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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS
OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H.
CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of
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HENRY WARD BEECHER

AT
PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Sunday Morning, June 19th, 1859.

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

Text:—"Honor all men."—1 Peter ii, 17.

It would seem as though it was the most impossible of things to obey this command. It is not difficult to honor some men; but to honor all men would seem a task beyond performance. And yet, there stands the injunction without qualification, full, stern, imperative; and that there may be no mistake, the verse is so constructed that the beginning and ending are antithetical, in some respects. The measure of the command at the beginning is to be estimated by the character of the sense of the ending. I will read, therefore, the whole verse: "Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God; Honor the king."

Now everybody understands, at least by the imagination, what it is to honor a king, and how, from the beginning of the world, the honoring of kings has been supposed to be natural and easy; and the Apostle here says, "Do the same thing to all men." And the other duties that were wrought fit to be strung on the same string, as if they were alike, are:—"Love the brotherhood,"—the Christian brotherhood;—"Fear God." And here stand these four great commands together: Fear God. Love the Christian brotherhood. Honor the king. Honor all men.

As in the natural world not the things which the telescope reveals, or the things which the eye easily beholds, are alone worthy of regard, but just as much, and with inexpressible interest, the things which the microscope reveals; so in the Word of God there are many minute, and almost hidden teachings, which excite in us full as much wonder and admiration when drawn out, and studied, as the larger and the grander truths of the present and of the future. We think of the Bible, usually, as a book of God—a great book; as revealing the truths of eternity; as teaching men the great ends of life, as teaching men their great moral duties—and so it does. We do not misconceive the Book when we study it in this light. But many fail to study, and to realize, how exquisitely the finer shades of goodness are depicted, and with what a delicacy of stroke the Christian character and duty is pointed. The filling up of the Bible is just as wonderful as the filling up of the outer world; and the details by which God has made the world rich with infinitesimal creations, are as worthy of study as the grandest, stellar features of the universe.

I propose, this morning, to group together several teachings which have hidden affinities, for the purpose of manifesting God's will in respect to certain parts of our lives that are not usually enough considered. And that these otherwise seemingly scattered and unconnected passages may be united, and stand in your regard in their true relations to cause and effect, I must preface two things:

First, the spirit of the New Testament recognizes man as the highest, the noblest, and the most-to-be-regarded work of God. We are to make a distinction between man and the creatures he has created, and God, looking upon him as his divine workmanship, and the conduct of men, and the actions which they perform. What a man's conduct is, is one thing; what a man is himself, is another thing. Looking at man in the largest light, as a depository of divine powers, as a creature coming from the hand of God, and going back again whence he came, the Bible teaches us to regard him as the chief work of God. Indeed, we all know that some men are noble, and highly to be esteemed. We are taught—though we scarcely need to be taught—that men of genius, men of eminent skill, men prodigal of wisdom, men of ample goodness, are noble specimens of God's work. But we compensate for the admiration which we experience of these, by a kind of contempt of common persons. Even Christian gentlemen, and those, too, who are speculatively most advanced in right principles, often speak of men, in the mass, in terms of the greatest contempt. There is an ignominious contempt in the hearts of all men, regenerate and unregenerate, to God's creation. There is not a thing that is so much despised, there is not a thing that has furnished so many words of obloquy, and so many expressions of the most ineffable pride, as man. There is a silent measuring of men by the rule of wealth, by the rule of position, by the rule of secular excellence, by the rule of intelligence, by the rule of polite and refined manners; and all men beneath a given line are called the "masses"—"a very good word when it is emphasized rightly. They are called the 'common people.'" A grand term is this "common people," unless it is pronounced common people. They are called the "vulgar crowd." They are called the "rabble."

Our text is in point upon this subject. The command is, "Honor all men." It does not, of course, put all men upon a level, either socially or morally. It does not meddle with questions of rank, at all; it lets them come to settlement by other principles. Neither does it confound moral distinctions. But it looks down on the whole question from an infinitesimal height, and it sees men, not in the speciality of their rank, but in the speciality of their earthly relations, but in their greater relations—in their origin, in the nature of their faculties, in their relation to Christ, and in their relation to their destiny and to eternity. Consider then these things:

All men are taught, in the Word of God, to be the children of God, and that life comes to us from him, directly. I do not meddle with the question of the derivation of the soul. I do not choose to make myself so much of a fool as that man makes himself, who undertakes to solve the problems relating to this question. It is enough for me to know that God teaches me that I came directly from him; it is enough for me to know that God teaches the sublime truth that men receive their soul directly from him. Further than this I do not care to trace my derivation. It is enough for me that God says I am his son. When he says this, I take it that I am to understand my relation to him by the relation of my children to me. That is enough. But far is it from me to suppose that God ever experiences anything in the low, and mean, and mixed, and imperfect measure, in which we experience it. We know that that which we understand as parental feeling, founded upon the relation of the parent to the child, is the lowest and rudimentary form of the feeling which lifted itself up in the heart of God, and at last flames abroad in the sublimest proportions, and in the greatest purity, in his Word. And if I understand the teaching of Scripture on this point, every man in the world stands as a member of the family of God—as a child of God—however unworthy he may be of his divine parentage. It is enough for men to know that they are children of God, that you say that this thought furnishes a field in which the imagination may revel; even so. But the circuits of the imagination are too narrow, and its fruits are too inadequate, to take in or represent the whole relation which exists between God and his creatures.

The lowest of men are regarded in the Word of God, as to equipment of faculties, rare and exquisite, as being exalted infinitely above all creation beside on earth. Though rude, though unused, these faculties are given to every man. It does not follow that a man is great or little, from the amount he makes of himself. The amount God put into him may never be educated

and developed; but once placed in him, it never will be taken out of him. And as much of that which God has placed in you as you do not evolve in this life, you will have a chance to evolve in the life to come. No man, not even the lowest man among you, possesses a faculty which he does not really need. When God puts capital in a man, he does not do it as a miser bestows his gain, but according to his own greatness and wealth.

I love to look upon men that make no display in life, and to think, however poor they may be, "My friend, there is a chance for you yet. All that is in you, you yourself do not know, nor do your friends or your neighbors know; but there is another life and another planting for you." Any person who is acquainted with gardening, or agriculture, knows that some things require two or three seasons before they blossom and bear fruit; and that it is not always the best things that blossom and bear fruit the same summer in which they are planted.

This looking upon men who have not made any display of what they are, and estimating them according to the royalty of their faculties, seems, perhaps, to some, to be impossible; and they may say, "This is a pretty conceit of preaching—a baseless humanitarian notion;" but it is what all the world are doing in making heroes of dead men. Ten thousand men go flocking to Mount Vernon, and stand and look upon the exterior tomb that holds the remains of Washington. They see nothing of him, but their imagination can bring him back from the past. They will stand and look upon his coffin, and clothe the skeleton and dust in it with all his remembered traits and qualities. Men will travel abroad, and stand over the dust of Napoleon, and various other heroes. In their sepulchral solitudes, bending over their coffins they can imagine traits of great excellence as belonging to them. And when I look with admiration upon a living man who does not show to the world all the god-like faculties which have been bestowed upon him, do you say I am making an abnormal use of my imagination? It is not because I conceive of them by the power of imagination, that I love to think upon human faculties which are not developed, but because my own life is so rich when I conceive that every man I meet is really endowed with lofty powers, though he does not manifest them; and that all my uncultivated fellow men are princes, kings and priests to be. It does my soul good to think these things of men, though I may not see any particular indications in them that they think the same of themselves.

Nor are we merely to look upon men as being derived from God, and as carrying royal endowments in their nature, without regard to the development, and action, and use of their faculties; but we are to remember that every man has a historic value in his connection with the exalted Lord Jesus Christ. I believe that Christ died for the elect—of course I do. I believe that Christ died for the elect, because they were born into this world just like anybody else who had human nature—just like the universal family of man. I believe that Christ died in such a way that his death illustrated what was in man—what was in every human creature; and the elect are good enough to belong to the whole human family. It is not their fault, however, that they are so. I believe that the Lord Jesus Christ, by his death, have given a testimony to the world of what God thinks of men, which all philosophizings can never destroy, which creeds can never smother, and which men can never estimate and measure. If there is anything taught in the Scriptures, we are there taught to believe that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to die for it. If that is true, how important is the testimony it furnishes in respect to the grandeur of the nature of every man being!

There is scarcely a traveler that goes to Europe, who would not start with curiosity if he were to see that Italian Countess whom Byron loved. On beholding her, almost any one would say, "Is that the one whom the poet loved?" Here is a fact of mind being placed upon mind, with great affection, which excites interest in all who are familiar with it. Now when it is not a man—and a mercantile man—but the mighty God, who loves a human being, should we not regard that human being as worthy of our esteem? The testimony is, that he loved every human being, and manifested his love by giving up life itself, in the form of human life. Thus he symbolized, as it were, his word, and came within the understanding of men, by doing that which the world considered as an act indicative of the strongest love—namely, by giving up life for the sake of others. Christ died to bear witness as to what we are to God. He has furnished us the scales by which we may weigh our respect, and when you wish to weigh a man you must use these scales.

Beyond this, the Bible regards man in his relations to his coming state; and in forming our estimation of a man, we are not to be governed by questions of quantity and quality; we are not to judge of him merely by what we find him to be—by what he has made himself; but we are to regard him in prospective. All that he is, and all that he is to be, must be taken into the account. Every true Christian philosopher will look upon his fellow men in this way. And, viewed in this way, from the sacred heights, by one who has lifted himself up from all low and vulgar passions, from selfishness, and from the meanness of pride—for pride is always mean—how grand a creature is man, and how sacred; not by reason of his excellent conduct, not from what his character is; but by reason of what God has done in making him, by reason of what God means to do in his re-creation, on account of what God's feelings toward him are, and on account of his destiny.

There is, therefore, no more a violation of the spirit of the Bible, of the law of God, and of the feeling of Christ; there is nothing more an affront, more an offense, before heaven, than any feeling of contempt, of hatred, of bitterness, or of coldness and indifference even, toward men. A man that is simply a harmless man, who goes through life just caring nothing about his fellow men, is a miscreant. There is scarcely anything more deserving of condemnation in a man than this form of contempt and neglect of his fellow men. It is here that qualities of guilt mount up in terrible proportion, and in a fearful ratio. A thing which is little understood, but which is a great evil; a thing which is felt to be a small sin, but which is a great offense against God and man, is a kind of universal railing out against a kind of universal contempt for all men except those who are fagged in certain golden-winged qualities.

The other thing to be premised is this: Love, in the Christian heart, is to be the source of conduct which would be impossible to any other faculty; and when I go on to speak of the things commanded to Christian men—of the things commanded in respect to their thoughts, and feelings, and treatment of their fellow men—you are to understand that these things are simply impossible except through the spirit of love; but that not one shade of duty, not one ethical command, is unnatural, which is studied in that spirit. Pride, and its various forms of conceit and selfishness, are the fruitful cause of all those numberless and nameless contempt which men feel for their fellow men. And the duties which I shall expound will seem beautiful to love, but odious and contemptible to pride.

The spirit and letter of Christianity requires us habitually to regard men in his essentials, and not in his accidental relations. He of the same mind, one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate." At one blow, this demolishes the custom of the world. We are to separate men from their mere external and transient relations, and to behold them in the things in which all men are alike. Our brethren are not above us. Our brethren are not only on a level with us, but below us, just as much. The impression which is made upon the minds of men by the example and habit of Christ in this respect, ought to be deeply pondered. If there be one thing

which is remarkable in the mere secular conduct of Christ, it is his carriage toward all men; not as they stood in society, not as they stood in their customs, not as they stood in their moral relations, even, but simply as they stood in their original and natural condition. He violated every one of the modes of procedure which belonged to the time in which he lived. He approached men from a different point of view from that from which they were ordinarily approached. He looked at them according to a different law of sympathy than that ordinarily employed. He taught us that when we come to men, our thought is not to be: Is he educated? Does he stand high in life? Is he strong? Is he acute? Is he skillful? There is no evidence that these questions ever arose in the mind of Christ with reference to any human being. He looked at men in their holier relations. They were the children of his Father. They were, destined, to the same eternity to which he was destined. They were all weak, vulnerable by temptation, and in need of help in the way of instruction and moral stimulus. They needed laws and institutions; but Christ said, "This divine nature of theirs is high in value above all laws, and above all institutions." They needed civil governments and political economies; but he said, "This is far in value transcending all civil governments and all political economies."

Christ forever looked at man in his spiritual origin, in his spiritual nature, and in his spiritual destiny. Not so do we. And yet, how foolish it would be for a man to go into a nursery and judge of plants as we judge of men. How foolish, for instance, it would be for him, in selecting grapes, to judge of their value by the trelis on which the vines were fastened, or by the character of the timber composing the stakes by which they were supported, or by the quality of the bands by which they were tied to the stakes in order that the wind might not shake them down. Instead of asking, "What is the nature of the fruit?" How foolish it would be for a man in making choices of fruit, to go through a nursery surveying trees, and vines, and plants, with his eye fixed upon their external fastenings and conditions. And yet this is the way in which men are prone to judge of each other. Those qualities which ally the human family to God, are ten thousand times more important than the trelis or the stake by which they are supported—the external man.

This great Christian command cleanses mankind from all trades and avocations, from their positions in society, from the garb and dress, from all ranks and classes, from all questions of wealth or intelligence. It is no longer, to the Christian: Is this man a mechanic? Is he a laborer? Is he a rude swain? It is simply this: Is this a man? Is this a creature that God made? Is this body a ship, the passenger in which is a child-soul of God? Is this one of my companions in the eternal world?

I do not mean to say that there is no place in which we are to look at men in their secular relations. There is such a place; but I need not teach you about that. I do mean, however, to say that there is something in men which is higher than their secular relations; that a man is not to be made low by his exterior, by his clothes, by a want of bodily refinement, or by the nature of his vocation, which may be attributable partly to his own misconduct, and partly to his infelicities; but that every man is to be looked upon in his primary condition, and is to be honored and respected by reason of what he is in his manhood—by reason of the things which God gave him.

I wish I could feel always, as I do sometimes. I have seen the time when I stood looking upon men that reeled with drunkenness, until my heart and soul melted within me. I have trembled in the presence of a man drunk, with the sense of the augustness and grandeur of his nature, as I never did while beholding the vast cathedrals in Europe. They did not impress me with a sense of what man was, as did this exhibition of his degradation. I measured him, not by what he was, but by what he ought to be, and I trembled in his presence as I never did before any work of art. But I cannot carry this feeling all the time. I have an unripe nature, and I am so much under the influence of sympathetic feelings, which throw and play with society, that, knowing better, every day I look at a man's clothes, at his position, at his knowledge. I am prone to look at a man by the letter. I am inclined to look on the outside of the box, instead of at the vast treasures inside of the box. I know it is hateful.

This teaching which I have read to you, presents man as a creature to be universally honored, regarded, loved. You are to honor, regard and love your fellow men, whether they are near or far off; whether they are strangers to you, or are in near relations to you; whether they are your equals, or whether they are members of your own household, or of nationalities different from yours. You are to do this without respect to classifications of society. Every man is your fellow, is your brother, and is deserving of honor, of regard, and of instant and prolonged sympathy.

This teaching fits that almost universal feeling that our duties are chiefly owed to those connected with us, but do not extend to strangers and to those socially below us in life. I think that if you analyze your own feelings, or if you observe your neighbors—which is the best way to find out ourselves—you shall find that men seem to feel bound to be considerate, and just, and fair, and affectionate toward people who live in their own family. They seem to think that all that can be expected of a man is, that he shall honor and love those of his own household. They think they ought to show a cold, formal respect toward those in their neighborhood; but if a man is a stranger, coming from they know not where, and going they know not where, of whom they know nothing, they think that the greatest claim that he has on them, is that they shall do him no harm. Anything like a warm sympathy for, or a real honoring of a man who is a stranger to them, scarcely comes into the imagination of duty of most Christians; even.

And in respect to those of a different name and lineage, I need not tell you that hell has not anything that is more bitter than the hatred of races. I need not tell you that even among Christian men earth has not any thing more bitter than the hatred of churches. I need not tell you that in the ranks of political parties there is not anything worse than the jealous and endless repugnances which exist there. And if it be true that in the universal church, in the very house of God, there is not only a want of sympathy, but the bitterest hatred, between those of different faiths and orders, can we wonder that there are these bitter hatreds of race and parties in the outward world? They think that hating is the most consistent and universal trait in the human nature. There is nothing in the world so consistent as the power of man to hate men.

But there is also a special meaning here to be considered in the honor and condescension commanded. "Honor all men." "Condescend to men of low estate." I think there are reasons why we should obey these commands, that ought to appeal to the compassion and tenderness of all men. We are prone to seek pleasure in the things above us, instead of in the things beneath us. If we visit Humboldt, and he takes us into his library, and shows us the maps and works he has consulted and written, and he spreads out before us the specimens of his cabinet, consisting of rock, and earth, and plant, we feel as though we must lift ourselves up so as to take a sympathetic interest in these high things; and we should think ourselves proudish if we did not. If we go among our fellow-men who stand on our level, who dress as we dress, who spread their board as we spread ours, and who dress themselves with such things as engage our transient attention, we find no difficulty in bearing sympathetic relations to them. We honor a man who can drive a smart bargain, because we do such things ourselves, or try to do them. If a man understands how to build a splendid house, how to invest money to a good advantage, how to get rich by dealing in stocks, how to enter into the hurly-burly of life and make his way through all difficulties,

he is such a man as we are ambitious to become. If we are not like him already, and consequently we understand him, and sympathize with him.

But here is a man with a chisel in one hand, and a mallet in the other, mortising a hole in a stick of timber. As we pass by him, we pity him, in view of his hard lot, and congratulate ourselves that we are not in his place. Here is a blacksmith, blowing his bellows, and holding a piece of iron in the fire. As we pass by him we say, "Poor fellow. I thank God that I am not doomed to follow that miserable employment." And so it is with respect to all who are below us in life, from those who are obliged to resort to day labor, all the way down to those whom you find in the kitchen, in the scullery, or in the ditch—all the way down to those who are on a level with the soil, where thousands of men are. Where there is one man engaged in the things in which you take an interest, there are a million of blood-bought men, eternal spirits, that are groping, and wallowing, and yearning, and longing below you. And what is to be the countenance of God to you with reference to those who are beneath you? "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate;" and there, "honor all men."

If a man comes to you with some piece of work that he has performed for you—it may be the decoration of your saddle, it may be the extra burnishing of some tool, it may be some new latch or fastener for the door, it may be some seemingly poor and contemptible thing—if a man comes to you with such a piece of work, on which he has bestowed much care, do not simply say, "All right," and cast it from you, as though it were unworthy of your notice. Say, rather, "Here is my brother, and he deserves my respect." Honor him in that thing. His life ran into it. There is not a thing that a man does, or tries to do well, that does not deserve your consideration, thoughtful estimation, and honor; and you should honor every man in the things where God has put his life. If a man is serving you at your table, at the manger, or in the ditch, honor him in what he does. Take lessons of respect from those below you, as well as from those above you. There is not a calling so low, there is not an occupation so menial in life, that there is not a reason why you should not honor those engaged in it, when they do what they do according to the best light they have, and according to the best fidelity they can muster.

It would do you good to go down to those beneath you, as well as up to those above you. You think you have great privileges, because you can afford your children the opportunity of reading libraries and of seeing the world; but there is as much of the world below you as there is above you; and that which is below you is, generally speaking, of a better kind than that which is above you, if you only know how to take it. This lordliness of pride, this feeling of pitying contempt, which men feel for those beneath them, is a mark of a man, and especially of a man that professes to be a follower of Christ, who regarded and loved all men, without reference to their position or condition in life. When men below you try to do the best they can, when they try to make their manly fidelity appear, honor them for it. Be sympathetic toward every tendency of this kind in men, wherever you find it, even in black men—for I think the Bible recognizes negroes as men, though the Constitution does not. Feel that in bowing before a fellow-man, even though he may be beneath you, you are bowing before a monarch. You cannot honor yourselves more than by honoring the lowest and least of God's creatures.

Do not criticize men's callings. Do not measure between one and another. Especially disarm yourselves of that infernal tendency to make men discontent with their various callings, by comparing unfavorably with your own. Avoid carrying yourselves in such a way that people shall feel hurt by the shadow you throw across them, by chilling pride and indifference. Honor everything that is honorable; and do not regard those things only as honorable which custom had made so—do not regard those things only as honorable which the notions of men, beginning in selfishness and baptized in corruption, have called honorable.

This is rather a hard gospel when you come to practice it. It is one thing to knock down chestnuts from the branches of the trees; but when you have knocked them down you have not overcome your worst difficulty, if the frost has not opened the burs. It is harder to open the burs and get at the chestnuts than it is to knock them down from the trees. And I think it is just so in regard to getting instruction from the Bible Word. It is hard enough to get truths from the Bible; and when you have got them, it is harder to carry them into daily practice than it was to get them. If you were obliged to ask God's forgiveness for every violation of his commands while going from this church to your dwellings, you would have to ask his forgiveness at every single step; for you are continually violating his commands, either consciously or unconsciously, unless you are rich and mellowed in the very life of love.

But now listen to a thing even more difficult than that of which I have been speaking; namely, the command of God, recorded in the twenty-first verse of the fifth chapter of Ephesians: "Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God." I have, in the name of God, commanded you to go down to men below you, and to honor all men, without regard to earthly distinctions; but the Word of God goes further, and commands you to submit yourselves to them. Of course this includes the relations of society in which men are accustomed to make relative submissions; but that is not the peculiarity of it. It teaches us the habit of always yielding ourselves to the influence of other men's minds, without compulsion, and as a voluntary tribute of affection toward them—as a part of that free-will offering which love is to inspire between man and man. Let a man not in your station influence you. Let an ignorant man instruct you. Let men who are socially under you lead you, and have their way, as you have your way. Do you submit to them, and follow them, sometimes, as they are obliged to submit to you and follow you. You are not always to submit to them and follow them, nor are you to submit to them and follow them in all things. The scope of this command cannot be precisely interpreted by words. Love alone can make it plain how much we are to yield to one another. Love is philosopher-in-chief, and knows all things with unerring wisdom.

But there is great meaning in this command, "Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God." The act of a man's submitting himself, in love, to a man below him, is beautiful. The letting of one inferior to you for the time being, rule you, is a sweet thing between man and man, as well as in the nursery, where one of the divinest of all things on earth is permitted. There the mother permits her dearly beloved child to push her head, or to draw her curls, or to take her by the willing hand, and lead her, as though the child were a giant, and the mother were a pigmy; and there the father holds willing conversation with the child, answering its simple questions, and as its little mind turns itself in every possible gyration, suiting his answers to its ten thousand whims and caprices. This is wondrous; but it is only an illustration of our duty toward men below us. We are to carry ourselves in that state in which we are easily influenced; not to do wrong, not to change our opinions; but to do such things as they wish us to do in regard to things that are right. As Paul says, we are to do one thing, that edify one another. We are to do one another good.

But there is still more difficult command yet to come: "In honor preferring one another." This command is contained in the tenth verse of the twelfth chapter of Romans. It enjoins a calm and honest desire to see others put forward instead of yourself—and open and honest love of men which shall lead you to enjoy their advancement. We know how a father covets nothing from a son. That must be a poor moth-

er indeed that is jealous of a daughter. There is a glow of triumph in the mother's heart as beauty rises on one side to take the place of the beauty that sinks on the other; and the father's heart is filled with joy at the success of the son. And when fathers' and mothers' hearts do these glorious things in respect to their children, they are God's symbols and methods by which he teaches us these more recondite Christian graces. The command of Christ is, that we are to derive more happiness from seeing others honored, than from being honored ourselves. How far this is from life in the family, in the store, in the shop, or in the Church itself, I need not tell you. And yet, this is the spirit of Christ, and we are living in a state of sin by as much as we are living below it.

But a still less considered duty is taught in the seventeenth verse of the third chapter of James, in which the spirit of love is like God's—a spirit "easy to be entreated." We are to allow men to have influence with us not only, but we are to grow easy to be influenced. The spirit of pride tends to fortify men's opinions, and to make him inaccessible. We approach proud men only for submission. The spirit of pride tends to make men tenacious of their opinions, decisions and customs. The spirit of love is exactly the reverse of the spirit of pride. It makes it a pleasure for a man who possesses it to yield to other men. There is an exquisite grace in the act on the part of one man, of easily yielding to another. God makes it wicked for a man to unduly hold out when another endeavors to persuade him with reference to things that are right and true. To see a wise and good man, in gentleness, yielding cheerfully to another, is written down as sublime, in the Word of God—though I think we are not yet ready to admire the sublimity of such a scene.

I have one or two points further, of application, in reference to these thoughts. First, while men are very fearful of offending God, by some displeasing act, or neglect toward him, they have a great deal more need to be afraid of displeasing him by their conduct toward men. There is where you strike God—in the way you treat men.

A man may go by my house, and rail at me so that I cannot but hear him through my open window; and all I shall do will be to look out upon him with pity, and say to myself, "Oh! the poor fool." A man may undertake to injure my reputation, and he may circulate defamatory paragraphs about me up and down through the whole black literature of the world, and I will scarcely give them a thought. It is stupid to read these things after a little while. A man may meet me in the market-place, and say all sorts of slanderous things about me in my hearing, and heap upon me all the opprobrious epithets he can think of, and as long as he directs his assaults upon me, I will be impregnable to them. But let a man, truly the name of my child, let me know that he has fair name in the community, and all the globe, if it were a ball of fire, would not be hot or vast enough to express the indignation I should feel. The man has touched me, now that he has touched my daughter. And let my little babe come crying and bleeding from the sidewalk because some wanton bully had struck it to the ground, and I should know to the depth of my soul what that man deserved. The feeling of justice in a man is terrible when he is stirred up for another. I never knew what anger or indignation was for myself, but I have shook like volcanic mountains on account of wrong done to others.

It is not when men say, "God damn you,"—it is not when men use profanities, though they are not less wicked than you think they are, and though they are direct affronts to the majesty of Heaven—it is not when men do this that I am most offended; for when he looks upon those for whom he has shed his blood, those whom he has built in his own image, those whom he is leading by the hand through the tribulations and trials of this world, and sees the ruthlessness, the disregard, the selfish cruelty, with which they are treated by their fellow men, then it is that he feels struck. And I think God's patience is more wonderfully displayed, in the way in which he bears the ill-treatment that his children receive, than it is in the way in which he bears the impiety and neglect that are shown toward himself.

And you shall understand by this the meaning of that passage in the fourth chapter of John's first epistle, where he writes, "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar." What a coarse book this Bible is. It has never been to school to get refined; so we have to take it just as we find it. These are plain words: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar." It is that which I have said, whom I have seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" Show me a man that is proud and over-reaching, who professes to be pious, and I will tell you that his piety is all flummery. There is not a bit of piety in such a man.

It is a terrible thing for a man to hurt his fellow men. It is a terrible thing for one even to be indifferent to a fellow man. It is not only wickedness toward man, but wickedness right at the heart of God. You put your bow right against God's bowler when you attempt to wound your fellow men. Man is sacred before God, whether he is before you or not. My heart is bitter, my heart bends down as trees do when surcharged with rain, when I think how men are treated, as shown by the police reports of New York. I do not know that I should want to wear sackcloth and hair belts, as old saints used to, on account of these things; but they are a torment, a sadness, a pain and a burden to me. I cannot bear to look at the way in which men live in society; and the problem relating to this is more burdensome to me than the things relating to moral government, and the like, as reality is more burdensome than fiction.

Secondly, this truth of our duty toward men will bring to light, in our conduct, a great deal of sin not usually put into the category of sin, and with reference to which men do not examine themselves. When examining your conduct as you are accustomed to rank coldness and simple indifference toward men, as among your shortcomings. It is not enough for you to say that you are not indifferent toward your own friends. When you walk the streets, are men mere shadows to you? Is there ever a yearning feeling of friendship in your heart toward your fellow men who are not your friends? I think every man ought to strike some note of music in us. Men were made so that, when their hearts are right, the coming of one to where another is naturally excites a feeling of sympathy between them. And by and by, when we come to that higher spiritual state which we hope to attain, we shall make melody in the hearts of each other by our very personal presence. Even now, we know that the coming of a friend into our presence causes our hearts to swell with a feeling of joy, before a word is spoken, or an act is performed. So I understand that in the eternal world, the presence of our fellow beings shall make us joyful forever more. Now there are any beginnings of this feeling in you, not toward those you love best and most, but toward every man, because he is a child of God, and a human being?

If, then, indifference toward men is a sin, how much more so are exclusiveness and contempt in respect to men. If indifference is registered as a sin, how much more is contempt registered as a sin! When men employ classifications of society as so many bulwarks, behind and before them, to keep their fellow men from coming near them, they are violating the spirit of the Gospel. We do not need to go abroad to see this. I think the feeling of exclusiveness and contempt on the part of circles and classes, is more bitter, perhaps, in this country, than anywhere else. Abroad, exclusiveness is an acknowledged part of the framework of society, and men are taught that there is a privilege and a duty attached to it; but here, it is a prerogative, without duties, and is, therefore, more hateful.

All feelings of suspicion, all feelings that lead you

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO S. VICTORIA B.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

Faintly the dying day
Points his shade-finger from the dark'ning West!
Flow o'er the still lake's calm and pulseless breast
His life-blood ebb away!

The Priestess Twilight stands,
With shadowy vest, in Nature's temple old;
Her hand unbars the star-world gates of gold—
Forth through the Seraph bands!

Down through the vaulted sky
Glorious they march, as when in morning's flame
Proud Israel saw at hallowed Mahanaim
Jehovah's ensign fly!

Their music thrills the air,
While by each soul their glittering squadrons wait,
As olden minstrel at the castle gate
Bung for admittance there!

Love's perfumed torch they bear!
Some heart-fires 'mid the radiance frowning stand—
Some ope their gates, and to earth's weary land
Smiles like an Eden fair.

Though far o'er earth we stray,
Or view time's sunshine on the homestead wall,
That power shall nerve the heart to duty's call,
Till shuts the closing day!

And when the life-light dies,
Far o'er the stormy Jordan's ebbs flow
Love's charmed hymn shall float in cadence low,
Bidding the soul arise!

Chelsea, June 18th, 1889.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SCOURGE.

BY MRS. C. A. HAYDEN.

"I must be off, Ida, and at short notice; my craft is suspected, and it won't do to run the risk of being overhauled."

"Take me with you; take us both;" and a young, delicate woman sprang from the couch of a sleeping infant, and flung her arms around the neck of him who made the unceremonious announcement.

"Absurd!" was the scornful reply. "What do you think you could do with a troublesome brat, provided I were fool enough to listen to such an insane idea? Besides," he added, in a softened tone, as her fearful eye caught his restless glance, "there is no time; my vessel is already in the stream; she only waits for me; some contraband goods are now under examination at the Custom House, and that's a small item to what it will be if they get on board. No, Ida, no! I'm sorry, but there's no help for it; go I must, and that without delay; and yet"—there was a slight quiver of the scornful lip, a contraction of the lofty, polished brow—"and yet, Ida, were it not for this incumbrance, I'd run the risk and take you with me; could n't you manage to leave the boy?"

A shiver of convulsive agony passed over the face of the young mother, as between a shriek and a sob she asked, "Is there no alternative? Must I desert my innocent, helpless babe? Oh, God! is there no alternative?"

"There is not, Ida," and a stern, relentless, almost savage look came over the softened features. "Tell your landlady you are going out for an hour, and ask her to look to the bantling; she'll do it; be hasty—time and tide waits for none."

"And make no provision, Robert? She is cold and harsh; sometimes I fancy she deems me frail, and as such scorns me. Only yesterday she asked how long I had been married, and was impertinent enough to say she would like to see the certificate, if there was one; also Captain Murray's commission."

"The devil she did! So much the more need of our taking French leave, then. Come, Ida, make up your mind—I tell you I at least must go. If you love the boy more than you do me, why, stay and take care of him; there is no time for hesitation; none for trifling; now or never! My vessel must go out with the ebb tide; one hour more and it will be too late! Ida, if I linger here, mine will be a felon's doom."

"I will go," she said, in a low husky voice, and taking the child from the cradle, she darted from the room.

"Thunder and lightning! what is she going to do?" burst from the lips of the astonished renegade. "Why didn't she let the brat stay where it was? Fool that I am! I swear I'll leave her to her fate if she keeps me another moment."

Ere the sentence had died upon his lips Ida had reappeared, placed the sleeping infant again upon its pillows, huddled together a few articles of clothing, and without another word or look taken the arm of her companion, thus significantly expressing her readiness for flight.

A few moments, and a canoe shot out from a neighboring wharf and was soon along side of the Brigantine. Before day dawned she was far on her outward course, and if suspicion had rested upon her or her savage-looking crew, it was too late for investigation or elucidation. Captain Murray might be what he called himself—simply a smuggler; if more, none knew, for, like Jonah's gourd, he generally came and went in a night. Buccaneers were plenty, pirates also, and certainly he who could so coolly and carelessly desert his offspring was by nature cruel; but with him or his history we have naught to do.

In an adjoining tenement resided the wife of a sea captain, who, about the same time as Ida, had given birth to a boy, and as fate or ill luck would have it, there was a striking resemblance to each other. The lady had manifested an unusual amount of sympathy for the young stranger, encouraging her visits more perhaps than was prudent; she was, ill of a fever, a strange nurse had just arrived, and, only a few moments previous to Captain Murray's appearance, Ida had undressed the babe, and hushed it to sleep. It was but the work of a moment to exchange the sleeping infants, and half wild with excitement, she had obeyed the impulse of her distracted soul, and placed her child where she was sure it would be well cared for, even were she whom she had so basely imposed upon to be taken away. Of the hapless one left to frail chance, she paused not to think. She had said to the lady of whom she rented the pretty suit of rooms—"Please look to my babe if he should wake, Mrs. Blount; my husband wishes me to make a call with him," and had departed as naturally as if she were speaking the simple truth.

Poor Mrs. Blount! although shrewd and cautious how she dispensed her charities, or civilities, from the suddenness of the movement had been completely taken in. Ida had been gone an hour before the babe awoke, and hastening to attend it, at one glance her startled perception took in the whole. Snatching the child from its cradle, she crossed the threshold of an inner chamber, and finding the same traces of desertion,

she gave way to a torrent of angry passion. A step in the entry arrested her attention, and springing to the door, she ejaculated, "Come up here, Ben; here's a pretty fix we're in; and it all comes of your willingness to accommodate everybody. Next time, I guess, you'll listen to me!"

"Whew! what's the matter, Jenny?" came from the lips of a son of Neptune, whose good-natured countenance at the instant peered through the half-open door, and intuitively getting an insight of the affair; "has your pretty lodger flitted?"

"Flitted? yes, I guess so! and what else do you think she has done?"

"Left you the baby to hold, by Jove! ha, ha, ha!"

"Quit laughing, Ben, and tell me what is to be done with the little screech-owl!"

"Take care of it, wife, and thank God for the gift, seeing we've none of our own. Poor little wail!" he said, taking the sobbing babe and pressing his lips to its velvet cheek; "does not its forlorn condition plead loudly enough?"

"But children are so troublesome, Ben."

"Get some one to assist you, Jenny! I trust me you'll never repent;" and from that hour the hapless babe became a household idol.

"What ails my babe?" asked Mrs. Carrol of the nurse; "it does not know me at all."

"If I were you I'd take advantage of its oddity and wean it."

"Perhaps," suggested her husband, "it would be better out at nurse; we'll find a good healthy woman to take it, and I'll take you with me this voyage." The arrangement was accordingly executed, and little George was transferred to the care of a hireling, who, for a stipulated sum, promised all that was required. The main point had been overlooked. It would require a volume to delineate the true character of Jerusha Hardwick; a rare combination of opposite qualities; her soft, languishing black eyes, that wore such a pleading look generally, could flash fire, or fasten upon you a basilisk's glance, and her voice, so mild and gentle, so very soft and persuasive, could rail in no very moderate tones. She was in very truth the personification of dissimulation; the essence of deceit and hypocrisy; an adept in art and falsehood. It might, or it might not, influence the whole life of the unconscious babe; as it was, the protracted voyage of Captain Carrol left the hapless George for more than two years under the guidance of, not a weak, venal mind altogether, though such an ingredient had its place among others, but to a strong, imperious will—not the less imperious that it did not demonstrate itself in the usual way, but by soft, insinuating words, always overcoming the most knotty points. The boy early exhibited corresponding traits, and only the excessive joy of the parents in the happy family reunion could have hidden them even for a short period.

George, the pet of the family, could do nothing wrong; and it was not until others came to share the love and parental favors, his qualifications became apparent. Like his nurse he possessed the wonderful faculty of glossing over glaring faults, and the good mother's patience fortified itself with double armor with every softly-spoken entreaty of pardon, even while pursuing the offence. Not so with the sturdy captain. He was seldom at home; but when he was, he exercised all the functions of a severe disciplinarian. His eagle eye would detect the covert nod, and meet punishment was sure to follow. A casual observer would have said there was less love in the father's heart for George than for the rest of the brood. "How unlike the rest," he would say. "God forbid that I should foster a feeling of partiality; but, wife, if I were to die for it, I cannot get rid of an undefined feeling whenever he comes near me. Can it be that there is no affinity between father and child?"

And Mrs. Carrol would answer: "Oh, Walter, do not allow prejudice to take root in your heart. George has faults; but do not overrate them; he will improve."

"Improve! Yes, he does that every day. One would take him for his patron saint. See him day by day practicing what I so much abhor—duplicité. You may call it boyish pranks; I call it downright rascality—leading the little ones into all sorts of mischief, and when reproof or punishment is to be administered, he is among the missing. You never catch him off his guard; and already they exhibit symptoms of fear. I won't have it, positively. If you can't manage him better, he must be sent from home. I'll find some one competent to root out the old Adam from his nature, or I'll know the reason why."

And Mrs. Carrol, knowing remonstrance vain, checked the gushing tear, and hurried from the room to hush a little squabble which her quick ear detected in a distant room, where, as usual, George was ringleader.

A few days more, and Master George was placed under the care of a man whose will was law, and who practiced to its extent all the authority allowed his order; who not only kept the mind, but the hands, equally busy. And satisfied that he had performed only his duty, Captain Carrol entered upon another voyage with a lighter heart.

George stayed just long enough to initiate some of the younger lads into the mysteries of deception, to play off some of his mad pranks upon his seniors, puzzle the brain of the systematical old master, and when summary punishment could no longer be avoided, as might have been expected, took his departure. In some mysterious way he had gained possession of his teacher's quarterly advance, which helped transform him into a handsome sailor boy, whose swaggering gait and aptly-chosen vernacular very soon secured him a berth on board a brig bound for Brazil.

George was his mother's idol, and the shock occasioned by his desertion gave the finishing stroke to a constitution always delicate. She died almost immediately.

Years sped on, and no tidings of George. If Captain Carrol had spoken the honest truth, he would have said he was glad of it. He had wedded another—gentle, affectionate and beautiful; one who had kept her promise, and been a devoted mother to his little orphan girls. With her fortune, added to his own hard-earned one, he had retired from service, built himself a handsome cottage, and promised himself a large share of happiness.

Edith and Kate—for so they were always spoken of—shall I describe them, reader? Edith, the younger, with her large, azure eyes, pure alabaster complexion, brown, clustering curls, and cherry lips, whose light, merry laugh rang out like the trill of a skylark, was scarcely yet sixteen—a gay, glad, gleesome creature, the pet of the household.

Cathrin was a beauty; the resplendent light of her glorious eyes constituted perhaps the greater part; yet the finely-cut features, and the rich crim-

son flushing the cheek, the pearly teeth, and dark, glossy hair, all combined, rendered her a perfect creature. Unlike her sister, her step was modulated to a measure more in keeping with her stately demeanor; her smile expressed even more than her sister's gleesome demonstrations; her soft voice was even more musical, and her bright, impassioned glance penetrated even more deeply. The light, coquettish grace of Edith would attract the many; the lofty, queenlike Cathrin only one. Hitherto, the secluded life they led had been their protection against the flattery and adulation which is sure to be offered at beauty's shrine. Their father's knowledge of the world had given them a better estimate of society than if they had mingled in it freely.

When Captain Carrol first purchased the site upon which he built his aristocratic looking residence, the village was in its infancy. He had selected a spot on the brow of a shelving declivity, wild, picturesque and beautiful; few cared to toil up hill, unless, as the captain expressed it, they could rest upon their oars. But as time rolled on, a mighty change was manifest. Two or three, even more aspiring than he, had been and pitched their tents above him. Cottages, upon which whole fortunes were expended, were peeping through the interstices of the forest boundary, and their localities precluded all possibility of ignoring their presence. Captain Carrol never intended to become a hermit, if he did own a hermitage. A call was indispensable; and so it came to pass that Kate and Edith, as near neighbors to the wealthy and aristocratic Mortons, Putnams, Villiers, and so on, passed quietly from the seclusion of Hermitage Rock into the hotbed of fashionable society—exclusive, very, but not so very limited as one might suppose.

Among the many visitors at Captain Carrol's was one whose manly beauty and pleasing address had won more than a common share of esteem from every member of the family. The current report at his introduction was, that he was a gentleman of birth and fortune—a Spaniard; his name, Antonio De Basco. From the very first he had been assiduously attentive to both the fair sisters; and with so much tact and grace did he manage, that it would have been impossible for the strictest scrutiny to detect an effort to win the love of either. Captain Carrol, quick to observe and far-seeing as he was, never dreamed that such a thing was possible; and yet, almost unconsciously, both were strangely fascinated. Each, as sisters will, had whispered to the other her treasured hopes, and each had carefully guarded the secret from her parent's eyes. They had shed tears of agony over the wayward fate that had so blindly led them into error, and then, with a devotion rarely to be met with, each had offered to forego her claim as soon as fate decided who was the chosen one. Month after month wore away, and still De Basco lingered, attentive and agreeable as ever, yet never by the lightest word betraying a preference. The rich, varying color on Edith's cheek, that came and went with every emotion, had faded almost entirely, and Cathrin's speaking smile seemed like a wintry sunbeam, until at last the father's eyes were in a manner opened. With the discovery came an unaccountable feeling of aversion toward the handsome but heartless De Basco, and the determination to be at once rid of one who might perhaps unintentionally cause unspeakable suffering, was singularly interrupted. He was peeping up and down the library floor, striving to arrange some plan, when the object of his solicitude stood before him. He held in his hand a letter, which with much apparent reluctance he asked Captain Carrol to peruse. It bore the impress of Spain, and purported to come from a brother, who with himself was joint owner of a merchant ship. The vessel had been captured by a pirate off Davantavia, robbed and scuttled, and as nearly all they possessed was invested in the vessel and cargo, it had left them almost penniless. The pirate had been captured immediately after, and her lawless crew tried and condemned. A list of names was subjoined, among which was one that struck like the bolt of death upon the old man's heart.

"George Carrol, alias Peter Griffin, alias Billy Ringleader, one of the most consummate villains that ever trod the deck of an outlaw's craft. He hails from Massachusetts," was the unwelcome assertion, "and must be the son of the gentleman you speak of."

Was it any wonder that the groan that issued from the father's heart almost rent it in twain? His stout frame quivered, and the veins in his forehead stood out like cords. Oh, the untold agony of that high, proud heart! It came nigh breaking. To be hung as a felon—nay, worse—as a pirate? Was there no way? Great God, was there no way to avert such doom?

De Basco paced the floor with rapid strides. If there were any way, it was not for him to name it. Perhaps it would be better for both to be alone. And suiting the action to the thought, he approached the door. With a sudden motion Captain Carrol intercepted him.

"One word, De Basco! You can never know the agony that is crushing me into the very earth; your loss is nothing; I can and will make restitution. There has no degradation fallen upon your head, no misery upon your heart; will you grant a stricken father one boon? 'Tis not for myself I ask. Thank God, I am strong to endure, and, unnatural as it may appear, I suffer for them, not for myself; there never was a feeling of consanguinity between that reprobate and myself; I have many a time doubted if he were indeed my son; but for my children, my gentle loving Edith, my high-spirited, noble Kate, I dread the blow. Young man! for their sakes, for God's sake, keep this secret; in the name of all you love and venerate, never breathe it to mortal ear!"

In few but well chosen words the young man responded; and with every appearance of regret for having been, as it were, the means of inflicting so much misery, he took his leave.

It was perhaps two weeks later that De Basco again entered the library of Captain Carrol—this time by special invitation. There was an air of almost haughty coldness in the salutation of the latter as he received his visitor and bade him be seated. A feeling of distrust, gradually changing to dislike, had of late intruded upon his frank, friendly nature, which was imperceptibly gaining ground, and unwittingly it became paramount. The quick eye of the dotting father had read the truth in the tell-tale blush and downcast eye of either daughter, and, though his tongue had uttered no word, his heart trembled for the future. With characteristic decision he had obeyed a momentary impulse, trustingly believing he could crush ruin in the bud. "I have summoned you," he said, briefly, "to perform a promise; also to exact one in return. I will give you the third of my hard-earned fortune, now, this very hour, upon condition that you take your departure

immediately, binding yourself, by a solemn contract, never to reveal the fatal secret, and never, by any means, to hold communication with any member of my family."

A scornful, almost demoniac expression, stole over the Spaniard's face as he listened; and he arose, and, with a flashing eye and haughty curl of the lip, he confronted the man who dared so coolly make him such a proposition. So sudden, so unexpected it had come, that for a moment he lost the power of utterance.

"You understand me, I presume, Mr. De Basco?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly," was uttered in a low tone; was it indicative of defiance or submission?

"You agree to my proposition?"

"I do, sir."

"You see, of course, the dire necessity which compels—"

He was out short by a haughty, repellent gesture, and a "Spare yourself the trouble of apology or explanation. I accept your proposition upon your own terms; enough for you that I do so. Please be as expeditious as possible."

A check for ten thousand dollars was laid before him, and with his hand upon a large bible, De Basco took the oath, signed a contract, and, coolly pocketing his good fortune, politely took his leave; while Captain Carrol drew a long breath of intense satisfaction, feeling as if the absence of one he almost hated had been cheaply purchased. A few days later, and he had the intense satisfaction of reading the name of De Basco among the passengers of an outward bound steamer, and hastened to communicate the intelligence to his family, vain to witness the effect it might produce. The sudden start, averted eye, tremulous tone, and faltering footsteps, all told enough to satisfy him that the course he had adopted was wisest as well as best.

That night, in the solitude of their own chamber, the sisters wept for hours, clasped in each others' arms, each striving to soothe the other, alternately wondering, blaming, and excusing the heartlessness too truthfully apparent; and the father paced up and down the library floor, with agony almost as intense, though haply less overpowering. Thoughts, bitter and repellent, came rushing in hot haste to his brain. Now that he was gone, a thousand things came to mind, each one tinged with mystery. At times, the stranger had asked questions, and displayed a knowledge of past times truly wonderful. He spoke the mother tongue wonderfully well for one who had never, as he averred, visited the States before. He had acted imprudently in sacrificing so large a sum. The letter, after all, might have been a rascally forgery. In his anxiety he had overlooked everything like doubt; like precaution, it had come too late. True, there had been a short paragraph in the papers, very similar; one of the renegades had been an American; the alias was the same, and the real name suppressed, it was stated, through delinquency and respect, etc.; but what then? Might not De Basco have inserted that same item? It was passing strange; but no one knew what had transpired, and no one should, was the firm resolve of Captain Carrol. "If I have foolishly squandered ten thousand dollars," he said, mentally, "I will pocket the folly and call myself fortunate. And now to the task of undoing at least a part of the mischief the fascinating young scape grace has accomplished; it won't do to have any faded cheeks or broken hearts in consequence. Broken hearts! pshaw!" and the library door closed with a loud bang that startled the nerves of the weeping sisters, and dissipated, for the time, their grief.

A proposition upon the morrow startled them still more effectually. A trip to old England would give his gentle wife and lovely daughters the realization of many long-promised hopes, and if rightly managed, cost little more than staying quietly at home, with an expenditure suited to the society they mingled in. And so while their preparation and embarkation are going on, we'll fit before them and make, perhaps, a few important discoveries.

In a pretty cottage in the suburbs of London, surrounded by all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, are seated our old friend, Ben Blount, and his handsome wife; for society with its advantages had embellished both mind and body, and the busy, bustling woman of former times had quietly submerged into the lady of a jovial country squire, worthy the admiration if not the envy of her clique.

Ben, or rather Squire Blount, had come in possession (no matter how) of a handsome fortune, and he was just the man of all others to enjoy it. He kept an establishment suited to his own moderate views of domestic happiness, and if any one hinted that it was unsuited to his means, why, he gave them to understand, in his brusque, jovial way, that it was his business, not theirs, etc. We have broken in upon their tete-a-tete; we may as well listen to their colloquy; it will save both time and trouble.

"Mrs. Murray! Mrs. Murray! did you say, Squire?" (Mrs. Blount had long since concluded that Ben was vulgar, and husband quite too common place.)

"Yes, my dear, I said Mrs. Murray. Can't say I was at all pleased at the recognition, which, by the way, was all on her side. To tell the truth, I didn't want to believe I had ever seen her before, but it was of no use; she knew me, and I was obliged to succumb."

"So much for adhering to old fashions. She'll find it harder work to compel any such recognition on my part, I'll assure her."

"Oh, well, it's always best to—"

"There, never mind, Squire—I can imagine, and I'll excuse it all, if you'll answer one question; will she claim her boy?—ours I should have said—for certainly, after all these years, he is ours by right."

"The boy, as you call him, Jennie, is none of hers; would to God he were; I might easily buy her off in that case."

"Not hers? Good heavens! why do you try to mystify me? If you have really seen Ida Murray, what question can there be that Robert is her son? Oh, he is too good and high-minded to call such a creature mother! Where has she been all these years? and where is her force-looking husband?"

"I did n't ask, Jennie. I was too much annoyed to ask needless questions. A few words sufficed to solve what has always been a mystery. We have often wondered how Robert came by his sensitive, noble nature, considering his parentage; the amount is just this, she took advantage of a chain of circumstances, and changed her child for another; that other was the son of Captain Carrol!"

A deathlike silence succeeded the astounding disclosure; the healthful, florid cheek of Dame Blount faded to a pallid hue as she struggled with conflicting emotions; there was no hope, no palliation, if the boy so fondly loved, so almost idolized, were in

truth the son of Captain Carrol. Justice pointed sternly to the only course they could pursue.

It was a hard task, and worthy Dame Blount shrank from it; but it must be done, and without delay. Robert was summoned from college to listen to a recital so strange as almost to overpower him, and measures were about to be taken to inform Captain Carrol, when providentially he made his appearance. Business had led him to seek his old friend, Blount, and the son was restored to the father with tears almost of agony.

Edith and Kate had been left with their mother at a hotel, during the father's absence, and De Basco, who had arrived some time previous, soon became aware of their proximity. For reasons best known to himself he kept himself secluded, and, after a few days devoted to the accomplishment of a villainous scheme, proceeded to put it in practice. In the disguise of a dashing guardsman he managed to get an introduction to the sisters, and, in his agreeable, fascinating manner, gained their attention to a recital of wild, romantic adventures, where he of course bore a prominent part; and ere he concluded, the story he had told, the father was repeated to the daughters.

"Was he executed?" asked a listener.

"Who—George Carrol? Yes, and hanging was too good for him. Good God! what is the matter, young ladies? Can it be possible he was a relative of yours? Same name, but who would have thought it possible?"

The scene that followed was made the most of; and, as the dreadful news must be communicated to Captain Carrol, the young gentleman took upon himself the painful task.

When, an hour after, Kate and Edith took their seats at table, they were electrified by the sudden appearance of De Basco. The sudden paling of the cheek, though it lasted but an instant, was enough; and after a few moments of doubtful hesitancy, he succeeded in doing away any impression they might have received of his delinquency; if the reasons he gave for his abrupt departure had only been a tinge of the truth, any one even more sceptical might have been satisfied, and it was not long before he had the satisfaction of finding himself fully reinstated. Even Mrs. Carrol was anxious to make amends for the coldness she had at first exhibited, and exerted herself to the utmost to please; (Captain Carrol had of course kept his own counsel,) and, excepting that the gentle sisters were suffering secret grief for the terrible fate of an only brother, the reunion was a very happy one. Whatever might be his motive in thus again striving to trifle with affection, only to crush and destroy it, (for, be he who he might, he knew Captain Carrol well enough to be well convinced he at least was not to be trifled with,) it was hard to define; whatever it was, however, the sudden appearance of Captain Carrol frustrated. He brought with him his son, a handsome, noble looking youth, one of whom any father might be proud, and whose striking resemblance to himself none could dispute. The astonishment of the fair sisters was only equalled by their happiness—the lost was found, the dead alive again, and, ere they had found time to repeat what had so grieved and wounded them, the door opened, and De Basco, who usually dispensed with ceremony, abruptly entered. Captain Carrol looked the astonishment he felt; the cool, determined villain, for a moment was thrown off his guard. Kate hastened to introduce her new-found brother, wondering all the time at her father's cool reception of an old friend. De Basco coolly surveyed the young gentleman a moment, then, without responding to the salutation, turned to Captain Carrol. "There is a great mistake somewhere," he said, in a calm, firm tone. "I am myself George Carrol, your own and only son, sir; how or where you found such a substitute, remains to be proved. It was my wish to remain incog, a while longer; but circumstances alter cases; here I am, and, not choosing to be supplanted in any such off-hand manner, I must insist on being acknowledged. You seem electrified, all of you," glancing scornfully upon the group who had gathered simultaneously to the side of the old gentleman. "I didn't find it half so hard to play the lover as I shall the brother, according to appearances; however—"

"Leave, sir! instantly, too!" thundered the enraged Captain Carrol. Son! my son! Good God! that such a villain should dare make such an assertion! Leave! or, by the God that 'made' me, I'll inflict the punishment you deserve."

"Since you so positively decline the honor of calling me your son, 'tis no more than fair to inform me where I am likely to find some one to supply your place; as far as filial affection goes, the transfer can be effected without much trouble."

"Your father, young man, called himself Robert Murray, and was the chief of a pirate crew, as wild and savage as ever desecrated the name of man! Your mother was Ida Granville, one of his many victims. He met the doom he deserved; she lives now a secluded, and apparently a repentant life, not far from London. As your mother, she will receive you with open arms, and with you, villain that you are, her just punishment for all the misery she inflicted upon me in the base imposition she practiced. Here is her address, and now begone."

De Basco hesitated a moment, struggling to quell the torrent of angry passion he dared not give utterance to, glanced defiantly from one to the other, and without a word left the room. When the excitement had subsided, and a few hours of calm had succeeded, the family sought their repose, trusting that, by taking their early departure for home, they would escape further annoyance. They did, with the exception of finding every particle of jewelry belonging to the sisters had been taken from their room in their brief absence. After some little delay Captain Carrol, with his family, arrived at the Hermitage; it was still standing, but a smouldering fire was burning yet, the work of an incendiary without doubt; and who proved to be none other than De Basco, or rather Robert Murray, who had preceded them by a few days, hoping to effect utter ruin as far as possible. Not a thought had pointed to him as the perpetrator, until the description of a person seen lurking in the vicinity, gave rise to suspicions which proved correct. He was taken, and, while awaiting trial, committed to prison; the charge of arson could not be fully proved, but the stolen property was found in his possession, and, with other villainous acts, sufficient was found to condemn him for many years to a felon's doom.

After some months Idith, learning the facts, came to the city, and visited the prison, but all her efforts were vain to discover her son; even had she been familiar with his features, in the convict's garb she would never recognize him. The scourge removed, Captain Carrol and his family began again to realize peace and prosperity. In time his blooming daughters became happy wives and mothers, and his son an ornament to society, the idol of his family, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

saved England from intestine feuds; look at both of the Napoleons; look at those great souls, shining like fixed stars with steady light, their alliance a thousand fold more eloquent than any speech; nay, look at Nature herself, which is the outgrowth of God. Here are no loud voices; here is no confusion, no jangling, no discord; the spheres roll on in space without a jar, but rather chording their songs as they roll, and showing forth the boundless power, and endless energy, that is resident in their creation. In silence there is always the profoundest expression; speech tells all it can, but perfect silence implies; and so utter volumes that no human tongue will ever know how to speak.

The temperate man, therefore—that is, the well-balanced man—never wastes his power, and so is never spent. By virtue of the moral and spiritual economy that governs his life, he is always fresh and new. Age does not wither him, nor does custom stale his infinite variety. He is not one-sided, simply because he is all-sided. He is ever self-possessed, and his own master. He seeks to gain no ends by trickery or fraud, because by nature he is plain, direct, open, and serene. The intense man will tire himself out in a short time; but the calm and steady character, that is temperate and full of rich wisdom at the centre, will outlast a generation of such, and be fresh and new when the others have fallen down with weariness.

Our literature is as temperate as the rest. Writers employ extravagant phrases and exaggerated expressions. They seem to think nothing is said, unless it goes off with the fizz of a rocket or the snap of a bottle of ginger-pop. Adjectives ruin everything; there is no end to the use of them. And the spirit of spread-eagles, and flying stars-and-stripes, and Fourth-of-July's, permeates every sort of action. Independence is supposed to have no meaning; if it cannot mean also independence of self-restraint and grammar. We all want to go with such a dash and rattle, that our literature essays the same race-course, shell-road speed, too. Expletives abound. Passion is worked up morbidly and magnificently. There is no limit or measure to the buncombe practices, the hurrah-boys sentiments, the knock-down arguments, and the grand crash of phrases and sentences.

Just the same way, too, with the popular preaching. Read the reports of Spurgeon. We speak of him, because his style is truly representative of this thing. Spurgeon well illustrates the boys' frolic, on Fourth of July mornings, with a bunch of Chinese crackers under an inverted flour barrel. He is pyrotechnic, with more of a powder smell than brilliancy of blaze. Or better, there is more sulphur than fire about his head. He is called a new institution, in these times; but it is a mistake. There is nothing new in his preaching, with all its extravagance and exaggeration; it is only an attempt, it is greater or less degree successful, to galvanize old dogmas, so that they shall seem to be endowed with a new life. And it is so with all the sensation preaching that is performed on other than a genuinely spiritual plane; it is forced to make up with intemperance, which is mere exaggeration, the lack of spiritual vitality from which it is so large a sufferer.

Why may we not, all of us, prove ourselves just as true and noble men and women, if we are content to be plain and simple; if we eschew the contagious tricks of ill-developed and superficial teachers, and resolve to rely more upon ourselves? Surely, there is great need of more of this simplicity and directness in our business, and likewise in our ordinary social relations. Superlatives have been exhausted, both in language and action; we may fall back now on the great centres of our nature, where all the native powers work silently and in earnest harmony, and know that strength alone proceeds thence, exhaustless and without end. We need chiefly no faculty because it has hitherto controlled us; we only need to give it fair adjustment in the nature, and seek to maintain, by patient and steady development, that perfect proportion and harmony which can be the only result even of our present irregular exertions. So we shall be strong indeed, and our strength will be always fresh and renewed.

Dr. Holmes and Religion.

Some of the over-anxious Orthodox secular papers—those dogs that sit on the steps and bark for the Church that employs them with its patronage—have been assailing the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" of late, on account of his articles, or one article at least,—in the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly." We have seen several replies, on this side and that, and the last is from the columns of the Boston Atlas and Bee. The spirit of the whole article shows that Religion is a something about which everybody can write and talk—laymen as well as clergy—and that the man whose experiences are deepest and freshest will be certain to secure the largest number of readers. The following sentiments occur in the course of the article, in the Atlas and Bee:

"Of the 'Autocrat's' personal belief we have no knowledge whatever, nor have we anything to do with his notions uttered in his speeches, like that at the Unitarian festival, but in his articles in the Atlantic Monthly we certainly do not discover any purpose to sneer at or deride religion or diminish respect for it. But it is said that his writings tend to make men skeptical, and on this point we have been censured for upholding the Doctor's somewhat free style of suggestion and inquiry. To this we answer again that a creed or belief which cannot stand the attacks of all the doubters in Christendom, is weak in some essential point.

No religious faith should be adopted without inquiry; nay, more, it should stand the ordeal of individual and collective skepticism. He who believes what he has not dared to doubt, or dares not believe lest he should doubt, is a coward; he who doubts everything without ever deciding, is a skeptical fool; and he who doubts nothing, is a credulous fool. The honest and wise seeker after truth welcomes all inquiry, all doubts and all criticisms; and when he has passed them all through the crucible, rejects what seems to him dross, retaining only the refined gold, the residuum of truth which the fire cannot destroy. If we could find in Dr. Holmes's papers any signs of unreasonable, captious fault-finding with religion, or any evidence of hostility to Christianity, we should criticise him for it as freely as we have his apparent deference to the social and literary snobbery of the Mutual Admiration Society, which occasionally, by its airs and antics, makes our three-billed city the laughing stock of the outside barbarians. But until we do discover this wrong spirit or purpose in the Autocrat's writings, we shall defend his notions with the same freedom that we use in criticising some of his companionships and social delinquencies."

John Augustus.

This well-known philanthropist departed this life on the 21st ult. Mr. Augustus's religion is written in his noble deeds. Look at his works and you can read his faith. Many tears have been wiped away—many an aching heart has been made glad by his individual efforts—a multitude of down-trodden human beings are his grateful friends, now and forever. He has been a friend to the rebel, to the outcast, to the indolent young offender, and to all offenders who had no friends or money to meet in combat the ruthless, merciless excoctors of human laws. Mr. Augustus has given a cup of water in the name of Christ many a time; he has been a friend indeed, whenever and wherever a friend was needed. He has in his unselfish work appealed to the deeper and truer faculties of the human soul in raising young men and women from the sloughs of crime, suffering and misery, to the even, universal platform for all humanity, which humanity is the household of God, who is the Father of all his children. The Temperance Visitor says:—

"His philanthropy was exercised in what was considered at the time a somewhat eccentric way. Young offenders against the law were then, as now, being brought into Court. Without friends or parents to be responsible for their good behavior or appearance, they often had to suffer imprisonment while awaiting examination, and a lonely visit to the public institutions provided for such alleged offenders, has not always been considered the best places for the formation of a good moral character. It was among this class that Mr. Augustus commenced his career as a philanthropist about twenty years ago. During that time he has been responsible in bonds for such persons to the amount in the aggregate, of about \$250,000, and in very few cases has he ever suffered any loss."

Louis Napoleon.

Public opinion respecting Louis Napoleon is fast changing in Europe. It is certain that he has never refused cheerfully to bear the burden laid on his shoulders, whether in the midst of high or humble circumstances. He always has shown himself quite equal to the occasion, let it be what it may. The Berlin correspondent of the New York Herald writes of the man—at present drawing the eyes of the civilized world upon him:—

"If the Austrians have surprised every one by their unskillfulness and ill-luck, Louis Napoleon has surpassed all expectation, or rather he has given the lie to those who, while acknowledging his talent for political intrigue, his unparalleled fluency and perfect mastery of the whole science of bluffing, utterly scouted the idea of his possessing that military genius which distinguished his renowned uncle, and which, in fact, could hardly be anticipated in a man who commences his warlike career at the mature age of fifty-two. There have been much older generals, indeed, who have obtained a great reputation: Blucher, Suvoroff, and Napoleon were superlatively so; but Napoleon was upwards of sixty; yet they had all been brought up in the camp, and had served for years in subordinate capacities before they attained the chief command. Louis Napoleon, on the contrary, who has never headed so much as a corporal's guard in real warfare, who has never smelt powder except when he shot the custom-house officer at Boulogne, and who has been living for the last ten years in all the splendor and encircling luxury of presidential and imperial grandeur, is suddenly placed in command of an army of two hundred thousand men, the leading of which his uncle declared to be the most arduous effort the human mind was capable of."

"Awful Gardner."

The People's Coffee Room was opened in New York on Thursday night, 23d ult.; not a remarkable occurrence at all in itself, but attended with somewhat interesting circumstances. The Coffee Room is to be under the supervision of Orville Gardner, better known to the "fancy" and fighting men under the title of "Awful Gardner," who was a convert during the revival in New York, more than a year ago. It is said that Mr. Gardner has been a changed man, ever since his seriousness on religion, and that his way of life bears evidence in plenty to his improvement. Friends set him up in business, and kind men lend a helping hand. Among the ministers who are engaged in such a truly Christian work, we find, as we expected, the name of Henry Ward Beecher, who never shrinks or hesitates, whenever good is to be done. Mr. Gardner made a speech, humorously sketching his past life, thanking God for the change which religion had produced in him, and promising to all who would, as he did, quit forever the intoxicating bowl, more solid joy and happiness than they had ever before felt. At the close of his remarks, his eyes filled with tears, and amid the applause of the audience, Mr. Beecher stepped up and warmly grasped his hand.

Celebration of the Fourth.

The City Government have made ample arrangements for the celebration of the National Anniversary. Not an hour from early morning till late at night is left without its attraction. The Concert in the morning, the Regatta, the Balloon Ascension, and Fireworks, with the attractions at the Public Garden, are well arranged, and Mr. Sumner's oration will be a production of rare excellence.

At the Public Garden, the Children's Celebration will be under the charge of the Teachers of the Warren Street Chapel. All children will be admitted free. Tents for dancing, a gymnasium, slight-of-hand performances, fire balloon ascensions, etc., etc., will give the little ones full opportunity to enjoy themselves.

Plumer's Case.

The condemned man, Cyrus W. Plumer, now lying in Boston Jail for mutiny and murder on shipboard, has been reprieved by the President for two weeks from the day appointed for his execution; so that he will probably be hanged on the 8th of July. The President intimated, in his communication to the Marshal, that the prisoner need not hope for pardon, as it would in no case be granted. There is a petition in town for a postponement of his execution for a twelvemonth, if not longer, in order that additional evidence may be obtained from Australia in his favor; but, according to appearances, there is very little chance of its meeting with favor at Washington. Some of the most prominent men of Boston, who have examined his case with care and closeness, are of opinion that he is not guilty of the crime of murder, and that he took command of the ship solely from motives of humanity.

Theodore Parker in England.

Mr. Parker has arrived in England from Santa Cruz. In a letter to Francis Jackson, Esq., dated London, June 8, he says in reference to his health:

"I hope I am better; but the bad air of London makes me cough more than at Santa Cruz. But this may come from a cold, which all people have when they leave a ship after a considerable voyage."

Referring to the death of Mr. Hovey, he pays him the following tribute:

"Mr. Hovey's death is a public calamity. To lose a man upright before God, and downright before men, whose religion was to do justice, love mercy, and walk manfully through the world—opening the eyes of the blind, and breaking off the fetters from the slave, and helping such as are ready to perish—this is a loss indeed. Had I been in Boston, I should have said a word or two at his funeral; for I have known him since June, 1841—known him intimately. But if W. L. G. and W. P. opened their lips, it was needless for another to attempt to speak."—*Liberator*.

Laying on of Hands in London.

We learn from G. S. Burgess, a correspondent of the Portland Pleasure Boat, that there is an institution in London, called the "Memorial Infirmary," where many wonderful cures are performed, simply by the laying on of hands, without the aid of medicines, and no remedial agent is used except the magnetism of the human hand; it being claimed that every person possesses the power of healing, in some degree, and that this power should be used for the benefit of the suffering. Dr. John Elliottson, whose name ranks among the first, if not the first, in the medical profession in England, is the founder and chief supporter of this Infirmary.

Plenit.

A Spiritualists' Picnic is to be held in a beautiful grove, near West Railroad Station, in Danville, Maine, called the Hotel Road, on Monday, the 4th of July next. It being a central place, will accommodate our friends in the counties of Cumberland, Androscoggin, and Oxford. Of course it is expected that all will bring provisions with them, so as to sit the place, circumstances and occasion. All friends are invited; and we hope that all trance and normal speakers who can make it convenient, will attend and participate in the enjoyments of this day.

Committee: J. W. Foster, of West Danville; D. H. Hamilton, of Lewiston; B. M. Murray, of Turner; Jefferson Owen, of North Turner; H. A. M. Bradbury, of Norway; J. C. Shaw, of Buckfield; Josiah Littlefield, of Auburn, and Capt. Isaac S. Bailey, of Livermore.

The Daily Dispatch and Judge Edmonds.

The editor of the Dispatch, published at Richmond, Va., makes commentaries on a lecture delivered by Judge Edmonds at Doddworth's Hall, New York. He accepts the fundamental principles of the lecture, supplies what he deems the Judge's defects, and concludes by saying that it seems strange that a learned lawyer should be so "bofofoled." He measures Spiritualism by a narrow standard of materialism—thinks that Spiritualism has high priests—and talks of Miss Catherine Fox as one of the inventors of Spiritual manifestations. Our brother has not yet read the title page of the book of Spiritualism.

The Newburyport Herald.

This paper keeps pace with time and progress. Under date of June 17th its leader is an able and scientific production; its logic is reason and common sense. Here is one sentence: "We do not seek to have an effect without a cause. The cause of all things is spiritual, the effects that we see are natural; the same as thought is spiritual and speech natural—emotions are spiritual and action is natural. The cause is the great Divine cause that first created the world."

Theological Criticism.

The Christian Register makes very reasonable and just animadversions upon the criticism of the Independent on Mr. Holmes's "Breakfast Table Religion."

The Independent calls this religion "Theological quackery." Why should it not? There is no creed that goes before the creed of the Independent in preparing its followers to call naughty words back, and return a blow for a blow.

Postponed.

The Convention that was announced to be held at Seymour, Conn., on Thursday of this week, has been postponed.

The N. E. U. University Locating Convention.

Will be held at Lowell on the fifth and sixth of July. A large attendance is expected. All are invited to attend who are interested in the education and welfare of the rising generation. The stockholders in this institution already number between five and six hundred.

Railroad tickets for the Convention will be for sale at half price by De la Marsh, Dr. Gardner, and at the BANNER OF LIGHT office.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ESCHATOLOGY; OR, THE SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF THE COMING OF THE LORD, THE JUDGMENT, AND THE RESURRECTION. By Samuel Lee. Boston: J. E. Mott & Co.

This is but one more of the symptoms of what is close at hand. Here the reader gets a view of the topics above recited from the pen of a professed Orthodox; but a view so thoroughly fresh and truly spiritual, embodying doctrines so liberal and so full of Christian love, and of such general application to the human race, whether in the Church or out of it, that we cannot but rejoice exceedingly to have an opportunity to chronicle so timely and useful a manifestation. The times are changing, and that is no longer to be decried; when these important changes cannot be concealed, it is idle to seek to deny them.

The motto chosen by the author for his book is from Paul, as follows:—"Let God be true, but every man a liar." He then goes on to explain to the reader the motives that led to the preparation of the present volume, which naturally include much of his profoundest experiences. He states that, "early in his ministry, the writer attempted to gain some definite views on the subject presented in this volume. He consulted authors, and especially commentators. The effect was 'confusion worse confounded.' He then, as the only hope, went directly and alone to the volume of Inspiration, and attempted to study the Scriptures scripturally—to make the Bible its own interpreter." And this volume is the result of his studies. The central and controlling idea of it all is, "that one of the conditions of a more spiritual religion, and of a fuller development of Christian character, is, bringing the realities of the unseen world very much nearer." This statement will, of course, make him many enemies, even among his own brethren in the ministry; yet it ought not. If it is not sinful to preach about the delights of spirit-communication out of the form, or after death, it certainly cannot be so to discourse of the same things for us in the form.

We can commend this book written by a truly Christian pen, to the earnest pursuit of every believer in Bible inspiration. It will awaken thoughts that, till now, they have been bidden to keep down. It will revive and refresh the spirit already hungering and thirsting for that food and drink which comes down from Heaven alone. Every observant reader will learn more of the Bible, and its lofty teachings and truths, than he knew before, or at least, will see old things newly. It will be equal to a new lease of spiritual life to all believers.

A SERMON FOR MIDSUMMER DAY: Beauty in the World of Matter, Considered as a Revelation of God. By Theodore Parker.

The Twenty-eighth Congregational Church, whose beloved pastor is now endeavoring to regain his health by travel in foreign lands, have issued a pamphlet of twenty-four pages, with the above title page. The sermon it contains was delivered July 16th, 1859, and is widely different from Mr. Parker's usual efforts. The pamphlet also contains an introductory letter from Mr. P., written while at Santa Cruz, dated March 15th, 1859, setting forth in the first place his reasons for writing such a discourse, and detailing in glowing terms the beauties of Nature as she had then spread them before his eyes on the "Fridge of the Barbadoes," the Island of the "Holy Cross." The sermon is not metaphysical or profound as is usual with Mr. Parker's efforts—not taxing the mind with deep argument, in addition to the burden of mid-summer's heat, but light and cheerful, serving to give buoyancy to the soul's aspirations. H. W. Swett & Co., Publishers, 128 Washington street, Boston.

We have received from Sheppard, Clark & Brown, "St. Roman's Well," the 10th No. of Waverley's Novels, by Sir Walter Scott; cheap edition—Twenty-five cents each number.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Mrs. HATCH'S LECTURES.—Number three of the series of Ten Discourses by Mrs. Hatch, on "The Sciences and their Philosophy," did not reach us in season to print in the present issue. It will appear in our next. These lectures are reported with great care, and will repay a careful perusal.

NE JURY.

Were men but just—were Truth their aim and end, They'd raise the erring, and the poor befriended. Such, when their souls pass on to realms above, Millions shall greet with sweetest songs of love. Oh, happy day! when all the earth can know The heavenly wealth of doing right below! What crowns immortal, roseate and grand, Shall grace their brows high in the Spirit-Land.

We are proud of our New York Reporters—Messrs. ELLIWOOD, BURN and LOMB—and can, with the fullest confidence in their abilities, recommend them to the public as masters of the phonographic art. Consequently, it is almost needless to add, the matter which passes through their hands for the press gives entire satisfaction to the speakers whom they report.

Read the message of Jane Cary, a spirit, on our sixth page. "What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" "A branch of birch air; the master has used almost a whole tree."

THE PIKE'S PEAK HUMBO.—We have just seen a returned Pike's Peak gold-seeker, who says he has suffered everything physically a mortal could, and live. He tells an awful story of human suffering and pronounces the Pike's Peak affair an unmitigated humbug. He says those who went there well prepared for mining operations, after working five weeks, collected about thirty-five cents worth of the precious metal per day. That was the extent of the yield.

God works his mightiest ends by the feeblest instruments. The purest angels come forth from the meanest material developments. The richest fruit often grows on the roughest wall.

A Parishioner inquired of his pastor the meaning of this line in Scripture—"He was clothed with curses as with a garment." "It signifies," replied the divine, "that the individual had got a bad habit of swearing."

DR. H. M. MILLER requests us to state that he will attend the meeting to be held at Conneaut, Ohio, July 13th and 14th.

THE NATIONAL HOUSE, Haymarket Square, is a convenient stopping-place for travelers who arrive in Boston on business from the east, as it is located in near proximity to the Boston and Maine Railway Depot, and yet "up town" far enough for the accommodation of its patrons.

We believe with Kossuth that Louis Napoleon knows that his interest as well as his glory lies in a liberal policy toward Italy; and that he will faithfully carry out the principles he has laid down. He has shown that far a Napoleonic promptitude in his movements, as the prayers of thousands go with him for the utter defeat of the Austrians, and their final expulsion from regenerated Italy.—*Transcript*.

Punch thinks if the marauding expletives that are reported of the Austrians in Lombardy be true—paying for nothing, and helping themselves to everything—that Austria can boast of the largest rifle corps in the world.

THE CROPS.—The Cincinnati Times says, "Let the croakers croak; there is no damage of consequence to the great staple products. It will be found that the more tender and less important vegetation has been only slightly injured, and the wheat and corn scarcely harmed. The crops are as yet safe."

The looking-glass may say what it pleases. The heart of friends is the mirror of good men. And in that glass we should be beautiful enough, if we are good enough.—*Beecher*.

An individual at Cornwall, England, has made himself a complete suit from 670 rat skins!

An exchange states that the Davenport Boys were arrested last week in Plunket, Oswego county, N. Y., on a charge of exhibiting jugglery without a license. They were tried before a justice there, convicted and fined ten dollars and costs. The friends of the boys offered to pay the fine. This the boys objected to, and maintained that they were falsely accused, refused to pay the fine, being determined to defend themselves in another way through legal process. They, therefore, permitted themselves to be taken to Oswego, and incarcerated in jail, where they now are and have been several days.

They have been playing farces at the theatre of war in Italy, mixed in with a very little tragedy, for variety.

The young woman, Miriam Y. Heath, who, together with her brother, Francis E. Heath, was convicted at Lowell in June, 1858, of murder in the second degree, having caused the death of their father, Joshua Heath, at Dracut, January 3d, was sentenced in the Supreme Court at Cambridge, June

21st, before Judges Bigelow and Hoar, to imprisonment in the House of Correction at East Cambridge during life, with one day solitary imprisonment. Her brother is now serving out a sentence for life in the State Prison.

We are pleased to notice that our friend and often correspondent, George B. Phillips, Esq., "January Scalo" has associated himself with the "Oliver Branch," published in this city. Mr. Phillips is one of the most vigorous writers of the present age. His reputation was made in Europe long before he came to our country.

War bulletins take up most of the Empress Eugenie's time, but the mantua makers are not entirely neglected. It is said that a new sleeve of her invention, which has obtained great favor in Paris, is called the Francis 1st sleeve; it is long and wide, gathered by a band of the stuff or ribbon which extends its whole length, and it is terminated by a round loose wristband under which passes a graceful puffed or ruffled sleeve.

We have n't "been happy to acknowledge" a single box of strawberries yet!

INFIRMARY AT 22 LA GRANGE PLACE.

MEANS. EDITORS.—Owing to an increase of practice and the desire of patients to have personal attendance while under my care, I have been induced to open an infirmary for the reception of the sick. This institution is at No. 22 La Grange Place, Boston—a central, yet retired and quiet part of the city. Here the sick will find everything adapted to their necessities and conducive to comfort and health.

The undersigned will make clairvoyant examinations and prescribe for patients, present and absent, and heal by laying on of hands, in which capacities he has been before the public for the last eight years with marked success.

An eminent surgeon will attend to the surgical department; while the house will be under the supervision of an experienced man and his wife, who are well acquainted with all that pertains to the sick room and culinary department of such an establishment.

An experienced electrician of each sex will be in attendance to apply electricity to those who require it; and an excellent test medium will be constantly at this house for the accommodation of the public who desire to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Patients will be received under treatment, with board, upon reasonable terms.

The house is now open for the reception of the public, whose attention we most cordially invite.

GEORGE ATKINS, Proprietor.

Boston, June 28, 1859.

PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.

DEAR BANNER.—Not having troubled your sanctum, nor intruded upon the dignity of the chair editorial of Spiritual journals for nearly two years, I hope to be pardoned if I now attempt, pro bono publico, to fill the niche made vacant by the absence of our mutual friend, Cora Wilburn, by recording an item of "passing events" in our city of "brotherly love."

In company with Mrs. Barnes, healing and trance-speaking medium, now located at the southwest corner of Morgan and Tenth streets, and by invitation from John Adams, John Howard and Isaac Hopper, who had solicited Mrs. B. repeatedly so to do, I visited Moyamensing Prison—located in the southern part of Philadelphia—Sunday afternoon, for the purpose of giving Mrs. B. an opportunity to obey her spirit prompts by addressing the convicts. At the hour of 3 o'clock P. M. we arrived at the prison and found access to the female department, religious services having been performed among the males in the morning. We were kindly and courteously received by the lady matron, and Mr. Mullen, sub-superintendent, to whom the sole control of teachings of Sabbaths among both departments is given. This gentleman informed me that he freely allowed all orders of religionists—not excepting Catholics—to visit and address the convicts. This speaks highly for his good sense, as well as liberality. A table, with Bible, hymn-book, etc., were provided, and placed in the centre of the aisle on the second floor, so as to be conveniently heard by all the prisoners above and below, but not conveniently seen by them, as they were confined to their rooms, and had but a small aperture to look out from. There is no chapel-room in this institution to assemble its inmates together in. After singing an appropriate hymn, Mrs. Barnes was entranced, and pronounced with a zealous Christian would call a beautiful invocation. She then spoke a few moments, when the controlling power pressed her humble servant to "improve the time, after which the sister will finish her present duties." So I obeyed by reading a portion of the Sermon on the Mount, and followed with such comments thereon, and such advice as was given to my mind to speak. Then we sang another hymn, and Mrs. B. was controlled to speak individually and separately to some twenty-five of the females, who were deeply affected, even to floods of tears. The scene was alike thrilling to the heart and convincing to the judgment, that hearts of convicts are accessible to words of love and hope, and that many of these poor unfortunate creatures are nearer the kingdom than the sordid worldlings (in many cases) who sent them there. A majority of these persons could be easily saved, I have no doubt, if proper influences were thrown around them. But what can they do without help? No sooner are they free by "satisfying the demands of justice," (2) than the eye of distrust, the curled lip, the harsh epithet, the finger of scorn, all combine to drive these victims of circumstances and corrupt society into a repetition of offences, and back they return. No homes, no friends! In the name of God and humanity, who, having a thimble-full of brains, or a heart as big as a ground-nut, could think of cursing, or otherwise than deeply sympathizing with this class of Fashion's throw-off garments? Allow me a suggestion to record, which came from John Howard, after our return from the prison:—"Oh, when will mankind learn to be wise? How long must the unfortunate continue to be crushed beneath the iron rule of selfishness, and be beaten with the tyrant's rod of ignorance? Oh that man could see that if the time and means expended in and upon prisons, were applied to homesteads, and means to bless and assist the poor, prisons would not be needed, and this world might be blessed indeed." Ignorance and poverty are the twin tyrants that oppress our race. Yours for equity, love and truth,

C. H. DE WOLFE.

Philadelphia, June 10, 1859.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

ing that some portion of my investigation may prove useful to others, I am solely actuated by the desire to do good, in laying before your readers a plain, unvarnished tale of recent

experiences and sufferings, in the humble hope that there may be some among the throng of present inquirers who will take heed from the lessons of another, and not rush headstrong and rashly into an unknown path; but will carefully reflect, ere they enter upon the investigation of so intricate and marvelous a subject as modern Spiritualism.

I may preface my statement by intimating that I am past the meridian of life on earth, and according to the laws of nature rapidly approaching that exit from this sphere that awaits every one; consequently I can have no selfish desire to deceive, or ambition to become noted. This fact has furnished me with sufficient evidence of what is the standard value of man's opinion, and, in the performance of a faithful duty, I fear no man, but wish to extend to every member of the human family that forbearance and candor that from a few only I have received. I claim the right that I freely extend to every one, viz., the privilege to worship my Creator according to the light that is in me, preferring the private prayer of the closet to the forms of sectarian display, admitting at the same time that I firmly believe that there is good in all forms and practices of religious worship, relatively speaking; that the Universal Father can alone comprehend his child, the work of his power, and that he alone is the true judge of that child's requirements; he is ever ready to answer and reward openly the secret prayer of sincerity.

By education I am a member of the Episcopalian, or Established Church of England—with which my family connections are united in faith—and for upwards of thirty years of my life I have regarded it as the church, observed its forms, subscribed to its tenets, and loved its beautiful liturgy, though at numerous times sadly annoyed with the inconsistencies and corruptions manifested in its government and the actions of many of its clergy. The rule of life, as laid down by my Saviour, by precept and example, is not followed by its supporters and teachers. The great distinction existing in the condition of the bishops, deans, rectors, and other superior officers, with that of the hard-working curate, is painful to behold. The pride I experienced from these dignitaries, when I presumed to question their authority, or views and interpretations, convinced me that there existed considerable influence from Mammon in this ancient edifice or fabric of man's invention; that like unto the Roman rival, its aim in practice was temporal; it wished to rule—not to explain, guide and teach, exemplifying in practice its truth and faithfulness for so sacred and important a duty as a teacher sent from God.

I therefore determined to examine for myself the various sects of religious worship professed in this country, ere I united myself with any creed of man; and in the course of this investigation I came in contact with Spiritualism, and for several years gave it a patient, searching examination, undeterred by the jeers of scoffers, uninfluenced by the pleadings of my family, or discouraged by the admonitions of my commercial connections. An irresistible desire to know and judge for myself alone influenced me. I was urged onward by this unsatisfied craving, step by step, until I had learned from personal experience the knowledge I sought regarding it; and it is the incidents of this examination, with its attending reflections, that you have desired me to give you. In penning the same, I will

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."
"A plain, unvarnished tale I will unfold."

And I shall consider myself amply repaid, if I can influence one individual so to act in these investigations, as not to approach an electric circle in order to gratify an idle curiosity by having a bit of fun, or seek the aid of a professional medium, to make it subservient to a worldly ambition; but approach the circle of influence only after deep reflection and earnest private prayer, that according to the anxious desire for truth, light may be given you, and strength to avoid the rocks and shoals that I experienced in my investigation of modern Spiritualism. Yours truly, W.

New York, April, 1850.

Suffering.—W. S. Ripley.

F. S. ROBBINS, WATERBURY, CT.—"As the spirit's eye goes forth to behold the various conditions of human life, it cannot fail to detect in every heart a greater or less degree of suffering, the true causes of which cannot be fully understood in the present condition and development of society. While, then, we are waiting for the natural growth and unfoldings of high intelligence, that shall clothe man to that position where he can understand the so-called mysterious of his creation, we feel that there can be an intermediate influence exerted that will to some extent alleviate the sufferings which seem so generally to afflict the human family. The deepest sympathy and compassion of those in a higher life goes out for all; and while there are countless numbers who stand aloof from their influence and teachings, who have no spirit-power, there are also those who are under the direct influence and control of a power beyond themselves, who are called upon to pass through the deepest suffering, both of body and spirit; to suffer the loss of health and of earthly possessions; of all that they have held most dear. And the thought often comes to their minds, 'Oh, that we could find some way to lessen our sorrows and afflictions, and enhance our joys and happiness.' But before we must understand that it is often needful in self-purification, and to prepare the individual for a higher state of usefulness, either in this, or spirit-life. For evidence of this, we refer you to Jesus, the young man of Nazareth, who was the highest embodiment of purity and perfection; yet he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. It was through the deepest afflictions and heart-rending trials that he was enabled to perform his glorious mission. His soul was subdued and submissive in the hands of those who were moulding and fashioning his spirit for an example to rising generations. If, then, this being so superiorly organized and harmoniously adapted to spirit influence, must of necessity pass through all these earthly struggles, should not we, who are of a lower order, expect to pass through like experiences, inasmuch as we bear a likeness to him? Taking him, then, as a pattern after which we should seek to make our lives and characters, let us consider his relations to physical and spiritual life.

Upon the first plane of existence we behold him endowed with all the faculties, propensities and desires which men possessed at the present time—his corporeal system being composed the same as ours; thus far he was alike exposed to all the evils and temptations of external life. The sequel to his mastery over trials, temptations and griefs, may easily be explained. His strict adherence to the principles of right and truth led him forth more than conqueror over wrongs and superstitions; and in doing this he tasted the very dregs of the cup, and still possessed his soul in peace; because the deep conviction of the righteous course which he was pursuing made him triumph over every enemy—even death itself. And when there was a victory to be won, he feared not to fight the battle. His soul gloried in exterminating error, because he knew it to be the fulfilling of the divine law, though it cost him the most excruciating tortures of body and soul; yet he had the consciousness of a power divine, that could and would sustain him. Terrible and deep as his sufferings might be, his soul could, amid all afflictions, soar up to heaven, and gather from the Father's love peace and strength. Thus in the latter hour he could feel upheld by a power which man could not subdue. He shrank not into afflictions which caused his spirit to writhe in anguish, when he was falsely accused of men, and the world heaped upon him reproach and cruel abuse—when his path seemed obstructed and darkened—when his eyes could behold naught but cruel despotisms, distortions and crimes, and his ear could catch no sound but the angry voices of those who thirsted for his life's blood. Even his professed friends having left him, he stood tranquil amid all these trials, and, turning within, he found there, upon his own heart's altar, a spark that seemed to be kindling into a flame of sacred fire, as he poured out his soul in pleadings for Divine aid. As his prayer went out to heaven, he felt a response from the most high God; and there beamed forth from his countenance a radiant and a dazzling light, and the wild-furied, and tempest-tossed waters of his soul were lulled, and his own sweet voice whispered, 'Peace, be still!'

And thus, from time to time, as he journeyed through the earth-life, performing his God-given mission—conquering the wise, and filling with consternation and fear those who were in authority—did the higher interposition rescue him from his pursuers, and supplied his needs; until at last the finale came, which gave him that release so much longed for. And now, he who was once so much despised and rejected of men, is worshipped as a God.

These thoughts came to us after reading, in the BANNER of May 28th, the letter from Winfield S. Ripley, of Paris, Oxford Co., Me. And to you, Brother Ripley, we would say, that our friend, the editor of this paper was right when he said that the sympathy from a thousand hearts would be given to you in your suffering condition. We better perhaps than many others, can realize your situation, having had like experiences. We know what it is to be prostrated by an hour's labor, (which required much exertion,) so as to be unable to do anything else during the remainder of the day; and the sympathy of friends and relations was withheld from us, simply because we acknowledged our belief in spiritual inter-

course. But, brother, let us remember that it has been said, 'The first shall be last, and the last shall be first; and to him that overcometh shall be given a white stone, and upon that stone a new name shall be written, which no man knoweth save him that receiveth it.' No one can know our experiences but ourselves, or, as you say, the spiritual good which may be derived from it."

Perverted Worship.

Some of our religious teachers are ever appealing to that part of our nature which makes us long for some sympathetic being who will love us, and whom we can love—whom we can rely upon as never failing us in our utmost need, as well as being the solace of the leisure moments of our lives. These desires of the heart are universal—occupying much space in the inner and secret being of every son and daughter of man—so it is no wonder that such preachers as have a knowledge of human emotions, should seek to excite these longings, and try to fill the vacuum in the hearts of their hearers with that form of God-worship which they believe to be most potent and satisfactory.

There is no discrimination made between those wants of our nature which have their beginning, and should have their end, in our humanity. The wish we have for communion with one of our own sex—a foreshadowing of that nobler and more ardent love for the opposite—is perverted from its natural ultimatum—which we are in some instances told is sinful—and made to lead our hearts to display themselves in one of the forms in which God is worshipped.

This great error will be perhaps most readily seen in the lives of those men and women who have, in the espousal and service of their church, quite trodden under foot their natural instincts—deeming sanctity cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of the best part of themselves. But it needs no keen scrutiny to detect the same perversion of the instincts of man in the popular religion of the present time. Our churches are three-quarters filled with women—either too young to know themselves, or if older, with sad and sorrowful faces—an index of their suffering hearts. They love their religion, because they must love something—they go into the church for peace; but how few of them find it! The Roman church is as near the truth in that matter as any large organization has ever been. She receives with open arms the stricken children of the world, finds them employment—that sweet balm to a wounded spirit—and perhaps, more than any other church, adds to their happiness. That form of religion is most thorough in furnishing the natural appetites of man's religious nature with a spurious food. The worship of the Virgin Mary gives, most deceitfully, great scope for the development of that main feature in the male character—adoration of women. There is no doubt but that the contemplation of the character and office of the Virgin affords a more delightful religious exaltation than any portion of any "established" religion—and approaches so nearly to the truth, as to have satisfied man until their dying hour.

In that portion of the Roman system which maintains the propriety of the confessional, is recognized the universal need we have of some one in whom we have faith, to whom we can confide our troubles and sorrows, and from whom we can receive unprejudiced advice. These two features make the Church of Rome what it is—being founded on two universal attributes of man—the love of woman and the love of friends. The numerical superiority of females over males in the New England churches, is not due to any difference in the sexes in religious feeling, but to the peculiar manner in which religion is presented in ordinary pulpits. God is represented in the masculine gender—in the form of a man; such doctrine appeals to the female heart in a manner almost irresistible. It is notorious that these women who disbelieve where "Christ is preached," are of a stern and masculine cast of mind, while the majority of "believers" of the other sex are quite effeminate.

Christians deceive themselves when they are persuaded that they have peace in their belief alone. No human soul can find rest except in the satisfaction of its natural appetites. W. OAK.

"Testing a Spirit."

As my friend Thayer wishes to "elicit the truth," in publishing his article in the BANNER of June 4th, under the head of "Testing a Spirit," I join him in this laudable endeavor, and offer the following remarks:—
1. "A spirit" responds to friend Thayer through Mr. Mansfield, purporting to be "William Billings, musician," and here is one of the questions which Mr. Thayer put to the spirit, and the spirit's answer:—
"Q. 1.—Are any of your descendants now living in the United States?
A.—I am not able to say as to that—we determine by the attractions we have."

Now, if you examine the Saturday Evening Gazette of June 4, 1850, you will find an article written by the Hon. J. T. Buckingham, respecting this same "William Billings, musician," who died in this city in 1800, and from which we learn that he left three daughters, two of whom are still living; and one of them is an invalid! Is it not a significant fact, that this "spirit," purporting to be William Billings, was "not able to say as to that," when questioned as to his own children?

2. And this is precisely as I have always found it with all the responses made through Mr. Mansfield. When the questions are specific, and of such matters as neither Mr. Mansfield, nor his own associate or "familiar spirit" can tell about, the answer is like the above—"I am not able to tell about that," whereas, had that spirit been the one it purported to be, he would have been able to tell something in respect to his own daughters, now living, and one of them an invalid.

3. Rev. W. M. Fernald, of this city, tested Mr. Mansfield in the manner following: He enclosed ten questions, which any one might answer, to the spirit of Emanuel Swedenborg. Mr. Fernald is of opinion that his letter was not opened, and he received appropriate answers to each question. He then addressed another sealed letter to Swedenborg, with such questions in it as no one but Swedenborg could answer; but to these questions the response was, like that to Mr. Thayer, "I am not able to say as to that."

4. I have tested the spirits through Mr. Mansfield, and have always found that they could not answer; they could "say as to that." My first test was perfectly voluntary on the part of Mr. M. I happened to take tea in Chelsea, near by where Mr. M. lived, and where I had some conversation in respect to my deceased children. Well, in a few days after, Mr. M., then a perfect stranger, called on me with a long communication, purporting to come from a child I never had!

Some five years ago a friend of mine died, who made me a most sacred promise before death, that she would certainly communicate with me if the so-called "spiritual communications" were what they purported to be. And when I addressed this dear friend through Mr. M., with questions which no one could answer but my friend, Mr. M. sent me my letter back, saying, "I am not able to say as to that." This same experiment I tried twice with Mr. M., and both times it was a failure.

I know, indeed, some persons who have received responses through Mr. M., which, to them, for the time being, seemed quite satisfactory. But I have never known a successful case where the questions were numerous, and such as neither Mr. M. nor his own "familiar spirit" could answer. And hence it is, that I do not see that, having the letters edited, which Mr. M. answers, amounts to much, while they contain questions which any one might answer. If Mr. M. does sometimes read himself the questions, why, of course, he can give the answer; if his own associate spirit reads the question, then the answers correspond only to those questions which any one could answer; and to the other, the response is, "I am not able to say as to that," they demonstrating that it is not the spirit which it purports to be.

5. If Mr. Mansfield were "filled by the spirit friends" of each one whose letter he answers, it is easy to see how soon this vexed question of identity would be settled satisfactorily. I do not say demonstrated, but it might be rendered quite probable. Thus, if I were to call on my spirit friend, A. B., and get through Mr. M. numerous statements, names, persons, places, and date, which no one could tell but the spirit of my friend; or, if a similar communication of facts, known to no mortal, were to be made to me, unasked, it would be interesting and far more satisfactory than the method now pursued, I am sure.

L. R. S.

Boston, June 9, 1850.

Physical Manifestations.

Mrs. N., East Stoughton, Mass.—"During the week that Mrs. Currier stopped in this place, she visited my residence one evening, and while there we formed a family circle. We were not long waiting ere the medium was entranced by a spirit purporting to be Deacon B. Alden, who left the mundane sphere some twenty-five years since. No one had asked or even thought of him, though he was well known here when living in the earth-form—and I must say that he gave ample proof of his identity."

I will note one manifestation through Mrs. C.'s mediumship that had not before been my lot to witness; and that

was, having heard it said that objects, such as stones and shells, would, in Mrs. C.'s presence, be conveyed from outside the building into the room while sitting for the manifestations, the thought came to me that I would test the truth of the statement. I accordingly selected, in the afternoon of that evening, from a number of stones, one that was singularly marked by a white vein running its entire length. I placed it under my door-step, taking care to secrete it from view, and also that no individual should know my object in placing it there. My reason for so doing was for a double test—first, it would be evidence to me that spirits would know my most secret thoughts; second, if moved, it would be good evidence that some power higher than man accomplished the deed. I had said nothing during the evening about the stone. Finally Mrs. C. requested that a window be raised, she remarking at the same time that she was so impressed to speak. And as soon as it was raised, a stone came into the room. I took it up, and, upon examination, found it to be the one I had secreted, and then explained the matter to those comprising the circle. Not only that particular stone, but several other stones and sprigs of arbutus and cypress were thrown into the room—all occurring in the light."

Mr. Mansfield at the South.

W. A. DANXIN, BALTIMORE, Md., June 18th.—Mr. Mansfield, the test medium, has been with us during the past week, and many who have previously ridiculed or denounced "Spirit Intercourse," now frankly acknowledge that all of heaven and earth was not embraced in their philosophy.

The tests presented through the mediumship of Mr. Mansfield are varied as well as wonderful. Some of his visitors, in answer to their unseen questions, received the names of their spirit friends, and also statements of the circumstances surrounding them when on earth. Others obtained communications written in the unmistakable cursive of the individual who purported to be in communion with them. In one instance, a spirit who had been recently and unexpectedly called from external life, wrote to a gentleman with whom he had held business relations, and referred in his communication to several unsettled accounts, etc., stating exact sums in dollars and cents. His time while here was constantly occupied; and I am not aware of any instance in which an inquirer failed to receive evidence of the presence of some unseen intelligence.

On Saturday evening last I was in social converse with a few friends, when the spirit of a recently deceased clergyman entranced a medium who was present, and requested that one of our party should call on Mr. Mansfield, and he would endeavor to write through him an article for publication, which would attract the attention of his congregation to the subject.

You will understand that Mr. Mansfield was not present on this occasion, and did not learn of the circumstance until the next day, when to one of our friends a lengthy communication was given through him, in accordance with the promise of the previous evening.

Mr. Mansfield has made many friends in Baltimore by his uniform kindness and courteous demeanor to all who sought his services."

Oswego Matters.

VERITAS, OSWEGO, N. Y.—"We have been particularly successful in our endeavors to sustain free public meetings, and the attendance has increased from some sixty or seventy to six or seven hundred since last fall, and there is an increasing anxiety among even skeptics, to know more of this beautiful philosophy."

At first, Orthodoxy took a bold stand, resolving to make war upon us, and entered into an agreement among the different churches to expel all who dared to even go and listen. But in spite of their threats of excommunication, some of the most liberal and daring ventured beyond the precincts of the sanctuary. The consequence was, they were summoned before the church tribunal, and, as a matter of course, summarily cast out.

The Davenport boys have been with us for the last four weeks, during which time there has been some powerful physical mediums developed among us, whose circles are crowded, and many a skeptic has had the foundations of his skepticism shaken.

We have been favored of late with some of the best speakers, I venture to say, who are engaged in the cause, and who have left a good impression behind them. Bro. R. P. Ambler has just left, after spending some five Sabbaths with us, and whose soul-thrilling and heart-rending words seemed to come from the spirit-spheres and strengthen us in our efforts against error, bigotry and superstition."

N. E. University Convention.

WM. S. WAIT, GREENVILLE, BOND CO., ILL.—"I was much gratified with the account in the BANNER of the 4th, of the 'New England University Convention.' The institution, as proposed, meets a great educational want. After leaving the primary schools, there is no means afforded our children of advanced literary attainment but through schools which inculcate a spirit that is utterly hostile to republicanism equality, or which do not have the immediate and perceptible effect of unfitting both males and females for discharging in a suitable manner the great duties of American citizens."

I have frequently doubted whether our more advanced schools and colleges do not produce a demoralizing influence upon the community, which is but indifferently compensated by a too frequently ill-chosen and ill-digested acquisition in literary and scientific knowledge."

[Accompanying the above is an article on *American Colleges*, which may be found elsewhere.]

Complimentary.

J. O. CAREY, FLORENCE.—"Your most excellent visitor came to me in due time, and is very punctual in its late calls, considering the long distance and the very slack mail regulations. I am deeply interested in reading the many fine articles in the BANNER. I consider myself richly paid for my subscription fee; and, should I receive no more papers, my only regret I should have would be the loss of so interesting a friend. There are many papers that I read with peculiar pleasure—and those are the lectures of trance speakers, and the spirit messages, so-called. For these I cannot divine a source or account a cause. Certainly they cannot be deception; for you would not place before thousands what you believed to be error; and the lecturers would not, nay, could not, advocate what they knew to be wholesale falsehood. No, I cannot credit these thoughts, and all I can say is, it is strange."

Miss SUSAN M., BOWENVILLE, MASS.—"The character of your paper is so powerful, and yet so peaceful, that no one can be its enemy, if they would. And that peculiar and novel feature of religious liberty manifested in publishing the best discourses of different religious sects, will be the means of carrying glad tidings to a thousand hearers—of spreading the light and truth of this developing age of freedom broadcast to all religious denominations. How beautiful is charity! God speed and spread your very charitable BANNER."

L. K. Conoley.

WILLIAM E. HALLOCK, EVANSTON, ILL.—"Sunday, June 5, we had the pleasure of listening to three highly intellectual lectures, given through the mediumship of L. K. Conoley. The lectures gave universal satisfaction."

The believers here in the New Truth are comparatively few, but we are slowly and steadily increasing in strength and numbers. Old theology has a strong hold on the people, but it must give way, ere long, to the new.

We had the pleasure, some eight weeks ago, of listening to the truths that fell from the lips of Bro. Warren Chase. He delivered an able course of lectures to large, intellectual audiences. We expect soon to hear Miss Hulet, a young trance-speaking medium, who is now lecturing in Torre Haute."

BENJAMIN, BOSTON.—"One of your correspondents last week in speaking of the atheists, says they are content with Nature, or, at most, a blind principle, for their God. I would ask, who can see more of God than the man who looks down at Nature? Tell me where or how I can see, recognize and know God, except it be in the work of his hands, which work is Nature? Everywhere, except in Nature, God to us is a phantom, a great vacuum, an infinite nothing."

G. L. DUNN, LENOX, O.—"I have come to the conclusion that it is best to let everybody think just as they please."

PROFESSOR VS. PRACTICE.—Until "gentle tipping" becomes less popular among the more intelligent and influential classes of society, dance-shops in cities can never be closed by legal enactments. Many who pass for good temperance men on the streets, keep ardent spirits on their sideboards at home.

Especially should we be suspicious of those whose tongues are always eloquent in trumpeting their own praises. Time is a portion of eternity let down to earth.

THE PRISONER'S DREAM.

[The South Boston Register, in alluding to Plummer, under sentence of death for piracy, says the following lines, embodying the substance of a dream that came upon the alleged felon on the night after his sentence, as related by himself, are from the pen of a highly gifted lady in Cambridge—a friend of whom communicates them for publication in the Register.]

'Twas night—the gentle stars looked down
Upon the slumbering earth,
While light and peace descended as when
They sang to hail his birth
In joy for us. Our sins and woes
Unknown in their bright spheres,
Leave them an undimmed pledge from God,
To gladden all our years.

Down through the window-grating grim
Of a lone prisoner's cell,
Like playing angels looking in,
The light and peace descended
And glowed upon the tear-dimmed eye,
And o'er his forehead crept,
'Till, soothed and comforted, he lay,
And like an infant slept.

He dreamed—the stars shone on him still—
And, watching, in his dreams
His wondering eyes with joy beheld
One whose increasing beams
Seemed deeply bent in love on him;
While from the sky afar
A soft voice whispered, "Look in Faith—
Behold! the Bethlehem Star!"

His weary eyes dwelt on it long;
While tender memories rushed,
Of hours, when at his mother's knee
He sat, in wonder hushed,
To hear the heavenly stories told,
Of light and peace that shone
In manger low, at Bethlehem,
The Saviour had his birth!

He looked along the line of light
Still streaming from the star,
And saw a beauteous child-like form
Descend its glittering bar,
Until it came and stood within
That lonely prison cell,
And shed a glory round the place,
And joy, no words can tell.

He gazed in wonder—when the child
Reclined upon his breast,
And said, "I am the Son of God,
And come to give thee rest;
I've seen thy penitential tears—
Have heard thy prayer so meek:
Thou art sprung from the lowest one;
He breathed upon his cheek.

Thus gently fell the Holy Ghost
Upon an erring soul like thine,
That spirit cleansed from every sin,
And made it "white as wool!"
The morning dawned—the prisoner rose
With comfort in his breast;
His guilt was changed to sweet repose—
His doubts to heavenly rest!

From the New York Tribune.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER SIX.

TEST MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR—Lord Bacon, in speaking of Jesus of Nazareth, says: "All his miracles were consummate about man's body as his doctrine respected the soul of man." "No miracle of his is to be found to have been of judgment or revenge, but all of goodness and love to his fellow-man's body." These remarks are equally true of the manifestations of to-day. No harm is done, though the power to do it is present, for it is restrained by an overruling intelligence and directed for our welfare; and that welfare the elevation of our moral nature.

One portion, however, of Bacon's remarks, is not strictly true of what is before us. The marvels of the present day are not "consummate about man's body." Aiming still at his moral elevation, they go further than a mere appeal to his senses. They address his emotions and his reason as means of his redemption, and this may properly be termed mental proof of Spiritualism.

Foremost in this class is Test-Mediumship, showing at once the presence of the power and the identity of the commanding intelligence.

It must not, however, be understood that this testing process is confined to the mental manifestations, for it is apparent in all kinds of mediumship. And there has sprung up among us a class known as Test-Mediums—a class *extra generis*—and I have frequently heard it said, "We cannot answer that question through this instrument; you must go to a test medium."

I do not understand, and cannot explain, why this is so. I only know the fact, that through some mediums tests are easily given, while through some they are given only incidentally.

It is through this testing process that the objections to the reality of intercourse between us and the spirits of the departed have been met and overcome. And it has come to us in such a variety of forms, that it will be difficult to give any thing like an enumeration. The utmost of my effort must be to give a general idea.

First: Even in the sounds and the table-tippings, irrespective of the words spoken out, there will often be observed the characters of the mind. Thus, a strong man will be loud and vehement, a child soft and light—a calm man will be slow and deliberate, an impatient one quick and hurried. Sometimes they will be bold and dashing, and sometimes sorrowful or joyous, in accordance with the emotions of the moment.

The fact that this subject is so strong in many minds, that I cannot give names without inflicting pain. If it were otherwise, I could mention several persons well known in this vicinity, whose manifestations would be recognized at once as characteristic. Two I can mention without danger of wounding any one, and that will illustrate my meaning. My wife comes gentle and joyous; Isaac T. Hopper, prompt, clear and decided.

Second: Names, ages, dates and places are given; sometimes by writing several words on slips of paper, and so folding them as to hide the writing, and the right one is picked out; sometimes by picking in succession to several names, and receiving the manifestation at the right word; sometimes by speaking or writing the word; and sometimes symbolically.

Occasionally, however, mistakes are made, and it may be a more reflex of the mind or the product of clairvoyance. But it is most frequently the mind, and often the word given is unknown to the medium, and not recognized by me, the inquirer. One instance of this is where the inquirer at the moment insists the word is wrong, but afterward finds it to be right. Another is when the word given is unknown to any one present.

Letters carefully sealed and inclosed in envelopes are returned unopened and correctly answered. A medium in Boston, by the name of Mansfield, has answered hundreds of such letters; thus showing that there is a power at work which can read what is inside the sealed envelope, and, by the character of the answer, that it must be the spirit it purports to be, and not a young man, unknown to me, who was once at my house, and I saw the spirits present, and from my description he recognized one whom I had never seen or heard of before.

Sixth: Through speaking and writing mediums the characteristics of the spirit are at times unmistakably displayed. Sometimes the language used is a language used being in a brogue or broken English, or some peculiar idiom; sometimes by peculiarity of thought, and sometimes by the tone of feeling.

Seventh: Incidents are related or alluded to, which are known only to the inquirer and some one who has died. For instance, the late Mrs. B. is tested by a letter from Maine, purporting to be a communication from Professor Hare. It referred to interviews between us, known only to us.

Eighth: Another instance, which is a test rather of the presence of power than of individuality, is where thoughts concealed from every one are openly related. Often have I held this, and observed places connected with his earth-life, as thus realizing the truth—often proclaimed, but seldom believed—that every thought is indeed known to the intelligence which is ever around us, and carried—where?

I have not space to enter into the details of these things. The reader will find many pages of your paper. I must content myself with appealing to the experience of the many who have availed themselves, as I have, of the opportunities afforded them, and with adding that all may witness them if they wish. They have but to seek and they will find. If they seek, one thing will strike them as it has me, and that is, the language used is a language used being in a brogue or broken English, or some peculiar idiom; sometimes by peculiarity of thought, and sometimes by the tone of feeling. There is a surprising wisdom in this, come from what source it may.

If the spirit that comes is one whom I have never known, how can I be certain that it is him? But if he comes as one whom I have known intimately upon earth, whose form and features appear to me as of old, or are accurately described to me, who speaks of incidents known only to us, who displays his peculiarities of character, who gives correctly names, places, dates and places, and who connects with his earth-life, who evinces the emotions natural to him, and all this unknown to the instrument through whom it comes—how can the same mind resist the conclusion that it is a departed friend who is thus communing with me? and the still weightier conclusion that, if he lives beyond the grave, I must too?

Already have many inveterate disbelievers in a future life been convinced by this argument. And yet we are told it is all devilish!

Will it be thought strange that this feature should now be first known? Such are not uncommon occurrences in the

history of man. We are in the habit of speaking of the art of printing as being discovered within the last few centuries. Yet we read that among the ancient Greeks and Romans they knew the art of stamping letters on their medals and coins. At other periods the ancients practiced the art. But they were not sufficiently advanced to appreciate the value of their discovery, and it lumbered for ages. So the leading principle of the Copernican system of the planetary world was announced two thousand years before it was finally demonstrated by Galileo and Tycho Brahe and received by man.

And now with this feature of spiritual intercourse—is it but the legitimate result of human progress. Instead of worshipping the spirits, as did the pagans of old, and calling them our Gods; instead of saying, as did the Pharisees, it is of Beelzebub; instead of being frightened at it, as it was in the days of witchcraft, we, in this day, have had the reason to inquire what it is, and we have learned that, like everything connected with humanity, it is capable of improvement by cultivation, and of contributing to our advancement.

And thus, out of apparently incongruous elements has grown up a system of Test-Mediumship, by which the long mooted question of our immortality is settled, and is demonstrated to the simplest as well as the brightest mind by irresistible appeals to the senses, to the emotions, and to the reason. Yet with many it is true now as it was of old—they will not believe, though one rise from the dead.

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, June 13, 1850.

P. S.—Permit me, in this form, to answer some of my correspondents, who call upon me and call themselves "Knock." The consent which gives birth to these papers, confines their main scope to the phenomena, rather than to the theological questions they may give rise to. But if "Knock" will inform me how he can be reached, I can send him a paper which I think even he will admit to be something of an answer to the Rev. Dr. Hutton's Batiche theory.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

Miss EMMA HARDING will conclude her Summer engagements at Oswego, Buffalo, Oswego, Schenectady, etc. In September she starts for the West, North and South; speaking in October at St. Louis; in November at Memphis

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

DERBY & JACKSON, 119 Nassau street, New York, have just published, and are now selling, the following works:

Fruits, Flowers and Farming, by Henry Ward Beecher; near 12mo, \$1.25. Second—Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects, by Henry Ward Beecher; near 12mo, \$1.25. Also new editions of the Star Papers, or Experiences of Art and Nature, by Henry Ward Beecher, \$1.25. Notes from Plymouth Pulpit, \$1.00. Remarkable Conversations and Revival Incidents, with Introduction by H. W. Beecher, \$1.00.

Copies of either of the above sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

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