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The Sabbath Morning Discourses of EDWARD H. CHAPIN and HENRY WARD BEECHER, are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and are published verbatim, every week, IN THIS PAPER.

## EDWIN H. CHAPIN

### At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, March 13th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURR AND LORD.

TEXT.—*See, saith he, that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the Mount.*—HEB., VIII: 5.

The writer of this epistle refers here to the typical or illustrative character of the Jewish religion, as compared with the dispensation of Jesus. Between these two systems existed the relations of symbol and reality, of ideal and representative, of type and antetype, as the law contained the pattern shown to Moses on Mount Sinai, when he was wrapped in the cloud, and in close communion with God, and, as such, a relation existed between the pattern which he saw there, and the tabernacle and implements of the Levitical service, which were fashioned by it. In the present discourse I propose to employ, for a practical purpose, that fact of a relation between type and antetype, between the ideal and the reality. My discourse will have two divisions. I shall consider, in the first place, the fact, that all men have ideals—have some kind of spiritual conceptions—and, in the second place, I shall urge the results of consistent action upon those conceptions.

In the first place, then, I say that this relation suggested in the text is one which exists in human life and experience. There is a spiritual region in and above the nature of every man, where belong the primal patterns of things; whence come the strongest inspirations, and which more or less completely casts the mold of our conduct and character. I do not know that we can lay hold of anything that more completely distinguishes man from the animal, than this faculty of fashioning something after the inward pattern or conception; not acting from instinctive routine, but from intelligent, inward and original suggestion; not primarily molded by circumstances, but working upon circumstances with the inward force of his thought, and proceeding, withal, in the orbit of a boundless development.

Consider, for a moment, and you will see that this is the great characteristic of man—that he is the constructor of things fashioned after an inward ideal or pattern, and thus he transforms the outward world according to his mental or spiritual conceptions. Here, on one part, stands vast, unshapen matter—rock, wood, stream, fluent air; on the other part is the human agent who is to work upon this world of matter. You may say that the beaver or the bee works upon matter. The one proceeds with the utmost accuracy to build its nest, and the other to construct its dam; but there is a point at which each of them stops. They do not go a jot beyond the line of instinct; they do nothing more wonderful, nothing different from what has been done for six thousand years. But see, out of this same world of matter, man makes houses, weapons, ships, printing presses, steam engines and telegraphs. He makes implements, and produces combinations that did not exist in nature, but that stood first as shadows on the horizon of his own thought—patterns that were shown him in the mount of intellectual and spiritual elevation. Think for a moment of the great agents and engines of our civilization, and then think what shadowy ideas they all once were. The wheels of the steamship turned as swiftly as they do now, but as silent and unsubstantial as the motions of the inventor's thought; and in the noiseless loom of his meditation were woven the sinews of the printing press, whose thunder shakes the world.

Before man, the thinker, on the mount of ideal conception, the great agents of civilization have passed in a prefiguring procession—a shadowy line of kings, bearing the symbols of a sovereignty that should, in due time, be transmitted into his hands, to become the mighty instrument of his dominion over land and sea.

But if this power which man has of working from inward conceptions is expressed in the ways in which he pours his thought into matter, it is still more apparent in the ways in which his thought, so to speak, overrides matter—as he appears not merely in inventions, but in creations. The work of art, for instance—the great work of genius—whence comes that? Something that you do not see in nature, something that cannot be interpreted as a mere combination of matter—a mere putting together of the elements of the physical world; but something that has flowed out of the ideal springs of a man's own soul, until we have the splendors of the sunset sky woven in the fibres of the canvas, and the stones of the quarry heaved up in an architectural anthem of grandeur and aspiration.

I repeat, then, it is the great work of man that he is a builder, a fashioner, after an inward pattern, molding and transforming the outward world into the shape of that pattern. But that which characterizes man, generally characterizes men specifically. Each individual man is endeavoring to realize some ideal, is trying to make some shadowy conceptions substantial. Perhaps he is not conscious of this—very likely he is not. He may not see any vivid connection between the type that is in his mind, and his daily conduct; but if you will reflect for a moment, you will see that the very condition of our endeavor is desire, which is something that exists now only as a mutual conception. Even the basest, the grossest man, is incited in this manner. He has his pattern, gross and vile as it may be, which he is trying to realize. The tides of billowy life that heave through a hundred streets, are moved by unseen ideal attractions.

But the main conclusion to which I would lead your thought, is this: that almost every man has conceptions higher and better than he realizes, or that he even endeavors to make real. The ideal of wealth, of pleasure, of splendid fame that he seeks, is often a pattern that is shown to him, and he tries to fashion his circumstances to it. And here what a power there is—what a secret spring—to move man. What would man do without the ideal motive before him to lead him on? If you look at men in the street, what are they, after all, but mere figures on ship-board, moved by unseen power hither and thither? It is only by seeing the ideal from which they act, that you get at the spring which moves them. But I say in the minds of most men, in those especially brought up under the influence of Christian culture, there is a higher and better ideal than these ordinary worldly ones; nay, in the mind of every man I believe there is such an ideal. To come at once to the point, almost every man—yes, I will say every man—has some ideal of religion, of moral excellence, of spiritual attainment. Before every man there hovers a high conception—or one more or less high—certainly above the level of this present conduct—of virtue, of moral action, of duty, of righteousness, of truth; and the more he looks at that, the more vivid it becomes to him. Although he may, at the same time, not move a jot or a hair towards it, nor even endeavor, for a single instant, to come up to it; yet it stands before him, and he sees it clear and bright, kindling upon his thought, and ready to move his heart. And you see this fact revealed in this remarkable way to every man. If he does ever so bad an act, he tries to justify it in some way—tries to reconcile it to some ideal of virtue. There is no man so hardened that he does not have an apology for the wrong he does, however atrocious it may be. No matter if it be something that violates all the sanctities of society, that jars upon every man's heart; he endeavors to show that there was a good motive at the bottom of it, and that it was not done from a motive utterly evil and corrupt. So that from his own showing, his own confession, there is an ideal standard in his mind higher than that from which he has acted. It is a great thing, this attempt of man to justify his conduct, for it is a universal tribute to a law above the soul of man, guiding his conscience; it is a proclamation everywhere, that human nature is such that it is not limited and confined by mere sensual, material ideals, but that it acknowledges and sees a higher spiritual plane always hovering over it.

There are times, then, I say, when even the worst man is caught up into a mount of higher conception, and has a pattern better than his own life set before him; but he does not always see that pattern, or, if he does, he does not diligently work after it. What better advice, then, what better exhortation could be given to any man than just this? Work out your highest conceptions—the noblest standard of truth and duty that comes to you. It may not be the highest possible, nor the highest conceivable by other men, but that which seems to you the highest possible or conceivable, work up to, and live up to, and endeavor to make it the rule. Why, of the most debased, most hardened, surely we can say, they have some better thought than what appears in their present life. Surely, oh prodigal, among the husks and swine, you are not entirely transformed and assimilated to the things among which you live; you are not yourself all husk and swine. Oh, vile, polluted man, there is something better in your thought than that which appears in your life—something nobler on the horizon of your soul than that which you have symbolized and represented in your action.

And so especially it is in regard to the matter of faith about which many are much troubled and perplexed. They say they cannot believe that the Bible is divinely inspired; they are not fully convinced about the immortality of the soul, and they even sometimes incline to doubt the existence of a God. What then are you to do, my fellow-men? To throw aside all faith and live outside of its circle, merely as an animal, in a coarse, material existence? No—no; some shred of faith you have. Every man has some. Some conceptions of spiritual things dawns into every mind; live up to the faith you have. Have you a faith that it is good to do good? Live up to that. Have you faith that charity is a blessed thing? Live up to that. Work out to the extreme circle of your conception here, and just so sure as you do it, the wider will your circle open before you. That is the best way to get over intellectual and spiritual difficulties; take the solid ground on which you stand, and make that a platform of action. Do not, because you cannot see all things, act in nothing. If you cannot believe in the truths that come to you in Christ Jesus, take what truth you can believe. If you do not believe the Bible, I am sorry for you. I do not see why you do not believe it, with its grand application to your spiritual necessity, its trumpet appeals, its warning and instruction, its glorious character of Jesus Christ as the ideal; but if you do not believe it, work up to that which you do believe. There is something, I repeat, higher and better hovering over every life, and as to that, I apply the words of the text, "Make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount."

In the next place, let us proceed to see what will result if a man actually attempts thus to work up to his highest and best spiritual conceptions. In the first place, I think he will acquire some comprehension of the worth and certainty of spiritual being, and of the reality of his own soul. Let a man think, when he endeavors to carry out the best conception of duty, how much that is all-controlling and supreme in his life; let him think that the highest claim in his life is from within; let him think how mind will after all control and master the body. For, as I said in the commencement, in the coarsest endeavor, in the basest action of a man's life, it is his inward desire that moves him. It is not the mere object itself; there must exist in him a desire, a yearning for that object, or he makes no endeavor to attain it. Let him think, then, how the springs of his action are spiritual, are inward, existing in the desires of his soul. And allow me to ask, "What is this spiritual or conscious power within him? Is it possible that matter is everything? Is it possible that man, controlled by this inward desire, moving forward to some ideal, is nothing more than the block, the stone, the metal upon which he works? Is it possible that man, who has been led forward from age to age, through a splendid succession of achievements, until he has transformed this material world and made it an instrument of power, strung the lightning and made it work for him, rode on wheels of thunder with banners of flame—is it possible that man, working upward from this ideal, is simply a clod upon the earth? The moment you think of this power to control and master material things, you fall back upon the consciousness that you have a soul, and that there is more evidence than you have supposed, of its existence. In fact there is more proof of a soul than of a body. When a man asks me what proof I have of a soul? I reply by asking him, What proof have you of a body? You have more logical difficulty to prove an outward world than a soul. Spiritual consciousness, mounting aspiration, ideal influences have controlled you all through life.

But more than this; not only will a man, as he begins to work from his best spiritual conceptions upward, begin to comprehend the worth of spiritual things and of the soul, but he will begin to acquire right standards of action. I hardly need to say that in the calculations of man, very generally they do not start from the ground of the soul. If you look at a great many of the social fallacies of our time, at a great many of the social faults and errors of men in business, in politics, and in life generally, you will find that the fallacy or error consists in the fact that they do not start from the ground of the soul as a standard, but from outward things. They estimate all outward things by their bulk or glitter. It is strange to see how, in the midst of civilization, we are guilty of the grossest fetich worship, like the African or rude barbarian. Instead of worshiping the true spiritual ideal, we bow down before the coarse, rude idols of fashion, wealth and power; so that a man is carried along in the great maelstrom, with his individual convictions and consciousness subservient to the opinions of the mass. One thing we greatly need, and that is, more individuality. Man needs to fall back into his own personal consciousness, to rely upon his own spiritual convictions, instead of being taken off his feet and carried into the crowd, and made to worship external and outward things. Much of our civilization that we glorify, is nothing more than a worship of material and glittering things, rather than an estimate from the highest ground—from a spiritual standard.

The great fault of man's reasoning, is not in the process, but in the premises. We say of a man, that he cannot reason well, because he is wrong in his process. That is not the fault; his mistake consists in his not starting well—in his premises, rather than his process. The knave reasons as well as the saint, but he does not start from the same premises. The insane man often reasons most acutely, most wonderfully. If you get into the stream of his logic, he trips you up. So sharp, so subtile is he, and so ready to meet your objections, that you have to go back to the false premises and conceptions in the chinks and crannies of his brain, which weaken it, and make it morbid. Starting from these he makes the mistake. The sane man differs from the insane man, not in the process, but in the premises. And so it is with regard to the reasoning of men generally. They strat from false premises, and reasoning from them, at last come to the conclusion that anything they do is right. If they once can make themselves believe that it is right to uphold a certain traffic, then it is easy to come to the conclusion that anything by which they sustain it is right. If they believe they have a right to consult expediency, then it is but another step to believe in the right to pick a national pocket just as much as a private pocket—to steal an island as much as to commit a trespass upon private property. Start with wrong premises, and all manner of conclusions will follow.

So it is sometimes with men in trade—sometimes, not always. They keep on studying a set of valuable results, which, consciously or unconsciously, they adopt as part of their creed. They start not from the ground of the ten commandments, but of cotton bales and sugar hogsheads—of quick returns and large profits. They do not care much about any grand plan of life, unless there are plenty of coupons in the margin.

This, then, is the great fault with men; they start with the premises of worldly gain and worldly good. I do not say that a man always sets down and says that that is his end; but that is really or virtually his end.

There is one evil in our society, that may come from extensive reading of the sayings and doings of very good men. We have had during the past week, an eloquent discourse upon the life of Franklin. Now Franklin was a man who did not live by mere expediency, especially during the latter part of his life. He did not care for his own sordid interest in the sacrifices he made in the Revolution. But a good many have taken his maxims of worldly prudence, and made them their Bibles, almost; and by a too rigid adherence to them—they have run into a system of mere worldly expediency—into an idea that nothing that thwarts gain, hinders profit, damages worldly good, into stand in their way; and, with that premise, all kinds of conclusions, all kinds of results may come.

And so it is in politics. Men start not from the platform of ideal and spiritual realities, but from party. It is the Buffalo or the Baltimore platform, and not that of Mount Sinai or the Mount of Olives. And so in countless instances in life, men wave up from false premises, build up from the outside, stretch out horizontally, not vertically. They are not architects of the ideal within; they do not start from the ground of the soul. Let a man take up the subject of immortality—of the spirit of man enshrined in time, and working through sense, as destined to live beyond the stars, when banks and warehouses, cities and continents, shall have melted with fervent heat, and crumbled to ashes;—when this world shall be dashed from its orbit as a speck of dust from a flying wheel—let him take the grand calculus of the immortality of the soul, and start with that, and then worldly good and gain will take their proper attitude, temporary expediency will sink out of sight, and right will assert its proper place; then he will have a true standard by which to estimate all things.

In the next place, if a man really endeavors to work according to his highest and best inward conception, he will come to perceive the need of Christ and the worth of Christianity. For, let any man, as I have suggested, work from a spiritual conception, however low, however narrow, and he will be sure to arrive at a conception a little higher and broader, and from that to one still more high, and so on. This is a law everywhere. The moment a man gets a taste of knowledge, if there is any love of it in him, he wants more, and the more he knows, the more he wishes to know. He feels his ignorance, and his aspirations are higher. That is what distinguishes the scholar from a man who gets what is popularly termed an education. A man goes to school five or six years, and then he is all varnished and polished, ready to be put into a shop; but the scholar never knows enough; he is always aspiring for something more. New facts burst upon him; that which he has attained, is but a key to the boundless treasure of truth.

So in regard to art. Let a man for the first time look at paintings, and he hardly knows a good one from a poor one. He has no standard of discrimination. But when he becomes familiar with works of art, he acquires a taste by which he can judge of the merits of any work that is presented to him.

And so it is in music. It is by experience practically put forth in one degree, that we gain the power to work in a higher degree.

And so in regard to spiritual action. As soon as a man works up to his best and highest ideal, just so soon a new ideal will burst upon him. Working from his best and highest, he gains a better and a higher still, until at length he will come to feel that spiritual aspirations are boundless. And when, from the yearnings of his educated soul, he wants a perfect ideal, he will ask, Where is the excellence that will answer my highest ideal; where is that which will begin to fill up this boundless thirst of the soul, which has only been increased by drinking from narrow cisterns? And Jesus Christ steps out from the horizon of history, and stands before him in the Gospel, and answers that inquiry. He says virtually to man, "I am the ideal for which you aspire; in me behold a perfect reflection of that which you now must seek; in me behold that which continually fills up your yearning want, and makes that want the deeper, that it may fill it with more." Here stands man on one side, with a sense of imperfection and sin, asking, What is there that will help me in, what is there that will deliver me from the powers of sin? No mere man, no mere teacher, like Plato or Seneca, can do it. Man needs some spirit of divine goodness to enter into him, to cure him of his sin, and Jesus Christ embodies that divine spirit. He comes before man to assure him of mercy, with the encouragement that the vilest sin may be cast off, and that man may throw himself upon the divine mercy which he represents, and be lightened of his load.

And here, on the other hand, are limitless wants and desires; and how does Jesus Christ gratify them? By exhibiting a perfect Father; by showing an ideal to us that we never can compass, but can always aspire to. That is the only thing that can answer the aspirations of man's nature—a perfect excellence that man can never reach, but towards which he can ever be moving.

"Oh," says the weary worker who drops his chisel before the marble, "I can imitate the natural object, but it does not answer my ideal; I want to achieve something better and nobler, and I can do it." "Oh, says the poet, "I can sing a still sweeter song." "Oh," says the philosopher, "there are more boundless depths of thought down which I can drop the plummet of my searching intellect." There must be something beyond man in this world. Even on attaining to his highest possibilities, he is like a bird beating against his cage. There is something beyond. Oh, deathless soul, like a sea-shell, moaning for the bosom of the ocean to which you belong. Tell me not of a limitation, says the weary, broken heart, over the grave of its hopes. Tell me not that this world is all, says the bereaved mother. Tell me not that death is an eternal sleep, says the broken shadow of humanity. And feeling this great need of the soul, we cling to the cross and to faith in immortality.

I repeat, commencing with our lowest spiritual ideal, and working upward, we reach that state of thought, that aspiration, that desire, which Christ alone can satisfy, and which he does satisfy. And a great proof of Christianity is this; that we work upward from our best spiritual conceptions, and come to this great spiritual antetype at last. The man who lives most truly according to his spiritual wants and capacities, who unfolds most sincerely and constantly his best ideal, comes to the conclusion that Christ and Christianity are the greatest blessings that God has given to the world; that they alone can satisfy, and that they alone will answer that ideal.

Many at the present day are afraid of science and philosophy. The other day there came out in one of our most scientific journals a statement of some recent discoveries in Egypt, in which one important fact was left out, namely, that from the most accurate computations that could be made, it is supposed that men had existed in Egypt eleven thousand years ago. This discovery was based upon the fact of works of pottery being found at a considerable depth below the surface of the earth, the superstratum having been deposited only at the rate of three and a half inches in a century. That was thought to damage revelation. Damage revelation! You might just as well suppose that a man could damage God Almighty himself, as to damage the essential truth of revelation. What difference does it make whether this world is six thousand or six million years old, to the wounded spirit that feels the balm of Christ's comfort; to the tempest-tossed soul that Christ has lifted up; to the spiritual experience that sees in God its highest ideal, and mounts upward continually? There is no more connection between the two things than there is between duty and a stone, between goodness and a tree, between a thing utterly spiritual and utterly material. Science does its work—its great and noble work—on one plane of action, and revelation on another.

What is the object of revelation? It is to lead man to God; to show him the Father; to bring his spirit into conscious communion through Jesus Christ; to deliver him from his sins, and comfort him in his sorrow. Oh, geologist, chip away with your hammer to the end of time; you cannot strike away one grain of the truth in Jesus Christ, as it comes to my soul. Oh, ethnologist, trace back the history of man as far as you can; you cannot tear up this spiritual want of mine, which Christ satisfies. Each thing to its proper domain; science to interpret material things, to unlock the bonds of nature; Christianity to comfort the soul, and lift it up. But if there does come a collision between the two—which I conceive impossible—of what have you the strongest evidence; that the world is six millions of years old, or that Jesus Christ comforts you in sorrow, lifts you up when you are bowed down, and brings you to an ideal that answers your wants and aspirations? The soul's evidence is the highest, and must be heard. Let Newton and Le Verrier unfold the starry heavens, and let us hear the music of the spheres, but, at the same time, the soul stands up, and says, "I, too, am a reality; I know that I have a Father, for I have felt him; I know that I have a Saviour, for he has lifted me up, and blessed me. Science is doubtless true; but if it is not, I know that I am for I know that I feel. I strive, therefore, to work after a pattern that is older than time and sense—a spiritual ideal that has been shown me in the mount of spiritual elevation and faith."

And, lastly, let me say, this: that if any man endeavors to realize his highest—his best spiritual conceptions—he will be successful only by earnest effort. I have shown, that, working upward from our best spiritual conceptions, we will come to something better and higher—we will come to a conviction of spiritual realities, and of the essential truth of Christ Jesus. Now, in order to do this, we must work earnestly, and put forth earnest effort. There are no great interests achieved, or works done, in this world, except by earnestness. Why should not a man be as enthusiastic in regard to religion, and the great interests of the soul, as in regard to worldly affairs? There is a great difference between enthusiasm and fanaticism. They are the antipodes of each other. There never was a man, who did a great thing in the world, without enthusiasm. No man ever made a fortune without it. Was there ever an artist, who was not enthusiastic in his art? So in regard to matters of religion—of fulfilling the spiritual ideal—we must be enthusiastic. If a man is going really to live up to his best conceptions of God, truth and duty, according to the pattern shown him in the mount, everything else must stand subservient to that, and he must be enthusiastic about it. How gloriously this enthusiasm breaks out in other things—in patriotism, for instance, as was exemplified in the maid of Saragossa, as she stood up by the gun, bespattered with blood; in John Hancock, who, when the council met in Boston, in the stormy days of the Revolution, and talked of letting the British into the city, though he owned, probably, more property than any other man in Boston, said, "Burn Boston, and make John Hancock a beggar, if the public god requires it." We like to hear such things; but why don't men say, "Burn the richest treasure I have got, if it corrupts my soul. Burn down the pinnacles of my pride—my worldly interest—if they stand in the way of my attainment and fulfillment of the great pattern which has been shown me in the mount?"

We do not like fanaticism in anything; but if we must have it at all, let us have the fanaticism of religion, rather than that of worldliness. For the most fanatical man of the two is he that buries his soul up in bullion, grovels in the earth, and lives like a barnacle on this planet, without recognizing anything higher or better. I would rather see a fanatic in religion, than in worldliness. That old fanatic, Simeon, who founded a sect called "Pillar Saints," who stood ten years on the top of a pillar in sun and storm, drenched and dried, weather-beaten and baked, who lived and died there, was at least so much nearer heaven than the fanatic who was groping below.

But there is no need of fanaticism, in order to fulfill the noblest ideal. It is not by going out of our relations, but by diligent action in our relations to business, truth, and social action, everywhere, no matter where it may be, if it is lawful, that you can fulfill the ideal of spiritual good that comes to you in Jesus Christ. Only be in earnest—be enthusiastic about it.

Oh, my friend, you have, as I remarked in the commencement, some ideal higher than that which you act upon; you are lifted up to something that is above the common plane of your life. What is the significance of material things? It is in the impression they leave upon the mind—the elements they transfer to our consciousness. Therefore, if on standing on a mountain I get an idea of something lofty and glorious, the impression is maintained. Suppose, now, that I am lifted up on the mount of prayer or meditation, and I get an idea of something elevated and glorious; am I not just as much on the mountain, to all intents and purposes, as on the mount of Olives, or Sinai? Oh, man, there are some duties hovering before you, which you know you have not fulfilled—some great claim you have not completely answered. It may be you have recognized the idea in Christ Jesus, and feel that that is what you should aspire after with earnest effort. I repeat, then, what is the thing that stands higher to you than the present plane of your life? Aspire to it. There is no more earnest voice than that which comes to you to-day, speaking to that which is higher than that which you now do—nobler than that which you have received, and saying to you, "Go forth; make all things after the pattern shown to thee in the mount."

Written for the Banner of Light.

## The Cigar-Girl of Havana;

### OR,

### THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

BY FREDERIC ORTON.

Carter and I were passing down Tremont Row the other morning, after a somewhat lengthy stroll upon the Common and Public Garden, when all of a sudden the attention of my friend was arrested by the sight of a large crowd of gentlemen, with here and there a lady, entering the well-known auction-room of Leonard & Cunningham.

"What do they sell of importance to-day?" asked Carter?"

"Pictures!" I replied, after a hasty glance at the square of pasteboard in the window, on which was printed in large letters, "To be sold this morning at 10 A. M., a rare and extensive collection of oil paintings."

"Suppose we just drop in for five minutes or so, and examine this rare collection of paintings, before they are mercilessly sacrificed beneath the auctioneer's hammer," said Carter, pulling out his watch, to learn the exact time.

It wanted ten minutes of the proposed hour of sale, and, knowing my friend's extreme love for pictures, I nodded my assent to his last remark, and ascending the steps arm in arm, we soon found ourselves in a spacious but somewhat dusty-looking room, already half-filled with a motley collection of people, a portion of whom were busily engaged in discussing the respective merits of the several pictures exposed to view, the remainder seemingly actuated by no other motive than that of mere curiosity and gossip.

Upon near approach to the pictures—some fifty in number—and hung in positions best calculated to afford them the proper degree of light and shade, my companion suddenly stopped before a portrait of life-like size, which occupied a central place in the group. With a nervous movement that quite startled me, Carter withdrew his arm from mine, exclaiming in a loud and hoarse whisper, "For heaven's sake, Fred, let us go! I cannot bear to look at it!"

I turned my eyes from the perfect vision of female loveliness before me, (which, to my intoxicated senses, seemed a breathing and living woman, instead of a mere creation of the artist's pencil,) towards my companion, whose strange manner and abrupt language had so suddenly aroused me from one of those delicious but dangerous day-dreams, in which mankind so often love to revel.

The face of Carter was deathly white; while his stout frame trembled violently, as if stirred by some deep and powerful emotion. His full, dark eyes seemed fixed upon vacancy, while the thin and now colorless lips, moved as if in silent prayer.

To draw my friend's arm within my own, and hurry from the room, which was now densely packed with people, was but the work of a moment. The cool and bracing air of morning soon revived him, and he laughingly declared that I had saved him from that most ridiculous and unmanly thing, a fainting-fit.

My first inquiry, upon my friend's complete restoration to his senses, was in regard to the nature of the violent emotion exhibited by him in the auction-room a few minutes before.

"I know you must have thought me foolish and weak-minded, Fred," he replied, his handsome and rosy countenance assuming an expression of undisguised sorrow; "but the sudden and unexpected sight of that portrait recalled to mind a crowd of painful memories, which I had earnestly hoped were buried in the caverns of the past."

"You have seen the picture before, then, and what is still better, know something of its history?" I remarked, not a little interested in a painting whose sad and indescribable beauty had so strangely enthralled my senses, upon a somewat hasty examination.

"Your suppositions were never more correct, Orton, than at this moment," said Carter. The portrait which most people would pass by as an ideal creation, is in reality a faithful and correct likeness of one, the record of whose short and melancholy career, might excite sentiments of pity and sorrow, even in the breasts of the most hardened and cold-hearted of God's creatures.

At this moment the town clock struck eleven. Carter now remembered that he had promised to meet a business friend at this hour; a circumstance which at once put an end to a conversation which, though brief and indefinite, had, nevertheless, the effect of raising my curiosity to the highest pitch imaginable. Before leaving, I extorted from Carter a promise to meet me at my lodgings immediately after the close of the opera that night, for the purpose of relating to me a story, which, from its very truthfulness, promised no small degree of interest to my waiting and thirsting mind.

As if guided and controlled by some unseen power, my steps involuntarily turned once again in the direction of the auction-room, which I had left so abruptly a short time previous. A few moments later, and the familiar tones of the auctioneer's voice fell upon my ear. The beautiful portrait which had so excited my admiration, was now placed upon the stand. Its artistic superiority and size had reserved it for a last sacrifice.

The picture rose rapidly from twenty-five to fifty dollars. "Fifty-five, sixty, and sixty-five!" were reiterated from different parts of the room, yet still the cry was more! At length, a stout and burly-looking man at my elbow, shouted "seventy-five!" The smile of satisfaction which sat upon his broad face seemed to say, far plainer than words could have expressed it, "The picture is mine, and a rare bargain I've got, too!" Actuated by a sudden and unaccountable impulse, I cried out at the top of my voice, "one hundred! I'll give one hundred dollars!"

The man at my elbow, whom I afterwards learned was a famous picture-restorer, shrugged his stout shoulders, and frowned darkly, as he heard my increased offer. A second or two the auctioneer's hammer hung aloft; no one present seemed disposed to bid higher, and ere a minute had fairly elapsed, the portrait which my neighbor had so much coveted, was knocked down to your humble servant for the round sum of one hundred dollars.

In the midst of my labors at the office, throughout the morning portion of the day, my mind was constantly gladdened by the thought of the valuable acquisition which I had made to my hitherto limited and inexpensive collection of paintings. Arriving at my hotel, I partook of a hasty supper, and hurried to the comfortable suite of rooms of which I proudly termed myself proprietor, and began to look about for a suitable place in which to hang my newly-purchased prize. After much thought and deliberation, the object of so much care and pride was finally awarded a resting-place directly over the broad mantel, in my own cosey little parlor.

After exchanging coat and boots for a more negligent costume, in the shape of dressing-gown and slippers, I lighted a cigar, and, throwing myself into a softly-cushioned easy-chair, prepared to enjoy the study of my picture, and my fragrant Havana, until the time of Carter's coming.

The more I dwelt upon the portrait before me, the more impatient I became to learn the particulars of the early life of one, upon whose broad and expansive brow sorrow seemed to have placed her seal. As the evening wore on, a sense of drowsiness began to steal over me, occasioned partly by the heated atmosphere of my apartment, and partly by a feeling of bodily fatigue. How long I slept in my by no means uncomfortable arm-chair, I cannot tell. A hand, laid heavily upon my shoulder, startled me from the heavy slumber which oppressed me, and in so doing, dissipated a bright dream of earthly happiness, in which the calm and heavenly face that beamed out from the glowing canvas upon the wall opposite me, enacted a conspicuous part.

"I say, Fred, wake up! Is this the reception you have in store for a poor fellow after the opera? Whew! if this is n't one of the coldest nights that Boston ever knew, I'll miss my guess!" and Carter, whistling a favorite operatic air, walked rapidly through the room, swinging his arms vigorously to and fro, by way of getting up an increased circulation.

Upon awakening to a realizing sense of my situation, I discovered that the fire, which I had imagined good for the entire night, was nearly out; and upon glancing at the thermometer, I perceived that the mercury had fallen some ten or twelve degrees in the short space of three hours. I now became conscious of a feeling of extreme chilliness, which, together with frequent sneezing fits, seemed to indicate the existence of a slight cold, taken during my unaccustomed evening nap.

The heaping of fresh coals upon the fast waning grate fire, and a few moments' application of that most useful article, a blower, soon caused the mercury to rise perceptibly in the glass, and diffused a sensation of warmth throughout my little parlor, which was fully appreciated by both Carter and myself.

An exclamation of surprise, and a sudden pause in the midst of the former's perambulations, convinced me that my friend had but just discovered the portrait, which the waning fire-light had completely enveloped in shadows.

"How came you by it?" he asked, after a moment's contemplation of the pure, sad face before him, with its soft blue eyes and delicate waves of pale brown hair.

"I bought it, because, from the first moment that I set eyes upon it, something seemed to say, 'in this picture you have at last found an ideal representation of female loveliness, which you have so long and unsuccessfully sought for upon earth,' while the story which you promised to relate to me concerning it, I must confess, only served to heighten the deep interest I already felt in so fair a portrait."

From my companion's silence, I began to fear that in his heart he envied me the possession of a picture, whose very history ought to have made it exceedingly valuable in his eyes, aside from its artistic merits. To test the truth of my suspicions, I turned to him and said:

"I trust, my dear friend, that I have not frustrated any plans which you may have formed, by my purchase of this portrait."

"No indeed, Fred! Set your mind easy upon that point, I beg of you, for much as I admire the picture, it would take more than one hundred dollars to tempt me to have that haunting face, with its sorrowful, and to me, reproachful expression, hung up constantly before my eyes, remembering as I do, the circumstances which lead to its clear and perfect portrayal upon canvas, and the melancholy terminus of a life, which never knew but one love dream, and when that faded, relaxed, as if by magic, its own light foothold upon the world which had alike created and destroyed the fair and intoxicating vision."

Here my companion passed his hand heavily across his brow, as if striving to forget memories which

thronged thick upon his brain. Satisfied that he had spoken truth, I pushed toward him an easy chair, and begging him to be seated before the now cheerful coal fire; I rang the bell for some light refreshments, preparatory to settling myself down to hear Carter's story of the beautiful portrait, of which chance had made me the lucky possessor.

After doing justice to the dainty repast provided by the head waiter of the Revere House, (who knew better than any other living man how to satisfy the requirements of my rather delicate appetite,) I handed Carter a cigar, and having lighted my own, threw myself once more into my accustomed easy-chair, and bade my friend commence the narrative which I had so long desired to hear.

"It was early in the autumn of 1851," said Carter, pausing for a moment to knock the ashes off his cigar, and then sinking back once more into the luxuriously cushioned arm chair which I always kept in waiting to receive the wearied limbs of a boon companion, "that ill-health compelled me to leave the rude shores of New England, and seek a temporary home beneath the soft skies of a milder and more genial clime. Having few or no near relatives to part with, I must confess that I was by no means sorry to get away from even so good a place as Boston, where I had resided from earliest infancy, but whose sharp, cutting east winds, I had of late years found to be my most inveterate enemy. A violent cough and an occasional bleeding spell seemed to demand special attention and relief; the old physician whom I consulted, suggested a voyage to Malta, or a few months' residence on the island of Cuba. I chose the latter place, from its easiness of access, and mild, se lubrious climate.

"When just about setting sail from New York for Havana, I was met unexpectedly by Philip Hoyt, a young and rising artist of Boston, whom I had often met in fashionable circles, and known as the betrothed husband of Ada Bertram, a noted belle and heiress of the Trimount city at that time. My surprise at meeting him was still more heightened by his explaining to me the cause of his sudden departure from the home of his birth; which was nothing less than the breaking of his engagement with Ada Bertram, on account of some trifling difficulty which occurred between the parties. Hoyt, too proud to seek an explanation of the matter, advocated an immediate separation, which resulted in his leaving for New York, with the intention of sailing from thence to Europe.

During a few days' stay in the Empire city, a fine offer was made to Hoyt to visit Havana, by a secretary of the presiding Governor-General, with a commission to paint some ten or twelve portraits, of persons belonging to the household of His Excellency, with the proviso of renewed patronage, if his labors were satisfactory and pleasing to those interested in the matter. The chance which presented itself was not one of every day occurrence, speaking in a professional and lucrative sense, and it was the knowledge of this fact, that caused the young artist to accept the Spanish ambassador's offer without hesitation.

Hoyt and I had not spent two days in one another's society, before we were sworn friends. Upon our arrival at Havana, after a short and exceedingly prosperous voyage, I bade adieu to my new and charming friend, for a short time, and proceeded directly to Puerto Principe, a place much noted, as offering peculiar advantages for the accomodation of invalids.

Upon my return to Havana some four weeks after, with my health already perceptibly improved, I learned from an American gentleman—and a resident upon the island—that the efforts of my artist-friend had met with high favor in the eyes of the Governor-General and his cabinet. A splendid suite of apartments had been provided him at the principal hotel in Havana, which Hoyt with true generosity of heart insisted upon my sharing. Under his auspices my natural love for art ripened daily. For weeks I was his constant attendant at the palace of the Governor General, where he usually painted from five to six hours each day. At the opera, the theatre, or upon the Pasco, Hoyt and I were always seen side by side, until our strong attachment for one another became proverbial amongst the residents of the hotel, who called us "the twin brothers."

One night while sitting in one of the stage-boxes at the Tacon Theatre, a few minutes previous to the commencement of the evening's performance, I was startled from the slight reverie into which I had almost unconsciously fallen, by Hoyt's exclamation of, 'Thank God! I have at last found her!' Surprised at the unusual ardor of my friend, who though at heart an enthusiast, rarely made any public demonstration of his feelings, I inquired the meaning of his sudden and to me strangely inexplicable remark. With burning cheeks, and a new light illumining his dark eye, he quickly directed my attention to a young girl, who sat silent and alone in a remote corner of the pit, or parquet of the house.

Her complexion was white almost to transparency; eyes of heaven's own azure were filled with a sad and mournful light, that only deepened the spirituality of her classical face; hair of a pale brown hue lay in delicate waves upon a brow that a sculptor would have kissed in reverence, while the exquisite contour of her tall and commanding figure was but imperfectly concealed by the loose and flowing robe of spotless muslin that fell in graceful folds to her feet."

As Carter uttered these words, I raised my eye instinctively to the fair picture upon the wall, as if recogniziug in that artistic creation the counterpart of her of whom my companion had but just finished speaking. Perceiving the earnest gaze which I bent upon the beautiful portrait before me, Carter said with a smile of satisfaction, "I see that you have interpreted my description of person correctly. She whose calm and spiritual beauty first attracted the artist's attention at the Tacon Theatre, was, as you have already divined, the original of the lovely sketch (whose possession you so much prize,) and the subject of my story.

"To my friend's repeated inquiry, 'is she not angelic in her calm and spiritual beauty?' I could only nod my assent. Hoyt now proceeded to tell me, that, for nearly three years, he had desired to paint 'Dante's Beatrice.' No engraving which he had seen, fully answered his conception of the character; but now he thanked God that he had found a living, breathing model, the very sight of whom amply repaid his long watching and waiting. Throughout the whole evening, my companion had eyes for no one but the fair unknown, who sat with her gaze firmly riveted upon the stage, entirely unconscious of the deep admiration which her pure and ethereal style of beauty had excited in one manly breast of that vast assemblage.

How to make the acquaintance of 'Beatrice,' as Hoyt not inaptly termed the beautiful stranger whom he had accidentally discovered at the theatre the evening previous, was now a paramount thought in the mind of the infatuated artist. As a friend, I offered to lend my aid in the search, which Philip proposed instituting throughout Havana, for one whose social position was, judging from appearances, decidedly an inferior one. A week sped by, and still no clue had been gained to the whereabouts of the fair Beatrice. Hoyt was gloomy to excess, and I inwardly prayed that the time of his meeting with the all-absorbing object of his daily and nightly thoughts might not be far distant.

Having exhausted the large box of cigars which I brought from home with me, I started one clear and balmy morning for a short walk previous to breakfasting, leaving Hoyt comfortably ensconced in his snowily-draped bed. While walking upon the Paseo, I was met by a Cuban gentleman, who was taking an early drive in his spacious and elegant volante. Upon stopping him and exchanging the compliments of the morning with him, he invited me, with true Spanish courtesy, to join him in his customary morning ride. Being a trifle weary, I accepted his proffered kindness, and before many minutes had elapsed I found myself borne along as if by magic, through a delightful section of country, known as the suburbs of Havana. Upon my inquiry as to where good cigars were to be purchased, Senor Castro named a popular and well-known bazaar in the Calle de Mercaderes, the principal street of traffic in the city. Alighting at the entrance, Senor Castro proposed going in with me for the purpose of superintending my selection of cigars. Behind the counter stood the young girl whom Hoyt and I had seen at the theatre. To me so sudden and unexpected a meeting was momentarily embarrassing; but as the fair cigar-vender seemed only intent upon her business—that of selling as many high-priced cigars as possible—I was the better enabled to conceal the cause of my agitation.

Upon leaving the shop, I inquired of Senor Castro the name of the beautiful cigar-girl, (who, to my eyes, appeared even more lovely than when I had seen her at the theatre a few nights previous,) and was told that it was Theresa Espano. A poor and humble orphan, her destitute condition had attracted the notice of the old cigar merchant while visiting Matanzas on business. Thinking that her rare style of beauty would bring custom to his shop, the old man soon succeeded in installing the youthful Theresa as the presiding genius of his extensive establishment. The trick was a successful one, for the store of the cunning cigar-vender soon became the rendezvous for all the elite of Havana, and gold in a constant stream flowed into his hitherto empty coffers.

Nearly every day now found Hoyt at the shop of the old cigar merchant; and to me who had been from earliest boyhood an inveterate smoker, it was perfectly amusing to witness the unsuccessful attempts of my friend to promote a love for the use of tobacco—a weed, the very fragrance of which had always been exceedingly obnoxious to his sense of smell.

How the acquaintance between Hoyt and Theresa commenced and ripened, I cannot tell; but the latter soon became a constant visitor at the lodgings of the young artist. Yielding to his desire, she sat for the portrait, which, by some unaccountable circumstances, has passed into your possession."

In order to prove to me that there was not the slightest possibility of doubt in regard to the identity of the picture, Carter now called my attention to one corner of the portrait, where, by close examination, we were enabled to trace distinctly the name of Philip Hoyt upon the dark ground work of the canvas. Satisfied that my recent purchase possessed at least one merit—namely, that of originality—I refilled the empty glasses of my friend and self, gave the fire an extra stir, and then bade Tom to go on with his story, in which I was becoming more and more interested.

"By degrees," continued Carter with a self-complacent air, and a vigorous rub of the hands, "I began to perceive a falling off in the friendship of one, who, by his continued kindness and undisguished interest in my bodily welfare, had contributed not a little to the comfort and pleasure of my invalid existence, during our brief sojourn in Havana."

Hoyt now rarely accompanied me to the theatre and opera house, as had been his custom, preferring rather to spend his evenings in the society of the beautiful creature, who, with child like simplicity, seemed to cling to him for protection. For hours they would sit side by side upon a small balcony, situated at the back side of the hotel, and commanding a fine and uninterrupted view of the bay of Havana, one small and delicately-shaped hand resting quietly within his own; her fair head pillowed lightly upon Hoyt's shoulder, and her heavenly-tinted orbs filled with a sad and dreamy light, that would have invoked momentary sympathy from even the most stern and hardened heart. At such times neither cared to speak, for both were happy and content in being allowed to enjoy, undisturbed, the holy calm and silent bliss of each other's presence.

It was with a feeling nearly akin to sorrow, that I noticed the increasing hold which the humble and unpretending cigar-girl daily gained upon the affections of my friend, who had become so completely absorbed in this new and soul-intoxicating passion, as to actually neglect the pursuance of his chosen and hitherto favorite art.

Seizing a favorable opportunity, I ventured to address him upon the subject of his sudden attachment for one who was so far beneath him in a social point of view. I contrasted the brilliant intellect and ready wit of Ada Bertram, with the total lack of education and mental condition of Theresa Espano, whose physical beauty and pure simplicity of heart were her only natural endowments. Aside from these, art had done little or nothing for the poor Cuban girl.

The mere mention of Ada Bertram, seemed to awaken a chord in the heart of the young artist, that had long ceased to vibrate at the sound of that name. The effect was magical, and, with a degree of nobleness and true generosity of which I had deemed any living man incapable, Hoyt acknowledged the truth of my words—confessed that his external senses had been blinded by the almost etherial beauty of Theresa, thereby engendering a passion which, though the creation of a heated and disordered brain in his case, was evidentally deeply rooted within the breast of the humble cigar-girl, and could not be easily plucked out.

On my urging upon him the necessity of stopping at once in the midst of his wild and perilous career, and of making proper explanation to Theresa, in view of a discontinuance of further proofs of his affection, he replied with great candor, that he had firmly intended making the gentle Theresa Espano his wife; but that my mention of Ada Bertram, and warm praise in her behalf, had awakened him to a sense of the deep wrong which both had done one another, in parting thus hastily and in anger.

Finding that the memory of the old love was still first in the heart of Philip Hoyt, I conjured him to renounce Theresa without delay, and to make immediate reparation by way of letter, to one who was perhaps languishing and dying from his neglect in her far-off home. For a moment the soul of my friend seemed moved to pity, but it was only transient, for pride came to the rescue, and threw her icy mantle across his warm heart, until all traces of charity and forgiveness were lost to sight.

I did not part from Hoyt that evening, however, until he had promised to reflect well upon my advice in a matter of so serious import. The following morning I set out for Matanzas, where I had accepted the invitation of a Spanish gentleman residing there, to spend a week with his interesting family. The sudden change from the stifled and crowded city, to the fresher and clearer air of the country, brought on a slight attack of sickness, which caused me to return to Havana the day after my arrival at Matanzas, a town of no small importance to Cuba, in a commercial sense.

As my coming was entirely unexpected to my friend, I determined to give him a little surprise. It was near twilight when the valante containing myself and valise, stopped before the door of the hotel. Learning from the porter that Senor Hoyt was engaged with a lady visitor in his room, I crept silently up stairs towards my friend's apartment, little doubting but that Theresa Espano was the fair intruder upon the solitude of the young artist. In my passage upwards, the tones as of a woman imploring forgiveness, fell upon my ear. Upon softly opening the outer door of my friend's apartments, I discovered that the sounds proceeded from the studio, or inner room, occupied by Hoyt during his artistic labors. Advancing cautiously, I passed into the chamber, or middle room, which was separated from my associate's studio by heavy dark curtains. Pausing behind these, I soon discovered that the tones which fell upon my listening ear were not Theresa's, but those of a voice which I remembered to have heard before, yet could not recall.

Half-breathless with curiosity, I gently drew aside the dark curtains, and beheld Hoyt sitting with his back towards me, in his favorite arm-chair, and his head bowed silently upon his breast. Kneeling at his feet, in her rich, dark beauty, with her wealth of raven curls floating unrestrainedly over her polished shoulders of marble whiteness, like a heavy sable veil, her dark eyes filled with tears, was Ada Bertram! A moment later, and Philip Hoyt held the throbbing form of the penitent and loving girl close to his heart, as in tones that thrilled my very soul with joy, I heard him murmur:

"Ada—my own dearly loved Ada—let us strive to forget the past, and think only of the deep happiness which the future has in store for us!"

"A low wail fell upon my ear, and straining my eyes in the darkness about me, I perceived the tall and stately figure of Theresa, standing near me. Alas! she, *too*, had been a silent spectator to the interview between Ada Bertram and her now reinstated lover. I would have spoken to her; but just then, a soft, fair hand parted the drapery, and Ada Bertram, shrouded in sable robes, her handsome features nearly concealed from view by the folds of her black lace mantle, passed out into the darkness, leaving Philip sitting alone in the pale moonlight of his studio, like one entranced. As soon as the retreating footsteps of Ada were heard upon the stair-case, Theresa emerged from her place of concealment, and with gleaming eyes, tightly compressed lips, and a face ghastly as that of death rushed wildly into the studio from which her rival had so proudly gone forth. With writhing lips and trembling form, the cigar-girl advanced towards the spot where Hoyt sat with his face buried in his hands. The rustle of her white robes startled him, and springing up from his chair he cried, as his gaze met the glassy eyes and deathly countenance of Theresa:

"My God, are you here! I beseech you for the love of heaven, leave me!"

But Theresa clung wildly to the arm of Hoyt, entreating and begging him by the love which he once bore her, to be merciful and kill her!

Finding that the wild despair of the poor girl's manner, together with her fearful and unnatural words, were fast unmanning the nerves of my half-distracted friend, I stepped into the room, and taking my friend by the arm I withdrew him quietly into an adjoining room. Hoyt looked surprised at my unexpected presence, but was too much absorbed in his own sorrow to institute any inquiries in regard to my sudden return.

As if unconscious of any human interruption, the grief-stricken girl followed close upon the track of her former admirer, who besought me to explain to the excited creature what his lips had not strength to utter. Theresa heard me through with blanched face and fixed lips; but I could see by the half-averted face and perceptible tremor of her slight form, whenever I pronounced the name of Ada Bertram, that the inner sanctuary of her soul was torn by violent convulsions, that time might stifle, but had not power to conquer or destroy.

When at last I had finished, Theresa rose from her seat to go, as I fondly believed; but here, alas! I was destined to be mistaken. Moving slowly towards Hoyt, whose eyes still rested upon her exquisitely chiseled features, with that look of intense admiration which he had before exhibited, when some two months previous he had first beheld Theresa at the Tacon Theatre, the young girl said, in a tone remarkable for its steadiness, "Philip, I have one question to ask. Promise me that you will answer it truly, and I will trouble you no more."

Hoyt bowed his head in token of consent.

"Do you love this *woman, she*, whom I but just saw kneeling at your feet, and whom you clasped to your heart with passionate bursts of fondness and affection, as you were once wont to caress poor Theresa?"

"*I do!*" hoarsely whispered Hoyt, "and may God and man bear witness to my sincerity!"

"Then, Philip Hoyt, be thou and Heaven a double witness to the death of one, whom thy cruelty but not thy hand has murdered!" and saying this the resolute girl quickly drew forth from her bosom a small poniard, and before either Hoyt or I could stay her hand, she had sheathed it firmly in her breast. A feeble moan escaped the lips of the cigar-girl, as with the crimson tide deluging her snowy robes, she fell, weak and prostrate, to the floor. As Hoyt bent over her dying form, so cast upon him a look of unutterable affection, that struck like a dagger to his remorseful heart. One kiss he pressed upon lips that vainly essayed to murmur the endeared name of Philip, one lingering hand clasp, expressive of pure and holy affection, and the gentle spirit of Theresa passed to the spirit world.

Of course I need not tell you that Hoyt followed the last remains of the pure and loving Theresa to their final resting-place. Even Ada Bertram shed tears over the untimely death of one whose heavenly purity of soul, while living, had exalted the humble cigar-girl almost to the rank of one of God's angels. A few weeks later, and Philip Hoyt and Ada Bertram were married, and sailed for Europe; the father of the latter having died a month or two previous to the young girl's voyage to Cuba in search of her errant lover, of whose whereabouts she had gained information through the medium of letters, addressed by me to a lady who was well acquainted with Mr. Bertram and his daughter.

Here my friend's absorbing story ended; and as Carter had never received the slightest intelligence in regard to Philip Hoyt and his lovely bride, since the time of their departure for Europe, he could not, in any way, account for the singular appearance of Theresa's portrait in a Boston auction-room, knowing, as he did, that the picture was chiefly valuable to the artist who executed it.

Since writing the above, I have received a letter from Carter, written immediately after his return to New-York, in which he states that he has at last found out the abode of Ada Hoyt, now a young and beautiful widow. Philip, her husband, having died of remorse and broken heartedness, as she firmly believes, while making the tour of Europe. Noble and devoted Philip Hoyt, thou hast joined in heaven, one of whom fate so cruelly despoiled thee, while upon earth! Before this story shall have gone to print, Ada Hoyt will have become the fair bride of my good-natured bachelor friend, Tom Carter. May joy attend their union!

## THOUGHTS:

*Suggested on hearing that Mrs. J. F. Smith, of Milford had passed to her Spirit Home.*

BY MRS. E. L. CORBIN.

w sudden her transl' —how brief was her stay,
'Mid pleasures of earth, where affection held sway;
The joy of a mother she scarcely had known—
The sweet "bud of promise" scarce loved as her own,
Ere her spirit was called to a happier home—
The frail earthly casket consigned to the tomb.

The scenes of her household, how changed they appear—
The smile of delight is replaced by the tear;
There sad ones are grieving that her spirit's flown,
And sorrow is ling'ring, where hearts are made lone;
Where the bright flower faded, the tiny bud clings,
And 'mid trials oppressive, a new comfort springs.

For her who has passed to a happier sphere,
I would not be tearful, or cherish a fear;
But with those sad mourners who 'neath their grief bend,
Kind sympathy's tear in soft silence shall blend:
For a beautiful being has passed from their sight,
And the joy of their hearts is enshrouded in night.

There is one in that dwelling, in whose loving heart
Abideth a grief from all others apart;
Too sacred for utterance—none other may know
The depth of the fountain that's living below—
Save those who have mourned for the lost light of love,
And longingly wait for reunion above.

Each hour brings its sadness peculiar and keen,
Though the sigh is unheard, and the tear is unseen—
For when days early dawning first wakens the mind
To active emotions, and thoughts unconfined,
How deep is the sorrow the lonely heart feels,
As the truth o'er his memory suddenly steals.

The bright light of noonday no pleasure can bring,
But more clearly reveals the grief lurking within;
When twilight approaches, and nature is still,
The void in the heart no earth-treasure can fill;
Thus the hours as they vanish, each bring in their turn,
Fresh garlands of sadness from memory's urn!

Though bitter the draught which his cup now contains,
'Neath the surface are ling'ring bright, sparkling grains,
Whence spring up in beauty the choicest of flowers,
Blooming only to cheer, through the future's lone hours;
Their fragrance pervading his pathway while here,
Will his spirit prepare for a heavenly sphere.

'Mid sorrows and trials which visit earth's home,
Are ever rich blessings disguised as they come;
When the loved of our hearts—the dearest of earth
Have passed from our sight, and deep anguish hath birth,
There's joy in the knowledge the tie is not riven,
But "minist'ring angels" will guide us to heaven.

*Upton, March 9th*, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE RUSSIAN SERF.

BY NED ANDERTON.

Istwan Malakoff was a brave young Muscovite officer, just appointed to the command of one of the posts protecting the road to Georgia, which was cut through the middle of Caucasus, and infested by its savage population; for, though these hordes are nominally subject to the Czar, they are, in reality, wild, independent clans, and robbers by occupation.

The Tchetchengues—the most powerful and barbarous of these tribes—received secret information, by one of their spies, concerning the route Captain Malakoff was to take, laid in ambush for him eighty miles from the starting point, and attacked his small party with a force of several hundred men. Malakoff's Cossacks stood the surprise firmly, and for some time stoutly kept their ground, but the numbers were quite too disproportionate, and at length they were obliged to retreat, leaving their gallant commander in the hands of the robbers, who carried him off in triumph to their mountain fastnesses.

Malakoff's *denchik*, or military servant, had remained behind to guard the baggage, and arrived at the scene of the late conflict just in time to learn of his master's captivity. The brave, faithful fellow who was also his foster-brother, at once resolved to share his fate, and, following the track of the enemy's horses, reached their rendezvous at nightfall. His master received him with grateful acknowledgments, but the barbarians, unable to comprehend such devotion, treated it with derision.

After a few hours' halt, preparations were made to continue the march, when an alarm was given that the Russians were in pursuit. It was instantly decided that the band should be divided into small detachments, and each pursue a different route, thus hoping to distract the pursuers, and retain their prisoner.

Ten men on foot were appointed to conduct the captives, and in order that no traces of their flight might remain, Malakoff was forced to take off his iron studded boots, and, with his attendant, he was forced to proceed barefoot.

They avoided all known paths, and in consequence of the necessary circuits, the journey was rendered so arduous, that at length the wretched prisoners were incapable of walking from fatigue. Their feet were cut and swollen, and the savages, fastening belts around their waists, half dragged, half supported them to the first village of their settlement.

On entering the encampment, Malakoff was so reduced, that his ferocious guards were fearful he must sink under his sufferings. They perceived the need of more humane treatment if they would expect the large ransom they calculated to receive, permitted him refreshment and rest, and the following morning allowed him the use of a horse to continue his journey. But when they reached their destination—a distant village—they resumed the former savage severity. His feet and even hands were fettered, and in addition, a huge log was suspended around his neck by a heavy chain. He had not been long in irons, when one of the guards, who spoke Russian, entered the room where he was confined, and announced his fate without preliminary.

"My comrades want money; your ransom is fixed at ten thousand roubles. You have your choice between liberty or death; write to your friends and get the amount demanded, or prepare to encounter the vengeance of those who do not know the meaning of mercy."

So saying, he left the room, and did not return for several days. Meanwhile Malakoff's sufferings were steadily increased, to induce him to be more urgent in his solicitations to the Russian government. He was deprived of rest, and so scantily provided with food, that his health and spirits began to droop, and he looked upon death as a welcome release from misery.

At length the robber made a second visit, took the fetters off his right wrist, and putting a pen in his hand, commanded him to address a letter to government, supplicating his ransom, which the barbarian undertook to deliver to the Russian commandant.

The rigor of Malakoff's imprisonment was now slightly relaxed. He was given into the charge of a gigantic old man with a demoniac countenance, who felt the most intense hatred toward the Russians, by whom his two sons had been killed in a recent encounter. The widow of the elder one, as unprepossessing as the jailor, was the only remaining inmate of the cottage.

Weeks and months elapsed, but brought no ransom. In this time, however, Ivan, the *denchik*, contrived to gain the right side of the old savage and his daughter-in-law. His skill in cooking made him a very useful member of their establishment, and having some talent at buffoonery, the rough mountaineers were astonished at his surprising dexterity.

His Cossack hornpipe was the old man's especial delight; and his wonderful performances soon became public talk among the villagers. He was, in consequence, allowed to walk in the hamlet occasionally, where he danced and sung to the infinite amusement of the cottagers, acquiring by this means an intimate knowledge of their characters and habits.

The captives frequently formed plans for their escape, but unsuccessfully, as the vigilance of their jailor rendered every attempt futile. By degrees, however, this watchfulness relaxed, and old Ibrahim would remain alone with them for hours; still he always kept the key of their fetters about him, and if sometimes overcome by sleep, invariably started up at the least movement of his prisoners.

Malakoff received no answer to his repeated applications to the Russian government. The tribe, at last, losing all patience, threatened him with torture and death, and shortly exposed him to the severest privations again, and his health became feeble once more; but he was surprised that while he was subjected to the most distressing inflictions, his servant was entirely free from his fetters.

Accordingly the first time he was alone with Ivan, he inquired the reason. To his amazement, the *denchik* stated that he had submitted to the rite of circumcision, and become a Mussulman.

"I endured this degradation ~~to gain my own~~ liberty, that I may the better secure yours," was the faithful fellow's defence.

Ivan was now comparatively free, but the tribe still regarded him with suspicion, and distrusted the sincerity of his conversion. They remembered he was master of their most secret haunts, and had it in his power to betray them to the Russians. Besides, at their devotions, either through negligence or long habit, he was frequently seen to make the sign of the cross.

A few months after his feigned conversion, Ivan was prevailed upon to join a party of the robbers in an expedition to despoil a caravan from Mosdok. This was a scheme of the Tchetchergues to get rid of him entirely, without putting him to death, which, being a true believer, they dared not do. They resolved, instead, to shoot him during the attack upon the caravan, and give out that he fell by the enemy's hand.

Their plan was unexpectedly defeated, for on crossing the river Irek, instead of the merchants, they encountered a party of Cossacks, and immediately a desperate engagement ensued, which ended in the complete discomfiture of the robbers. In their hurried retreat Ivan was forgotten, and joined their flight unnoticed.

In repassing the river, one of the marauders missed his footing, and was swept down the stream.

Ivan plunged in after him, and although the Cossacks reached the bank, and fired at them, brought him safely to the opposite shore. This act of heroism gained Ivan one friend among the Tchetchergues, but only aggravated the general hatred. It was even insinuated that he had brought the Russian troops upon them at Irek, and they induced Ibrahim to entertain the same suspicion, and in order to guard against any new conspiracy, all intercourse between Malakoff and Ivan was prevented.

But in spite of the old jailor's interdiction, they managed to communicate. For his own gratification, the old man had allowed them to sing Russian songs together, and whenever the master had anything to inform hrs servant of, he sang it, accompanying the words with his guitar, and Ivan replied in the same tune.

Sometime after the defeat at Irek, the tribe prepared for an expedition against a neighboring horde, then under the protection of Russia; all capable of bearing arms, with the exception of the *denchik*, left the village in the night. As Ivan was returning to Strahim's cottage, he saw a young woman on the roof of a hut, who raised her veil, and making signs of danger, pointed towards Russia; he recognized the sister of the man whose life he had saved at the river, and did not doubt she was counselling him to escape.

On reaching home, the conviction deepened that now, during the absence of the villagers, a favorable opportunity afforded for effecting his own and his master's flight.

The watchfulness of Ibrahim rendered success somewhat doubtful; nevertheless, if he awaited the return of the robbers, it would considerably diminish the chances, and he therefore determined to make the most of the present occasion at all risks.

For some days Malakoff had been continually absorbed in fits of abstraction, having, at last, quite resigned himself to captivity and death.

Ivan, on this evening, was preparing his master's supper, and sang various Russian airs, to raise his spirits. In one of these songs he informed him that the men were all gone from the village, and expressed his determination to make a bold strike.

Ibrahim was in the cottage, and to the great annoyance of Ivan, the wily savage entered the room at dusk, and announcing his determination of sitting up all night to watch the prisoner, sent his stepdaughter, no less wily and savage than himself, into the next room.

"Curses on his vigilance!" muttered Ivan, stretching himself on the floor in a dark corner, and watching him attentively.

Opposite, in an open cupboard, hung a large hatchet. Soon Ibrahim began insensibly to doze, but started at the least sound. Ivan thought this a favorable moment to commence operations, and gently approached the cupboard.

The old jailor raised his head, and fixed his dark eye sternly upon him, but Ivan undauntedly advanced to the fire, yawning and stretching himself as if just aroused from a profound slumber.

Ibrahim's eyes relaxed into a gentler expression, and he desired a song from the Russian officer to keep him awake. Malakoff assented, and took the guitar. To the great delight of the robber, Ivan commenced the rapid movement and grotesque attitudes of a Cossack hornpipe. Malakoff shuddered when he saw him approach the cupboard and at one bound seize the hatchet, lay it down in the shade of Ibrahim's person, cross the chamber, and continue the dance almost in the same instant. He was so agitated, indeed, that he dropped the guitar.

Ivan, perceiving his emotion, smiled to re-assure him, and as Ibrahim started at the noise, dexterously placed the hatchet against the log on which the old man was sitting, and continued the dance.

"Play away, master," sung he; "all's well."

Malakoff continued. The robber suspected no mischief, and tired at length of the music and dancing, ordered both musician and dancer to cease.

Ivan approached his master as if to take the guitar, grasped the hatchet, and at one stroke, cleft the enemy to the chin, who instantly dropped dead upon the hearth, his beard blazing among the glowing embers. Ivan dragged the corpse into a dark corner of the chamber and covered it with a mat.

At this moment the door was suddenly opened, and the woman entered from the next room. By this time the fire was nearly extinguished, and there was but little light.

"What does this smell of burnt feathers mean?" she demanded, in an imperious tone.

Ivan raised the hatchet; she drew back her head, and with a loud shriek received the blow upon her breast. As quick as lightning the blow was repeated, and she fell lifeless at Malakoff's feet, who had rushed forward to save her from the destruction she had so unexpectedly met.

"Now, then, we are free," said Ivan, as he turned to his master, who stood speechless with agitation.

The *denchik* lit some straw, and examined the dead man's pocket for the key to Malakoff's fetters;—it was not there! He searched the corpse of the woman, and even the cupboard—but all in vain; the key was not to be found.

"What shall we do?" exclaimed Ivan, in despair.

"They probably thought my irons would never be taken off, and so lost the key as a useless thing," said Malakoff, with a sigh.

"Then, master, we must see if this hatchet will not finish the job," replied the devoted servant, trying to wrench the fetters off.

He succeeded in disengaging the ring from Malakoff's hands, but those which confined his feet resisted his severest efforts. At first they feared that all their past exertions were destined to avail them nothing, except a more cruel death than their imaginations could picture; but with partial liberty, Malakoff felt his old spirit revive, and he exhorted Ivan not to waste the progress already made.

Morning was close at hand, and consequently there was no time to lose. Ivan fastened the chain round his master's waist as well as he could, filled a pouch with the meat left at supper, and armed himself with the pistol and dagger of the murdered robber. Malakoff wrapped himself in the coarse cloak which had belonged to his late jailer; they silently quitted the cottage, and bent their steps in the direction of Moscow, but in order to evade pursuit, avoided the direct path.

At daybreak they entered a thick wood near the summit of one of the heights of the Caucasian chain. It was the end of February, and the snow being melted by the sun as it rose bright and glowing in the eastern sky, rendered their descent extremely slow and perilous.

They resolved, therefore, to continue in the forest until night should renew the frost, and make their journey less difficult and dangerous. A scanty meal from Ivan's pouch, with a handful of snow to quench their thirst, satisfied their hunger, and towards dusk they again pursued their journey.

After a long and dreary march, they reached a defile between two mountains. As the sun rose above the hills, its rays sparkling in the eternal snows that wrapped their summits, they attained the extremity of the ravine. Here the immense plain of Russia appeared below the horizon like a distant sea, and Malakoff's heart leaped at the sight. The fugitives sat down to rest themselves, and to enjoy the near prospect of freedom. But their difficulties were not yet terminated. A long and dangerous path still lay before them, and Malakoff's limbs were so swollen from the irritation of the fetters, that he could scarcely proceed.

At a little distance off the road they perceived a cottage, and boldly entered it. There were no signs of either tenants or furniture; but Ivan, knowing that these barbarians were in the habit of concealing their stores from the Russian soldiers, struck the floor in several places with his foot, and removed the earth where it sounded hollow.

Some flour and other eatables were discovered, from which, after lighting a fire, the *denchik* contrived to prepare a tolerable repast. He also succeeded in freeing his master's ancles from the fetters which had so sadly impeded his progress; here they flattered themselves they should enjoy the comfort of a night's rest before resuming their journey.

Alas, for their hopes! The distant trampling of horses' feet attracted Ivan's quick ear, and going out to reconnoitre, he was paralyzed to discover that it was the very tribe from which they had escaped, returning from the expedition, and doubtless they would select the hut for their night's quarters, its inmates having probably fled to avoid being plundered.

There was not a minute to spare, and Ivan hurriedly informed his master of their danger. Fortunately the fetters were no longer any obstruction, and in consequence of the brisk rubbing which Malakoff had been bestowing upon his limbs, they were become quite strengthened.

They left the cottage stealthily, sheltered by the twilight, and ran in the opposite direction from the unwelcome intruders; it happened that it was the route they desired to take, and they were soon out of sight.

But about a mile from the hut a deep and rapid river crossed their path. To attempt to swim against so impetuous a torrent would have been little short of madness. What was to be done? They could not remain where they were, for morning would discover them, as there was no hiding place on the bare, boundless plain.

In the midst of their perplexity, a horseman was seen advancing. Ivan drew his dagger and cocked his pistol. On a near approach the stranger proved to be one of the tribe, who was behind the party. In another moment Ivan fired, and the rider fell to the ground.

Seizing the horse, the travelers reached the opposite side of the river by his aid, but while dragging the animal up the steep bank, the bridle broke, and the horse perished in the stream.

Another vast plain now lay before them, which Ivan knew to be the territory of those Tchetchengues at peace with Russia. The night set in severer than usual; the cold was intense, and the extreme rigors of a Russian winter threatened destruction to the wanderers.

Malakoff was so overcome by cold and fatigue, that he sunk powerless upon the frozen earth.

"Ivan," said he, faintly, "here soul and body must bid farewell. Go to Enosdok, and tell my old comrades that you left me on this spot food for the vultures. Remember, you swore that the enemy should never take me alive. Put it at once then out of their power. You understand me?"

"There is still a resource," said Ivan. "I will secure you immediate shelter or perish. Should I succeed, I will return at once; should I fail, you have a pistol, and know how to act."

"Ivan, I have a last request. If I die, see my mother——"

"Master," interrupted the *denchick*, "if you die, I shall never see either your mother or mine."

After a short walk, Ivan perceived a solitary cottage, about four miles from the nearest village. He entered, and found the hardy tenant seated upon the ground, mending a pair of boots.

"My friend," said Ivan, boldly accosting him; "if you will do me a service, two hundred roubles shall be your reward; if you refuse, death shall be your punishment."

The *denchick* drew his dagger, but the peasant was not intimidated.

"Young man," he answered, quietly laying down his work, "I also wear a dagger in my belt, and do not fear you. If you have crossed my threshold as a supplicant for my assistance, the laws of hospitality forbid that I should harm you, but I consent to nothing rashly. State your wish."

Ivan now told him that he desired a temporary asylum for his master, who lay perishing at a short distance from his dwelling.

"Nurse him," continued the faithful servant, "and protect him from his foes, the mountaineers of your tribe, while I repair to Mosdok; in three days I will return with the reward I have named."

"I must have four hundred roubles for this service," said the man.

"You may demand four thousand, if you will," said Ivan, "but I cannot give one kopek more than the sum I first named."

"Very well, then; go your way and bring him here."

They shook hands in pledge of mutual confidence, and Ivan shortly afterwards led Malakoff to the peasant's hut, almost dead with cold and fatigue.

After seeing his master somewhat recovered, the *denchik* proceeded to the nearest Russian post, where was stationed a large body of Cossacks, among whom were the survivors of that brave band who had fought under the command of Malakoff, when he was made captive.

They quickly made up the required ransom, with which Ivan departed; but the commanding officer, apprehending treachery, ordered a troop to accompany him. This precaution had nearly proved fatal to Malakoff, however.

His host, perceiving the approach of the Russian troops, at once believed himself betrayed. With the ferocious courage characteristic of his race, he obliged Malakoff, feeble as he was, to mount the roof of the cottage with him; he then fastened him to a post, and leveled a carbine at his head.

"If you advance another step," he cried to Ivan, as soon as the latter was within hearing, "I will blow your master's brains out. I have also another bullet for the villain by whom I am betrayed."

"You are not betrayed," shouted the *denchik*, trembling with terror for his master's life. "Here is the ransom."

"Let those Cossacks depart, then, or I fire immediately," was the resolute reply.

Malakoff now entreated the officer to retire with his detachment, but the suspicious peasant would not permit Ivan to approach nearer. He ordered him to count out and place the roubles on the ground, at least a hundred yards from his cabin, and then to depart.

When this was done he descended, deliberately picked up the money, returned to the roof, and throwing himself upon his knees, entreated Malakoff's forgiveness for the severity which apprehension for his own safety had obliged him to adopt toward him."

"I have nothing to forgive," replied the Russian. "You have kept your word in restoring me to liberty, and I quit you with a blessing."

The peasant did not answer, but seeing Ivan reappearing, leaped from the roof of the cottage, and was out of sight in an instant.

That same day the brave *denchik* enjoyed the reward of his fidelity, by conducting his master in safety to his old friends and companions in-arms, and by receiving from the grateful Malakoff his emancipation papers.

He never quitted the service of the young officer, with whom he remained from choice, and many times afterward, when an old, white-headed man, he repeated the stirring adventure of their father's early life, to the bright-eyed descendants of Captain Malakoff.

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A Western orator having delivered himself of the following: "The glorious American eagle, which stands with one foot on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific coasts," he was unable to proceed any further. A by-stander jocosely exclaimed: "My friend, if you don't relieve him soon he will split open!"

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Written for the Banner of Light.

## AFFECTION.

Dost wish affection's liquid notes to hear,
With all their silken chords so sweet and low?
Affection blest, in reason must confide—
With judgment hold her converse day by day,
Her purest, highest mission to fulfill.
Her garland-wreath of ever-blooming flowers,
Is not alone with rose-buds all entwined;
The Amaranth's immortal hue and tongue;
The ivy, mantling death with verdure fair,
And emerald-robed hope, with smiling mein,
Is cherished there; her promise to unfold;
Memory, with fairy seal her kiss has given,
While all the sister charms their wealth confer.
Affection's balm the saddened heart demands;
But with the soul at peace, enriched in joys,
Her teachings elevate, with power divine;
And thoughts, responsive to the angel call,
Rear in the human heart a tower of strength,
All life to bear, each holy impulse guide.

Deem not the vanished hour a faded scene,
Lost in the joy eternity unveils—
It is a shrine, so dearly cherished, Love,
Where memory her treasures fondly stores,
And spirit-incense offers thee, dear one,
Thou art enshrined in holy thought and prayer;
No cloud obscures the beauty clustered there—
But radiant with the joy of life's bright morn,
It is the home of faith—of love's pure dream!
Its flowers with care I culture for our good—
Their fragrance sweet contentment yields to thee;
Its holy truths are culled thy path to strew,
That duty's call may find thee strong to bear,
And firm to do the will thy Father shows.
At midnight hour thy spirit feels our power—
Our whispers, then, in many sacred tones,
Are breathed afar through all earth's cloudy sphere,
And spirit-dew descends the flowers to cheer.
Peace with the morning light thy bosom fill—
The noon-day conflict passes with its thorns,
And evening's hour of rest or pleasant cheer,
Is hailed by thee as blest, bereft of fear.
So pass along earth's pathway to the skies—
The present with its duties, blest in faith,
The past a warning light of sins forgiven,
The future radiant in their potent spell,
With rainbow flowers of hope, their seeds have given,
And promises of peace on Canaan's shore.

Affection's garland-wreath, with hope and faith,
Shall all your joys entwine, your conflicts share;
When earthly elements dissolving lie,
Her cheering spirit-light shall round thee shine,
The darkness to dispel, all fear to chide.
Her murmurs soft and low, shall to thy ear
The balm of loving care and peace bestow,
And thou shalt know thine other being,
Blest in one great source of truth and love;
No more 'mid sin to roam, but onward strive,
Within thy soul perfection's law to trace.

Farewell! in faith we meet to part no more;
My voice hath still its echo in thy heart.
The sepulchre, with death's grave, silent calm,
Is ope'd to love—it's stone is rolled away—
And through its vaulted arch the triumph-song
O'er vanquished death and sin has caught thine ear,
And faith and hope now wait to lead thee on
To joys immortal, born of spirit-power.
Life's sleeping hour you gave to its repose;
But light and hope in spirit is thine own,
Forever full and free; no change to know,
Save as the fleeting shadows as they pass,
Are changed for things eternal in the heavens,
Given by our God to all who share his name—
The Canaan of his promise to fulfill.
On earth illusive as its dream appears,
The eternal city, founded by his word,
A spirit joy, a purpose all unveils,
Our God to justify—our spirits bless. A.

*Roxbury, Feb. 28, 1859.*

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Written for the Banner of Light.

## ABIGAIL THORN,

BY MADGE CARROL.

A woman, old and poor,
Gropes for her humble door
In storm and night.
Lo! morning's on the hill,
And, standing on the sill
Of that lone hut,
Behold! an angel bright!

It was night; a cold, bleak, winter's night. Great clouds were piled up in the sky, and round balls of hail were whirling down, covering all the highways with a dull grey sleet; while the cruel wind came swooping along, sharp and keen, not suffering even the humblest thing to escape its icy fold. Hugging to her breast an armful of wood, and a small loaf of bread, a woman, old and poor, struggled on through the storm and darkness.

A woman, old and poor! There was not a rent in her scant, thin garments, that the bitter blast did not seek out; and, seeming to know where her shoes were most worn, the frozen sleet crept in to her cold, cold feet. But she went along bravely for all that; talking to herself, striving with cheering words to keep alive the heart-fires that were well nigh dying out for lack of feeding. On she went, leaving the city's more sheltered streets for the open common, where, half a mile off, covered by night and storm, stood the lone hut she called home. How the wind toyed with her now! beating down upon her bent figure like strong wings, then surging up like heavy waves under her feet, almost raising her off the ground; tossing her backward with a rush of blinding ice, then with pitiless speed, urging her staggering on again. And all the while the cold seemed like a wolf's teeth, with burning pain gnawing at her heart-strings. Yet even in this fierce roar of battle with the outer elements, and of struggle with the failing powers within, the fainting soul turned heavenward in all the sweet reliance of inborn faith, in all that reverent love and truthfulness that uplifts to the Father

"The feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness."

Softly the old woman murmured to herself,

"All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

How long the way was! Many and many a winter night had she traversed that road before, but never had it seemed such an endless distance, or so bitter, bitter cold. She had been working harder than usual that day, and was so tired, perhaps that was the reason.

Long before she reached her own door, her numb lips refused to give utterance to the prayer that had lingered in her heart all the weary while,—the one star shining for her in all that darkened night.

"All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

A push against the rickety door, and staggering blindly to a chair, her garments sheeted with snow and ice, Abigail Thorn found herself at home. She sat a moment half-insensible, still holding fast the bundle of wood and the small loaf, then recovering slightly in the temperature scarce half a degree warmer than that she had just left, her frozen lips found feeble voice, and she tried to say, cheerily:

"Now for my one match; I must make a fire,—I'm almost perished."

Preparing the scant supply of kindling carefully, she attempted the lighting of it with still greater care, for sprinkles of hail were dropping down the ill-contrived chimney. With a vigorous scratch she managed to make the match flare up with a dull blue flame, then, as she hastily applied it to the light chips, a great hail drop splashing on it, extinguished the one frail spark!

"Father in Heaven!" exclaimed poor Abigail Thorn, in piteous accents, clasping her stiff, cold hands.

It was a prayer, a wild, plaintive prayer, breaking from the helpless, hopeless heart; then the wretched woman crept desparingly to her poor couch, and gathering its scanty covering about her, bowed her head humbly to that which seemed the will of the Father. Sweet scripture words, like broken music, linked in wandering, but harmonious measure, floated through her mind. Dear promises of help and comfort, came wafted in wonderful minstrelsy to the portals of thought, and held their station there like angels, to ward off doubt and fear. Dear promises of help and comfort, hundreds of years old, and familiar to all of us as a household story, but ever beautiful and new. "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shall not be burned; neither shall the flames kindle upon thee."

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod, and thy staff, they comfort me."

And ever—ever, as a sweet refrain to these psalms of consolation, came those lines breathing so much of prayerful trust and pathetic tenderness:

"All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing."

Darkness folded about the senses of poor old Abigail Thorn—the darkness of life, not the darkness of death; then gently and quietly she fell asleep. Some one touching her presently, she awoke; there was a soft, tremulous light in the room, and a man, noble-browed and kindly-eyed, stood beside her.

"Wake up," he said; "some one is coming to see you. See, I have made a fire, and spread the table; your guests may be cold and hungry, you know."

Sure enough, a glowing fire danced and crackled on the humble hearth, and out upon her own poor table was laid a cheerful feast. Just then a knock came at the door; her unknown friend went to open it, and there, right on the threshold, stood the husband of her youth—he who died long ago, the lost, but ever loved! The heart of Abigail Thorn was too full for any outward token of joy, but in deep, quiet, penetrating rills, it pervaded her entire being, when Reuben came and kissed her with pleasant spoken greeting.

Another knock, and then in came Reuben the younger; Reuben her first-born, entering in all the flush and joy of life, with the same dear, beautiful face he had turned back towards her the last day she had seen it thus—the fatal day that the dark water in one overwhelming torrent washed out its beauty and its life. He, too, came and kissed her; and next was admitted her dove-eyed daughter Agnes—the dear darling of her home, her sweet and willing helpmate, the third one that the angels called away. Then came Charlie, and Jesse, and Lulie, and Annie. Ah! seven times had her mother's heart been rent almost to the tearing asunder; seven times, for amid this little gathering from the gates of the Morning-land, stood a tiny creature, whose brief earth-hour had been too short to give it any name but "baby."

Oh! it was joy unspeakable—unfathomable—to behold them, one and all, assemble about the table, and bow their heads to hear their father's prayer, then commence the cheerful meal. No wonder poor old Abigail Thorn thought it surely was a dream, from which she would wake to the agony of slowly freezing to death! If it was a dream, the angels surely had sent it—her heart told her so; for what blessed reality attended it! Oh, what months and years of untold misery, spent in toil and loneliness, stretched between the wilderness of her present life and the flower-blooming paradise of days that had seen them thus bound together! One by one, they had left the earth walk; one by one, on this dearest of nights they had returned; and with their low, familiar converse in her ears, and the ruddy fire-gleams playing on the rough wall and rafters above her, she feared, tremblingly, lest one by one they should depart again.

The meal was over, and then Reuben, her husband, came and stood beside her, saying, as he laid his hand on her brow:

"Go to sleep, now, mother; we will watch beside you. It is now night; in the morning we will take a journey."

So, with the long lost, but newly found and ever loved, watching about her humble bed, Abigail Thorn fell asleep. Softly as the mother withdraws the clasp of her arm from the babe she puts to rest, so was the life, the spirit of Abigail Thorn stolen away from the tabernacle that had nursed and guarded it like a mother.

And in the earliest morning, while yet the stars shone undimmed by the dawning day, and when the mantle that had dropped from the cloud's dark bosom, lay white and still over the untracked field, they took their journey. And the burden of toil and loneliness never more rests upon the spirit of Abigail Thorn. She has drawn nearer the shadow of that loving wing, under whose sheltering fold the storm never beats.

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Cheap Barometer.—Dissolve some camphor in alcohol, and throw into the solution some soda. The camphor precipitates in snowy flakes, which are collected by passing the mixture through a filter; they are then collected and put into a vial containing a saturated solution of camphor (in strong alcohol.) The vial is then tightly corked and placed where it will not be disturbed, when it will prove an unerring index of the weather. In fine weather the precipitate rests on the bottom, but on the approach of the storm it will rise to the surface with a tendency to the quarter opposite to that from which the storm is coming, the flakes being affected electrically.

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The Elastic Egg.—Take a good and sound egg, place it in strong vinegar, and allow it to remain twelve hours; it will then become soft and elastic. In this state it can be squeezed into a tolerably wide-mouthed bottle; when in, it must be covered with water having some soda in it. In a few hours this preparation will restore the egg nearly to its original solidity, after which the liquid should be poured off and the bottle dried. Keep it as a curiosity to puzzle your friends for an explanation how the egg was laid in the bottle.

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## Pearls.

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

MARCH.

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon!
There's joy on the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!—Wordsworth.

That existence is surely contemptible, which regards only the gratification of instinctive wants, and the preservation of a body made to perish.—Linnæus.

Oh the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god as he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.
Moore.

That is not the best sermon which makes the hearers go away talking to one another, and praising the speaker; but that which makes them go away thoughtful and serious, and hastening to be alone.

If a soul thou wouldst redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God;
Wouldst thou a guardian-angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod?
Go kindly to him—take his hand
With gentlest words within thine own,
And by his side a brother stand,
Till all the demons thou dethrone.
Mrs. Sawyer.

He who knows how to study and be silent, to harden himself against his faults and bow to all events, to believe his heart and distrust his eyes, knows how to live and die.

Speak! and as melodious winds agreeing,
Flutter some Æolian harp above,
All the sentient fibres of my being
Tremble to those thrilling tones of love.

Smile!—and as the beams of morning render
Iridescent violets brimmed with dew,
So thy joyous glance responsive splendor
Wakes in tearful eyes that turn to you.

Sing!—and ah! my fancy spreading pinions,
Floats above the sweet, seraphic air,
Even as the soul to heaven's dominions
Soars upon the incense of a prayer!

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## SPEAK GENTLY TO EACH OTHER.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Please to help me a minute, sister," said little Frank.

"Oh, do n't disturb me," I said; "I'm reading."

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?" said Frank.

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I, emphatically; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

Frank was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a windmill, and as soon as he came home his energies were all employed in making a small one; for he was always trying to make tops, wheelbarrows, kites, and all sorts of things, such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with saw and knife, and now it only needed putting together to complete it; and his only sister had refused to assist him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened.

I thought of all this immediately after he left me, and my book gave me no pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother, and was generally kind to him; still, I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him, and afforded the assistance needed, but I knew he had found some one else. But I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

In half an hour Frank came bounding into the house, exclaiming—

"Come, Mary, I've got it up. Just see how it goes!"

His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance, so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him, and, sure enough, on the roof of the outhouse was fastened a miniature windmill, and the arms were whirling around fast enough to please any boy. I praised the windmill, and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy, and entirely forgetful of my unkindness, and I resolved, as I had many times before, to be always loving and gentle.

A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The jovous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room, with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten, and his muscles relax, and then hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of these deceitful calms in his disease that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said—

"I hear my windwill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked. "Shall we take it down?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "it seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better."

He mused a moment, and then added:—

"Do n't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me finish it, and you were reading, and told me you could not? But it did n't make any difference, for mamma helped me."

Oh, how sadly these words fell upon my ear! and what bitter memories they awakened! How I repented, as I kissed little Frank's forehead, that I had ever spoken unkindly to him! Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched his couch, hope growing fainter and fainter, and anguish deeper, until, one week from the morning on which he spoke of his childish sports, we closed the eyes once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart. He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but the little windmill, the work of his busy hands, is still whirling in the breeze, just where he placed it, upon the roof of the old woodshed; and every time I see the tiny arms revolving, I remember the lost little Frank—and I remember also the thoughtless, the unkind words!

Brothers and sisters, be kind to one another. Be gentle, considerate, and loving.

# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

Published at No. 3 1-2 Brattle Street,
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## EXPERIENCE.

Many are satisfied to call experience a mere accumulation of working facts, which the soul has somehow obtained and incorporated; we think it may better be styled *a test of our nature.* For we know nothing of a surety unless we have *tried it*, to find out if it have substantiality and value, or not. No man can take up with the theories of another man, and call them in any sense his own; they must have grown out of his individual wisdom first, or at least been assimilated by the close resemblance of his own experience to that of the author of the theories. There must at least be something entirely individual, or peculiar, in this matter, or it is not experience.

And what *is* experience? How can any one truly signify what he means by it? Everybody gets it, and it always costs; but no two obtain it after the same methods. Yet when once obtained, and as fast as it is obtained, it is esteemed priceless. Because everybody full well knows that it is a part of his or her nature, never to be put away again, and forever incapable of alienation. Do you suppose for a moment, dear sir, that without that sorrow of yours—which was a bitter sorrow indeed for you at the time—that your heart would have known so readily what was tender, and what was true, and what was pure in life, which every chastened heart learns in the end to cling to as comprising about all of character that possesses any reality? Or do you suppose, again, that had you not felt your heart inspired and filled with a feeling it never knew before, and which the world agrees to call Love, but at whose delightful dawn over your soul you seemed to, and really did, enter upon an existence broader and larger and freer than any you ever dared dream of before—do you suppose, we ask, that without this elevating, and expanding, and indescribable experience, which sent you searching out newly the fathomless deeps of your own soul, you would have been the man to-day that you feel and know yourself to be? Of course not. And yet this experience could have been got through no other soul but your own; it lived in no mere theory, and in no knowledge or skill which any other person could communicate.

Look over the whole history of the life, strangely chequered as it is with the joys and sorrows, the trials and the compensations, that have each come along in its appointed turn. A comprehensive retrospect, while it thus solidifies all past experiences into still a new form, imparts, as it were, still a new and larger experience to him who takes such a retrospect. Hence it is well to turn back from time to time, and study the entire map of our many and varied experiences; study it as a whole—here a lake of great happiness, there a torrent of impetuous and uncontrollable passion, now a high promontory of self-infatuation, or self-will, and now a green island, with a single fountain of pure delight bubbling up in the middle of it—in one place a stormy and tempestuous sea of temporary troubles, and in another a sweet and happy valley of domestic love and endearment, where the toughness of the fibre was perpetually kept moist and soft by the outgushing of a pure and never failing love, where life went as a delicious dream, and earth held out with full hands all the rich gifts it ever has to bestow.

And how, we should like to ask, could man advance, develope, *grow*, but through such natural—though at times apparently contradictory—methods as we are wont to call experience? All sunshine would bring no gain, because none of the powers of the soul would be called out. All happiness would, in fact, be *no* happiness, but rather misery. God knows best, and he dispenses according to the eternal and exact laws. We must have, in nature, heighth and depth, light and shadow, day and night, hill and valley, clouds and sunshine, the lurid lightnings and the arched rainbow with its bridge of colors. It is the same in the character; if all were even there, and level, without what seem at times to be dire contradictions and gross inconsistencies in God's law, there would be no life—only stagnation. Water would not sparkle, and leap, and dash, and run, but for the inequalities of surface; it is these that give it life and beauty. And just so with the nature of man. We live because of inequalities, and contrasts, and collisions, and obstacles, and even sufferings, but which, in the end, are not sufferings.

There are so many, if, indeed, they do not constitute the great majority of people, who fret at obstacles, as if there was something wrong in the very fact that they are disappointed, or opposed. But thus saith the law itself; and as soon as we resolve to recognize that law in full, and bow in obedience to it as to a radical necessity of our being, so soon we shall cease to find obstacles at all. And experience is but the road we are each of us traveling to the recognition of that great law. Some writer says there is one way by which we may conquer destiny, and become its master forever; and that is, by submitting to it without a question or a murmur. That is true. Hemmed in as we are on all sides by certain laws of external and internal nature, our lot cast in the society in which we happen to find ourselves—what avails it to fight against Fate by talking empty words about Free Will, or Predestination, when the problem may be solved in a much shorter way by simply accepting our lot and our surroundings. God had need of a soul just where he put your soul; and so you should joyfully—not submissively, only—perform your work, feeling sure that thus you are working with and for him.

This is the summit of all earthly experience, to have learned who and what we are, and what relation we bear to the great universe. It is only when men interpose with their petty preferences, that obstacles and opposition seem to arise; if they committed their souls to no permanent choice, counting on that alone to bring them happiness, they could find no such thing as obstacles, for whatever came would come only because it was sent—sent to aid in working out the great law. And it is solely to this end that men confess to disappointments to-day, and reverses to-morrow—that they may tutor themselves to master all obstacles and all opposition, till they have become, in truth, the masters of Fate itself. We are now hardly better than whining children, crying because we cannot have our own way; and that way based upon the veriest whims imaginable. A stern necessity comes up and administers correction; and after a time we grow wiser, see where we were in fault, and what this persistent correction means. And it is the attainment of this very knowledge—simple as it looks to us all—that we call Experience. How many lives are thrown away in learning its first and easiest lessons!

## PRAYING THE SICK TO HEALTH.

Under this title, Wm. A. Alcott communicates to the columns of the New York *Tribune*, an account of the manner in which a person of his acquaintance was restored to health by what will be called a miraculous power in these times, but by what, in Christ's time, was styled simply an act of faith. The account is so interesting, and is accompanied with such perfectly satisfactory proofs of authenticity, that we transfer it substantially to our own columns.

The story is as follows:—Miss P., an excellent young woman in Massachusetts, has been long confined to her bed by ill-health, and was "getting no better." She had tried many physicians, and used many kinds of medicine, but all, apparently, to no purpose.

During her long illness and confinement, she had often been visited by the Rev. Mr. R., who had as often conversed with her about the world and things unseen, and prayed with her. Still his prayer for her recovery, was not such, as she believed, would draw down the Divine blessing. It was not, she thought, that "effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous, which availeth much." It did not appear to her, to ascend higher than earth, the Divine footstool.

Finally, to test in her own mind, the real, practical efficacy of prayer, and determined to aid it as far as possible by her own act of faith, she applied to another clergyman, very well known, a pure and most excellent man, whose religion, was, indeed, a *life* with him. She laid before him frankly the state of her thoughts, assuring him that she firmly believed that prayer alone would cure her, if it could proceed from one who believed so, as well as herself. The idea was thus presented to his mind in a way it never had been before, and he walked home with his head and heart full of it. On the road, however, a new thought came into his mind. Might he not carefully seize the present opportunity for making an important experiment in metaphysics? Would the attempt be impious? Here was an individual with strong faith that his prayer would prove to be the heaven-apppointed means of her restoration to health—was he even at liberty to neglect it?

Surprising as it may seem, in a good man, he at length concluded to make the experiment. On reaching the bedside of the sick, therefore, he treated the request with much attention and respect, and only required of the patient, at most, a few days to think the matter over, and prepare his mind and heart for the task. This encouragement, no doubt, was a new and powerful stimulus, if it did not even check the tide of downward tendencies, and give an impulse in a right direction. After a long and consoling conversation, and a promise to call again soon, he left her. His absence was as great as he dared to render it, so as to make the most he could—for he knew something of the human constitution—of the recuperative powers of nature. It was three or four days afterward that he made his second visit. He found the patient nearly as before; for, though a skillful physician might perhaps even then have discovered favorable symptoms, they were not likely to be either perceived or acknowledged by her or her friends, when it was supposed *nothing had yet been done* which could promise an amendment. So little do mankind in general know of the power of the mind over the body! He contrived an excuse for delay once more, but it was of course trifling. In a day or two he was obliged to proceed to the work of attempting restoration, and all things were, of course, made ready.

There was on the occasion a good deal of parade, such as selecting a few choice friends to be present,—which proceeding, in fact, was but forming a circle,—turning the patient's mind to the importance of the subject, and giving such directions as were needful in regard to the cautious use of limbs that should be suddenly called from long sleep to activity. But when all postponement was at an end, he proceeded to kneel by her bedside, and to pray for her speedy—though by no means miraculous—recovery. This prayer was long, yet so personal and fervent as not to be tiresome, but quite the reverse. In a few minutes after he concluded, he inquired of the patient how she felt. She replied, instantly, "Much better." She was even inclined to get up and walk. She was persuaded, however, to be content with sitting up a short time on her bed, to do which, as it would seem, she was abundantly able. At the next effort, she walked with crutches, and in a few days she was about the house, and, indeed, walking or riding abroad. Her recovery was complete and very rapid.

Whether he ever revealed to her the fact that he performed all this as an experiment of the influence of the mind over the body, the writer did not inquire; but probably he did not. Indeed he is not certain that he had ever told the story to any one but Mr. A.; nor could he well believe it at the first. However, it was doubtless true, and furnishes a wonderful evidence of the general applicability of the oft-repeated saying of our Saviour: "According to your faith be it unto you."

To some minds, who regard praying—the old-fashioned, doctrinal, and, in fact, mechanical light, this will all seem impossible; and it is just those minds that never yet fashioned a prayer according to the fervent and overpowering impulse of their souls. They pray after certain forms, and only beg for favors; but this was praying with a faith in the efficacy of prayer, and could not go unanswered. It was an act of the soul, by which the body was told to rise and walk, and it obeyed.

## AUNT RUTH HEARD FROM.

Our readers will remember several messages from this spirit. We do not now recollect any corroboration of their having reached us for publication. L. Curtis, of Fisherville, Ct., now writes: "I have been very anxious to hear from Aunt Ruth again, knowing her to have had much trouble in this, our changing world."

## THE SCHOOL DIFFICULTIES.

Trouble has broken out in the public schools of Boston—the end of which it may not be so easy to foresee. About ten days ago, a pupil in the Eliot School refused to comply with the rules of the school, compelling the scholars all alike to repeat the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, and likewise to sing Old Hundred once each week. For this act of disobedience he was cruelly punished by the Sub-Master, according to the orders of the School Committee, with a ratan upon the naked hand; and since then his father has prosecuted the teacher in the city Police Court for assault. This act of rebellion was in consequence—so explained the boy—of his being instructed both by his father and by the priest, not to repeat the Protestant version of the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer in school.

Other pupils followed the example set them by this leader in the rebellion, and the result was that over three hundred were expelled from the school! The argument is, of course, that unless they can conform to the standing rules, they need not come to school at all; and, so far as it goes, it may answer very well. But there is another and a larger question than this to be settled; and that is, whether, under our Bill of Rights and our Constitution, any man has authority to compel any living soul, in this country, to subscribe to certain religious doctrines, or dogmas. While the laws stand, we agree that there is an end of all order in schools, unless they are thoroughly executed; but ought they to stand? That is the question.

We are met at this point by a reply, in effect that the very act of the priest is an act of tyranny; that he is seeking to use power against power. Agreed. Let it be understood, then, that there is to be no power, no tyranny, in the matter; but that all attempts to teach doctrines and dogmas, creeds and partialities in the public schools, are to come to a final end. Upon this platform all can agree; but as long as there is any room, as at present, for the introduction of theological quarrels, just so long will the efficacy of our public schools be fatally compromised.

There should be no more chance for tyranny on the part of the Catholic, than on the part of the Protestant teacher, or committee; and, in order to avoid this, the studies in schools should be only those that carefully avoid all connection with such a matter as theological doctrine. There is no *religion* about it at all, for if there were, so much bad blood could not be engendered; it is only a partizan feeling about religious matters, just as people get excited upon politics; but the theological excitement has always proved to be the most intense and dangerous. It is to be hoped that the recent unhappy differences may be arranged in some way; but we are convinced they never will be permanently settled, until they are placed on a different footing than what they at present stand upon. The priest was factious, no doubt; but was not the teacher cruel?

Revs. N. M. Gaylord, A. B. Fuller, Mr. Haskell and Father Haskins gave it their attention on Sunday. Father H. depreciated the course pursued by the Catholics, and intimated that the priest who advised it would probably cease to be connected with St. Mary's Church.

## SPEAKING IN TONGUES.

Judge Edmonds writes us that Mr. Greeley, of the New York Tribune, has generously placed at his service one column of that paper each week, for the space of ten weeks, in which the Judge is to discourse on the subject of Spiritualism.

This being the case, Judge Edmonds desires additional evidence on the subject of "Speaking in Tongues," to that contained in his "Tract No. 6," which treats of that phase of the phenomena of Spiritualism. He therefore requests the friends in all parts of the country to transmit to his address (J. W. Edmonds, No. 111 Trinity Building, New York,) an account of any instance in which a medium has spoken in a language not known to her at the time, giving details of time, and place of occurrence, and the names of persons present. We hope our readers will not be backward in answering this call. Anything forwarded to us will be sent to the Judge.

## REV. JOHN PIERPONT

Desires us to say that he will answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism. He may be addressed at Medford, Mass.

Mr. Pierpont has been lecturing for some months before Spiritualist Societies, but has not, until now, felt called upon to announce his desire to enter the field as a public lecturer on this subject. We need hardly say that Mr. P. ranks among our first poets, pulpit debaters, and temperance reform advocates, for the people are already aware of the fact. Where he has lectured on the new cause he has espoused, he has met with marked success. Prominently connected with the Unitarian ministry, he commands respect and attention, while his own powers as a debater cannot fail to make a deep impression on the minds of his hearers.

## FAIR AT EAST TAUNTON.

A correspondent at East Taunton writes us as follows: "Mr. John C. Cluer and daughter have been here and given us two lectures on Spiritualism. His daughter Susie recited, both afternoon and evening, and gave great satisfaction. We had very full houses—so full that some were obliged to stand. The friends of Spiritualism in this place think Mr. Cluer equal to any speaker that they have heard. He speaks good common sense. He will speak here again the last Sunday in March; he will also be at the Fair that will be held on Thursday and Friday evenings, 24th and 25th insts."

## GOING TO EUROPE.

Dr. H. F. Gardner will leave for England in the Steamship Arabia, on Wednesday, the 23d inst. He will visit England and France, and return about the first of June. His numerous correspondents, whom he has heretofore furnished with information upon spiritual matters, will govern themselves accordingly.

## "OUT."

Subscribers who find "out" written upon their paper, will know that this number terminates their term of subscription, and the paper will be discontinued. We do not wish to deprive any of our subscribers of our paper, who have not the means of paying for it at once; and if there be any such, we will continue it for a time, upon receiving notice to that effect. Now is the time to subscribe, and now is the time for each of our subscribers to add one name to our list.

Calumny may be defined, a mixture of truth and falsehood blended with malice.

## ANNIVERSARY OF SHAKSPEARE DIVISION.

The "Sons of Temperance" is a social organization, whose mission on earth it is to throw around the tempted the brotherly and sisterly influences of harmony and friendship, which may draw them in from the seductions of earth, to a life of purity, virtue, and temperance, and hold them there. Leaving the sphere of the legislator, who conceives temperance a subject for jurisprudence, or the designing demagogue, who mounts any hobby which will safely carry him into official power, the sons and daughters of temperance recognize their province to be individual effort, and personal influence—to make the world better by making mankind more susceptible to the finer feelings of their spiritual natures.

This organization throws open its gates, that all may enter its mystic circle who are willing to take upon themselves the obligations of Love, Purity, and Fidelity it imposes, and are found worthy the confidence of the fraternity.

No test of religion or politics is required—only integrity and morality. All are welcome, but they are expected to drop their peculiarities and eccentricities at the doorway, and pass its portals on a footing of equality with all, and blend their better purposes—better than all politicism or sectism under the heavens—for the good of mankind.

On Thursday evening, March 17th, the anniversary of Shakspeare Division, No. 46, was held at Sons of Temperance Hall, on Bromfield street, in this city. A large number of the members and friends of the order were there, and the healthiest spirit of harmony and happiness pervaded the entire assembly. At half past eight o'clock, after an overture on the pianoforte by Prof. Charles A. Whiting, of this city, JOHN PINKERTON MCKAY, the orator of the evening, was introduced by the W. P. of the Division, Charles F. Potter, Esq. Mr. McKay spoke as follows:—

BROTHERS AND SISTERS—At the request of the committee upon our annual anniversary, I take upon myself the responsibility of making a few remarks appropriate to the present occasion, first craving your indulgence for the seeming assumption in thus allowing myself to be forced upon your notice upon an occasion like the present, knowing full well that you hear sufficiently enough of me upon ordinary occasions, to wish that another might occupy my present position and your attention upon this. My remarks will therefore be brief, not only for your satisfaction and my own, but that others who may be called upon during the evening, will not have the excuse of insufficient time or lateness of the hour as an apology for silence.

And first let us take a slight, short retrospect of the past, reviewing the birth, growth, development and doings of the Institution whose first anniversary we are endeavoring to-night to commemorate. One year ago there met in this hall, upon hospitable and benevolent thoughts intent, a band of Brothers, united by one common tie, actuated by one common motive, their aim and object one common good, embarked in one common cause, "the cause of all mankind," their motto, brilliantly resplendent in all the geometrical beauty and perfection of its equilateral proportions, Love, Purity, and Fidelity, beaming from every eye, palpitating in every bosom, breathing in every respiration, stamping their every action with its indelible seal of "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Here met that noble, disinterested few, and here and then was laid the corner-stone of the fabric which it has become our duty to raise in all the beauty of its God-like proportions, until its pinnacles shall pierce the heavens, its fame extend throughout the world, and its foundation principles become acknowledged and accepted wherever reasoning, intelligent humanity has yet found a foothold. Here and then they met, and mutually assumed that solemn obligation of fidelity to themselves, to each other, and to the world, repledging themselves to the duties and requirements of our Order, and looking forward with bright and glowing anticipations of a useful and vigorous future for the bantling they were nurturing into life—the Phœnix over whose ashes they had so long mourned. The infant has grown slowly, yet steadily and surely; it came from a healthy and a vigorous stock, and, having survived the perils and trials incident to infancy, we feel warranted in a hope that it will yet reach a healthy, vigorous maturity. In the one year's trial of the experiment of resuscitating old Shakspeare Division, No. 46 of the S. of T., the experiment has proved a realization of the fond hopes of the originators of the movement, and young Shakspeare take her position proudly by the side of her sister organizations in the great and holy work.

True, some of her coadjutors have outstripped her in the race, and far exceed her to-day in numerical and pecuniary strength. For their brilliant success we give them all honor, and would not detract, even for our own advancement, one iota of their well-earned fame. We rejoice and glory with them in their proud superiority. We claim a part of their honors, and their fame, as adding so much to the common stock of our charity-fund of happiness, soberness, mental, moral, physical and pecuniary wealth, which it is the peculiar object and privilege of our order to disseminate throughout the earth.

Let what our contemporaries have done, the superior success which has attended and rewarded their superior efforts, be a strong incentive to a brotherly emulation of their bright example, of which they may well be proud. Instead of inciting a feeling of envy and depreciation in our minds, let it stir us up to a renewed energy in our labor of love, and I am confident that they will give us all credit, and award us all due honor, if, at the termination of another year, we stand side by side with, or even superior to them, in the amount of labor and of good which we have accomplished. Let our ambition be that noble ambition, or rather emulation, to see who can do the most and the best work, and best agree. We have not, however, been idle; we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon the result of our labors of the past year. Scarce an evening has passed without seeing new names added to our number—names of those who were before wasting their energies and prostituting their talents and influence in a servile bondage to a merciless tyrant, whose only return would be a lifetime of misery, and of irretrievable ruin. In addition to the few whose names are enrolled upon our charter, we have witnessed the induction of upwards of one hundred and eighty within the fold of our fraternal circle, the most of whom are still doing a good work, either in our own or in some sister Division. We have been the means, we hope and trust, of carrying hope and happiness and plenty and contentment to more than one sad fireside. The lessons taught, and the principles promulgated in this hall, have fallen in rich showers of golden rain upon the hearts of our sisters and brothers, keeping alive and ever active the divine principle of our being—benevolent humanity :warming our hearts and infusing into our bosoms a part of their holy teachings, and sending us out again from the sanctity of our Division-room into the busy turmoil of the world, better men and nobler women, stronger in our ability to cope with the temptations which beset and harass our every-day life, and in our endeavors to rescue others from the wiles of the destroyer.

Our meetings, with but few exceptions, have been the happy reunions of congenial spirits, breathing love and purity and unanimity through all the proceedings, and we might, each of us, exclaim, "It is good to be here," upon those happy evenings, when nothing occurred to mar the harmony or destroy the delightful spell of reciprocating pleasure and instruction which clung around those happy hours. Their remembrance will ever continue grateful to us, and it remains with us alone to cause their oft recurrence. Yet we must regret that it has not always been sunshine with us, and the recollection of those evenings when our accustomed harmony has been marred by angry feelings and hasty language, should be a wholesome warning to us so to conduct ourselves as becomes a band of brothers, bound together by the strongest of fraternal ties in Love, Purity and Fidelity. Bearing with, and forgiving any expression of irrascibility which may in some unguarded moments be displayed, and which, if met in a similar spirit, may result unpleasantly to all concerned, let us always be as ready to forgive as to be forgiven; for the same judgment with which we judge, shall be meted out to us.

During our short existence, it has pleased the all-wise and inscrutable Providence to remind us by a lesson which it was hard to bear, but at which we should not murmur or repine, that our lives are in his hand, and at his disposal; that our sojourning here is but transitory, its duration uncertain, and its termination irrevocable, and may come in a moment when we have least cause to expect it. Our hearts have been shrouded in gloom, and our hall with the outward expressions of a deep, a sorrowful, a heart-felt mourning. The Angel of Death has flapped his broad wing, and cast his dark and sombre shadow over our little band, and when it had passed, one of our number was missing—one seat was vacant—one voice was unheard—one heart was stilled in death—one pulse had ceased its vibrations—one soul had returned to its Maker. In the tearful sorrow of a broken and bereaved brotherhood, we followed the silent clay, so lately full of life and animation—so full of promise and hope, and anticipations of a long lifetime of earthly happiness and usefulness—now, now fallen and prostrate, cold and senseless, cut down in the first flush and bloom of manhood, in the spring-time of a life which promised so rich a harvest, even in the blossoms of his virtues, a ghastly feast for worms to batten on, to the dread chill and awful silence of the narrow house prepared for all the living. But our hearts arose again from their bended grief, when our minds reverted, prompted by the heaven-born instinct which fills our inmost souls, to the blissful yearning assurance of that heavenly futurity which awaits us at the close of our mortal stewardship, when our souls, refined and sublimated, and divested of the dust and dross, of earth again reunite in one perfect and indissoluble circle of fraternity, and we exclaimed, as with one voice, "Our loss is his gain." The name of CALDWELL still lives, and will ever live, bright and ever green, in our memories. His virtues and perfections will ever be treasured, and extolled, and emulated by those of us who knew and fraternized with him as a worthy and dearly loved brother. His spirit is ever present with us, rejoicing with us when we rejoice, and sympathizing with us, in our efforts and labors in the cause which he, with us, had so earnestly and so commendably espoused. Let us all so live, that, when our own summons shall sound, we may be found ready, and without fear, to descend into the dark vale of the shadow of death, and cross the gulf which separates us from those blissful abodes prepared from and for all eternity, the heavenly resting place of immortality.

We cannot leave our retrospection of the past, without a slight tribute to our lady visitors, who by their welcome presence and encouraging smiles, have done so much to render our connection happy and our labors effective. Woman, in whatever position she may be placed, whatever duties may devolve upon her, wherever her presence is felt, carries with her an influence which nothing else possesses, and which she alone can exercise; which is invaluable as a most powerful adjunct in every scheme of benevolence and philanthropy, and the positive effects of which are nowhere more pre-eminently apparent than when applied, in conjunction with our own efforts, in reclaiming our brother from the wilderness and rank growth of the deadly Upas of Intemperance, covering up, withering and blasting under its pestiferous shade all the healthy fruits of his nobleness, his manliness, the supreme dignity of his soul; making a waste of the fruitful garden of his intellect, and destroying his every capacity for benefit and influence to his fellows. Woman's radiant smile, her winning ways, her affectionate caresses, her suasive eloquence, her supplicating tears, her wealth of love, her refinement of soul, her susceptibility of character, her peculiar sensibility of heart, her clinging to man for support and protection, every outward development and inward perfection of her woman's nature, combine in distinguishing her as peculiarly and indisputably adapted to the sphere in which she moves when assisting us in our labor of love, of humanity, and of reform. Well have our sisters sustained the share of their burdens! Well have they acquitted themselves of the great responsibility which they have voluntarily assumed! Well have they employed their manifold gifts and womanly accomplishments, in rendering our meetings the happy re-union of a band of brothers, disenthralled from the spell of the brain-maddening cup, and restored, through their influence and their endeavors, to respect, to happiness, and to sobriety. Be it ours, then, to cherish and protect her in her dependence upon our sex; to administer to her comfort, her pleasure, and her honor; to be ever ready to support and assist her in her hour of need; to render her pathway of life pleasant and joyous, and to reward her many self-denials and patient submission to the flat of imperial man, in his boasted mental and physical superiority, by a free pass to our hearts, our persons, and our pockets.

The past is written never to be effaced; our past actions can never be recalled. Whatever good we have done or left undone, whatever ill we may have intentionally or unintentionally committed, we cannot now go back to repair damages, or to remodel our conduct. The future is before us in all its uncertainty; it looks bright and glowing, and full of promise to our eager gaze; no clouds darken the horizon,—no approaching storm threatens danger and destruction to our gaily gliding bark,—all is fair, and peaceful, and tranquil as a summer sunset; we feel hopeful, trustful, sanguine. Everything seems to give promise of a lengthened lease of prosperous success. Our hearts bound with the fresh blood of youth,—our loins are girded, and our sinews strung for the race—our anticipations already catch the golden hues of a happy, a glorious fruition; nothing is wanting to add renewed animation to our eager readiness for the onset. Let us hope and pray that the picture which our mind conjures up, prove not a fleeting shadow—a bursting bubble—a castle of air—without substance, and resulting in nothing.

With our glorious motto before us, let us press onward and upward in our calling, spreading wider and wider the circle of our fraternity, everywhere disseminating our principles everywhere making our examples shine, and our influence felt—the streams welling up from the fountain of love within our bosoms, penetrating and permeating the heart of every being, until that heart itself catches the divine contagion, and renounces the wine, turning away from strong drink. Let us labor zealously and faithfully; let us be constant in our attendance in the Division Room, and urge those who neglect that important duty, to neglect it no longer. Every brother's constant attendance is of vital import, not only to the ultimate success of our labor, but to his own personal safety. The surroundings of the Division Room, its ceremonies and sociability, are the necessary props and supports to his oft-endangered resolutions, and when he neglects their assistance, let him look well to his steps, or he may stumble. With a fixed and determined purpose of doing all the good which lies in our power to do—of equalling all and being excelled by none of our contemporaries in the amount of that good; with our hearts filled and overflowing with Love, Purity and Fidelity, let us move steadily forward until our purposes are accomplished, and our mission fulfilled.

"To our own selves be true,
And it must follow as the day the night,
We cannot then be false to any man."

Thomas M. Hunter then sung a temperance ballad, entitled "The Wailing Child," written for the occasion by George M. Dowe, Esq., and set to music composed by Wm. A. Field, and dedicated to Shakspeare Division. (Published next week by Ditson & Co., Washington street.)

John G. Whittier, of Amesbury, Mass., having been requested to write an ode for the occasion, furnished the following lines, which were read to the meeting by George E. McNeill:—

### TAKE BACK THE BOWL!

Take back the bowl! Take back the bowl!
Reserve it for polluted lips;
I will not shame my human soul
With folly's foul and dark eclipse.

And what if I am poor indeed,
And troubles, wave-like, o'er me roll,
I have, God knows, the greater need
To say as now: Take back the bowl!

An honest heart, an open brow;
A stainless soul are left alone;
I will not break in madness now
The only staff I lean upon.

I dash the sparkling charm away,
I spurn the Tempter's base control;
God gives me grace and strength to say,
Take back the bowl! Take back the bowl!

Miss Anna M. Granger sung a cavatina from "Robert la Diable," and was warmly encored, after which the poet of the evening, JOHN WM. DAY, was introduced, who proceeded to read the following

### POEM.

The night came down o'er the Trimount strand,
And our watch-fires blazed o'er the ocean foam,
From where the founts of BETHESDA stand,
To the wave-washed ISLAND HOME!
Bright shone the stars o'er the CRYSTAL WAVE!
Far SHAWMUT heard the ATLANTIC roar—
And the camp of NEPTUNE its answer gave
To the light of the KOHINOOR!
Proud MASSACHUSETTS wheeled in line,
OLD BAY STATE marshaled her ranks afar,
And SAFETY'S ARK bade her bivouacs shine
By young CALEDONIA!
The CRYSTAL FOUNT, with a parent's pride,
Looked with eagle eye from the firm-browed van—
And FIDELITY spread her host beside
The fearless AMERICAN!
Where LIBERTY TREE bade storm-winds swerve
The troops of the Bard of Avon filed—
And the crimson plumes of the GRAND reserve
In the dying sunlight smiled!

Low drooped our flag at the evening's close,
Slow rose the notes of the parting hymn—
And our wearied legions sought repose
By the gates of the dream-land dim!
A new recruit in the Temperance power,
I gazed abroad 'mid the sleeping bands,
And pondered the mighty purpose o'er
That had nerved their valiant hands,
Till the scene was changed—and slumber bound
My thoughts by the charm of her soothing spell,
And a vision strange girt my spirit round'
With enchanting music's swell!

I seemed to stand on a mountain vast,
Whose summit pierced through the lowering cloud—
But the mist-wreathes whirled round its bosom, fast
As seas by the firm land bowed!
I heard a voice, and a shining one
From a higher world looked calmly down—
Bright as the smile of the glowing sun
Beamed the light of his starry crown!
He said: "Oh son of the lowly earth,
As the sage saw Canaan's vales expand,
So in *thy* heart shall high joy have birth—
View *thou* the promised land!"
Changed was the scene—far o'er life's ford,
Where the Tempter spread his streams of fire,
The song that at eve we feebly poured
Was caught by the angel choir!

I saw, through the mists of future years,
The ranks of our Order firm armyed—
And a glory from the upper spheres
Round our floating standards played!
With joy I gazed, but the vision fled,
And a form descended from heavenly plain
Clad in the mystic robe of red,
Holding forth a golden chain.
"My name is LOVE," she serenely said,
As she bound my soul with the glittering band;
"High is my place in the worlds o'erhead,
But *earth* is my chosen land!
I hold all tribes by the music soft
That flows from the links of this mystic tie—
And the highest mind hath bowed full oft
'Neath the might of my minstrelsy!

She vanished—and on from lands afar,
Wrapt in the folds of a fleecy veil,
Crowned with the evening's vestal star,
Slow glided a spirit pale!
She whispered, "PURITY is my name—
My followers bow at the holy shrine
In nature's temple, or sacred fane,
To worship the power divine!
She passed—and I saw an angel form,
In glittering helmet and cuirass stand;
Low at his feet quailed the muttering storm,
While the breeze his blue pennon fanned!
"My name is FIDELITY," he cried—
I lived in the breast of the noble few
Who scorned the wrong, and for freedom died,
In the years of earth's morning dew!"

He was gone; but a brilliant rainbow spanned
The deepening vault of the upper sky,
And I saw my guide 'neath its portal stand,
And point to the light on high.
"Mortal," he cried, "as these colors bright
Live in viewless air through earth's every zone,
So let the powers thou hast seen to-night,
Rule thy trembling soul, alone!
When the storm is hushed, and the golden sun
Looks forth once more through the severing cloud,
The refracted air he shines upon
Spreads forth this ensign proud!
So live, that when worldly storm-clouds rend,
The Eternal's eye in thy soul shall see
The prototypes of these colors blend—
Love, Truth, Fidelity!

The forms which thou this night hast seen,
Rest not while mortals watch and weep;
But useless *one* with majestic mein,
If the *other* distant keep;
For Love, untempered by Purity,
Will lead man's soul to the gates of Sin—
And bereft of Truth, Fidelity
Will fight that the Wrong may win!"
Changed was the scene—I starting woke,
'Mid the stir and tramp of our rising band;
For night was past, and the morning broke
O'er Maverick's smiling land!
Comrades! oh may the future find
Graven on our banner's mystic three—
"Not one alone, but the whole combined,
Make the spirit *truly* free!"

When the Persian lords, at the pilot's word,
Leaped forth from their bark, the king to save,
The monarch a chaplet bright conferred
On him who the order gave,
And said—"I grant thee this golden crown,
Who hast saved thy king from the hungry deep—
But thy head must fall, ere the sun go down,
For the braves who 'neath Euxine sleep!"
Oh! fame is like to the pilot's crown—
We spend our lives for its glittering prize,
And when gained, it but sheds its splendor down
On the sleeper's dreamless eyes!
Great is the power of man's mighty deed,
But greater the soul, that in trial's hour
Can rein the sweep of the passion-steed,
And rule by its inward power!

Oh, ne'er shall his fame, whose name we bear,
Fade 'mid the shadows of passing time!
Till man grow deaf to true Nature's prayer
He shall honor the power sublime,
That bade the Italian myrtle, warmed
In the sunlight, bend o'er Juliet's pall—
Or fired the soul when fierce Harry stormed
Through red Harfleur's trembling wall!
That breathed in Prospero's solemn strain
That told of dissolving earth and sky—
Or burned in Prince Hamlet's throbbing brain,
As he longed from himself to fly!
Or told how the warrior-trumpets pealed,
When the White Rose blushed with a crimson stain,
And Lancastrian pennons held the field
Where the "Royal Boar" lay slain!

Oh! long as that fadeless name shall last,
May our banners float o'er life's sloping hills;
Oh, bright is the lesson the glorious past,
In the fainting mind instills.
"Be just, and fear not!" our legend grand!
May it sit in each heart, by Reason's throne;
It will guide us safe through the weary land
Where the Tempter's wiles are strown!
No mortal may reach perfection's sphere—
The strongest heart may sometimes fail;
May we greet each fallen brother here,
And with kindness hear his tale.
For *love*, not fear, is our ruler sweet—
May we ere prove true to its golden line,
And our children's lips shall the deeds repeat
Of the glorious "auld lang syne!"

Friends, as we gather with festive song,
To hail the return of our natal day—
And the eye with pleasure sweeps along
The files of the bright array—
'Mid the whirl of joy, for a moment pause,
And renew once more the solemn vow,
That when years are flown our sacred cause
Shall be dear to the heart as now!
As barks that slow over sunny seas
Float side by side in converse fair,
Then spread their wings to the favoring breeze,
And on distant courses bear—
So sail we o'er life's flashing tide!
A few brief hours, and this scene is flown—
May its light with each parting spirit bide,
Till it shines in the Father's Home!

"The Marseilles Hymn" was sung, in costume, by Edward J. Smith, and short addresses were made by Isaac W. May and John C. Cluer. At ten o'clock dancing commenced, to the music of Balch's Quadrille Band, and continued till about one o'clock in the morning of Friday, when all sought their happy homes—made happy by the maintenance of those principles of Love, Purity and Fidelity.

Banner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

Office, No. 5 Great Jones Street.

## An Old Spiritualist—No. 4.

In our last number, we indicated that we should withhold the final conclusions arrived at by the four years' circle, until after recording the various phenomena which has been witnessed elsewhere by Phœnix and his friends, as many of these phenomena, and the conclusions drawn from them, might materially assist in the promised elucidation, and prevent useless repetition. Phœnix has always made it a rule upon hearing of any well accredited phenomenon, to pack his trunk and see it personally, no matter at what distance from home it might occur; and he now states that he has seen all he has heard of, except the answers to communications said to be given on the surface of the arm of a lady at Rochester, the blood finding its way to the surface and immediately under the cuetis, and arranged in the form of letters. He is sorry, however, to be compelled to say, that after having sat with many more than an hundred mediums, he has seen but very few whom he has not known, at times, to practice deception, and still these very deceivers have occasionally been the mediums of communications, manifestations, etc., over which they could have had no intentional control. We propose to give only one manifestation of the class, and not to record the hundreds he has described to us. An old friend arriving from Boston, was desirous of seeing some manifestations. He went with him to a public medium in New York; after introducing him by the name of Jinkings,—which was not his real name—the following communication was received in reply to the usual question: "Is there any spirit who wishes to communicate with my friend?" An affirmative was given. Martha B——d, (the latter being the real name of my friend,) was spelled out. Being acquainted with his wife, who is now living, and his only child, as Phœnix supposed, he asked relationship, calling over all known relations, except wife and daughter, and receiving a negative to each. It was then spelled out, "His wife." "Did you leave any children in the form?" "Yes, nine." The names were all given; places of birth, of death; diseases, ages, etc. The last one named was Thomas B——d, Jr., said to have died in California, the July before. All this seemed mummery to Phœnix, and he and his friend, Mr. B——d, went down to the street. He said, "B——d, you may well laugh at all this; I can readily see it is all false, but I cannot imagine how that girl learned your name." He replied, "Every word is true. The wife, you know, is my second wife." I then said, "Is it true as to the children? Did you lose a son last July in California?" He answered, "Yes; he was my eldest son, and was thirty-five years old. He had been absent many years, and most of the children named died before that medium was born." B——d then insisted upon visiting other mediums, and did so the same day; the communications were accurate, or nearly so, with all of them. At the room of one of these mediums, B——d and Phœnix were requested to lift a table from the floor, and to hold it if they could. The medium then asked the spirits to take it away from them, and, despite their best endeavors to hold it, the table was wrenched from their grasp by unseen means. These two classes of phenomena Phœnix states he has seen so many times, that to dispute their truth would be idle. On another occasion he called on a gentleman who informed him that Dr. Gordon, of Philadelphia, while on a visit at his house, was lifted to the ceiling many times, and carried the length of the room, then dropping to the floor. He asked who was present. Having ascertained their names, he called upon them, and asked each in turn, "Were you at the house of Dr. ——, when Dr. Gordon was there? and if so, what occurred?" Each separately gave the same account, and substantially alike. Phœnix went to Philadelphia, called on Dr. Gordon, and asked him if he had been lifted to the ceiling at Dr. ——'s house. He replied, "I don't know. I was told so by the gentlemen present. I was in a trance state, and therefore cannot tell; but this thing is said to have occurred frequently with me elsewhere." A gentleman present stated that he had been a patient of Dr. Gordon's for two months, during which time he slept in the same room with him, and had frequently seen him lifted out of the bed at night, turned round in the atmosphere, and replaced in the bed.

Phœnix slept in the same room with Gordon two nights, but no such thing occurred in his presence. Shortly after, however, Gordon came to his house, was there entranced, and, in the presence of himself and many friends, was lifted to the ceiling, and carried along for a considerable distance. This occurred twice. He satisfied himself fully that Gordon was suspended in the atmosphere by some unseen means. He took hold of his coat, pulled, and found him spring-like in his upward tendency. He passed over the heads of all the company, and fell on the floor at the further end of the room. Gordon was in a trance-state at the time. Phœnix passed a finger over the ball of Gordon's eye, which was wide open, and he did not wink, or show that he felt the slightest sensation. On presenting a strong light in front of his eye, no contraction of the pupil occurred, nor any dilation on the removal of the light, both of which are sure to occur with any one in the normal state.

During the same evening many physical manifestations occurred. While all were seated around a table, Phœnix shut the door, so as to exclude all light. Instantly there was a loud noise; he threw the door open and found all the *bijouterie* in the room had been simultaneously placed upon the table, and arranged thereon in exact order, as much so as a confectioner's window at Christmas time. He was convinced that no one left their seats, and that this could not have been performed in a light room, by any one individual, in fifty times the time occupied. Many other minor incidents occurred, but of such kinds as have frequently been reported as having occurred elsewhere.

In another sitting with Gordon in Philadelphia, he placed a blank piece of paper with a pencil in a drawer, and closed it; shortly after he opened the drawer, and found a response to a mental question written thereon. In Washington City, Phœnix attended a circle where a communication was given at ten o'clock P. M., purporting to be by a spirit, said to have been sent by a circle, then being held at the Erving House, New York, and agreeing to report to that circle the names of the parties at the circle in Washington, giving, at the same time, the names of all the parties composing the Erving House circle. This afterwards proved to be true to the letter, notwithstanding that some of those at the Erving, and half of those in Washington, were accidental visitors.

While in Washington, Mr. S. of New York and Phœnix sat at a table in their room at the National Hotel, and each wrote a page on a letter sheet, but without reading what the other wrote. This was placed in an envelope and sealed; they then went to the house of Mr. L., where they had been invited to witness spirit manifestations. They had heard that Miss L. could sometimes read sealed letters, and agreed with each other to take turns in watching her and the letter after their arrival. They found Miss L. seated at a piano placed in the middle of the room, and on presenting this letter, with the request that she would read it, were told to put it upon the piano. They did so; and one or the other of them kept his eyes upon this letter during the whole evening, or at least until the young lady sat down and wrote out the entire contents. They brought away their original letter unopened, as well as the written copy. On returning to their hotel, they critically examined this letter, and found the copy to be literally accurate, even to the accidental mis-spelling of one of the words. This writing occurred in the presence of several Senators, Members of Congress, etc.

While at the house of Mr. L., they saw the piano dance and move in time to the tune which was being played upon it by Miss L. Four gentlemen suspended themselves on the four corners of the piano, and still it continued to move, keeping time with the tune, and frequently but one of the legs on the floor. The piano and the weight of the four persons upon it could not have been less than a thousand pounds, and it would have been impossible for the young lady while playing, or at any other time, to have lifted it with its load. Phœnix says he has since seen the same young lady, in New York and elsewhere, perform the same phenomena.

On another occasion, having heard that Miss L., when in the trance state, could support a heavy ring in the atmosphere, by holding her hand a foot or more above it, he asked for this manifestation, and also asked that the spirit controlling her should, through her, explain the means by which it was done. The spirit, or the medium for him, claimed to be Dr. Franklin, and that if a ring should be placed on a piece of silk on the top of the piano, and her hand held above it for a time, he would cause it to rise and remain suspended in the atmosphere beneath her hand. He claimed also that every substance in nature had rarer-media peculiar to itself, which, for simplicity, he should call electricity, although this term would not precisely describe it; that gold had its own peculiar electricity; that the human body, with its spirit included, might be viewed as an epitome, not only of all the substances in nature, but of all the rarer-media; and that the particular instance then before us, had some exceptional peculiarities, which would enable him to cause a current analagous to that which passed between a magnet and its keep, to affect the gold ring, the medium's hand being viewed as the magnet, and the ring as the keep, or the object acted upon. Miss L. moved her hand some twenty inches above the ring, for at least ten minutes, when the ring began to rise; she walked about the room with the ring suspended under her hand, and with her eyes closed. Occasionally she would throw her hand above her head, and the ring would fly off among the furniture; she would walk directly to where it was, place her hand above it, and the ring would rise and follow the hand.

Phœnix at one time observed, or thought he observed, a black string or hair from the hand to the ring, and so stated. He was directed to pass his hand between the ring and the medium's; he did so, and found no intervening connection; the ring simply dropped upon the floor, and when the medium lowered her hand within twenty inches of the floor, the ring again rose and remained suspended as before; the medium stating that the current of electricity between the ring and the hand refracted the light so as to form the appearance of a hair or line.

Phœnix is willing to admit that all these manifestations may be jugglery; but if so, he claims the exercise of natural laws, on the part of the pretended mediums, not generally understood. He would further claim, that if this latter hypothesis be admitted, it is much more astonishing, and less easily understood, than by adopting the rationale offered by spirits, which will be given in a future letter. The next letter will contain a continuation of manifestations, many of which are of a character entirely and distinctly different from those already given.

### Trouble in the Catholic Ranks.

Dissention, the result of a fickle superiority, has crept in, or rather crept out, in the Catholic Church, and the public are being slightly posted up in regard to the matter. It seems that Alfred J. Dayman, now ex-vice pastor of St. John's the Evangelist, has been for some time past refreshing the ears and opening the hearts of his hearers, through the medium of a series of discourses on the "Pains of Hell." It seemed that it went on swimmingly as long as the application of his efforts was confined strictly to his own flock; but on using the oft-quoted expression of St. John Chrysostom, trembling, as he says, most of all for himself, that "Hell is paved with the skulls of bad priests," he touched rather too high in the scale. Thus on the following morning after making use of that scathing sentence, he received a letter of suspension signed † John, Archbishop of New York, which letter received at the hands of the suspended a sharp personal reply, portions of which we clip from the Herald:

> I, the undersigned, in behalf of myself, as also of each and of all those who are groaning under thy inhospitable rule, advocating, moreover, as I do, the cause of Jesus Christ himself, will hereby invoke against the oft-abused exercise of thy most sacred authority over this church of New York, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the power, the might, the eternal and irrefragable sanction of all right, those very laws which thou hast violated.
>
> We deny that thou hast any right or power to slander and calumniate us as thou hast most cruelly done, or to cause us to be slandered or calumniated by the tongues of the children of Belial, as thou hast also done in mocking at my voluntary poverty, on Sunday last, and thus saying to your brother "Raca," and towards the Rev. Father Descamps, by attempting to destroy his influence with the people, charging him with "being out of his mind," and saying thou "fool." Oh, cruel word!
>
> We deny that thou hast the right to imitate the bad example of the impious Diotrephes, whom St. John condemns in the same letter. See what he says—Anathema Diotrephianis!

And much more of the same severe style, which goes so far as to deny the holy John the right to do anything wrong—anything that has more of mammon in it than character—anything that reflects upon self, rather than to walk humbly before God. Mr. Dayman has been bold, and his ignorance alone of the iron rule of those to whom the See has given power without justice, accorded good, while yet not so, has lost him his guard over his flock. But so long as men throw aside the divinity of self, and go crouching to authority for salvation, without individual effort, so long will the world be the stage for puny theological wars.

### House Hunting.

In the country, May is the month of flowers. May!—as we speak the word, we fancy a thousand scented buds about us, and, if very imaginative, might not be surprised to find ourselves in a delightful reverie, in which we had run wild over green fields, through clustering woods, or sat musing beside the serpentine brooks that gurgle and ripple away underneath the thick willows.

This, however, as fine as it may be for broad fields and emerald hills, is not a whit like city life; and May in New York means, instead of violets and roses—move, move. Thus, as it nears, visions of long tramps in search of unoccupied edifices arise; and everywhere almost, one's eyes are greeted with associate ideas in these first flowers—the violets of city life, blooming on doors and windows—the words, "To Let."

One of the greatest evils attendant upon this spring-time of city life, especially when one occupies a house on whose front are the ominous words, "To Let," is the constant calling of prying, inquisitive women, who manifest no more politeness in their "looking over the house," than as though they had never lived in a civilized community.

Parties who conduct themselves in this manner, generally consist of gadding, gossiping feminines, who think no more of taking either one of the dozen or twenty houses visited by them in a day, than they contemplate an excursion to the moon—perhaps not so much.

But we have no house to let, and "if all be true we've heard" of lady visitors, and their lack of etiquette during these investigations, we propose to wait until we are suitably married. Then Tartar may meet Tartar.

### Crinoline and Broadcloth.

Broadway is one vast panorama of beautiful, bright faces, and will be so as long as this heavenly weather continues. Exquisite habiliments, with an unquestioned amplitude of crinoline, also are presented, each attracting no little attention, especially the latter. It is a matter of some importance to those gentlemen who frequent Broadway on these beautiful afternoons, to understand navigation, at least sufficiently to insure themselves from being frequently lost in the mælstrom of silks and laces.

Some enterprising individual might do well, *perhaps*, to engage a certain number of the large windows that line Broadway, and rent them during the day to those who wear broadcloth, for it is every day becoming more and more difficult to navigate on the fashionable side of that great thoroughfare.

### Items.

Our friend, "The Telegraph," did not make its welcome appearance until last Friday afternoon, owing to a delay in their invoice of paper, which is manufactured especially for them. It is out now, however, looking as well as ever with its usual fund of readible matter.

Mrs. Spence, better known as Mrs. Britt, is to lecture some two or three evenings this week at Clinton Hall.

Rev. Mr. Longfellow occupied the platform on Sunday week at Dodworth's.

S. T. Munson has become the proprietor of the plates of Vol. 1 of Cora L. V. Hatch's discourses; and also of the pamphlet edition of Faith, Hope and Charity, a lecture delivered by Mrs. H.

We had Vice President Breckenridge here for a number of days last week, at the New York Hotel.

## The Busy World.

Contents of the Banner this Week.—*First Page*—A Brilliant Discourse from Rev. Dr. Chapin; Story, by Frederic Orton, entitled "The Cigar-girl of Havana." *Second Page*—Poetry, by Mrs. B. L. Corbin; A Story, by Ned Anderton, entitled the "Russian Serf." *Third Page*—"Affection," an original poem; "Abigail Thorn," a touching story, by Madge Carrol; Pearls, etc. *Fourth and Fifth Pages*—Editorials, Correspondence, Items, Reports, etc. *Sixth Page*—Messenger Department, Correspondence, and Letter from Philadelphia. *Seventh Page*—Public Press articles: "The Trance," by "Inquirer;" "Communion between Heaven and Earth," by B. S. Lamkin; "My Ideal," by La Roy Sunderland; "The Comforter;" "Nuts for all to Crack," and "The Wheat and Chaff of Spiritualism;" Letter from Warren Chase; Movements of Lecturers. *Eighth Page*—Beecher's Sermon, continued from our fifth page.

☞ "Ludovico; a Venetian Story," is the title of a sketch to be published in our next. It is written by a gentleman of Boston, of eminent literary attainments.

Mrs. J. W. Currier will lecture in Foxboro', Mass., April 3d; Westerly, R. I., April 5th, 7th, and 8th; Milford, N. H., May 15th.

F. L. Wadsworth will speak in Worcester, Mass., Sunday, March 27th.

Meeting in East Stoughton.—H. A. Tucker will lecture in East Stoughton on Sunday, March 27th.

H. P. Fairfield, well and favorably known throughout New England as a highly developed trance-speaking medium and clairvoyant healing physician, having just returned from his western tour, is now ready to answer calls to lecture Sundays and week-evenings wherever his services may be required. Address, Greenwich Village, Mass.

Dr. E. L. Lyon may be addressed at Lowell until further notice.

The New Orleans Courier, in speaking of the death of a beautiful young girl, says that in her expiring moments she whispered the following words:—"Hark, the sky is full of music! It is the angels; they come into the room; they come into the room; they come around the bed. Oh! it is brother, cousin, aunt, and many, many more. I come."

The Spiritual Clarion is a journal of distinctive and harmonic Spiritualism, published every other Thursday, at Auburn, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Clark, editors; Miss Mary Jane King, assistant. One dollar a volume, or fifty-two numnumbers.—The Spiritualist Register for 1859, gives the facts, philosophy, and statistics of Spiritualism, names of speakers, mediums, etc. Mailed free of postage. Fourteen for one dollar, ten cents single copy. Uriah Clark, Auburn, New York.

☞ J. V. Mansfield, medium for answering sealed letters, is to be found at his old office, No. 3 Winter street.

The Postal System.—All special mail agencies, seventeen in number, have been discontinued, and the order granting compensation out of the postage, affecting some eighty postmasters, has been revoked. It is understood that the Postmaster-General has threatened to resign unless an extra session of Congress is called.

The Banner of Light can be obtained at the news' depots in Newburyport. We have frequently requested our readers to patronize the news-dealers, and thus encourage them in keeping the Banner for sale. We would rather have them adopt this course, than have their papers forwarded by mail.

"Affinity."—There is a town in this State named *Dedham*, and one not far from Boston nicknamed *Pig*-ville!

Another railroad accident occurred between Flamboro' and Dundas, N. Y., on the 19th inst. The storm had washed away a bank, and the engine ran into the chasm, nearly twenty feet deep, with the baggage car and two passenger cars. The scene is represented as horrible. Six persons were killed and several wounded.

There is a lively trade of late in skunks' furs. It is said they are exported to Europe, where they are properly worked up, and sent back under some classical name, as the most popular furs worn by the ladies of this country. Only think of it! ladies of refinement wearing skunk furs!

If you want an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death," and wear watch-seals about the size of a brickbat.

Rev. Mr. Kinrick, a Southern minister, who went over from the Baptists to the Universalists, describes the difference by saying that "he tried nine years to keep the people out of hell, and has now preached fifteen years trying to keep hell out of the people!"

They have funny bipeds in Neponset. One of this ilk, who signs himself "Squantum," writes in our *smart* Boston Herald, that "when Spiritualism has lost its *standing, sitting* would naturally be its next position." Quite (a) *pun-gent!*

Reward.—The Governor of New Jersey offers $500 reward for the arrest of Rev. J. S. Harden, of Anderson, N. J., who has absconded under suspicion of killing his wife with poison.

A little one, after undergoing the disagreeable operation of vaccination, exclaimed:—"Now I won't have to be baptized, will I?"

The Baltimore papers of last week contain accounts of a terrible riot on St. Patrick's Day, at the Water Works near that city, between Corkonians and Fardowners. Firearms, clubs, axes, and shovels, were freely used, and about one hundred wounded, some of them, it is supposed, fatally.

The Kansas City Ledger says "the arrivals for the gold mines come thicker and faster."

A boy preacher, named Williams, aged thirteen years, the son of a railroad porter, is creating a great sensation in Wales.

The Baltimore correspondent of the Washington Star says that Mrs. Key, mother of P. Barton Key, now lies very low. She supposes her son died of apoplexy, and will likely be kept in this blissful ignorance. When told there was bad news from Washington, the old lady exclaimed, "My son Barton is dead," and asked if he did not die with apoplexy, as she had a presentiment that his life would terminate in that way. Her next inquiry was, "did he die in the street?" which was answered in the affirmative without compromising the truth. She then sank in her bed, and became quite ill.

Miss Elizabeth Doten will speak at the Melodeon next Sunday on the following subjects. In the afternoon, "The Ministration of the Spirit." In the evening, "Woman's Mission to Woman."

Good.—The Young Men's Literary Association of Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, has adopted the following resolution:—"*Resolved*, That any member who shall attend our meeting hereafter, unaccompanied by at least one lady, shall be fined one peck of apples, for the use and benefit of the association."

The New York Leader is a first-class family paper, printed at 113 Nassau street, John Clancy, editor. Price two dollars per annum. It is edited with marked ability.

George A. Redman, M. D., will soon issue a book containing the extraordinary spiritual manifestations that have been given through his mediumship.

There is a story afloat in the papers, that a clergyman in Chicago was caught by an M. D. in the most intimate familiarity with the latter's wife, in his own house, and that the indignant husband shot at the intruder, who made his escape, however, without bodily injury.

"Heavy" Robbery.—Several hundred pounds of *pig-lead* were stolen from a store in New York recently.

Conclusive Proof of Spirit-Presence.—On Wednesday week a mutual friend came into our office, and said he desired to send a boquet to Mrs. Conant. We suggested it would be well to leave it at the office of a third party, who would carry it to her in the course of the day. One hour after, we happened to meet Mrs. C. on Washington street, and accompanied her to the office of the party where the boquet was left, when she related to us the fact that she had, as a test, requested a spirit to impress our friend to send a boquet to her during the day. The parties reside two miles apart, and we know that there was no collusion whatever between them.

Thrice welcome Spring! whose dewy locks are bright
With braided gems from tearful April skies;
Earth's resurrection-time from nature's night,
When all her treasure in its store-house lies;
Thrice welcome, with thy pride of flowers and song,
To hearts that deemed the sad probation long.

The express train on the Great Western Railway ran off the track near Hamilton, on the 18th inst., demolishing the cars, and killing four or five persons, including the engineer, and wounding several others.

The Levee at Union Hall on Wednesday, evening the 16th, was a success and a very agreeable entertainment.

The sermon of Dr. Chapin, this week, is worthy of especial consideration. Read it. Beecher's ditto.

Peterson's Counterfeit Detector, and Bank Note List for April, is received. It is the best arranged work of its kind we see, and is published monthly at one dollar per year, and semi-monthly at two dollars. Corrected by Drexel & Co., 34 South Third st., and published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Free Concerts.—The Bird Family will give a series of concerts in the rural districts for several months to come. All a cityan has to do is to jump into a railroad car any morning, and proceed to the suburbs, and, if he has a particle of "music in his soul" he will be delighted and *improved* by his jaunt.

"Did you read my *last* speech?" said Senator W. to a friend he met in the street recently. "No, not *awl* of it, was the *fitting* reply.

Digby says the object that arrested the man's attention has been sued for false imprisonment.

There are about a dozen cases of small-pox and varioloid in Worcester. Six new cases were reported on Friday.

Gov. Buckingham, of Connecticut, has appointed Friday, April 22, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, in that State.

Miss Lizzie Doten's Lecture—"Free Love and Affinity"—will be published in pamphlet form by Bela Marsh, from a report by Mr. Yerrinton.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Arabian Days' Entertainment. Translated from the German, by Herbert Pelham Curtis. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co., 13 Winter street. 1859.

This book has been immensely popular in Germany, and the popularity of the house from which it is reproduced in English, will send it before the people; and the real merits which the book itself possesses, will make it deservedly popular in the hearts of the people. A book well suited and interesting to children, is always interesting to maturer intellects. This book is well adapted to the interests of both young and old. It contains four hundred pages, on which are printed a connected series of about twenty well written, thrilling tales, each embellished with handsome engravings.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co., 13 Winter street.

The author of this work is the bright and twinkling star in our firmament of American literature, O. W. Holmes. This book presents life as it is in its varied manifestations, such as every one meets in their daily walks. It contains great merit, as do all the productions of Mr. Holmes's pen. No author in America, in his peculiar direction, stands before him, and in the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, the excellencies of the writer are vividly conspicuous. The book contains four hundred pages, embellished with handsome engravings.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. E. L. L.—All the Sundays in April are engaged; in case the Melodeon is not torn down, you can speak the 15th and 22d of May.

We will print your lines, friend D. S. F., as soon as our space permits. We are glad to know that Spiritualism is gaining ground in your section of the great State of New York, as well as elsewhere.

### LIZZIE DOTEN AT THE MELODEON.

#### Sunday Afternoon, March 20th.

Our subject, the "Law of Life," is broad and comprehensive; it admits of no limitations. The soul bows before its immensity, as it gazes, not on the law of the present or future, but on the law of all life, and in which every other law has its being. God himself is guided and governed by that law. From its workings result all animate and inanimate existence. You feel the force of the law of affinity in coming hither and seeking the truth in its highest forms,—coming from above to the hearts of those who seek it in earnestness of purpose. "What is that law?" you say: "I have gone out in nature, and find one law after another blending in a vast series of continued harmonies, by the law of attraction. I see that the same chain must reach through all eternity. The great law of life is attraction, and the Great Positive Power lives and holds his relation by that law. It is a constant law of conjugation, out of which combination others are unfolded, and rising higher." The philosophers can approximate to the answer of the question, "What is life?" but cannot reach it. But ask the little child what is the law of life, and it will, from the simplicity of its untutored soul, give you the answer. The Almighty Father acts upon your organizations by law, and the little child can explain it to you. The mother is the God of the little child, and the little one looks to her as its protector and guide; and in suffering and sorrow turns to her. The little child tells you the law of life is love; and when the philosopher tells you it is conjugation, or affinity, he only approximates to the idea.

The law of life is love, but manifested in various attractions and combinations. Man is a duality, which fact is shown by the two-fold nature of all the organs and functions of his being. And not only is it man's characteristic, but it belongs to all nature. The little flower on the mountain's side, draws to it its own affinity, and the result is the seed, or third quality, created by the blending of the parental two. Its exercise is the manifestation of the law of love in life. Another of its manifestations is progress. The law of love, under God's own hands, work with him through all time, and becomes the motive power of the spiritual part of man, created in God's own image. Love the first law of life, worked through the grosser forms of nature, incorporating each into each, by the will of Deity, slowly and surely up to where God created his first son Adam, dual—"man and woman created he them." We adopt the myth as it reads, better to bring the thought home to mortal comprehension. As all his powers were directed by his duality, Adam stood with Eve on the first wedding day of earth. The sun shone brightly, angels smiled on the union, and God pronounced all things good. It was the first marriage—the first blending of human hearts. This law was ever to go on. The law of life, love and marriage shall no longer be a mystery to you, but you shall see it with the sanctity of your spiritual vision. The product of the blending, is individuality itself. Men are the descendants.

If there is no harmony in the natural, there can be none in the spiritual. Discord blights everything that comes into its embrace. If for a moment, one funtion of the arteries of the heart is stopped, and harmonious action is destroyed, the result is—death. From so small an organ as the heart, then, let us take home instruction to our souls, and see to the harmonious blending of the high and the lowly in our lives. The soul came from God—is a child of Deity, and angels look down from heavenly heights, and see its struggle for freedom—for true conjugation—and weep such tears as angels know, how to weep, at its distress.

You see the sufferings of the wicked, and you are drawn towards them instinctively—you know not why; you only know there is a suffering brother or sister, and the law of love, acting in your soul draws you there, under the guidance of angel ministers, often, to comfort and cheer. For you who have been bittered through the inharmonious conjugality of your present, angels have tears to shed, but not one word of condemnation, and will work to lift you up to a plane of love, wisdom and harmony. But step by step man is rising, the lower law divested of the higher, and the higher always the gold which is melted from the dross which has held it, and which has been a necessity of its existence.

The human soul is great and mighty, and cries, "I will be free! I will maintain my superiority!" The windows of the soul do not always let in the light of heaven; they are overhung with dark palls, and the tenant gropes in a narrow cell. But his cry for freedom is stronger yet, and when its time comes, the light shall gush into its blinded eyes.

Man to-day is losing the gigantic strength of former centuries, and the physician tells him he requires food and exercise. But the power he has lost in the material, he has gained in the spiritual. The external body is but a prop for the spirit, and must become, and remain, subservient to it.

You feel that prayer is a mockery, as it comes in the externality of speech. The soul is sending up to God a constant prayer, and in it is a strength and earnestness which goes home to the Father with every struggle or deed of goodness. The body was made for the soul, and not the soul for the body. It comes forth clothed in strength, and grasping both the external and spiritual elements in its embrace. It reaches forth for an affinity, and hugs it to itself, and from it wishes never to be severed. When we tell you the soul draws in, not only from its own resources, but from the external world, we but repeat the law of its existence. Each acknowledges a tie to another, going on from the lowest up to the highest, till its influence is stamped upon the spirit. All that ever has been, ever will be, exists even now. Even now the cloud of externality is furling off, leaving bare the spiritual strength. The body is little worth, and the physical structure does service but for a lifetime. We shall not look through the eyes of the external, but the spirit essence.

What is in the soul power? In searching out its strength, you must know of the life beyond. From the past do you determine, but the future you know not so well till the present life is over. The voice comes thence, bidding you be noble, and that nobleness spent here will not be lost in the realms of eternity. Set not down slothfully beneath your vine and fig tree, but scorn the false ones who tell you to, for they will despise you if you obey. Your own conscience must guide each of you, remembering you are a child of Deity. Seek your brightest affinities, which shall carry you upwards and not downwards. Study the power of your own soul; know that supplicating angels attend you, through the present, and through the future, upwards. If ye fall to-day, rise up with fresh courage to-morrow. Lift men up to where you are; labor not only for yourselves, but for your fellow men—for your brothers and sisters in the great human family; and though the conjugation cannot be effected in a moment, let it not result in disappointment to you.

We have told you the first object was to find your affinity with your fellow beings. Make your conjugation complete with every human soul, and then, as is in the spirit-world, so will it be done on earth.

We plead with you as brothers and sisters, of the Kingdom of God. It must begin with creating a harmony in your own souls. Take every distress, and convert it into a blessing; convert evil into positive good. He that would govern or instruct others, must first make a subject or a pupil of himself. There will be no accusing voice lifted up against you. Your life is one constant judgment-day, and you will not need look up to the angels for blessings which you can create yourselves.

Like the humble carpenter of Nazareth, conquer your selfishness and your sensuality, and you may, like him, through the purity of your example, go about healing the sick, performing seeming miracles, and doing good. Spiritualism has come into the world to help you, but it is yet crude and undeveloped; but press on, in all the panoply of righteousness, and become missionaries to cast out sin, selfishness, and sensuality, and draw them towards God and his angels, at the same time feeling the throb of human hearts against your own. Thus shall your conjugation be effected with the Great Soul of all, by whom you live and have your being and you will become links in the chain of love, which shall bind in all mankind with peace, love, and harmony.

### ROSA T. AMEDEY AT THE MELODEON.

#### Sunday Evening, March 13th, 1859.

After singing, Miss Amedey pronounced the following invocation:—

In the great chapel of Nature her choir hath chanted the beautiful song of harmony. The twilight hath come forth, and quiet and holy things are around. Unto Thee, oh Jehovah! praises and thanksgivings have arisen, been borne on the atmosphere of purity, and have echoed through the labyrinths of eternity, and their mighty reverberations have rolled back with comforting resonance to the souls of men. The bright empress of night hath stepped forth in her chariot of light, and with her the stars calling to one another to praise the Lord. Around Thy throne hath clustered the prayers of a grateful people, acknowledging the goodness Thou hast wrought, and the strength of Thy love to them. May Thy harmony ever encircle us! May we all, when we return to our homes, feel that Thou hast a mansion for us on high—not made with hands—where all loving and tried friends will meet and join in that praise which echoeth in glory to Thee forever and ever!

The following is a liberal abstract of the address of Miss Amedey:—

Education is the theme assigned, and is momentous and mighty in all its bearings—running before our eyes as a bright vision. I would not speak of the education of the ancients, prior to the days of the humble Nazarene, only to say that every nation, in its educational history, shows the peculiarities designating the qualities of the souls of its people, and that all their lessons and examples have, in a greater or lesser degree, clustered around the nineteenth century. It will not be my wish, either, to speak of the influences of the religions which have governed the souls of men since the world had a beginning—to point out the Hindoo mother, taught by her belief to throw her child into the Ganges, to shut out her soul—burst the tenderest and dearest sympathies of her nature—break the very tendrils of her heart—unhumanize herself in giving way to the demands of her religion. Neither will I point out the horrors of Juggernaut in contrast to what we look upon as our more merciful popular creed; for we have the wheels of an equally horrible machine crushing and maiming the souls of our people. I will not review the belief which asserts that man, from his childhood to his grave, has no other safe platform of religion except that of the Jewish creed; of the idolatry which coins hearts and souls into gold and silver, that they may be set up as the idols of a blind worship; or of the belief that all who do not worship at one shrine shall be forever condemned hereafter, or annihilated, as many declare and believe. I will only say in general that, politically and socially, religion in the past is rich with brightness and dark with crime—refulgent with glories, and dim with the blood of martyrs—and come to that of the present day, and what it exemplifies in the shape of educational teachings.

Since the days of the humble Nazarene until now, tyranny has had full sway among mankind; and, while you imagine you are free from all its evils, I will paint you the real picture of your condition as ye are found bending to every wind of religious feeling which blows against you. Ye are, socially, slaves! Politically ye are slaves and tyrants! Religiously ye bow, willingly, at the shrines of other men's opinions—not at the altars of your own souls. And this is the result of education—of the teachings of the past, blending with the boasted enlightenment of the present! Let us first look at you socially, and see how your children are educated—discover wherein ye make them slaves, and crush their freedom. Oh, wealth! thou pampered thing of fortune! Thou art the mortal poison of the soul! Thou inducest men to give to their children that which they would not, were it not for thee! To keep pace with the customs of the rich and great, how much do parents sacrifice at thy golden shrine! How are souls crushed beneath thy Juggernaut! Let us see. Let us select a little boy, the victim of wealth and fashion. He is brought into the drawing-room, almost in his baby-clothes, to be pampered by smiles and flattery, and turned over to the nurse to finish an introduction to the world that commences without heart or feeling. A girl is also brought forth, and the mother seldom thinks of the mental or physical health of her babe. Nothing but its sweet exterior is thought of: the soul has no place in the affection and treatment of the parents. They write no mark of manhood, or of womanhood, on the brows of their little ones. Their sole and engrossing desire is to place them high in the ranks of fashion—not to bring them up to a high physical, mental and moral standard, but to crush and distort their souls for the sake of being fashionable. Speak to parents of the sacrifice of mind and health they voluntarily impose upon their children, and the mother—seeing her criminal foolishness—would be paralyzed at the idea, while the father would be thunderstruck at the consequences of his extreme devotion to a fallacious system of education. But such, however, is the education given in the drawing-room of fashion—such its fearful consequences. But what about the future? The boy comes to the verge of manhood, and the girl to womanhood, and the picture of what follows I will give in heaven's light and shade. The young woman knows nothing of physiology—nothing of the science of health. She knows that it is well to have a pretty hand and a pretty foot—that external beauty is attractive—and that she has been brought up to be married some time, when a party eligible in everything but a mutual feeling of love comes along the path of her life. And this is Education! Does this young lady ever think of visiting, comforting or relieving the poor and needy, which she sees during her fashionable and purposeless perambulations? Oh, no; how could she think of such very unfashionable things as charity and kindness? Did her mamma ever teach her anything of that description? Alas, no! On the contrary, she has been taught that whatever was not wealthy and fashionable, was certainly despicable. And this is Education! Does the poor, toiling and starving seamstress, who manipulates and fashions the silks and fine linens of the modern young lady, ever receive any of her sympathy or consideration? No; her mother has not educated her to exercise the finer feelings of humanity; but, on the contrary, has sedulously warned her against the impropriety of making a seamstress in any shape her equal. And this is what is called Education! And this educated young lady will set down to a piano—spread her white and delicate fingers on its keys—warble as sweetly almost as a bird on a tree—and make people believe that her accomplishments and virtues are what they are not. Ask her to quote a beautiful passage from any of the sweeter among our poets, and she can do it readily. Require her to give you a translation from Virgil, and she will furnish it quickly and well. Ask her to go down into the kitchen, and to handle any of the apparatus belonging thereto, and she would be shocked at once—wonderfully shocked at the vulgarity of the requirement. Her mamma, she would say, had never taught her that, and rather than do it she would descend to any degradation—such as associating

CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.

# The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the Banner, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Conant, Trance Medium. 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 idea that they are more than finite beings.

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

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

**Visitors Admitted.**—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at half-past two; 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?

March 4—Samuel Garland, Hamilton Winslow, Augustus Thorndike.

March 5—Louisa Davis, Joy H. Fairchild, John J. Flanders.

March 7—Daniel Goss, Thomas Latta, Eliza Bonnett, Fitz Henry Homer, Col. Wing.

March 8—Henri Dejein, Hans Valkendahl, Louisa Taylor, Charles L. Taylor.

March 9—David Moore, Lucy Wentworth, Dennis Maloney.

March 10—Captain James Davis, Benjamin Webster, Rev. John Brooks, Bill Curtis, Mary White.

March 11—Samuel Crafts, Elias Smith, Patrick Murphy, Charley Clark, Edwin, James Waldron.

March 14—Nameless, William Lewis, Sarah J. Sargent, George H. Chadbourne.

March 17—Clara Flanders, Thomas Bentley, Judson Hutchinson, Sarah Higgins.

## John Sikes.

I am here, but I do not see my friends. I know it is not usual for us to meet any friends here, but there are exceptions to all general rules.

A man I used to be acquainted with said if I would be here on a certain day, and answer certain questions, he would be here; but he is not here. I know we do not keep time as you do, but we have a good chance of keeping a reckoning of your time, if we choose to.

You see, if I had made this appointment, and had failed to present myself, he would have said, "Ah, well, there is no truth in Spiritualism—just as I expected." Now I have as good a right to say there is no truth in mankind. He did n't say, "Go there and answer certain questions, and I will believe," but he said, "Go there, and I will meet you there;" so I might as well say there is no truth in mankind—at least that branch of it. There is as much philosophy in my reasoning as in his—just as good for him as it would be for me.

So you see I am here, trying to catch a phantom; if he had met me here, instead of meeting with a mere nothing, I do n't know but he might have met his equal. Well, we spirits do get fooled sometimes. Perhaps he intended it for a joke; if so, I'll pay him back. If not, I hope he will seek me out, and explain, for it is no harder for him to find me, than it is for me to find him. We have to depend upon our mediums; if we do n't find them, we must remain silent—while he, being upon the same plane as the medium, can ask, and he is refused or accepted.

Well, please say John Sikes is here to-day, according to agreement. I'll abide by your judgment as to giving my friend's name. Well, then, it was Ezekiel Hastings, of Boston. Please note the hour; I was to be the first that was to come. [Three o'clock P. M.] March 1.

## Benjamin Langworthy.

As one after another steppeth upon the mighty strand that separateth the spiritual from the material world, the multitude are crying out for the Great Source of all wisdom and all life.

The last sigh is wafted forth upon the atmosphere of the material world, a new song is being given to the new-born spirit, as it enters upon its second state of life. Redemption from all pain, all sickness that mortality is subject to. Happy, indeed, is the spirit who enters the spirit-life free from all that which would cover the soul with a gloomy pall. Happy the believer in Nature as she is, for the ten thousand times ten thousand souls who have come up hither in darkness after the first song of thanksgiving is over, awake to find themselves in an unknown world—one they had never been taught to realize; and, while waiting to be wafted into the presence of the Almighty, the Great Source of all things, strange and mysterious thoughts possess them; a terrible uncertainty pervades their whole being, and they cry out, "Oh, for more light—for that which others seem to be drinking freely of." But the souls who will have light, must return to the first state of life, and gather from nature's flowers, casting aside the bubbles of opinion that are floating in sunny beauty down the stream of life, and grasping with firm hope the flowers that bloom on natural ground, and have their source in nature's great and never-ending fountain.

Oh, nature, how mighty a volume! how vast in itself, and yet how simple! grandeur and simplicity combined, forming a garland the eye will be pleased to look upon—the senses might well revel in—simplicity and grandeur such as we find alone in nature.

Men go forth from nature's temple, and they gather the dust of the earth together, and build themselves fine temples, and worship the God who sitteth on the great white throne in a far-off clime. They picture to themselves a far-off city, whose streets are paved with gold, and whose houses are of precious stones. Ah, men will carry the gems of earth with them even to heaven. Gold and precious stones must be there. Oh, God! how depraved is human nature, when we look upon it in a material sense! Not satisfied with a God formed of nature, but they must furnish a God sitting upon a throne, where men may gaze at their idol. How depraved is humanity!

I have wandered from my own place of abode in spirit-life—for our spirits do have abiding places—yes, I have wandered here to open the eyes of the blind, to unseal that which has been sealed.

Have I the key? They tell me so! That if I will come here, and repeat a simple prayer that I repeated years ago, they will believe there is power in the spirit-world to break asunder the grave, and speak to the sons and daughters of earth.

Are there no stars in the surroundings of those who have called me back to earth? No light save that which I may bring to guide them in the true way? Has the great source of all things denied them this precious boon?

Duty seems whispering, and, like a fair-winged angel, it tells me it is my duty to accord the wishes of my friend. "Speak, if you live, and have power so to do, and repeat that simple prayer you repeated ten years ago in our presence, and we will believe."

The question reminds us very forcibly of one who could not believe his Lord, without he could be permitted to do certain things. But to my duty and the prayer, which is this:—

"Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, wilt thou hear and answer the supplications of thy children, who bow before thee at this time, granting them, oh Lord, at this time, and in the present life, a knowledge of thy truth, with gifts as may be most expedient for them, and in the world to come life everlasting. Amen."

This prayer may be found in the Book of Common Prayer. May my dear friends be satisfied; and may that Great Source of all wisdom, who sleepeth not either by day or night, but careth for all in darkness and daylight, bless them in their walk, and send kind angels to guide them through the labyrinths of mortality; and when they stand upon the immortal shore, may no dark misgivings surround them, but a holy calm that may linger around them forever. This is the prayer of Benjamin Langworthy, who departed this life twenty-one years ago, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

This prayer was repeated by me ten years ago, when that which is now a brilliant star, was but a tiny light—when those friends were gathered around the tiny board, to seek for communications from those who have passed on, through a medium who now is in the land of spirits. My friends are still skeptical, because they do not seek aright.

I passed from Manchester, England. My friends do not live in this country. March 1.

## Mary Golding.

I've been trying a long time to get here—a long time. You must talk to me, to fix me right, and then I will talk to you. Mary Golding. I lived in Lowell. I died most ten years, I guess, I don't know. Faith, I was murthered—faith, I was. Folks don't know of it; they think I killed myself. I's come here to-day to tell—I was murthered—I was that. I've been trying a long time to get here. People think I fell down stairs, but I was pounded on the head with a stick of wood. I lived in Gorham strate, opposite the Catholic Church—faith, it was there. I work in the mill some time, but more time I stay at home. It was —— who murthered me, bad luck to him. I'd like to go there, and to fix him out. He was dhrunk. Faith, they thought I was dhrunk, too, and fell down stairs, and murthered myself. The old —— told them I was dhrunk, and fell down stairs, and bruised myself. He go to Boston, to Lawrence, and Manchester, and all round since then, but he is in Lowell now. I want you to go up there and see about it. Faith, he's as bad now as he was then, and he may kill the childer. Faith, it was my cousin that was here the other day; and he told me I could come here as well as anybody else.

Faith, he did murther me, and the likes of him should suffer for it. Faith, if I'd lived long enough, I tell all the folks he murthered me; and now I can speak, I'll tell them now. You tell the old man I come back, and he'll not dare to dispute you. Mary can read, but the old man can't; Jamie is the other childer's name. They's quite big now.

Faith, I would like to see the old man suffer—he never spend a cint to pray me out—I had to get myself out. Gad, a long time I had getting out The old man was always mean. I went to the Gorham Strate Church. Faith, I think they are a set of rascals; never look a bit to see how I die.

Divil an inch I'll help him. Faith, I come here to help him—that's the way I help him. Ah, I feels bad myself. Faith, I would'nt feel better to help him, more than St. Peter would to let a sinner into heaven.

I'll come till I get him all right. Faith, was it right to sind me here before I had time to say me prayers? Faith, he will do somebody else injury. I feel just like I did the night I died. I had no time to say me prayers. And I had nobody to pray me out.

I have been in purgatory. I have seen no church, no praist, but lots of people. I pray myself out; I pray to the Virgin Mary. Faith, I do know the Virgin Mary heard me on earth.

Faith, that is all I'll say till I get that fixed up. I was close by when me cousin was here the other day. Faith, the snow was on the ground when I was murthered—most up to Easter Sunday. Good bye. Better go see about it.

March 1.

## Elizabeth.

My Husband—You ask me to come here to commune with you. I am often with you, but do not find it in my power to manifest to you. Your mother also is with me while I write, but she cannot write as I do. Elizabeth.

March 1.

## Jerry Agin.

Why do n't you call for me? Why not ask how I am getting along? I am getting along very well; tell Tom so, will you? Do n't bear him any ill will. I have a great desire to speak to him. Will do it, if I can; I was to blame.

March 1. Jerry Agin.

## Mary Elizabeth Walker.

What do you require of those who visit here? You require much; I fear I can never satisfy you.

My name was Mary Elizabeth Walker; I was born in Vermont State, the town of Burlington, in the year 1818. I died at Norwich, Conn., in the year 1850. They said I died of consumption; but I know not.

I have two children in Norwich now; they have no father to care for them, for he left me and them when the youngest was only two years of age. He is not dead. I do n't like to come here before all strangers; but my children—I come for their sakes; yes, for them. My youngest is living with her aunt; my oldest with a stranger, and the poor boy finds but little rest. He thinks of going away from all those who have befriended him, and from his enemies also. Yes, he says he will go to sea. Hard indeed will be his lot, if he follows his inclinations. Perhaps I can change him; perhaps I can cause him to wait a few months, till he knows better. In the first place, I want him to know I can come to him, and can influence him, if he will let me do so. He always used to obey me, and he will now. But he must have proof; yes, poor child, he wants proof; what shall I give him?

Tell him to remember the last words I ever spoke to him—they were these: "Perhaps a kind Father will permit me to return and watch over you. Do n't think you are alone, for he that watches over all will not forsake you, and I feel I shall one day come back to you."

But the boy was nervous, and I dared not tell him all. I know he will believe me, and I want him to stay, for his sister's sake, until a way is open to him. Yes, rest and bear with all that seems so hard to bear, for a time longer—it will be short.

My youngest child's name was Mary Louisa—the oldest Daniel; 'tis to him I wish to speak in particular. Tell him to wait for me, and I'll come again, and be sure he does not take any steps until I do come again. March 2.

## Henry Leighton.

Bless me! I don't know what to say, now I've got here; you'll have to help me a little. My name was Henry Leighton. I did n't live in these parts, I can tell you. I was born in Boston, but did n't live here, nor die here, either. Do you know how folks get to heaven? Do you know where it is? I used to know, but since I've been here I do n't know.

My occupation? I did n't do anything. The fact is, I was one of the disobedient boys you read of, and sometimes see. If I'd lived a few months longer—yes, two months—I should have been seventeen years old. I was n't so lucky as to die of any disease—I was drowned. What's the year now? '59! are you sure? '59! It seems to me I have n't been here so long as six years. Are you sure that I've been dead six years?

I just thought I'd take a trip to New York city. I can't say I died there; but I used to live there. I left Boston when I was somewhere in the vicinity of nine years of age. I have some cousins in Baltimore, and I thought I'd take a trip out there, and then father would n't give his consent; so I went without it. Well, I went aloft one night, and got blowed off; and I have been told the vessel went over me, and that's the reason I was not found.

Just after I left, the old man lost all he had in a grand speculation he went into, and he sat down, and never has got up; so I thought I'd come here and try to lift him up.

I told him not to do what he did, but he thought my advice was n't good for anything; it was, though. My mother died about a year after I went to New York.

I feel kind of cheap about coming back; I do n't really feel sorry that I went off, because if I had n't, I should n't have been here; but then—yes, I guess I am sorry a little; you can say so, whether I am or not. My father's name is Thomas. Do n't let Uncle Dick get this; if he does, he'll think it's the old Nick's come—but it's only the young one.

I saw something of this before I went away—table tipping, &c. Oh, tell the old man I've left off smoking—that will please him; but guess he'll say that's because he's obliged to. I do n't know what else to say—only tell him I'm about right.

This is queer business, ain't it, coming back here? Tell the old man if he'll seek out a medium, I'll go to him and talk. No; do n't say old man, say my father—have I said old man all along? are you sure? Well, I can't help it now, unless you alter it. I never called him old man to his face; I was too smart for that.

My mother seems to live in one place, and I in another; and I should never have known she was my mother, had she not told me so, she is changed so, and, what is more, I do n't live with her. It seems to me I am about earth all the time.

Now you do n't catch me telling him any pranks I cut up. He found out two or three after I died. I shan't tell any more—no sir; I'm too smart for that. My father was a broker—guess he's dead broken—he received most anything in pawn, shaved notes, speculated in most anything. Oh, he's a church-member—went to church every Sunday. He's a pretty good man—they all are, you know.

Look here—here I am running on such a rig! Of course it is like me, but then I wanted to send him a pretty good letter. He feels bad—poor old man—no children, and I want to help him. You see I could n't help acting myself right out here; if he had been here, I should n't have talked in this way; I should have been as gracious as you please.

I wonder if I can't send a bit of a message to Glandon—Mr. Glandon, my teacher? He had a private class of boys, about my own age. My father wanted to fix me up for something; but I guess it would have puzzled him to have made out what he intended to have done.

Tell Mr. Glandon I did n't live long enough to solve that mathematical problem he gave me the day before I sailed; I guess he's glad to get rid of me. Scratch out those blunders of mine, will you? that's a little too rough. If I was writing a letter to one of the boys, I would n't care, but the old man will feel bad when he sees it.

Well, how do you go? It's one thing to come, and another to go. I guess I'll make a trial, so good bye. March 2.

## Nathaniel Stevens.

So the dead are not dead! I hardly know as it is well for me to speak. Perhaps the friends I knew have long since forgotten to be friends. Perhaps life with them has changed; perhaps they have no ears, and they cannot hear me.

But a strong desire impels me to come here and ask my friends to seek to commune with me, for I have something to say which, when said, will make me happy, if it don't any one else.

Oh, I was wretched, miserable, the last few years I was on earth. They were passed within a cloud; but that has in a measure passed away, and now I am left to seek out my own salvation, and find a way to heaven.

When I was young I had money and many friends; but when I became old, I lost my money and most of my friends. I died at the poor-house in Middlesex County, ten years ago—most eleven it is now. Tewksbury is where I died. I've got a son—'tis true he despised me when on earth; 'tis true, also, he had some reason for so doing; but I've a great desire to speak to him. His name is Charles Stevens. Mine is Nathaniel. I was in my seventy-third year when I died. Well, young man, I don't know what I died of—I suppose it might have been rheumatism. I was sick some time.

I don't want to say what I wish to here; but if Charles will go where I can speak, I wish to let him go somewhere, and call for me. Perhaps I do wrong in telling the world I am his father, but I don't see as I can reach him in any other way.

I lived most of the time in a place called Chelmsford; sometimes I was in Lawrence, when it was getting fixed up; I went to Lowell, too. Oh, young man, I had no home the last years of my life. I might as well say I lived in one place as well as another.

I'm not sure I shall be received. I did n't do right by him when he was a boy, and he left me. Nobody followed me to my grave; no stone was put up. When I was thirty years old, I had ten thousand dollars, and did n't owe a cent; when I died I did n't own a cent. In the first place, I got cheated, deceived, and lost part of my money—next, I took to drink, and lost the rest of it. I did n't then think I should have to do with earth when I left; but it seems we can't have what we want. I wish I had lost all my senses when I lost my life. The one that was my wife has been to me twice, and talked to me. It's well enough for her to talk, and well enough for me to hear, but I don't think I shall ever be happy; maybe, though, may be. I've got something in my mind, and if I could throw that off, I shall feel better.

There I'll go, for I shall be saying something I don't want to hear if I stay; so good bye. March 2.

## Horace Linden, to his friends in New York.

They who call upon us from the mortal life, are ofttimes forgetful of our positions, and our situations in the spirit-world. They forget that we are but finite beings—that we can approach and control matter by certain laws, without which we can do nothing.

Yes, we are often called upon to perform certain so-called miracles to strengthen the faith of some skeptical friend upon earth. Some of our dear friends who call upon us, honestly believe we are possessed of power sufficient to control almost everything in the material world; but these dear friends have yet to learn the laws that govern them and us. Now my own dear friends who bear earthly relationship to me, have called upon me to perform what it is impossible for me to perform. That which they require is this: that I shall take a certain package from their own house in New York, and shall bring it here, and shall mark it with my own private mark, and then return it, that they may believe in this thing. But this much I can do. I can speak of those things here, far from them; I can speak of many little incidents that transpired when I was on earth. I can do much to strengthen their faith; but that they have called upon me to do, I cannot.

In the first place, I have not sufficient power to enable me to do this. In the second place, I have not sufficient control of material to enable me to do what they ask. Others may have them, but under other conditions.

I would here say, if my dear friends are not too positive—if they have not set their minds upon receiving what they have asked me to do, and will signify their willingness, I will return here, to give them what I can give to strengthen their faith.

The package remains where they have placed it, and it will remain ere I shall move it. Not that I would not do it, if I could, to satisfy my dear friends; but I cannot do it. I am under the control of that same power which says to the ocean, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther."

I, with my spiritual force, could not raise that package the tenth part of an inch from its resting-place. There may be others, I say, possessed of power to do this, and even more; but it has not been given to me, neither do I expect it.

Now, sir, with many thanks for your kindness, you will please sign the name of Horace Linden, to his friends in New York city. If they signify their desire to accept of what I can give, I shall return here and speak with you. If they are silent, I shall say they are too positive, and shall await the time when they are willing for me to give them what I can; and shall return when they are willing to receive what the great Father allows me to give in conformity to his laws which govern me. Good day. March 2.

## Eulalia.

Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love, are the guardian angels of mankind, and, with these fair and holy guides, shall humanity go down to darkness and death? Shall the brilliant gems that shine within every soul be lost? Shall an eternity of misery swallow up this priceless gem? No; for the guardians are strong, and the great source that guides them looks with compassion upon his subjects, and seeks not to destroy them, but to bring them all into the holy city of his love, where hatred shall cease, where the breezes shall be soft, and the echo from earth shall bear messages of love. These four twin sisters shall redeem mankind. They are now casting good seed upon the soil of humanity, that shall spring up and bear fruit an hundred fold.

Charity! how pure her garments; how clean the spirit, free from the alloy of materialism, fresh from the hand of the Almighty; and she, fashioned in all purity, can dwell in the dark places of life. Yes, she can descend from her lofty position in heaven, down to the lowest depths of darkness—for there are gems there, and the Father hath set his seal upon them, and they must come forth purified by his love. Men and women who have these gems of beauty—can they go down in darkness as they pass from the material state? They may for a time be buried in the evils of life; but by his wisdom who maketh even the dark caverns of earth to shine, shall they come forth pure, and robed in the bright garments of angels.

Oh, yes, he who hath yielded up his life, because of his sin, shall, in time, be purified, and shall put on a robe of spotless light, and the angels shall look upon him with love and wonder. Oh, then, ye sons and daughters of earth, court well these angels from spirit-life, for they all have birth far from earth. Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love—they are the guardians of humanity.

They who have called me here to-day, have called forth these thoughts from me. They have said, "Tell us, shall a portion of God's children go down to a second death? Oh, tell us if there is a hell to which those who sin shall be sentenced, and shall be shut out from a Father's love?" That love is boundless, and the time shall come when the germ he has implanted in the soul, shall come forth in purity; and none—not one of the vast throng that inhabit the spheres, shall say they shall not come, for the great Father who rules over all, has placed his signet upon the brow of the spirit, and that shall be its passport to eternal happiness.

And my dear friends have questioned me still further; they say, "Tell us, do you suffer for any of the follies committed in earth?" In answer, I will say, every sin brings its own suffering. I need not wait to be ushered into the spirit-world, to suffer for the sins of earth. No child of God need wait for the future to suffer for the wrongs committed. No; nature dispenseth her portion to all, and sorrow is the bursting forth into new life of the sinful one who has shrouded itself in gloom. Yes, yes; I have paid in sorrow all the debts due to my nature. I have no more to pay; I expect to be ushered from one state to another, until I shall come where they tell me nothing shall enter to mar the happiness of its dwellers. Oh, give up this doctrine of eternal punishment, for the light which shineth giveth light to all—none are called to sit upon the right hand of the Father—none are called to stand on the left; and in time every individual shall become free from sin, pure as God is pure, no matter how deeply he has been steeped in sin—for, as we are all branches of God, cannot we attain that state of perfection called heaven? All our lives cry out yes; old age says yes, and the child says yes; and down in the grave we find a voice answering yes.

So then, my friends, praise the God of all men, who lives wherever love is found.

Say what you have there is given by Eulalia.

March 2.

## Abagail Simpson.

My dear child, rejoice ever in the God of your salvation, and hope ever for the coming of the loved ones who were once with you, and who still love you. My dear child; you have received the best gift of your heavenly Father, and why should you sometimes doubt? Oh, fear not, and doubt not. I have for a long time tried very hard to give you what you ask for. God bless you, my child. Your mother, Abagail.

March 3.

## George Henry Hastings.

My dear father, do n't think strange that I am here to help the lady who last wrote; when I have never communed with you at this table, and through this medium. G. H. H.

March 3.

The above was given at the close of the session, to a gentleman who frequently visits us. The first name only was signed to the lines, and the father called for the full name, which was then given.

## Robert Walker.

I do n't see any one of my friends here I expected I should. I cannot tell you why, but certainly I have gained that idea from some source.

I was requested to come here and prove myself to my friends. I supposed I should meet some of them here. This is the seventh time I have been here, and looked around, and I have found no one of my friends here.

My name was Robert Walker. I was sixty-seven years old when I passed to the spirit-world; I went with many prejudices, and I return without any. I have been here about nine years; I was a dry goods trader; I resided in Manchester, N. H. The friends I expected to meet me here do not reside there now, nor was I born there. Should my friends come here, I shall speak to them. March 3.

## Catharine Benson.

I've come too soon; I cannot do well; I am just dead. I promised to come here soon as I could. What day is this? I died last Sunday. I want you to tell my folks I have come—that is the most I want. Before I was married, my name was Catharine Chase; now Benson. I lived in Chicago, Ill. I moved there from here two years ago, and have been sick ever since. I know I could come, and I said I would. I read your paper when I was sick abed. I do n't know where Sammy used to get them, but he went for them. I died of consumption. I was forty-two years old—I left two children, a boy and a girl. I was so afraid I could n't get here to-day to talk. I was born in Paris, Maine. I used to live on Prince street, in Boston. My husband is a painter; his name is Charles. I thought I should see you all alone here. I do n't know why I thought so, but I did.

I used to live on the left-hand side of Prince, from Hanover, about half way down. Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Tucker, were neighbors; I knew them all, and they knew me. There are relatives of my husband living on Prince street now. I never had much to do with them.

I wish I could stop here and talk longer; but I cannot; I am so strange and weak—I thought I should be strong, but I am not. Mrs. Adams may be dead, for she was sick when I lived there; but I have not seen her yet. I did n't think then I should die so soon. My folks do n't believe much in this. I belonged to the Methodist Church, in Paris, once. I was here yesterday to try to come, but there was n't any room for me.

I'd tell something about the place here, but I can't. I'm too weak now. I ain't disappointed much. March 3.

## Charles J. Duprey.

A very strange mixture you have here. No; I don't mean on my side, but on yours. Don't you suppose I can read on your side as well as on mine? But I came here to tell a story; if true, it will amount to something; if false, to nothing. How are you to tell whether it is true or false? Why should n't spirits lie sometimes as well as mortals? Excuse me a moment until I look around—then I will be stronger for my work. I should think it takes a wise head to govern the vast crowd that comes here. Did you ever see me before? Ah, I forgot I have changed color.

They say you want the name, age, disease, and all such little facts as shall go to make up a whole in proof of the individual who comes.

My name comes first—Charles J. Duprey. I was born in Charleston, S. C. I was carried to New York city, so I have been told, when I was about two years old, by my father; he was a white man; my mother was a quadroon; so you see I was a little darker, perhaps, than you are. Of myself I have no recollection of living in New York while I was young; still they say I lived there two years. I was then carried to Burlington, Vt. I have an indistinct recollection of having lived there a short time, but it is dim. I then have a recollection of going across the water with a man I supposed to be my father. I went to Liverpool, so they say, and then I have an indistinct recollection of something—dirty streets and dirtier people. My stay there was short, when I was sent for by my father, the man who took me to England not being my father, though I supposed he was. After a hard and stormy passage from England, I found myself rolling through the streets of New York, and then to Philadelphia, and was then told I was to remain with strangers. At first I was unhappy, but I got used to the people. My father seemed to have a liking to take me wherever he desired; and so, after stopping there awhile, I found myself in Boston, where I now am, if I do not mistake.

I can't tell you how long I remained in Boston. I was here for a year or six months; but from here I was carried to Broome, Lower Canada, and left with a family by name of Hammond, and there I passed many happy days; I think I was there in all eleven years; but during all this time I never saw my father, but I suppose I received tokens of remembrance from him, by way of many small packages at various times. While in this family I formed the acquaintance of a niece, Julia Hammond. I married this Julia. Shortly after our marriage, I received a letter purporting to come from my father, saying he had ever remembered me with kindness; it contained many hard things, and some soft things, and charged me with being an ungrateful son. Had I power to have found that father at that time, I might have annihilated him; but as I did not know his name, I could not. However, he said, "If you had been wise, I should have sent for you next season; now you must take care of yourself. Had you been wise, we should have been better acquainted soon." I said, I guess there is no love lost, so I pocketed the letter, and went to New Haven. My wife had a cousin there; so I accompanied her. We stopped there a few months, and my wife grew homesick, and wanted me to take her home. I then thought I would start off, and find my father, for I had a little clue to him. I forgot to mention how I earned a livelihood after my remittances were stopped, so I'll go back and say I supported my wife by the sale of books. Rather hard; but I had better do that than starve, said I. Well, I said, I went in search of my father. I had been told my father was living in Charleston, and was quite well known there. How the stranger came in possession of the secret, I did not know; but I afterwards learned he was once in the employ of my father, and by certain ways and means he made himself acquainted with the secret of my birth and whereabouts. On arriving at Charleston, I thought I'd wait and get pretty well composed before I presented myself to the individual whom I supposed to be, and who really proved to be, my father.

So, after a few days of quiet, I presented myself to him, and asked him if he knew me?

"No," said he.

I asked him if he ever had a son?

"Yes," said he; but, my God, you are not he?"

"They tell me so," I said; and he questioned me as to who had done so. He then bade me remain awhile, and he went out, returning after about two hours, I think.

After awhile he asked me what I intended to do for a livelihood? I told him I did not know, but supposed he would help me.

"Well," said he, "if you will remain here, forsake your wife, and keep the secret of your birth, I will support you."

This aroused the hot blood in my veins, and I refused.

"Then," said he, "you may go where you please; but keep the secret of your birth."

"Not so," said I; "I am under no obligations to do so."

The old gentleman cooled a little. "And," said he, "if you will leave the country, and never speak the source of your birth, I will give you so much money."

I agreed that never while I lived I would divulge the secret. So he gave me money, and a passage in the Isabella for Liverpool. After arriving there, I was to send for my wife.

After being a few days out, I found my father's son, by a legal wife, was also on board. He charged me with defrauding him, and called me the son of a nigger, etc., and I became angry, and knocked him down.

In seven days after that, I died of cholera, they said; but he poisoned me, I know, and I was quietly consigned to a watery grave. When the news reached my indulgent father, perhaps he shed a few tears, but I think not; on the contrary, I think he was glad to get rid of me so easy. But as the dead can speak in these days, and as the ocean or the land can only hold the body, I am here to tell that old man if he will take care of that wife, whom my death robbed of a protector, I will be silent; if not, I will speak, and the echo will not be pleasant to his ears.

I have been dead eight years and five months, about. My wife is living in Canada. Sometimes she goes to Derby—she has friends there.

It is rather hard for me to come back here in this way; but I suppose it is just. I have done for to-day. March 3.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

H. P. Fairfield, Adrian, Mich.—"In my journey West, I find that the glorious truths of the spiritual philosophy are extending rapidly in every town, village and city. There is no subject which claims more attention, and none commands more respect than that which pertains to spirit-life and communion. In Oswego I gave eight lectures to large and appreciative audiences. I think Oswego has become a strong citadel of Spiritualism; they have a large, commodious hall at their command, and meetings every Sabbath. Thus the progressive people are gaining the victory over ignorance, superstition, and the mythological theories of past ages.

My next point was Cleveland, O. Here the harmonial band of spiritual worshipers are favored with the presence of that industrious labor in the good cause, Brother Toohey, who is doing much to advance and enlighten the inquiring mind.

My next engagement was in this city—Adrian; it is a lively business inland place, lying on the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Railroad; its population is about eight thousand. For years they have been priest-ridden, burdened and oppressed by false and ungodlike doctrines, which they have not entirely got rid of yet, though there is a general waking up to the living realities of spiritual intercourse among some of the most advanced minds. I gave two lecturer here Sunday, Feb. 27th; also, two on Sunday, March 6th, my audience increasing every meeting, until the hall would seat no more. Thus you will see that there has been a lively movement among the sleepy heads of old orthodoxy, and many, very many, have felt the joys of this first resurrection to liberty, truth and light. You will, perhaps, receive from Bros. Martin, or Frary, more detailed accounts of my visit to Adrian."

J. M. Alger, Aonesus, N. Y.—Mr. White has given four lectures in this place, and such lectures we think were never excelled if ever equalled, and it is I believe not a characteristic of the people here, to be very much excited in ordinary affairs, or with ordinary transactions; we have passed through the building of railroads up to the loss of all the stock, and through religious revivals and their speedy reverses, but the wonderful and sublime utterance of our good friend White beats them all. His congregations were made up of all kinds, old and young; those that had creeds and those that had none; and the effect upon all was wonderful. Mr. White occupied the Orthodox desk, with the minister by his side. At the first lecture he opened with a beautiful prayer, and then spoke from the text,—"Despise not the day of small things." Eternal progression was the base of his argument, and spirit communion the apex. You cannot well imagine the effect of this lecture. Every face beamed with joy, and every heart swelled with the beautiful truths he presented; a more appropriate discourse could not have well been chosen to prepare the audience for what was to, and did follow. I would that the whole world could have listened to that lecture. He plucks fresh flowers from heaven to beautify and adorn the pathway of every one of his hearers. Every heart was refreshed and warmed by the inspired truths poured into their souls. It is useless to attempt a description of the good effects of this and Mr. White's succeeding lectures in this place. Suffice it to say, they have produced a more healthful influence upon the people than the droppings of Orthodoxy for fifty years.

A. B. R., Milford.—In your communication, remonstrating against our rejection of Aleph's article in defence of the truth of the Bible, you say—"I have a desire to see any argument which will prove the divine origin of the Bible, for such an argument I have never seen yet." Had you seen Aleph's argument, we think you would fail to find in it any more proof of the special divine origin of the Bible than has been written, printed and spoken a thousand times before; all of which proof is mere assertion. Aleph's article is quite long, and we do not desire to fill our paper with "old saws," or worn out arguments, however well they may be written, or beautiful they may be expressed. We can have all due respect for Aleph's opinions, without giving them publication in a paper not designed for the defence of musty creeds, or sectarian dogmas. We thank you for your note, and in your maifest liberality our heart pulsates in harmony with yours.

V. U. Lyon, Fall River.—"We have a little hall, which we use for debates, conferences and lectures on the subject of Spiritualism. E. S. Wheeler and A. C. Robinson have enlightened us by their lectures on Spiritualism. We need test mediums here who are willing to come before the face of a scornful public, and give them truth. There are hundreds here who, if opportunity offered, would be glad to test the truth of Spiritualism. The only public test medium we have ever had here was Mrs. Coan, and she stayed but one evening. We hope some good test medium may come this way. We will give the use of the hall one month free. Address the writer."

Mr. Hutton, Illinois.—"The cause has numerous friends in western, northern and middle Illinois. A spirit of inquiry is abroad; circles meet; mediums are developed; communications from spirit-land are received, and here, as elsewhere, the doubting, who heretofore have only a faint glimmering idea of a future immortal life, receive a new impulse to their being, in the manifest evidences of superior intelligence. Large are the numbers here who desire to hear experienced speakers upon this subject."

Z. E. Peck, Westleyville, Penn.—"The clergy seem to be out of the reach of reform; they are foremost in repelling all reformatory measures that come within the sphere of their influence; they really march in the rear of progress. We have no public reform meetings in this place except when we are visited, by transcient speakers. We have recently been visited by Mr. and Mrs. Wilbor, whose words of cheer fell like refreshing showers upon our spirit pathway. Mrs. Wilbor is a well-developed medium, and, under favorable conditions, speaks exceedingly well."

J. C. Hall, Buffalo, N. Y.—"I have seen a table pass from one side of a well-lighted room to the other repeatedly, and in all directions around the room, without human touch or human agency. At a house in Springfield, where the great medium, Hume, boarded, a bedstead, with the bed and a young man on it, who was at the time indisposed, was without any visible influence, in the day-time, raised up in mid-air and rocked for some time, as one would rock a cradle with a child in it."

H. C. Whiting, Winsted, Ct., writes that Mr. Von Vleck has exhibited there his "exposures of Spiritualism," and that his ostensible object is money-making. The Bly and Von Vleck performances come more properly under the head of Turkey shoots, or cock fights, than of spiritual correspondence.

# Philadelphia Correspondence.

### Miss Emma Hardinge's Lectures.

Dear Banner—One of the finest lectures we have ever listened to was given on the Sabbath morning by Miss Emma Hardinge, who here, as everywhere, attracts intelligent and investigating minds in numbers. She leaves the germs of a true and exalted Spiritualism wherever she goes, and proclaims great truths boldly and fearlessly. Her subject was the "Spiritualism of the Jews," and never was truth more clearly presented, and facts more forcibly and eloquently arrayed against error and popular theology. The old and time-revered patriarchs were reviewed, and also the God they worshiped and proclaimed. The character of Abraham, who, with perceptions better unfolded than those surrounding him, turned from idol-worship, to adore the one, true God. But this Deity demanded implicit obedience, delighted in sacrifice, and ruled despotically. In our day, we should not accept the moral character of Abraham as an example; for the record proves that he was neither truthful nor just. Then the much-lauded Jacob is found bargaining with his Lord God, in the trading spirit that distinguished him in the famous vision, a portion of which is so often quoted by theologians. In the mind of Jacob there must have been doubt as to the reality of the vision, for he bargains with God for the good to be bestowed upon him; promising his Lord God the return of a portion, if He would accede to his demands. He saw his God in the figure of a man; that was his highest conception. Then we find him possessing himself of the best part of the flock by an agricultural trick, and telling his wives the Lord God had done it for him. And these men were the founders of the religion on which Christianity rests; these are thy gods, oh, Christians! Next, Moses, who boasted of having met God face to face, and received the tablets inscribed by his holy finger; Moses, who consecrated brothers to the slaughter of brothers, but permitted the chief offender, his brother Aaron, to go free; who, in the retaliatory spirit of his time, avenged God's wrath upon the people for the worship of the golden calf. The histories of his day tell naught of the great darkness that overspread the land—of the many plagues recorded in the Scriptures called the Jewish. Moses gave the commandments of God unto the people. He forbade them to steal, yet said that the Lord God sanctioned and approved the borrowing of the jewels from the Egyptians. How would this example stand, tried by the present standard of morality? Did not the Israelites violate the laws of justice, take advantage of the confidence of their neighbors, the generous spirit of hospitality? But in those days the *neighbor* meant only those of their own belief and nation; it was not accepted in the world-wide spirit in which Jesus of Nazareth commended justice. "Thou shalt not commit adultery," was another commandment given. Was it not adultery to reserve the captive women of the nations they conquered, while they put to the sword their husbands, brothers, and fathers? What was the example of David and Solomon? One of sensualism and idolatry. Yet these are the gods that are worshiped—the names revered as holy! Slaughter, murder, rapine, and violence, sanctioned by the will of God, and accepted in this enlightened era! But, amid the darkness and horror of those days, beams grand and beautiful the inspirations of its prophets, wherein ever is vice and crime denounced, the supremacy of good upheld, and the care of God promised to the people. In the utterances of the sublime Isaiah, in the words of the prophets, was ever heard the heralding of a higher good, the vindication of the right, the denouncement of vice and wrong!

The medium spoke of the leading incidents in the history of Moses, all borrowed from the beliefs and records of the past, the events occurring in Pagan history, before the advent of the Jewish lawgiver. She proved to her listeners, that the so-called five books of Moses, were not compiled until five or eight hundred years after his death. With an array of historical facts, impossible to overthrow, the inspired lecturer gave dates and names, and sought deductions that left the Hebrew Scriptures what they truly are—a record of past barbarous times, an evidence of man's material conception of a God, a book containing valuable gems of truth, but not a fitting object of idolatry, a source of veneration.

There was, in truth, no Spiritualism in the religion of the Jews, for they were ordered to obey the commandments, that they might prosper, and live long in the land; this was their highest incentive to good; they were not taught of Immortality, of a life beyond the earth. And in the Jewish scriptures, but one evidence is given in the case of the return of Samuel, that the spirit lived after death. And yet the record is esteemed as holy. Was it inspiration to note the passing events of that time, to state facts as they occurred, to record the slaughters and wickedness of their rulers—what inspiration could be needed for a task like this? And these are the Gods worshiped not by Israel alone, but by Christians; these are the examples cited, the moral guides so often quoted. Conservative Israel, clinging to the olden form, scattered and dispersed among the nations, still stands alone, the Christians say, a monument of God's wrath; rather are they the living witnesses of the effects of conservatism, that, heeding not, following not in the march of progress, stands isolated, marked, and suffering, amid the nations. Denying the benefits of amalgamation, the reciprocal interests of the human brotherhood, they stand aloof, guarding, amid the darkness, one beautiful, redeeming trait of faith—their belief in the Unity of God. Fervent, eloquent, and beautiful, was the medium's invocation to Jerusalem,—to her scatterd and wailing children, still turning their eyes and hearts to their ancient land. Not in the kingly pomp and glory of the past, but in the spiritual light and glory of the present and the future, would Israel acknowledge the God of Love, and join in the universal brotherhood of man.

This unsurpassed lecture occupied in delivery, an hour and forty minutes. It were impossible to present its beauties, its array of facts, the science and the eloquence displayed. To all liberal-minded Jews and Gentiles, it was a glowing exposition of Truth; to the creed-shackled, a source of momentary alarm, the first round of the ladder of investigation and thought.

In the evening, the Sansom street Hall was densely packed, and our lecturer gave us the "Spiritualism of Greece and Rome." Surely many of her audience felt the inspiration flowing so eloquently and poetically from her lips, as she spoke of beautiful Greece, the birthplace of spiritual thoughts embodied in graceful forms; as she spoke of the significant fables, the beauty of their mythology, that invested all nature with life, that ascribed attributes of life and strength and beauty to the Deity, worshiping these

representations as types of Divinity only. She spoke of Bacchus, revered as a god; of the similarity of his history, birth and life, with that of Jesus of Nazareth. That in his temple were the mystic letters, I. H. S., adopted as the Christian symbol, surrounded by the sun-rays, and signifying "Life to come." She spoke of an ancient heathen festival, in which bread was broken in honor of Ceres, the goddess of agriculture, and wine was drank in remembrance of the god Bacchus. And from these Pagan and significant rites, the Christian worship had its rise; and theologians, although they cannot disprove, cast aside and are silent upon the indestructible records of the past, that bear their own symbols and gave birth to their own mode of worship.

The heroes and sages and philosophers of the past, our medium said, are living in our very midst; we need not sorrow for the decay of Greece and Rome; the pure, aspiring spirits of its law-givers and sages are impressing brains on earth, and touching the music-chords of hearts. The painters, poets and musicians are with us, striving to impress their glowing thoughts upon the minds of earth. The artistic spirit, the martial fire, the beautiful creations of Greece and Rome still live—enkindle in the hearts of men, and bless the world.

In order to truly appreciate these two lectures, it would be necessary to hear them at least thrice, to impress on heart and brain the truths, knowledge and beauty therein contained.

March is peaceable as a lamb; the weather warm as May, and we are blest with a succession of rains, that will surely prevent the offering up of prayers for that boon, at least this spring.

Yours for Truth, CORA WILBURN.

*Philadelphia, March* 15, 1859.

# The Public Press.

## THE TRANCE.—NO. III.

DEAR BANNER—In my last I promised to notice the third proposition set forth by Mr. Sunderland; but, before doing so, I desire to consider some ideas set forth by him in his second proposition.

First, then, he says, "I never taught that it was morally wrong to submit the nervous system to the control of spirits. My own children have acted as mediums, (for the physical manifestations only.") Then I am to understand if it is not morally wrong it is morally right. The possibility of such control of mortals by spirits is clearly acknowledged by him when he says, "My own children have acted as mediums." Will Mr. S. please be so kind as to inform me whether his children, whilst they were being controlled, were in a submissive or passive condition? and if so, was not their selfhood given up for the time being, fully confident that the controlling power would do no harm? But perhaps Mr. S. believes that those spirits who have controlled his children were of so exalted an order, that no possible danger would arise from a submission of their nervous systems to such control, while he evidently concludes that I (if I were a medium,) would necessarily be subjected to danger from the following reasons:—First, I do not know who the spirit is; second, I do not know the real character or design of the invisibles; third, I cannot cross-examine them; fourth, I cannot call them to an account for anything they say or do. Will Mr. S. please explain why he is so partial in drawing the line of adaptation in reference to spirit-power, and mediums who submit themselves to it? May it not be barely possible for me to cross-examine, and also to know the real design of the invisibles, and call them to an account for what they do, *as for his children to do it when they submit?* If his children submit their nervous systems to such control of spirits, and are incapable of calling them to an account for anything they say or do, is it not morally wrong—as much so on the plane of physical manifestation as upon the mental plane?

In the third proposition he says, "It is safe for mortals to pathetize mortals; and for aught I know, it may be safe for spirits to entrance spirits." Will Mr. S. be so kind as to inform me whether it be safe for mortals to pathetize mortals, unless the motives be for good? And would not as much harm arise from an undue exercise of power arising from the relations existing between the organic conditions of a pathetizer and the subject, as could possibly arise from a pathetizer in spirit-life projecting his power to mortals in the earth-life? Is it not known to Mr. S. that it is impossible for any whom he might control, to turn around and control him in turn? And does not Mr. S. know full well that the weaker cannot control the stronger, and the negative cannot control the positive? And, as to application, are the cases not parallel, when it is evident that one principle governs the action in both cases? Again he says, "But for spirits (real or imaginary,) to entrance mortals, is a different thing altogether." What does Mr. S. mean when he uses the word *different?* Does he mean the motives are different—the mode of operation different—or the results arising from such control different? If any real difference does exist in the use of the power of mind over mind, the preference I must accord to the spirit-world, if my own experience enables me to judge in the premises.

When a spirit controls my organism, it takes care of that organism against injuries; but which, I am sorry to say, was not the case when I submitted myself to the control of Mr. S. My limbs have ached with pain at the close of his lectures, caused by people sticking pins into me, which, by the way, has not taken place since I have submitted myself to the control of spirits. I do not mean to say that these things were done by consent of Mr. S., or that he did not do all in his power to prevent their occurrence; but that they did happen, shows very conclusively that he was controlling more subjects than he could do properly. I have yet to learn that the spirits undertake to control more subjects at once than they can take care of and prevent from injury.

I suppose Mr. S. will remember the case of a young lady whom he professed to have entranced, who suffered in consequence of having capsicum thrown into her face in the city of New York. And does not Mr. S. know that the man who threw the capsicum in her face was prosecuted, instead of himself? And did either the lady or her friends hold him responsible for the evil consequences growing out of her submission to his control? According to the theory advanced by Mr. S., when carefully criticised, it will be found strongly condemning his own course of conduct. For the objections which he supposes to exist with regard to mediums giving up their selfhood to spirits, have been proved true in regard to mortals giving up their selfhood unreservedly to the control of mortals.

Lastly, Mr. S. concludes his third proposition by saying, "And hence the manifest fallacy in assuming that spirits whom we do not know may do with mortals what mortals may do with each other; but what mortals cannot do in return on spirits." I would like to inquire of Mr. S. wherein consists the "manifest fallacy" of which he speaks. He has conceded the right of mortals controlling each other, and deems it wrong for spirits to do the same to mortals; but wherein the wrong is to be found is not so apparent. I am now speaking of the principle, not of the motives which may enter into the mind of a spirit in the exercise of such control. I am somewhat surprised to find that Mr. S. is so ignorant, with his forty years' experience, as to assert that mortals cannot control spirits—for the evidence that they can, I would refer him to the Bible; and if he requires some testimony of a later date concerning this matter, I would refer him to Wm. Fishbough, of New York. I am in hopes that some good may result from the amount of information which his forty years' experience will enable him to impart. If Mr. S. should wish to interrogate me, I would say that I have had but ten years' experience, and ought not to be expected to know more than one-fourth as much as himself concerning the theories. But as to fact and experience, I would say, that I am in possession of that which Mr. S. has not, namely, the knowledge concerning the effect produced by spirits in and out of the form. INQUIRER.

*Boston, March* 9, 1859.

## COMMUNION BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

The spirit-world is inhabited by beings of a social order, whose communion with each other no person will doubt. But the question arises, Do they commune with mortals? Do they have sympathy with the world they have left behind them, and do they know the acts, and have they sympathy with their mortal friends in their joys and sorrows? "Does the light of their social influence fall upon the path of human life?" and do they feel for their fellows as when in the earth-life? These interesting questions, full of significance as they are, are constantly being revolved in the minds of those whose love for departed friends calls their thoughts in the direction of the spirit-world. The generation in which we live is passing away, and with it many of our kindred and dearest friends go to the spirit-world. In the depths of our grief we exclaim, as we follow them to those mortal borders, and as they pass entirely from our mortal vision, "Are they *now entirely* gone and separated from us, or do their sympathy and love remain with us as fresh and warm as the remembrance of them is treasured up and cherished in *our own* hearts?"

The orthodox world, at the present day, seem to suppose that the spirit-world is at a "*magnificently* cold distance" from the world of mortals; and the idea that the spirit of a departed friend should again visit the earth, and commune with its inhabitants, fills their souls with horror and disgust. They seem to think that, following their own selfish, worldly course, when by some fortunate occurrence they are elevated from that position in society they once held, to one a few degrees higher, they are led to ignore former friendships, and disregard the feelings of those they once revered. They think the departed, by being elevated above them by a change of worlds, "take no more interest in the friendships of earth, and would think it a check upon their upward aspirations even to so much as *think* of those they once loved who are now left behind. Thus they suppose that, although we sorrow for the departed, they look not back on us; although we love them, they love us no more. It is acknowledged at this time by those who now oppose the spiritual theory, that the two worlds, at one time, stood in constant and tender communication. This they admit in connection with the old Jewish history, and also at the time of Christ and his apostles.

At that time, not only those beings whom they call angelic visited the earth, but departed saints, as in the case of Moses and Elias, on the mount of transfiguration. But since that time the heavenly gates have been closed, and all communion between the two worlds has ceased. Even angels, it is thought, have retired from us. And the poetic sentiment, that "angels' visits" are "few, and far between," has been found to so nearly coincide with the orthodox views of spirit communion, that it has passed into a musical proverb. And in the language of an eminent *clerical* individual, "Even the pulpit has endeavored to baptize this poetical infidelity, and accordingly it has been set as a gem into many an eloquent sermon. The idea that angels have charge over us, is not so beautiful as the "few and far between" of the poet! It may be beautiful poetry, but it is cold theology! and it is a sentiment that could only be popular in a rationalistic age."

Thus it is men are ready to deny that, which to them, is of the utmost interest and importance. They long to learn of the spirit world, but the scales of bigotry and materialism, so completely obscure their spiritual visions, that they reject, and turn aside from that which "would be a savor of life unto life." But it will not always be thus. The light which is now radiating from the "angel spheres," is destined to make a mighty revolution in the spiritual nature of mankind. Materialism and infidelity are destined to flee before the march of angel light, and the time is coming on apace, when truth shall universally prevail, and produce a harmonious and peaceful regeneration among all the nations of the earth.

B. SMITH LAMKIN.

*Ledyard, N. Y., Feb. 7th*, 1859.

## MY IDEAL.—NO. 3.

"When from our skies the rainbow shall decline,
And all life's fires are quenched in bitter tears,
The days which thou hast brightened still will shine,
Fair islands flowering in the sea of years.
Still beautiful before me a dear form,
Like a dim shadow on a twilight sea,
Will float, for still, with love's first feelings warm,
My heart, exulting, will return to thee."

The Ideal is the highest conception we can form of all that is included in symmetry, perfection and beauty. We love the conjugal from the necessity of our nature, and yet, how common it is to hear people speaking of *free* love. And why not speak of free life, free breath, free thirst, and free hunger? We love what is lovely, and hate what is hateful, from the necessities of our nature, similarly as we form our ideas of the Divine. God is to each of us what our capacities make him; and the same may be said of all other objects. We must approach perfect manhood, in order to form just conceptions of the Conjugal or the Divine; and I have already stated some reasons why it does not seem to me to be strictly philosophical, to speak of Nature, or the visible Universe, as the ultimate or First Cause. There must be a more philosophical mode of thought, in which the higher forms of Intelligence are disposed to consider things, which combine all we know of Design, Cause and Effect, and the ESSENCE, FORM and USE, of all things. Let us aspire for the higher modes of thought. Contemplating Nature, then, as a whole, why not consider it as an effect? All phenomena must have adequate causes, which exist before the effects appear. Nature is the Universe of phenomena. The world of causes is invisible. We do not see with our external senses, the *real* laws or causes, which precede phenomena. But, throughout the Universe, effects become causes, and produce other effects; and so, throughout the great whole, each effect in time may become a cause, and so produce other results in geometrical progression.

The most, perhaps, that we can do, when speaking of the Divine, is to say that we mean by the term the ABSOLUTE of love, or life; the Absolute of power or force; the Absolute of intelligence or knowledge which gives form and order. As the ESSENCE, FORMS and USES, comprehend the whole of all things in Nature; so we say, the wisdom, power, and goodness, which are absolutely perfect, is what we mean by God. And, when we have said this, it were the same as if we had said, it is impossible in the Nature of things, for us to find out who God is. He is incomprehensible; what can we know? and, how shall we begin to describe that which is indescribable? The mind is satisfied when we say, God is, and is absolutely perfect; and, as goodness, power, and intelligence, in absolute perfection comprehend all we can express of his qualities, we use these terms, as coming the nearest to completeness in our theory and forms of speech. Thus contemplating the Divine, we can express some ideas as to the relation he holds to Nature and to Law, or the constitution of things. For, as Nature, when contemplated as a whole, is a grand result of a superior cause, so we say the Divine is not an effect, but the cause of all effects. If it be said, that the human mind is not capable of contemplating God as the first cause of all things, because all objects of contemplation must be phenomenal, or results, I answer:—

That we cannot imagine an effect, but which was preceded by an adequate cause; and as the cause must always and forever be superior to the phenomenal world, we cannot rid the mind of the idea of God. And further, this objection deifies the human mind, inasmuch as it assumes that the mind cannot stop in its search for causes, but must go on until it finds nothing but phenomena, or effects, without a cause! The human mind is finite, and limited in its powers. Hence we deify the mind, as it were, when we assume that the mind cannot stop in its searches for causes, and we make an ideal something, of the mind, which it is not in reality. There must be limits to the human intellect, in its search for causes; it must settle upon an ultimate or final cause, behind which we cannot go. I ask, then, what can be the harm in calling that last cause, behind which we cannot penetrate, the Divine, the Infinite? And, when we say this Infinite is not Nature, although he is the soul of Nature, and the cause thereof, as it is this Divine who makes Nature, and Nature's laws. Nature is the body, God the soul. Nature is the outer form, and God the SPIRIT. He is in Nature as the life is in the soul of Nature, and the cause thereof, as it is this Divine who makes Nature, and Nature's laws. Nature is the body, God the soul. Nature is the outer form, and God the SPIRIT. He is in Nature as the life is in the body, for it is the life in each particle, in all the parts, which gives to the body heat, motion and light. The life elements give the ESSENCE, FORMS, and USES of all things. Hence we speak of the Deity, not only as the inmost life of all things, but as that Wisdom Element, which gives form and order, in the outer or external world. And thus we are conducted to the idea of the Divine life. The development of life in Nature's Matrices, Mineral, Vegetable and Animal, is from the conjugation of the love and wisdom elements which are male and female, throughout the constitution of things. Thus we have paternity and maternity in the evolution of the different forms of life. The presence of these two forces, male and female, love and wisdom, positive and negative, in all spheres and kingdoms of Nature, suggest the necessity of some appropriate terms for designating this sexual duality, when speaking of God. It is certain that God is really the Infinite Mother of the Race, as he is the Divine Father, and we need terms of expression accordingly.

*Boston, Feb.* 8, 1859. LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

## THE COMFORTER.

The Apostles having been the disciples of Jesus, had been instructed in psychological influences, and were sent out at one time to exercise their knowledge upon those who were afflicted; but they had not yet learned "by what authority they did these things." Nor could they yet know by experience the inward communings that Jesus enjoyed; but he promised that they should by their own experience realize that there was a power that came through the soul, to enable them to do all the works that he had done—and that power he called the *Comforter*. I quote: John, chapter 14, verse 12: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater *works* than these shall he do, because I go to my Father." (16th.) "And I will pray the Father, and he shall send you another *Comforter*, that he may abide with you forever. (17th.) Even the spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him, for he dwelleth in you, and shall be in you. (18th.) I will not leave you comfortless (orphans); I will come to you. (19th.) Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more, but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also. (20th.) At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you. (21st.) He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them ° ° ° I will love him, and will *manifest* myself to him. (22d.) Judas saith unto him—not Iscariot—Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world? (23d.) Jesus said, If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. (25th.) These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. (26th.) But the Comforter, which is the Holy Spirit whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you. (28th.) Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away and come again to you. (29th.) And now I have told you before it come to pass, that when it is come to pass ye might believe."

I have given thus freely the words as given in John's Gospel, of what Jesus himself has said, that we may the more fully understand him. First, he says he will pray the Father, and he will send another Comforter, because he being himself their Comforter is to be removed—"go away." And that to return was to be the "Spirit of Truth." Then Jesus says, "I will come to you—shall see me—will manifest myself to him." And, chap. 15, verse 26, says, "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from my Father, *even* the spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me."

So that Jesus is coming to be with the believer. The *Spirit of Truth* is coming to be with him to teach, or bring to remembrance. That he will send, if he goes away; but if he goes not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; and when he is come, he will guide you into all truth, for he shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall hear, *that* shall he speak; and he will show you things to come."

It seems this *spirit of truth* was something that could not come to the disciples, unless Jesus "go to his Father;" that is, dies; and that if that is not the spirit of Jesus, it must be a spirit that was with him, and could not leave him until after his death; or he was to open a way by which the disciples could go forth with a spirit to teach them, and they should have it; but could not until he died or "went away."

I think that the promise is sufficiently plain to anticipate something—and what was it? He showed himself to Mary at the sepulchre—to the two disciples on their way to Emmeus; to the disciples at the meeting in the *evening;* again, at the sea of Tiberias; at his ascension to "about five hundred brethren, being seen of them forty days; and commanded them not to depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father. For the son of man shall come in the glory of the Father, with his angels, (Matt. 16, 27.) The son of man shall send forth his angels." (Matt. 18, 41.)

From what we learn, we conclude that God in his dealing with men has done so by angels; (Acts, 7, 53,) "who have received the law by the disposition of angels;" and that he sends forth angels as his messengers to do his will. And as we know of no *creation* of angels, as an independent order of existences, we conclude that these angels have once been what they appear to be in the visions—*spirits of men.* "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation?" We then shall look for the promise of the Father by the return of Jesus, and of angels or spirits with him. At the day of Penticost there came a sound like a mighty rushing wind, and filled the house. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance, (Acts, ch. 2., 1–4.) This spirit is like cloven tongues of fire, and shining, and so affected the disciples, that many said they were *drunk.* So Jesus comes with his angels, or ten thousand of his saints; and here he has enough with him to cause the disciples to talk all the languages there were hearers to hear; so that they now do those things in the name of Jesus, for he is with them, as Moses and Elias had been with him, or Elias with John the Baptist. It may be said that God caused them to speak these tongues by his own direct presence; rather, is it not that he sent his messengers, to speak through them—say a spirit for each of the hearers that was a friend of their's? It was not thought strange, after this, for a person to talk in divers tongues or languages, if he possessed the gift, (1 Cor. 12, 10,) or that one should be able to discern spirits. Q.

## NUTS FOR ALL TO CRACK.

MESSRS. EDITORS—A few weeks ago an article appeared in one of your papers, in which the writer called the attention of your numerous readers to the writings of A. J. Davis. I think I can say, with him, that there are many things in Mr. Davis's writings which, if carefully read by Spiritualists in the frame of mind in which that writer desires his works to be read, might prevent many erroneous conclusions.

At the present moment I venture to call public attention to a few isolated matters appearing in Mr. Davis's works, hoping, by so doing, to stimulate inquiry and investigation in the particulars to which they allude.

I would invite astronomers to the following: (*vide* Divine Revelations, pages 160 and 161.)

"The existence of *eight* planets has been determined upon as nearly beyond all doubt. Still the *eighth* and *ninth* are not yet *recognized* as bodies belonging to the solar system."

(N. B.—This was uttered in March, 1846.) On page 675, Divine Revelations, is the following:—

"It is a truth that spirits commune with one another, while one is in the body and the other in the higher spheres—and this, too, when the person in the body is unconscious of the influx, and hence cannot be convinced of the fact; and this truth will ere long present itself in the form of a living demonstration."

The reader will bear in mind that this was uttered before the advent of the Rochester spiritual phenomena.

*Query*—Has the prediction been verified?

On page 565, Div. Rev., speaking of the death of Christ, and the causes that led to it, he closes with some prophetic remarks, which commence in these words—

"All those, and many similar accusations, were brought against him; and they exhibited a spirit of persecution that will be, ere long, fully exemplified in this nineteenth century." ° ° ° ° "Thus will be demonstrated the existence of precisely the same spirit as that which characterized the Jews of old, and the influence of this will clothe the rising and unborn generation in the armor of prejudice, hostility, and fanaticism." This singular prophecy must be near its completion in the tragedy it seems to promise.

To those Spiritualists who are accustomed to regard Mr. Davis as authority on spiritual subjects, a quotation from another of his works may be interesting, as defining the limits of human progress as relates to the inhabitants and spirits of this earth.

(*Vide* "The Present Age and Inner Life," p. 277.)

"It comes to me that *no spirit* from earth has as yet progressed beyond the second sphere."

If this be true, then what sort of spirits from the "*higher* spheres" are they who sometimes favor us poor dwellers in the rudimentary sphere with their wisdom? Yours, L.

## THE WHEAT AND CHAFF OF SPIRITUALISM.

Every great reform, every high progressive movement the world ever witnessed, has had its dark spots, its Judases, etc. There has ever been an ignorant and impure set of beings, ready to jump onto any popular movement, to get their bread without earning it; to gratify the passions at the expense of truth and purity. Christ told the multitude that they followed him because he fed them. Revivals and reformations have in their wake abominations sad to contemplate. Yet religion, or the sect, is not chargeable with these enormities. The denominations in whose ranks these things occur, do not step forth to excuse and palliate, else they would justly incur the charge of such crimes being the leading element of that sect. Contemplate the progress of Spiritualism, its vast numbers, and compare the balance sheet, and it will be found that the wheat—the pure—equals if not exceeds any other reform movement. I am not disposed to remove the line between purity and impurity, learning and ignorance; nor, assuming to be a very acute reasoner, say that there is no such thing as evil. I take the converse of such a proposition. While there are *the worthy*, and the *pure*, the *wise* and excellent in our spiritualistic ranks, there are those who answer the poetical description following, who, I think, cannot be reached any other way, so effectually as in this manner. Discarding the idea that there are any other terms of spirit intercourse, except *affinity—mental congentality*—conscientiously believing, from the highest authority within my reach, *that such is law*, I here soliloquize:—

Now, gentle reader, *inter nos*,
Not bound to keep these matters close,
Nor in my going forth to falter,
Lest some arch rogue should feel the halter—
Some lecherous lecturer, per chance,
Should to the treadmill's music dance;
Some slattern pack, who vainly boast
Of healing, by some doctorate ghost—
Some pseudo trance-clairvoyant brood,
Who felon-like obtain their food,
With countless godless ones who should
"Pick oakum," for the public good.
Shall I not put such to the wheel,
Howe'er these plunderers feel genteel,
And all their base pretentions raise,
To public scorn and public gaze?
For these are truly trying times,
Without *pro quo* to pocket dimes.
Their tricks and frauds are growing stale,
"Help! help!" or else these loafers fail.
*Sans ceremonie*, I'll proceed,
Satire give point! Pegasus speed!

When truth shall wing as lies have sped,
About the living and the dead—
That purest minds from highest spheres,
Come back unto this vale of tears,
To converse with the vile and base,
In sweet affinity and grace,
That gifted ones from Heaven's high place,
Doth loathsome ignorance embrace,—
Here blending fooleries with lies,
Clear light with darkness fraternize.
When lepers "healing mediums" prove,
Spasms with fondest dalliance move—
When rosy health with mantling wings,
From leperous distilments spring—
When wisdom shall from folly flow,
And midnight with morn's blushes glow,
Then shall we gladly here receive
As truth, the folly they believe.

*Charlestown, March*, 1859. DR. C. ROBBINS.

# Correspondence.

## LETTER FROM WARREN CHASE.

DEAR BANNER—By this you will see that I have crossed the Alleghanies, and am in the great basin of the nation, whose sides lead down to the Gulf of Mexico. When I last wrote you from Baltimore, Spring was there, feeling-round with warm rays after grass and flowers; next day we had (March-like) a visit from a snow-storm, and for a few hours the sleigh-bells were heard in the streets; but the bottom soon fell out, and that music ceased, probably, for a long time. On Sunday evening, the 27th, I closed my lectures, and, with many pressing invitations, and some promises to return, bade adieu to the kind hearts of the fair city. My clothes, books and papers had a providential escape on that Sunday evening. As the landlady made a holocaust of the bed-curtains of my room, the flames of which came near taking in my effects, and all else in the room; but the alarmed boarders from the parlor rushed to the rescue, and with feather beds and water, and the "aid of Divine Providence," saved the landlady and my baggage; but their blistered hands proved they were not fire-proof, like the fabled Shadrack and his associates.

Early on the Monday morning, they gave me a seat in a passenger car of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and all day drove us slowly up the winding valley of the Potomac to the Piedmont Hotel on the Alleghanies, where we found good fare and excellent lodging of its length; but it only reached to two o'clock A. M., when we had to take our chances in the night train, already full of sleepy passengers, who reluctantly gave us parts of their seats without the request of the conductor, who, unlike the one we had left, did not seem to care whether we had seats or not. Slowly we drove with the morning light down the western slope to the Ohio, and there learned we were late, and the train gone, and we could have six hours to visit and view Benwood and Bell Air. I already felt the Ohio atmosphere, and tried to feel at home, as I usually do in Ohio and New England. Soon after midnight, our good brother, Dr. Harrington, of Newark, heard a spirit-rapping at his door, which brought him from his bed; and as he opened the door, a tangible and weary spirit entered, and, stretching itself on a bed, went off to the land of dreams, and stayed till breakfast. The Town Hall was engaged by some sort of performers; the churches were all closed against the gospel of Jesus and the gospel of to-day, and the Court House was used by judge and juries to try criminals in a sort of rogue-catching-rogue, and criminals-trying-criminals process; but on Saturday evening they stopped to rest, and we took the bench and bar, and opened a new trial, in which we tried sectarianism, and found it guilty of slander; of obtaining money under false pretences; of compassing sea and land to make proselytes; of "stealing the livery of Heaven to fight the Devil in;" of fastening up God's houses against his children; of making great pretences to piety and long prayers, to be seen and heard of men and women; and, of doing little or nothing to save souls, or lead sinners to repentance. During this trial, which closed Sunday evening, Spiritualism was brought in and recommended to the people, and many concluded to take some of it, instead of creeds; a good time and good work was there, and many went in thereat. When the Monday evening came, I entered this 30,000 city, and soon found my old home at Henry Winter's, and the bright faces of the pets were soon gathered around to see and hear the annual visitor. The pleasant week among warm hearts in the welcoming homes will soon be over, and I shall cross the line into the Indiana State to leave three lectures on my way to St. Louis, from which place—if Providence takes especial care of me—I may take notes of the *there* and *then*. Soft winds and gentle showers are pressing the buds forward here so fast as to awaken fears of premature death in the minds of the timid and cautious. I I was glad to hear of the large number of BANNERS sold here, and that they are much read, much liked, and that more are wanted. Good bye, Down East, while I go West. WARREN CHASE.

*Dayton, Ohio, March* 11, 1859.

## TO THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

MESSRS. EDITORS—The Jamestown Institute, at Jamestown, N. Y., needs pecuniary aid to enable us to realize the object for which it was started—which is, to guide in love and without any punishment, and lead children to think for themselves and communicate in their own language, instead of committing to memory others' ideas. We do not ask for contributions, but desire to sell ten scholarships for $200 each, to friends willing to aid us by paying that amount in advance for board and tuition.

We feel sure that we can render a full equivalent for this, and are willing to give security, if required. Learned teachers and eminent scientific men have examined our method, and seen the school and family, and public journals have borne flattering testimony to the value of our mode of development. The Buffalo Republic and Times, (which is not conducted by a Spiritualist,) says of us, in a long article in its editorial columns:

"Had we children to be educated, we should regard the privilege of sending them to that school as one not to be measured by dollars. Nor could we conceive of any other investment that would yield a tithe—a hundredth part of the solid advantages which must be derived from such a course as is there received."

We can multiply commendations and give any amount of reference to those who desire it.

We also want some friendly Spiritualist to buy the mortgage held against our real estate, and well secured.

Each pupil who joins us is of course an aid, and every friendly hand extended will be welcome and appreciated. The earlier pupils enter, the better, as we wish all, both male and female, to have the advantage of our full course in Agriculture, and to share the advantage of the garden.

We wish, moreover, to associate with us an enterprising young carpenter, or cabinet-maker, capable of conducting a shop, where our children can learn the use of tools, as we wish all faculties cultivated. We prefer one who would like the opportunity to improve himself at the same time he aided others.

O. H. WELLINGTON.

## MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Loring Moody will lecture in Danvers, March 22d and 23d; South Danvers, March 24th and 25th; Lynn, March 27th. Will some friend in each place, who may see these notices, make all needful arrangements without further request.

Miss Munson, clairvoyant physician, has, since the conclusion of her engagement to speak in Philadelphia and Baltimore during the last month, resumed the practice of her profession, in which she has hitherto been so successful. She has taken the rooms formerly occupied by her at No. 716 Sansom street, where she may be found during ordinary business hours. She may be addressed, care of Dr. H. T. Child, 510 Arch street.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Philadelphia and Baltimore during March; in New York, Willimantic and Naugatuck, during April; in Providence, Worcester, Lowell, and other places, during May, and in Portland and Oswego during June. In the Fall and Winter Miss Hardinge designs to labor exclusively in the West and South, and requests letters of application for her services to be addressed to 104 Grand street, New York.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., March 27th. Mrs. Felton will receive calls to lecture in the vicinity of Oswego on week evenings, between March 20th and 27th. Address Willard Barnes Felton, Oswego, N. Y.

Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Foxboro', March 27th; Worcester, April 3d; Cambridgeport, April 10th; Marblehead, April 17th; Foxboro', April 24th. She will answer calls for lectures, and attend funerals. Address No. 32 Allen street, Boston.

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook (formerly Mrs. Henderson) will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., every Sunday in April; and in St. 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 422, Bridgeport, Ct.

Warren Chase lectures in St. Louis, March 27th; in Evansville, Ind., April 1st, 2d and 3d; Cincinnati, Ohio, April 10th; Cleveland, April 24th; Chagrin Falls, April 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th, and May 1st; Adrian, Mich., May 15th; Battle Creek, Mich., May 22d; Harmonia, Mich., May 26th and 27th; Kalamazoo, Mich., May 29th.

E. S. Wheeler, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at Norwich, Conn., until April 1st; after that, until further notice, at the Fountain House, Boston, Mass. He is engaged in Connecticut and Boston, until April 11th.

J. C. Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Mr. Hall is one of the first apostles of Spiritualism.

Mrs. J. W. Currier will lecture in Norwich, Conn., April 10th and 17th; Putnam, Conn., April 24th. Evenings intervening she will speak in the vicinity of the above places, if desired. Address, Lowell, Mass.

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

J. C. Cluer will answer calls for lectures on Spiritualism or Temperance, and his daughter, Susie C. Cluer, will accompany him to give readings. Mr. C. will act as agent for the BANNER. Address at the BANNER office, or 12 Chapman st.

George Atkins will speak in East Taunton, Sunday, April 3d; Orleans, April 10th and 24th; and Taunton, April 17th.

Dr. E. L. Lyon will speak in Utica N. Y., March 27th. He will solicit subscriptions for the BANNER in such towns as he may visit.

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.

Mrs. M. M. Macomber, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture in any direction the friends of progress may desire. Address Olneyville, R. I.

J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, will speak in Cambridgeport, March 27th; Concord, N. H., April 3d; Union Bridge, Sanbornton, N. H., April 8th.

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

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

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

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak in Quincy March 27th; Cambridgeport, April 3d; Watertown, April 10th; Cambridgeport, April 17th and 24th.

C. T. Irish will answer calls to lecture in trance-state where the friends of truth may desire. Address Weir-village, Taunton, Mass.

Western New York friends wishing to engage George M. Jackson as a lecturer can do so by addressing him at Prattsburgh, N. Y., until the 1st of April, as he intends to spend the summer in the East.

Mrs. H. M. Miller will visit all places between Ashtabula and Cleveland, where lectures can be held. If the friends in vicinity of Cleveland desire her services they can address her at that post office.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will speak at Hartford, Ct., on Sunday, April 3d, and at Springfield, Mass., on Sunday, April 10th. She will answer calls to speak on Sundays, and week day evenings. Address, Hartford, Ct.

Persons desiring the services of F. L. Wadsworth as a lecturer, will please address "Spiritual Age," Boston, Mass., until further notice.

R. P. Ambler will lecture on Sundays during March at Sandusky, O. He will receive calls to lecture on week evenings in that vicinity.

Mrs. Hyzer speaks at Cincinnati or Dayton, O., March 27th; St. Louis, March 30th.

William E. Rice, Trance Speaker. Address at 7 Davis street, Boston.

Miss C. M. Tuttle will speak in Putnam, Conn., Sunday, March 27th.

CONTINUED FROM THE FIFTH PAGE.

with people out of her set—speaking to a mechanic—or being on terms of friendship with any of the common vulgar. Ah, no! usefulness had formed no portion of her education; it was not in the fashion. This is a picture of a modern young lady before marriage, which, with its fashionable heartlessness, is in store for her.

And now we will turn to the boy, now grown up to almost man's estate. He has been at college—has learned to smoke a Havana in the most modish style—wears a mustache, which, if not his own, is kindly furnished for him by some one else—can whistle, and chant, and play a guitar—and appear, according to the verdict of the ladies of the kind I have been describing, very much of a gentleman. He has not made up his mind to a profession. To be a lawyer, or a doctor, is to make himself low, he thinks, and he believes that having special qualifications to prefer him to the office, he will go to Congress. Here will I leave him for the present, with the remark, that all his gifts and accomplishments belong to the system of modern education!

The young woman becomes a wife and a mother; but fashion teaches her to neglect both her husband and child. She was educated to be married, simply, not to make merely a dutiful wife and a devoted mother. You may point out to her her duties in these relations, and tell her that nature and affection spoke to her in their support—that she should be a helpmeet to her husband, and that she was bound by the laws of religion and humanity to train up her child in the way it should go: but what would be her answer? She would say that her mamma had never educated her to the entertainment of any such old-fashioned ideas, and insinuate that the contrary suggestion was slightly democratic. Mamma, papa, or nurse, never taught her such very plain and anti-aristocratic duties. And she would add—"Don't I love my child, and get nurse to show it to company in the drawing-room every day?" Oh, woman!—in name only, but not in education—what heartlessness is this! And the picture is not overdrawn. Go around the city and you will find it too practically true, that such false education is that of numerous wives and mothers, and that they lack the moral courage to fly in the face of base and demeaning fashion, and train their children properly for society and for God.

Let us now return to the young man, who, after much difficulty (more than he expected,) has got into Congress, where he faithfully represents himself and his education. Externally he can act the gentleman, and make a speech—though thoroughly tinctured with bombast. But watch him in debate, when the true interests of American liberty are discussed, and whence the warmth and genuineness of his patriotism? He is fired with drink, wild with passion born of prejudice and caste. He cannot bear the utterance of wisdom by the mouths of men born beneath his fanciful sphere, or by those of his own kind whose geographical relations he has been ignorantly taught to make light of. He rises in his maudlin state, and arraigns and insults. An altercation, a quarrel and a challenge ensue. The parties meet and point their loaded pistols at each other. They fire, and one of them falls by his opponent's shot. And here comes into the field what I may call Public Education. The telegraph spreads the news all abroad that Hon. Mr. Such-an-one has been shot, and Public Education takes up the theme. The Hon. victim to his own drunken folly, it says, has fallen in defence of that honor which ought to distinguish all gentlemen—patriotically suffered for his surpassing love of country—fell nobly in defence of the American flag. Oh, passion and untruth! what falsehoods do you jointly perpetrate! Oh, patriotism! how thy sacred name is sometimes prostituted! It was false education alone, not love of country, or honor, or anything else that fired the pistol! It was an abused education that called two men to meet in mortal combat, in defiance of all laws, divine and human; it was not true manhood, but the depravity of a prevailing sin which urged them up to their wicked strife. But such things come of Modern Education!

Woman has much to do in the changing of this pernicious evil of false education. Education is handed down to posterity by woman; the man simply hands down his children to the world—and hence the superior function of woman. But at present we are all wrong. We should teach ourselves to know that both men and women should be cherished and reverenced only on account of their worth; and that true education is miscalculated to prevail on men and women to fall down in abject prostration of body and soul at the shrine of fashion and folly. How much time and health are sacrificed at the altar of foolish fashion and a love for dress! With what devotion do mothers instill into the minds of their daughters a love for empty gaudiness and glittering show! How callously do mothers disregard the acquirement, by their children, of the knowledge and the practices of physical health; and how shocked they would be to discover that there had been any flaw in their education which related to fashion and its associates! The plain truth is, that fashion is not Christianity; it is not religion; it is not democracy; it is not common sense; it is in no shape to the purpose. That it is not humanity, let common practice show. Why is not physiology taught at our schools? Is it too indelicate, as some argue it is? Must it henceforth always be that children must be taught to know everything but themselves? They must become good mathematicians and linguists the while consumption is cultivated, which makes both useless to themselves and to the world through them. But fashion will have it so—the same ruling power which stamps, stigmatises, not the dress of the present day as an evil suicidal, or worse, if worse could be possible. And how is new light to be shed on the minds of the benighted votaries of fashion, and health and mental strength brought to their acceptance? Preach it to them, and their cry would universally be, "Delusion!" "Nonsense!" Fashionable men would look on the process as an excellent joke, suited to an encore, and they would wave their scented handkerchiefs and shout "Bravo!" Men and women of fashion—self-immolating fashion—forget God in their devotion to their horrible idol. Here, where they make a boast of being of true Puritan blood, and of the virtues which characterised that people, in an especial manner have they departed from their rule of simplicity in dress, and in the adaptation of dress to the wants of climate. "Oh," they say—"the times have changed; circumstances have mutated, and we must pay heed to appearances." Ah, this regard for appearances! Nothing can be more fatal to a people than such a doctrine carried out into practice. Look, for a moment, at the high salaried ministers of the present day, surrounded as they are, by appearances. Do they preach truth, and holiness, and virtue, and morality, better than did the divines of old? No; were it so, they would have few hearers and fewer admirers. If one minister dispenses truth more liberally than another, fashion prefers not to hear him, unless it be in the most furtive manner. He may not be heard in daylight by the votaries of the reigning evil of fashionableness—although a few take the midnight train after truth, when they think their fashionable associates will not see them. But they always make their pilgrimage selfishly as well as fugitively; for it is noticeable that they never bring their children with them, when they go in search of truth, preferring to leave them to grope for it at some more fashionable place. Appearances must be kept up, even should they fatally interfere with the liberty of education, which we boast as being the privilege of all among us. Hypocrisy—fashionable hypocrisy—must be kept up, no matter what the sacrifice—whether of life or truth, or both, and hence the absence of the fashionable from all places where God's light is shed on the human understanding, in unadulterated brightness. And as it is in the church, so it is in the family. Worth cannot compete with wealth in bidding for the hospitality or friendship of the fashionably educated of the day—although they pretend to both worship and encourage to deserving. Even those who, this night, are cultivating appearances in the shape of bending their knees in worshiping humility, never think of inviting the worthy poor or needy to their hospitalities, but prefer Honorables and Esquires, without worth or character, because it is fashionable, and appearances give the contrary action no sanction. Their humility is consequently pride; their profession hypocrisy.

But what is to be done in order to bring about a better state of things? Commune with yourselves. Educate yourselves politically, socially and religiously—always placing the latter as the cap-stone of the superstructure—where it will stand proudly pre-eminent, calling upon others to follow you in educating yourselves for God and for human improvement. Be free from the shackles and thraldom of others. Stand on the God-born quality of your own liberty, and believe what your own souls assure you to be the truth. The cry abroad is for more light, and the time has fully come for its ample dispensation. Take the reformative work into your own hands, and carry its influences everywhere. In particular carry it into your schools, and in the glory of its power will you make yourselves and posterity conspicuous. Remember that you are not acting for your own benefit, but for that of your children, and of their posterity down to the latest generations—assuring yourselves that what you do well and thoroughly must have a noble future. Be free; for you are slaves chained in the mart of public opinion. Educate your children in the physical and the spiritual; make your boys men, and your girls women, and not toys. Teach them to know their responsibilities, and how much of true happiness hangs upon that knowledge. Tell them that marriage affections are drawn together by God—and not regulated by wealth or fashion—that men and women hold their destinies in their own hands, and that true felicity can be found by a woman, even should her choice be a mechanic, which fashion so loathingly abhors. Let this state of things be, and there will be more beauty, more virtue, more fidelity, more happiness, more religion—more of God and his blessing—and less of crime, infidelity, disease, strife and unhappiness; more heart-enjoyment, and less fashion.

Fathers! learn your sons to legislate, in all respects, for the good of their country, and of themselves, and to be free in their thoughts and actions. Teach them to strike home against all social and religious abuses. Let them be educated not to pass through the world without virtue, worth and patriotism, and there will be more Christianity and less crime—truer Churches and more faithful ministers, more religion, more Jesus, because this education will stand as a protection over many, many precious souls.

Let Spiritualism prevail amongst you, and men and women will be saved from the demoralization of fashion, and the saving of appearances. Women will then wed men who are men indeed—men will mate with those worthy of them, and children will be raised to bless both, and be future ornaments to society. Spiritualism will give you strength in every hour, and God will give with it good gifts of truth and honor, which will be genuine and reliable, permanent in their influences and in the respect they will elicit, and not things to be worn by the unworthy as they wear a holiday dress. Educate, I repeat, your children to do good. Seek the full accomplishment of this work, and you shall find it. Life and its stormy path will be a flowery pasture for you, which no sun will scorch or frost wither. Educate your children as you shall answer for it in eternity; and may God give you strength to be true to yourself and yours!

A committee having been appointed for the purpose of selecting a subject for an extempore poem, reported that they had chosen, "The Dying Mother." Miss Amedey spoke for ten minutes on this theme, employing a power of description and a sublimity of ideas peculiarly striking, chaste and beautiful. Excepting only a few tautological defects, the poem was a very remarkable production. The description it gave of the angelic functions of the mother, doubtlessly touched the experiences of many present, whose tearful eyes told how deeply it moved them.

# HENRY WARD BEECHER

AT

## PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday, March 13th, 1859.

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

TEXT.—"*And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.*" "*And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance, for ye serve the Lord Christ.*"—Col. III: 17, 23, 24.

There is a truth of flowers and fruits, which will illustrate important spiritual truth. Wild flowers have a simplicity and beauty which every person of taste must have admired. But God has filled us with admiration, not only by the number, the variations, and endless diversifications of leaf, blossom, stem, color, form, and habit, but he has given to the floral kingdom a susceptibility of education. There is not an element in floral life, which is fixed and full. There is a store of reserved force in the simplest flowers. God has given them expansiveness—as it were, ductility. The wild rose is beautiful; but it is a mere child. What a babe is, crooning and dimpling its cheeks on its mother's lap, compared with the after woman, grown to fullness of stature, to that beauty which royalty of heart makes when it shines through the face, to clear intelligence, and versatile power, *that* a wild rose is, glittering and sparkling from a hundred drops of dew at each wave of wind, compared with its full orbed sister of the garden *La Reine*. The gardener knows that there is more force of color in reserve, than the flower of nature ever expresses of itself, that its fragrance may be increased; that it may become more ample, abundant. There is not a joint or leaf in a plant, that may not be developed by education.

Now there is a class of flowers which we call *florist* flowers. The tulip, the hyacinth, the pansy, the ranunculus, and many others, are florist flowers. In other words, where skillful men have put a flower to school, have persuaded it to reveal the secret of all the beauty which God placed in reserve within it, and have become possessed of the complete idea of that flower, its highest form, then it is a florist flower; that is, an *educated* flower. And in regard to such, you shall find certain qualities which are required. It is not enough that it should have shape; it must have the best shape. It is not enough that it should have color; it must have the best color. It is not enough that it should have size; it must have the greatest perfectibility of size. If you contest for a premium for pansies, you must have size, a certain perfectness of symmetry, intensity and contrast of color. You must have not only certain elements, but certain qualities of those elements. The state of nature will not do. The contesting flower must have each quality in its highest development.

I have drawn out this idea because it will make quite plain the habit of the New Testament. It recognizes all traits of goodness, even in their wildest and lowest state.

The Bible, whatever the theologian may do, always recognizes whatever is good in anybody, whether his character be good or bad; but it aims at nothing less than the noblest qualities in their highest development. When it comes to teach us what to strive for and do, it marks out for us a course of conduct, an aim of life, and the feelings by which one or the other is to be pursued. But it is not content then. It demands that right conduct shall flow from the best feelings or motives, and that these feelings or motives shall have the most refined and noble expression. Our Master, like the most noble parent, wishes in his children, all that can be conceived both in kind and degree of excellence.

It will surprise you, I think, to read, with this idea in mind, the New Testament. The things which are commanded must not only be good, but excellent. If to any quality there is a higher development, that is demanded. It is not enough to love; my love, like gold, must be purified; it must be fervent love proceeding "from a pure heart." Nor must it be of a half-and half quality; towards God it must be exercised with all the heart, and soul, and mind, and strength; and as exercised towards our fellow men, it must be without guile, without dissimulation. Courage is required in the Bible. It must be full, high, noble courage; not merely an impulse, but the uniform courage of the soul—"steadfast, immovable, always abounding." The trait of manliness is required. It is not enough that we are generous in the act of giving. That doesn't satisfy our Father. We must wreathe about our charity with beauty. Paul forbids that a man should give grudgingly. There were, it seems, in his day, as there are now, men who could, after a certain amount of urging, be made to disgorge their means for purposes of good. But Paul says, "No, I don't want any such giving as that;" and he declares, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." "I want you to give," he says, "in such a way that your giving shall make me happy." The cheerfulness is full as much as the gift. Some men can give a dollar with so much heart in it, that you feel richer than when others give a thousand. You get some men to give money as miners blast out gold from quartz. You drill and drill, and put in motives like powder; and by and by they go off, like thunder, and you are nearly overwhelmed by the shower of rocks that results from the explosion. This is not according to the wish of God. He not only requires good things, but good things in their noblest, most graceful, and most beautiful forms.

With these preliminaries, we will consider our texts, and the chapter in which they are embodied. From the first to the ninth verse the apostle sets forth the things which Christians should avoid:—

"Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory. Mortify, therefore, your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry; for which things' sake the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience; in the which ye also walked sometime, when ye lived in them. But now ye also put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds; and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him; where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all and in all."

He then proceeds to the seventeenth verse, to delineate the things we are to cultivate:—

"Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another—if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

Then comes the application of these things to the actual relations of life:—

"Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him. Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord. Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them. Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord. Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged. Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God. And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of inheritance."

The apostle recognizes here the fact that it is difficult to perform duty, oftentimes, on account of our relations one to another. The hardness of masters, the intemperate anger of parents, the unreasonableness of employers, the selfishness of our fellow-men, the pride of some, the injustice of others—these make it difficult to perform our duty, but they do not change the obligation. That does not stand in the characters of those to whom we do our duty. Our obligations come not from our relations to each other; these are but the occasions. Our obligations are first to God; and the way to serve God is to be obedient according to his nature; and no change in men can affect things which stand in the immutableness of God.

I proceed to remark—first, that the reasons of right conduct among us are always higher than human society, or the personal experience of the actors. Though the child sustains a certain relation to his father and mother; though parents sustain a peculiar relation to their children; though a particular relation exists between brother and sister; though neighbors owe certain neighborly obligations to each other; though citizens live together in certain citizen relations—yet, high above all these, is a bond of union that unites us primarily to God; and it is this higher connection that sanctifies all our lower connections, and gives them their moral character. Whatever we may remember or forget, the fact remains, that the duty of right feelings in this world does not depend upon our moods. No man thinks, if he be half a man, that honesty, and honor, and truth, depend upon our feelings about them.

We understand that in all these lower forms of moral obligations, there is something obligatory over all moods, and casualities, and circumstances of life, and that a man is to speak the truth, and conform himself to the manliest honor, not merely when he feels like it, but at all times. You can't change your word as you do your coat, wearing one kind in summer, and another kind in winter; nor as you do your posture, sometimes lying in a bed, sometimes sitting in a chair, and sometimes walking. There are certain things that know no change. They may vary in their modes of applications, but even these modes are, like the laws of nature, inevitable and compulsory.

Now men take it for granted that kindly affections, such as are enumerated in the chapter I have been reading in your hearing—bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, forgiving one another, and charity—men take it for granted, practically at least, that these are, if I may so say, the luxuries of piety; not to be put on the table every day, but only when we have company. In their practice men say, "When we entertain our friends with considerable state, we will roll out our humility, and meekness, and gentleness; but in every-day life, it depends upon how we feel whether or not we will be humble, and meek, and gentle. If a man towers above us with his pride, do you suppose we are going to sleep in our humbleness? Not we." So we lift up pride when we meet pride; so we manifest anger when we meet anger; so we give what we take, thus violating both the spirit and letter of the law at every step of life.

Those feelings, Christ teaches us, are offerings to God. It makes no difference what provocations to wrong-doing there may be; it makes no difference in what situation in life you may be placed, you are never to regulate your conduct by your feelings or your convenience. You can be placed in no position in which every act of doing or refusing to do, will not be registered in the bosom of God. He takes everything to himself. Every manifestation of effrontery, selfishness, or pride, God looks upon as made towards him, as he also looks upon every manifestation of the opposite traits. It matters not how little encouragement we may have to do right. God says, "Though your teachers frown; though your parents are ugly; though your neighbors are wicked; though everybody dissuade you from doing right, do it for my sake; I will accept it." He says, "When men are placed in circumstances where they lack every other motive to be manly and honorable, let them understand that there is the motive of my love and approbation."

Secondly—The difficulty of exercising right feelings has nothing at all to do with the duty, though it has with the credit and praise. If a man slinks when sent by his religion to do his duty; if he does not perseveringly and with fidelity perform what he knows to be right, he becomes disgraced; and it is no excuse for him to tell how many enemies he has had to contend with, or how many obstacles have been placed in his way. But if he performs his duty, then the praise and credit due him are commensurate with the difficulties he has to overcome. So with reference to all our obligations; we are never excused from performing them, because we meet with difficulties; but if we perform them in the face of difficulties, then there is a premium of praise and credit our due. Some men leave it to their hours how they shall be, and what they shall do. When they are prosperous—when there is a conjunction of felicitous event, then they feel that they ought to be Christians; then they usually try to be Christians.

If a man's day breaks serenely upon him—if his health is good—if his digestion is good—if his affairs are in a satisfactory state—if his wife has pleased him—if his children have pleased him—if his servants have pleased him—if his clerks have pleased him—and if his bankers have pleased him—then he says, "I ought, like the flowers, to wear dew every morning; I ought to abound in Christian graces." He says, "I am under obligations to God, and ought to love and reverence him for the blessings he is showering down upon me in such profusion." But suppose the reverse is the case; suppose nobody pleases you; suppose you have ten devils in you—which is equal to one dyspepsia; suppose nothing goes right in the family, in the store, or in the street; what then? Are you not then to be gentle? Are you not then to be kind? Are you to manifest a Christian spirit only when everybody pleases you? If the last mail has poured good tidings in upon you, you carry yourself in such a way that those about you say, "That man has had good luck." But when everything is dark, and you feel stirred up, you think you have a right to go out and hit everybody you meet and push them about, and otherwise vent your spite upon them. Now is humbleness a thing that belongs to good luck? and are rudeness, and unkindness, and selfishness, and a disregard of the happiness of others, proper in you when you feel stirred up by thwartings in worldly matters? If your temporal affairs are right, you should climb higher in goodness; if they are untoward, that makes no difference with God; and kindness, and gentleness, and all the other Christian traits, stand in your relation to God, and not to your temporal affairs, or your fellow men.

But our religious affections, and right affections of every kind, are most needed, usually, when they are most neglected. Men justify themselves, when severely wounded in their self-interests, or when they are thwarted in things darling to them, in being less religious than at any other times; whereas, the reverse of this should be the case, for it is just at such times that they need religion most. If men ever need to take medicine, it is when they are sick. There are many men who, when at home, are very good, but whose habits, when they are away from home, are necessarily changed. When away from home their temptations are multiplied, and their restraints are diminished; but this fact, instead of justifying the neglect of religious culture, renders it more needful than ever, as a safeguard. When religion is a sympathetic atmosphere about us, men pray much, and talk a great deal on religious subjects, and are vigilent respecting their moral conduct; and it is well. But when business blows its whistle, and the train comes thundering down on the track; and every man makes for his store, to perform his various secular duties, religious affairs are generally neglected. The family altar, social meetings, visits to the poor, private prayer, religious conversation, aspirations and yearnings for God and purity, are merged and forgotten; and all under the excuse that men have no time—that they are too busy—to attend to the demands of religion. But on this very account, that they are so much engrossed in worldly pursuits, there is need that they should have more religion, and not less. Just those times when they find themselves framing excuses for delinquency, are the times when, more than at any others, they ought to feel anxious about their spiritual welfare. Do you think that when there is a morning meeting at five, a noon meeting at twelve, and an evening meeting; and when prayer is talked of, and you are elevated in your religious feelings—do you think that this is the time when there is especial need of your engaging in private prayer, reading your Bible, and performing other religious duties? If there is ever a time when you can safely neglect these things, this is that time. But when there are no morning, or noonday, or evening meetings; when all men are talking of goods, and stocks, and ships, and profits—this is the time when you need to go to your closet; but, unhappily, this is the very time when you excuse yourselves from looking after religious concerns.

When does a man need his armor on, when lying quietly in his tent, when no enemy is near, and when he is surrounded by no danger; or, when the trumpet calls, and he goes down to engage in the fight? Christians are like soldiers, who put on their armor to take an easy siesta in their tent, when threatened by no danger, but who, when the battle rages, and they go down to the fight, take their armor off, and throw it aside. When you are surrounded by propitious circumstances, and everything is favorable to the exercise of Christian virtues, you are very conscientious and kind, and gentle, and zealous in the performance of religious duties; but when these propitious circumstances disappear, and business affairs press upon you, and you are beset with temptations of every sort, then your Christian obligations are set aside and neglected, and you excuse yourselves for such neglect on the ground of a lack of time. Now the less time you have to devote to religious purposes, the harder do you need to pray, and the more firmly do you need to take hold of the instrumentalities of grace which are within your reach. When you feel inclined to neglect religion, you may take that as a sign that you are in need of it. Then is the time, above all others, when you should strive hard to be a Christian; and when you must be one in order to effectually resist the evil influences which surround you.

Thirdly—Kindness, forbearance, love, and all the other Christian graces, are not to be shown only to the good, but just as much, and, if anything, more, to the evil. In other words, the obligations of Christians do not depend upon the moral character of their fellow men, as we are taught by our Saviour in the closing verses of the fifth chapter of Matthew, where he says, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only; what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect;" that is, be kind and bountiful, without regard to moral character.

And in the fifth chapter of Romans, we read: "God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." That *yet*—why, it is mighty! God commended his love toward us while we were *yet* sinners. It may be easy to show kindness to evil men, when in a state of subsidence. A man may be in that state, and say: "I am willing to give charities to drunken folks; I am willing to give charities to people who do not deserve them." But this is not the test. When men are ugly towards you; when they are selfish, when they are hateful, when they are wounding, when they are domineering in their bearing towards you; can you then, when under the lash, when you feel the pressure, the rasping of their malign feelings—can you then oppose to their evil conduct, gentleness, kindness, and willing service? The question is not whether you can do good to those who are bad; it is not whether you can do good to bad folks with whom you are never brought into contact, or whom you never see; but the question is, can you, when as man rides you, and thrusts his spurs into you, and lacerates you with his passions—can you then be as equable as at other times, and treat him with the same kindness that you would if he were kind towards you?

Oh, I think the man that can do that, has evidence of piety such as never lay in creeds, or conventionalisms of any sort, it is so unlike the natural man. When you can carry yourself so as to return kindness for coldness, mercy for inhumanity, humility for pride, prayer for cursing, love for hate, benefit for the sting of grasping, avaricious despoiling, when you can carry yourself as a balm to a soul so wretched as to display all these evil traits, then you need no Christian men or angels to teach you what is right, but you have evidence that you are an adopted child of God, and that you are perfect in the same way that your Father in heaven is perfect. A flower does not regulate the giving forth of its fragrance by the treatment it receives. It is just as sweet when plucked, as when allowed to stand. It yields its perfume as freely to him who robs it of life, as to him who nurtures it, and promotes its life. So a Christian heart should not measure its moods and dispositions of duty by circumstances, but by what it owes to itself, and, more especially, by what it owes to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Justice, I remark fourthly, never changes with the ill deserts of men. Men promise to do things, and then they justify the frangibleness of their word, by saying, "Do you suppose, after he had acted so and so, that I would play into his hands? No, no! He forfeited all his claims upon me." Yes, but God did nothing to forfeit his claims upon you. The man may have acted wickedly, he may have failed to fulfill his promise to you, and you may, on that ground, justify yourself in breaking your promise to him; but God has broken no word, and what you do to the man, you do to God. The man is the primary subject of what you do towards him; but through every individual toward whom you perform a deed, God is touched. If a man makes a promise to his fellow-man, that promise goes up and swears before God; it is a double promise, made not to the man alone, but also to God; and if you break it, you are not only unfaithful to the man, but also to God. Suppose the man is wicked; suppose he deserves nothing, does God deserve nothing?

Men justify their positive dishonesties in the same way. They refuse to settle debts, and to pay notes; they oblige long and vexatious litigations; they thwart the purposes of those to whom they owe obligations; they do this when they have not the slightest doubt that the root of equity is against them; and, as an excuse, they say, "The man acted so that I should have lacked the spirit of a mouse if I had not done as I did." But I want to know if your duty is made to depend upon men's actions? Do your duties stand in your relation to God or man? If you have made a promise, there is not a human being living so wicked as to make it just for you to break that promise. If you have entered into a covenant with a man, there can be no wickedness on his part—no selfishness, or injustice, or crime, that will justify you in refusing to keep your part of that covenant. An obligation once assumed, you are as much bound to fulfill it, if it is towards a bad man, as you are if it is towards a good man. If your notes are in the hands of creditors, who have wolf written all over them, and who are determined to settle your affairs, not to your advantage, but to their own, and act accordingly, that fact does not justify you in saying, "I'll play wolf with you. Since you bite with teeth, I'll bite with teeth; and since you rend with paws, I'll rend with paws." I don't think it is necessary for a Christian to convert himself into a wolf, because a wicked man does. Tell me, you men of Wall street; you who buy and sell; you who deal in stocks—tell me, out of some shadowy recollection of your own experience, if you must, did you do to your neighbor, in your hour of anger, as you would have done in the plentitude of your good nature and honesty? Do not men seem to say, by their actions, that circumstances alter—not cases, but duties; and that truth and honesty turn on the way other men treat them? Men do not accept the doctrine taught in the Scripture, that the more a man mistreats you, the better you should treat him; they do not recognize the fact, that the obligation to do this grows in proportion to the grossness of the treatment you receive.

The same is true of a spirit of tormenting; of spreading ill rumors; of picking up things disadvantageous to one another. While a man is playing into your interests, how good you are to him! So long as he is buying of you, and carrying on business transactions with you in such a way as to serve you, although you know that he is a hard fellow, you treat him kindly, and speak well of him. You say, "To be sure he drinks, and some men call him a beast, but he has considerable manhood about him after all. Others say he lies, and I suppose he does sometimes slip in his integrity, but we must not be too severe upon our neighbors." But by and by he does you a great wrong; he talks about you behind your back; he circulates reports concerning you, which are false, and which are calculated to injure your character. Now your soul boils with bitter feelings towards him, and you exclaim, "Did he say that of me? the villian!" You have heard stories of his having done the same thing with reference to others, and you have paid no attention to them, but now that he has attacked your character, you believe them all. You ache to have revenge, and you inquire, "How can I do him the greatest injury? Where do his dearest interests lie? What string can I cut that will lower him in the estimation of his fellow-men?" You will not break the law in order to punish him—you are too much of a coward for that; but you treasure up you wrath against him, saying, "Where can I hit his interests and reputation." You like to hear jokes cracked at his expense; you like to hear his reputation smirched and smouched; you are ready to destroy his character, his interests, and his life, almost, because he has done you a harm. Perhaps when you go home you take up the Bible, and read to your family the divine command, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you," and say, "Boys, do you hear?" And then, as soon as you go back to your business, you run after that man again, and do all in your power to ruin his interests, and blast his reputation. Has religion nothing to do with the daily life? Does it consist in a mere adherence to creeds and catechisms on Sunday? Is it compatible with such conduct as I have just described? If so, we had better go back to heathenism, for the heathen have better morals than flow from such a religion.

But these things are sometimes done by Christian men without a thought that there is any great iniquity in it. The excuse oftentimes urged is, "I did n't begin it; he began it;" or, "It is no more than he deserves;" or, "I am not bound to favor such a wretch as that; I am bound to make an example of him." O, my friends, suppose the Lord should deal so with you? You know what the Bible says. You are familiar with that parable of the debtor. A man was unable to pay his debt, and his master forgave him because he was unable to pay it. This same man, after his debt had been forgiven him, went out, and found a man who was owing him, and took him by the throat, and said, "Pay me that thou owest." The man said, "Have patience with me and I will pay thee all." But he would not, and he cast him into prison. When his lord heard what he had been doing, he called him before him, and condemned him, and delivered him over to the tormentors, as he had done with his poor victim. Do you know what the Lord's Prayer says? "Forgive our sins as we forgive those that sin against us." Do you know that that *as* is as mighty as a king? You say to the Lord, "See how I forgive my fellow-men, and forgive me just as much I forgive them—*as* I forgive them." Suppose God should act towards you according to this moral law. Suppose, when you justify yourself by saying, "He began it," God should say, "I will act towards you according to that excuse." And suppose when you say, "It is no more than the man deserves," God should say, "I am going to adjudicate towards you according as you deserve." O, what would become of us if he were to deal with us according to our deserts? Who could stand a moment then?

My friends, I think there is not another point where we are so apt to stumble as we are in assuming that we have a right to deal with men according to their deserts. You have no such right. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." God never delegated that right to you. He has reserved it, jealously, as a part of his own sovereign rule; and he who considers men according to what he thinks they deserve, dethrones God for the time being, and takes his place. When you say you are not treating a man worse than he deserves, you are measuring your treatment of him by a false standard. It is your duty to carry your own heart pure and sweet, and if there is no motive to do this anywhere else, He who wore our form; whose hands and heart were pierced for us; who, though we were his enemies, laid down his life, that we might be saved—he says, "Do it for my sake." If you find no motive to do right in men and circumstances, find it in God, who is above all human circumstances.

Fifthly; we are to fulfill the duties growing out of our relations in life, without any regard to the character and conduct of those who are connected with us. A citizen's duty does not rise or fall with the worth of the magistrate. We must, however, hold fast to the Christian right of revolution; and when a magistrate fails to answer the purposes for which he has been placed in office, we may revolve him out of his seat. The right of revolution is among God's most precious legacies to man. But no matter how bad the magistrate may be, you are bound to obey him as long as you choose to retain him. You are under no circumstances bound to do a wrong act; but if you do not choose to exercise your right of revolution when under the authority of a bad magistrate, then you are bound to obey him.

A child's duty may be much easier towards good parents than towards bad ones; but the duty of right conduct in children does not stand on the character of father and mother. Father and mother may not command you to do a wicked thing, and exact obedience; but they may treat you injuriously; they may do a thousand wicked things towards you, and yet kindness, charity, and obedience, are as much due from you to them as though they were good. But they are not so much due to father and mother as they are through father and mother, to God. Whatsoever you do, do it in the name of the Lord Jesus, and do it to him.

The relative duties of husband and wife are the same without regard to the character of either. In this age of the world we need to build up the sanctity of honor in the marriage relation; for, as the family is the citadel of society, he who holds that holds everything, and at that Satan aims. Now, in respect to the marriage relation in these modern times, when people go yearning about not being appreciated, and not meeting with people that stir up whatever they have in them, let me say that whatever you have preferred, or whatever you may now prefer, if you are united in wedlock, your duties to each other as husband and wife cannot be changed by any possible circumstances. If you are a woman, and are united to a drunkard, your duties towards him are the same that they would be if he were everything you could wish him to be, so long as you choose to abide with him; but I don't think a woman is bound to abide with a drunken man one hour. I don't think a person is bound to go to purgatory in order to get to heaven; but that would be cheap compared with living with a drunken husband. So long, I say, as you choose to maintain the relation of husband and wife, you are bound to practice towards each other all the Christian graces that you would if each were angelic in the eyes of the other. The character of either has nothing whatever to do with the conduct of the other. No matter if one or the other does not deserve good treatment; remember that in all these relations you are acting towards Christ. "Ah," you say, "I am shut up under my low roof; I am doubted and mistrusted when I ought to be trusted; I am annoyed in my better feelings; my conscience is oppressed; my taste is disgusted; my life is tormented—it is hard." O, do you not know that there is One who constantly bends over you—not your mother, though sometimes the mother comes as the guardian angel of the child; not your father, though sometimes the father teaches great lessons in these great schools of education; but the Lord Jesus Christ. He bends over you, and whispers, and says, "Do not mourn your lot; I am by you, and I register everything you do against your feelings and wishes as a gift to me."

Suppose he should say to you, "You have in your garden, I see, a quantity of choice flowers; will you, each day, pluck some gift for me, as a token that you remember me kindly?" Suppose he were to say this to you, and you were to know that it was the Lord Jesus Christ, how early would you wake, and how early would you rise, that you might be among the flowers while yet they were covered with the freshest dew; and how gladly would you, each morning, pluck an exquisite gem for him! But Christ does come to you every day, and he says, "Here, pluck that flower of a sweet disposition for me." Whenever pride grieves you, Christ says, "There is no blossom like humility growing here." And do n't you know that flowers are never half so pretty when growing on flat ground as they are when growing where you never would have thought of their growing? Why, I would risk my life to get that single harebell growing way up there in that hard granite, projecting out over that ledge of rocks. There is a whole field of harebells growing close by, but they are not the ones I want. I say, "Give me that one up there." If Christ sees a Christian grace springing up under the most unfavorable circumstances, and growing where you would least expect it to grow, he says, "Give me that flower." The harder a thing is to be obtained, and the more it costs you, the more do you prize it. And I tell you those graces which are wrought out from your heart's blood, are the flowers for Christ. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

So, also, is it with the servant and the master. In the voluntary form of servitude, both are bound to each other by a latent oath before God, and their duties do not stand in their relation to each other, but in God's authority over each one of them. It is so, likewise, in the involuntary form, with the duties of the servant and the master; that is to say, the slave and his owner—if I may so abuse language; for I hold that no human being can have a right of ownership in another, except by love. I believe we own those we love, but that is the only ownership of human beings that I believe in. No law, no parchment, no constitution, no government, no armies, no fraud, no cunning can ever create right of ownership of man in man. Therefore I hold that when such a right is maintained by force, the aggrieved party has a right to disown it, and to attempt to escape from it whenever he sees a reasonable prospect of success. I justify and honor the fugitive slave, I pity him before he runs away; after that respect him. Does the slave-owner say, "I own him; I paid twelve thousand dollars for him?" I don't care if he paid twelve millions; it is a libel on humanity for him to claim to own him; and slavery is an abomination so great that I wonder God does not strike it out of existence. I say he don't own him; the slave is as much the owner of himself as the master himself is of himself. There is but one thing which the slave ought to consider, and that is, "In my circumstances is it best to submit?" He is under no obligation to take into account the interests of the master at all. If he feels, "By running away I shall get clear of bondage," I say to him, "In the name of God, run, and you have the whole Bible to uphold you in it." Every right that belongs to us belongs to him, and he is justified in using any means in his power to make himself free. About this matter I have only this to say—that if that slave were my child, and he did not run away, even if he laid down his life in the act, I would write in letters that could be read a league, "Disowned! disowned!" If there are those not my children, who can be contented and grow fat in bondage, that is their look-out, and not mine.

Now I am prepared to say that if the servant submits to this relationship, although the relationship be bad, so long as he abides in it, he must perform the duties that grow out of it; he must not be an unfaithful servant. So long as he chooses to remain in that relationship he must be honest; he must tell the truth; he must be industrious; he must take care of that which is entrusted to him; he must be meek, forgiving and loving; he must in every respect demean himself as a Christian slave. I should do no violence to my conscience by preaching to slaves, "Obey your masters," after I had preached something else to the masters. After I had told the masters, "Give unto your servants that which is just and equal," and expounded that text so that they understood it, I think it would be proper to say to the slaves, "You must do the things that are right; you must carry yourselves void of offence. You must do this, not because you owe it to your masters, but because you owe it to Christ, who died for you. So long as the relationship between you and your masters is sustained, you must be faithful, and true, and honest, and industrious." I say I should have no scruples in preaching these things to slaves. Of course I shall have no chance to preach to them. I think I see myself in the south preaching the Gospel. A man holding such views as I do on the subject of slavery might better sit in the mouth of a twenty-four pounder when it is about to go off, than to undertake to preach in the south. Men say, "Why don't you preach these things in the south?" I reply, "Because my Master said, 'If they persecute you in one place, flee to another;' and if I were to go south to preach, my ascension would not tarry long. You say, "That's cowardly." I don't care what you call it; that's the reason. But I think, after all, if the truth were known, I preach to about as many slaveholders as I would if I were at the south. They don't believe in abolitionists, but for some reason they always go to hear them when they get a chance. They know the difference between a dead man and a live one; and they like to hear people that stand up to their principles, even if they speak against their peculiar views. We have slaves and slaveholders here in the north, as well as at the south. I once knew of a Southerner owning a northern Methodist preacher. What finally became of this piece of evangelical merchandize, I never learned. Then there are many men in New York, that stand high as members of churches, anti-slavery men, who have a partner that attends to business transactions at the south. They only know that A B and C, in the Southern States, who were owing them, failed, and they lost nothing in consequence of it; that their partner there wrote them, "I can secure you fifty able-bodied men;" and that they gave him permission to use his discretion in the matter. Now these men and their southern partner are alike slaveholders. They both go into the market and buy and sell men. The only difference between them is, that the partner is just what he pretends to be, and these northern slaveholders are sneaking hypocrites.

It was not for this purpose, however, that I introduced the subject of slavery. I make it a point never to go out of my way to touch it, or to get rid of it. But here we have it suggested by the chapter we are considering. "Servant, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh"—see how this passage steers clear of anything like countenancing slavery—"your masters *according to the flesh*: not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God; and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men." So the apostle makes it possible for a man to be a slave, and a Christian, at the same time, and as a Christian, to prove himself a faithful slave, without violating his conscience.

If you say, "But does not this confound the distinctions between good and evil, and make the treatment of all men alike?" I reply, no; it is only fulfilling your duty, and doing it under circumstances which will make the nobleness of good men more plain than before, and the iniquity of evil men more plain than before. If you show selfishness for selfishness, anger for anger, hatred for hatred, revenge for revenge, does that teach the ugliness of malign feelings? Or if, on the other hand, you show kindness to the ungrateful, benevolence to the selfish, humility and meekness to the proud; if you show forgiveness for hatred, love for anger, and pardon for revenge, do you not show all the beauty of these Christian traits more plainly, by contrasting them with their opposites, than you could in any other way? When a man does not treat you right, you be sure to treat him right; and thus you shall heap coals of fire—on his head, the Bible says; it seems that in olden times the conscience was in the head; but we think it is in the heart—and thus you shall heap coals of fire on his heart. If, when a man comes to you, and shows you a picture of hate, you turn round and show another picture of humility, he can't help saying to himself, "How beautiful that is, and how homely I am!" If, where he does evil, you rise up in goodness, he can't help feeling the superiority in you, and the inferiority in him. If men are good, you are to treat them well, and if they are bad you are also to treat them well, and God ordains you to develop in them those graces in which they are deficient. Thus you are preachers of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. We often hear young men asking if they had not better take ordination, and preach. I think there is not a professor of religion in the world who is not ordained to preach every hour of the day; but I find that few men make their calling and election of preaching sure. Whenever there is a temptation to display selfishness, or hatred, or revenge, or any other evil disposition, God says, "Preach my Gospel there; develop the opposite traits." How many of you accept this call to preach?

It is not a hard thing for me to preach to you here; but I tell you it is a different thing to preach by my acts. If my heart were half as voluble as my tongue, my preaching in my intercourse with my fellow men would produce more fruit than does my preaching here. When standing here, how roundly I dissect your faults! And it is not a hard matter to do this, both because there are enough of them, and I have an insight into them. How easy it is for me here to mark out the road to heaven, but when I go out into the world I don't know as it is as easy for me to walk in it. I think that a person who teaches others, naturally gets to be arrogant. I think a minister is tempted in a great many ways. It is a great deal harder for him to preach the Gospel in his daily life, than it is for him to preach it on Sunday. I hold that I am preaching one of the most eloquent of sermons if, when a man does me a great wrong, I can shower him all over with the fruit and flowers of goodness. The most effectual of all sermons are those which consist, not in talking, but in practicing. They go, like silver arrows, to the heart. May our lives be perpetual preachers of such sermons; and to this end, pray for me, that I may set you an example worthy of imitation, while I pray for you, that you may be encouraged and strengthened in every good work.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—Miss LIZZIE DOTEN 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.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening at GUILD HALL, Winnisimmet street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall, Speaking, by mediums and others.

NEWBURYPORT.—Spiritualists of this place hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Essex Hall, State street, at 2 and 7 o'clock. The best speakers engaged.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.