should not come. My brother got a little up

about it, so he write no more.

Now, then, as I am dead, I want him to know it, and that's not all—I want a chance to speak to him myself, as I speak to you. Come, Yankee, you are good for helping such, what better can I do? Perhaps it may be well to give my father's name, and tell where he was born, to make the chain of circumstances strong. My father's name was John Wellfleet Nowbury; he was born in Manchester Eng. My mother's malden name was Elizabeth Wales; she was born in Kent. Both are dead—no sisters, no other brothers.

A person remarked that he had mentioned but one brother. You forgot I count one. The world is wide, but it would be narrow if we had none but this world to ream in—for every one counts one, dead or alive II they were ever counted, they are always counted—so mark me down John—brother number one.

rother number one. C
So now tell George, wherever he may be, that I want to
peak to him. It's nine years now since I died in Portsspeak to him. It's nine years now since I died in Portsmouth, England. Never was married—no. Ah—a new idea struck me—the old woman I used to board with is alive—a very good old woman for the kind. I used to tell her if ever I did die, I'd come back and torment her; but bless me, I never thought of it till this minute—so then I'll send a word to her. Her name was Nancy Marrett. Yes, sho's living—that's sure—in Portsmouth, England. "I would n't be a bad idea to let her know I come; but tell her I forget the tormenting part. Tell her, too, I've seen Bam—her son Bam; he was drowned about one year before I died. Tell her he's all right, as far as I know. Good God I how the old woman will open her eyes! Strange, she will say, strange! She will see it—yes, she will; you see I know where she is, and am not obliged to ask help to find her. When I was alive, she kept lodging-house—got too old now, I suppose; but she's alive—that's sure. Well, stranger, what more? Told a long story? It's a true one—every word—not so polished as some, I suppose; but I can't be polished anil be John Newbury, too. Ho then, good day, or night, which ever it may be to you, until I happen this way again.

# Caroline Lee Hentz.

The spirit cannot always find rest in the glorious realm of The spirit cannot always find reat in the giorious realm of spirit-life, however high that spirit may have passed as it winged its way from earth. No, it cannot always rest surrounded by the glories of its new, its happy home. And why does the spirit, that has been freed from mortality, long to go back to its first home—why? Oh, are there not living souls there—kindred spirits, who live upon emblems of love, who call for the dear ones who have passed beyond the veil, over the dark shores of the Jordan of death? Yes, thousands now walk your earth who are constantly calling for the dear ones walk your earth who are constantly calling for the dear ones
they have in spirit life; and as their calls come up to the
spirit surrounded by the splenders of its new home, the splender fades, the beauty becomes monotonous. Yes, the spirit
fails to find the pleasure it had realized, until it goes to that

mourning one who has called for its presence in mortal life.
We who have left the joys and sorrows of mortality are too often apt to forget that we still owe a duty, a sagred one, to those we have on earth. We forget it is our duty to roturn and open the doors of that life we have entered upon. We

misery call to us from over the waters of death, we are made unhappy for the time being, because we had forgotten our

luty.
When our dear carthly friends stand and gaze upon all that Is mortal, and all they with the mortal sight can behold, they are apt to think of the spirit as afar off in some unknown region—they cannot tell where, for science with all its glories, has never taught them where, never has told them one truth of the spirit land, never opened to their vision that which of the spirit land, never opened to their valor that which mortal sight may penetrate, if it can gain power from the higher life. Ah yes, they who linger in the land of mortality can view the land they are coming to, if they are only taught how to walk, how to act, and how to seek, not for hidden mysteries, but for those noon-day glories that are all ready to burst forth upon man—waiting to burst forth when man shall seek and acek aright.

I have said that our friends are too apt to put us afar off I have said that our riends are too apt to put us air on when we leave the body. Oh that they would consider we are nigh at hand—that although they have given up the dead castet, we are near—that the very atmosphere that surrounds us. Oft-times we hear their volces, and can but wonder that the human soul will near its confinement in so nuch peace and contentment, when so much is within the grasp—when they may know of a future life—may have, not a faith in immortality, but a knowledge of it. A wide stream of knowledge covers beneath its surface all faith, all hope.

of knowledge covers beneath its surface all latth, all nope.
I well know it does not become me to speak as I do. My
dear friends may think I am chiding them. Far be it from
me, for I too was content to listen to the cold, stole word uttered by the clergy; I too was content to read the Bible and
bellove without any sure proof. I too once said, "ifspirits
can return and commune with their friends, I do not wish
mine to come. Oh no; as they are free from the cares of mortal life—let them rest. I would not be guilty of calling for tal life—let them rest. I would not be guilty of calling for one of those who have gone from earth to heaven." These words I uttered to the dear friend who has so kindly called me to earth. I do not repent because I uttered those words; for if sin there was lurking beneath them, it was the sin of ignorance. I could not realize there was any truth in this new light; but thanks to the principle of love, we call God, I am permitted to return to my old home. Oh, tell the dear friend I am often near, and when the

On, tell the dear friend I am often near, and when the shadows of earth linger in her pathway, she may call for me, and I will do all I can to chase them away; and when her change shall come, I only ask to be permitted to be one of the happy ones who are in waiting for her.

Buy that what you have above was from Caroline Lee Hentz to Lizzle A. Johnson, of Kontucky. I am going now.

Yeb. 21.

### Frederic L. Benton.

I, Frederic L. Benton, of Charleston, S. C., am called upon to prove myself by coming here and answering a certain question.

question.

I suppose my friends are well aware they have give me a very hard subject, and one I do not well understand. However, I can do the best I know how to, and can certainly prove to my friends that I am still alive—still able to hear, and see, and to have some knowledge of what is going on

The question is, "Frederic, if you live—this is a strange question, but I will try to give the precise words—if you live in the spirit-world, and are able to come back to your old in the spirit-world, and are able to come back to your old home and commune to some of your old friends, prove yourself to us by answering the following question: 'What is the ultimate condition of the human race?'" Now this very question supposes me to be possessed of almost boundless knowledge respecting the place I have called heaven for the

knowledge respecting the place I have called heaven for the short space of five years.

I'll be like a schoolmate I used to be well acquainted with —his name, George Barlow. He halled from Louislana, I believe. He would sometimes be off all day, when the rest of us boys would be studying hard; and I used to ask how he expected to be correct in his recitation. He said, "Oh, Fred, what I don't get right, I'll get wrong. I'll do my best to get up with the rest of you who study all the time. I'll do as well as I can."

As nigh as I can find out, the ultimate of the race is to be happy. All may be summed up in the word heaven. Yes, the murderer and the Christian are all going to live in one heaven, and be harmonious. Yes, every devil you have on

the murderer and the Christian are all going to live in one heaven, and be harmonious. Yea, every devil you have on earth, and that we have in spirit-life, is eventually to become a God. That's the dectrine we are taught here.

My friends will say that is going too far, and will not prove my identity. No, no: but the fact that I heard their question, and have come here and given any answer, is proof.

Yea, the ultimate of all mankind is heaven. Yea, Fred, with all his sins, will go to heaven. But some of us, who have been unjucky choosy to fall into some of the trans of human sand as I and so I and he had a fight; but after awhile I concluded it was easier to go aloft than to fight him, been unjucky choosy to fall into some of the trans of human sand so I went. at his cine, will go to half into some of the traps of human life, will have a rough path to travel ere we get there.

They who observe the golden rule will get along as well as any. They certainly do in spirit-life, and I think they would on earth. If all would do to others as they desire to be done by, I am inclined to think you would have too much

leaven on earth.

As I was not educated for the ministry—never spread myelf in theology-1 cannot give much of an answer. But, as ar as I am concerned it is true

Now the long wish for the eternal welfare of the boys who have called for me, and I 'll leave, It was suggested he could give more proof than he had. I have given just what they called for. If anybody asked ne for a penny, they got one; or, if for a picayone, they got

My age was twenty-four years, about—bless me, sir, I cannot give you the mouth. I died of pulmonary consumption. I am not sure of that, but old Jacques said so; he was my doctor, of French extraction; he called on me once or twice, but said I was too far gone for him, so he gave me up to the

old King of Terrors.

I used to read Blackstone some, but it didn't suit me; so how far I followed on that trail, you can judge. I was not inclined to the ministry, and the bar was too much of a bar to my enjoyment, so I lived on what some kind friends left me at death. But I am inclined to think if I had lived much longer, I should not have had much to live on, for I stepped

not his right name. My name was Samuel Stanyan, I've got a father and mother on earth, but I don't come to talk to them now. I want to see him if I can, and deliver a message for somebody here that can't talk or write, and she wont let me tell it here. She don't want me tof tell her name; but I'li tell him, if he will let me talk to him for her. If he says come here and tell, she will; but if he do n't, she vont:
I don't want to tell you where I lived; if he wants to

know, he must come where I can talk to him. I was most sixteen. I did not live in Massachusetts, but in New Hamp-Feb. 21.

# Benj. Folsom.

Go on, did you say? How's anybody to go on, tied up in this way? I do n't see but I'm fastened here. Why do n't we all know who we are coming to and coming through.

I wish you'd write me out of this rig. and into another rig. and then I'd talk. Go on! Might as well go on with a mil-stone tied about my neck. Well, I've got to stand it, I sup pose, so I might as well talk on, and never mind the straps. Did you ever knew Ben. Folsom; then you never knew me,

did you?
You see I died of small pox, and it's either I itch, or I think I do, I dou't know which. I feel about as I did when I left, only a little more supple—only confound the rig! I like to be in my own harness and nobody's else, but I suppose I've got

in my own harness and nobody's else, but I suppose I've got to put up with it, any way.

I lived round in spots; either you 're confounded merry, or you're saucy, I do n't know which; but guess it's a touch of both. I was n't born in Boston, but I died here. Confound your skin! no, I was n't buried in Mt. Auburn—you're too young for me. I was born in Yarmouth, N. S. A blue-nose! I thought it was preity red when I died; yes, I know you call us that: I've got a brother Jack—sails out of Boston, and he's coming into port here next week if nothing do n't happen to him. I've been thinking about coming to him a good while. Did I tell you when I died? Well, then I will, It's most seven years; It's now '59, and I died in '53. I said it's most seven years; teach me is that way. The last trip I made years; it's now '59, and I died in '53. I said it's most soven years—you don't catch me in that way. The last trip I made was the summer before I died; I went a voyage, a short one, to the Canary Isles—sailed out of New York. I stopped down here on Ann street at Miller's, but took ship from New York. I was taken slek down to Miller's, got pretty sick, and they carried me off—God knows where, I don't; but it was n't far, any way. I want to talk to Jack. We've got a sister—she's living in New York; he don't go nigh her, and I did n't, but I'm come 'bout her to-day. She's been married and her husband's gone away—aint dead—and she's poor. Jack might as well give ner haif his pay and then be better off, for he's drunk ail the time he's ashore. He knows it's true, and it was so with me when I was here. I aint drunk now. I want Jack to put for New York soon as he gets his discharge—before he gets drunk and spends all his money. I'm going to look out gets drunk and spends all his money. I'm going to look out for his getting this: I've got that fellow's course chalked out before he gets there. I want him to help her—not do as he and I did when I was on earth, because she ran away. Byand-by I'm coming round to have a talk with her, but it's all full weather now.

all foul weather now.

If he does that, it 'll be all right with him—if he does n't, it will be the next thing, and that's all wrong. As for me, I am not in heaven or in hell, but seem to be on earth. I do n't know whether there is any God or any devil; he do n't come after me, if there is, so I shaut trouble him. I know there's people better off thau I am, because they are better appearing and seem to enjoy themselves better than I do.

Do you know Nat Tracy; he salled out of New Bedford in

the ship Mary Ann—whaler. Well, if he's round let him give me a call. I was fifty-six years old—just as strong and well the day before I died as anybody. I could whip any two land-lubbers you would bring to me.

'Tisn't quite so pleasant to be outward bound, is it? I'd

Tish equit so pleasant to be ontward bound, is it? I'd rather come than go. I'm going off sober—it's the first time I ever salled out of any port sober.

Such as I must come; we've just as good a right to come as anybody else. Now I'll haul off again, so good bye. The wind's dead shead; I can'r, go—I'll have to get a pilot. Now I guess I can make sail. guess I can make sail.

# . Samuel Garland.

Who wants me here? I see no familiar face here, but a something tells me I am wanted. But that something do n't tell me who wants me, or for what I am wanted. I have communod to you before, with the hope of reaching my family and friends. Perhaps the call comes from one of my friends. My name is Samuel Garland. Do you remember me?

We published a communication from the spirit giving this name, sometime since. A person answered us, claiming to be a brother. This épistle was rather a singular affair, and denied two of the assertions made by the spirit. Judging the com: (The above was written.)

forget our dear friends have not power to penetrate into the future, unless aided by those who have gone beyond its dark shroud. Burrounded as we are, by the beauties of the spirit world, and charmed by the splendors of spirit-life, we forget we have ever lived elsewhers. But when the soft voices of letter lay upon the table, which was probably the call alluded where the spirit gave his name, we recollected this we have ever lived elsewhers. But when the soft voices of

to. After reading it, the spirit continued: My brother says he does not know where my body lies. That's a lie, and tell him I say so. Perhaps he knows better

than anybody elso.

There has been trouble in our family for some time—they didn't see as I saw—perhaps they did not want to. I was too passionato, perhaps, and so were they. In regard to my being taken sick on Sunday, that's a ile. I was an old man, yet I have as good a memory as when I was a young man.

Ask him if he remembers who stood by my bedside while I was sick in a small brick house, which stands at the corner of one of the principal streets, Ask him if he remembers what was said, as he stood by my bedside, while I was dying. I have more to do in this matter than I thought I had, and I see plainly that the things begun on earth do not always. a nave more to do in this matter than I thought I had, and I see plainly that the things begun on earth do not always finish themselves up there. But I never thought I should be obliged to come here to argue with one of my kindred; but never mind. No doubt he needs truth more than anybody elso. When can I come to you again? Then tell him I shall have opportunity to come again and see who is right about the body.

Can I come here in ten days? Good bye till then.

#### William Lewis.

William Lewis.

What do you exact as proof of identity from those who come to you? My name was William Lewis. I was born in Goffstown, N. H., in 1819; I died in Mobile, 1831. You ask for the disease, but I can't give it, for I don't know myself. Think it might have been faver. I have two brothers living—one is in California, and the other in Boston. My principal object in coming here to-day, is to let them know I can come. I can't talk smart to you—all I went to school was eleven years, or till I was that age, and then what else I got I picked up as I went along. I followed the sea for a living. They say my brother John, that is in California, is very rich. I heard so before I died. He went out in the latter part of '48—happened to have good luck—that's what I never had. Jim lives here in Boston; he and I used to get along pretty well together—he could n't keep money, nor I could n't; he was always poor—so was I. "He was married here about a year before I died, and I went to see him—he lived in Clark street then, but somehow or other I can't soo quite as well as there they tell me something about your publishing this; now, how shall got it to him? They tell me something about your publishing this; now, how shall I got it to him?

My father told me I had better come here, and tell John to take him out with him. Father's name was John. John,

my brother, was in the mines before there was much doing my brother, was in the mines before there was much doing there, and he always had a knack of making money; he could do it when nobody else did. After that he run a wagen, a sort of express, when he got to Bacramento City—he never lost by anything the undertook.

He had better take Jim out there, and let him spend some of his money. I never said so much to him before, but then I aint speaking for myself now; for I aint where money is of any object—don't have to have glothes are a night; ledging

I aint speaking for myself now; for I aint where money is of any object—don't have to buy clothes, or a night's lodging, or a dinner.

I could paint and fix up things board ship. Once in awhile when I was nshore, and could n't get a job to ship, I could get one at ship-painting that would keep me along. Oh, I alut much, any way; but I am somebody.

John means to do all that is right, but he thinks all about self—he used to tell me he never had any trouble to make money, and he didn't see but I had just the same chance; but 'taint so—some has luck, and some don't.

When I first came here. I made up my mind to go to hell, anyway, and waited for them to send me there; but after awhile I got over this feeling, and then they told me there was n't any hell, and I felt better. I am in as good company as I was on earth.

My mother was a Baptist; my father was an Orthodot.

My mother was a Baptist; my father was an Orthodox

My mother was a Baptist; my father was an Orthodox. She went to the Baptist meeting but I always thought it was a mixture of the two. She firmly believed she would go to a real hell if she didn't do right, and now she is happier than I am. I suppose it's because she always did right. Somebody asked me, a few days ago, if I did n't want to get along better. I told him I was contented enough. I haven't moved much since I'vo been here—this is the first step'I have taken. I have been lazing. John will say, "that's no new thing—he always was too lazy to work."

Put me board ship, and I could cook as well as anybody else. I never cared to go aloft—there was too much work in it. I remember once, one of the hands was sick, and there came up a squall, and the old man sent me aloft. I knew it was not my duty, and so I and he had a fight; but after

The amount of it is, I was too lazy to get along smart.

The amount of it is, I was too lazy to got along smart. I suppose John will say, if he gots Jim out there, he will have to support him. Well, he has the most money, and he ought to; he can make him work better than anybody else, too. Well, I 've been here a good while, and I 'm tired now. You see I haven't been used to talking in this way since I died, and I knew it would be hard; they said I'd have to talk, and then I thought I would n't come; but, after, I concluded I would, and then I had to go to thinking all about myself and rould, and then I had to go to thinking all about myself, and

it tired me most to death.

There was an old doctor with me when I was sick. He used to leave the medicine on a little table side the bed, and told me to take it. I did not have anybody to take eare of me. Well, it was too hard work for me to take it, and the doctor said, "Lewis, I guess you're too lazy to live—you'd better die," and I did die.

Well, it's about as hard to go as it was to come, but I must do it to o good bus sit.

must do it; so, good bye, sir.

I have been in the habit, for the last three months, of visiting a circle of, I can't say friends, because I never knew them on earth, so I'll say a circle of mortals, at a place called hisrysville, in California. We have been premising those friends certain things during the time we have been permitted to manifest to them. They are getting weary, because we cannot do what they, in their

simplety, because we cannot do what they, in their out just in time—when I only had a few hundreds to live on. Is that all, sir? Then, good day.

Samuel Stanyan.

I don't see anybody here I know. I want to communicate to an uncle I have got. He lives in Lowell; his name is Stanyan, but he calls his name Edward Stanyan. I to the right name. My name was Samuel Stanyan. I to the right name. My name was Samuel Stanyan, I to the right name. My name was Samuel Stanyan, I to the right name. My name was Samuel Stanyan, I to the right name. My name was Samuel Stanyan, I to the right name. My name was Samuel Stanyan, I to the right name. My name was Samuel Stanyan, I to the right name. My name was Samuel Stanyan, I to the right name was Samuel Stanyan. I to the right name of the right name was Samuel Stanyan. I to the right name was Samuel Stanyan. I to the right name of the right name was Samuel Stanyan. I to the right name was Samuel Stanyan.

not spare any more time in investigating Spiritualism.

A few nights ago, one of the number gave us the following question, saying that if you go to a certain place, and answer a question, we will believe we have not been deceived. The

a question, we will believe we have not been deceived. The question is, "Why have not spirits the power to produce physical demonstrations in daylight, or why have they not the same power as under cover of night?"

To begin with, all light is positive, strictly so, powerfully so; all darkness is negative, and as we are obliged to be governed by the laws which govern you, we cannot produce such manifestations as they desire, until we have overcome these various laws.

various laws.

If our mediums are sufficiently strong, or are possessed of the element which serves us to control this positive light, our manifestations are as good in day as in darkness.

The mediums furnished us have been inadequate to this task. Had we drawn enough from them to have produced the

manifestations at the time desired: the mediums would have manifestations at the time desired, the mediums would have died—yes, died—for we should have drawn from them that which would sap the very foundation of life. As good people, we could not do this, and therefore we have been working; very slowly, and at times our mortal friends have supposed we have suspended our exertions, and had left them to pursue their work alone.

They to whom we spirits come, are too apt to chide us for our failure. They are often stond working at one start that

our failures. They so often stand gazing at one star, that they miss the whole light, and their desire to see one star, loses them the power to see the whole of nature's grand con-

Their desire is so strong to understand Spiritualism, that they loss sight of the causes and effects in nature. Let them wait on in patience, and the obstacles that surround them shall in time be taken away in strict accordance with nature. Bach one of the friends has a law peculiar to himself, and the same law that governs my brother, does not govern me. Yet the same grand source of light, strength and power, gives power to all. Now some of that circle consider it wrong to hold the circle on Sabbath evening; some believe it right. Now both are right. The friends who believe it is not right to sit, for physical manifestations on that evening, are right in absenting themselves at that time, for they are conforming to the law that governs them at that time. So they who leam it proper to sit on Sunday evening, are right, for

deem it proper to sit on Sunday evening, are right, for they see nothing wrong in it, and are conforming to the laws that govern them, also.

Now the great Lawgiver, or Source of all Wisdom, guideth all, but in different ways and by different means—all will eventually become wise and happy; but the soul of to-day cannot go to heaven by the law that guides his nearest kindred, for the Great Father has given each one a law to guide him to heaven; and if he walks by the law that governs his neighbor, he will find in the future that he has been erns his neighbor, he will find in the future that he has been wrong, and must retrace the steps he has taken, and go on in his own path. To the good friends, in conclusion, I will say, have patience

a little longer with us, and you shall, in the Lord's time, have the manifestations you desire, and in accordance with the laws that govern all of you.

I have promised to give my name at some time; I have never given it to that circle, and the time has not yet come;

therefore you will please annex the letter X to this commu-

# Charles Carter.

Do n't you know Charley Carter? Didn't you ever? I know you—I have been to you before. My father is dead, and he died to-day; don't you know I told you he drank. Mother said it was a fit, and told me to come to you and tell you he

was dead.

Why, bless you, my mother is dead too—don't you remember? Why I came to talk to father, but it did n't do him any good. He got it, oried over it, but that's all; mother said my coming would do the folks where he was some good. They said they wondered if I knew it, and mother said I'd better come and tell them I do. They are bud folks. Mother says I must tell the time when he died—half past four this morning, I do n't want to stay any longer. Father is not going to live

with us, we wont have him. Ema Tufts.

My dear mother-You sak me to come here, but you do not say for what. Oh, what shall I give, dear mother, to cheor you down the stream of life? Shall I tell you I am happy? No, for that you must know; but I will tell you that I come to see you as often as you think of me, but cannot always find a medium to come through.

It is hard work to write here, mother—I have nobody to help me. I will try again.

EMMA TOPES. Communication.

we would array its flowers—divested of thorns—a crown for every joy.

The hurrying tide of busy life absorbs, with its rushing waves, so much of the soul's moral elevation, that we would strengthen its ebbing principles, that they be not scattered like spray upon the surface. God, the immortal and invisible, we would enshrine in every heart, that the mortal and perishable be no longer the mortal and holy pleasure. Not only will your own soul dribs deeply of their rich treasures, but you will give them unto others, and blessed is the channels you open for many thirsty ones of earth. Be strong, then, in your own convictions of duty-progression reflect a light not of the earth, but of that "true light which lighteth every one who cometh into the world." Struggle and discipline are watchguards of fideling and prayed for, are its altar of sacrifice, its burnt offering of acceptance.

The creat mochanist of the universe well understood the materials and the specified of the materials acceptance.

The creations of the struths to your mind is to be and holy pleasure. Not only will your own soul dribs deeply and holy pleasure. Not only will your own soul dribs deeply to the strong, then, in your own convictions of duty-progression reflect a light not of the earth, but of purpose, engrafted upon immortal truths; firm to was no sacrifice of integrity or principle. According to work of the spirit of God, indewlling in the inner sanctuary of feeling and devotion.

The unfolding of these truths to your mind is to be and through because. Not only will your own soul dribs demonstrated in the procession of his law, to be demonstrated in the procession of his law, to be demonstrated in the procession of his law, to be demonstrated in the procession of his law, to be demonstrated in the procession of his law, to be demonstrated in the procession of his law, to be demonstrated

prayed for, are its altar of sacrifice, its Durnt onering of sections.

The great mechanist of the universe well understood the principles of its government, and the forces needful to complete its improvement. How beautifully, surely and silently, they are working out the problem of perfection, as when first breathed upon chaotic matter, moving to order and beauty. The strong revulsions of nature have ceased for the song of the bird and the beauty of the flower, and the spirit-realm is now tossed with the throes of agony. Old ideas, and standard points of theology and religion, are suspected; new emanations of spirit-thought startie the student and distract the noralist. The soul fears its allegiance to God, as it trends in its own emotions, and desires a new pathway unto holiness and while it still clings to the past in the its own emotions, and desires a new pathway unto holiness and redemption, and, while it still clings to the past in the outer world, the inner temple is newly dedicated to the Most

The uprising of the spirit of God in man, mighty to achieve its own redemption, is "nigh, even at the doors," and will find the level only in the unbounded perfection of the author of its faith in tests, or in fact any part of the so-called apiritual

ture can give it hope. God, the great rather, is in all, and to each has given the signet-seal of inheritance—and, however beclouded, is still indestructible, for it is of God, and will yet reflect back the parent ray. Do you tell me of the many sins, the deep ingratitude of the human heart—its deadness to vice? I will point to its long line of misunderstanding and misdirection. Its starting-point has been mistaken for the effect. Its first prayer is large the form that the property of the most singular modes of conveying proof of one's future cause has been mistaken for the effect. Its first prayer is large the first prayer is the form that the property of the most singular modes of conveying proof of one's future cause has been mistaken for the effect. Its first prayer is large the first prayer is the first praye lisped in foar; its first emotion, rebellion to some unknown power; that ruled its destiny, not with the smile of love to bless, but with denunciation to chastise. Instead of being ed from its own pure impulses, to seek a purer, holler shrine led from its own pure impulses, to seek a purer, notice surine of devotion, it has made to itself deities of wood, brass, and stone, fashioned with passions like its own. It has turned from the fountains of everlasting life, and groped its way with the taper of self-righteousness, till its despairing cry has resounded through heaven's vaulted arches, and angel cherub, and seraphim, have felt the impulse of the great creative mind, and hasten to relieve the wanderers of earth. The sunich of striking large large large transitions large in secondary none very planet. creative mind, and hasten to relieve the wanderers of earth. The sunlight of spiritual love is beaming upon your planet; its rays inspire life and hope in many beating hearts. The fountain of eternal truth is throwing its gushing waters over every hill and valley, and it is for man to hold forth the goblet of desire; to be filled to overflowing. The smile of divinomeroy and grace is upon you; wrap not the mantle of materiality so closely around you; you feel not its warmth and love.

There is thought, desire, and action, in our spheres. With

thou go, and no farther."

Knowing the power of the spirit, and its legitimate sphere of action, we urge the necessity of this knowledge being diffused among men, that they may be wise unto salvation. We use every means to awaken thought and investigation, and thanks be unto God, man is beginning to think and examine for himsoif. The galling bonds of weakness and disease are being questioned—a spirit of resistance is aroused, a desire for negative to execute the properties and desire for negative to execute the properties and desire for negative to execute the properties. ceire for more true peace and happiness is engendered, and hese inquiries will cease only with their full measure of light

and truth.

These are promptings of our spirit experience. We cannot, pour the flood-light of health and peace, though we can
teach, the secret springs of their existence; and mortals,
tracing the thuy streams to their fountain source, bathe freely

n the waters of eternal life.
Dissatisfaction will lead to investigation, and with the human mind thus aroused our train of thought is easily in-roduced, and slowly and patiently we follow its windings. Much has already been achieved. Compare the current mind with its accepted standard ten years since, and how much more of charity, forbearance and love are awakened. Take souringe, then; the seeds of ten years' growth have yet eter-nities to ripen, and some fruit will cluster there, that even

nities to ripen, and some fruit will cluster there, that even Omnipotence may accept, to bless the child of his love.

Love and wisdom—the great moving powers of the universe—are onward in their course. Their healing, life-inspiring efficacy, no pen can describe or heart conceive. Our father is at the helm of all government, and the lessor agencies of his rule, from his son, our example and benefactor, to the lowest serf of his realm, must receive and transmit that smile, ere the work of creation and redemption can fulfill its mission. Can the human body harmonics with its

mit that smile, ere the work of creation and redemption can in fulfill its mission. Can the human body harmonize with its laws, if one small member be wanting? So must the body of God's created intelligence be full and perfect, ere it can take up the whole burden of progression unto righteousness.

Shall spirits remain inactive amid the joys attained, when progression in the spirits remain inactive amid the joys attained, when progression in the suffering that it is a suffering to the suffering that it is a suffering to the suffering that it is a suffering member of the household is perishing for lack of food. Here is the neighbor, and, "As ye do unto the least, ye do it unto me." Gazing no longer on the perfections of God, the imperfections of humanity are studied—strong to bless, in the spirit in which it has received blessing.

A necessity is curs, that we preach the Gospel—not with words alone, but by every act and thought, the motive being pure in his sight, from whom all blessings flow. The whole arena of sin must be traversed till every secret lurking-place is transformed to good; for good is there, but so deformed an analysis of the signment flood diving his

arena of sin must be traversed till every secret lurking-place is transformed to good; for good is there, but so deformed an angol's eye alone can catch its glimmer. God giving his strength and blessing, we will be there with our trumpet and banner, to arouse the sleeping and oncourings the fainting. Mortal sympathy, thought and co-operation, we need, we demand. We have a right to the noblest, truest aspirations, for is not the elevation of humanity in its largest sense our aim and object? Would it remain in sluggish inactivity, when all it has leved and trusted are buckling on the armor of truth to do battle for the Lord, when the wat-cry is, universal peace and rest in the Fatter's house, eternal in the heavens.

cavens.

Man cannot be indifferent to our influence; the pressure from our sphere must create thought, either intellectually, mentally or spiritually. All channels are open and agreeable to condition or circumstances, we incite to action. All these so condition or circumstances we incite to action. All these small rivulets becoming purified must make an impression upon the ocean of life, and its danse matter becomes absorbed in the heat and light of love. The gray light of the morning tinges the distant hills; dur'star of hope has arisen, and if the wise men see it not, the weary and the wayfarer have felt its kindling glow. Already come offerings of spice and myrit, and their sweet gaver have given unto angels faith; to mortals consolation and hope.

Deem me not enthuisation but you cannot conceive the activity of our suititilities and we know the power of God's activity of our suititilities.

activity of our spirit-life; and we know the power of God's will and word, when unclosed by the fetters of earth. The something to food upon more than the huste spiritual whole desire of the solution world is after peace and rest. At thrown upon the public mind by the religious teachers of these come gleaming if from the uplifted curtain of spiritual day.

experience, they must attract and adhere. The unreat of the soul shows its transition state, elemetary in all its powers; like the unfledged bird, it would try its wings though danger and death lurk beneath the flower. The seed planted in the

A Wife to her Husband.

Number X.

Number X.

My Dear W.—With what delight my spirit bounds again to communicate with their. Not that I have not sympathized and worshiped with thee in times past; but this bleased reunion is a bilesful privilege, inspiring hope and confidence in us all. The heart again throbs, the pulse quickons, the whole variety of earthly existence is renewed; we feel all its dear dependencies again our own, and we yearn with undying tenderness to bless and cheer those we love.

This is no selfash feeling, but one engendered by our every experience of being. The harmony and peace of our spheres we would impart, that the feverish excitement of disappoint ment or success might not fill the heart with brooding sorrow or corroding circ. We know the fulfillment of desire, and we would array its flowers—divested of thorns—a crown for every joy.

The hurrying tide of busy life absorbs, with its rushing waves, so much of the soul's moral elevation, that we would surrently the contact of the soul's moral elevation, that we would surrently the contact of the soul's moral elevation, that we would surrently to presence of his power and the fulfillment of desire, and we are mighty to act for the good of all. Each echo of spirit faith is an assurance of fruition, and as the light and sympathy traverse its magic path, our faith becomes strong and we are mighty to act for the good of all in humanity. Ages and centuries may roll on ere written in the expansion of the presence of his power and the fulfillment of desire, and we would array its flowers—divested of thorns—a crown for every joy.

The hurrying tide of busy life absorbs, with its rushing waves, so much of the soul's moral elevation, that we would annea.

The unfolding of these truths to your mind is to be a nure

### CORRESPONDENCE.

CHARLES SYDNEY SMITH, PROVIDENCE, R. I .- "I have no its level only in the unbounded perfection of the author of its being.

The long pages of the past are all inscribed with the handwriting of Dolty—his footsteps in every rock—his voice in every tumult of agitation that has swept its billows. The present is also his, giving glorious promise of the future. The spirit is rising the giant of the nations, buckling on the whole armor of truth. It will kn.w of itself, its duty and desting, untrameled by fear, unshackled by prejudice, rejoicing in the love born of God, reflecting through its own beams. Spirit voices are calling by every affection and desire, to "arise, and sin no more." Its strength is in the hollow of his hand who holds the waters in obedience; and as they ebb and flow by the breath of his pleasure, shall the spirit bear "arise, and sin no more." Its strength is in the hollow of his hand who holds the waters in obedience; and as they ebb and flow by the breath of his pleasure, shall the spirit bear upon its tide the wrongs and sufferings of humanity, till, purified and sanctified, it is ready for the kingdom of Heaven. We draw much from the human soul, in our intercourse with it. Its different shades of motive and thought ara to us guides and landmarks in our journeying thither—an unwritten story, but full of images and types of instruction, which we must interpret, ere we can understand its depth. The surface often presents fair and pleasing pictures; but as we scan below, huge vipers and crawling serpents are ontwined with the fairest view. Evil and good walk hand in hand. We must pursue and investigate the winding folds of one, as we delight to trace the God-like steps of the other. We would be, inke our master, physicians of the diseased and depressed, as well as companious of the faithful. How shall we draw the line of separation, save by studying each heart as revealed to us; applying here the word of reproof, and there the smile of encouragement?

No prospect, however fair, but has its billow of corruption; no scene so dark, but has its sunray of promise, to cheer our onward task. How wonderfully the law of God reveals its wisdom in this variety of existence. None can say holloness is mine, or feel so utterly depraved, that no redeeming feasure can give it hope. God, the great Father, is in all, and to each has given the signet-seal of inheritance—and, however here do have a circle (so-called) all by ourselves. Accordingly, our party of four—a Mrs. Stowe—being as medium, I suggest—do to have a circle (so-called) all by ourselves. Accordingly, or prived one, and in a few moments our medium reprised to have a circle (so-called) and commenced a series of personations—we framed and commenced a series of personations—and commenced with Masonic signs, and ran through the father is depth. And the have a circle (so-called) and t

This must be a very strong evidence of the spiritual identity of a Mason, acting through the organism of Mrs. Stowe, for the whole Masonic fraternity, each one and all, will readily acknowledge the firm belief that no woman on earth can give the Masonic signs and secrets of any degree in Masonry. The same manifestations have been given through Mrs. Conant. and other female mediums in the vicinity of Boston, in a number of instances. Here is one of the most powerful tests, to a Masonic brother, to prove the existence of spirits after death, that can, by material demonstration, be given.

S. WARR, OswEGO.—"Having noticed in the columns of the

BANNER, some time since, an account of a gultar being played upon by being placed under a table, around which a circle was sitting, in one of the Eastern States, a small circle was There is thought, desire, and action, in our spheres. With harmony, devotion, and truth, with you, the great principles of God's love, as manifested to us, may become the heritage of carth. Has not the pligrimage of sin and sorrow been long and sovere enough? Why protract its reign till the whitened brow fall again and again into the sepulchre of doubt? Death has long enough sat enthroned, the conqueror of earth. Arise, and in the spiritual majesty of God's free men, lead him captive in the chains of love. Live the life of God, and death will gently change the scene, as morning light uncurtains the spol of darkness, and the spirit will arise, like the sun, to bless with its strength and beauty. It is weak from its associations, rather than from inherent causes. The body is often deranged and disabled in all its functions; spiritual as well as natural causes have made it strength—that in itself it can heal and save the body—it will make unto itself its own veapons of action. With the spirit, as the key-note of the wondrous frame-work, the spirit, as the key-note of the wondrous frame-work, the human body, the master-principle will define its own boundaries, saying unto disorder and confusion, "Thus far shalt thou ye, and no further."

There is thought, desire, and action, with the spirit, as the key-note of the wondrous frame-work, here are placed under the table used to harmonize the circle by singing. aries, saying unto disorder and confusion, "Thus far shall be up, and no farther." ten minutes, the strings were struck as a player would in tuning the instrument. Presently all the strings were swept, which proved that it was tuned. We then commenced singing "Auld lang syne," and the instrument played in unison with our voices, to the satisfaction of all present. At this time our speaking medium became entranced, and improvised and sang a verse in the same tune, when the guitar played in unison with her voice. When played upon, the guitar was directly under the centre of the table, no person in the circle touching it at the time. Persons doubting this statement, or wishing further proof with regard to those facts, can receive information by writing to the following individuals, who witnessed it, and who will be most happy to respond :- S. J. Holley, J. L. Pool, J. A. Seeber, George W. Peck, William R. Stewart and wife, A. M. Richards and wife, E. Palne and wife, Miss R. Borden, with myself and wife. Bince writing the above, at another circle with the same medium, the guitar has been played upon one hour and a half, producing duetts, marches, waitzes, &c., equal to the most skillful per-

formers." SARAH F. CRAFTS, GREENFIELD .- "Your paper comess weekly to me. It is like a gleam of sunshine in a long and cloudy storm. From the first issue to the present, has my husband been a subscriber. There is a small band of Spiritualists in this place, who, with some difficulty, keep on the even tenor of their way through the buttlements of persecution. We have not the means to pay the large prices demanded by the best speakers. This is an excellent field for talented mediums, could they, at first, labor for love, not money;

for this is a willage of doctors, lawyers and ministers. Mrs. Currier has visited us. Her tests were very remarkable, and made an impression on many skeptical mindsthose who dare not throw off the old clock of orthodox respectability. I am poor, and am on a sick bed, where I now write, occasionally bleeding from the lungs. I am a firm believer in Spiritualism, and a partial medium, and for the read son of my belief and mediumship I receive from my friends all the persecution they can well bestow upon me; but this makes me only firmer in my belief, for I feel within an abiding faith and holy trust.

I joyfully congratulate you in your endeavors to scatter broadcast the germs of truth. May your endeavors be the bright harbingers of the future triumph of your beautiful BANNER.

D. M. Fox, Lyons, Mich,-" Spiritualism is rapidly obtaining the affections of the people in this place. The first lead ture given here was last November, by F. L. Wardsworth. Mrs. Kurtz has also given us besuteous words of truth and love, that fill the soul with joy and gladness. Our town hall is filled with listoners, to hear the burning words of inspiration that full from her lips. We are anxious to have lecturers, traveling from the East, call here on their way West. They will find warm hearts to welcome and receive them; and they will not be sent away empty. This place is on the line of the Detroit and Milwaukie; Railroad, Several, villages, are, also scattered along this route, where the seeds of Spirittalism begin to spring up. Thousands this way are hungeling for something to food upon more than the hunks as picturely thrown upon the public mind by the religious teachers of the

SARA ETTIE.

# BOSTON REFORM CONFERENCE.

Monday Evening, Feb. 21, 1859. Quarton,-" Is the punishment of criminals consistent

with the governmet of God and the principles of Christianity?" Mr. Pice—Our question asks. Is punishment for crime is a first to inquire which the laws of God and natural justice? Which least, first to inquire with a meant by punishment? Lexicographers define punishment are based on this principle, and practically carry out that accuraed principle, aborgated by Jesus-community, (be it said to their shame), too, generally counternance the same hasthers are based on the punishment are based on the punishment are based on the punishment by the respective punishment by the respective punishment by the puni Mr. Pike—Our question asks, Is puulshment for crime acconsistent with the laws of God and natural justice? which

Mr. Wilson—The violation of law does not always produce orime. The vindictive punishment prescribed by Moses may not be attributed to God. God had nothing to do with the Ten Commandments. Yet these vindictive commands might have been necessary for the good of society at the time they were given. All crimes that degenerate man, are violations of moral law. The thief, if not arrested, will violate again; the murderer is not punished so much for punishment as for safety. But is it right to take life? No: for it is contrary to nature, to logic, reason, philosophy, and common sense. The murderer should be arrested, but not to be punished; rather to be dealt with by kindness, love, and forgiveness. Heaven institutes no punishment for crime. The only authority for punishment for crime, has its origin in man, and in a low condition, too, of man's existence. Punishment cannot be Mr. Wilson-The violation of law does not always produce condition, too, of man's existence. Punishment cannot be

traced to God.

Mr. Place—Punishment that corrects for man's good is in harmony with the laws of nature, while punishment that is vindictive and revengeful, is not in harmony with nature, and is inconsistent. When a law of nature is violated, nature is violated, nature is violated. In the treatment of crime we have the example of nature to guide us. The criminal should be dealt with in kindness,

for the criminal. Kindness will redeem the criminal, and stay the prog eas of crime.

Mr. Buutin—Man is created a conscious being, endowed with intelligence, from which comes choice; and man being left to choose for himself, becomes liable to violate nature's laws. This violation is rewarded with pain or punishment. Man has no right to gratify his revenge by going beyond the laws of nature, to initict greater pain on his fellow-man. I contend that the viudictive punishment for crime that prevails with us to-day, is but a relic of heathenism, extracted from the barbarous laws of past ages. How little do we care for the pain and suffering we innict on the poor criminal. The treatment of the criminal isworse than brutal, and below every grade of human kindness and sympathy. It consists in dungeons, damp, dark, narrow cells, chains, bondage;

laws of nature, but must go to the Bible to learn of a person-al God. People talk to me about God and his laws, and tell me that God is unapproachable and past finding out, and then wonder if I doubt that there is such a God. If it be the laws God spoke in the Old and his Son in the New. Jesus says, "I come not to destroy the law." The vipdictive spirit of the Old Testament runs more or less into the New. Capital punishment, I think, is justified by the Bible.

Mr. Oushing—made some critical remarks on what had been said by these why had recorded by:

been said by those who had preceeded him.

Dr. Child—Peter says to Christ, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him—seven times? Jesus answers seventy times seven. How many times do we pardon a criminal offence committed against us? Not one time. For the first crime we pass the order of judgment upon him, and measure out to him the amount of punishment we think com-

Do as you would be done by. Did you ever know a crim-Inai who wanted another man, or other sten, to inflict pun-ishment upon him for his crime? Should we, if we were criunnals? Did Christ, the great physician of souls, speak to the criminal my less than to the pretending virtuous? Are his teachings given for those who are morally diseased, with the disease developed, any less than for those who Link themthe disease developed, any less than for those who think themselves well, and past the boundary of immortaity? The teachings of Christ, if meant for any, were meant for all, and

the teachings of thrist are the principles of Christianity.

I know of but one place in his teachings where he says let punishment be inflicted, and that he "Let him that is withpunishment be inflicted, and that is—"Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." His example stands before, us
a monument of beauty; he was reviled, and he reviled not;
he was punished, and he did not recriminate; he was about
to be murdered, and he raised his eyes to heaven and said of
murderers—"My fatter, forgive them."

Love your enemities; die good to them that curse you;
indeen onen, reward no man evil for avil: cast the heam

ian; reward no man evil for evil; cast the beam judge no man; reward no man evil for evil; cast the beam out of thine own eye, and not cast thy brother into prison. Such are the principles of Christianity, but such principles the Christian world tread beneath their feet; and by the actions of mon Christ is crucifled in every church in

festation of hatred as found in our treatment of the man who

commits a murder.

The government of God we see in the laws of nature, and there alone. Is a natural death the death on the gallows? Is the prison-life the free life that nature gives to man?

Is the prison-life the free life that nature gives to man?

It was important, in treating of this question, to distant to the sum of God and the laws of nature. He understood God's laws to be the laws revealed in the lible. It was no use to dodge the question. You might go anywhere in Christendom, and when the laws of God were anywhere in Christendom, and when the laws of God were referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred, it would have referred to, in innety-nine cases in a hundred in the laws as revealed in the laws of some and will, some commits a murder.

The government of God we see in the laws of nature, and to screen him, impelled a mother to send a son away to screen him, impelled the community to send for and punlah him.) It was nature's laws. We are in the direct of use that him.) It was nature's laws. We are in the direct of use that him.) It was nature's laws. We are in the direct of use man can be sujected to become a helper and deliverer of his brother man, under God, of course; for Dr. Again—the laws of God and the laws of nature require a Child must not talk as though he is the only person that the course of the course is the only person that the course is the course is the only person that the course is the course is the only person that the course is the course is

Shall Marked Darlier. I. Mark of Sec. 1 for the said of

not. The laws of man provide against it. The accuser is on his cath; the magistrate call and collected; the slow process of law precludes the vindictive spirit. If an officer is vindictive, public sentiment frowns the act down. Puntament is necessary. It gives a person a different lesson from love, charity, and kindness; and there are those who require the lesson of punishment, the law of love not being applicable to their case. There is no respect of persons, say God's laws, and the laws of nature conform; and where nature is not replied, we are forced to take precepts—we can do nothing else. And precepts say, "Thou shalt not steal," the case of conditions and lars, and fornicators, and doers of every wicked thing. Christ's example, his death by crucifixion, his promise of punishment, &c., to those who do not believe on him, show that punishment is consistent, &c.

tower of our pathway through life, gently wooing us into the right and happy path.

That God nover punishes for a wrong, in the true sense of the term, is obvious, in the fact that wherever pain ensues upon a departure from the right course, every effort which nature can make is instantly put forth to restore the damage done, and much of the pain which we experience during this restoration, regarded by many a pious mind as their honest due, is but the effort of nature to restore to a perfect state the damage done. Oh, when will men regard God as "our Tather," and cease to attach to him all those vindictive and revengeful traits of character which alone belong to the ages for my life." Dear souls, they forget that other vengeful truits of character which alone belong to the ages fort of my life." Dear souls, they forget that other "Comforter," who evidently does not often come in

ualists, for instance—are quite as keen against the sins of the church, old theology, dismal creeds, &c., as the church ever was against Atheism, heresy, and such like. I have no objection to either's pointing out what it conceives to be wrong in the other. I claim it to be a duty in each to do it. It is a duty which the freedom and the progress of the age denot revenge, and the influence to reform him would be far mand. And when the quiering claus and classes more powerful. Kindness is all the punishment necessary can mutually mingle together, each to consider for the criminal. Kindness will redoem the criminal, and wherein they may, themselves, be wrong, as well as

sists in dungeons, damp, dark, narrow cells, chains, bondage; the exclusion from society; the denial of natural freedom, and murder on the gallows. Animals of prey are better than man in this respect; they kill not for revenge, but to sustain their life. No laws of God or Christ can be brought up to sustain, in any sense or degree, the present treatment of cuite content to leave it to the growing intelligence sustain, in any sense or degree, the present treatment of this, and all coming ages, whether, in thus warn-criminals. Mr. Scaver-I believe in the natural operation of all the ing my brothers and sisters in the flesh, I should not be as honorably employed as I could possibly be in composing a Bacchanalian drinking song, or in writing an article lauding the excess of the intem-

> yes, Bro. C.; opposite to what is taught in schoolhouses, and to some extent in meeting houses, but not opposite to what is inculcated in some other sort of houses-gambling houses, for instance, or drinking houses-houses of ill-fame. In all these houses alcoholic stimulants, opium, tobacco, &c., are in high vogue. "Transgression," too, is vastly appreciated as the very gate of Paradise,. "Hashish," doubtless come in for its due share of honor in such houses-mayhap the very den of the pirate will yet be jolly in its praise, as it always is in the glorification of liquor, tobacco, and kindred stuff. And. as it is greatly to the credit of the "Doctors," that through their special recommendation, the use of opium, tobacco and alcohol has had so wide a diffusion and influence; so will our special Dr. C., by his special plea, not only for the former articles, but for Hushish" also, win himself a noble stand side by side with the other "Doctors," who have so admirably preceded him in the extollation of poisonous properties.

Who knows, indeed, but that under the blessed effect of such inculcations, Spiritualism will get to be well nigh as drunken as the church was not quite a century ago? and if the whole mass become quite as beastly as the "Mother of Harlots" self, why we shall be right in the edge of glory, the Christian world tread beneath their feet; and by the actions of mon Christ is crucifled in every church in Christendom to-day. We crucify Christ when we murder a murderer. Resist not evil; let it come. Evil must be whether it be in the night, or in the day—with a cloak, or without—disguised, or undisguised. Have trust in God. Shall I trust in my own guardianship, and add to my own safety by putting irons on every robber and murderer, and wringing out, with my lands of hatred, the last tear their souls can shed; and, too, enhancing the agony of the forgiving mothers and sisters of criminals. Is this trust in the Almighty Power that makes men what they are? No; nor is this the love and forgiveness that Jesus taught?

We say it is not safe or practical to let the criminal free—forgiven. How do we know? It has never been tried. Hate begats hate, and love begets love. It is hatred in the soul of the public that keeps these sentinels of hatred, our prison-houses standing, peopled with human souls—the children of our father, our brothers and our sisters—people that I bebellove, from the deepest depths of my soul, are no worse that a the average of the people outside their wails. I must conclude that the system taught by Christ, in regard to criminals, is safe, which is summed up in one word—forgivenent ty it; we are afraid. The Christian slut afraid; but where shall we look for the Christian slut afraid; but where shall we look for the Christian slut afraid; but where shall we look for the Christian slut afraid; but where shall we look for the Christian slut afraid; but where shall we look for the Christian slut afraid; but where shall we look for the Christian slut afraid; but where shall we look for the Christian slut afraid; but where shall we look for the Christian slut afraid; but where shall we look for the Christian slut afraid; but where shall we look for the Christian slut afraid; but when shall we look for the Christian slut afraid; but when shall we look for the Christian slut afraid; but when shall we surely. I know Spiritualists who are quite as wise

where shall we look for the Christian? Not in this world. I mean by a Christian, the man who obeys the commands of Ohrist, and follows his example.

If a man strike you on one cheek to-day, he is arrested for assault and battery, and punished for the offence by a fine or imprisonment. If he commit a orime that calls for Christian forgiveness, he is taken before a human tribunal, ludged, sentenced, and punished; if he commit murder, the ludged, sentenced, and punished; if he commit murder, the ludged, sentenced, and punished; if he commit murder, the ludged, sentenced, and punished; if he commit murder, the ludged, sentenced, and punished; if he commit murder, the ludged, sentenced, and punished; if he commit murder, the ludged, sentenced, and punished; if he commit murder, the ludged, sentenced, and punished; if he commit murder, the sweetest aroma of purest spiritual light and love and forgiveness by Christ is wholly rejected, and the old law of revenue—an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth—has its full force. There is no principle found in Christianity, that justifies such boorish, bloodthirsty manifestation of hutred as found in our treatment of the man who remarkably flattering social and moral prospects of children and youth. Though, in spite of this most

against hell, or to labor for the undoing of evil.

Truly, friend Child ought to have learned, cre this,

On the subject of right and wrong, in general, the spirits, and seekers after deliverance, say that the believe. above, or one below another."

Doctor, pulls a tooth blunderingly, and I see that he has made a blunder, it is because I look at him with a blundering eye, not because he has himself really blundered; or if I see that a man is a miser, it is because I have a miserly streak within myself—not bright spirit himself is dark and ill conditionednot because the other is. Poh! As Bro. Child elselistinguishing between sophistry and true reason. There are many natures, tender, bland and sympathetic, who do not rise with sufficient distinctness into the region of moral force and moral discrimination. This class of individuals do not labor to prove white is black and black white, for the mere sake of showing their capacity, as the mere Intellectualists do; but they are very delicately regardful of the honor both of God and man, and for the sake of honoring God, they rob man of the true dignity right, if each understood the other. with which his Creator has invested him; and, for the sake of shielding or accrediting man, they detract from the absolute Divinity of God.

Oh, there is no such thing as wrong or evil, says one of this class. There is nothing out of the way in man-God's own created and much beloved child Yes, adds an enthusiastic woman of this same sort yes! And I love the whole human race; all men are my husbands! Aye, exclaims another, on another side of the question; but man is nothing; forces of Nature, whether within or outside of himself-even his very barbarities and follies only give liquors, including tobacco and alcoholic drinks. him a quicker lift into Heaven.

I have known persons of this class to suffer their with God's plan, or man's freedom, through meas-

ures of prevention. man development. I watched well the unfolding of must be done, because it was "a law of Nature people were not necessitated to become "pendulums;" for by the right application of the forces within themselves, they could make themselves pillarssubstantial and immovable to every gust of impulwith closed eyes had started the specific arrangement, and the pendulum theory was very acceptable; and an "extreme" it was; and the "pendulum philosophy has, since then, resulted in the special blessing of a "spiritual baby," and several similar extra benedictions besides. And precisely so elsewhere. Certain leaders of the "pendulous" order are, yesterday prominent advocates and publishers 'ideas; to-day, retracting the same, and off among the "converted" in the ranks of the Roman Catholics, or some other promising and well-

conditioned order. The "old serpent" runs a muck in such minds. He does not acknowledge the "tree" to be one of good and evil," as in the case of the original "Eve." but he asserts that there is naught of "evil" either in that or anything else. Gambling, drinking, &c., equally vile, promise quite as well. To older persons and parents, it is best to swing this way and that, for individual pleasure and profit, or for the are ready for a rush in some other direction-good or bad, as the case may be-while, now and then, quite a length of time.

I now wish to say to Bro. A. B. Child, respectfully and distinctly, that as he has not noticed any of the facts" with which I met the philosophy of his first facts," not only in his first, but also in his last,

article. It is a "fact," that we have perceptions for dis we a moral sense, God-given, by which we can discriminate right and wrong; therefore, right and wrong are as much a truth, in our moral relations. as black and white are in our material surroundings, so that A. B. C. may not be "right" where he

asserts that there is " no wrong, no evil." It is also a "fact" that man's "control." either of himself or of any other person or thing, does not require that he should "arrogate to himself power, independent of God and the laws of Nature," as Dr. . seems to imply; for the arrangement of Nature's were, in commanding them, in curbing them, and in bringing them into subserviency to his own purposes. Thus, in the act of opening the eye, man can amera, and the combination of chemicals, the sun becomes an engraver—through a burning glass, an ncendiary; even the lightning is, in like manuer, subjected to the human will, and the storm and those coarser and ungenial elements or influences, whose tendency is to enchain and impoverish him. and crush back his better nature into the dens of

or even a sense or assertion of superiority, is not a selfish institution, as Dr. C. labors hard to main tain, for a very superior man would doubtless be perfectly ready to admit that even a monkey or a quirrel has some advantages over him; but should he assert that the monkey, squirrel, or even a debased Hottentot or Yankee, is on the smae plane of enlightenment or civilization as himself, he would make a statement which would smack as little of real superiority as it would of common sense or trath, his wife, is very apt to reap axe helves and mopand would be as falsely modest as much that is sticks.

and the state of the application

who believes in a power "behind his own." I have called modesty now-a days. Even Dr. C. ought to studied and trusted that Power from childhood upward, and have learned that His arrangement of a mere tyro or pretender would be presumed to be; Human "Destiny" involves the right and true exer- and under some circumstances, where the comfort, cise of the human mind in discarding grossness, life or limb of any man or woman is concerned, it resisting and conquering vice and error, and fixing would be perfectly proper for his friends, or even for the attention in the direction of true wisdom with himself, to declare his better points. It was on this reference to the truest progress. But, continues Dr. principle that Jesus said—" A greater than Solomon C., "Heaven is never at war with Heaven, but hell is here;" and on the same principle, "the spirits of is ever cursing hell," which, by implication, perhaps, the just made perfect," set in array before us their means that it is hellish, and not heavenly, to contend brighter perfections and enjoyment, to win us to

the difference between "cursing hell" and conquer "Higher Unfolding" will bring with it a nobler ing hell. Heaven may, indeed, "never war with expression of thought, a grander theory than the will bring with it a nobler Heaven," but what Hell there is Heaven is always world, or even Spiritualism, has thus far any constriving to overcome and exterminate. Witness ception of. That there is good in much that the among other things, the "Banner of Light" mani- world calls evil is unquestionable; that God will festations, wherein a multitude of "spirits" (one overrule all evil for good I have already said in my from a "small spot" or sphere, to which he was previous article, but that the broad distinction bechained" for "sixteen years,") hope for a deliver tween actual evil and good, will be more broadly ance through the aid of brighter spirits. And the realized and more distinctly seen and understood, as curious thing about it is, that these communicating the world grows better and purer, society may well

brighter intelligences tell them that they are I have much to say on this subject, which I vet "wrong," and must come up higher, be truer and withhold; and am glad to see that, in the latter better; and yet Bro. Child makes Spiritualism father clause of his last article, Bro. A. B. C. is inclined to the idea that there is no such thing as "wrong," shrink away from the legitimate conclusion of his and even substantially declares that there is no such former article. I am glad to hear him say that his thing as brighter spirits-for he directly asserts that, "voice is not to be raised for or against the sins of in the light of love and wisdom, "oo not one is others, at any time or in any place;" glad to have him say this, because it gives me some hopes that he Dr. C. is peculiarly "cute" in defending this latter will repeal, or never again repeat this "Hashish" He attributes all sense or claim of superiority article; that same said article being the most to self, self-seteem, selfishness; and among other thorough apology for certain most obnoxious "ains" things says-"We see men through the glasses of that has of late appeared. He certainly would not our own souls, and they appear the color our glasses be half so much out of the way in showing up the make them." That is to say, if Dr. C., or any other evil of sin, as he was in thus apologizing for it.

ATHOL DEFOT, Mass.

That Bro. Mandell does not understand Dr. Child, or the position he takes, is very clear to us. Perbecause the miser is actually miserly; or if a "bright haps there are few men who can discriminate bespirit" sees that a brother spirit in the flesh, or out tween the position of Dr. C. and that view of his f it, is dark and ill-conditioned, it is because the position which Bro. Mandell sees-an unbridled scope to lust, drunkenness and every principle of the where says—"In darkness man may believe and do animal nature. There is a wide difference, and we many ridiculous things." I would commend to Dr. know that Dr. C. is as far from being an advocate of C. that counsel given in my former article—"Remember Christ"—in which I urged the necessity of that Dr. C. abhors to do those things which the evil that Dr. C. abhors to do those things which the evil forces prompt or dictate, is a proof that he sees both a right and wrong for himself. But here he stops, and does not seek to establish his standard for a brother. The good doctor would, by kindness and love, win a soul from drunkenness, if he could, as quickly as Bro. M., but not a word of condemnation would he utter against the drunkard. Both are

> VIEWS OF THE HASHISH ARTICLE AGAIN.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

GREATLY RESPECTED FRIENDS-I feel confident that you will forgive me the suggestion, that the article by Dr. Child, in the 17th current No. of the Bannen, eaded "Hashish," is calculated to produce a strong impression on many young minds, by defending, and can't manage himself at all; has no power over the at least by implication, inviting and encouraging the use of stimulating and intoxicating herbs and

It may have the effect of destroying the peace of many happy families, and of scuding many poor sinwn children to sink into vice through fear of hurt- ners to an early grave. Any argument that I might of ing the feelings of their darlings, or of interfering for on this subject would be absurd; I only desire to call your attention to true character of the article as it strikes my judgment, and respectfully urge upon Pendulous natures are those on this plane of hu- your consideration a renewed perusal of it. Not by any means that I deem my own judgment on this their philosophy some years ago among Spiritualists, subject more correct than yours, but because I have in Boston, at a Practical Convention. Certain things had reason to observe that the most judicious editors were so severely pressed at times by the urgency that the people must pass from one extreme to an of their engagements, as to allow articles to appear other, as did the pendulum. I suggested that the in their columns, which their better indement conin their columns, which their better judgment con-

Allow me to hope that such was the case in the present instance. It is impossible for me to believe that the editors of the Banner of Light could desion that might reach them. But no. A medium liberately consent that the use of rum and tobacco be encouraged and defer Most sincerely and respectfully your friend,

WILLIAM S. WAIT. GREENVILLE, Ill., Feb. 6, 1859.

The above communication is certainly written in a very kind spirit, and is doubtless dictated by the best of motives. But in the article on hashish, I fail to discover that which this letter imputes to it. The article is a statement of facts, chiefly quoted from respectable journals of the day. Some concluding remarks, presented in a somewhat questionable form of truth, seemed to me fair and reasonable deductions drawn from my own experience and knowledge. The conclusions therein presented may be incorrect. are to be a very great gain to the young man—yea, lf they are, will some one who feels that they are the greatest blessing: to the young girl, other things wrong, tell why they are wrong? If they be right, is there any harm in telling the truth? The philosophy of Spiritualism claims that truth is beneficial good of the family. If a "medium," or even if something else, "suicide" is a flattering dish with ing "evil" of drunkenness, (as is the case with which to flavor other follies; and if this extreme is many other great "evils,") to me there is a problem escape, why, then, the same said "pendulous" bodies in it yet unsolved, and in this article it seems to me there are some faint glimmerings for the solution of the "pendulum" gets so deep in the mire that it this problem. These views are thrown out, not as remains fixed in some peculir pendulous idea for facts without a question, but are suggested for consideration. If they are true, is it not better to know truth, than to cling to error?

It is quite unnecessary and uncalled for, for any article, so has he, likewise, been arguing against one to believe that the editors of this paper, or the writer of the views in the hashish article, "deliberately consent that the use of rum and tobacco should tinguishing different colors; therefore, black and be encouraged and defended in their journal." No white are a reality of the external world. So have sentence in the article referred to has expressed such an idea, and if such an idea is inferred by any reader of the article, it is an inference unwarranted by anything in the article.

To state that the drunkard has a more forgiving heart than the man who condemns the drunkard, is only stating a fact that every man familiar with the world knows. This statement does not encourage drunkenness; we might rather infer that it encouraged less condemnation and less confidence in laws is so truly divine that man has their aid, as it self excellence. To account for the horrors of maniaa potu by the philosophy of Swedenborg or Spiritualism, in saying it is the opening of the spiritual peruse the light; by the arrangement of lens in the ception to our worst conception of hell, is neither encouraging nor defending the cause of this disease. which is drunkenness. To say that narcotic substances are constantly used by many millions of the subjected to the number with and the storm and human family, and that this general use is a strange tempest will not always ride over him rough shod as human family, and that this general use is a strange they do now. So in moral and spiritual affairs - yet patent argument that some good must come out man can rise superior to, can check and regulate of this use, is not an invitation to the use of these substances, nor does it in any way encourage or defend their use. The conclusion in regard to the darkness and pollution—the "Hashish" doctrine use of these substances is, that there is no cause outside of nature, and that every manifestation of notwithstanding. outside of nature, and that every manifestation of Nor is it any the less a "fact" that superiority, life is the effect of a cause not made by man, and that when we can see truth more clearly than we now do, we may see good come out of what seems evil to us now. Then, evil will be a means of good, and we shall no longer call a means of good an evil.

The man who sows dissentions between a man and

LINES. On reading 2d Samuel, 12-23: "I shall go to him."

Baby Ernest,
Yes! go to him, to that sweet child
We held on earth so dear;
He's gune before, preceded us, On to the higher sphere. Oh, sad the day when baby dear In all his beauty died; We mourned for him, for we would keep Him ever by our side, Bweet, lovely flower! too pure for earth, Heaven seemed thy native sky; Thou!t live forever in thy home, And never more will die. God took thee home ere sorrow-came
Thy youthful soul to fill:
Our mourning hearts should not repine,
For 't was thy Father's will. But oh, when life with us is o'er, Wo'll seek for thee above, And with thy angel-mother dwell,

# Correspondence.

F. L. WADSWORTH AT THE WEST.

Messas. Editors-The wheel of time (often refer-

In heaven's own light and lo

MELEONE, Feb., 1859.

red to,) has made its annual revolution. The mighty traveler, earth, has performed another circuit around the sun, (which, by the way, has "held still," not miraculously, as for Joshua, according to Scripture, but relatively) since I left your famed New England city for the wide-spread West, to talk of things pertaining to the spiritual philosophy. For aught you have heard of me direct, you might say "he is no more." Yet I trust I am counted as a laborer, even if the eleventh hour be marked against my name. Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois, have been my fields. With the blessing of good health, and the encouragement of friends, with and without physical bodies, I have been enabled to have a pretty fair view of the above named States, from the reformatory as well as the geographical observatories of my organism. You often hear it said (as a matter of course) that Spiritualism is "dying out" in the West. Should you see a man that says so, ask him if he gained his information from observation; and if so, was it at Adrian, Hillsdale, Sturgis, Album, Battle Creek, Lyons, or Ionia, Michigan? Was it in Northern Illinois, or Wisconsin? Was it in Indiana? Was it in Ohio? If he says yes, ask him what were the color of his glasses-Orthodox? Ah! that solves the mystery. It depends very much upon that, either way. If we want a thing to die, it is apt to look weak, to say the least. It will be admitted by all that the mechanic knows more about his trade than the lawyer, doctor, or minister; and so with all classes; each can judge best where he is acquainted. Should one ask me if Spiritualism was dying out in the West, I should say, no. If reasons ar required, I should say-first, having the experience of eighteen months in the above-named States, I find that scores of new places wish to hear; second, those that have heard wish more; third, although times are harder than months ago, the necessary demands are as easily raised (and our pockets tell a wonderful many soul secrets); fourth, the Spiritualists, as a class, are more discriminating than formerly (and if a man takes good care in his diet he will thrive, not fail); and fifthly, neither professor, priest, or layman, have refuted one single claim that has been candidly made. The presses keep out of the way. The priests call it Devil, and the laymen cry, here, here! and try to keep away from it, (some of them.) I claim, and believe justly, that never before, since first the "tiny rap" was heard, has Spiritualism been so well qualified to do good as to day. The West is "wide awake," and thanks no one for the slanderous cry of "dying out." Here in Cleveland the friends are supporting regular weekly meetings. Sunday morning and evening are lecture seasons, while in the afternoon the hall is occupied by Miss Libbie Higgins, with a Sunday School Class. It is a new movement here, and, as I see it, a beautiful one-one that must result in much good. The plan consists in combining in one the song, the moral, and the spiritual. While the children are learning to sing, they are drinking in the purest of moral and truly religious sentiment. If one could compare, side by side, the mechanical book-lessons. to the free, gushing sentiment of every day inspiration, kept pure by purity, it seems they need not be long in choosing between the two. I spoke to the friends in this place last Sunday, (13th,) and tarry with them yet another Sunday. The 21st I leave. en route for Syracuse, N. Y., where I speak on the 27th; thence I go to Oswego, where I spend the 6th and 13th of March; thence to Utica, for the 20th, Thus I am working eastward. I anticipate spending the spring and summer months in New England, there to do as best I can in promulgating the truths of our philosophy. Our work may be unpopular, and slow in its advance, but it is sure. Well has it been said by the poet :-"We have not wings-we cannot soar;

But we have feet to scale and climb. By slow degrees, by more and more. The cloudy summits of our time." Again:

"The heights, by great men gained and kept, Were not attained by sudden flight; But they, while their companions slept, Were tolling upward in the night."

Thus I view our labor, our growth, our rewards; and, feeling every day the deep beating pulse of na. ture to correspond therewith-" toil on."

Yours for truth, F. L. WADSWORTH. CLEVELAND, OHIO, Feb. 18th, 1859.

In the upper spheres of life, the thoughts of men become individualized, and the forms of beauty receive a spirit impress from above, from the higher planes, that bring the wisdom, tight and glory of a nore unbounded use to the faculties. Life, broadcast pon the vast illimitable ocean, glows with the reections of the upper worlds; the angel realms are there reflected according to each soul's capacity.

Life is the mirror in which God reflects his spirit orms of beauty. Love is the crown, the light of Heaven, the arch-

ngel's key of wisdom, the seraph's wand of power. Beauty is the kiss of Divinity upon the lovely owers of earth. Light is the Father's smile, the fraternal greeting

f the bosts of Heaven. Virtue is the arch of manhood, the sceptre of celes-

ial womanhood. Time is eternal. Now is the watchword of his

lomain. Charity is the first angel, knocking loudly at the human heart, bearing the keys of Heaven.

Fame is enduring, like the incense of flowers-the fame of truth, virtue, goodness; not the evanescent fame of wordly applause. CORA WILBURN.

Our humanity were a poor thing, but for the Divinity that stirs within us.

CONTINUED FROM THE FIFTH PAGE.

Constantinople. He, finding Gregory Nazianzen at the head of the Nicene party, preaching in the suburbs of Constantinople, in a chapel, while the churches of the city were in pessession of the Arians, drove them out at the head of his jegions, and brought Gregory in, and established the Nicene Creed, and ordained that from that time no man should be opposition finally, illsappeared. From that day, to this the Nicene Creed has come down, and it is the only creed on the subject of the training that has been established by the church at all. counted orthodox that did not hold the Nicene Creed. So the

subject of the failt that has been established by the church at all.

It is were the said, to ask, when the ghost of the church is thrown the said, to ask, when the ghost of the church is thrown the said to ask, when the church, that established that Michael God. Who was the church, that established that Michael God. Who was the church, that established in a Michael God. Who was the church, that established in a religion of heartless forms. Did they believe in revivals? I arrive is a They believed in a religion of heartless forms. Did they believe in speaking the truth? I answer, no. They policyed and taught the detrine of plous fruid, out of which the Roman Catholic Church has grown. I make that charge against them without the slightest hesitation. Were they men whose moral and religious character fitted them to judge on the doctrine, of the Trinity? I answer again, no—ten thousand times no: they distance the most unfit class of men to reduce it to form; the most inflictness of men to establish it for the church, that the mind of man can conceive. And I hold that doctrine, not because they have established it, but in spite of that fact. When I go back to the Council of Nice, and see what they established as the Trinity, and how they established it, I am convinced of the divinity of Christianity, and of a Trinity, too, because they survive it. I take the and of a Trinity, too, because they survive it. I take the Trinity, not because of them; I take it in spite of them. Yet that is the coclesiastical form; that is the form by which a man's orthodoxy must be tested.

man's orthodoxy must be tested.

In the recent outery, a leading paper in the Roman Catholic Church was assolusied that the Trinity was not conceived of after the Nicene standard. With him a leading paper of the Presbyterian Church united. Let the Roman Catholic Church have the credit of the Nicene creed. To the Presbyterian Church does not belong the credit of originating it, but simply of retaining it. If any one asks me what is the established idea of the trinity, according to the Nicene Creed, I have not time to enlarge, but I will give you as clear an apprehension of it as I can in a few words. In the first place, the notes Trinity of pressons in any trunger sense of the word. prohension of it as I can in a new words. As the mas proper it is not a Trinity of persons in any proper sense of the word persons, but it is simply a Trinity—if you can understand what I mean by this—it is a Trinity of acts, in one undivided essence. And if you wish a further explanation, the essential property of the eternal Father by which he is to be known in all worlds, is not to be begotten, but eternally to beget the Son; and the essential property of the son, by which he is to be known in all worlds, is to be begotten of the Father eterbe known in all worlds, is to be begotten of the rather elem-nally; and the essential property of the Holy Ghost, by which he is to be known in all worlds, is to proceed eternally from the Father, according to the Greek Church, and from the Father and the Son, according to the Latin Church. From the two little worlds Filio que (and from the Son) has arison all the schisms that divided Constantinople from Rome, and aplit the Universal Church, into the Eastern and the Western Churches, and was these. Churches; and over those two words they contended with force of arms for centuries; and they stand apart anatherna-tizing one another across those words to this day. The Church of Rome anathematizes the Greek Church, and, not to be outdone, the patriarch of Constantinople anathematizes the Church of Rome. And so they stand contending across

those two words?

Now perhaps you will ask, some of you, "Are all your statements as to the Nicene Church to be taken upon your word? Are you not interested personally? May you not be affected by your fraternal feelings? May there not be a slight bias of your intellect in that direction?" It is for that reason that I have concluded to do what I rarely do—to bring a witness with me into the pulpit; and not only to read to you a little of his testimohy, but to refer you to him, that you may, such of you as desire to become intelligent, read a great deal more. I will state to you who this witness is. It is one of the most eciebrated men of the present age. It is the distinguished Isaac Taylor, of England, once a Congrega-tionalist, but now a member of the established church in that country. You know the history of the Puscylte controversy; that Dr. Pusey and others endeavored to bring the church back to what they called *church principles*: and when they were asked what these principles were, they said; "The principles of the Nicene Church. Go back before the Romish Church became so corrupt; go back to the time when Chris Church became so corrupt; go back to the time when Christianity was in its purity, when it was fully developed. Go back to the Nicone period; go back to Athanasius, Basil, and Chrysostom—the golden-monthed; go back to the years 300, 430, 500—there you shall have pure Christianity." It was in view of that challenge that Isaac Taylor threw down the gauntlet. Said he, in substance: "I hold myself able to prove, with regard to the church of that period, that it was more corrupt in doctrine and in practice than even the Roman Catholic State, and it is was the corrupt of the period of the prove that even the Roman Catholic system, had as it is, was rove that even the Roman Catholic system, bad as it is, was reformation of the Christianity of the Nicene period. I old myself able to prove that even Mahomet, when he and his hosts came like an overwhelming flood upon Europe, was

Those are the Nicene Christianity."

Those are the positions that that eminent man threw down in the face of Dr. Puscy, in the face of Newman, in the face of the whole English Church. And he turned to the writ ings of such men as Basil, and Athanasius, and Chrysostom—indeed, to all the writers of that age without exception—and fortified those positions by irresistible proof from them; such an amount of proof as you cannot conceive of until you have read it. Yes; he proved that the prodiction of Paul, with regard to the great apostacy—the speaking of lies in hypocrisy, the having of their consciences seared, as with a hot from, and the prohibition of marriage, and the command to abstain from meats that God hath created to be used with abstant from means that the proved, I say, that the prediction of Paul, with regard to that apostacy, was fulfilled in that church—the Nicone Church—the author of that dogma on the subject of a Trinity by which we are to stand or fall. So much for what he has proved; and I refer you to his work on Ancient Christianity
—all of you who choose to inform yourselves on this subject. All I will do at this time, will be to read to you one or two passages from it, having reference to both the intellectual and the moral state of the men by whom that creed was

composed, and transmitted to us.

His general charge against the Nicene fathers is, that they entertained corrupt and Gnostic views as it regards the ma-terial system, as it regards marriage, and as it regards the moral character of God; and that these views pervaded and corrupted their whole system of theology, and of church action. He affirms that under their influence they practically has sight of the way of salvation, through the processed of beton. He shrink that under their inhance they practically lost sight of the way of salvation through the atonement of Christ, and faith in his blood; and that upon this ground a large portion of their watings do not deserve the name of Christian writings at al. In accordance with these views, he speaks as follows:—

"There can hardly be a more gross illusion than that of supposing that some few Christian phrases, such as—'our Saviour, Christ,' or 'through the grace of the Sou of God,' really avail to Christianize a page, a chapter, or a treatiswhich, these naked phrases apart, we should never have sur-mised to have come from Christian lips. Nor are religious meetings to be Christianized by the formal insertion, here and there, of a creed, nor by the inlaying of texts of Scripture. A Christian writing is a composition which breathed the spirit, and which is marked throughout by the peculiar principles of the New Testamont. Now, judged by this rule I think several of the most indeed of the fathers would be cashiered of their usurped honors, and set down, some way below the level of the better heathen writers. I fear thi would be the fate of both the Gregorys-I mean Nyssen, just quoted, and the eloquent Nazianzen

To illustrate the influences of the Gnostic celibacy, he "It is precisely thus with the collbacy of the ancien

church: far too deeply did it touch the most potent impulses of human nature to be in itself of small account. Whatever had the power so to thwart and trample upon the animal and moral constitution, had a power, too, to disturb everything class within the bosom or the mind of man; nor could it fail to exert this power. It were fille to speak of one who goes about with iron spikes in his shoes, or with a festering hook in his ribs, as if he were, in other respects, just like his fellows; or as if he could retain his hold of the common principles of good sense, and of the gentle domestic affections:such a being is not in truth a man. The fakir may smile and talk softly, but all his notions and foolings are such as are burned into the soul by the indwelling of a fiend. Whatever it is, whether doctrine or social usage, that lords it over our physical and moral constitution, will be sure to play the master among things so much more flimsy and pliable as are theological dogmas and ecclesiastical constitutions. What is shall a man's heart by grassed, and wrenched, and torn out for the property of the state of master among things so much more minay and phastic as are theological dogmas and ecclesiastical constitutions. What i shall a man's heart bo grasped, and wrenched, and torn out of its place by a force which yet will not, or cannot, mould and twist the fleeting creations of the brain? This will nover happen, or never if the laws of moral and intellectual dynamics are at all to be calculated upon. Craze a man in his affections, and you need not sot about to cruze him in his sudgratending. for it is done already. Such a one sees understanding; for it is dono already. Such a one sees everything in false proportions, misjudges all magnitudes, misplaces the major and minor of every proposition, and has become a universal sophist, not indeed by ill intention, or want of reason, but by the cruel misfortune that has distincted the moral symptom.

want of reason, but by the cruel misfortune that has dis-jointed his moral symmetry.

This is felt by every sound-minded reader in looking into the sucient church witers; it is not an error in one place, and an inconclusive argument in another, but it is generally a distorted condition of the moral and fullgious nature; every thing is as if it had been on the rack. Often one is perplexed in the endeavor to trace to its true cause this derangement of notions, of which, nevertheless, one is constantly and painfully conscious; but on such occasions it as allows that the results of the successions in the such occasions. conscious: but on such occasions it is seldom that tery is not cleared up by a recurrence to the leading fact of the terrible violence that had been done to human nature by the ascette system. Here is the fatal secret of very many of the illusions, and the exaggerations, and the corruptions of ancient Christianity."

And further to illustrate the intellectual and moral characteristics of the men by whom the Nicene Creed was framed,

he speaks as follows:--

"Obristianity, as early, at the latest, as the middle of the 2d century, had fallen into the hands, and thenceforward remained under the guardianship, of astute dialecticians and wordy sophists, thoroughly trained in the intellectual gynnastics of the Grecian schools of philosophy, and who, while they found in the trinitarian dectrine a field well enough adapted to the performance of the evolutions in which they excelled, turned with an instinctive distants from the Goppel, the ideas and sentiments connected with which, were altogether unmanageable as the materials, either of logical or of metaphysical exercise."

To illustrate the influence of their Gnostic principles, in producing erroneous conceptions of the divine nature, he speaks as follows:

"It is affirmed, then, that the fundamental principle and the practices of religious collbacy were at once the product, and the indication, of certain notions concerning the Divine Nature, altogether unlike those conveyed in the Scriptures, and which took effect upon every other element of angient Christiants.

Christianity,

New, I suppose, will deny that a staunch orthodoxy may consist, and has often in fact consisted, not merely with incidental

errors, but with very unworthy and delusive conceptions of the Divine Nature. How many vehement asserters of Athanasian doctrine have appeared on the stage of the church, whose notions of the moral attributes of God, or of what (with reverence) may be called the divine dispositions, were of no better quality than such as may have been entertained by the visionaries of the Gangea, of the Indus, of the Euphrates or of the Nile! This fact, instructive as it is, cannot escape the notice of any intelligent reader of church history. An orthodox, logically precise, has served with many an ardent spirit, as the blind of a most corrupt theology; and the Athanasian that they consider Godliness; and a worldly compartment, which they cut loose entirely from their religion, and live according to the ordinary standard of men. In fact, below; for you will often find men who are very strict in religions observances and manifest to the world what they consider Godliness; and a worldly compartment, in which they cut loose entirely from their religion, and live according to the ordinary standard of men. In fact, below; for you will often find men who are very strict in religions observances and manifest to the world what they consider Godliness; and a worldly compartment, in which they cut loose entirely from their religion, and live according to the ordinary standard of men. In fact, below; for you will often find men who are very strict in religion, and live according to the ordinary standard of men. In fact, below; for you will often find men who are very strict in religion. Standard of men. In fact, below; for you will often find men who are very strict in religion, and live the world men who are very strict in religion. In would be a which they cut loose entirely from their religion, and live the cordinary standard of men. In fact, below; for you will often find men who are very strict in religions observances and manifestations, who are very strict in religions of the world men who are very strict in religions of the world Creed has been used as a mantle, wrapping round the illusire principles of the oriental theosophy. But, in such instances, and they have been very numerous, atthough the concealed error may clude our grasp, while we are in search for it in its doguntic form, it never fails to betray itself some ong the characteristics of the ethical or ecclesias ichl system of the parties in question.

Now the practical application which I wish to make of these extracts is this: The very men who framed what I have called the ecclesiastical standard, with regard to the Trinity, were men who were under the full influence of the Trinity, were men who were under the full influence of the corrupt system thus characterized by Taylor, and to which I have alluded, and men unfit, therefore, to be trusted on any dectrine whatever. Everything that comes down from their hands is to be suspected, simply because it comes from their hands. Even if it be true, it is not to be received as true because they believed it. This is that church, the ghost of which is to meet the man who goes to the lible and to genuine revivals of religion, to get his knowledge of the Trinity. I remark, with regard to this ecclesiastical form, that it is no dectrine of the Trinity at all. Let me illustrate it by a fact. Most of you may have heard of the controversy in which the opinions of that eminent writer and thinker, Dr. Bushnell, were called in question, and in which he ventured to set at naught the Trinity of New England. It was for a long time supposed that Dr. Bushnell was heretical on the subject of the Trinity according to the church, until at last he undertook the study of this same Nicone Creed, when, wonderful to relate, he immediately turned were his accounted to the immediately turned were wonderful to relate, he immediately turned were his accounted to the church, until at last he undertook the study of this same Nicone Creed, when, wonderful to relate, he immediately turned were his accounter to the model of the control of the trinity according to the church, until at last he undertook the study of this same Nicone Creed, when, wonderful to relate, he immediately turned were his accounter to the control of the trinity of the church, until at last he undertook the study of this same Nicone Creed, when, wonderful to the trinity according to the church and the same time the process to consider it as a possible in practice, and religion itself is involved in that the other hands are real, the great question—Is there are realty in religion—Is there are realty the great question—Is there are the great question—Is the great question—Is the great question—Is the took the study of this same Nicene Creed, when, wonderful to relate, he immediately turned upon his accusers, and said to them: "Gentlemen of Connecticut and New England, your doctrine of the Trinity is no church doctrine at all. It is a mere provincial heresy. Since this matter has come up, I have read and studied the Nicene Creed, and with the exception of some points of speculation, which are not essential to it, I am willing to accept it. For my creed presents a Trinity of action. It represents three persons as acting, because the human mind needs them; and not because they are persons at all; by no means. And, forsooth, this Nicene Creed, what is it? Why, it represents a Trinity of acts, not of persons. That is what I hold." And so, upon the throne of Orthodoxy he was able to look his accusers in the face and say, "I am more orthodox even than you are." And, judged by the Nicene Creed, he was: there is no mistake about that fact. There is or more Trinity in the Nicene Creed than in his; and I do not hesitate to say that in the Nicene Creed there is no real Trinity at all. The church have supposed that they maintained the Trinity by it, but they have been mistaken. There

tained the Trinity by it, but they have been mistaken. There is none there whatever.

As to the conceivability of the ecclosiastical form, I would like to see the man who can give us a clear conception of the eternal Father, whose peculiarity it is not to be begotten, but cternally to beget the Son. Precisely what is your conception of that? And as it regards conceiving of the Son, whose peculiarity is eternally to be begotten, precisely what is your conception of that? That is the point of distinction. And as it regards conceiving of the Holy Spirit, whose peculiarity is the proceed eternally, precisely what is your conception of regards conceiving of the Holy Spirit, whose peculiarity is to proceed eternally—precisely what is your conception of that? What is there to be conceived in it? I do not heattate to say that the whole of this is merely a specimen of that false Greek logic which men who had no hearts for a revival, but did have hearts for ecclesiastical polemics, got up out of a few misunderstood texts of the Bible—one or two only. "The only begotten Son of God"—as though that was to sustain the whole weight of the dectrine of the Trinity! There is nothing that can be conceived of in this dectrine.

Let me, then, in the last place, say, as the greatest of all lessons which I wish to leave upon your minds, it is high time others headed ecclesiastics and polemics should understand the history of the church, and the history of dogmas

stand the history of the church, and the history of dogman stand the history of the church, and the history of dogmas connected with the church. It is high time that in an intelligent and Christian community it should be known precisely what a man Athanasius was, and what those other men were whose spectres tower aloft so that no man dares to breathe and call his soul his own, if, perchance, he does not utter a shibboleth after the manner of Athanasius, or Basil, or some other of those monks to whom reference has been made. I other of those monks to whom reference has been made. believe that few reflect that they were all unmarried men; and that their holiness was virginity, not faith in Jesus Christ. Even Dr. Schaff was obliged to say that in the primitive church the dectrine of justification by faith, as primitive church the dectrine of justification by faith, as primitive church the dectrine of justification and order with friendly affections and world-wide sympathies and instincts—if a mar primitive church the dectrine of justineation by main, as promptive church the dectrine of justineation by fail, was never properly understood, and never properly enthroned. He says, too, that though in the conflict with Gnosticism they shut it out in form it came in again by the back door of practice. Isaac Taylor illustrates this fact by another figure—that of a coffer-dam, which is this fact by another figure—that the temporal of which the company the timbers of which built to keep out the ocean, but between the timbers of which the water comes in, so that it stands as high within the dam as without. He says Gnosticism stands as high in the onas without. The says choice is a consider of it; that though they defeated it argumentatively, they received it in spirit.

I have one other thing to say—what isaac Taylor himself has also said said; to wit, that the moral conception of the eternal God underlies the Trinity itself, and is more impossible. eternal God underlies the Trinity itself, and is more impor-tant than it. And yet, a conception of the eternal God, as a God of love, was unknown to those who framed the Nicene Creed. Their conception was a conception of a Gnostic God, with a false pride, a false elevation, a false exaltation above all that is human and sympathetic; a hard-hearted God, a stern God, a tyrannical God; just such a God as would make a Roman Catholic Church—and without such a God the Roman Catholic Church could not exist. That God, I have to say, is not yet exorcised from multitudes in the Protestant Churches. That same cold-hearted, stern, malignant, desnotic unfeat

could not suffer. I say that the eternal God—the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost—has more sensibility than the most sensitive; more than father, or-mother, or brother, or sister, or husband, or wife, or child; and that the incarnation of the Son was not because God could not suffer, but because he chose to bring out, in visible form, the fact that he could suffer for a lost and rulned world. And mark my words; the character of an unsuffering God came from the same source with the false Trinity—it came from those sour, morose, malignant, crabbed, hard-hearted men, who believed marriage to be impure; who had no wives: who had no children—at least none that they dared to call their own; and whose effections were seared as with a hot iron. These are the men that have sent down to us their traditional notions of God and the Trinity; and against them all, in the name of the eternal God—the ctornal Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—I protest; in the name of the Church that is to be, I protest protest; in the name of the Church that is to be, I protestfor there is to be a botter, a holler, a nobler Church; and
that better Church is to be ushered in by a better knowledge
of the true God. When he is revealed as he is; when his
heart is bradight down into sympathy with the hearts of
men, instead of being exalted us an iron force an almighty
despot; when the love of that eternal heart shall burn and
glow in human society; when men shall know that they can
affect God, and that he feels, as when you touch the apple of
the even-then God will come into society as a lying rower. he eye—then God will come into society as a living power, as a real God, with a heart, a soul, and strength, before which sall human power, and all human opinion, and all human feeling, shall fade away. Then shall Hz come whose throne is like a flery flame, and whose wheels are as burning fire. A flery stream shall issue and come forth from before him. Thousand thousands shall minister unto him; ten thousand rhousand thousands shall stand before him; ten thousand times ten thousand shall stand before him; the judgment shall be set; the books shall be opened. Then all forms of error, all despotic organizations, all fraud and violence, shall devouring flames of eternal truth and

#### EDWARD H. CHAPIN AT BROADWAY CHURCH, N. Y.

Sunday Morning, Feb. 20th. BEFORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURE AND LOED

TEXT:—Love not the world; neither the things that are in he world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him .-- lst John, il., 15. I suppose there are a great many who would render con-

sent to the injunction and doctrine of this text literally in-terproted—render consent with their lips, but withhold it in their hearts. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." To them this is the very essence of religion, and conceived by them to be its very essence; of course they feel that they must confess it with their lips, and they

lo. Surely they must show outward respect for religion, and if religion says, "Love not the world, nother the things that are in the world," they must say so, too, And yet, I repeat, their hearts do not make this confession, but while they retheir hearts do not make this confession, but while they re-terate it with their lips, they do love the world and the hings of the world, and can't help loving them. This only shows what an unreal thing with many people

religion is--so unreal that they are ready to confes statement of its doctrines, and then practice right the con-trary in their lives. And this is the way in which religion is trary in their lives. And this is the way in which religion is regarded among men very generally—at least too commonly—as a matter of limitation—something that we are not to do. Men look upon it as a prohibitory law more than anything else. It comes to them in its form of law, as an external sauction, a limitation to the natural instincts of humanity, often heiging in our natural affections and commanding us

Now nothing is to be lamented more than this unreality of religion. I would that people would just look at this for awhile. Here is religion in the world—here is its system of truths—here are its requirement, its teachings concerning God, duty and destiny—here are its great sanctions, bearing upon inward life, upon spiritual realities, upon the highest interests of the soul. I would that men would ask themselves whother this is real or not. It cannot be denied that though professing to teach these most profound of truths, though bearing upon these greatest of all interests, religion is, with some men, the most unreal of all things in the world. It is not real as their hounes are real, as their business is real. If men would but sit down for one hour and address themselves to the great question—Is there a reality in religion? has it this

unreality.

But on the other hand, a man who thinks about religion, to

whom of all things it has the greatest reality, who has made up his mind that to whatever it requires he will surrender his entire heart and soul and have no double dealing, no com-prenise, that man first of all would set himself to thinking promise, that man first of all would set himself to thinking what the text really means. He would not take it wild a prompt assent as a complimentary confession on his part-without regard to the signification of the passage. Convinced that there can be no antagonism between the great primal instincts of the heart and the great requirements of religion, he would ask whether this really means that we are to love nothing in the world—neither fair sight nor pleasant sound, neither dear child nor devoted friend. In one word, is religious association? is religion asceticism? Are the natural affections, using that is religion asceticism? Are the natural affections, using that term in its popular sense, wrong? Because when you come to the passage in the epistics where the Apostle speaks of the natural man and natural affections, you must remember that he is speaking of the sensual man as distinguished from the spiritual man—not of man as God has made him, in the primal condition of his nature, but simply in the lower part of his nature. And when He says the natural man cannot understand the things of God, he means the sensual man—the man who lives from the senses and looks at things in a sensual point of view. Such a man cannot understand the things of God. It is not true that in the natural man, as he comes from the hands of his Maker, there is no right affeccomes from the hands of his Maker, there is no right affec tion, no good thing; but in the sensual man there is no spiritual thing, no ground of roligion. You must go higher, with the spiritual man, and take the phase "natural affection" as meaning those deep instincts, those primal sympa-

thies which God himself has implanted in our nature.

Is it true, then, that religion requires us to sacrifice every natural affection? If it is, then comply with it. If religion is this everlasting form of truth, and relates to our ctornal interests—if true religion is the will of God, and is that method by which we come into accordance with God—and if it calls upon us to sacrifice overy natural affection, and turn away from every beautiful thing, then comply with it. None of this profession of religion without confession of

it. None of this profession of rengion without confession of it. Away with anything like playing religion; away with anything like faith and righteousness; forsake the mere ordinary pursuits of life, and cling to the altar-cloth, the prayer-book; Sunday soverlty, and amateur mortification; put on sack-cloth, and run to the cloister. If religion is such a thing, then Simon the zealot, on his altar-top, was a nature saint. patron saint

But if this is not the ideal of religion, let us find out what the true ideal is. If there is a love of natural things, per-fectly consistent with, and flowing out from the love of God in the two—not an attempt to be ascetic, and yet cheerful, to quit the world, and yet be in it, to deny every beautiful to quit the world, and yet be in it, to deny every beautiful and discount of the money-bage, and the they think they have fast hold on the Bible. Let us have no sham religion, no unsubstantial religion, but let it be a reality. I would to God that this subject would take passession of men's minds; that every interest would be assessed to examine the ground of true religion, divest it of all raisehood, and discover its reality; and then that men would take it into their hearts, and illustrate it in their lives. So long as it is made to consist in the mere affirmation of the So long as it is made to consist in the mere affirmation of the lips, with no application to the heart and life, so long shall we see that unreality and deadness that prevails in the

Now what is the doctrine in the text? When we consider not yet exercised from multitudes in the Protestant Churches.
That same cold-hearted, stern, malignant, despotic, unfeeling God that was sent down to us with the Nicene Trinity still lives, and is yet to be exercised from the Church, and another God is to be brought into it—a God that has a heart, a God that can feel, a God that can suffer.

It is the fundamental ides of the ecclesiastical doctrine of the atonoment itself, that God became increase because of the world nor the things of the world, because if we do, we cannot love the Father supremely. not the world nor the things of the world, because if we do, we cannot love the Father supremely. That is the positive state of the case. We are to love the Father supremely, we cannot love any two things supremely. We cannot love nature, or our business, our children, our wives, our houses, our lands, or our lives, supremely, and at the same time love our lands, or our lives, supremely, and at the same time love God supremely. That is the point. It sets before us a supreme object of our love. It is a question of standards. What shall that supreme object be? It sets before us God as worthy of that object. It brings Him to in all the forms of His loveliness, in all His claims upon our affection. It sets Him up before us, and requires us to love Him supremely; and if we love Him supremely, we cannot love the world, nor the things of the world, supremely. We cannot make them the standard of our love and action, and yet make Him the standard of our love and action. All things make Him the standard of our love and action. All thir that God loves, and in which He shows forth His love—all things consistent and compatible with the love of God our Father, we may love, but we love them as the result of loving

rather, we may love, but we love them as the result of loving the rather. For instance: we may of course love all things that are essentially right, because they are of the rather, aid in loving them we love the rather; but we can love nothing that is essentially wrong.

There are some who try to preserve a sort of balance between the two—between the spirit that makes this world suprome—which of course dissolves all moral distinction between right and wrong—and the spirit that makes God supreme—which claims as right the love of right only. supreme-which claims as right the love of right only. There are some who wish to keep in with both tuese elements. They want the world and they want heaven. They try to live on both sides of the fence, and they hope to postpone the inevitable cullision between the two fences. It is like compromising with a cancer, or holding negotiations with the yellow fever. There are only two standards—that which proceeds from the love of God as supreme; that which proceeds from the love of the world as supreme. You can not serve them both. You cannot cheat six days in the week, and get into heaven with a good long face on Bunday. You cannot connect those things which flow from the love of the world as supreme, with those which flow from the love of The truth is, the whole statement of the text rests upon

The truth is, the whole statement of the text rests upon the trite and simple fact, that every man has a master motive in his love, which he more or less consciously acts upon. If you look upon men superficially, you may think their lives are chaotic and incongruous, from the fact that you see some who have no end or aim, whose life is spent floating this way and that, without any apparent purpose. You may think they have no master motive in their lives—no controlling principle which shapes their ends—but they have. All such mep, are influenced by the love of case—of their own respectively. mep are influenced by the love of ease—of their own per-sonal gratification—and they go wherever they think they can find it. They filt from object to object, as butterflies filt from flower to flower, sipping, by turns, of this and of that; but as the butterily, inconstant as it seems, has its motive, so the apparently aimless man of pleasure has his master-mo-tive, which consists in the love of ease. And so all men, when you come to examine them, have some great maste principle, around which all their actions gravitate, out of which all their conduct proceeds, and which, could you got at it, would explain the whole of their interior life and moral I repeat; when you look at the matter closely, there are

two divisions among men—those who are guided by the love of God the rather as supreme, and those who love the world

supremely.

There is one general ground from which a man measures. There is one general ground from which a man measures. Here, for instance, is a man that measures from the love of the world, from the summit of worldly advantage, sometimes to the pitch of moral sanctions and spiritual laws. If you want to explain his life, you do it in this way: he starts with worldly sanctions and worldly interests, and sometimes measures up to spiritual claims and moral laws. So you see these most public transaction, willing enough to confess the right most public transaction, willing enough to confess the right, but after all holding it subordinate to the ground from which they measure—wordly advantage. Thus when Christ comes to establish his heavenly kingdom in the world, marching for often heiging in our natural affections and commanding us not to do this or that; and just in proportion as a thing is beautiful and dear, just in proportion as it seems good to us, a great many think the merit of a religious life is in turning away from it; just in proportion as they yearn for it, they would cast it off. This is the reason why many hold religion in such a Jesuitical way. They confess to the full tenor of the letter; they come smooth up to the requirement of the precept, and then seeing that both letter and precept are impossible to be fulfilled according to their interpretation of these things which we know to be expedient, even though them, they resort to subtile evaluations in the resord the cutter of the precept and they resort to subtile evaluations in the resord to the settings which we know to be expedient, even though them, they resort to subtile evaluations in the resord the cutter when the second to the settings which we know to be expedient, even though them, they resort to subtile evaluations in the setting which we know to be expedient, even though

precept, and then seeing that both letter and precept are limpossible to be fulfilled according to their interpretation of them, they resort to subtile evasions—to explanations in their lives which they do not make with their lips—and thus exhibit great inconsistency. And hence we find many realigious people are such unlovely people. So far as they entitled great inconsistency. And hence we find many realigious people are such unlovely people. So far as they entitled any notion of religion at all, it is made up of this principle of prohibition, restraint and associtiosm. They do not come to us as Christ came, presenting semething that we really love, something that attracts the mind, something that moves the affections of the soul, but they come to us, so far as their religious character is concerned, bristling all over with those prohibitions and restraints. This is why religion is held so inconsistantly, as I hays said; the life not accordant with these prohibitions and restraints. This is why religion is held so inconsistantly, as I hays said; the life not accordantly round of performance not answering to that which is held and insisted upon as a dogma.

This is why men who protess religion are very often so worldly. They have two compartment to their being—are iligious compartment, a parate from everything else, into

the ground of worldly sanction up to the supreme standard; if they can get hold of that and live by it they are very happy; but if one of the two must come down, it must be God Almighty's law, and their worldly, temporal advantage must

mighty's law, and their worldly, temporal advantage must survive.

So with some men there is a distinction between the rule which should govern public, and that which should govern private action. They will do things in public, as a community, as a party, as a nation, that they would not do as individuals, nor think of doing. No man would think of stealing an apple from a boy because he wants it, but men would steal a whole island because they want it, with a meanness just in proportion to the largeness of the theft. Why is this? Because men talk of expediency in regard to public acts, which they would not venture to lisp in regard to private ones, and make that the rule, rather than the supreme, eternal right.

Now a thing is either right, or it is wrong. If we measure from God's supreme law, the love of the Father, we must bring everything else down before that; if we measure from worldly advantage, we must bring God's law down before that. Let us not make confusion here. I do not think that a man can immediately gain the whole right—can immediately spring from the position in which he stands, and do everything he would do, He is to do all he can do, but not for a moment do that which is wrong. There is a great difference between doing that which is right, though it is only partially done, and doing that which is positively wrong. There is involved the ween a right to do a positive wrong; but there may be a time when we should do all the right we can, press towards it as fast as we can, take hold of the practical good, and strive for more. This holding half-way, while trying to go the whole way with the right, is very different from going on walking with the wrong because it is expedient.

Love not the world is the principle. In measuring the decalogue, we must take Christ's golden rule, rather than the limits of the golden eagle. What the apostle means by is a survey of the condend of the practical good, and strive for more.

lecalogue, we must take Christ's golden rule, rather than he limits of the golden eagle. What the apostle means by oving the world, and the things of the world, is, loving them oving the world, and the things of the world, is, loving the soe supremely as to make that a standard; measuring from the ground of worldly sanction and interest, up to the su-preme right. Whatever good we may attain in the right

way should be secondary.

Sometimes men's compliance with the injunction in the text, amounts simply to a negative—to not loving. A great many succeed in that—in not loving; that is about the estext, amounts simply to a negative—to not loving. A greaty many succeed in that—in not loving; that is about the essence of their lives and their religion. They do not love this, and they do not love that. They do not love this amusement; they do not love that kind of people; they do not love that class of Christians. The whole of their faith and right-cousness is a sour ascetleism. Their piety is ghastly; their philanthropy is mechanical; their love of souis is an effort, and not spontaneous—a galvanic twitch of the muscles, rather than the inspiration of the heart. When I contrast the loving Jesus, comprehending all things in his ample and tender charity, with those who profess to bear his name, marking their zeal by what they do not love, it seems to me as though men, like the witches of old, had read the Bible backwards, and had taken incantations out of it for evil, rather than inspiration for good. Not loving—that is not the measure of the text. This self-conceited standard of our own rightcousness—this sour, hateful, narrow asceticism, is just as much of the world as anything else. It is of the world, and does not answer to the real requisition which is set forth in the text.

world, and does not answer to the real requisition which is set forth in the text.

No, my friends, we are to measure from the love of the Father downward—not from the love of worldly advantage and sanctions upward. That is the real meaning of the text. Loving the Father supremely, we shall know what to love as he loves, and we shall see everything in the relation in which He sees it. From His all comprehending affection we shall go forth to see everything truly, and to love overything as we ought to love it. Then we shall love the world of nature, because God Almighty made it; because it was pronunced by Him very good; because it is a manifestation of His wisdom, of His power, of His constant beneficence. Our loving not the world will be not to love the evil, but to love the good—to love nature from the point of view from whilch loving not the world will be not to love the cell, but to love the good—to love nature from the point of view from which God sees it—to be filled to overflowing with His spirit. We shall then behold all nature as an outward expression of His love—a great, continual offering to His name—the drapery of His manifestation—a temple filled with His own presence. Ye shall love the world of humanity; we shall love all good not right things, because we shall start from the love that

What do the Scriptures say of God's love? He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son for it. Christ so loved man that he came to die for him. Surely there is no antagonism here—no collision of truths. When the Apostle says: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world," he cortainly means that we shall under-stand him in accordance with the fact that God loved the world, and so loved it that He sent His Son to die for it; that Christ did so love mankind that he poured out his precious blood and sacrificed his life for them. Does not this show you at once that in order to properly understand the text we should start right? Start with the love of the Father, an should start right? Start with the love of the Father, and you will love all things in their order, in their degree, in their proper relations. Start with the love of the world and you will love things unwisely and falsely. You will hold the expedient superior to the right. You will often take the wrong when you should take the right. You will often love the eyil when you should lake the good? Start with the love of the father, love Him supremely and the world, and the things that are in the world will fall into their proper place. Every daily duty, every daily care, every common interest—your house, your tolls, your trials, will all be loved by you in due proportion, because you will read them in the Father's meaning, and you will see them in their true relations and signifing, and you will see them in their true relations and signifi

And still again : when we start from this ground of love we learn to distinguish the essence of things from the outside o things. We love the world and the things in the world in contrast to the love of the Father, when we love that which is external merely. When, for instance, a man becomes so Bunday for three months. All letters for him should be adenanored of nature that he forgets the God who made it; dressed to that place till May let.

when all science is merely an accumulation of dead facts:

Wish. M. M. Macomber, trance speaking medium, will an when he looks upon nature in such a way that he feels that the stone made God rather than God the stone; when all creation becomes to him nothing but mineral, vegitable and animal matter; when death becomes an eternal siebl; when he sees not the foot-prints of the Almighty in the awith marks of Geology; when he touches not the pulses of the Infinite in the motions of the worlds, but all is a dead blank and all traces of the dead way, varished; then man has that love of the subject of Spiritualism wherever its friends may desire. traces of God have vanished; then man has that love of the world, and of the things that are in it, which is condemned by

the apostle.

So, too, a man may love humanity simply on its outside—for its advantage to him—for simply that which is pleasing to him—not in its essence. Jesus Christ did not look at the nim—not in its essence. Jesus Christ and not look at the outside of men. He did not love humanity as high or low, rich or poor. He did not love it as turning towards him an aspect of kindness and friendliness, but as turning to him often an aspect of emnity and scorn. Oh, how deep that hold on human nature is. Men are naturally ready enough in their protestations of humanity, to say how much they love the world at large, and yet they do not perhaps love a single individual enough to do as Unrist did—to lay down their nie for that individual. There is the test which he made of his supreme love—that he so loved his friends that he laid down his life for them. We admire the old classic story of Damon and Pythias, and consider it a wonderful thing that a man was ready to lay down his life for another. We extol the pa-triot's love and regard it as a noble thing that he should pour out his blood for the good of his country. We revere the martyr and esteem it a wonderful thing that he will stand up the red flame and endure the terrible torture for the cause of truth. But, my friends, that is as far, I suppose, as humanity has ever gone, unless it is from the peculiar in-spiration of Jesus Christ. He went further than this. He not only died for his friends, but he laid down his life for his onemies. He laid down his life for the very men that were piercing and crucifying him. He laid it down for denying Peter, for traitorous Judas, for every one in all ages who ha denied his name or rejected his love. There is the glory of Jesus Christ. He looked into humanity as a divine essence— an emanation from God. He saw it in its priceless worth and died for it—not for its relations to him of friendliness, or kindness, or love, or service, or beauty, or use, but for it sintrinsic

That is the way to love humanity. Not because it serves us, not because it is pleasant to us, not because it assumes a friendliness to us. That is, a very little thing. How sour men get by and-by who love it on that account. The generous youth, who was ready to go to distant lands to serve hu-manity, by-and-by becomes a sour misanthropo. He has no faith in the world, no trust in men. His nature becomes covered with a thick film of bitterness and despair. W Simply because men have not turned out quite as good as thought they would. Because they have often turned tow coldness and scorn. Because he has often found riendship to be hellow, and protestations to amount to noth-ng. Because he has found men who opposed his interests, For these reasons he has turned away in disgust from his ormer position, from his generous philanthropy, from his confiding love, and has become a sour, carping skeptic and oritic of humanity.

Not so with the true Christian—not so with the man that

has the heart of Jesus Christ in him. He never faiters in his high faith in, and deep love for humanity, because he sees it and loves it as Jesus Christ did—not with reference but for its intrinsic character and value in the So you see, when the apostle says, "Love not the world.

So you see, when the apostic says, "Love not the world, neither the things of the world," he means that we are not to love the outside of the world—the world in its external aspects—the sensuous and material forms of things. It is so in regard to our occupations, and our interests. What are we laboring for? The more means of living? Health, pleasure, sensuous things, for themselves alone? Then comes the command to us. "Love not the of living? Health, pleasure, sensuous things, for themselves alone? Then comes the command to us, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." But if in our labor we recognize the great ends of this earthly dis-ciple; if in our wealth we see its proper uses; if in our daily cares we behold their influence upon our better life, and try to lay hold of these, that is loving things in their essence rather than the outside essence rather than the outside.

Oh, my friends, it is a great thing for a man to know how he loves the world. That is the measure of all human char-acter. Tossed on life's ocean, men may have to-day more of acter. Tossed on life's ocean, men may have to-day, none of the usual tests, by which they may know where they are drifting; they may be surrounded by a dense, thick fog. What must they de? They must resort to soundings—drop the life's far down in the depths below, and judge from the soil: that the sea lead brings up where they are. It is so in life... A man may be bewildered by false estimates of himspit. He may not know where he is drilting or bound. It is a great thing for him, in such a situation, to sound histown heart to drop the line of examination down doen within, and see what is there. And examination down deep within, and see what is there. And I repeat: the great test by which he may know where he stands in God's universe, is to know what he loves, and why

oh, leok into your own heart. What is it you love most Oh, look into your own nearest wans is it you love most in this world? Not, what, you, profess, not what, you may seem to the world but what it your great love. Do you love the outside of things their sensuous aspect wealth, fame, pleasure—the outside about of this world that is fading away. the outsides of menti-because they serve you? ... Or ide you look upon things in the very vision of God, and love them for their eschool? In order to love trait, we must first love the Tather got this secondance with His comprehensive affection—have His vision—see, in some sense, as He sees—

feel, in some respects, as He feels. Then we shall know how to love all things rightly. Drawn unto Him by that love to love all things rightly. Drawn unto Him by that low which He has shown for us—drawn to Him by that man which He has shown for us—drawn to Him by that mani-fested goodness in which He appears to us in every form of daily benefit, and especially in the character and life of Jesus Christ; drawn to Him and loving Him, we shall know how truly to love all things; and more than that, we may in

now truly to love all things; and more than that, we may in some little degrae learn to love Him even as He has loved us.

It depends, then, upon where you start—the point of view from which you look—how you read this text. If you start from the love of the world, it will be to you a stumbling block in the way of real religion; if you start from the love of the Father, it will be to you a help, showing you how to love all things truly, in the spirit of God, and with the great ove that was in Jesus Christ.

#### MOVEMENTS OF LECTURER

N. Frank White will lecture in Geneva, Ohte, W deesday March 2d; Painesville, Ohio, Thursday and Friday evenings March 3d and 4th; Cleveland, Sunday, March 6th; Chagrin Falls, Monday and Tuesday, March 7th and 8th; Newburgh, Wednesday and Thursday, March 18th; Burr Oak, Michigan, Tuesday, March 16th; Sturgess, Wednesday, March 16th; Eikhart, Ind., Thursday and Friday, March 17th and 18th. All letters from north, west, or south of Chicago, addressed to him at Chicago, care of Higgins Brothers, before the 20th of March, will be considered. Loring Moody will lecture in Plympton, Thursday and Fri-

Loring Moody will lecture in Plympton, Thursday and Friday, March 3d and 4th; S. Hanson, Saturday and Sunday, March 5th and 6th; E. Bridgewater, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 8th and 9th; in Newburyport, Sunday, March 13th; in Byfield, Tuesday and Wednesday, 15th and 16th; in Georgetown, Thursday and Briday, 17th and 18th; in Groveland, Sunday, March 20th. Will some friend in each place, who may see these notices, make all needful arrangements without further sequent. without further request. Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Philadelphia and Bal-

timore during March; in New York, Willimantic and Nauga-tuck, during April; in Providence, Wercester, Lowell, and other places, during May, and in Portland and Oswego during June. In the Fall and Winter Miss Hargingo designs to labor exclusively in the West and South and requests letters of ap-plication for her services to be addressed to 194 Grand street, New York. New York.

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook (formerly Mrs. Henderson) will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., every Sunday in April; and in Bl. Louis during the month of May. Friends in the vicinity of Oswego, wishing to engage her services for week evenings, during her stay in that place, will address her, Box 222 Bridgeport, Ct.

F. L. Wadsworth will speak at Oswego, March 6th and 13th; and at Utica, the 20th; after which he will return to New England to spend the Spring and Summer. Persons de-siring his services as a lecturer, will please address "Spiritual Age." Boston, Mass., until further notice.

Warren Chase lectures at Newark, Ohio, March 2d, 8d. 4th and 6th; in Dayton, Ohio, March 18th; Richmond, Ind., March 17th; in St. Louis, Mo., March 20th and 27th. In Evansville, Ind., April 1st, 2d and 3d; in Cincinnati, Ohio, 10th—and may be addressed as, above. Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Boston, March 6th and

13th; Cambridge, March 20th, Foxboro', March 27th; Cambridgeport, March 18th; Marblehead, March 20th; Foxboro', March 27th. She will answer calls for lectures, and attend funerals. Address No. 32 Allen street, Boston. Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Oswego, N.

Y., on Sundays, March 20th and 27th. Mrs. Feiton will receive calls to lecture week evenings, in the vicinity of the place she lectures in on Sundays. Address, care of H. E. Barber, Binghampton, N. Y.

love by thich Wis E. A. Kingsbury, who has lectured much in Oblo, Wichigan, and other Western States, will answer calls to speak in the New England States, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address, box 331, Philadelphia, Pa. E. V. Wilson, Fountain House, will answer calls to lecture

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

in such towns as he may visit. J. C. Cluer will answer calls for lectures on Spiritualism or

Temperance, and his daughter, Susio C. Cluer, will accompany him to give readings. Mr. C. will act as agent for the Banner. Miss Emma Houston, tranco-speaking medium, having returned from a visit to New Hampshire, will answer calls to lecture Sundays and week evenings. Address to the care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Fountain House, Boston.

H. A. Tucker, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at Foxboro', Mass. He will speak in East Stoughton, Sunday, March 6th; Norton, Tuceday, 8th; North Wrentham,

Prof. J. E. Churchill, can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin street, near Race, Philadelphia, to lecture on Referm in Religion, Politics, and Socialism.

Alvin Peaso, Impressional medium, will speak at Alfred, Me., March 6th. Mr. P. may be addressed at North Berwick, Me., until further notice. 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.

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

subject of Spiritualism wherever its friends may desire. Address, West Killingly, Conn. E. S. Wheeler, inspirational speaker, will be happy to answer calls to lecture from No. 13 La Grange Place, Boston, Mass., where he may be addressed.

Miss C. M. Tuttle will speak in Worcester, Mass., Sunday, March 6th, and in Putnam, Conu., 20th and 27th.

Dr. C. C. York will answer calls to lecture in the trance state. Address Boston, Mass. Miss Charlotte F. Works, of Boston, will lecture in Norton, Mass., Sunday, 6th inst.

John H. Currier, of Lawrence, Mass., will lecture in Concord. N. H., March 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Mrs M. S. Townsend will speak at Taunton, Mass., March 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 speak on Sun-

lays. Address, North Abington, Mas 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 Jamestown, New York. Miss E. E. Gibson, impressional speaking medium, may be addressed at Augusta, Me.

Mrs. Alvira P. Thompson, trance-speaker on Bible subjects. Address West Brookfield, Vt. ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Died, on the evening of January 28th, 1859, Clara, eldest daughter of Daniel J. and Martha E. Lane, aged five years four months, eight days.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston. Miss Bosa T. Ameder will speak at the Melodeon, Washington street, next Sunday, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M. Admission ten cents. A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c. is held every Sunday

morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents. MERTINGS IN CHELSEA, on Bundays, morning and evenings at GUILD HALL, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Seats free.

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