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The Sabbath Morning Discourses
Of EDWARD H. OHAPIN and HENRY WARD
BEECHER, are reported for us by the best Phonographers rk, and published verbatim, every week, IN THIS

EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, March 27th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY DUNE AND LORD

-"What went ye out into the wilderness to see?"-

i. I take these words in their connection with the three of four verses following, in which the same question is relievated. They were addressed, you will remember, to the mulated. They were addressed, you will remember, to the mui-titude, after certain messengers whom John the Eaptist sent o Jesus had accomplished their mission and retired, and the to Jesus had accomplished their mission and retired, and the repeated question refers to that great preacher and reformer. Our Saviour asks the people for what purpose they had flocked to the ministry of John. Was it merely to see a reed shaken by the wind that they had gone out into the wilderness of Jordan? And he inquires again, Was it to see arman clothed in soft raiment? And again, Was it to see only a prophet? Each of these questions, if not in the purpose, in the actual result, implied a negative answer, and Jesus goes of the say, "A prophet? year Law under you, and more than a

saked by the whild that they had gone out into the wilderness of Jordan? And he inquires again, Was it to see a man olothed in soft raimont? And gain, Was it to see a man olothed in soft raimont? And gain, Was it to see only a prophet? Each of these questions, if not in the purpose, in the actual result, implied a negative answer, and Josus goes of to say. "A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet; for this is he of whom it is written, Behold I seen my messenger before they face, which shall prepare thy way before thee." And then he proceeds to unfold the proper character of John, and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John, and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John, and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John, and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John, and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John, and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John, and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John, and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John, and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John, and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John, and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John, and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John, and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John and his intimate relations to the expected lives of the proper character of John and his intimate relations of the proper character of John and his military of John and Jo there are who owe the only interest they feel in religious dubjects merely to some translent excitement, like wind blowing among reeds, or some peculiarity of manner, or mathod, like soft rulment. They flock to listen to some sonsation topic, or to admire and wonder at some peculiar style of delivery, or expression, in the preacher. They rush together as they would to some extraordinary dramatic performance; or with the same feeling with which they would throng to the place where some maddened husband shoots his wife's paramour; or where some noted politician is found doad and robbed. They go merely with a morbid interest to their what the preacher will say about this or that occurrence, and to prolong the newspaper excitement of the week with a text from the Bible on Sunday. Now I do not say that exciting events of the week should never be noticed on Sunday. On the contrary, I believe that the preacher may take an illustration of the eternal truths which he preaches from anything that will embody and vivify those truths, and that for the most wholesome and spiritual purposes, the prevailing current of popular thought and feeling may be led into religious and devout channels. Religion has no limited or monepolized phraseology. Every great fact of nature, or of society, may be transmuted into a parable of divine word, even as Josus found the witnesses of his truth in the lilies that waved in the field before him, and in the feeling may be added in its way to the milds and hearts of men by a perpetual freshness.

I am speaking now of the motives and feelings with which people are impelled to the ministrations of religion, and I

and waves in the need before him, and in the falterman casting its set into the set. Dring forth of the treasure and
the gain to the set. Dring forth of the treasure is the set of the proper of th

men will do a thing as President, Governor, or politician, that they would not do as men. The principles of Josus Christ are entirely discarded in public action, Religion is looked upon as a reed shaken with the wind—as a thing to be taken hold of at the last hour. When a man is drifting down the Jordan of death, and there is nothing else that he can take hold of, then he seizes religion, and clings to that. He feels then as the sick man did, who, when he was told that he must die, answered, "Well, then at last I can think of God too," Men keep out of their minds as long as they can the everlasting truth of God—the eternal interests of their souls, the light of life, the interpretation of the world's mysteries, and then when all things else are gliding from beneath their feet, they cling to the reed shaken by the wind on the banks of the Jordan of death.

Or olse men hold religion in this way: If they do not conceive it to be something weak and vacillating, they at least hold it in a weak and vacillating way—they hold it faithfully. How many there are who are very religious in one hour, and abominably wicked in the next—praying on Sunday, and cheating on Monday—honest to-day, and rushing into some infamous bargain to-morrow—carried away in one year by the wave of religious excitement, shouting hallelulah's to the throne of God, and in another year as cold and dead as clams that have been left high and dry by the receding tide. No wave of excitement now—no life—all fitful, momentary, transient.

Or else it is merely in a traditional way that men held re-

sient.
Or else it is merely in a traditional way that men held re-

with supreme prowess and unseen things. They are of that class that come out to see a prophet. I am sure I need not dwell in reminding you that religion is regarded by many as above this life, oversindowing, cellpsing and degrading it, instead of touching and consecrating all the facts of this life, and linking them in one web of vast relations with eternal and unseen things. We have got to learn how much religion has to do with every day, and not merely with the next world; how much it has to do with every thought, and not morely with some grand performance of our lives; how it makes all our life far from common or commonplace, since it makes us see the natural everywhere, as well as the supernatural.

morely with some grand performance of our lives; how it makes all our life far from common or commonlace, since it makes all our life far from common or commonlace, since it makes us see the natural overywhere, as well as the supernatural. Two remarkable men, in our day, have written two remarkable books. One makes nature in all things, and the other brings the supernatural to crush and annihilate the natural. Now, I repeat religion brings out of life the conscious truth of things natural and supernatural. When we take the supernatural phase of religion, two results come out of it all the world over. Religion, on the one hand, is to some a matter of darkness and gloom—a terrible reality overlanging them, and threatening to crush them—and they are bowed down with the nightmate of superstition. On the other hand, being considered as a thing above this world—something unworldly and unreal—a great many do not regard it with any kind of faith at all, and they retire to the opposite pole of skepticism. Thus you have this remarkable trait of mankind, that they rush into extremes, so that the most superstitious man to-day becomes the greatest infidel to-morrow, and the beldest infidel of to-day runs into the greatest credulity to-morrow. Religion has become to them a matter of great sights and sounds.

Now no man, it seems to me, can for a moment deny that there exists the greate dement of the supernatural in religion. I see it in the religion of Jesus Christ. I have never been troubled with the mirreles that he wrough so long as I believe in the divine spirit that shines through him. I have supposed that the hand that formed the human body can raise that body from the dead; that the power that hids the waves rell, can command them to cease; that the sovereign agent that moves the mechanism of nature can bid it stop; and when I see a life like that of Jesus, so perfect, so full of the Godhead, it does not trouble me when I hear him say, "Lazarus, come forth," or to the tempest, "Peace, be still." It all seems naturally eon it. A being in perfect conformity with God can do the works that Christ did.

Nor am I troubled about prophecy. A prophecy is a great and glorious thing, but not so wonderful and glorious as the

vent. So then I see the authenticity of the supernatural in Christianity, and I see the office of it. It had an office in the early days that it has not now. It would strike the senses timity, and I see the office of it. It had an office in the carly days that it has not now. It would strike the senses then as it does not now, because we must go up the chain of ovidence to justify the fact of miracles. I do not believe the supernatural is the foundation of religion, but that religion is the foundation of the supernatural. I believe that miracles are the accompaniment of Jesus Christ, and not Jesus Christ the cause of the miracles. The supernatural, therefore, is not the great element in religion. Its great power to me is its immediate application to my wants, to my soul's life, to my best desires, to my immortal prospects. That is the eventuality evolutionating verification of it to me. And so, while I love the supernatural in the religion of Jesus Christ, I find something more—not merely a prophet, but more than a prophet. Religion is not then a reed shaken by the wind, nor a man clothed with soft railment, nor a prophet. It is something higher. "This is no of whom it is written, Behold I sond my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee." That was said of John the Baptist; it is equally true concerning religion itself; it is equally applicable to us, leading us to a true conception of religion. For religion is not an end—it is a means. Some people think that to get religion to to get the end of life. I say that religion is not the end of life. I say a man may get religion sometimes, and be very fair from the end for which God announced.

igion is to get the end of life: I say that religion is not the end of life. I say a man may get religion somotimes, and be very far from the ond for which God appointed him. Sometimes religion is made to everride merality; men carry it into its elements away up until they run into ascetiesm. Then another class of men arise who preach mere morality—our duties to ourselves, our families and to humanity. And then again, somebody comes in and injects the great principle of religion, and so we keep vacillating. This shows that the end of the gospel is something more than religion. Religion is a messenger of God, so to speak, touching the deep sanctites of the conscience, waking up our intuitions of God and immortality, and by its vast realities and rich truths leading to some higher end. And what is that end to which religion leads us? Its great end is, to bring Christ into the soul, even as John the Baplist introduced him into the world. When the spirit of Jesus Christ comes into our souls and we become one with him, when his life becomes our life —his life of holiness, perfect obellence and self-sacrifice—then we reach the great end of our belug. So it is not merely religion as an element of the supernatural—tis is not the conject itself that we are to seek, but it is the ond to which we have the supernatural—tis is not the conject itself that we are to seek, but it is the condense our one of the community and the community and one of the community and one of the community loct itself that we are to seek, but it is the end to which we

ject itself that we are to seek, but it is the end to which we come through religion, namely, to communion and oneness with Jesus Christ.

And now, my friends, comes the question, what is religion to you? You attend upon its ministration, you hear its word, you have some notion about it; what is it? A reed shaken by the wind? A vague, vacillating principle? Something that you put clear aside as having no real practical claim upon your active moments and duily work of life? Is it something that we had traditionally or rescentibles, a mon cleated by your active moments and duly work of fife? Is it something that you hold traditionally or respectably—a man clothed in soft raiment? Is it merely something comforting, soothing, and calming—something that makes you feel good? Is it something that inspires you to duty, or rebukes you? Is it something merely supernatural that you hardly occleave—something awful, concerning the nature of which you have notear conception? Or is it Jesus Christ within you the hope of glory—his life, his power taken into your heart; antimating you in every action and breath of ing your soul, inspiring you in every action and breath o your being? That is the great end, and if you have no reached it, with great force comes to you the question of our Saviour, "What went ye out into the wilderness to see?"

> Written for the Banner of Light. WEARY

> > BY GRACE LELAND.

The flowers will bloom above my grave When once again they wake to life, While I shall soar, with tipriess wing, Above this earthly din and strife.

Boon, soon the gate will ope for me, At which I knocked long, long ago :. Not long my weary feet must roam. Where strife and sorrow I must know.

I would not, with a coward heart, ... Floe from the sorrows of this life: I would not shrink from duty's way, E'en though with pain and sickness rife.

If Heaven decree that I shall live And suffer longer here below. Oh! with a brave and willing heart I'll stay, nor sooner wish to go. But I am weary-yes, I'm old,

Although my youth is scarcety gone, And on the verge of womanhood, I see the joys of life all flown.

All flown ?-ah, no! there still remains The happiness of duty done, The joy of good achieved; -not all The blessedness of life is flown !

Peace, peace, my soul! thy murmurs coase. And calmly tread thy hidden way-For He who loveth all His flock Will bring thee unto perfect day.

Autographs may be classified and characterized thus Those of merchants are cents-ible; those of authors. dolor ous; those of doctors, bill-lous; those of lawyers, fee-ble; those of painters, art-ful; those of clergymon, study-ed, and liose of editors, sanctum-onlous,

Foote expressed the belief that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eye, if he know he could sell the timWritten for the Banner of Light.

Bobemian's Rebenge. A ROMANCE OF OTHER DAYS AND CLIMES.

BY MRS. E. A. ALCORN.

The opening scene of our tale is laid in La Belle France, amid the picturesque scenery surrounding the Chateau de Brisac, on the high read leading from Fontainbleau to Soigny, on the left bank of a lesser branch of the classic Seine; time, midsummer of the year 1815—the eventful period in which the fate of Europo was decided.

It was a levely day, and in the grounds of the chateau, a small party of ladies were promenading, attended by a single cavalier. The males of Franco, or, at least, those who loved the Empire, were following the eagles of Napoleon to the decisive field of Waterloo, and among them were the natural protectors of the ladies in question, being each and all of the imperial order of noblesse-men who had won their rank with grand crosses of the Legion, during the palmy days of the Empire.

To one of them—the gallant Count De Lorme—a general of brigade, the chateau, with its ample domain, belonged, and his fair young wife-a daughter of the people -was now enacting the part of hostess, entertaining at her palatial home, the wives and daughters of some four or five of her husband's gallant companions in arms. The cavalier in attendance on the party wore the uniform of a mounted Voltigeur, and the travel stains with which that uniform was besprinkled, bespoke the bearer of despatches. Such was indeed the fact. The young man—a sous lieutenant in De Lorme's brigade—had been chosen by the latter, as the bearer of dispatches to his wife, which had been safely delivered, and the young man was but awaiting the lady's reply, and fresh steed, to set out on his return.

At the moment we desire to introduce the party to our readers, the fair young Comptese was bowing her excuses to her guests, while a keen observer could not have failed to note the shade of anguish resting on the young officer's brow, as he bowed an assent to her request that he would attend her to an adjacent arbor, where she might peruse, and reply to her hus band's letter."

Beckoning to a servant, she ordered refreshments for the courier, and writing materials for herself, to be conveyed thither, and placing her hand in the soldier's arm, repaired to the structure in which she entered upon the perusal of the package, of which he had been the bearer, while but few minutes elapsed ere a servant arrived with the ordered refreshments, which the officer-although evidently the victim of some powerful emotion-attacked with an evident disposition to do ample justice to the repast. He had scarce commenced operations, when two additional parties appeared at the entrance of the arbor -a male and female, aged, and in the guise of mendicants; the latter, saying pitcously, as she paused inside the entrance-

"Charity, for the sake of the bon Dieu, my lady !" "Ah! what means this intrusion?" demanded the Comptese, looking up, when she added curtly, "go, canaille ! I have nothing to bestow!"

"But we are hungry, my lady!" "Go! Jacques!" she continued, addressing the servant, "drive those people beyond the porter's lodge, and charge him to see that I am not disturbed by further solicitation of charity."

" Oui, Madame La Comptese!" was the man's in stant response, hastening to execute the order, while the young lieutenant, who had viewed the scene with deep, and evidently painful interest, exclaimed involuntarily—

" Mon Dieu ! how heartless !" when, checking him self suddenly, and bowing low to the lady, he added, apologetically-

"Pardonez mo, Madame La Comptese! but madame knows not what a demon hunger is. Avec Madame's permission, I will give the pavure famina at least a portion of this bounty."

"Monsieur will do as he pleases," said the lady, poutingly resuming the perusal of the letter in her hand, while the young man carried his generous resolve into execution, at the same time slipping his purse, containing ten Louis, into the hand of the man, when he darted from the arbor to avoid the gratitude which, not even the presence of the lady could restrain.

But the noble soldier did not escape altogether. A minute later he was startled by a gentle touch on the elbow, as he stood outside, with his face buried in his hands. Looking up, he encountered the earnest gaze of the woman, who, holding up the purse which he had thrust into the hand of her companion, demanded hurriedly-

"Will Monsieur be so kind as to tell me from whom he had this?"

"Ah! that purse! I had forgotten!" exclaimed he, starting, and extending his hand eagerly; "give it me! I would not part with that souvenir for the grand cross of the Legion."

"Then Monsieur values it highly?" said the mendicant, returning it, adding, "will Monsieur name the giver?"

"Ah, true! I had it from one-but enough! the giver is dead-at least-"

"La mort, Monsieur! O, Mon Dieu! was his name

Henri Mounard?" The young man started, at the name, more viclently than at first, while his countenance expressed amazement, doubt, and painful recognition, in rapid

succession, when he replied ___ "Right, ma mere !. Henri Mounard was the possessor of this purse."

"Come," said the servant, at this instant interrupting him, and addressing the mendicants, "Madame is impatient; you must go I ...

"Yes, go now, mon pauvre ami; but remain outside the park gate till I join you," said the soldier, nurriedly addressing himself to the woman, and turning hastily away, he muttered-

"By St. Dennis, this foul wrong must be avenged, even upon her! Strange!" he continued, "I deemed her dead-anything but false to her vows. Yes, my old friends, henceforth, while I live, ye shall lack

neither protector nor avenger." How long he might have continued in this strain is uncertain, had not the approach of a groom leading a high-mettled and richly caparisoned steed, changed the current of his thoughts. He was subjecting the animal to a thorough examination when summoned to the lady's presence, who placed in his hands her reply to her husband, when, bowing his adieu, he leaped lightly to his saddle, tightening his rein, and a minute later was galloping swiftly

towards the porter's lodge.

What meant that shade of anguish, that emotion against which the sous lieutenant struggled in the presence of La Comptese? Who were those mendicants? What their history, and their claims upon him, that he should stand forth their champion? Reader, these are the mysteries of our tale.

. . 0 Eighteen years later, a gay and happy party were assembled in the saloon of Clarendon House, Berkley Square, London, to celebrate the debut of the Lady Adriene Clarendon, only daughter of the deceased Earl. It was her sixteenth birth-day, for which reason it had been chosen by her fond mother as the period of her introduction to the world of fashion, in which her beauty was fated to create a sensation, if not invest her with the rank of Beauty's Queen.

We said a gay and happy party were present. We should have added numerous; for the vast and gorgeous saloons were thronged with the elite of the English metropolis, eager to welcome to their circles the loveliest and richest of England's daughters. But all the guests were not English; among them were two foreigners; one a man of middle age, the other a youth, in the first blush of manhood. The former—as his title implied—a bronzed old warrior of La Grande Armee, and the latter an extremely handsome young Count, Marquis, or something-none knew precisely what-while the regal dignity of his manner repelled the slightest advance to that familiarity on the part of any, which might have resulted in an exercise of undue curiosity regarding his real or assumed rank. Neither did any know how he and his companion had obtained the entree to the highest circles. For the Countess of Clarendon, it. was enough that she had met them at the house of a noble Duke; that fact secured them her countenance, and an invitation to her ball.

Among the crowd of admiring nobles, none were more earnest in their homage than Don Enrico, nor to any glance, save his, did the fair young heiress pay the tribute of a blush. With him she opened the ball, and on his arm she leaned when adjourning to the supper-room; and, later still, at the hour of taking leave, she found her hand in his, and submitting it to the pressure of his lips, heard him murmur a wish that they might meet again. At that moment, her eyes were raised to his, and she would doubtless have replied, but that his eyes expressed so much more than was uttered by his lips, that confusion scaled her utterance. A gentle pressure of her hand, and he was gone, leaving his image impressed on the susceptible heart of the maiden too deeply to be erased.

They met again-it was on her seventeenth birthday, and in the home of her paternal ancestors, Castle Clare, Leitrim County, Ireland, Her mother had been called to Ireland suddenly, in the midst of the London season, and she had become her companion from choice, when on the day succeeding their arrival, the hospitality of the castle was claimed for a stranger, who had been thrown from his horse near the castle gate. In that stranger, pale, bruised, and insensible, she recognized her handsome partner of the birth day fete, and his parting wish recurred to her memory for perhaps the hundredth time, causing her heart to throb, and eyes grow dim, not with, pleasure, as on former occasions, when she had looked forward to its realization, but with an anguish she, strove in vain to veil.

She did not become his nurse; yet he was nursed it tenderly. She did not bend over his couch; yet she .. knew how he rested. He beheld her not, during the ,, whole period of his confinement to his chamber, yet she saw him daily. At length he sought the parlor, and there she became his companion, having whimsically refused to return to London, when her fond, mother was ready to set out, and with all the capriciousness of a spoiled beauty, persisted in the refusal.

She loved the dark skinned stranger-loved him , with all the fervency of her impassioned nature: and when he breathed in her ear the story of his love for her, her cup of happiness was full.

But why should he charge her to keep that love in . secret from her mother. Ah! would she wound him . by demanding why? Never! It was enough that

he desired it might be so; she obeyed. Restored to health, he took his leave, vowing a speedy return; but if that vow was fulfilled, the lady Adriene was not there to meet, him. Her seat was vacant, her chamber untenanted, in that ancestral home, and her mother mourned as one without

hope for the child whose fate was wrapped in the most profound mystery.

years have passed since the levely daughter of Icltrim's proudest Earl disappeared to mysteriously Her fond mother had mourned her long and deeply, until a claimant for the wealth of the deceased Earl appeared, and, proving his identity as 1 gal heir, was placed by the law in possession of the bulk of the dead man's wealth, when the widow hastened to a foreign land to each a rofuge for herself and griefs.

But of those events anon. We said twenty years have passed, or, rather, had passed—for our story treats of past events. It was nearly midsummerthe fourteenth day of June, A. D. 1854. A gallant ship was standing in towards the land, at eve, and heading for the highlands of Navesink, her destination being New York. Her quarter, main and forward decks presented a motley group of passengers. all intently gazing upon the far-famed land of freedom, which now lay stretched before their eyes, reposing, as it were in blue and gold-the liquid ocean and the glory of the setting sun.

Among those on the quarter-deck stood a tall, swarthy, but singularly handsome man, whose plain, unpretending garb failed to lessen a certain regal dignity of carriage, which inspired his fellow passengers with a belief that he was some nobleman in disguise, seeking to visit, incog., the land to which their course was tending. And clinging to his arm, on which her hands rested, her attitude betraying a strange commingling of independence, native dignity, and the retiring modesty of her sex, was a young lady, beautiful as an Eastern houri, yet all Saxon in that loveliness, which formed such striking contrast to the Moorish and more manly beauty of her com-

The gaze of both was riveted upon the distant land on which they were so deeply intent, that the summons to supper had sounded unheeded, the deck had been deserted and reoccupied for a brief space, and was again becoming untenanted, when, obeying a simultaneous impulse, both moved and spoke-" Myra."

" Dorak."

"Well! are not you weary gazing at this land, of which we will see only too much ere we can quit it? Come I we will to our nook among the Gentiles in

"Nay, Dorak, not yet! I am lonely there; here I have your society."

"Ah! would that some one of the maidens of our people had accompanied us; you would not then have been so lonely. How I envy them their freedom to-night, roving at will through the forest of merrie England, from which we must remain exiles, at least till my mi-" and the speaker cast a furtive glance around the quarter deck, as if fearful of betraying to stranger's ears a secret not intended for them. "What, Dorak ?"

"Nothing, Myra! But come below; this air is charged with damp."

"Ha, ha! but cannot injure me, good Dorak. Do remain here a little longer! I wish to talk with you, at least to hear the story, concerning myself, which you promised me."

"When?" When passing Cape Clear, in Ireland."

"Ah I I had forgotten !"

Well, tell it now. You mentioned Ireland as my native land, while I have ever believed myself a native of England. Was the tribe ever in Ireland?"

Never! But the presence of the tribe was not necessary to your birth, dear Myra. However, I can tell you little beyond the fact. I was but a child myself when your father came to Lonsdale forest, and placed you—a laughing babe—in our good queen's arms, while your mother, a beautiful gentile. as you know, so loved her gipsey husband, that she preferred life in the tents, and his leve, to wealth and a coronet."

"My poor mother! But of myself enough; remembrance of my mother saddens mc. But youare you chief of our people now? Why, then, do you desert them? This journey must have some momentous object, or they would never have consented to be deprived of their queen and their chosen

"You forget, dear Myra. I am not yet their chief."

But you will be when -

Here the maiden's voice fell to an indistinct murmur, while her companion, divining the substance of the words he could not hear, resumed-

"But you are aware that cannot take place until our late queen-your mother's-expressed wishes are complied with. I vowed to execute her will, and the fulfillment of that vow involves this journey. which I should gladly have foregone, for the pleasure of remaining in the midst of our Zingarian breth-

. . . Ah! I remember her dying charge to myself; 't was so mysterious. To you she bade me look for aid and counsel, desiring me to be governed by you in all things; yet affording no explanation, for which she also bade me turn to you. Explain, then, this mystery with which my fate is interwoven."

"At the proper moment you shall know all, Myra. Sooner I dare not."

"Dare not. Dorak! But enough; I understand you! You can tell me of my parents, however. Your vow binds you not to secrecy regarding their descent."

"What would you know concerning them?"

"The truth. Were they not gentiles, both?" "Myra!" and the speaker turned upon the maiden a tender, yet reproachful glance, adding, "Why doubt your father's origin? Was not be king of the Zin-

gari?" "But my mother was a gentile."

"On whose brow gleamed the mystic symbol of Zingarian royalty, placed there by one who owed his happiness to her love. But she was not a gentile. What she had been is nought to us. From the hour in which she became a bride she was a gipsev. Look on me, Myra! Am not I Bohemian? Trust me, thou art so, even as much as 1; therefore recur to this subject no more, at least not until the stars permit a clearer explanation."

"The stars, Dorak! You and I should laugh at such mummery; or has your residence among the gentiles indeed imbued you with their credulity?"

"Nay! But methinks thou art scarce content with thy lot, as a gipsey queen, and might be induced to exchange it, even for a cottage home among the foes of our race."

"Ah! now you wrong me, Dorak !" said the maiden earnestly, when, in a tone tremulous with emotion, she added, "No, no! you do but jest! You know I love our people too well to forsake them. Were I even a gentile, my home should be --"

"Where, Myra?"

"Here I" she murmured, suffering her head to sink

Again the scene of our story changes. Twenty on his broad bosom, while the tears she could no who had raised thee to be a Complese of France, an longer restrain coursed o'er her cheeks.

"I believe you, my own sweet one!" rejoined her companion instantly, and gently raising her head, he pressed his lips tenderly to her polished brow, the cablu.

'T was evening. The artizan and man of business had sought their domiciles, and the great thorough fare of New York was alive with the more leisurelymoving throng which nightly crowd its sidewalks. when a close carriage, with a footman scated beside some five minutes later, at the entrance of a hand, some house, on the front door of which an enormous the residence of "Mons. Henri Dorak, Astrologer."

'T was at this door the carriage drew up, when the footman hastily alighted, bounded up the front steps, and was on the point of ringing the door bell, when the door opened suddenly, and our old acquaintance, the gipsey, appeared on the threshold.

"Is Monsieur, the astrologer, in?" demanded the

"I am he. Your business?" "My mistress --"

"Desires to see an inmate of this house, and has forwarded by you a note containing a request to that effect," said the gipsey, hurriedly.

"How do you know?" demanded the man bluntly "Tis immaterial. Return to her who sent you. Bear back her letter, and say her request cannot be

"I tell you what, Master Astrologer, you're a stranger here, and ignorant of our customs, or you fore thee, lady. The prize decreed thee by fate is would n't undertake to send Mrs. Clarendon such an almost within thy grasp. Yet that future will fade. answer as that. She is rich and powerful. Should and that prize be lost, unless you attend to this warnyou offend her, you may have cause to rue it."

"Ha! dare you threaten? Go! You have my haughty gesture our gipsey friend signified his desire that the footman should precede him to the car oceding moon begins to wane. Till then adieu!"

Thirty minutes later the carriage drew up at the front entrance of one of the most superb mansions dinous emotions which his startling intimacy with on Fifth Avenue, into which our friend was conducted every phase of her past life had called into being." by the servant, when, after a brief delay, he was conducted to a side parlor, and ushered into the pres- don (her title being unknown in New York,) was ence of an elderly lady, who rose on his entrance

inconvenience, sir; but—heaven! what do I see?" she exclaimed, advancing a step towards her visitor, she called. when, as hastily shrinking back, she added in a low tone, "No, no! Impossible!" continuing aloud, "Do pray excuse this evidence of the emotion with which I traced in you a resemblance to one of my early friends. 'Tis strange. Pray be scated, sir. A chair, Adele! she added, to her attendant, who, hav- side, as he said :-ing obeyed the order, retired, while the handsome gipsey, having courteously declined the proffered Clarendon, look upon her thou did'st desire to see." seat, assumed an attitude of profound attention. This the lady perceived, and, having resumed a seat continued-

"As I was about to remark, sir, 'tis strange but I addressed this note—which my servant informs me you have not perused—to you, requesting per mission to wait upon your -"

"Queen," suggested the gipsey, as he perceived her hesitation. While regarding him with evident amazement, she resumed-" In order to witness with my eyes the strange resemblance she is reported to bear to-to my daughter, which, if half so truthful as that you bear to the friend I mentioned, will render me most happy to form her acquaintance."

"Madame, she whom you desire to see is queen of the Zingaria, whom you well know hold no communication with the gentiles. But you shall behold the lily of our tribe. The stars have said it."

" But when ?" "When the fates have decreed. Were she before you now, the resemblance you seek to trace would avoid your gaze, and in her you would behold only Myra, the gipsey queen. So says the page of destiny."

"Strange being! Do you portend to read the page

of destiny?" "Why not? To the wandering Bohemian the mysterious is as an open book; therein he reads the fate of all living."

"My daughter's fate !" murmured the lady, tremb ling with emotion. " If you can read for me the fate of my child; to me, alas, 't is a mystery."

"The thread of your daughter's fate is broken."

"What mean you?" " Sho is dead !"

"I have long mourned her as such." "So say the stars. You mourned ere she died."

"Ere she died? When did she die?"

"'Tis not written. Would'st have the past as egistered?"

" As regards my child? Yes." "No! as regards thyself."

"Strange being!" murmured the lady, incredulously adding, "What know you of the past?"

"Ha'! dost doubt? Thy horoscope hath beer cast, Madaline La Vieux-Comptese de Lorme!" At the name the lady started from her chair, her countenance expressing amazement and terror, and, as the subsequent title greeted her ear, sank back, murmuring, with a gesture of entreaty, "No, no! lace mouchoir, she assayed to control the tempestuous emotions awakened in her bosom, while the gip

"The past leads to the present, which also leads

"What?" demanded the lady abruptly.

"That which at present you have no conception of; but which will be revealed at the proper time Dost desire to test my knowledge?"

The lady bowed, and he resumed. "'Tis well. 'Twas amid the vine-clad hills of France thy earliest breath was drawn; 't was there 'T was in her own hand I last beheld it." thy earliest vows of love were plighted to thy peasant lover, of whom the conscription robbed thee, thee, receive it?" Then came one-a soldier-who wooed and won thee, to desert thy parents, and follow him in the garb of n vivapdiere. 'T was well for thee he leved thee. More hearts than thine would throb for joy. But be Thy star was in the ascendant; but thy memory of good cheer, Madame La Comptese! The star of played thee false, and, when surrounded by the East- thy destiny is in the ascendant. Turn thy gaze once ern luxuries abounding in the princely Chateau de more upon the fair-skinned gipsey maid. She is fair. Brisac, thou didst forget thy parentage. Dost re- as you see-too fair to be all Bohemian; yet scarce member one day, whilst perusing a letter from him so fair as was her mother, when, as the beloved of What! would you leave me, my child? Would them, by looking into the windows of the dwelling

aged pair of mendicants, who applied to thee for charity, and were denied in the presence of thy husband's courier, and by thy order driven from thy presence by a menial? Didst think then that anand drawing her arm within his own, he led her to guish, such as had made them beggars, would one day wring thy heart? Ab, no! Yet 'tis so. They mourned a daughter lost, as thou dost, and, like thine, an only child—their hope and joy—the staff on which they hoped to lean until the close of life. But enough! Thy cruelty was punished! Death robbed thee of thy husband ere six suns had risen and set, and another land than thy own received thee to its the driver, hauled up at the corner of Forty-Second shelter as a fugitive. There a second noble wooed street, to await some cessation in the living tide and won thee, and there fate's choicest prize to which at the moment barred its passage to the street woman, a child, was given thee. Again an aged just named. The efforts of a policeman soon cleared beggar crossed thy path. Twas in the noble park a passage, when the carriage moved on, halting, surrounding Castle Clare. She paused to caress thy babe, a smiling infant in the nurse's arms. Dost remember how, in thy terror, lest she should steal door plate informed the curious that the house was thy jewel at some future time, theu mad'st her loving act the foundation of a charge against her to thy husband, who sought her out, and drove her, with her companion, from the kingdom which contained your home? Again death robbed thee of a husband, and later still, thy daughter left thy side one eve, and hath not since returned --"

"Enough! Tell me of her! Did she forsake me for a stranger?" exclaimed the lady, whose emotions were evidently wound up to the highest pitch. "She did."

"Was ho of noble birth?"

"Ay, as Adam's first born. He was a man. But moro you cannot know."

"I must! Tell me all, and you shall have goldves, all your heart can crave."

"Can gold open the book of Fate?" and the gipcomplied with. The gipsoy maiden is no slave, that sey smiled scornfully, continuing, "Give me thy she should render obedience to the whims of a gen- hand. Thy life line will reveal the future," adding, as he gazed on her open palm, "'Tis finely traced, and may be read with ease. A bright future is be-

ing. Beware of the rank and wealth which hath hitherto steeled thy heart against the calls of hureply. Yet stay; I will accompany you, and bear it manity, proving the bane of thy happiness, life long. to your mistress in person. Lead on!" and with a Eschew both; so shall your future be bright and pleasant. We shall meet again, lady, ere the sucand, ere the lady was aware of his intention, he was gone, leaving her a prey to the strange and multitu-

A month clapsed, during which time Mrs. Clarenassiduous in her attempts to obtain an interview with the astrologer or his companion, but in vain. "I am grieved that you should have suffered any Both remained invisible to her, while she was invariably denied admission to their residence each time

It was the eve of the thirtieth day since the visit of the mysterious stranger, and she was seated in a small parlor adjoining her boudoir, musing upon the apparent fallaciousness of his promise, when she was startled by his rich, musical tones, almost at her

Madeline La Vieux-Comptese De Lorme, and As he ceased, her eager glance rested upon the veiled form of a lady, whose hand reposed on his arm, and who, at a sign from him, removed her veil, disclosing the angelic form and countenance of the gip.

sey maiden, while her companion resumed proudly: "Behold the lily of our tribe-the fair-skinned gipsey maid-Myra, our queen! Can'st trace in her features a likeness to those of thy lost daughter? Speak, lady! Dost think the outcast daughter of Bohemia bears any resemblance to the lost lady Adriene ?"

"'Tis herself!" exclaimed the Comptese-as we shall hereafter designate her-apparently satisfied of the maiden's identity with her long-mourned daughter, and, extending her arms, she murmured. "My child, my child!" when she sank back faintin in her easy chair.

Myra had heard the foregoing words, and viewed the scene with evident amazement, clingly closely to her companion, and rejecting the offered embrace; but, on perceiving the lady faint, she hastened to her aid, and, applying a small phial, containing a powerful restorative, to her nostrils, speedily sugceeded in restoring her to full consciousness; when, repairing to her companion's side, she again placed her hand in his arm, when he resumed-

"You are mistaken, Comptese! Our queen is not thy child."

"Ah, true! Yet how like my Adriene, as I beheld her last!"

"Nay! even that can be but fancy. How can the gypsey bear any resmblance to the gentile?"

"Why may they not? Are not all children of one common Father, Bohemian?"

"Ha!" exclaimed the Bohemian, starting, "dost thou believe this?"

" Most assuredly I do !"

"Tis well! 'tis indeed well, thou art so humble, as to acknowledge thy common origin with a proscribed and outcast race!" and the speaker took from his bosom two lockets, one of which he extended to the lady, adding-"Dost know this bauble? Nay, ere it meets thy gaze, I would ask, if thy conscript lover-he to whom thou wert betrothed in youth-is still remembered?"

"Alas, yes! Poor Henry Mounard! What of him?"

"Anon! Look upon the miniature!" rejoined the gipsey, relinquishing to her grasp the locket, I cannot doubt!" when, cencealing her face in her which she opened, gazed upon carnestly a moment, and pressed wildly to her lips, exclaiming-"Yes! 't was his! the pledge of our betrothal!

In mercy tell me that he still lives; that I may seek and kneel to him for pardon !" "Would that I could truthfully!" responded the

Bohemian, earnestly, adding, as he tendered her the second locket, " he sent thee this!" Grasping it eagerly as the first, she opened it, and, bestowing on it a brief glance, pressed it also wildly

to her lips, exclaiming-"My daughter's likeness! Whence came this?

"And from her own hand did he, who sent it

"She lives, then?" "Nay! I have already told thee. Would she did!

"Her mother!" gasped the Comptess-"Who was you!" .

"She whose likeness you ----"

"Enough! my heart was not mistaken-my child!" and the arms of the speaker were a second time extended towards Myra, who, obeying the impulse of her companion's arm, resigned herself to and returned the embrace, while the latter, evidently deeply moved, turned away, and gliding to a window, effected to be engressed by the scene without, until the lady, having recovered her composure, recalled him by saying-"Strange, incomprehensible being! to you I owe much recent misory, and also my present unspeakable happiness!" and she bestowed a tender glance upon the maiden, who now knelt at her side, encircled by her arm, adding-" Will not you render me more deeply your debtor, by an explanation of that mystery in which the past, as regards my child and this, her charming daughter, is still en-

"Yes, Madame La Comptese! for that purpose ! am here; but first forgive the wandering Bohemian the pain inflicted in obedience to the desire of one, now no more, who desired to test thy humility, ere he resigned to thy care the treasure bequeathed thee by thy daughter!" and, assuming a seat, in obedience to a sign from the Comptese, the gipsey, dropping the quaint idiom in which he had hitherto conversed, with much of his mysterious manner. continued-"I must again revert to the past, lady, in order to be explicit. Pardon me, if in so doing I mention aught that may pain you!" The Comptese bowed, and he resumed-

"Henri Mounard won distinction in La Grande

Armee, where, being informed of your mysterious disappearance, by letters from home, he mourned you as dead. Judge of his amazement and anguish. when, as a sous Lieutenant of Voltigeures, and courier to the gallant Compte De Lorme, he recognized his betrothed bride in the wife of his com-

"Henri-that young officer?"

"Yes, Madame La Comptese, you met him then and in the mendicants you ordered from your presence, on that occasion, he recognized your parents, whom misfortune, induced by grief for your desertion, had rendered beggars ----"

"Ah! I remember now-how blind! But pro ceed; I will not interrupt again," said the lady.

"He bestowed on them ten-louis in a purse, which had been your gift to him at parting, that they recognized, and, apprehending discovery by them there. elsewhere, when he placed them under the protection of a band of gipsies, whose chief was serving in the Voltigeurs and was his friend.

On the defeat of La Grande Armes the chief returned to his people, and with him, Henri Mounard, the Bohemian's Revende. who was admitted a member of the tribe, and went with it to England. He had vowed to become the avenger of your parents' wrongs, when he observed them driven from your presence; but the vow would have been forgotten, had not you incited your second husband's anger against a portion of the tribe, who had visited Ireland. Twas your mother, whose yearning love towards your babe, engendered suspicions of her purpose in your bosom, and, at your behest, she was exiled from the kingdom.

In that hour Henri Mounard recalled his vow, and swore to fulfill it, enlisting the aid of his friend. the chief, for that purpose. The latter had a sonan only child-whom they chose as the instrument of this revenge. Him they educated, permitting him to live apart among the gentiles, until he was thoroughly versed in all their customs; when, in the guise of a Spanish noble, he was introduced to the highest circles of London society, as the first step towards the end in view. That gained, the others were easy. He met the Lady Adriene at her birthday fets and succeeded in awakening an interest in her bosom which survived until their second meeting, at Castle Clare, where, as the wounded traveler. he experienced your hospitality and won her consent to become his. Later, when informed by him of his real station, apprehending your opposition to her union with a gipsey, she fled with him, and, leaving you in ignorance of her fate, fulfilled your lover's vow of vengeance.

She rendered herself beloved by our people, who hailed her proudly as their queen, and would have died to serve her. But she was short-lived. The death of her husband, in an attempt to rescue some of our people from the myrmidens of the law, gave her system such a shock that death was inevitable; when, regretting, for the first time, her breach of duty towards you, she charged Henri Mounard to seek you out and place her daughter in your arms, He promised, and she died content, invoking bless ings on the head of her child, whose hand she placed in mine, requesting her in after-life to look to me for aid and counsel; yet suffering her to remain ignorant of her parentage. Death barred the fulfill death bed, he charged me with the task, which is at more : but should any of my race e'er cross thy path, I know thou wilt remember the wandering Bohemiwith the quaint expression which had formerly marked his discourse, he was all the gipsey; a shade of sadness resting on his brow, as bending a keen, yet tender regard upon the kneeling maiden, she breathed her name-" Myra !"

"The pleasant hours we've spent together, Myra, wilt thou remember them ?"

"Dost think I can forget them, Henri?" times think of them ?"

"Think of them! What mean you, Henri?"

"That we must part; that you and they will meet no more! You are now in the midst of your mother's people; in the embrace of her to whom my father charged me to resign thee. In her charge I must leave thee, unless "__

"What, Henri?" "Nay, nothing. Come, kiss me, Myra, and say,

farewell !"

"Never!" exclaimed the maiden, bounding to his tory. side, and enciroling his neck with her arms. "Do you bid me stay? What of our tribe? What of my people? For whom should I desert them? No, no! A Bohemian I was born, and amid the Bohemians I will die!" and, burying her face in his bosom. she began to weep.

our chief, she joined our people and became our you fly from me, to resume the wandering life of a

"Yes, lady! Tis a life I love. A queen in the her mother? Speak, I adjure, entreat and command midst of my people, I shall be imppler far, than

with thee !" "No, no! With me you will enjoy rank and

wealth; with them "__ "Happiness! which you sought amid the gittering splender of both in vain. I go with him / Our fates are linked together. The stars have said it!"

"The stars! What nonsense, child! Say, rather, thy love for this Bohemian." "And if it were, why shouldst thou care?" de-

manded the maiden, repulsing the lady, and clinging more closely to her lover, for as such our readers have evidently recognized him.

"I would know his name!"

"To what end?" demanded the gipsey, sternly. "I have fulfilled my mission; be your's the task to retain this treasure-farewell !"

"Yes, farewell, lady!" exclaimed the maiden, as she bounded towards the door in advance of her lover, who, however, laid a restraining hand on her shoulder, ere she crossed the threshold, and, arresting her movement, said, with forced calmness-"Pause, Myra, ere you decide! She who claims thy

society and love, is of thy kin-thy mother's mother. For whom would you desert her?"

"Dost think the queen of the Zingaria has need to pause where her heart is concerned?" and the maiden accompanied the demand with a glance of thrilling tenderness. "No, no! Go where thou wilt-even to the grave-I will follow thee !"

With a glad cry the Bohemian caught her to his heart, and turning to the lady, said-"Thou hearest, Madeline La Vieux!"

"I do!" replied the latter, calmly adding-" Her

decision is mine. Whithersoever she goes, I accompany her."

"What! even to the tents of the Bohemian?"

"Yes! even there, if they will permit me."

"Resigning rank and wealth?"

"All, for her society and love!" "You have triumphed, lady, and in the name of our queen, I guarantee you a hearty welcome, should you ever visit our tents. Yes," he added, releasing the maiden, who now cast herself upon the bosom of the Comptese, " of all the gentile race, none would be so welcome to the gipsey's tents as the mother of

Adriene-their queen." "And thither I will go with you."

"T is needless, lady; your triumph is complete. Henceforth Myra's home shall be where you desire. Is it not so, my sweet one?" The maiden looked her assent, and he added-" And henceforth, if you and consequently by you, he appointed a meeting permit me, all that son could be, I will be; and justly so, since by no other than the son of Henri Mounard can his cruelty be atoned for, while I shall deem myself richly repaid, if I succeed in obliterating from your memory all painful reminiscences of

> Written for the Banner of Light. SUNLIGHT.

> > BY PLORIA.

Sunlight dances o'or the meadows, Like a happy, fairy sprite, On the water's peaceful bosom Drops her smile, so pure and bright: Then she hies to yonder woodland, Peops through waving branches high : But she cleaves not through the shadows, In whose folds my soul doth lie

Peaceful Sunlight | smile of beauty ! Come, oh come, once more to me'! Bid the dim and drear night-shadows From thy magic presence flee: Hush I do I not hear the rustling Of her robes of spotless white? Tis an inner voice of feeling. Borne upon her wings of light.

"I may not part the silent shadows Lying closely round thee now. For what thou seest as the sunlight. Thou canst only dimly know ; 'T is the outer form of glory, Which the brighter self enshrines 'Tis the type of Every golden ray that shines. But a purer, holler sunlight.

Floats around great Nature's throne Wouldst thou bask in light and gladness? Seek the sinless, Holy One! He will bid the dim night-shadows From thy spirit flee away; He will turn thy night and darkness Into bright and glorious day !" East Medway, Mass., April, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE HERMIT OF THE POWOW. A TRUE STORY. BY FANNY.

In a low-roofed cottage upon the banks of the Powow, dwelt an old man, and a girl about fourteen ment of Mounard's promise by himself; but, on his years of age. Some twelve years previous to the time of the opening of our story, the good villagers length executed. And now, lady, we may meet no of Amesbury were suddenly surprised by the appearance of a stranger in their midst. He came among them like a shadow, bearing in his arms a sickly an; farewell!" and, rising, as he closed the sentence and puny-looking babe of two years. His foreign air and uncouth appearance rendered him a fitting object for village gossip.

"I wonder where he came from?" said one; and "I wonder what he intends to do with that child?" said another; "Who do you suppose he will get to During the foregoing explanation, she had been keep his house?" asked a third; but as there was a deeply-entranced auditor; but, at mention of that no one to answer these questions, the tongue of name, she started, responding-" Henri!" when he gossip became quiet, and the stranger pursued the even tenor of his way, like one unknown. He rarely. held converse with any of the villagers, seeming to prefer a life of solitude. He was often seen walking out with the child early in the morning; and, in "Nay! but the tribe--our people--wilt thou some- evening, smoking a long-stemmed pipe in front of his cottage-door. At the village store, he always bought the best, never stopping to inquire the price of the articles there obtained. One old lady, actuated by curiosity, ventured to call upon him; but being rudely repulsed, no one else dared to follow her example. The little girl was often seen playing near the cottage; but if, in passing, any one chanced to speak to her, the stranger was always sure to call her in, thus keeping all doors of knowledge securely barred concerning their mode of life and former his-

> Towards the close of a sultry day in July, in the year 18-, the old man and his youthful chargenow a beautiful girl of fourteen summers-was seen to ride away from the cottage in a close travelingcarriage. The children of the village determined to gratify the spirit of inquisitiveness which possessed

ust vacated by the old man and his lovely protege, after having first satisfied themselves that the mystorious pair had passed beyond the limits of the seltine. I am surprised that you have not heard town. But to their utter dismay, they found that such a rare bit of gossip before this, for the affair, the inside shutters of the cottage were closed, and though a sudden one, is nevertheless the all-absorbfirmly bolted; so, after taking a survey of the premiling theme of conversation in fashionable circles. ises, they departed not a whit the wiser than when they came.

Nine days passed, and 'yet "The Hermit," as the villagers appropriately named him, had not returned the precedence over his less fortunate rival. Sir to Amesbury. On the evening of the tenth day, however, lights were discerned in the cottage. Within a small, but handsomely furnished apartment, the young girl, before mentioned, was scated, apparently far dearer to me than even life itself, was madness; busily engaged in reading. At one extremity of the my first impulse was to choke the villain, who, room sat the old man smoking his pipe, and evidently absorbed with his own reflections.

Suddenly rising from his seat, the hermit moved listen to him.

"Well, father, what is wanted now?" asked the her book and turned towards him with a slight frown distorting her handsome face.

"What is wanted now?" echoed the old man: "I wish to communicate to you what you have so long sought to learn, namely, the history of your birth." ""Oh, then I shall be no dull listener," replied the young girl, as half ashamed of the peevishness which she had so lately manifested, she rose from her chair and imprinted a fond kiss upon the broad and expansive brow of him whom she had known and loved from earliest infancy as a father.

The tenderness of innocent and confiding childhood was irresistible even to the hermit's heart, and so drawing his beautiful charge towards him, he affectionately passed his hand over her small but ovalshaped head, with its wealth of golden curls, and looking earnestly into the depths of her violet-colored eyes, bade her, in tones of unmistakable kindness, to take a seat upon his knee.

This slight wish gratified, the old man began the looked within his breast, by saying:-

"Twelve years ago this very night, I brought you in my arms to this cottage. You were then one vear and eleven months old, and as fine and promising a babe as one might ever have wished to see Since that time no hand but mine has ministered to your growing wants. I cradled you in my arms during your infancy; sung you to sleep at nightfall, and sought to train aright your young mind, as it my worst suspicions. A brief conversation now daily expanded with the growth of your body. The seeds of knowledge, which I sowed in you, fell not upon unthankful soil, for you are not only well versed in English literature, but have some familiarity with the arts and sciences of olden times. It • is true you are deficient in many of the lighter and parents, who had from the first favored his suit. ornamental branches of education, usually classed under the head of female accomplishments; but there is already time enough yet for the acquisition of these, should you desire it in after years.

You have often asked me why I kept you so closely confined within these cottage walls, and if I always intended so to do? I am now ready to answer these oft-repeated questions. First, my motive in keeping you prisoner these twelve long years was, that I might fulfill a fiendish and most inhuman vow, made by me several years since, and prompted by a bitter feeling of revenge, on account of the terrible wrongs and cruelty I then experienced. Remorse has at last touched my heart, and the justice and freedom so long denied you, is now near at hand. In short. I have no further intentions of keeping you captive here in this quiet and secluded town but a week or two longer. Soon you return to your kindred and native land, where, amidst new and exciting scenes. you will soon learn to forget the old man whom you have always been taught to call by the endeared name of father."

"What!" exclaimed the young girl, "are you not then my father?" and a look of mingled sorrow and surprise overspread her fair features as she quickly sprung to her feet, and stood silently awaiting old man's reply.

"Hush, child!" said the hermit. No, I am not your father; but have patience, and you shall soon know all!"

Again the delicate head, with its soft ripples of golden hair was pillowed upon the stout and manly breast of the hermit, whom many feared and few or none loved, as, with quivering lip and slightly tremulous voice, he continued:

"Near eighteen years ago I lived in London, and was there betrothed to a woman, alas! you never knew-your mother-and by name Alice Campbell. The day appointed for our marriage arrived. All things were in readiness, and even the guests were assembled in the princely drawing-room of Sir John Campbell's mansion, when my intended bride was taken suddenly ill, and the long anticipated marriage of Alice and myself was indefinitely post-

During the illness of your mother, which was pronounced to be that of brain fever, (and which lasted some four or five weeks.) the invalid whose presence I was denied on the plea of Alice's deliriousness of mind, was constantly visited by one Lord George Hazeltine, a nephew of Sir John Campbell, who had but recently resigned a military commismission which he had held most honorably during a five years' residence in India. I had met with him but a few times previous to the period appointed for my marriage with his cousin Alice, whom he had not seen since she was a small child. There was much of the true-hearted and chivalrous soldier about Lord Hazeltine, (now sole heir to several valuable estates in England) that won my sincere friendship, destined, algs! to be of short duration.

As Alice grew convalescent, I urged that our marriage should no longer be delayed, but as weeks lengthened into months, and the lady still plead physical weakness, and seemed in no way anxious for the consummation of an event upon which I had based my life's entire happiness in after years, I began to grow disheartened and impatient at this strange and unlooked for turn in love affairs.

While breakfasting alone at one of the numerous public coffee houses in London, one fine morning. my attention was attracted by two gentlemen who occupied seats at the next table, by their distinctly audible conversation, which, assuming the tone of a dialogue, ran as follows:-

to-morrow?' said the younger of the two, addressing his companion, a man of proud bearing and wearing Her Majesty's uniform.

· Whose wedding?' inquired the officer, as he

John Campbell Is to marry the ex-Colonel, Lord Ha-Lord Hazeltine, report says, is a cousin of the lady. whom she has not seen since a child, and whose military honors and immense wealth have given him Charles Nottingham.

I could hear no more, for the thought that I had been most gruelly deceived by one whose love was stranger though he was, had dared to utter in my presence words of falsity and mooking pity, thereby adding insult to injury. But a few moments reflectowards the table before which the young girl was tion begat in my soul a more merciful and reasonseated, and requested her to lay aside her book and able spirit, and the idea that perhaps my love and confidence in Alice had blinded my eyes to the cunning and well-laid schemes of treachery of her accomfair creature addressed, as she pettishly cast aside plice and lover, now rapidly forced itself upon my hitherto unsuspecting mind, with terrible weight.

Without even questioning those who had spoken so lightly of the contemplated marriage of one who was, perchance, about to sacrifice her heart's happiness at the shrine of wealth and worldly fame, I seized my hat and rushed into the crowded street, resolved upon ending all further suspense in the matter by calling upon Alice, and learning from her lips the bitter truth or villanous falsehood.

A few minutes hard walking brought me to the residence of Sir John Campbell. Inquiring for Miss Alice of the servant who answered the bell, I was told that she was busily engaged with her mantaumaker, and could receive no visitors during the day.

Determined not to leave the house without beholding my still loved Alice, I was on the point of bribing the servant to procure me an interview with his mistress, when Sir John Campbell suddenly made his appearance in the hall, and after directing the servant to conduct me to the reception room, recital of a story which had long remained secretly departed immediately, for the purpose of informing his daughter that I was awaiting her presence below.

Full half an hour had elapsed—an age of indefinable torture and suspense to my impatient mind-when Alice Campbell, with a face as blanched and colorless as marble, made her appearance in the small but handsomely furnished reception-room of her father's dwelling. One glance at that cold and strangely altered countenance was enough to confirm ensued between both parties, in which Alice Campbell freely confessed the base piece of deception of which she had been the guilty originator, adding that her anticipated marriage with her cousin, Lord Hazeltine, was a matter of no small delight to her.

I asked for no further explanation, confident as was of no longer possessing the love of one whose heart I had always believed incapable of inconstancy and deceit. I did not heap curses upon the head of her whose cruelty had thus blasted each rising hope, and shut out the sunlight of love from my soul for evermore, but I bade Alice Campbell a respectful, aye, even tender adieu, as I hastily made my exit from her father's house.

At ten o'clock the following morning, the church of St. Paul was filled with a large and expectant assemblage, all of whom were anxiously awaiting the appearance of the distinguished ex-soldier and his intended bride. A perceptible flutter ran through the church, and instantaneously all eyes were turned toward the open door, upon whose threshold stood Alice and Lord Hazeltine, their progress momentarily impeded by the dense crowd. Another second and the bridal train had passed up the broad and richly carpeted aisle, forming a semicircle about the altar. Like a freshly chiseled piece of statuary ooked Alice Campbell, as she knelt upon the steps of the altar, with the heavy folds of her white satin robe falling in artistic grace to her daintily slippered feet. The marriage ceremony passed without interfuntion, and the newly wedded pair turned to leave the church. Determined that Alice should be made aware of my presence, I stationed myself upon the sidewalk just outside the church door. The crowd surrounding me, however, was so dense that I, the deceived and broken-hearted lover of her youth, would have been unnoticed by Alice, had it not been that the lady's veil accidentally caught in the coat button of a gentleman who stood next to me. Turning to disentangle it, the eyes of Alice Hazeltine fell unexpectedly upon my sorrowful countenance. A convulsive shudder passed over her slight frame, as with fast paling lips and closing eyes, the consciencestricken girl pronounced the once cherished name of Nottingham !" I saw the look of anxiety and tenderness which the bridgroom cast upon the levely features of his swooning bride, as lifting her in his strong arms he bore her to the carriage, which stood in readiness to convey them to their future home; then drawing my hat closely over my eyes, to avoid the observation of strangers who had witnessed the scene that had just transpired. I hastened away from the spot, with but one thought firing my burn-

ing brain-that of revenge!" Time passed on. Alice Campbell, now Lady Hazeltine, had made an extensive bridal tour through Southern Europe, and had returned once again to England, just in time to give birth to a daughter. Absence had strengthened rather than lessened the desire for revenge in my heart, towards one who had spurned my soul's deep love, for worldly dross and fame. When you were four months old, I learned by chance that a public christening was to take place at St. Paul's Church. The spirit of vengeance was now paramount in my breast, and I soon succeeded in laying a plan for your abduction, which proved as successful as the most fiendish of wretches could have desired. The ceremony completed, the little Alice-nay, start not my child, for such you were called after your mother, (the name of Mary Flanders being merely an assumed one, and given you by me, in order to ensure your more perfect conceal ment) - was sent home in a private carriage, accompanied only by its nurse, while Lord and Lady Hazeltine remained at church for the purpose of participating in the Sabbath morning exercises. The coach had not proceeded on its way beyond three squares, when I rode up on horseback to the side of the vehicle, requested the coachman (who by the way recognized me at once as Sir Charles Nottingham.) Well, Captain, do you attend the grand wedding and informed the unsuspecting nurse that the babe was wanted at church, and that I had been commissioned by Lord and Lady Hazeltine to bring you to them myself without a moment's delay. All obicotions upon the part of the old nurse were of course at

Why, the young and beautiful daughter of Sir in past years, to entertain the slightest suspicion of my honesty of purpose. With the babe safely in my clutches I turned my horse's head in the direction of St. Paul's Church, and thus rode quickly on, until the carriage containing the nurse had passed entirely out of sight; then putting spurs to my horse, I dashed off into a narrow street which led to a remoto quarter of the city, and having reached my intended place of destination, I placed you in the care of an old woman whom I had bribed with gold to utmost secresy in the matter.

> With her you remained until you were one year and eleven months old, when under cover of the night, I sailed in the Lapwing for America, bearing you along with me. Meantime large rewards had seen offered throughout the city of London for your recovery, but all to no avail. "I had at last gained the revenge which I had for months prayed for, and now gloated in secret over the desolation which I had wrought in the home of my rival.

On arriving in New York, I took passage on board sloop bound for Newburyport, where I remained only a few days, and then brought you to Amesbury, where you have grown up from infancy almost to womanhood, secluded from the bustle and confusion of the world, and carefully guarded from the eye of public curiosity, by him whom the villagers have styled the 'Hermit of the Powow,' and whom you have heretofore known, only as your father, and, by name, William Flanders."

It was past midnight when the old man concluded the recital of a tale, which more than once during its progress had wrung tears from the eyes of the beautiful girl whom he lovingly held in his arms. With many thanks for the revelation made to her after the lapse of so many years, during which the inquisitive child had been kept in entire ignorance of the history of her birth, Alice Hazeltine fervently kissed him good-night, whom she had indeed learned to love as a father, and hastened to her solitary bedchamber to dream over the joys which the future held in store for her, when restored once more to the arms of a mother whose love she had never known, she could explore the mysteries of the great and living world, from which she had been thus far shut out.

A month later, and the hermit and Alice Hazletine bade farewell to their quiet home on the banks of the Powow, for New York, from which city they embarked for England in the Witch of the Wave.

After a somewhat tempestuous passage, Sir John Nottingham and his beautiful charge arrived at their lestined port, Liverpool. A few hours' ride brought them to England's great metropolis-London. Here the hermit learned from the lips of strangers that Lord Hazeltine had died of consumption, some five years before, induced by a life of dissipation, and that his gentle wife was residing with her aged parents.

After procuring new wardrobes for both Alice and himself, and a disguise to be used when occasion required it, the hermit, now greatly improved in personal appearance, took lodgings for "John Nottingham and ward," as he registered their names upon the books at one of the most fashionable hotels in London. After a week's sojourn in that city, the hermit, clothed in a disguise which at first baffled all efforts of recognition upon the part of even Alice, set out for Campbell mansion, the residence of Alice Hazeltine. Arriving there, he requested a few moments' conversation with Lady, Hazeltine, but was told by the servant that his mistress did not give audience to paupers. Vexed and insulted, he refused to leave the house until he had communicated his errand, which he declared to be of great importance, to Lady Hazeltine. The foppish lackey, finding that he had found a customer who was not to be repulsed, at last departed to execute his commission, leaving our hero standing alone in the hall.

Arrayed in sable robes, her former beauty saddened but not destroyed, Lady Hazeltine descended the stairs, and in a tone of deep compassion requested the old man to follow her into an ante-room. His first words, upon finding themselves secure from the listening ears of others, were,

· Madam, i believe it was your misfortune to lose. ome years since, a beautiful infant.".

"You speak truly, sir," replied Lady Hazeltine, but how is it that a stranger is so well informed of a circumstance which transpired fourteen years

"Pardon my presumption, lady, but promise me that you will sincerely answer me one question more. and I will tell you that regarding your stolen child. that will make your motherly heart dance with joy !" Mystified and trembling, the lady could only bow her lustres, outsparkling all previous attractions, would assent to the old man's last remark. "Tell me, Lady be rivaled only by the gentle and happy eyes that Hazeltine, did you ever love him to whom you were glanced and glistened beneath them. But I shall once betrothed-Sir John Nottingham?"

" Love him? God in heaven alone knows how much loved him, and how deeply I wronged his noble heart! But who are you, sir?" said the lady, recovering her dignity and composure, that thus dares to penetrate into the innermost secrets of my soul ?"

"Would you know, madam?" said the hermit' throwing off his tattered disguise; "then behold in me, one who once loved Alice Campbell-ay, more than that—who still loves her now, Sir-John Not- in the mall on a bright June day. If a person tingham, the frenzied lover, and cruel abductor of of her child, who, thank God, still lives!"

The shock was too great for the sensitive nature of Alice Hazeltine to endure. A fainting fit ensued, which the careful efforts of Sir John Nottingham soon conquered. Upon the lady's restoration to her former spirits, suitable explanations were made by both parties, which ended in the reunion of mother and and child, and the mutual forgiveness of two who had equally sinned.

A fortnight later, and Campbell Mansion was the scene of a private but happy wedding—that of Lady | the muscles of his brow to retain it there, turns his Hazeltine and Sir John Nottingham, known for many face in the direction of the object whom he intends venrs in Amesbury as "The Hermit of the Powow!"

THE LAST WORD,

machines. Husband and wife should he more strive ceive him, is by no means a paradox, or so uncomto get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell. Married people should study same conveniences attached to the glass with respect each other's weak points, as skaters look after the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for love should remember that ing Mr. Everett's last oration, (printed in small the union of angels with women has been forbidden type,) in the most happy oblivion that he possesses since the flood. The wife is the sun of the social such an item as en eye glass; he would as soon system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to think of putting on spurs to read the paper, if he keep heavy bodies like husbands, from flying off into had a pair; but catch him at Mrs. Flutterwell's space. The wife who would properly discharge her party in the evening, and you may observe him preduties must never have a soul "above buttons." Dan't trust too much to good temper when you get glass, the prints, annuals, and specimens of vertu, into an argument. Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products! luxuriantly littered. His mind is occupied by other paused from sipping the cup of fragrant Mocha once overcome by the powerful arguments of the Let married people take the hint from this provision images and impressions—he is in no mood for adfaithful coachman, who had fees paid by me too often of nature.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE CONSCRIPTS. DY JOHN W. DAY.

How swells the soul as we read the tale Of the martyr-fire, or warrior glave! Or the rending of life's misty vell. When proudly the battle-banners wave i For the golden glory lights that hour, That shipes on our own declining days, Where Memory spreads with her magic power The splenders of life's autumnat hazet

When Gallla's victor-eagles flow, And the upas-lilled Bourbon qualled-When the human heart, with impulse now. The dawning light of fair Freedom hailed ! And Napoleon's braves their war-ory pealed Through the Syrian heat, and Russian snow. Till the floating ark of Tilelt scaled The conqueror's name with fame's highest glow-Where bright Guienne spreads her sloping hills. Low down to the sounding ocean shore-And the leveled sunlight the bosom thrills, As it floats the smiling vineyards o'er-Lived a peasant-laborer, and his son, Who, oft in bliss 'neath the roof-tree's shade, Bat with the wife, when their toll was done

And softly the chimes of the vesper played I But again "to arms!" through the vineyards rang! "To arms ! for false Russia's oath is vain!" And the son and sire to conflict sprang, Till their eagles waved 'mid Moscow's flame I They shared the ills of the dread retreat With the sturdy veteran's fearless joy, Till, while rearing thunders cleft the sleet. The Old Guard rallied at red Krasnoll

'T was past! and the dead and dying lay Outstretched and pale on the frozen ground, That thawed at morn by the battle fray, At eve grew cold as the heart death-bound ! Wide 'mid the sweep of the Gallie bands, The bivouac-fires spread their plumes afar. 'Neath the same pale light that in other lands The lone wife halled as the "shepherd's star!" The dying sire saw the watch-lights shine.

As he shivered in the cold night air-But no friend dare leave the sentried line-For they feared the wary foeman's snare! And the father pillowed upon his breast : His fainting child, in their utmost need, While far through the gloom his vision pressed Where he heard the tramp of the Cossack steed !

Oh, dying braves I from the field ye won, Lift up your hearts through the dark'ning sky! Oh, mourning wife, by the wild Garonne, Repress by thy faith the tearful sight; For time's standard waves! and bastions vast Loom high o'er life's smoke-wreathed battle-tide! There the spirit rests when the march is past,

And the column files through Heaven's arches wide!

Written for the Banner of Light,

Essay on Eye-Glasses.

BY NED ANDERTON.

"The glass of fashion."-Shakspeare. "James, bring some glasses!"-Anecdotes of Conviviality "The spectacles at both houses are truly magnificent,"-innals of Dramatic Criticism.

I know not of what color or quality the reader's eyes may be-whether grey or blue, black or hazelwhether capable of discerning the State House dome from Wachusett mountain, without the aid of a telescope, or incapble of recognizing a friend though separated only by the width of Beacon street. However this may be, I trust he will bear with me while I devote a few paragraphs to those anti-remedies for defects of the visual organs called eye-glasses. There was a very interesting and ingenious book

published lately that treated of the manufacture of glass, of its origin and uses, of its properties and composition. If I were fifty years older, I should be very apt to display my crudition upon the subject, by commencing with the origin; and then, passing gradually through the history of every possible species and description of glass, I should arrive (somewhere about the twentieth page) at the economy of that particular glass, proposed as the theme for discussion. I should commence, possibly, with the plate-glass of a drawing room window, looking out upon a lawn, sprinkled with spring flowers, and presenting a still pleasanter view distant woods and shady avenues; thence I should pass-nothing loth, notwithstanding my love of nature in her green and sunny clothing-to the looking glass, which would detain me two hours at least; when, the dinner-bell ringing, my attention would be attracted by the champagne glass, which would, of course, cause another protracted but more pardonable fit of admiration. The ball-room would be the next scene, where the cut glass diamond-like gratify my garrulity at no such rate of self-indulgence. I shall confine my investigation to the eyeglass; or, as any motto setteth forth, "the glass of fashion."

Now. I will not say that this same glass is invariably worn for ornament, and not for use; but I risk little in asserting that the great majority of human eves have no more occasion for such an appendage to costume, than the reader has for skates to stroll wished not to walk, but to stumble, it would be wise in him to resort to his skates, and endeavor to think the sunny path a sheet of ice; and, in like manner, if he wishes not to see, but chooses that his eyes should have a sineoure, he cannot do better than to become the possessor of a certain quantity of black ribbon, with an elegant specimen from the opticans attached to it. The glass in this case ceases to be a superfluity; for I have frequently observed that when one gentleman does not wish to see another, he immediately raises his glass to his eyes, compresses to be invisible, and gazes as if on vacancy, without the slightest symptom of recognizing any earthly creature before him. This habit of staring a "no-The last word is the most dangerous of infernal body" in the face, on purpose that you may not permon as may be imagined. Of course there are the to a non-observation of other objects. Call upon a friend in the morning, and you will find him perustending to examine, not with his eye, but with his with which every receptacle in the apartment is miring prints or reading pooms; and he therefore

applies to his glass for aid-for security against sceing what he appears to be looking at.

There is not the elightest question but the glass,. in this sense, is a utility as well as a decoration; but there is, likewise, no doubt of the existence of a very large class of glass wearers, who have adopted the appendage for no earthly reason but that others have done so before them. The glass is to them merely as a buckle which fastens nothing, or a necklace, which nobody suspects of being worn with any iden of securing the head to the shoulders. It has no more reference to the improvement of the sight, than a diamond carring has to the feeling with which the owner listens to an exquisite passage of music. It might as well be applied to the organ of any other sense as to the eyes; and it would unquestionably be applied to all the senses, promiscuously, but that the prejudice seems to have run in favor of its application to the visual organ in particular.

It was remarked, doubtless by some wicked satirist, that, after the battle of Waterloo, when so many officers returned home wounded, it became a point of etiquette among the fashionable young men of the day to wear their left arms in slings-the left arm being that which they could most conveniently spare.

Hundreds, if report err not, aspired about that period, to the luxury of a shattered limb, who had nothing in the world but a black handkerchief to show for it. How true this may be, it is not for me to say; but it is difficult to regard it as altogether incredible, when we reflect upon the thousands who are daily contending for the far less honorable distinction of a mere weakness of sight. The black ribbon certainly seems to be a small edition of the black handkerchief.

There is another class of persons, the excellence and perfect capability of whose eyes are so well known to their acquaintance, that they feel ashamed to have recourse to an accessory, however attractive, for which they have no natural occasion; and yet are sensible of its seductive charms, and live slaves to its fascinations. These inheritors of provokingly perfect optics, are probably more to be pitied than those who have no eyes at all! Their miseries are the offspring of their felicity; they are doomed to suffer under the greatest of all blessings; they live on, year after year, without any diminution of sight; and perceive, with agonizing clearness, that their friends' faculties are hourly fading, and that one by one they are indulging in the delights of a glasswhile they themselves continue to discern objects, whether far or near, as well as ever.

I must confess to having had once or twice some slight touch of this affliction myself-not with reference to one glass, but to two. When I saw the brilliant eyes of one of the "foremost men of all this world" glistening through his spectacles, I could not help fancying that the pebbles added a grace to intellect, and I returned home longing to look wise in the same way, and secretly dissatisfied with my own exemption from optical defect.

It must be admitted that the twisting and swingng of the glass, as it hangs gracefully from the neck, furnishes one with a pleasant recourse when one has nothing to say or to do; and it may likewise be acknowledged that the lifting it slowly and scientifically to the eye admits of a pretty display of atitude, and under certain circumstances of a graceful position of the head; yet the same effect might be produced by the adoption of another instrument, which, though sometimes used, is never affected. The instrument alluded to is an ear-trumpet.

The world pretends to a deficiency of sight, but confesses its hearing to be unimpaired. Yet one implement may be as elegantly turned and as richly chased as the other: and surely the advantage of not hearing, or not seeming to hear, one half the remarks that are hourly uttered in the most enlightened society, would be quite upon a par with the convenience of not seeing everybody that we may be unfortunate enough to meet in the same circle.

Dumbness even might be assumed—or at least an elegant and fascinating impediment in the speech. This affectation presents abundant attractions; as it sential, of talking upon the fingers-a science that is especially favorable to the display of a white hand. and fingers delicately formed—to say nothing of a felicitous and convincing development of diamond rings.

I leave the suggestion, in all its sublimity. to be improved upon, and brought to perfection and practice. I must, however, confess my fear that the spirit of oratory is too widely and selfishly dissemiated, to admit of its ever being cultivated in perfection. If one half of the world are resolved to see no more than they can help, the other half are equally determined to talk as much as they can.

Pearls.

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

> The dead are like the stars by day, Withdrawn from mortal eye; But not extinct—they hold their way In glory through the sky. Spirits from bondage thus set free, Vanish amid immensity. They're with us yet—the hely dead ! By a thousand signs we know They're keeping o'er a spirit-watch O'er those they loved below.

There are two things which will make us happy in this life . f we attend to them. The first is, never to vex ourselves about what we can't help; and the second, never to yex ourselves about what we can help.

Each gem of truth freely given from thy store, Shall reflect o'er thy path its light evermore; Each flower of love to the sorrowing heart given Shall bloom with sweet fragrance for thee in heaven.

The human happiness of mankind resembles a broken harp, which never plays a perfect tune, but mingles strains of the sweetest melody with many discords.

Wealth, like all other power, is blind, And bears a poison in its core, To taint the best, if feeble mind, And madden that debased before. It is the battle, not the prize, That fills the hero's breast with joy: And industry the bliss supplies. Which mere possession might destroy,

True religion is a life unfolded within the soul, not a some thing forced upon us from without.

> Love wakes men, once a lifetime each; They lift their heavy lids, and look; And lo! what one sweet page can teach They read with joy, then shut the book, And some give thanks, and some blaspheme, And most forget; but either way, That and the child's unheeded dream, Is all the light of all their day.

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TOLERATION-WHAT IT MEANS. There is great need that we should stop and consider this matter all over again. Here we have been making boasts of our perfect willingness to let others think and believe as they pleased—as if that were a virtue on our part, instead of merely the minding our own business-and to-day, a question of conscience arises in one of our public schools, and straightway the entire community becomes ex-.cited over it, the larger portion insisting that their religious creed shall predominate, at any cost, and risk, and labor. We make boasting brags of toleration, and ratan children's tender hands because we cannot rule their consciences. We continue to talk of our toleration, and turn out into the street two or three hundred children, because they will not repeat our peculiar creeds, and psalms, and prayers and religious forms after us.

It is not more inconsistent, unhappily for us, in our schools than in our politics, our churches, our society, our manners, and our general opinions. We profess to be the most liberal people on the face of the earth in respect of this matter, but are practically no better than they are in the old countries, to which we point with such an affected horror. To be sure, we do not quite brand and burn, torture and destroy, blister the skin and put out the eyes; but we do as we do in obedience to exactly the same spirit which executes even such practices. Our civilization may compel us to change those barbarous practices for others that are apparently less cruel; and yet the appearance only goes against the theory-a diminished cruelty; it is none the less cruelty now-it is only more decent externally, more

refined. ..., Do you think, good sir, that if the "Orthodox" people of Massachusetts could have had their way ten years ago, they would not have carried Theodore Parker in riotous style to the public whipping-post? Do you suppose that Henry Ward Beecher could have been permitted to say, fifteen and twenty years ago, from the pulpit, what he is saying so boldly and so effectively to-day? Do you believe that if the rabid and ranting individual who assails honest believers in spiritual communion through the columns of the Boston Courier, could but have his way, he would not banish John Pierpont from the old Com. monwealth, even as our ancestors served sturdy Roger Williams? Is it for a moment to be thought of, that if the men who control church organizations generally, converting them into mere local dynasties and tyrannies, with an assumed spiritual authority as great within their limits as is that of the Pope within his-is it to be thought of that these men, whose whole religious sentiment has shrunk and shriveled to the dimensions of a dry and unproductive ecclesiasticism, if once they could wield the power which lies at the bottom of their desires would not exercise it to the personal oppression and total discomfiture of those opposed to them in opinion, or of those who absolutely refused to come under the yoke of their creeds and professions? And what is there—one may well ask—in these tters of conscience of sentiment of faith to cite in one man the desire to control another man? What has anybody else to do with your religious views, your religious sentiments? Who has appointed one man on earth, or one set of men-one church, or one class of churches, to go about the work of proselytism, as if soul and body depended on its being performed? Is truth the sole and exclusive property of one man, or one class of men? Has the Christian become possessed of it all, or of the chief right to its enjoyment and advantageswhile the Jew, or the Barbarian, is an outsider, an intruder, a vain beggar for God's commonest favors? If one man thinks he has newly come into possession of truth, does it therefore follow that it is his more than anybody's else? Is not the light for all alike? and the water, too? the air-the stars-the beautiful frescoes of the sky-the pictures at morning and evening? Are we not all children to enjoy these bounteous gifts alike, and as freely as we will?

Then who has authority to say-" I have discovered Truth, and all others must come into my view?" Has the Almighty thus fashioned us to look out of one and the same set of spiritual optics? Are all perceptions alike? Do we all receive alike? Do we reason alike, starting from the same premises, and traveling to the same conclusions?

Is not, in truth, every man who sees, and thinks, and receives, and reasons at all, an individual man. -horn on purpose to do these things for himself, and to grow and develop by so doing? And if even from the cradle to the grave, throughout the whole of that brief little journey over quite as limited an are of this planet, you refuse utterly and entirely to come into my religious view, or any man's religious viewto heed my solemn warning, or any man's solemn warning-to accede to my faith, my creed, my form of worship, or, indeed, to any man's creed, faith, or form of worship-what is that to me? why should I make myself professedly wretched over it? what' right have I to say that you are lost, or not lost? in what way is it my business? how am I concerned about it, except so far as I should love to have you come upon my plane of spiritual existence, and within my circle of spiritual suggestions, helps, sympathies and experiences? No man has any right to say of another that he is lost-that he is damned-or that he is likely to be; it is blasphemy against God himself, who has made us all after his own image, and who is to be worshiped and loved'as the common Father, blessed forevermore. To usurp the blasphemous authority implied in such reckless denunciations, is mocking God; for the soul refuses to believe in the possibility that the watchful All. Father has created us for any such revengeful and

thoroughly malicious purposes.

ligious sentiment, above all other sentiments, to excite the desire of proselytizing? Why is it that exercise strength, to impose a particular form of is altogether according to the suggestions of a tender and the soul-and not between man and man.

If Spiritualism, or, in fact, if any other influence shall be capable of so pervading society with its is henceforth open to all the world. power as to finally overthrow, dislodge, trample down, and utterly destroy these tyrannical practices, munity of souls that still confess to the weight of Says the Times :this terrible thralldom. No matter, hardly, what the means employed, if so be the people awaken to the real necessity of living, growing, and developing as individuals, and not in bodies and masses, war at his disposal. This whole matter has been trifled with Tyranny of all kinds must be brought to an end; in the state, in the church, in society—everywhere. The contact of soul with soul should be as that of God with each one of us; never in fear, as superior and inferior, or with assumptions of authority; but as if each were a whole and independent creation, the most divine thing that had ever come from the hand of the Father.

DEATH OF DR. WILLIAM A. ALCOTT. It was but a couple of weeks ago that we were giv ing to the readers of the Banner the substance of a letter from Dr. Alcott to the New York Tribune, in which he detailed the incidents of a recent case of cure by the mere act of faith in prayer; and to day we are called on to announce its death. He was widely known as a writer on physical education, on the principle of the substance of a politicians there, insensible to the honor and interests of the Ropublic, and only alive to petty schemes of party or personal profit, treated the Message with contempt. The consequences are just what were predicted. The potty States of Central America, knowing that they are not to be hold to account, are vidently determined to "crush out," not only English with Yankee influence, but Yankee commerce, on the Isthmus—and the determination, it would now seem, is to be strength-port. the principle of physiology and hygiene, and had attained ample distinction as a lecturer. In these two capacities he has been known throughout New England for at least a quarter of a century.

The works he has written, in the course of his in dustrious life, are said to amount to quite a hundred; besides which, he has freely employed his pen upon the pages of magazines, and the columns of news-He believed in exercise, in temperance, in abundance of open air, and in obeying the laws of our own nature. Among the best known of his books are the anatomy of the human body-" The Young Man's Guide,"--" The Young Woman's Guide,"--" The Physiology of Marriage,"-" Courtship and Marriage," -"The Laws of Health," &c., &c.

The editor of the Journal remarks of the life work and the habits of Dr. Alcott-"Aside from some radicalism in the matter of diet, the views of Dr. Alcoit ipon physiological subjects were sound and emi-Williams College, in a letter to Dr. Alcott, some two years ago, remarked, 'You have been a public benefactor, a pioneer in a great work, and I have no doubt, have prevented untold suffering.' This testiphysiological subjects was the work of his lifetime, and faithfully was it performed. Although he profited in a pecuniary point of view by his lectures and writings, yet the work was to him a labor of love.

We had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance ality and kindly feelings. He was interesting in another newspaper? conversation, and always ready to communicate his -to give advice or timely warning. We have frequently published communications from his pen upon subjects of vital interest to the public health, and—on his last visit to the city. only a few days since, he called upon us, and placed

known, however, that he was given over some thirty that he be profound the manipulations, she was years ago as incurable of consumption. But he bravely battled with disease, and by abstemious that it is not consumption to the laws of health labits and careful attention to the laws of health labits and careful attention to the laws of health labits. habits, and careful attention to the laws of health, prolonged his life to the age of sixty-one years. His death, which was finally quite sudden, resulted from an attack of pleurisy, which was probably aggravated by the long standing lesion of his lungs. It was only last Friday that he was out, and apparently in his usual health."

A CONSERVATORY OF ART AND SCIENCE.

The Committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts had a hearing, recently, of the petitioners for a reservation of lands on the Back Bay, for the use of a State Conservatory of Art and Science. Among those who spoke on the subject were the two gentlemen whose interesting remarks are herewith ap-

Rev. Mr. Waterston said:-

Hov. Mr. Waterston said:—
"Our artists go abroad to study or to reside, and become infected with the apathy of Italy and Greece; they want to be sure, to study the works of foreign art, but they must draw their inspiration from our own forests, and rivers, and mountained in the sure of the said of the sai also improve their opportunities at home; they must draw their inspiration from our own forests, and rivers, and mountains, and scenery unsurpassed on the face of the earth. We want a gallery to develop the genius of American artists on American subjects, and to educate our painters and sculptors at home. The Greek Slave, beautiful as it is, is not American, nor what the genius of Powers would have executed had his education been completed or even been essentially influenced by an American school of art; in like manner his statue of our greatest statesman is not what would have emanated from the hands of one thoroughly conversant with the thoughts, appearance, and surroundings of the deceased Webster. Let our artists, by all means, study the works of the great masters; but let them originate a school of their own, American is inspiration, and studied at home; and let us have in Boston a gallery where the works of American genius may be treasured and appreciated."

E. B. Tobey remarked that he was glad that commerce was to be fully represented in the contemplated institutions, as it is in the Polytechnic Institutions of Europe. In that of London the central part is devoted to commerce; there is a minimus case of the decky and the state of the contemplated the decky and the state of the contemplated the decky and the state of the contemplate of the decky and the state of the contemplate of the decky and the state of the contemplate of the decky and the contemplate of the contemplate of the decky and the contemplate of the decky and the contemplate of the decky and the contemplate of the conte

ion the central part is devoted to commerce; there is a miniature canal, with all the appurtchances of the deckyard; and a diving-bell, showing its applications to submarine operations. In that of Paris, also, commerce has a place, the study of the important branch of naval architecture being especially provided for in the programme of studies adopted by that institution. We need here a place where can be seen models of ships, marine engines, and the numerous inventions connected with naval matters and commerce; this has a most important but too much neglected bearing upon our commercial prosperity. He thought that commerce should be treated more as a matter of science, and he believed that many of the disastrous failures of merchants could be traced and a diving-bell, showing its applications to submarine ope believe in the possibility that the watchful All-lather has created us for any such revengeful and boroughly malicious purposes.

What should there be—we ask again—in the re-tutions. The popular education is the bulwark of free insti-tutions. NIUAHAGUAN MATTEHE

l'ublicattention just now again is centred upon then have always sought for power in religion, rather Nicaragua. From intelligence received from that than for the true life? What is there about it that quarter, it seems that England and France have should call up the ambition to rule, to acquire and protty much obtained control of affairs in that locality; England having secured a protectoratefaith upon others? Is it not one of the apparent or what is its equivalent, and France, through M. anomalies of human nature, not yet extricated from Belly, having obtained possession of the Transit the entanglements with which it is surrounded, and Route. Our American ships have been selzed and perhaps not to be explained saved by crowding it their captains imprisoned by the French; and it out of existence by the sheer force of external pres. looks as if we might have a squall in that direction sure? We incline to think it is. How one man before long that shall decisively settle our relations can say with propriety that another, if his conduct with Central America for some time to come. Sir Wm. Gore Ousely, who was so long in Washington and enlightened conscionce, is not religious, or is in a rather dubious diplomatic position, has proless religious than himself, passes our comprehension, cured three separate treaties to be ratified with We hold that these matters are entirely between God those Governments, which amounts to an English Protectorate. Nicaragua, likewise, has published a decree, in which she declares that the Transit Routo

The New York papers take up this matter with considerable earnestness, and speak of it as someit will have carned the hearty thanks of the com- thing to which this government cannot submit.

too long already.

The Herald says :-

There can be but one opinion as to the necessity of prompt designs against an the part of our government. Instruc-

Says the Express:

Wo do not know that there is any remedy for these grievances. The President called the attention of Congress to thom a few works since, and asked for the necessary power, to enable him to obtain redress. But the demagogues and politicians there, insensible to the honor and interests of the

CATCHPENNY CONTRIVANCES.

A book publishing firm in New York recently fired salvo of artillery in the Park on the occasion of publishing a new Dictionary! This is decidedly. American, not to call it original. It rather beats the trick of the people of Chicago, who celebrated the centennial anniversary of the birth-day of Robert papers. But all that he wrote was calculated to Burns with a generel military turn out, and a brisk help on the work of reform; and at the bottom of rattle of musketry! The very thought of advertisall reform he considered lay that of personal habits. ing with powder and smoke is delicious and inspiring. But there is no telling what will not overtake us next. Bonner need not think he has exhausted the subject by any means. There are other Richfollowing: "The House I Live In,"-teaching the monds in the field, and which one of the lot will turn up next is the problem. We have had balloon advertisements, advertisements in the rail-cars, in the horse cars, in the omnibus, and on steamboats, but never in our knowledge anything in the line of powder and cannon.

Dictionaries and cannonading are related closely to one another. It is, in truth, so very natural a relation that one can only wonder it was not thought: nently worthy of public attention, and the good of before. Where have the dull fellows been all this which has been accomplished by his labors can while that no more powder has been burned that hardly be over estimated. Professor Hopkins, of no echoes of artillery have been heard in the streets. that no horses have been frightened, that no limbs have been broken in consequence, whenever a new "sensation" book has been born? Why were not the sixty-four pounders brought out on the appearmonial to the value of his labors, was truthful and ance of "Unole Tom's Cabin," and the "Lampwell deserved. The inculcation of sound views upon lighter," and those other novels that so seemed to shake the universe of the book trade? Alas, the world is but beginning to wake up to what it ought; to have known and practiced long ago! We are only getting our wisdom teeth, and these guns are in commemoration of the event. How long before with Dr. Aloott, and can bear testimony to his geni- we shall have a salute on the Common at staring

MODERN MIRACLES

From the Boston Daily Ledger, we copy the following statement of a cure effected by a healing medium:-

CURE OF RHEUMATISM.—Mr. Frederick Spoor, engine only a few days since, he called upon us, and placed several scraps in our hands, to be used, as he said, when we had space—and which are yet unpublished. Dr. Alcott was a man of very spare habits, and it has been said that he was a living witness of the crroneousness of his dictic views. It is not generally as he was given ever some thints.

> This is only one of the many cases occurring all around us, few of which ever meet the public eye. We understand that the same medium has offected a similar cure upon a child afflicted in the same manner. We do not publish it because it is one whit more remarkable than many other cases, but because it comes to us through a daily paper and from a man not a Spiritualist. What powers are these, and whence do they come? Are they not the same powers held in the days of the Apostles, and do they not come from the same source?

MERCANTILE HALL MEETINGS.

Arrangements have been made for the continuance of spiritual meetings during the vacancy which will occur in the Melodeon meeting, in Mercantile

ture next Thursday evening, April 7th, at half past seven o'clock. It is expected she will speak upon the Marriage Question. She will also speak on the following Sabbath.

Miss Rosa T. Amedey will lecture on Thursday evening, April 14th.

LECTURERS.

Alvin Pease, who is engaged in Boston for a few Sabbaths, will receive calls to lecture in the vicinity of the city on week day evenings. Address No. 73 Salem street.

Miss Rosa T. Amedey will lecture on Thursday evening, 7th inst., at Norton, Mass.

CHARLES COLBY.

A man, giving this name, has been lecturing against Spiritualism in various country towns. We have heard of him; but his course has been so very low, that any notice of him was not demanded. We now learn, however, that he has been representing

tion, he is an arrant knave; for the Mr. Colby, whose the darkness out of which the race shall emerge into a new name is attached to this paper, has no brother by that name. Friends will do well to exposo this impostor, if he makes such representations,

MISS EMMA HARDINGE

Begs to apprise her friends that she has changed her residence to No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, where all future communications should be addressed to her. Miss II. will lecture in New York, Waterbury and Willimantle in April; Providence, Worces-Oswego, in June. She proposes to spend next fall bability of immortality. and winter in the West and South, and requests made to her with as little delay as possible. She has already promised October next in St. Louis, and November in Memphis, Tenn.

IMPROMPTU.

Oh, holy Love ! did men but one thy gates With Faith's bright, golden key, And enter where Jehovah's angel waits, To bid the Soul go free,

Lust would no more thy Spirit sadly stain; No more would earth loud grean in writhing pain. Then bitter feuds would quickly cease to mar

Our beautiful domain, And angel-voices we should hear afar Chanting the sweet refrain:

"Peaco rules supreme o'er all the land and sea-Love's army 's triumphed-mortals now are free !" L. C:

MORE SCHOOL DIFFICULTIES.

Another case of tyranny and mismanagement occurred i this city the past week, and we hope the matter will be sined to the very dregs, and the whole school system of Boston

with the petty tyrannies of their government, corrected. Wednesday morning last, as Miss Susic Cluer presented herself, to take her accustomed place in the class at the Franklin School, Mr. Gould, the master, informed her that she was to be "degraded" to a place in a lower class. She asked why she was to be thus degraded-if she did not get her lessons in the class she was now in? To which an affirmative answer was given. She then inquired if it were possible for her to learn anything in the class to which she was to be sent: to this Mr. Gould replied that he did not know as she could Still she was to be degraded!

Now, then, for the estensible reason for this ridiculous movement of "degrading" a child from a class where she had won a place, and retained it, which she was still competent to occupy, to a class she was far above in her studies, and where, according to the master's own words, she could not learn anything.

Mr. Cluer was for a time employed as a lecturer on tem perance, and we remember well when he was "a card" for the same, and no trumpet was loud enough in his praises But soon Mr. Cluor saw more filth and villany in the man agement of the temperance movement, and in the police department, with which he was brought in contact, than he ound in the "fallen souls" themselves, and he began to tell the public so; and in his plain statements of truths, he called upon his head the consure of both of these institutions, and the open oppression of the police.

We are not going to say that his course was exactly the proper one, for it is not perhaps well to fight the devil with he devil's wenpons; it is better to bear with his rascalities nationtly, and overcome, if at all, with kindness.

We do not doubt the justice of Cluer's exposures of the police department, for an institution more open to consure over afflicted Boston than this has been, from the time that Tukey took the reins, up to the present time. A total misonception of the office of a police department has prevalled n its management: and instead of crime being prevented. it as certainly been fostered by the mistaken policy governing it. Mr. Cluer told thom so; but, being a poor man, and not under the protection of the "church" at this time, such open warfare was too much for him, and the police silenced him. and brought him into disrepute, as any man will be brought who fails to win his cause. Those several movements on the part of Mr. Cluer, three

him out of his means of subsistence; and, as he is sixty years of age, very few avenues to a competency are open to him

for the support of his family.

The daughter is quite successful as a "reader," having given several public exhibitions in Boston and vicinity, some of which have been at Warren Street Chapel-Rev. Mr. Barnard's Boolety-of which Susio is an attendant. With a view o help her father and mother, and to obtain means to gain an education, she has, for a few months past, accommanies Mr. Cluer on some lecturing tours, which have opened for him a new field of labor, and has given readings in several instances, much to the gratification of those who have listened to her. These have been given at temperance festivals, religlous societies, fairs, and at her own father's loctures. Certainly the efforts of the child are praiseworthy, and she merite the regard of the people for aiding her aged father in this anner. But on this filial regard rests the opposition to her.

These recitations have necessitated her absence from school somewhat, and for this she is degraded, ostensibly It is said that Mr. Gould is a rigid sectarian, and has a horror f admitting anything into his school savoring of theatricals Thus readings by Miss Cluer are obnexious to him, as in exhibitions of the school, he has said she was too "stageified" n her declamations. His manner of speech to the child, also whenever she has mentioned her father, has betraved a dis like to him, and probably these two elements enter exten sively into his reasons for degrading Miss C., though that first stated is the surface reason. But Mr. Gould has sug gested to his "degraded" pupil the necessity of her relaxing her studies and that it was proper she went into the country ore. Rev. Mr. Barnard has made the same suggestion and it has been acted upon, much to the benefit of Miss Cluer's nealth. Yet she is now deprived of an education, such as the public schools afford, for mingling recreation with duty o her parents...

We have thus fully stated this case, because Mr. Cluer is a poor man and an unpopular one-made so by his radical seniments in part, and in part by the disposition he has of telling too much truth in a convincing manner of public officers. This being the case he has little to expect at the hands of sectarian teachers and school committee men; nor will this case of unjust treatment of a poor man's child arouse the ire of the respectable dailies, who cringe and fawn to popular and powerful bodies. But one paper-the Ledger-ins taken any notice of the matter. God help the poor! We think the friends who have heard Mr. Oluer lectur

and his daughter read, will bear us out in saving that their efforts please, and we hope they will aid in sustaining them, and giving Susie an education. We call attention to his notice in the proper place.

MUSIC HALL.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LECTURE OF HERRY JAKES, BUNDAY. **манси** 27.

Mr. James began his lecture by presenting the views of Emanuel Byedenborg, tracing man through the various derees of material love to a perception of spiritual existence; and to the spirit-world he asked the attention of his audience. When man arrives to a degree of development where he can distinctly perceive spirit existence, he will no longer be misled. The phenomena of Spiritualism are nothing more nor less than a change in development wrought in the human mind. The various phenomena of Spiritualism you are alroady familiar with, most of which are disgusting and absurd. From Webster, Franklin, Bacon, Tom Paine, Shakspeare, Bunyan and John, communications are said to have come; and these show immortality to be a poor affair, and are like the bulk of communications made in various ways, with which you are all familiar; and are insignificant, contradictory, and unmeaning.

The speaker did not wish to deny any facts, but assumed that the lewliness of Spiritualism was an argument in its avor. He had no doubt that Bacon and Swedenborg, as claimed, had influenced Judge Edmonds; neither did he deny the claims of Gov. Talimadge; and summed up modern Spiritualism as disgusting, but still admitting its facts. He said, to himself it was anything but interesting to have his brother come to the dinner-table, and give a post mortem account of his condition, and inform him that he is still alive and kicking. He could not see the good that would come from such manifestations. The more shabby the facts, the more imporant their import claims to be; claiming elevation in what himself as a brother to our Mr. Colby, which de | with the claims of Spiritualism. What we see about us in | beggar's dinner made up of a hundred charities.

mande correction. If he has made such representa- Spiritualism is staggering, and it may be said of it that it be ora, which it is apparent is fast dawning upon the earth.

Who does not blush for the folly of man when he dips into s slop-jar of fitti, a Spiritualist nowspaper, and reads there s protonded revolation from heaven? Nothing is more in favor of Spiritualism than the very disgust of it.

He said, "I have no doubt that the spirit-work is the only real one. My convictions are so clear on this subject, that I would not thank the Angel Gabriel for any communication in relation to it. I fully believe its immortality, and believe, too, its possibilities are known only to God, and can never be communicated to man by any science. Immeriality in the soul's persuasion is so deep and so sacred, as to utterly dister, and vicinity, in May; Lowell, Portland and card the necessity of all external evidence of its existence." The speaker here dwelt at some length upon the double pro-

Man possesses both body and soul; one is external, one is applications from those sections of the country to be internal. Creation involves two worlds - the spirit, that God sees, and material, that man sees. The universe has both body and soul; the soul is the life, the germ of after existence; the body, the shell that breaks and falls off. The former is unseen while it grows in the shell.

The spirit-world is prior and superior; the physical, secondary and subordinate. Our external senses know nothing of any other world but the physical world. Our senses constitute the back door of the soul, our intutions the front door. For a man to quarrel because the back door of the soul is not the front door, would be like quarreling because the sun at sotting was not the sun at rising. Man, with his senses, has only seen the bone skeleton of creation; the perfect man of creation is yet undiscovered. The life is of God, and it is for us to get in the power and light of nature.

Man wants true selfhood, from which will grow freedom of action; this solfhood comes from the friction of all events. and is to extricate, in the ultimate, men from bondage; all of which tends to separate us from the animal, and develop the spiritual. Life is all a discipline preparatory to the birth of the spiritual man. Nature is composite, over active, on one hand is elimination. on the other assimilation. The law that presides is esthetic and spontaneous. History is the theatre n which these opposites are worked out; in it are worked out the laws of creation.

The church has developed self-love. Nothing is more diabolical than a belief in a special divine mission; the whole tendency of the church is downward, while that of the spirit upward; "life through death" is the voice of the church; the church has caused one half of the unhappy moments of doubt and fear in humanity; this is the descending nove, while the spirit's growth is the opposite.

The speaker quoted largely, and commented upon the writings of Swedenborg. He said, "I have a keen appreciation of the sweetness of his spirit conceptions, while his style is dry and repulsive to the last degree. I held that Swedenborg was a man of transcendent use to the race; but I have not a ray of sympathy with that handful of people called the New Church. If you would inquire wisely of Swedenborg. read his own books and steer clear of the sect called the New Church. Swedenborg went contrary to any organization of any church. In the past, according to Swedenborg, it has been dangerous to commune with spirits, for demons could do injury to men; but in this age it is no longer so-it is safe to communicate with the spirit world."

The speaker again made a terrific sweep upon Spiritualist newspapers, sufficient to wipe them all out of existence, if words could do it, declaring that no one could read them for any length of time without rejecting them as disgusting and sickening.

In the summing up of Mr. James's lecture, it weighs decidedly in favor of the doctrine of Spiritualism, yet he said many things which grated dissonantly on the listening ears, and kindly feelings too, of a larger half of his hearers, who were professed Spiritualists.

In regard to Mr. James's idea of Spiritual newspapers, if the gems of Parker, Beccher and Emerson, and the clear beautiful reasoning and intuition of Emma Hardinge, and many other productions of a like nature, are properly called the filth of society dropped into a Spiritual, newspaper, from whom will Mr. James look for the gems of life to come? Buch productions from the religious stars of America have for many months covered a large portion of one Spiritualist newspaper and have been read with great pleasure and thankfulness by its one hundred thousand readers.

Since writing the above we have heard from Spiritualists who listened to Mr. James's lecture a general expression of displeasure and dissatisfaction at the very scornful manner in which he treated the manifestations of modern Spiritualism. It would seem to us that he is a Spiritualist inside, but has a decided preference to be considered opposed to Spiritualism outside. The disgust of his nature is working off, and he fires it at Spiritualists. They can bear it; they have had heavier guns fired into their ranks than he has fired, and not a man has been killed or injured by them yet. We cordially invite Mr. James to state his views of Spiritualism in the

Banner of Light. We understand that a petition has been drawn up, and will be presented to the lecture committee by some of the leading embors in this society, to hear another view of Spiritualism through the lips of Mr. Higginson, at the earliest 'possible convenience. A. B. C.

LECTURE BY RALPH W. EMERSON.

Wednesday Evening, March 80th, 1859. man Chapel, this evening, was crowded

by so many of earth's children, with less money than intelligence, to whom Mr. Emerson is so acceptable, and by whom ho is so well appreciated—for a cent a minute is more than they can afford to pay, even for Emerson; but we saw there many of the literati of Boston-we saw independent minds there, who have always been ploneers ahead of the respectable rabble and always will be; whose instincts told them that Emerson was a great man long before the American people learned it from the British Reviews. Then, too, there vere the clergy represented—men who dared go and hear Emerson now, and to say his remarks were worth going hundreds of miles to hear—though they, years ago, might, under a different public sentiment, have protested against his heterodoxy, while he was settled as a paster over the society in Boston which Cotton Mather founded.

He commenced to-night by saying that the insect kingdom is marked by the observing eye, as procuring sustenance by suction; so are mankind susceptible of inflation. The scholar sucks in knowledge from books. Books are in all languages and all libraries, that the scholar may diet on them.

We have a high respect for a well-bred man. In Arkansas. where talk is of horses, alligators, and bowle knives, what a relief it is to find a man with a book of poetry in his pocket I We expect a great man to be a teacher, not in information or intelligence alone, but in both. Some scholars have heaped up minds-with everything there, but nothing handy or available to use. The mind thought original, oftenest has no originality. There are imitation, models and copies, and we would know where they got them if we know their lives. and what books they read. Rabelais is the source of many joke; but we would find Rabelais's wit back of himself. We find in Plate the study of Christianity. All reading is a kind of quotation.

The lecturer took up separately different authors enjoying a vast reputation for originality, and traced their ideas back to some fountain-head a good ways behind them; witty sayings which have gone onto the archieves as the words of some particular quiz, he found said by somebody clae, and gave the audience a number of cases. This was from his own reading; and what a vast ocean of written thought there is that no one man can fathom in a lifetime! The popular story of Baron Munchausen and the melodies of Mather Goose, we trace back through the English and German to the very infancy of the Arian races in India. He said many men were more original incog, than in proper persone, and cited Macpherson, Junius, Lamb, Hogg, and Dr. Wilson. Many a poor barrister has, in idle hours, won golden reputations for other folks for giving what he could never do for himself. Our best thoughts come from others; but we adopt them as our own, and stamp our seal on them, and are as jealous of them as a maternal hen of her bantlings. Hallam said, a thing that falls flat from other men, becomes remarkably pointed repeated by Sheridan. Many a man gets the credit of things at his table-talk that don't belong to him.

Mythology is no man's work, but overy man does something towards it, till it gets to be everybody's truth. Psalms and liturgies were of alike slow growth into everybody's heart; and the Bible's thoughts are the most common-place of all, and all its words available somewhere in conversation. Said the lecturer: The better the truth or sentiment, the less I care for its authority. Whoover tells me a noble thought says it regardless of whoever might have said it before. It seems to me as though we are talking and thinking out of a great antiquity. Language is a city to the foundation of which every traveler brought a stone. No man can appears degradation. The claims of the world are, that man set any more claim to it than the coral bug can claim the is to be reduced to order by science, which is illy in keeping continent he helped build the basement of. It is like a

men of talent only used the gentus's treasures second-hand. He said he distrusted the puct who chooses an antique subject for his verses. He shows himself a poet when he takes the subject from his own surroundings. Some men believe in implication; others in geniuses. If a thought is good, what matter who said it first? If I accept the truth, and obey it, it is God's truth and mine. I cannot clothe it in ing, and from the pen of a vigorous and racy writer. The my language, but have got to take the world's. He said Bocrates was a reader, but he got his thought where the book-maker got it, and he taught more impressively with the Brothers, 108 Vine street, Cincinnati, Ohio. plicher filled with water from the brook and the bottle filled with air, than he could with manuscript sermons,

COMMERCE IN SPIRITUALISM. "Gold I gold I gold I

Beaten, bartered, hammered and sold."

MESERS. Engrous-Soveral times taking up your paper l have read elequent denunciations of the extertions of mediums, and I had received them not only as evidence of their greed, but also of the extreme liberality of their patrons. somewhere; but as it has never fallen under my observation that any have amassed fortunes, thus I have concluded that such things were not true of most mediums. Is it not a fact that mediums do as much sacrifice, as much for the pay they receive, as any-and is not more than this true? I think so, both from observation and experience. Exceptional cases doutless exist; but is it well, because of exceptions taken at the few, to thus unreservedly characterise the many? I assert, as a fact, that many of our mediums are the noblest men and women of my acquaintance, but yet they stand in the unenviable position of a target, at which both open fees and assumed friends level their projectiles. Is this just? When we can travel free by rail and boat, or ride like hags of old on nimble broomsticks, everywhere; when food is free and we are clad in eternal and unfading garments, then will we freely leave home and home attractions, and alone among strangers, freely as we have received even so freely give: but as spiritual truths need external expression, they cannot be received until those who look for them as freely give as they wish largely to receive.

It is the right of every person to be paid for the good they do, material or spiritual. Shall we have a race of pious men dicants, as in the church, for mediums? It is not gifts but compensation that creates manhood and womanhood. Do good angels control mediums, they will not communicate through channels choked by avarice; and, if the bad approach the dearer their effusions the better. Where avarice is, love and truth cannot come. Let extertioners and jobbers meet of wathur in the squizzi'em." "Well, Michael, we'll be afthe the castigation they need, but let us know who they are, that we may aid good souls to liberalize them; and let us speak carefully of those we know not, and remember, in the beautiful words of Sister Hardinge, that "The world is paved and covered thick with human hearts, and we should step warily and carefully over them." A MEDIUM.

MESSAGES FROM JOHN Q. ADAMS.

We understand that Dr. Gardner, who recently sailed for Europe, carried with him a superbly bound volume of this work, as a present from Mr. Brigham, the proprietor of it, to the Emperor of France, Louis Napoleon. It was bound in orimson morocco, magnificently git. It will be recollected that the seventh message in it is almost entirely devoted to his uncle, the Great Napoleon, whom the spirit of J. Q. Adams compares to Washington, and a long interview is related between Napoleon and Mr. Adams, in which Napoleon explains the motives that actuated him throughout the first part of young ladies officiated as bridesmaids, and were robed in his career, which he states to be the welfare of France, and of the world at large. He states that at that time he has no and scarfs of the same, blue crepe bonnets trimmed with doubt he acted under spiritual influence, and from spiritual moss-roses and forget-me-nots. impressions of the most elevated kind, and was protected by them, and led on to victory; and that, had he always adhere to their counsel, and auffered himself to be guided by them he would not have afterwards suffered those reverses which led to his downfall, but have proved himself thoughout as one of the greatest benefactors that ever blessed mankind. This part of the volume is thrillingly interesting, and together with all the other parts of it, will well reward the perusal of it. There is no doubt that the book will meet with a very cordial and flattering reception from the Emperor and with his present favorable feelings towards Spiritualism may be the means of giving to it his official endorsement and aid in a powerful manner its future progress both in France and throughout Europe. Should such be the case, it may be truly set down as a Providential interposition in behalf of this great and hely cause.

THE DRAMA.

The Boston Theatre has been reopened this week, with the splendid spectacle of Faust and Marguerite. It is intended to be the most superb play ever brought out in America, and neither talent nor expense have been spared on it. Mephis. tanhiles the davil is performed by E. L. Davenport, Faust the printer, by Edwin Adams, and Marguerite, by Mrs. E. L.

The American Cousin, (which the Evening Gazette is quite bitter over, and calls many hard names,) has been performing nt the Museum the past week, to crowded houses. Lord Dundreary had a benefit on Wednesday, and Florence Tren chard on Friday.

The National Theatre is open, and Misses Helen and Lucille ation." a new farce by Thomas William Clarke, Esq. city, will be brought out on Saturday evening next.

this week-with a splendid programme for each entertain-

The Busy Morld.

THE CONTENTS of this number of the BANNER are, as usual, entertaining and instructive. We shall publish several well-written original stories

complete in our next issue. The Sickles trial commenced at Washington on Monday,

On our sixth page is a letter from Dr. Wellington, which we commend to the particular attention of our readers.

What has become of the sixty pages of closely written MSS. which Randolph promised to put in print, of delinquent mediums? Why do n't the Harvard College Investigating Committee secure the said manuscripts, in order that the said names may be tacked on to their "forthcoming report?" The Courier of course will secure the copyright!

We recommend our spiritual friends, traveling in tha vicinity, to patronize the Howard House, by Moses Collins, Middlesex street, (near Northern Depot.) Lowell, Mass. From personal knowledge we speak, and guaranty that the attention he has given us will be bestowed on others with equal prompiness.

Sir Thomas Brown defines sleep to be death's younger brother, and says, "so like him that I never dare to trust myself with him without saying my prayers."

At Rome, N. Y., a young man named Edwin Bowman, son of Alexander Bowman, committed suicide a few days ago cause, insanity produced by religious excitement.

CONVICTION OF DR. DAVID R. BROWN.-The second trial of Dr. David R. Brown, on a charge of procuring an abortion on Miss Susan Aroline Webster, and thereby causing her death which has occupied the attention of the Municipal Court for the past two weeks, was brought to a close on the 2d inst. The jury, after being out about five hours, returned a verdict of guilty on the first count, which alleges the procurement of abortion by means of instruments; and not guilty on the second count, alleging the manslaughter. The punishment for the crime, of which Dr. Brown now stands convicted is imprisonment in the State Prison for a term not exceeding twenty years and not less than seven.

The stockholders of the Somerville Horse Railroad Com pany, at a meeting on the 2d inst., elected T. J. Leland Enoch Robinson, George O. Brastow, Chandler Waugh, and Gardner T. Bing, a Board of Directors for the ensuing year. At a meeting of the new Board, T. J. Leland was chosen president, Isaac T. Shepard clerk, and William E. Robinson treasurer. The road is reported to be in a prosperous con-

Women are like horses; the gayer the harness they have on, the better they feel. (We got this from an old bachelor who was early crossed in love.)

will be thoroughly explained, and amply illustrated with en- they would stop its ticking, and it immediately ceased; if graved examples and exercises, procured especially for the they would cause it to tick again, and it again commenced; purpose. These lessons will be much more simplified, and if they would cause it to strike one hundred times, and it of course more easily comprehended than those given in any commenced striking and continued until the required numof the manuals of the system; and coming but twice a month, ber was struck, during which time the winding of the clock

He said the genius was the creator-the inspired; but the the art can be learned without any great tax on the time of the pupil. The expense, too, of a subscription to the "Type." will be but a triffe compared with what a teacher would charge for the same course. Besides this, the "Type" will contain a wast amount of educational and miscellaneous reading of a special and progressive character. The larger pertion of the educational matter will be in the common spell-"Type" contains much more reading matter than any other educational periodical published. It is published by Longley

It is always to be understood that a lady takes all you detract from the rest of her sex, to be a gift to her.

The "Chicago Home School Journal" is an interesting paper, devoted to the cause of education, temperance, and moral reform. It is printed in octave form, and is worthy the attention of the literary world.

The deepest religious feeling makes the least noise, but its principle and action are steadfast and intense.

A pleasant illustration of the power of the imagination is cen in a charming little poem by Mrs. Stowe, recently published in the Independent. She, as many others have done. ascribe the "frescoes of the houses," in a villa near Rome, to Raphael, and detects in them "the chastening influence of Christian Art!" The fact is that these frescoes are imitations of Pompellan frescoes in the Museum at Naples, and Raphael is innocent of any knowledge of them whatever!-Transcript.

The Haverhill "Tri-weekly Publisher," one of our most agreeably-welcome exchange papers, gives us the following item concerning a liberal preacher in that town:-

"We learn that Roy. Mr. Hassall has been presented, in ddition to the donation from his friends the other evening, a sum of money amounting to about fifty dollars. This must be to him a most gratifying testimonial; for one's friends will generally part with anything rather than their money."

The Gazetto says it is dangerous to sleep in the same town with the proprietor of a perpetual frown.

A portion of the Cochituate water pipes have been on an extensive burst.

We have Mr. Frothingham's Post Office Quarterly Director. It is a very useful publication. The loss by the burning on Saturday of the Suffolk Flour

Mills and contents, situate on Eastern Avenue, was very heavy-mostly covered by insurance, however, "Biddy, my darlint, be mighty careful of the Cochituate: there's been a crack, and putty soon there went be a dhrap

dhrinking tay when that happens." A new hall in West Cambridge has been dedicated to the use of the new division of Sons of Temperance.

FREE-the bridge between Malden and Charlestown. When men are sorely urged and pressed, they find a power in themselves which they never imagined to exist.

The news from Europe is warlike. We should not be sur prised to learn by the next steamer that hostilities had al-

ready commenced. The birthday of Thomas Jefferson was celebrated on the lst in Salem with much eclat. The oration was delivered by

Dr. G. B. Loring. The Cincinnati editors have been "cutting up" Fanny Kemble because she is fat. They were probably envious, on

account of their own-"lean" "forms." BLUE-BELLES .- At a recent wedding in England, fourteen blue tarletan dresses, with fringed blue glace silk over-skirts

LEGISLATIVE. - In the House, on Wednesday, 80th, the new personal liberty bill was rejected, by the following close vote:

Banner of Night.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

Publication Office. No. 5 Great Jones Street.

An Old Spiritualist-No. 6.

In the last letter we gave Phoenix's views of the manifes tations given by the Davenport boys. He also saw the manifestations by the Koons family, many of which he believes to have been tricks; some, however, were doubtless genuine. and entirely beyond the control of the mediums themselves. It is his opinion that but few mediums, who are enabled to exhibit physical manifestations, are sufficiently well balanced in mind to withstand the temptation to deceive. They may commence as mediums with the most determined honesty of purpose, but they cannot long avoid being pleased with the surprise of those who attend their seances, and when the manifestations do not occur, this desire to please strongly tempts them to attempt an imitation of what has before or curred without their assistant.

In our last we promised to give an account of the manistations through Miss Brooks, of Buffalo. Phonix states that he has spent many evenings with this modium, and that the manifestations were extremely satisfactory. They are thus conducted: The plane, with that portion of the cover-Weston are playing out a successful engagement. "Bother- ing immediately over the key-board lifted and turned back. escape of sound, was turned with the keys toward the fire-Mrs. Macready gives readings at the Howard three nights place and run under the mantel shelf. The medium then stood behind the plane with her hand upon the cover. All ersons present were seated in a circle, near the medium, and the light was then extinguished. The planeforte immediately commenced playing, and frequently in such a manner as could not be imitated by any planist seated in the usual manner before the instrument. The volume of sound given out was greater than a half dozen such planes would have ordinarially produced. The music was original, and frequently of a descriptive kind. On one occasion Phoenix was accompanied by a lady who had recently lost a son on board a steamer engaged in the Mexican war. The plane not only imitated the creaking of the ship, in a heavy sea, but also distinctly described the movement of the engine, and so perfeetly that any one accustomed to the sound of the exhaust valve and different parts of the engine could recognize, if it were in order and performing its functions properly. Upon auddenly opening the door and admitting the light unexpectedly upon the medium, she was found standing behind the plane with her hand quietly upon the cover, and she in a state of semi-trance. On closing the door the piano again commenced to play, and not only in the usual manner of a hammer striking the strings, but at the same time as if many hands, highly skilled, were manipulating the strings harpjashion, producing volumes of sound far exceeding in quantity the ordinary results of planoforte playing. The spirit controlling claimed to be that of Freide, a composer of some eminence, and who died in the time of Boethoven. These performances were witnessed frequently during four separate visits to Buffalo, and every opportunity was given to Phonix to investigate them thoroughly. Notwithstanding his examingtions of the instrument and its surroundings, he could not help suspecting some deception which had cluded his vigilance, and he therefore asked if Miss Brooks would accompany him on some evening, to be appointed by himself, to a house which she had never visited, and there endeavor to produce the same manifestations. This was cheerfully agreed to, and, with the assistance of his friend, Mr. C., a resident of Buttalo. he was enabled to make this emperiment most fully. A company of friends were assembled in the parlor of Mr. C.'s house, (second story, front room). The plane was turned with keys toward the wall, and one person scated at each end of the piano so as to detect the medium, should she attement to pass her hand over to the keys or under the cover to the end of the plane to the strings. Phonix, with a friend, went with a carriage for Miss Brooks. Before her arrival all the lights in this room were extinguished. The night was very dark, and when she left the carriage to enter the house. she did not know whose house she was entering, as she had never been there before. She was led up the stairs, into this darkened room, to the rear end, immediately opposite the centre of the plane, and her hand placed upon the cover. In a few moments the playing commenced, and of a kind far superior and of an entirely different character from that which had been heard on former occasions at the medium's nouse. This continued for an hour, during which time, at intervals, the gas was suddenly turned on and lighted without notice to the medium; and in every case she was found standing as at first, in the rear of the plane. On one occa-The "Type of the Times," during the volume for 1850, will sion, at Miss Brooks's residence, when the key-board of the contain a course of easy lessons in Phonetic shorthand. They plane was run under the mantel shelf, an ordinary house will be written in a familiar, colloquial style; every principle clock was upon this mantel. Phænix asked the spirits if

that the spirit of mun existed previous to his birth; yet, if it were created by Deity from nothingness, it must of necessity return to nothingness, and that which had a beginning will surely have an end.

If we are to tell in what form spirit always existed, we are to be possessed of infinite power. We know that life can nover dje, and that spirit is self-existent. If the soul of man exists beyond the material physical form, spirit must be with it, and occupy a like relation to what it occupied here; and where there is soul there is spirit, and where there is spirit

Some interested gentleman proposed that, if the utterances of the speaker were spirit utterances, they should on next Wednesday evening choose their own subject, when some nonest, mighty spirit, should speak on something which, percaps, we poor mortals never thought of. The spirits with promptness replied, that such a subject doubtless would be exceedingly interesting, if the audience were capacitated to inderstand what they never thought of. Some questions were asked, some answers given, and Pythagoras's idea of ransmutation alluded to, when, with an appropriate blessing rom the speaker, the lecture closed.

Munson's Establishment.

Our friend S. T. Munson, has quite a prominent place in the city, where first of all may be found every Tuesday morn ing the BANNER OF LIGHT. No stranger, either from the Bouth or West, who is at all interested in the philosophy of Spiritualism, comes into New York, but what he soon finds his way to this establishme spiritual papers, books, etc. If he desires to communicate with his spirit friends, he has but to step into a room apart from the business department provided for the purpose, with the excellent lady, Mrs. Hayden, as a medium. Mr. Munson is quite prompt in providing his customers with the latest and best works upon Spiritualism; and, whenever a lecture s delivered anything above the common run, it may be found at an early date for sale on his counter: and to those of our friends who find there way from the country into this crowded metropolis, if they desire any information, reading matter etc., connected with the philosophy of Spiritualism, we direct them to No. 5 Great Jones street.

Judge Edmonds's Tribune Articles.

Our friends are on the qui vive for the articles of Judge Edmonds in the weekly Tribune. The Judge is sparing no pains to enable him to lay before the large class of Tribune readers a clear and concise history of his experiences, and the results of his investigations in Spiritualism. We wish him all success, and doubt not his efforts will be appreciated. the Boston Courier notwithstanding. Much is due to the proprietors of the Tribune for their generosity.

LIZZIE DOTEN AT THE MELODEON. Sunday Evening, March 27th, 1859.

The subject for discourse was "Womens' Mission to We

not a similar attraction of woman to woran, and what causes hinder sister drawing towards sister in love and sympathy to the exaltation of the whole sex. We would ask you what is the condition of woman? To obey, you say: that is her penalty and doom, for she was the first sinner, and angels, for the first time wept over her primary transgression, and over the fitte of the human family which her disobedience compromised. But she is declared to become the Saviour, in her instrumentality, at last, and for that end she must not only exalt her own nature and position, but these of her whole sex before that time will come. She must lay her if whole sex before that time will come. She must lay her whole soul open to her sister to the end that wisdom may grow up between woman and woman, and the two must labor, and bring their hearts and actions so closely up to the proper and faithful performance of the duty of reform—so grow in the practices of sympathy and love and improvement that, when God reveals his work in his day and appointed time, stray may be prepared for it, and women, as a sex, be found ready to fulfill his purposes.

Woman is the nucleus of home enjoyment—the proper parent of whatever descends to posterity of good or o'll in the human race, in one sense. As she is the origin of all beings her perfect or imperfect organism and management apeaks in the happiness or misery of the future. She educates the child before it knows what life is. She stamps, by her nature, the embryo which is to be made active for good or o'll hereafter. She must, then, act in accordance with the mission assigned to her, and by proper treatment of hereafter had before the proper to the first the restriction of the proper to the proper of the content of the proper of the content of the proper of the proper of the proper of the content of the proper of the proper of the proper of the content of the proper of the proper of the content of the proper of the proper of

was the tuning of the plane, oven while the playing was going on, so that always when the playing essent the playing was found to be in perfect tune. One ovening Phenia Proposed that a second clock should be berowed somewhere in the neighborhood, which was done; and, on request, the licking and striking of these clocks were alternately arrested and resumed. Mits Brooks was sometimes partially and wholly entranced, as well as several other members of the circle, when singing and conversation in what claimed to be an Indian tongue occurred, and sometimes, by request, accompanied by translations. Phenix has no doubt of the genulaness of the manifestations; then the Science of Spiritualism, as explained by the spirits themselves; next its Philosophy and lastly, its Religion, or its religious tendency.

By way of a little change in our routine, we strolled into Clinton Hall, to listen to the "wisdom of the angels" through litrs. Hatch. According to the custom at these meetings, a committee of three was chosen to select a subject. After quite a lengthy deliberation, they offered the following question, or subject: "If the spirit of man has always existed, in what form has it existed, and what relation will it, or does it, hold to the soul?" We have quite frequently heard metaphysical questions propounded, quite frequently heard metaph back—how many millions be saved from contamination and ruin? Oh, women! you are not women when you shut up your hearts from sympathy with your sisters! You ought to make it a duty to turn back to your experience and show by it to younger women the way in which they should go in safety, or to reformation of life. Men go out and mix their interests and feelings and sympathies with men; women sit down at homo—confined, it may be, to household cares and family partialities—proceeds on her tollsome round of duties by the ilroside—nover allowing her heart to flow out to any but her companion in life. Man sympathises with all outside and inside; woman keeps all her better feelings at homo; her soul does not flow out to her sister's as man's does to his fellow man.

where there is soult there is spirit, and where there is spirit, there is life. In nature there is no such thing as death; what is denominated death is all classed under the head of change.

What can woman do for woman as a wife? She can use her experience in speaking words of wisdom and worth to her sister is no life beyond, if the soul is not to be an identity, if it is not to rotain the wealth of thought, delved by observation from the depth of human existence, if such is to be, there is a great contradiction in all things about us, and creation to all eyes must be a vastly useless work. But if, on the contrary, man goes on in progression, and still derives the benefit of those things gained in a long earthly pligrimage, all is beautiful to the comprehension. But these things are speculative. When we speak of spirit, we can tell you that in all material bedies you can perceive evidences of the presence of life. Spirit is life, spirit is an undefinable essence portion of life. Spirit is life, spirit is an undefinable essence portion of life. Spirit is life, spirit is an undefinable essence portion of life. Spirit is life, spirit is an undefinable essence portion of life. Spirit is life, spirit is an undefinable essence portion of life. Spirit is life, spirit is an undefinable essence portion of life. Spirit is life, spirit is an undefinable essence portion of life. Spirit is life, spirit is an undefinable essence portion of life. Spirit is life, spirit is an undefinable essence portion of life. Spirit is life, spirit is an undefinable essence portion of life, spirit i What can woman do for woman as a wife? She can uso through your body, then you may say spirit will live beyond the grave as a living identity. Now we cannot give the slightest proof of a life hereafter, if it be true, as theologians say, that spirit was created; but if it has always existed, if it were always superior to matter, if always above and beyond if, then it is fair to suppose it will always exist above and outside of matter, and as an identified spirit, according to that identity gained by it in the form. Identity once attained can never be lost.

Thus went on the lecture, a little too sublime for our comprehension, although it contained many new and exalted ideas, as well as many truths.

Some interested gentleman proposed that if the uttorances it is supposed to the province of the more in reality. Show them, then, that dress, and morely external accomplishments, and pomp, and pride, are not what constitutes a fine lady, who is also a true woman, but that it is to make man a true companion, and your own sex a safe monitor and pattern in all good things. Teach your servants that they will have to live and be lappy in proportion as they cultivate and inverse only and the interest of live and be liappy in proportion as they cultivate and have assigned to you the crown of a true woman. The Bridgets and Ellens of the world, as well as you, have something to do for their own natures, and should be made to understand the power in your own better nature; for if your woman's true vocation to exert its influence upon the your woman's true vocation to exert its influence upon the your woman's true vocation to exert its influence upon the province of the world, as well as many truths. tiose so situated. If your sisters look up to you with respect, they will not be slow, in their intuitive judgment, in taking up your example, practice and value it. Oh, the good wives they will not be slow, in their intuitive Judgment, in taking up your example, practice and value it. Oh, the good wives and housekeepers! How widely and happily extended is their influence! If the dead could speak in every house in the city, they would speak in rapturous words of the noble influence of good wives and housekeepers! They would laud their beautiful and beneficent example, and prophesy of the great good it would exert in the future. Bridgets and Ellens have risen into great power and influence, through the robbe have risen into great power and influence—through the noble examples set by those above them in the ranks of society.

examples set by those above them in the ranks of society.

Woman's influence as the mother of daughters, is great indeed, in training them up to usefulness, and a proper knowledge of their responsibilities among the great human family—for the salvation or the damnation—to use a common expression—of the human soul. We use strong terms; but we do so because we know and feel that the mother's influence descended to the daughters for good or for evil, and, as it may operate, makes itself that of angels or devils. A mother's characteristics are indelibly stamped on the daughter, and she will become wife or mother just as she has been nurtured or taught. She may be made accomplished—we take no exceptions to that; but deep down in her nature must be laid a better, safer and surer foundation of merit. Her character will be brighter or darker as she is faught to make it. An will be brighter or darker as she is taught to make it. An will be brighter or darker as she is taught to make it. An innate love for what is hely and good will prove her highest accomplishment. Having that, she will go out to the world with a richer portion than if she were peerless in other and more evanescent accomplishments—the owner of a true and faithful heart. Mon! would you not receive and cherish such a glit far beyond whatever clas fortune might offer you? Would you not love and cherish it above all things? Yes, every noble hearted man will say, "Give me, of all things a very noble hearted man will say, "Give me, of all things a noble and affectionate wife; one trained in the school of virtue; one who shall conduct herself toward me so that my whole life shall be hallowed—sanctified!"

tue; one who shall conduct herself toward me so that my whole life shall be hallowed—sanctified!"

Mothers! you are training your daughters, or have trained them, for the world. Have you so brought them up that their sole ambitten is to hook some one into matrimony by the use of the bait of mere empty, heartiess accomplishments? If so, you have done all you could to make them miserable; and what is much worse, and greatly to be deplored, they will reflect your teachings on their children in turn, and that misery will be lamentably perpetuated. How very different it is in the case of good example: it always keeps its sunshiny course in social life, as many beautiful illustrations have and will yet prove. We might bring up many evidences of goodness in woman to show how glorious it is, und how full of future benefit. Miss Dix, Elizabeth Fry, and Florence Nightingale, oh, how much have they not done to exalt their sex! How dear to humanity, to memory, are they all! how brilliant and how noble is their example! How blessed was Miss Nightingale to the eye of the dying soldier, as sho sat by his side while his life was ebbing out, and spoke of his home, of his wife and little ones, and touched and humanized, and then stamped on his rough heart, and with soothing influence, the thoughts that should linger round the verge of eternity! Woman, in her case, and in that of each of the others, has exalted her sex, and taught woman what she may become. How glorious and good, by the sacrifice of selitshness and pride, and by the exercise of mercy, the soul of true religion, do they stand up in the memory of their mighty work! Nor do women of common in goodness hold a much lower niche in the temple of human pries. The character of Mary Woare, in its simplicity of goodness and worth, will over stand forth a bright pattern to The subject for discourse was "Womens' mission to women."

What can women do for women? is an important query. What is womens' mission to women? Her mission to man has been spoken of again and again, and is in degree well understood; but her missionary duty towards her own sex is a matter which has been neglected by her, and has never been properly considered or understood by her. Woman turns to man, with a natural expression of sympathy and love. It is a part of her very being to do so—an element in her nature and constitution—proceeding from a magnetic affinity drawing her towards him. You smile when we speak of this magnetic attraction, and wonder why there is not a similar attraction of woman to woman, and what causes hinder slater drawing towards sister in love and sympathy to the exaltation of the whole sex. We would ask you what is the condition of woman? To obey, you say: that is her pennity and doom, for she was the first sinuer, and angels, for the first time wept over her primary transgression, and over the fact of the human family which her disobedience compromised. But she is declared to become the Saviour, in her instrumentality, at last, and for that end she must not only exalt her own nature and position, but these of her whole sex before that time will come. She must lay her whole sex before that time will come. She must lay her whole sex before that time will come. She must lay her whole sex before that time will come. She must lay her whole sex before that time will come. She must lay her whole sex before that time will come. She must lay her whole sex before that time will come. She must lay her whole sex before that time will come. She must lay her whole sex before that time will come. She must lay her whole sex before that time will come. She must lay her whole sex before that time will come the saviour, in the restrict of the conditions of closely up to the proper and faithful performance of the duty of reform—so grow in the practices of sympathy and love and improvement that, the sound a mination henceforth to cultivate their higher natures. When these spirit influences come down upon women—when they are found by those who carnestly seek them—what may they not be brought to do for their kind, and their sex in particular? Look into your churches, and you will always find more women than men hanging on the words of the man—the centre performer there—for religious feeling, as well as imperfection, is largely developed in woman's nature. But go into your own spiritual meetings, and see how men preponderate, and how they will accept the words of women, which their sisters will refuse to listen to.

Man has a large and generous heart, and will receive instruction from woman that he cannot and will not receive from man, because of her receptive, affectional nature; but woman will not. When woman takes this nature and speaks out of it, she tells what her own sex may become, which men,

or evil hereafter. She must, then, act in accordance with the mission assigned to her, and by proper treatment of hereafter she must, wisely count her steps from earth up to Dolly. She must not study that she alone does so, but care also that her sister woman does so as well; and when she contrives to do all she may for herself and her sex, she is fitting herself for their mutual mission.

There is, as is well known, a predominance of intellect in man; but woman, by intuition, (and rarely by any process of deep consideration) catches at truth on the instant. When with improved nature she stands, with her sisters, in a grand phalaux something higher in her character will be developed. Their unity will be their strength and the harmony and power of their reformative action. What is the quality of

sympathy of their own sex? Faw indeed i few indeed! But we know of many instances in which men have hindered these outcasts from society—secretly prevented their continusacion it—and by good advice, and ready pecuniary help, have brought tests to eyes long unused to virtuous grief, and awakened hearts to the enormity of a course of life which leads its follower deeper than the grave. Why will not women give speech and comfort to such as these! Why will not women give speech and comfort to such as these! Why will not refuse to sweeten the gail which embitters a sister's life and heart? It is not conventionally which hinders her from doing so; it is the lack of knowledge of the duty which belongs to woman—the absence of that chaffly that ought to reign in her heart, and which so effectually serves to provent the exhibition of her sex. True, there are noble women who go forth to administer kindness, and to do good, but their number should be larger. It is a woman who can best know woman's yearning for sympathy, and whe can best impart the baim of comfort—best lend the helping hand to humanity; and until she does so she has not performed the duty due to herself and her nature as it bught to be. When it is otherwise with her woman may rely on it that reward will follow. They will save those who in turn will become the saviers of others; for who are more effectual theor in placing their sisterhood beyond the reach, or above the risk, of the evils from which they themselives had been plucked as brands out of the burnling? Woman has indeed and truly a mission, if she would hey themselves had been plucked as brands out of the burn-ng? Woman has indeed and truly a mission, if she would only have confidence in herself and in her power to exercise t, repudiating all pride and conventionality. She has exam-ple, oncouragement, salvation in her hands, and we pray that food may give her grace, courage and determination to use them for her own exaltation and that of others.

After stating that, on some future opportunity, the operatng influences would seek a medium to speak of the laws of Marriage (not free love and affinity,) and of Divorce, the medium announced that any questions put would be answered in such measure as the spiritual influences were enabled, and invited a test of their genuineness. Now was the time to expose the trance mediums, as had been attempted with the rapping ones, to let the public see that they are deceivers, and that they should no longer be trusted.

A gentleman present said, "I heard an intelligent man say that the spiritual communications were balderdash?" Is it so?

say that the spiritual communications were balderdash?" Is it so?

The reply made was, "Let your own hearts answer the charge and the question; let your own souls rell you whether the spiritual communications given you by trance-mediums are balderdash, or otherwise. If you say so, then all the teachings of Christianity, since the days of Jesus of Nazarch, come under the same suspicion. You know and feel this in your own hearts. You are men and women in your natures, and you can answer for yourselves. Many trance-mediums may come up, and appear under disadvantage to some, but this is to be no impeachment of their truth; it only shows the imperfection of the control the spirits has over them, and on that score we can detend them. Let each, nevertheless, teach according to what amount of faith is in him or her. Let them go on with the A B C until they improve—for all must learn; they must creep before they walk. To such mediums we say: Faith nor-hall not-be earnest in the cause; there is truth in this thing. According to your natures you will be useful, and if you prove not to be so, retire from the office your own imperfection will descerate.

Another inquiry was made to the following purport: If Christianity, as commonly taught, has proved insufficient in giving enlightenment to mankind, in what respect is Spiritualism superior to it? The reply was substantially that the teachings of Jesus were Spiritualism itself, and timt conformity to the rules laid down by him being no practical result of a profession of Christianity, as generally recognized among men, the true spiritual principle of strict conformity to his laws, and those of our better natures, was in these respects preferable and more potent for good.

o his laws, and those of our better natures, was in these espects preferable and more potent for good.

Recurring to the former question, the medium described n novel and graphic terms the process of becoming imbued with spiritual influence, so as to be qualified to become a nedium; but imperfect notes will not permit anything like a literal report of this description. It was principally confined to the physical realization and operation of the spiritual influence, and constituted a wonderful item of demonstrative speech. A concentration of thought was prescribed as the primary rule of proceeding—a passiveness to all exernal inluences—the retirement of the soul within itself, and the consequent opening of the spiritual eyes upon a light first lawning, and finally brightening upon the uninsulated brain, bringing with its effulgence the power of spiritual sight and

A very large audience was present on the occasion, and amidst it we noticed some of the more eminent among the spiritual skeptics in the city—one or two of whom expressed wonders at the mental power which enabled the medium to speak, as they believed she had done, independently of any ther than human assistance.

E. S. WHEELER AT THE MELODEON. Sunday Afternoon, April 3d, 1859.

Before the lecturer arose, a committee-Messrs. Wetherbee, Gould and Dillingham-was appointed to bring in a subject for a poem, to be improvised by Mr. W., at the close of his ecture. After the choir had sung, Mr. Wheeler arose, and sald:

The mind of the poet regulates the king's affairs. Loving nature made all things in pairs. The power of genius is the secret of receptivity. Genius and receptivity are the life of the inspired soul. We are to speak to-day of the "selfhood of genius." In genius one never loves his selfhood—his inof genius." In genius one never loves his selfhood—his integrity as a man or woman. We are to say to you that submission to the higher is selfhood, and no individuality is sacrificed or lost by a submission to the higher. When we look around on the world, we recognize how small, how finite are we curselves. It is the fault of to-day, this assertion of a bold individuality—an unwillingness to be mingled in the infinite soul of things, or to acknowledge such a mingline. We assume that no man creates; no man destroys—and that all genius and inspiration is real individuality. We assert the selfhood of genius—the individuality of submission to higher control; for genius is only another term for susceptibility—a greater degree of development, if we may use a word so much abused. Genius is but reaching forth higher. Receptability makes men and women scholars, poets or painters. We claim

abused. Genius is but reaching forth higher. Receptability makes men and women scholars, posts or painters. We claim all poets, all painters, all sculptors have acted by impression, not alone controlled by the hand of divine intuition, but being influenced to appreciate and feel the subtle essence that flows through mind to mind.

We would fain open to you the dignity of that office by virtuo of which men and women receive thoughts from the higher spheres, and give them to their fellows. It is not an accidental fungus growth, but the normal growth of manhoud and womanhood—the higher development of the human soul. Do you tell us that mediums are exceptions—that they do not exist in the mass of mankind? We deny it, and appeal to your own soul to know of that which clings so closely to your-selves and binds your life to the divine worlds of spirit existence. We charge you be less of the eye, and more of the heart; less of the external, and more of the higher. It has been the greatest obstacle in the way of man's spiritual growth—the thought that in man's individuality lay his highest honors. We claim individual development as the unfolding of genius—for the knowledge of humanity is in every man, however lofty or lowly their condition.

This thought of individuality is a correct one, to a certain extent; but it is overdone. You imagine yourselves creators and masters; and here is the rock on which you self, the

This thought of individuality is a correct one, to a certain extent; but it is overdone. You imagine yourselves creators and masters; and here is the rock on which you split. The truth is, men struggle downward to dismal hopes and endless nights. The natural condition of men and women is to stand external to the spirit-world, but in rapport with it. Are you less an individual here, think you? I tell you no, for your consciousness is enkindled an hundred fold, the interesting the ground and you was the harmony of duct while ior sense is opened, and you see the harmony of God; while, refere, all the world was discord, and you found the heavenly

before, all the world was discord, and you found the heavenly unsung.

We would have those of you who appreciate this gift, become dignified in your office. Look not on men and women as deprayed; lay not off the garment of humility which always clothes true men and women; and the angels can come to you, through your receptivity, and sing to you and through you the music of the heavenly spheres. Man shall never, by so doing, abrogate one lota of his manhood or individuality. It becomes man in all times, to acknowledge God; in every flower, to recognize his smile; and in every mishap to see so doing, abrogate one lota of his manhood or individuality. It becomes man in all times, to acknowledge God; in every flower, to recognize his smile; and in every mishap, to see his overruling power of goodness. Our life to-day is nobler than the life become, and a prophecy of the life to come. The lower are as divine as the higher. All things are divine. Why have we not flung ourselves trustingly into the arms of God—which the stole calls "fate" and "destiny"—to rest in harmonious activity? God calls his children towards himself. Shall we not necept his call, and follow him? The doctrine of individuality has been proved; but the blending of our individuality in the boson of Delty is newer to man. In individuality we serve ourselves; but we must forget our selves before we can be part of the infinite. We must outgrow ourselves ore we are absorbed in infinity.

Read the past, and you will find that to-day is not so widely different from yesterday, and the coming day is only another link in time's chain, which we follow till we bridge eternity. Well spoke Jesus, when he said, they who would not forsake father and mother for his sake, were not of his kingdom. Let us seek no plan of salvation, no scheme of eternity, but be true to our higher convictions of duty and right. Then we shall no longer worship individuality—only God; and though the world calls you frantic, and epithets you hereties, 't is well; for what tood does is best, spite of pour man's assertion. You vibrate in your souls the music of the spheres, and your mediumistic selfhood fosters rather than abnormalizes the flacet feelings of your divinity. It is our duty to hold commune with, and enter the spirit spheres, in full stature.

duty to hold commune with, and enter the spirit spheres, in

duty to hold commune with, and enter the spirit spirits of the stature.

All men are cloquent when they speak their own thoughts —cloquent with burning inspiration. We urge all who invo a consclouences of this genius, to stand up in their might, and claiming sympathy with the prophets and poets of old, breathe forth their music, and let it fall into receptive hearts where it will; and the divine self hood of maskind will blend in a harmony unfeit by the world before.

Your world is ju its youth; your infancy has been passed, Asia drank the blood of its boyhood; but now its destiny leads it up—higher and higher still the soul shall son; till heaven and earth shall kiss each other, and justice and truth be wedded together. Then man, more pure than over before can

ded together. Then man, more pure than ever before case pray to God, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done is heaven!"

The Committee reported the theme: "The mission of Peter to the Gentlies." The peem took the ground that we were all Peters, and the world all Gentlies, and charged us to be true to our mission as Peter was to his.

[Evening discourse next week.] ٠,٠

The Mlessenger.

Each artiols in this department of the Barren, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it hears, through Mrs. J. fl. Corant, Trance Medium. They are not published on account of literary nerit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their carth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous dea that they are more than friends beings.

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

Visitors Admitted,—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at HALF-PAST TWO; they are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until distance. to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

March 11—Samuel Crafts, Elias Smith, Patrick Murphy-Charloy Clark, Edwin, James Waldron. March 14—Nameless, William Lowis, Sarah J. Bargent,

George II. Chadbourne.
March 17—Clara Flauders, Thomas Bentley, Judson Hutch-

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

March 18—Timothy A. Cowdry, Emily Jano Carver, William Carter, Jack (a slave).

March 19—David Pearson, Polly Westcott, "Norxes."
March 21—Samuel Phillips, Frank Stevens, "Engineer,"
Rev. Dr. Emmons, Kirk Boott.

Myrch 22—Philip Barton Key, Daniel Clark, Timothy A. Wilkins, Mary Phillips.

March 23—Sam Quinn, Betsey Cook, Perley M. Kibbe, Thomas Bisby, Abagail Field.

March 24—John Rice (Portland), James Finlayter, Willie Vinton, Levi Woodbury, Willie Lewis, Anonymous.

March 26—James Adams (Lowell), Bridget Quinn, John Philbrick (Rye, N. II.), William Prescott, Joshua Heath.

March 28—George Weston (actor), Dr. Paris B. Brown, Aunt Rith, Jerusin Beck (Nowcastle Me.), Harvey Turner.

March 29—John King, Charles Willington Christian (England), William Wilson (sailor), Charley Young, To Visclo.

March 30—Nathaniel Norton (New Bedford) Bolomon Townsond (Providence), Robert Foster, Freddy (to Aunt Wells.)

March 21 Beter George (Mester), Levens Down Clare, Augent Clare

send (Providence), Robert Foster, Freddy (to Aunt Wells.)
March 31—Peter Goode (Boston), Lorenzo Dow, Clara Augusta Stevens (Cincinnati), Bill Poole (New York).

Henri Deiein.

The spirit gave us a mossage sometime since which was published in No. 22, Vol. 4. . It is this he alludes to as a

Ready? You speak as you do not know me. You disremember so soon? You can no see? You no see anybody? Well, you can no rennember me? You disremember blont Dejein? I come to tell you I very much obliged; my lotter go and mine wife read and I feels very happy—very much. I come to tell mine wife to go Now York city, and she go, but she no ready now—she go soon. Mine friend give the letter to mine wife. Charles Levant. He reads, Henri Dejein; he then knows that one, and then reads and carries to mine wife. My place sold; mine wife got mone; got all; me tell her go to New York city; her mother send letter to go; wants her to go; so I come here; you writes letter for me; mine friend gives letter to mine wife—that's all.

I see you when you write last time for me; I know the place where my body be; shove in like oven and brick up. Mine wife say Henri no likes the place; I carry him to New York. Now tell mine wife I no care; I reat very quiet, and no care for that now. She speuds all she gels to take me up, and I no want her to now.

no want her to now,
You gives my name? How soon? Next week? Then
mine wife wait to see what come. My wife American lady, ntine wife walt to see what come. My wife American lady, Say I will come semetime, when I talk better; I will give Say I will come sometime, when I talk better; I will give long letter; tell much about the place all round—that please my wife. Onn ne speak very good this time; do the best I can, that's all. They don't know as I could make you understand me all; but I likes to try when I first come here. Now I very oblige much to you, Monsieur. Bon jour, Monsieur.

Hans Valkendahl.

Hans Valkendahl.

Mine Got, vat a place! Vat be you all? I don't see you all. I vant you write long letter to mine vife. Vat you do vid all dese people? I vant you tell mine vife I come to dis place. Vat you vant? My name? Hans Valkendahl; I live in Hoboken. I vants to go home and talk to mine vife dere, I been in America seventeen years. I die mit de fever, in Hoboken; mit the fever all ever. I goes to mine vife and move the table. Dat's no your business; you writes my letter. I vants my frow let me come—mine vife like vat this frow be, a medium. I vas 44—two fours together, I sells clothing. My frow, mine vife, tells me come to dis place—mine vife reads your paper vat you send letters in. You vill say Hans die mit de faver, in Hoboken, twenty-nine day November, 1858.

Mine poy vats gone, writes letter to mine vife; tells mine vife come out there—you writes in mine letter, no go. Tells

vife come out there—you writes in mine letter, no go. Tells mine vife show mine letter to Yon Lantz mine parduer—very od to mine vife. You gets mine time ven I die mit de ver? I ge new mit a very good heart. March 8.

We have tried to preserve the very interesting broken English in which the two provious messages were given : but as we are not accustomed to such matters, we cannot say we have been entirely successful.

Louisa Taylor.

The simple recital which follows, from one of carth's outcasts, was touching in the extreme. The manner of the girl brought tears to many an oye, who will recognize the tale as they read it. The next communication received was from hor father.

I meant to come here, but now I don't know what to say, I was born in Genter street, New York. What year is it now? what month? Then I've been dead most a year. I died at the Tombs. I was put in there for stealing. They said I had consumption—I suppose I had. I've got a mother in New York, and a sister; and a brother in California. I was twentyone years old. My name was Louisa Taylor. We used to have raps and tips down there. What's the name of your paper? I've read it. Used to get a piece of it when we could,

have raps and tips down there. What's the name of your paper? I've read it. Used to get a piece of it when we could, to read.

The last thought I had on earth was about coming here, and I tried hard toget here, too. I want to talk to my mother. Oh, she's a good woman; she aint like me; she lives there because she's obliged to. She was n't always poor, though we always have been since I was born. My father used to keep store in Broadway; he falled in his business, lost everything he had, and he gave up and died. I was too young to remember him. Mother says he died soon after we moved to Center street; she could stand it, but he could n't. My sister and brother do n't go to see mother—both descrited her because she would keep me at home, and I would steal. I'm glad I did steal; what's the use; when you can't get anythingly begging, and no work, you may as well steal.

The first thing I stele was a loaf of bread—the next thing a pair of shoes, and the next a piece of cloth. Do you want to know what I'm here for te-day? Perhaps if Charles knows I'm dead, he'll do something for mether. No use for me to

I'm dead, he'll do something for mother. No use for me to

to know what I'm here for to-day? Perhaps it Charles knows I'm dead, hell do something for mother. No use for me to go to him, he would n't have anything to say to me; the last time I over saw him, he pushed me out of doors, and becahes mother would take me back, he left. He's got money new, and I wanted mother to let me write, and tell him she was poor, but she would n't, and then I wanted her to write and tell him I was dead; she would n't do that, so I'm going to write myself, now I'm dead.

I hate everybedy but my mother; nobody else was good to me. I do n't want any friends. I knew I could come here before I died—I was just as sure of it as that I am here now. I used to steal in New York, and go round and sell. I was buried in a pine coffin, in Potter's field. They carried me right by my mother's house—I saw it all—my mother never knew it till two or three days after; they took me right off. I want Charles to knew I'm dead; I shan't stand in his way any more, and I want him to take her—God knows I do n't care where. I was there to-day, and she was crying, and I said I'd come here if I had power, and I am here. My mother's name is Louisa, she supported herself by teaching music before she was married. She shan't stay where she is long. I believe I can de more here than I can there for her.

My grandfather—my mother's father—was a German—a composer of nusic. I never saw him; he died when my mother was young; he leavned her to teach music, and she went on after his death, till she was married.

My mother'll die soon, if sometody do n't go to help her. I should be clad, but if she is going to live, I want her to be

when my mother was young; he learned her to teach music, and she went on after his death, till she was married.

My mother'll die soon, if sometody do n't go to help her. I should be glad, but if she is going to live, I want her to be comfortable. I undertook to sell oranges through the street one day: How many do you suppose I sold?—four, and made a cent on each—that's a show to get a living! I tried to sew, once, but I got so mad overit, I could n't; I could n't suit anybody. My mother might have taught me snusic, but I had n't any plane, and if I'd stole enough to get it, and carried it there, people would say I stole it. I've seen my mother sick, with nothing to cat for three days but a bit of bread—and water, because I could n't beg—nor steal.

About two months before I was taken up, I undertook to heg of an old gentleman on the steps of the St. Nicholas.

What do you suppose he said to me? He said I looked like a fit inmate of the Tombs. I slapped him in the face, the old dovil. That's the way everybody treated me. I had no shoes one day, and I got coid. I've seen the time I broke up a chair to burn, when we had n't only a three-legged stool and a pline table in the room. Table! yes, it was a table! Who would n't steal? I used to be mad with myself when I came home and had not stole anything. Mother used to know it, and sho keed to pray. I said. "What's the use to pray? God don't had you came in the night before I died just how to come

har you or me mother."

1. I dreamed the night before I died just how to come herebyed just how the place would look, and it is just as I dreamed.

Once more, you till Charles I'm dead, and if he don't do Once more, you till Charles I'm dead, and if he don't do anything for mother, it is n't my fault. What do you suppose they put under my head in the coilin? Shavings; I felt mad, at them! Theylacver combed my hair. Oh, I wish there was a Satan herd! I'd make friends with him, if he would take hold of some of the people in New York.

I wonder if it's as bad to get away from here as it was to die? I don't care if it is; I aint afraid of anything now, Good bye.

March 8.

that now sit shronded in sack-cloth. Eighteen years in spirit-life have served to teach me a lesson of wisdom; and although I could not guide that child while she existed in a mortal form, yet my time has come now. Yes, by that gift—that princely been through which she first saw the glorious light cane streaming down from heaven—by that I shall lead her on higher—by that I shall lead her on bigher—by that I shall ald her in overy good work, and when she tells you of a love for all mankind, know you that the great Father of all things has given the material father power to guide his material child.

So then God works through many, many ways, his wonders o perform. Yet, who can understand him? Who compre-lends him? who fathometh his love? Not the augels even,

in the celestial spheres.

Our Father and our God, we will not forget to thank thee for thy many blessings; we will not forget to praise thee for this thy greatest of all gifts; and while we thank thee, oh, thou Spirit of Love, we will not ask thee to give us more, for we know thou art possessed of all wisdom, and whatever thy children need, that thou wilt bestow in the time of their need. So, oh, our Father, we will rest on thee—we will drink in the cooling waters of belief, for the heart needeth to walk in pleasant places. We ask thee for no more than we have received, but pruise thee for all we have received, and for all we shall receive in coming time.

March 8.

Charles L. Taylor. CHARLES L. TAYLOR.

David Moore.

Tisn't so easy to speak through a borrowed form as I thought it night be; but easy or hard, I'm here, and I suppose what I may say will be as acceptable to semebody—I don't mean anybody here, for all are strangers to me—as it would have been, had I come over so easy and graceful. The fact is, I sint in my own body, and I feel the difference about as sensibly as anybody need to. In the first place, things don't suit me. It is either I'm too small or too large, I don't know which, but I guess the inter coat will fit the best. Yes, I'm too large—that's it—I've got it.

Well, my stry is n't a very long one, and if I speak the truth, I may say I am not very sorry when I got through.

Name comes first, I suppose, and that was David Moore. I was born in Belfast, State of Maine; was born again in Kanosh, Michigan; well, I guess, stranger, it's spet that way. Suppose it's not necessary for me to go on and detail all that might have imppened during the afteen years I was on earth?

earth?
'Cording to my reckoning, I've been dead four years; my

Yes, you are ready for me, but I don't think I am ready for myself. I am only dead two months, and I'm afraid I shan't Yes, you are ready for me, but I don't think I am ready for myself. I am only dead two months, and I'm afraid I shan't do as well as I would if I had stayed away longer; but I promised my mother I'd come, and I couldn't be happy to stay away. My name was Lucy Wentworth. I lived in New York city. I was eighteen years old. First I had a fover, and next consumption. I died in Chambers street. I was an only child, My father died when I was young. I supported my incher by sowing, and teaching embroidery; my mother is sick—ne; she's not old—only forty-three. I don't know what I shall do for her; she has no one to look to, now I'm gone. I did n't feel so troubled for her till I took possession of your medium, but I feel so much as I did two days before I died, that I can searce speak. But I want you to foll her for me, that I shall be with her, and shall try to influence her friends in her favor. Tell her to go to the man I worked for last, and ask hint for aid. I will go with her, and ho won't refuse. She spent all I loft for my funeral expenses; I'm sorry she did, for now she has nothing, and no friends. And now she is so grieved at my loss, she is not fit for anything. I told her I would come as soon as I could, but I did n't think I should come in this way. Oh, tell her not to despond—not to nourn, for I know everything will work for her good. should come in this way. Oh, tell her not to despond—not to mourn, for I know everything will work for her good. Tell her she must remember now what she used to tell me when I used to get low-spirited. She used to say, "Be of good cheer, for there are better days in store for us." But now I see she only told me this to stimulate me to action. But I do see brighter days for her even while she is on earth, if she will only stand firm now. Oh, it is so hard to be poor, and dependant upon the cold charity of the world; but I'm gone to the cold charity of the world in the

The spirit here burst into tears, and sobbed violently fo some minutes. Finally controlling herself, she said :

some minutes. Finally controlling herself, she said:

There, I'm strong now, strong now! My mother's name is Lucinda Wentworth. She thinks of going to live with my uncle, her brother; he lives at Cloveland, Ohio. Tell her I shall never leave her until I see her in a place she can call home; tell her that overything is beautiful in the place I dwell, save that which is nearest to me; and that only is dark, because it partakes of the sorrows of earth. I think too much of my last days on earth, when she stood by me and said, "Wint shall I do when you are gone, and I am alone?" But tell her I am strong now, and have full faith in a Father who guideth all things, slithough I have not seen him. Tell her I shall help her—yea, I shall. It is all parted now—the last sigh is drawn—the last tear is shed; the clouds are beginning to be lined with silver, and I am sure I shall have strength to aid my mother if I have left her slight. Tell her if I have power, I shall send a medium to her, and tell her what to do. You will please tell her what day and what hour I come to you, and she won't wonder I control so poorly, when she considers what little time I have had to learn these things in.

Thermis Mediane.

Dennis Maloney.

The newsboy made quite a change in the performance rom sadness to merriment. He came with a loud shout which rather startled him and us.

from sadness to merriment. He came with a loud shout which rather startled him and us.

Hurrah! hurrah! I'vo got here. Oh, I forgot, mister; I forgot, oh, I'm lost, histor; I'm frightened myself; I'm in the wrong place! I started for Roston. Be, I, though, in Boston? Don't you know mo? I'm Denuis Maloney. I lived where the gal lived what's been talking. I'es been dead longer nor she. She's been crying because he's dead, I don't cry because I'm dead—hurrah! Oh, there again, I'm frightened. I got a mother. I want to talk to her. She lives down in 100 Centro St., New York—I lived there; she may have moved since that; I don't know, sir, I sold the news—sold the Times, the Bun, the Herald, the Ledger. I aint back there now, sir; I'm dead. If mother likes to hear from me, I'm up in heaven, where the folks sells their own papers and buys their own. Yes, sir; I aint been hungry since I been here. I want to tell mother how well off I am, I have two dollars and forty-eight cents, and I want you to tell mother that 's hers now. Wont you forget? Oh, I wouldn't be crying because I'm dead; that wouldn't be enough. Oh, mother is n't sick, and when I was sick she was always with me, to got porridge and things. She has a hard time now, but then there are less mouths to buy leaves for and taters. Oh, golly, this is a nice place,—golly, t is. Oh, I frightened all over, I feels like I did when I first went out to cry the news, I was scared to holler fear somebody would taters. On, goily, this is inceeding the second of the sec

Charles L. Taylor.

The very atmosphere is breathing forth the praises to the God of nature, for in his boundless revelation of love in has opened the door of his spiritual mansion, and bidden all to come in and be welcome. Yee, the rich and the poor, the high and the low. Mighty, indeed, is the veat through that is going into the Celestail City; and, as one after mother is winding his way from the haunts of sin to where progress beekons them onward, the very elements are chanting the praises of the Greater; for he remembereth his children even though they pass through the led Sea of affiletion—even though they pass through the led Sea of affiletion—even though they pass through the bedside of the dying sinner—he quietly consigns the split to cternal unhappiness. He narks, with a keen eye, the dark spots of sin that stand forth vividiy upon the soul, and he passes sentence, which is not of God—which cometh alone from the ovil begatten in the land. For the Great God of Nature, and the King, calleth upon all his; openeth-his arms to the erring child, that he may repose therein; that the sorrowing of earth may flup pace in the land where sin never cones, for his garments are fair in the spirit-world; he points the erring one to the heavenly city, and leads her up the pathway, until lost in God's love.

The cold sea of earth rises with an unholy vapor even to the spirit-land. Yes, its influence reaches even there, and not chough alone where souls are redeemed—where the smiles of the fither's here souls are redeemed—where the smiles of the fither's here are now to me, perhaps you will inform me what you are required of me? You may call me Captain James Davis. I was mastor of the ship Mary Dakor, owned in New York. I died on the Island of St. Dominge last June of fover.

The cold sea of earth rises with an unholy vapor even to the spirit-land. Yes, its influence reaches even there, and as one from the low haunts of sin breaks the chains of more tallty and comes up to the land where spirits are purified—where souls are redeemed—where the smiles of the father's lace are not clouded by the evils of earth, the very air becomes changed; their curses ring out upon the quiet air, like the death-knell of earth; yet those curses are but prayers in disguise. The atmosphere that surrounds them so unholy, is but a celestial life-flame, covered by the material of earth, and the sin-stained soul must come forth from that atmosphere; yet the spark is as pure as when the great Father first ushered it into being.

The mighty angel of Change is winging his way over the land; and, as he enters one institution after another, behold he leaves a prayer upon the altar, and in time it shall break forth, and purify the whole; and auon a holy caim shall come up from the places that are now stamped with iniquity—deluged with blood.

Do you ask what calls me here to-day? I answor, I am drawn by that all-powerful magnetic claim that binds the parent to the child; and, although the cloud of sin be dense which obscures the childfrom my sight, yet in time she comes from the widow's soul—no curses from the sin-stained spirit—for all have become pure and holy, even those gems that now sit shrouded in seak-cloth.

Eighteen years in spirit-life have served to teach me a lesson of wisdom; and although I could not guide that child while she existed in a mortal form, yet my time has come.

I do not expect to do very well to-day, as this is my first

inconvenience.

I do not expect to do very well to-day, as this is my first trial; and, as we have to learn the ropes, I may as well take my first trial; and, as we have to learn the ropes, I may as well take my first trial to-day as any other time. I find we have to study pretty hard in order to understand how to navigate this thing in good shape. In the first place we have get to search to the very dregs in the cup of momory to get tegether all the little facts that go to prove ourselves to be ourselves, and then we have to be careful to give them correctly, and then watch our letters, to see whether they reach the destined port—then have to watch the effect they produce, and see whether one gots a cold shoulder or a welcome.

My wife's name was Mary flenderson—a native of Hanover, N. II. Now, then, friend, what else shall I favor you with? I'm not very good at spinning yarns, se you must be content with a short one. My native place was Boston. I have relations here, but they are so far out on the string, I never claimed relationship.

Benjamin Webster.

Benjamin Webster.

I don't know as I shall be successful to-day, but there 's nothing like trying. My memory does not serve me so well as it serves some of my comrades; so if you are going to depend upon my statement by the amount of facts I 'm going to give you. I'm afraid you'il come some ways short—in this case you will, at any rate; so if, you don't think it best to licar me, say so.

My name was Benjamin Webster. I have been in the spirit-world cleven years and five months—I remember that, you see. Mineteen years ago I kept store in Bostom. Yes, I' can tell you what kind of goods I sold—stoves, thuware and such like, on Cambridge street. In my early life I was a tin-plate maker. Learned my trade with old John Morse, who used to keep down on the corner of Pond street. What's that street runs along there by Pond street? Hancover street, Well, I was about four or five doors down on Pond street when I learned my trade. Ho's dead now; but he's got as son living somewhere round here. I've got two sons, and if I cau talk to other one, I shall be very glad. One 's in New York, I suppose, and the other I can't tell where; I come to hunt him up, so if he chooses to respond to my communica-

York, I suppose, and the other I can't tell where; I come to hunt him up, so if he chooses to respond to my communication, right and good; if not, just as well. I died of a sort of gout and paralysis. I kept about half-way down Cambridge street. If I remember right, I was a little further down than Baird, the plumber, on the other side.

Shall I say I want a response to this? I 'll expect one, whether I get one or not. I was hard on to eighty-three when I died. Bless your soul, I didn't go to church, anywhere. I can't say I never did go, for I have been. Whigh and boys used to go sometimes; I never troubled myself, much about religion. I was sick sometime before I died; didn't do much.

init that might have happened during the litteen years I was on earth?

'Cording to my reckoning, I've been dead four years; my wife died two years afore me, but I've got some sons and a darter, and if all things work right, I'll talk to them through your very valuable pleco of machinety.

You may say the old man squeezed himself into rathers small dimensions for once in his life, and I've got to work my way out with fear and trembling. My son David is aboutlet me accommendation of the small dimensions for once in his life, and I've got to work my way out with fear and trembling. My son David is aboutlet me accommendation of the same things. Ile's turned Mormon-yes, he would not be some things. Ile's turned Mormon-yes, he will not once the stiff of the same of the dear friends we have one earth suppose we are heard to come. He's the first person that ever said anything to me about these things. Ile got into spiritualism, and from that he went into Mormonism, so I've made my way round here to get him out of it. What say, stranger, is ta good job?

This sailing under Joe Smith or Propose to work my when it is the propose of the dear friends we have on earth suppose we are possessed of marvelous powers immediately after death. These dear friends we have on earth suppose we are possessed of marvelous powers immediately after death. These dear friends we have on earth suppose we are possessed of marvelous powers immediately after death. The control of the c

moon take its place? Not we who come to earth in individual form. We might, perhaps, give our fitend information
reaching to a certain point, but beyond it we cannot tell; we
might say when the world has revolved in its present condition a million and a half years more, then we can tell when
it will stop out of its place. The moon stands nigher to the
earth than any planet in the solar system, and the earth is
now fed, to a certain extent, by its magnetic rays.

I believe our friend has been informed, by other spirits
than myself, that the moon is not yet inhabited; that vegetation has just begun to spring forth, too gross to sustain
animal life, and that when the vegetable arrives at a state to
sustain animal life, that his will come forth. But even
after this time are various shanges to taken lace in the animal

annual life, and that when the regulation arrives at a state to sustain animal life, that his will come forth. But even after this time are various changes to take place in the animal kingdom before the moon can occupy the position in the spiritual world, the earth now holds. That planet cannot take the place of earth until the intellect is born there—until the animal stands erect and looks in the image of its Creator. So the intellect that mightly stars a hall white there five.

so the intellect, that mighty star, shall shine there first.
We advise the friend who has called upon us, to go back and travel up the ladder, whose stops are at his feet and whose summit is in the celestial heavens; and while he whose summit is in the celestial heavens; and while he drinks in wisdom, may he not fail to give forth that he receives; and as he desires to understand self; may he build a foundation for his own spirit to rest upon; and while the waters are sweeping around him, may he look calmly forth upon the great waste, and see in the distance wisdom's star shining to guide him on.

We, as inhabitants of the spirit-world, are very anxious to satisfy our friends of the immortality of the soul. We grasp at far-off atoms in the physical and celestial worlds, to pleaso our friends on earth; but our dear friends should remember we are very finite, and in our spiritual state, cannot begin to

our friends on earth; but our dear friends should remember we are yet finite, and in our spiritual state, cannot begin to comprehend what they ask us of. They ask us of God; we tell them he is a principle existing is mind and matter; but man, a material being, cannot comprehend God the spiritual, and they ask again and again, "shall we not see him when we enter the spiritual state of being? is he not a person? Tell us, you who have passed the Jordan of death—you must know of him."

Oh, dear friend, stop going forth into infinity, and gather

us, you who have passed the Jordan of death—you must know of him."

Oh, dear friend, stop going forth into infinity, and gather the flowers that bloom by your side. We tell you of God as we comprehend him; we recognize him as do some of those friends on carth. We see his face beaming in the sun—behold his love in the rain-drops, we hear him in the tempest and the wind. God's attributes are going forth like measongers of love all over the universe, and man must know of him by his attributes. If there is wisdom in the springing up of the flower in Spring, know that God is wise, that the power that calls it forth must be a something—a principle of intelligence—or he could not have called forth the flower. He bears relationship to all things in the natural world.

As we pass on, we shall be better able to understand flog, he must understand himself first. For as the great principle hat given each man a book, he intended each soul should read that book. That book is the law which governs each, and when man understands that, he will be better able to comprehend God.

Tell my friend when he enters his study to prepare that which he shall speak to the people, he should enter with not only prayer upon his lips, but he should have it burning upon the altar of his soul. When his lips can say "Oh God, give me wisdom to speak unto the people," let the same prayer burn upon the altar of the soul.

Behold, I read over his desk these words: "God is Love." How much may be comprehended in those words! My dear friend sometimes asks me what God is. I can give him no better answer than he will, find by reading the inscription over his pulpit, "God is Love." We differed when we were on earth. I could not see as my friend saw. I believed that man would suffer—yes, suffer the torments of hell—a literal hell after he passed the confines of the body. My dear friend sometimes asks me what God is. I can give him no better answer than he will, find by reading the inscription over his pulpit, "God is Love." We differed when we were on earth

Bill Curtis.

so don't set me down for one; I would n't be if I could. My opinion is they are the greatest set of suscala that ever was. That's my opinion. What do you suppose I care. I was bern in Banger—"spots you know where that is? Look here!

That's my opinion. What do you suppose I care. I was born in Banger—spots you know where that is? Look here it this is Boston I've got a sister here, and I want to talk to lier. Do I know it? Yes, she's in Boston now. Confound your impudence, she's here now. I was twenty years old. Why don't you say, how do you know that? Well, I read the almanae.

My sister folt terrible bad when I died, because I happened to die just as I did. I get into a bit of a row; I was n't killed in the row, but I died in consequence. I went on to Now York thinking I would go on to the stage, but I found! wan't quite so well posted as I might have been, so I went to staking props awhile, and turning jack. I guess I won't tell any more. The long and short of it is, I'm dead, and come back to life again, and I want to tell my sister I did n't die drank, as she was told I did. I suppose I was drunk when I got into the muss, but I died scher. There were three or four of us engaged in the muss—one named Bill Glines, as went by the name of "Chick." Who the old boy he was, I can't tell; I got introduced to him on the Bowery some three months before I died; and the other was Jack Hajno, and then myself comes in. I suppose it was "Chick." that gave me my death blow with his fist. This was in '80. You see my little sis is laboting under some strange ideas. She thinks I was a good deal worse than I really was—that I was everything bad; beard I died swearing—did n't have anything but rowdies with me, and a buried at the expense of the city. That was no such thing; I should have sent for her, but I was it'.

You know we have power to help some people in this world up, and some down, don't you?

I shan't tell you my sister's name, because she would be ashamed to own such a customer as me; but she will know it is me.

Here's a nice looking lady going to follow me. I feel a lit.

licro's a nice looking lady going to follow me. I feel a lit-tic ashamed of myself long side of hor; but no matter. I'il step out, and let her step in. Good bye. March 10.

Mary White.

A capital test is connected with this. In No. 23, Vol. 4, is a nessage from Samuel, in which he says if his uncle wishes to know more, he must come where he can manifest to him. The uncle came to-day, expecting a message from his nephew direct, and with his mind bent upon it. But instead of that this spirit gives the following-showing that his mind had nothing to do with it.

My dear Uncle-Samuel is present, but is not able to con trol to speak, although he desires it very much; neither can he write, as conditions are not lit to sustain his control. I would write more, but I cannot control the hand los

> Written for the Banner of Light. THE NOBLEST MAN.

DY J. D. WIGGIN.

Who is the noblest son of earth? Whose is the highest plan? Not in his fortune, or his birth; But in his own intrinsic worth-Who is the noblest man?

Give me a man of cheerful face, All sorrow to beguile; Not of a sad and sobor pace, But one to cheer and bless his race With bright and sunny smile. Give me a man of honest heart,

That keeps life's aim in view; Not with a selfish, slavish art. But one to choose the noblest part, And prove his promise true. Give me a man of active mind. Of living thought a store;

Not one to sense and reason blind; But of the more progressive kind, To learn, and thirst for more. Give me a man as firm to right As the overlasting bills; Not on the popular side of might, But one who makes it his delight,

Give me a man of character, Such as is good to find; Not as a changeling loves to play, ' But who, in modest, manly way, Will dare to speak his mind.

, To live, and pay his bills.

Give me a man of charity. The help of those that fail; Not as a bigot loves to be, But who, in real humility, Can see some good in all. Give me a man of sympathy,

Though he have nought in store; Not one who coldly turns away, But one to give some blessed ray Of sunshine to the poor. Give me a man whose life will tell

His faith, and hope, the same; Not to do right from fear of holl. Of being called an infidel, Or any other name. Give me a man-my verse is done. Judge ye the noblest plan ;

Come out of darkness, wrong and strife, Enter the light—the light of life— And be the noblest man. For in the future he shall be A mightler man than now; With strength attained, and spirit free !

Then the award of victory Shall be mon his brow. Cambridgeport, March 20, 1850.

CORRESPONDENCE.

E. W. RUGGLES, WEST KILLINGLY, CT .- "On Sunday, March 18th, we had two excellent discourses from Mrs. Macomber of Olneyville, R. I. Mrs. M., we think here, is excelled by none as a public speaker; whoever hears her excelled by some once desires to hear again."

JOHN ALLEY, 5th, LYNN, MASS,-"Mrs. John Hardy is an inconscious tranco medium; knows nothing of the French or Indian languages, having studied neither. An Indian spirit through her has performed many cures. He speaks first through her in the Indian language, and then gives the English. There is also a young French actress who controls her: she has spoken before a professor of the French language, and by him, the French spoken through her lips has been pronounced correct and the pronunciation also. The professor, for a test, asked an indecent question, as he admitted, and received an answer that so mortifled him that he immediately left."

The above communication is accompanied by four names, each of which will vouch for the truth of the statement of Mr. Alley.

SAMUEL T. MILLER AND JULIETTE MILLER, THOMPSON, Cr., communicate an account of the remarkable restoration of their daughter to health, under the spiritual treat ment of Dr. George Atkins, after all remedies had failed and she was given up to die. She was as they considered her, in the last stages of consumption, so low that she could not sit up in bed when Dr. Atkins took her in hand. They seem to be fully satisfied that her life was saved by Dri Atkins' healing powers, and set this cure down as one of the good deeds of Spiritualism.

SAMURL J. Bowen, PROVIDENCE, R. I., has in his possession very large manuscript volume of Spiritual communications, written through the hand of his daughter when eighteen years old, who is now deceased. These communications are correctly, legibly, and beautifully written in five different languages, viz: English, French, Spanish, Greek and Latin; the medium having no knowledge whatever of any language but the English. At the time when Mr. B. began to receive these communications he was an opposer to Spiritualism, but believing in the truthfulness of his own innocent daughter; she did not deceive, as mediums are charged with doing, and the very weighty tests of different languages being written correctly through her hand, which she know nothing of, made him believe. Each and every one of these communications are now more precious to him than gold.

"ANTI-Docton" writes rather sarcastically on the abusive and promisenous use of the title of "doctor." He claims that many assume and call themselves doctors without the right. This is more common with shallow-pated men and vagabonds He says that Theodore Parker would never sign his name "Rev. Theodoro Parker, D. D." nor Rufus Cheate, "Hon. Rufus Chonte, Esq.," while mountebanks every day do the same, and worse, by the way of giving themselves titles. E. L Lyon is a regular " M. D."

Mins. P. Mayouben, Minnnapolin, Min-"I find so much enjoyment in reading the Danner that I wish it was published three times a week instead of once; but I thank God for the spiritual food that comes weekly to this Western country where we have so few lectures on Spiritualism, to give food for our hungry spirits. I send you one dollar, which I find hard to get here; but if I am obliged to do without one meal a day I must have the Banner. My husband has recently been called away by death to a better world; it is a great affliction to me; yet I know that he is far better off. How beautiful is Spiritualism in life and how glorious it is in death. In Spiritualism I am made to know that my husband is still with me, still by my side, though death to my physical eyes has made him invisible; and I thank God for this heartfelt soul-perceived consolation in my affiletion. Your paper has, to me, thrown more light on the Bible than all the sermons I ever heard preached.

I have confidence that you will excuse the liberty which I, a stranger, have taken in writing to you. In that better world we shall, perhaps, be better acquainted. I am a sincore well-wisher to your noble exertions in spreading the glorious truths of Spiritualism."

ORVILLE GRIPPIN, FORT ANN, N. Y .- "Spiritualism with us, by the noble assistance of the BANNER OF LIGHT, gets a little better hold on the people every day, that being the only assistance we have. Our numbers are small, though inreasing. We hope soon to have mediums and lectures here. Should lecturers come this way they will find a few hearts to velcome them, at least, and we will do the best we can."

H. A. STEWART, ROSENDALE .- "Your paper furnishes me with most valuable reading, and a great deal of food for thought, coming from some of the noblest minds of this age. I am not the only one who reads the number I take; so many others read it, that my file is lost, for my Banner in literally worn out. I wish to say a few words in regard to the so-called ex-

posure of Mr. Manisfield by Collaghan. When that made its appearance in the Tribune, there were a number of highly respectible citizens of Oskosh, Winnebago county, in this State, investigating, by the way of Mr. Mausfield, and that quite satisfactorilly. They had received two letters in answer to written and closely-scaled lutters, addressed to departed friends. Numbers witnessed the doing up and scaling of the letters, and the same persons were called to examine and witness the opening of the letters when they were returned with their answers. It was ununimously conceded that the letters sent had not been opened or disturbed, except the corner of one was torn a little, which was explained in the return letter by Mr. Mansfield, as being done when taking off the wrapper. The explanation was satisfactory, and the answers were characteristic of the persons addressed, and convincing. Says my informant—a preacher of the Wesleyan Methodist denomination, and something of a reformer withal, "I was about to commit myself to a belief in Spiritualism, when the timely appearance of the article referred to in the Tribane opened our eyes, and saved as from the dolasion.". Now we ask-I speak the desire of others as well as myself-or think, at least, there should be more of an explanation in regard to that matter. 'Not that Spiritualists believed those charges; but here in the West, where there are but few or no lectures, and but now and then a spiritual naner road, though there are many Spiritualists, and a large class that are investigating; and a paper as widely circulated as the Tribune, with its popularity, all together, with the ingenuity of the article, at that time when the inquiring mlud was brought to a stand-still, as it were, by the renouncing of Mr, Randolph, the reputed disclosures of Bly, and others-I say, under these circumstances. I should wish that if those charges are wholly unfounded, that Mr. Mansfield or his friends would say as much, and publish it, at least, in the spiritual papers of Boston. Even if the source was unworthy of notice, it would greatly relieve the friends of Spiritualism here. Tell us if there were any grounds upon which to have those charges. I believe the cause that has suffered by it, demands a full explanation."

We answer the above by saving that all bitter opposers to Spiritualism, revite it in every possible way. A thousand false charges made against it might, and would be refuted, which could be easily done, were it well to revile again. Spiritualism stands a million times firmer than the eternal rocks, and it needs no support; it is all powerful, for God and nature is in it; it needs no defence. In the beautiful light of Spiritualism, Mr. Mansfield stands upon his own merits, and so does Mr. Colinghan, Raudolph, Bly, the editor of the N. Y. Tribune, and every other man, and there alone they must stand. A good repute buoys no man up in Spiritualism; he stands alone on the basis of his soul's intrinsic worth. The time has come when men are not to be turned by the doubtful passing breeze of hearsay. The charges brought against Spiritualism and its most zenious believers, are generally too palpably false to need contradiction.

Dr. O. H. Wellington, Jamestown, N. Y .- "I thank you for the publication of the letter of Prof. Spence; not because it builds up any personal interest, but only because it will open a way for our method to be known, that many may be aved in youth from apathy and ignorance, and helped to that enviable 'Individuality' that the Professor explains so well. I know that he understood and appreciated my method of teaching, but I supposed the investigations were with reference to the propriety of having the children of Mrs. Spence remain. If any of your readers are interested, and especially if they think the Professor's statement exaggerated I beg of them to see the school in which no lesson was ever assigned, nor any pupil rewarded or punished. We would rejoice at any time to welcome any one to a conversation on any scientific subject he may select or any other course of investigation or comparison with the old method; but our school will not be in full operation again till May 22d."

We have a very high opinion of Dr. Wellington, and of his plan of instruction. Our present school system has been well enough for the past, but now, in the light of Spiritualism, the old system demands a second thought of the people. Dr. Wellington's system, it seems to us, is a mighty step of reform in this direction. We rejoice to hear that his school is rapidly filling up. We prophecy that it will soon overflow with numbers, and others of a similar character will be established, and sustained. Spiritualism will shake the foundation of every system man has built, and more particularly those of religion and learning.

Miss Lguia, Winsted, Cr.—"Three lectures have recently been delivered here, to crowded houses, against Spirituallam, for the purpose of exposing it as a humbug; but I' venture to say that all the good people here, after hearing these lectures, are no wiser in regard to the humbug, or the reality of Spiritualism."

We think about as you do; that all exposures o the humbug of Spiritualism have been signal failures. The humbug has never been found; if it has, it was discovered in somebody outside of Spiritualism, that only pretended to be a Spiritualist, but nover was a Spiritualist. The Spiritualist, as you say, "Thanks God for new light, new life, a new conception of immortality. A Spiritualist drinks the waters of life freely and is satisfied." A Spiritualist can never recant; those are pretenders in Spiritualism who recant.

D. W. TURNIER, AUBURN.-Will you favor us by sending some fresh accounts of the doings and progress of Spiritualism in your region, and not ask us to reprint what has been printed in the Telegraph? The columns of the Banner, with rare exceptions, contain only original matter.

AMUSEMENTS.

There was once a deacon in Portsmouth, N. H., by the name of Day-by trade a cooper. One Sabbath morning he heard a number of boys playing in front of the house, and he went out to stop their Sabbath-breaking. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them: "Boys, do you know what day this is?" "Yes, sir," immediately replied one of the urchins, "Deacon Day, the cooper!"

May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A young girl was asked, not long since, to unite herself to a lover, who named May in his proposals. The lady hinted that May was unlucky. "Well, make it June, then," replied the swain. Casting down her eyes, and, with a blush, she re-

joined, " Would not April do as well?" Sculling .- An eloquent divine, in the course of his sermon, was comparing the state of the unconverted sinner to that of a man in a bont away from land and with only one car. He was suddenly brought up with a severe round turn by an old sailor who jumped up and asked :--"Could n't the devillah

As the gay and brilliant colors with which the forests are arrayed in October are caused by the sharp sting of the frost, so some of the leveliest and brightest virtues which adorr humanity are caused by the sting of affliction.

A move has been made in one of the Western States to abolish grand juries as a nulsanco.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

ors at Moyamonsing Prison, &c.

a pure, elevating, rational religion, whose tendency to be forgotten. is to make men and women better.

of magnetism, acknowledged almost universally, but wrong. denied when applied to the other life, although the same principles, the same immutable law, ruled there as here. She spoke of the power of healing. as having its source in magnetism; of the law of physometry, beginning to be understood, whereby a nity of spirit minds, with congenial minds on earth. person left the impress of their spirit on whatever they touched; whereby character could be read, and and then she leaves us, to dispense elsewhere the glothe mask could no longer conceal the soul. Hypoorisy and deceit, though armed with smiles and seeming friendliness, could no more deceive the soul that felt another's true and repulsive sphere. The time is advancing when spirit shall be read by be revealed from the house-tops. The all-pervading influence of magnetism would, properly understood, cure all physical diseases, and establish harmony for suffering; aiding humanity by their own inherent powers, sustained by spirit power. i In the evening, she spoke upon Spiritualism as

A'religion; she said that it alone clearly demonstrated the fact of immortality, and that by science; beginning with the spirit-circle, it brought to every heart and home the fullest evidence of spirit-existence, and consequently of a God. It brought the evidence of spirit-existence, individualized, conscious, progressive; all the testimony given, proving that happiness resulted from right action, in this life and hereafter; misery, from infringement of the right; that in every human breast there was a standard of wrong, what their own consciences qualify as evilnot openly and daringly, but in secret and in darkness, urged on to concealment by the consciousness within, denouncing wrong. She spoke of the beautiful offects of the law of kindness exercised upon all. Upon the poor hound it awakened the grateful return; the little bird chirped its welcome song, and looked up gladly at the gently spoken word; the babe leaped towards the kind arms outstretched hearts to the all-conquering power of kindness. She spoke of modlumship, its scientific adaptations; the spoke of mediums, chosen for their peculiar faculties of giving evidence of spirit-power and intelligence; she addressed mediums, bidding them be careful, that their lives harmonized with their teachings. that they practice as well as preach. Spiritualism was the practice of the law of love, as taught by the good teacher of Nazareth. She repeated the Spirit. ualist's creed: It was belief in the One God, in the communion with spirits, in immortality and happiness through the exercise of right.

At three o'clock on the Sabbath afternoon, Miss Hardingo lectured to the female prisoners at Mayo-est troubles of our family, to forget names. That is mensing prison. I can assure you all were deeply another test of my truth." I said to the spirit, "do affected who heard her utterances, so fraught with you not know me, Uncle Smith?" as he was a relathe love, gracious compassion and forgiveness of tive of mine. He says, "yes, indeed, but you were spirits. Some poor captive ones wept and sobbed younger when I passed away, though I have often spirits. Some poor captive ones wept and sobbed seen you, and your name is in the paper called the most pitcously through the address, and the cries of Banner of Light. I wish you to write out this test little children struck painfully on the hearts of those for its readers, for the world is wishing for more assembled; little children in prison! Sinless ones tests, and when you receive a true one, let it be in that atmosphere of sorrow and suffering; how known, and hundreds will bless you that know you sad a thought! Miss Hardinge read, with much emotion, the parable of the Prodigal Son, and then Henry William Herbert, in your columns, and being simply and beautifully, she told the listening ones of in company with this same medium upon the Sabthe great and good Father's love, of his calling them bath following, I was most agreeably surprised at unto himself by suffering; of his laws, that could receiving an affectionate greeting from the spirit not be violated without incurring the penalty; of the conscience, smiting far more for sin than the with me often, and impress me with high thoughts. condemnation of the world; of the sense of right implanted in every human breast, that caused even him and me should be "gold, and silver, and blue," the little child to conceal the wrong it committed. She spoke of the world, as that elder brother perhaps ready to condemn and scorn them; but in contrast with it was the never-ending love of the Father, asked why he did not give it, when he said he would ready to receive the meanest and lowliest of his children. The consequences of sin ended not with this life, but were perpetuated in the life beyond; large man, not very tall, that he had a high foreand all there acknowledged that to sow in sin was head, a very straight nose, of which she spoke two ever to reap in suffering. The past could not be red or three times, fine looking, and dark hair sprinkled called, but its lessons of experience could be gathered up to form good resolves for the future, to lead the suffering soul from darkness to the light, to the consciousness of the Father's love and care.

"She who speaks to you," said the medium, "has conversed with the spirits of the dead-those who have been called dead, but who are living, loving you still, calling upon you in love to live righteously, the reading public. We have been listening for this that you may be happy in this, and all our Father's worlds." She commended them all, as sinners, to the Father's mercy; repeated that most eloquent of all petitions, the Lord's Prayer, and sang a sweet hymn for those poor outcasts of the world, unto the "Father in heaven."

Oh, glorious Spiritualism! thou hast thy daily triumphs in the hearts of humanity! thou art being proclaimed in the inspired utterances of divine forgiveness from the prison walls, leaving there thy golden seeds of truth, thy rainbow tints of hope and love. It is my grateful task not only to to render this faint tribute to the sympathizing and disinterested spirit endowed one-Emma Hardinge, but to have been present at one of the triumphs of our blessed faith, in the heart of a sister woman.

Our friend, Miss Munson, whose tearful eyes attested to her deep emotion, saw a spirit standing by a cell, and was impressed to speak to the prisoner within, a young woman, about eighteen years of age, higher appreciation. I would like to say more con-Miss M. asked her whether she had a sister in the spirit-world; she appeared surprised or alarmed. and withdrew to the other end of the cell; our friend I would like to meet them all. Truly yours, persevered, asking her whether she had not a sister | March 28th, 1859.

who was dead, and who was named Ellen. She acknowledged that she had, and was then told that the spirit was beside her, lovingly endeavoring to guard Spiritualism as a Science-Lecture to Female Prison- her from future wrong. The poor young creature burst into tears, and said she had heard of Spiritual-DEAR BANNER - Miss Emma Hardingo lectured on ism; she looked at Miss Munson's sympathizing face, "Spiritualism as a Science," on the bright Sabbath and said she trusted her, and told her the story of morn, giving, as usual with her, one of those deeply her sad life and errors, promising that when she scientific and strongly suggestive discourses, that would leave that place, she would never again take cannot fail to awaken thought. She has done Spirit. that which did not belong to her; she would do betualists much good, and has thoroughly alarmed old ter, for she bolieved, that her sister was truly there: fogyism-for, say what they will, the array of his. she begged to take the medium's hand, and vowed torical facts and evidences, the clear reasoning, the amendment for the future. Miss Hardinge, too, simple conclusions, cannot be overthrown, that cast went to the cells, speaking those words of encouragedown the idels of old theology, and put in their place ment and kindness, once heard from her lips, never

It is against the prison rules to speak to any in-I am incapable of giving you a full idea of the mate on Sunday, but the kind, philanthropic heart lecture; it takes the pen of a ready phonographer of William B. Mullen, the superintendent. forgave to do it justice. I will endeavor to give a few of its the violation. I, for one, left the prison, thanking leading points only. Our medium spoke of the won- God for sunshine, light and freedom, fervently hoping ders and powers of electricity; of the proven facts the day would come when love should restrain all

> Last Friday night Miss Hardinge lectured at the Musical Fund Hall, a spacious and fashionable place of resort. Her subject was, "Guardian Spirits;" a beautiful and eloquent exposition it was of the affi-To-morrow night she lectures at Phoenix Street Church, rious truths of Spiritualism.

> Many friends gladly await the coming of Thomas G. Forster; he is a favorite in the Quaker city.

The weather is springlike, occasionally with a re-touch of cold winds; the city birds sing joyously spirit, when every secret thought and action shall in their eages; abroad in the already velvet carpeted woods, no doubt the choir is stronger. In the worlds of life beyond, in the innumerable spirit-worlds, we know the angels sing for joy, inaugurating the spring-time of immortality in the hearts of men. Excuse my very imperfect abstract of the lectures; as is often the case, I am bewildered with too much Yours for Truth. light. CORA WILBURN.

Philadelphia, March 28, 1859.

LETTER FROM PROVIDENCE, R. I. MORE TESTS.

MESSUS EDITORS-Charles Sydney Smith, of Providence, gave you a few weeks ago, a test that he had received through Mrs. Stowe, in which his decensed father manifested himself in a manner to make him, skeptic that he was conclude his article with the question, "If this was not a spirit, what was it?" Last Sabbath, March 20th, the same medium being right; for men commit what the world condemns as in sitting with myself and several other friends, among which was a brother of the Smith referred to above, she was influenced by the same spirit for him, who first personated the cause and manner of his death, by showing his thumb, making all signs of its being crushed, and manifesting a severe pain up-the arm, and even by saying to his child, as a strong reminder, "you know the wall," and then showed his death scene. It was the first time that this son had received any communication from his father, though he had long sought for it, but now it came unex-pected and overwhelming in its truthfulness, as the to it in love; the child was good and docile with the lather's death was caused by the fall of a large loving; the youth applied himself cheerfully to the stone upon his hand when he was building a wall difficult task, incited by love for the kind teacher; upon his farm, from which he only survived about maniand women, hard and callous though they were men'and women, hard and callous though they were, his son as he used to do, speaking of his former disthough they may for a time return your efforts with belief in any future existence, and debating several curses and revilings, at some period will yield their points with considerable vehemence, saying, "you and all my boys take after me in being doubters." He told us that he came to the hardest one first, and gave him signs that he could not deny; that he sounds produced by the power of electricity; the should go to the others, of which there are two, and faculty of seeing spirits, of hearing voices. She spoke of the one that stood up before the people and let the words flow from his mouth, (he being a preacher,) and that he would yet convince him and his remaining brother, of the truth of this new reve-

He says, "you know where I was in '42, my son, (referring to the political difficulties iu Rhode Island at that time,) "but that is all past, three of our leaders have come up with me." Being asked which three, he replied, "Gov. Dorr, Mr. Anthony, and the one we put in Scoretary of State; who was he?" Several names were called, as the true one was forgotten by his son, when another proposed the name Willard, "yes, yes, that's it," says he, "you know, my son, that is one of the greatnot."

Several months ago, I published a tribute to referred to in the poem, who said I had drawn him to me by the cords of sympathy; that he would be talked to me beautifully, and I liked much his acquaintance. The third time, I recognized him, but would not speak his name, as I waited for the signal from him; and as he went on conversing at some time. Upon the day of receiving the test from Uncle Smith, he showed himself to Mrs. Stowe's spiritual vision, and she described him as a rather with gray. Having never seen him, I could not recognize him, but called another name, when she said, "he wishes me to say that he is wearing a wreath for you, of gold, silver and blue," thus giving the test when he knew I most needed it. Will some one who is familiar with his general appearance at the time of his decease, tell me through your columns if my description is correct? They will thus confer favor on me, and add strength to the test given to month to the teachings of Miss Sprague, and truly we have had a "feast of fat things," as the hundreds who have crowded to hear her can attest. Her true and earnest love for the beautiful, her sympathy with the noble, her deep capacities for spirit control and her clear, logical method of explaining every subject that is to be treated on by her, fighting with the weapons of truth all the mighty legions of error, always gaining the victory, have endeared her to a large circle of friends who will be waiting with open arms to embrace her, should she favor us with a visit in the fall. She will lecture in our State Prison next Thursday, whither she ever takes her way when she has visited us before. Surely, who need the teachings of our blessed religion more than they? Our Brother Pardee has been speaking at the Western Hall of Spiritualists-for you have heard we have a Morning Star Circle, as they choose to call

themselves. He is very eloquent, and his teachings elevated and instructive. A medium describes him as drawing around him the most beautiful spirits she has ever beheld. His artless soul would naturally attract such. I think he is worthy of a still cerning both, but want of space forbids. Your paper grows better continually, and your contributors seem like household friends and familiar faces.

LITA H. BARNEY.

The Public Press.

NATURAL LAWS.

MESSAS, EDITORS-Under this heading I had propared an article for an agricultural journal, but as your paper circulates extensively, not only in cities and towns, but among farmers, both at the Eastward West, it may not be out of place if it is found in the columns of the Banner.

Let me ask attention to some hasty sketches in regard to herds and flocks-to facts which all farmers recognize as having their basis in nature; and also to some of the natural laws, the obeying of which tend to the development and progress of their of sin. own race. This last may be a delicate subject to handle; but I know of nothing so delicate, nothing so sacred, when human beings are suffering from violations of nature's laws, which violations imbitter and imbrute their whole lives, that will cause me to keep silent, when by the obeying of these natural laws man would be made worthy of his name, fitted for the high position he is destined to fill.

Farmers, as stock raisers, by judicious breeding you have been able to mould your flocks and herds to your will. Offer sufficient inducement, and who could limit the fashioning power you hold over the brutes? See what has already been done. You are not only prepared to grow any of your domestic tribes to order, to fit any pattern; not only to mould their forms, but the life in those forms. If the blood moves fast in your veius and you take to horses, you soon surround yourself with a 2:40 stock. You refine their bones, strengthen and in mechanical aptness, he will never make a Fulton. If vigorate their muscles, give life, spirit, and bottom; and just as high as is your conception of perfect animals, so your favorites will be. If you are not in so much haste to get through this world and into eternity, if you take life cooler, content to go along on the good old-fashioned go to-mill jog, then your of horses will gradually approach the standard of the perfection of patience and moderation, blended with muscles sufficiently powerful to move a

Do your interests incline you to grow horned cattle and beef, your source of profit; your highest ideal of the ox is made real in the best combination of muscular fibre, fat, and bone, that can be united, introducing rigid economy into the partnership, giving a tendency to fatten, to run to meat, instead

Are your interests in the dairy business? how soon do you gather a herd of cows that run all their flesh off their bones by running to milk; and if milk, instead of butter, is your forte, you know how to get a stock of cows that will water their own milk, and save any conscientious scruples in that direction—such cows frequently quadrupling the amount of milk of many others of much finer proportions. How supple is the cow in your hands! With skillful breeding you develop her capacity an hundred fold, either to supply the butter tub, the milk can, or the beef barrel; and if you have the milk of human kindness in your hearts, you can make her not only a second mother in her lacteal capacity but in her nature and disposition.

The sheep has been metamorphosed none the less than its kindred; the power that man has held over the domesticated animals has been far greater than one at first would imagine, and the future is preg-nant with still greater and more useful results. If you have watched your herds and flocks closely, you will have observed that most of the ills affecting them arise from your neglect-at least, are under your control. So most of the ills of your own flesh come from the same cause, from not taking proper care of yourselves, from infringments of the laws of life. You carry your flocks to the highest state of perfection, by causing them to obey the laws of their being in the highest degree.

Have you thought of improving your own race by obeying the laws that govern you? So long as you live in the flesh you will be subject to the laws of the flesh, as much so as your flocks and herds. Great minds and large souls need fit tenements in which to dwell. See what you have done in moulding the animal, and know how much more power you have

over yourselves. Vice and virtue are hereditary, as the consumption

or scrofula, both come by natural laws—sickness of oul or of body-and you are responsible for both having no more right to be a rheumatic than a rascal These natural laws have been too much overlooked by the world, and it is for you, who are daily taught these lessons, to see they are applied to the improve-ment of your own kind. The low, the mean, the oase, must be grown away from; the high, the good and the true must be grown into, and in a natural way. A writer in the Atlantic Monthly touches upon vital truths when he asks, " what is tion of the mother in the New England farmer's home? The farmer is careful of every animal he possesses. The farm yard and the stall are replenfalson," which gives answer to the want of the soul, from labor, or handled with much care while carry and satisfies the understanding; and while I agree only in this way can he secure improvement, and sound, symmetrical development to the stock on his farm. In this he is a true, practical philosopher. ly looked after; yet my thoughts have taken a But what is his treatment of her who bears his wide, wild range, and as Mr. Mandell is a friend to children? The same physiological laws apply to_her that apply to the brute. Their strict observance is greatly more imperative, because of her finer organization: yet they are not thought of: and if the farmyard fails to shame the nursery, if the mother bear thanked for a merciful interference with the operaever regarded as a sacred being? Look at her hands and clumsy form! Is it more important to raise fine colts than fine men and women? Is human life to be made secondary and subordinate to animal life? Is not she who should receive the tenderest and most considerate ministries of the farmer's home, in all its appointments and in all its service, made the ess minister and servant of the home and all within it, with utter disregard of her office? To expect a population to improve greatly under this simply to expect miracles; and to expect a farmer's life and a farmer's home to be attractive. where the mother is a drudge, and secures less con than the pets of the stall, is to expect impossibilities."

The finely-developed Durham ox cannot be reared from a native scrub in one generation, nor can all men be made healthy and robust in a lifetime, nor all Bentonian in intellect, or Howards in goodness; but permanent progress can be made in health, in would be half as true to our organizations, and exhas been applied to the brute creation. The improvement that can be made upon the animal organization, by obeying the laws of its being, is none the less positive and sure in the human species, physically, mentally, and morally.

Every parent is aware that sudden and disagree able frights to the mother, when enceinte, frequently prove very disastrous, occasionally discoloring the skin, or producing malformation in the offspring. If such may be the result of a sudden depression of the mind, where can the improved effects be limited, if, during this evenful period, the mind is exercised aright; kept joyous, hopeful, happy, trusting, truthful-warmed with a love of all that is lovely, beautiful, high, holy, heavenly? If the parents are of such circumstances prove an honor to the

Through the obeying of these eternal laws of the Great I Am, lies man's hope of progress onward and pour its deadly fires upon the mountains of earth, it upward; and this progress, this natural superiority would be no more startling than this simple question the laws of propagation are obeyed; this interest be-longing to humanity is even greater than penurious the law of love, to melt down the soul, to mould it souls ask for usury. So few comply with all the into form, and fit it to receive that Christian grace, terms, is why so few are blessed. How we trifle with charity? immortal souls! If by obeying the laws of life such Is there yet an unknown quantity in that won-

blessings flow, what can be expected from ill-balanced organizations, from unfortunate parents whose offspring are conceived in sin, carried by vicious mothers, who may be surrounded by, or living in, haunts of infamy, crime, and debauchery? Is it not reasonable to believe that as the skin of the elispring may be stained, or a malformation produced by the men-tal condition of the mother during pregnancy, that its mind may be so indelibly stamped with vice, that it can never be effaced by all the training of after life? Realizing these great truths of nature, they warn those who know them to be truths, to shun the awful, the terrible consequences that attend such deviations, and to be merciful to those who, through ignorance or temptation, are drawn into the vortex

It is a law in nature that like causes under like circumstances produce like effects. Figs are not gathered from thistles, nor grapes from thorus. It may be asked, then, how comes it that virtuous offspring may come of vicious parents, and vice versa? As stock raisers, do you not see some of the marks, the fine or weak points of your stock frequently disappear for several generations, then appearing for several more? The key easily unlocks this difficulty. Circumstances and conditions differ. Then, again, impressions daguerrectyped upon the offspring through the lenses or conditions of the mother's mind, account for all these seeming contrarities in nature. Nature never falters, but is ever truthful.

By no means would I undervalue culture of hands, head or heart. The workshop, the school, the State, mechanical aptness, he will never make a Fulton. If his brother has n't any poetry in his composition, he never will captivate the muses. His oldest brother may be intended by the laws of his country to be a statesman; but if the laws of nature and of God had, not stamped the statesman upon his brow, the fame of a Pitt would never have been heard of. If the younger brother hath not inherent piety in his soul, all the washings of regeneration can only make him a tolerable member of society. Let him aim to be a member of Congress, and he would disgrace that body; a State Legislature, and he would barter his honor for railroad stock; a President of the nation, and he would stand and fall alone; a clergyman, and he would prove a wolf in sheep's clothing-for it is not that which is from without, but that which is from within, that shapes the machinist, the poet, the statesman, or the saint; just as natural beauty is not in the outward adorning, but in the living soul, beaming forth in every feature.

Order reigns in nature, and when law is recog-

nized, believed in, acted upon; when it is seen in us, without us, in every rock, in every plant, in every animal; when it is seen that the external form, tangible to the eye, reveals its inward life-if we but learn the language of forms, then will have been learned a most important truth.

Human beings are subject to the same physiological laws as animals. Do you want to see "represent-ative" bad men, look at the sun pictures, or sin pictures, in the galleries of the police in the large cities. Every man carries his character, his manhood, or his meanness, in his organization. You all know that the stature, general form, temperament, color of the hair and complexion, are hereditary; so too, there is an inner man in harmony with the outer, which is hereditary. You can put on the pound of flesh to the bones of the animal just where you desire it, and pin it there for generations; so you can add to the

human soul a pound of resolution just in that weak spot where it may be needed. These great laws of nature are laid before you, ye tillers of the soil, because you are surrounded by, and dealing with these great truths, because you are the most favorably situated to carry them out; because the farm ever has been, ever will be, the fittest-place to rear nature's noble men and women. Let the agriculturists of this country study nature, obey her laws, and they can daguerreotype upon the historical pages of this nation such characters as they will. St. Louis, March 21. L. G. CHASE

MORE OF THE HASHISH VIEWS. "Ye mighty ones, who sway the souls that go
Amid the marvels of the world below!
Ye silent shades, who set and hear around!
Choos! and streams that burn-beneath the ground!
All, all forgive, if by your converse stirred
My pen shall utter what my ears have heard,
If I write of things of doubtful birth
Deep sunk in darkness as deep sunk in earth."

Having read with peculiar interest certain views meeveral articles in the Banner, under the head of Hashish, &c., the first by Dr. A. B. Child, and the last by Bro. Mandell, I find arising in my own mind a very singular train of thought, which I desire to jot down. The first article by Dr. Child, startled, in some degree, my ideas of good citizenship, and seemed to countenance error and wrong doing. In reading the several articles in answer, they were insufficient and wanting in that vital power, " inspiration," which gives answer to the want of the soul, ing their burden; because the farmer knows that with Mr. Mandell, that it seems safest in the present state of society, to hold to that well-beaten track that wrong is wrong and must be thoroughthe whole alphabet of humanity, I know my thoughts will not trouble him, and the Doctor, takes so broad ground, he cannot object.

I am fully satisfied that Spiritualists, as a body, yard fails to shame the nursery, if the mother bear are exploring the swamps and meadows of life, the beautiful and well-organized children. Heaven be hills and level plains of society, in a most thorough manner; the elements are all right for that work and tions of its own laws! Is a mother in a farm house the work will prove such as none have dreamed. The brilliant star is surely guiding correctly, but what the course, and where the destiny, no man knows. Thus every new position, assumed by any individual, seems at first untrue and wrong, but examination proves that vital truth is snugly nestled within seeming error. Taking the daring latitude of our friend, Dr. Child, in his article, and Taking the daring measuring by the standard of human knowledge of to day, the universal vote would be against it; but assuming the Christ principle as the standard of measurement, and taking the words of Christ as the spirit of the governing law for mortals, we shall find ourselves arousing to principles we have little thought were binding legally upon our spiritual natures. Let us see. Assuming that the Christ principle is truly set forth in that declaration of principles by Christ himself in His sublime "sermon on the mount," none can doubt, for an instant, that the real sentiment of that sermon, from begin ning to end, if adopted by mortals, would overthrow srength of mind, in moral power, that would astonish and tear down every institution of men on earth many of the present school of philosophers, if we and make all free from earthly domination, the saint and make all free from earthly domination, the saint and sinner alike; and if there is preference in tentend half the zeal improving men and women, that derness and care, it is is favor of the sinner in such an emergency as this.

Dr. Child very justly says, "Hell is constantly warring with hell." This is the great trouble now with us all. Can a man be so throughly born again as to feel that he will trust God under all and every condition? This is the issue-not how great a sinner or saint is this or that man, but will we all of us "love God supremely, and our neighbor as our-

Mr. Mandell thinks there is nothing new in the positions of Dr. Child; for he says it is the doctrine long held by the bar-room, gambling house, and brothel. I would ask Mr. Mandel where shall we look for that peculiar people, the sinners, the especial favorites of Jesus of Nazareth, but where they good stock, and these the surroundings and feelings are? Shall we go among the LLD's, the D.D.'s, the of the mother, then, just as sure as the heavens are officials of church and state, the counsellors and over your heads, just as sure will offspring born governors, or shall we be honest, and in good faith go where Christ pointed the way? shall we be called world, blessings to parents, benefactors of their "a friend of publicans and sinners," or "possessed kind.

Should a thunderbolt from the clouds of heaven gain of the offspring over the parents, when all now agitating the waters of life. Must we love the

drous story which made the wandering spendthrift and predigal a here? and that woman at the well of Samaria, the recipient of truths which rulers,

governors, and priests, tried in vain to obtain? Can we rightly love any person without that hu-mility which can take the bowl in hand, and gird on the napkin, and wash their feet? To do this to a sinner, is hard and crushing, but well understood by him who gave the example, and the purpose of which Spiritualists should be first to see. This principle, when understood, will make the stoutest hearts among us quail, and ache, and sigh.

But surely this must be the Christ principle, " Resist not evil; whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Who is so gnorant that knows not this very principle is The Christ? It is His peculiarity, lovely and beautiful to the humble soul, desolating and torturing to the proud and self-sufficient.

To talk of, to punish, and torture our fellow-sin. ners, as we do, is to my mind, a crime. Drunkards and gamblers, prostitutes and criminals, these out. casts of society, with all their sins, are not to be compared in monstrousness of evil to the great soul of society, with the sin of self-righteousness, so marvellously cultivated by rulers and people of earth; 'tis the great sin of sins, this self appointed, pompous, care taking of God's children, neglecting ourself. There is no principle in nature that will so take the rust and moth from us, as that humility of spirit which will regard the sinner as one of God's children, destined to grow in beauty, side by side

with us, forever and forever.

Not a man or institution but is devoted mainly to the care of the morals of other people; not one solitary individual or institution has yet been found large enough in soul, expansive enough in feeling, to embrace the sinner, save him only who took the bowl, and girded the napkin around him, and did wash the feet of sinners. To be true men and women, we must trust God in his works, believe the words of Jesus, forsake all the forms of man begot. ten pride, and particularly the idea, so human, am better than thou," looking to God as a living reality, and Jesus as the exponent of that reality. Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you, and this is my commandment, that ye love one inother as I have loved you." ALGEZELI.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Rev. John Pienront will answer calls to lecture on Spirit-alism. Address at Medford, Mass. Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in New York, Willimanansa Emmi and ngun nectura in New York, Williman-tio and Naugatuck, during April; in Providence, Worcester, Lowell, and other places, during May, and in Portland and Oswego during Juno. In the Fall and Winter Miss Hardingo designs to labor exclusively in the West and South, and re-quests letters of application for her services to be addressed to 194 Grand street, New York.

Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Cambridgeport, April 10th; Marbichead, April 17th; Foxboro', April 24th. Sho will answer calls for lectures, and attend funerals. Address No. 32 Allen street, Boston.

Warren Chase lectures in Cincinnati, Ohio, April 10th; Dayton, April 14th; Milan, April 19th and 20th; Cleveland, April 24th; Chagrin Falls, April 26th, 27th, 28th 20th and 30th, and May 18t; Adrian, Mich., May 15th; Battle Greek, Mich, May 22d; Harmonia, Mich., May 20th and 27th; Kalmazoo, Mich., May 20th; Grand Rapids, June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th; Grand Haven, June 9th and 10th.

E. S. Wheeler, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at he Fountain House, Boston, Mass. He is ongaged in Connec-leut and Boston, until April 11th.

J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, will speak in Union Bridge, Sanbornton, N. H., April 8th; Laconia, N. H., April 10th; Plymouth, N. H., April 11th; Holderness, N. H., April 12th; Quincy and Neponset, Mass., April 24th; Cambridgeport, Mass., May 1st.

Mrs. M. S. Townsond will speak in Watertown, April 10sh; Cambridgeport, April 17th and 24th. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer may be addressed, in care of J. H. Blood, Box 340, P. O., St. Louis, Mo.

lox 346, P. O., St. Louis, atc.

Loring Moody will lecture in South Dedham, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 5th and 6th; Walpole, Thursday and Erjday, April 7th and 8th; Foxboro', Bunday, April 10th; Mansfield, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 12th and 13th; Norton, Thursday and Friday, April 14th and 15th. Will some friend in each place, who may see these notices, make all needful arrangements without further request.

H. P. Fairfield will lecture in Providence, R. I., April 10th. Friends in the vicinity of Providence wishing to engage his services for week ovenings, during his stay in that place, will address him in care of Henry Simons, No. 250 Friendship street, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Famile Burbank Folton will lecture during the month of April in such places, on the stage route from Utica, N. Y. to Binghampton, as the friends may desire. Address, until May 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Binghampton, N. Y.

A. B. Child will speak in Plymouth, April 10th; Mrs. Charlotte F. Works, April 17th and 24th; George Atkins, May 1st; and J. C. Cluer and daughter, May 8th.

Prof. Payton and Amanda M. Sponce will respond to invitations to lecture, addressed to Jamestown, N. Y.

Miss Munson, clairvoyant physician, has, since the conclusion of her engagement to speak in Philadelphia and Balt.

slon of her engagement to speak in Philadelphia and Balti-more during the last month, resumed the practice of her pro-fession, in which she has hitherto been so successful. Bho-has taken the rooms formerly occupied by her at No. 718. Sanson street, where she may be found during ordinary business hours. She may be addressed, care of Dr. H. T. Child, 510 Arch street.

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook (formerly Mrs. Henderson) will-lecture in Oswego, N. Y., every Sunday in April; and in St-Louis during the month of May. Friends in the vicinity of Oswego, wishing to engage her services for week ovenings. during her stay in that place, will address her, Box 422, Bridgeport, Ct.

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

unism.

Mrs. J. W. Currior will lecture in Westerly, R. I., April 5th, 7th, and 8th; Norwich, Conn., April 10th and 17th; Putnam, Conn., April 24th; Miford, N. Il. May 15th. Evenings intervening she will speak in the vicinity of the above places, if desired. Address, Lowell, Mass. E. V. Wilson, Fountain House, will answer calls to lecture

Sundays or week-day evenings, upon the practical uses of Spiritualism, and its truths, relating many wonderful inci-dents which have taken place, with name and place for J. C. Cluer will answer calls for lectures on Spiritualism or

Temperance, and his daughter, Susic C. Cluer, will accompany him to give readings. Mr. C. will act as agent for the Banner. Address at the Banner office, or 12 Chapman st. George Atkins will speak in Orleans, April 10th and 24th; and Taunton, April 17th,

Miss Sarah A. Magoun will answer calls to lecture in the trance state on Sundays and week day evenlugs. Address care of George L. Cade, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mrs. M. M. Macomber, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture in any direction the friends of progress may desire. Address Olneyville, R. I. A. B. Whiting is engaged to lecture in Albion, Mich., overy Sunday for this month. All letters for him should be addressed to that place till May 1st.

Mr. Charles W. Burgess will auswer calls to lecture on the subject of Spiritualism wherever its friends may desire. Address, West Killingly, Conn. Prof. J. E. Churchill, can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin

icar Race, Philadelphia, to lecture on Reform in Re gion, Politics, and Socialism. C. T. Irish will answer calls to lecture in trance-state where the friends of truth may desire. Address Weir-village.

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

Taunton, Mass.

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

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will speak at Springfield, Mass., on Sunday, April 10th. She will answer calls to speak on Sun-days, and weekday evenings. Address, Hartford, Ct.

Persons desiring the services of F. L. Wadsworth as a lecturer, will please address "Spiritual Age," Boston, Mass., antil further notice. William E. Rice, Tranco Speaker. Address at 7 Davis

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

H. A. Tucker, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at Foxbore', Mass.

at Foxboro, Mass.

Miss Emma Houston, trance-speaking medium, will answor calls to lecture Sundays, or week evenings. Address at Fountain House, Boston.

H. L. Bowker will give free lectures and public tests of his peaces by having expenses and address. Note:

M. Bowers, by having expenses paid. Address Natick, Mass.
Alvin Pease, impressional medium, may be addressed at
North Berwick, Me., until further notice. Miss Susan M. Johnson will receive calls to speak on Sundays. Address, North Abington, Mass.

Mr. and Mr. Spenco will respond to invitations to lecture addressed to Jamestown, New York.

Dr. C. C. York will answer calls to lecture in the tranco state. Address Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Alvira P. Thompson, trance-speaker on Bible subjects. Address West Brookfield, Vt. Miss E. E. Gibson, impressional speaking medium, may be

ddressed at Augusta, Mc. A C. Robinson, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays and weekday evenings. Address 42 Elm street, Charlestown.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH OHURCH, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Sunday, March 27th, 1859.

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

TEXT .- " By reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil epoken of."-2 Peter. 2. 2.

Those here alluded to were false and corrupt teachers of the Christian religion, whose teaching relaxed not only the great truths of Christ, but also the laws of incrality. It was a hereay which was ethical as doctrinal. "Jut there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their pernicious ways."—which in the marginal reading is their lasciefous ways."—which in the marginal reading is their lasciefous ways."—by reason of whom the way of truth shall be o'vil spoken of. And through covetousness shall they with felgned words make merchandise of you, whose judgment now of a long time lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not." These here alluded to were false and corrupt teachers of the

tion slumbereth not."

The effect was not so much to injure these men, but it was to injure the truth of Christ, which they pretended to speak—
It was to injure Christianity. There are a variety of ways in which men provoke repreach, and bring out the contempt and the hatred of wicked and worldly men. Where Christian and the haired of wicked and worldly men. Where Christian men are judged by a comparison of their faith with that of other religious or philosophies, it is oftentimes the occasion of vehement contempt and anger. In the heathenism contemporaneous with the earthly life of our Baviour, there were gorgeous decorative elements of, heathen worship, around about which there had grown up a certain pride of taste, which is one of the worst kinds of pride. Men standing upon these elements of heathen worship, and judging Christianity—its barrenness, its inconspicuousness in external things, its life which lay in the invisible and interior—could not but feel, from every point of view, that it was an unmeaning the mich lay in the pythine and interior—south not but feel, from every point of view, that it was an unmeaning thing, and that it was contemptible. The educated classes held a mere external connection, or a slight superstitions one, with the popular idealery; but they wrought out philosophies, and they had an interior view, which pleased their pride. Paul, in Corinthians, especially alludes to these kinds of philosophy which take the guise of religion, as among the worst things with which religion had to contend. From either standpoint, on both these grounds, Christians must have standpoint, on both these grounds, Christians must have seemed very baid and contemptible. The disciples must have seemed despicable. Their personal character seems not to have been much regarded or comprehended. They were looked upon as teachers of contemptible and pestilent heresles—for our religion was a heresy once.

Where religion and religious men are judged by the effect which they tend to produce upon men's selfish interests, it oftentimes is the case that they bring upon themselves great contempt and great opposition. Where religion is so preached that it is not merely a testimony against the wickedness of

that it is not merely a testimony against the wickedness of the animal passions, but becomes a positive restraint upon those passions; where it is made to be subversive of men's those passions; where it is made to be subversive of men's schemes of gain; where it is made to empty or condemn the mothods by which men acquire honor in the world; in general, where it depreciates the value of those secular elements in which men have invosted their lives, their pleasures, their reputations—where roligion is so preached that it produces those practical effects, it always brings upon those who profess it, and those who preach it, in the earlier periods of its struggle, great opposition and great bitterness.

There is nothing more outraging to the feelings of the natural heart than the bringing in a higher standard of religious faith, or a higher and purer scheme of morals, for at one and

faith, or a higher and purer scheme of morals, for at one and the same time this touches human nature in two most extremely sensitive and powerful points—first, in its interest vested in passion, and second, in its pride and spiritual vanity. Nature is said to abhor a vacuum, but she does not half so much as men hate to be emptied before God of their conscious spiritual excellencies. Bad men when assailed by reasons of goodness are not half so virulent as men occupying a low platform when assailed by a higher platform. It is more difficult to make the community come up one step in the line of progress than it is to persuade men to begin to reform; because the men at the bottom of life do not pretend to justify themselves. They admit that they are wicked, and their conscience has a certain influence over them; whereas men who have gone a certain distance up become vain and proud, and when there is a higher view presented to them which makes them feel that, after all, they are as nothing, they are exceedingly provoked and envenomed.

Now when reproach arises under these circumstances, it is Now when repreach arises under these circumstances, it is notiter disgraceful to the Christian, nor injurious to the cause of truth. Where a better and a higher view of truth makes men that hold a corrupt one foam and rave, it does n't do any harm—und a particle. Where an othical Gospel comes forth in the world, and lays its laws upon 'human character and conduct, and demards a higher realization of the divine idea of life, and men resent it, and are exceedingly angry towards those who measure them by this new standard, and fill the whole village, or city, or nation it you please, with clamer, it does n't do any hurt. It does n't hurt the church that bears witness to it; it does n't hurt the church that bears witness to it; it does n't hurt the cause of truth itself. So far from it that experience shows that both the Christians and the Christianity are benefitted by it—that they both grow stronger in consequence of it.

and the Unitality are benefitted by it—that they both grow stronger in consequence of it. We have now before us a living example which the young ought to mark, in the progress of religion in its relation to human rights and liberty, illustrating very remarkably the fact that turnoil and persecution and hatred never do any harm to a man that stands on a true principle, nor to the principle itself. I think that nothing in our day ever suffered such an order as the cause of human liberty. No one can uch an ordeal as the cause of human liberty. No one can how imagine what a struggle-this cause has passed through, and what the effects of that struggle have been, except those who were involved in it. Churches, and Courts and Legislawho were involved in it. Churches, and Courts and Legisla-tures, and public sentiment, made the assertion of anti-slavery principles scarcely less than a crime. To advocate those prin-ciples was nearly enough to disenfranchise a man. A man on entering the field to labor for this cause had to make up his mind almost to leave father, and mother, and sister, and broth-or; and he had certainly to forego every preferment in the political world, and all peace in the religious world. If a man had borne into a swond, or a gueral assembly, or a legislahad borne into a synod, or a general assembly, or a legisla-ture, a bag of rattlesnakes, he would not have produced more

ture, a bag of rattlesnakes, he would not have produced more confusion than was produced there by the assertion of antislavery sentiments, which are now merely looked upon as being milk and water, and which cause the man who holds them simply to be considered unorthodox. Mobs executed the public will unrebuked.

This state of things lasted year after year—till within my casy memory and yours. And what was the result? Were the men, annihilated? Was the cause injured? Why, the very men who in the beginning stood highest in this cause, are now our heroes or our demi-gods—heroes, if they live—demi-gods—they have died, and were steadfast to the end. We have two sets of horoes—one the heroes of the Revolution are now our neroes or our demi-gous—herces, it they live—demi-gods if they have died, and were steadfast to the end. We have two sets of herces—one the herces of the Revolution—the other the new set of herces who are not quite grown, who are just coming into vogue, and to whose memory will be built monuments by the children of the men who mobbed them. Public sentiment has been revolutionized; all public bodies have been revolutionized; churches have been revolutionized. Those who were the most conservative, those who were the desired. They may not have known it. Icebergs do not know that they are being melted at the top and at the bottom; but they are when the summer takes hold of them, and the Gulf Stream flows beneath them. Churches that think they are not changed are not as thick of ice at the top or the bottom as they used to be, but there is yet ice at the heart.

Those States and regions which were the most vehement in their opposition, are now the very States and regions where the change has been most radical. Show me a place where the change has been most radical. Show me a place where there was a mot, and I will show you a place where there is being reaped a bountiful harvest of peace. I think mobs are God's providential asses, which he makes harrow up the ground in time of seed-sowing; and I think there is no other means by which a plentiful harvest is more effectually ensured. I am sorry for any State that never had any mobs. I beliove New Jorsey nover had one. Boston had them: Cincinnati

means by which a plentiful harvest is more effectually ensured. I am sorry for any State that never had any mobs. I believe New Jorsey nover had one. Boston had them; Cincinnati had them; Now York State was full of them; and see what thrift has followed them in these places! Wherever there was the most bitterness and opposition, wherever there was the most moberacy, there has been reaped the best harvest. We ought not to fail to let our young people know the moral import of the events which are taking place in society—events such as the world probably will not see again for a century to come? And there is no truth that ought to be more carefully noted in connection with them than this—that men who have dared sacrifice every worldly interest, every political prospect, every personal prespect, for the sake of a moral principle, have come out like Saul, head and shoulders above other men. The very men who have been overwhelmed with

prospect, every personal prespect, for the sake of a moral principle, have come out like Saul, head and shoulders above other men. The very men who have been overwhelmed with obloquy, who have been objects of the most violent persecutions are the men who walk with the brightest lustre about their heads. Young men had better take notice of these things. Those men who have stood simply by great principles, have been, by those principles, carried to honor; whereas those miserable, truckling knaves who have dooged hither and thither, seeking their own personal interests—what has become of them? No man can toll. They have no names—they have nothing by which you can call them.

But there is a third way in which men excite violent and bitter judgment. One, I have said, is where you preach true religion against false religions or philosephiles; the second is where you preach true religion against false religions, or philosephiles; the second is where you preach true religion against false morals and worldly interests; and thirdly, there is great opposition excited, and great injury done, where men are judged by their own principles, and are condemned on account of defection; where they are judged with reference to what they themselves profess, and men say, "Here are people who profess to be Christians. This would be well enough provided they were so; intjudging them by their own doctrines they are hypocrites." This is a very dangerous judgment to so what they do; and when we do this we are estisfied that they are not sincered in their professions, because they don't practice what they profess, and we watch to see what they do; and when we do this we are estisfied that they are not sincered in their professions, because they don't practice what they profess not see they don't practice what they profess not see they don't practice what they profess on, because they don't practice what they profess on, because they do to unfaithfulness of Christians; Christ is wounded by the treachery of his disciples; the truth is degrad

to be its exponents.

This is the most dangerous judgment which can be formed This is the most dangerous judgment which can be formed of men; and yet it is the last to be noticed and exposed, for two reasons. In the first place, this kind of judgment usually proceeds from persons outside of the sect or party to which those of whom it is formed belong. For instance, if any person outside of our party reviles us Republicans, we say, "No matter what he says; he belongs to the other party. We must expect to be spoken against by those who are opposed to us in politics." If a man outside the church reviles Christianity, or those who profess to be Christiana, it is common for those in the Church to say, "Why, he's an

Christianity, and there is n't a worse man in society than he is." Here is a man looking about him to see what effect religion has on these who claim to possess it. He goes into a winference meeting for that purpose. On glancing at these present, he says, "I know pretty much overy man of you. I have had some transactions with most of you. I would like to know if you will now concess your evil deeds, numerous as I know they are," So he puts his head down and kind of listens to hear what they will say for themselves. One man gets up and talks about being very sinful before God; but he does n't go any further than this; he does n't speak about those outrageous advantages which he took of weakness and ignoranc; he doesn't monition any of those grinding operations which he has carried on in his business. He says not a word about these things. He doesn't recognize that there is any wickedness in them. Another man gets up, but not a word does he say of his sinful practices. All through the conference meeting those who speak are talking about how depraved they are in general, but nover in particular. They do not recognize any application of practical ethics to commerce, any application of practical ethics to politics, or any application of practical ethics to politics, or any application of practical ethics to politics, or any has one in to listen looks at one and anothor, and says, "I know that that man has been bathed in illielt pleasures; that man did a thing at the late caucus that I would have burned my hand off sooner than I would have done one bit worse than I saw him do if he had broken ejen a bank; and yet they come here, and pretend to confesstheir sins, and they do not seem to consider that these things are sinful. And such men are looked upon by the church as Ohristians. If they are Christians I would not give much for Christianty. But I will try then once more—I will go and listent, to what they call Christian preaching." So he attends church, but throughout his discourse the minister never says anything b

the unhappy induence their wrong conduct is calculated to exert, what is the effect? The offect is that the man will go away saying, "I may have been deceived. There may be something in religion that I did not think of. I guess I had butter take this ground,—that there are a great many Christians who are bad men, but that there is some truth in the Christian religion, after all." The concealing of the faults of Christian causes infidelity in the world; whereas, the faithful exposure of them gives men confidence in the reality of religion. And that is the reason why I feel called upon to speak so plainly as I do to you, not merely that I may rid you of whatever is evil among you, but also that those outside the church may see that there are those within her pale who are faithful to what they teach; and that thus the world may be led to have confidence in the reality of religion, although many bad men claim to possess it.

When, then, the truths of religion are known, and the practical conduct and dispositions which it requires are open and read of all men, these truths and these dispositions become not only a guide to our lives, but a test and criteriosof, juddement to the church. When men are judged and condemned

ment to the church. When men are judged and condemned in this way, it is of but little consequence that individual men are represented and lose standing; but the cause of truth itself is made to suffer through their unfulthfulness nd wrong-doing. I remark, first, in view of these facts, that Christian indi-

and wrong-doing.

I romark, first, in view of these facts, that Christian individuals—that is, professors of religion—have power, according to their influence, to produce unbelled and practical infidelity among men, simply by the lack of Christian conduct. To unsettle men's belief in religion you do not need to unsettle their belief in doctrines, in dogmas, or in respect to arguments: that which unsettles men's religious belief faster and worse than anything else, is unchristian conduct on the part of those who profess to be Christians. Take men, as they rise in the community, and it will be seen that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand cannot found their whole faith in religion upon an original investigation of the grounds upon which it is based, but that they gather their opinion concerning it, substantially from the general offects which it produces on the community—on, for instance, their father and mother—on friends and neighbors. I think there are many men who believe in religion on account of father and mother, more than on account of Old Tostament and New Tostament. They obtain their ideas of religion, and their faith in religion, from what they see in churches, and from the denduct of church members in their daily life. and New Testament. They obtain their ideas of religion, and their faith in religion, from what they see in churches, and from the conduct of church members in their daily life. Men found their faith in religion upon what is practical in connection with te-upon the effects it produces upon their fellow men. And they have a right to judge the character of men by their fruits; but they have no right to judge the character of religion by the conduct of its disciples. Washington ought not to be judged by the conduct of Lee and Arnold—two men equally bad, though their evil did not come with she same disaster. Men do and will judge Christians so; and though we condemn the principle on which a man says there is no religion because Christians do not not right, we must take notice of this fact, which every Christian ought to know, that the greater part of the people will form their ideas of the truth or falsity of religion by the practical lives of those who hold it and teach it.

Men judge, secondly, of the reality of religion, by the power which it has of producing good dispositions and good morals. Men look at Christians in all their worldly dealings and dispositions. Ten thousand eyes are on them every moment. They do not care for your creed or catechism. They do not care what church you belong to, or whather its high or low, they are not made and good. They merely take this ground—that when religion to any make a transaction of the real when the tree has a whom a submitted on dear to make the producing for the reality of religion to the producing could be a submitted to the producing form the producing for

their ideas of the truth or falsity of religion by the practical lives of those who hold it and teach it.

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when religion does not make a Christian different from any jother man, when it does not make him better than anybody clse, then he has get no religion; and so far they are right. If they judge thus only, they do not misjudge; but if they judge thus only, they do not misjudge; but if they judge that because one Christian has get no religion, there is no religion anywhere, then they orr.

Men are went to look upon Christians, and see what temper and dispositions they display at home, and what their conduct is towards superiors and inferiors. Men are accustomed to watch and see what Christians are as regards their appetites and passions, and if there is any distinction between them and those who make no profession of religion, in this respect, Mon are especially accustomed to watch and see if the Christian professor has avarice and selfishness. For you will take notice that nothing in this world is so hateful to men as avarice and selfishness, anywhere, except here [in themselves.] No one lates his own selfishness; but let him take it out of his own bosom, and put it into his neighbor's, and he will call it the devil—it is perfectly demoniac in his sight. The avarice and selfishness of other people are always interfering with our avarice and selfishness. There is nothing which call it the devil—it is perfectly demoniae in his sight. The avarice and selfishness of other people are always interfering with our avarice and selfishness. There is nothing which lowers Christians in the eyes of the masses quicker than the exhibition of these qualities. This is especially so in a commercial age and region. The world looks upon a man's truth; they do not merely regard whether technically he speaks the truth, but also whether he intends that the truth shell be understood as well as spoken. There are many men who make a nice distinction between speaking the truth and conveying the truth. A man may speak a dry truth—a truth of mere words—and yet state it in such a way as to faisify; and when you call him to an account for it, you cannot deny that, in words, he did tell the truth, but it is movertheless true that, in telling it, he used words which mieled you, and which he intended should mislead you. He did not mean truth. He spoke truth and meant a lie; he spoke truth and meant deception. But he deceived nobody else so much as hedecoived himself; for when it is found that a man in commerce does not have truth in the inward parts; when it is found that in his statement he has always to be stopped and cross-quostioned; when it is found that he has to be pushed to the corner before it can be ascertained what he really means, then the world losse all confidence in him, and he is set down as a faisifier, although, as far as words are concerned, he always speaks the truth. And if such a man is a Christian, his religiou is looked upon as apurious, and goes for nothing.

A man's honer and justice are also secrutinized by the dou is looked upon as spurious, and goes for nothing.

A man's honor and justice are also scrutinized by the

world. The world do n't care whether you enjoy peals ing or not. You may sing-

"Oh sacred head once wounded."

"Oh sacred head once wounded,"
forty times a day, and they won't think any more or less of
your religion for that. But if, after singing, and prayer, and
exhortation, and the discharge of various other spiritual duties, you go out among your fellow-men, and let yourself
down in the matter of honer or justice, they will scoff at your
religion, curse your hymns, blaspheme your prayers, and deride
overything connected with your spiritual enjoyment; for they
say, "If a man is not true, and has not honer nor justice, you
need not tell me that he has got anything else that is good."
Too often they are glad to get held of inconsistencies of Christians, that they may employ them as excuses for not believing in the faith of Christ itself.

A man's worldliness is often scrutinized. There are mon
who are worldly, but who, being without position or influence,
are in nobedy's way, and therefore escape scrutiny. But take
a man who has considerable influence in society, one especially who is an eminent Christian, and lays claim to a great

a man who has considerable influence in society, one espe-cially who is an eminent Christian, and lays claim to a great deal of consciousness respecting religious matters, and if those who do business with him find that his heart is just as hard as other men's hearts; that he is as esger to obtain wealth as any one clse; that he has an incessant greed; that with him it is get, get, get, in the morning, at noon and at night; that all he thinks of is to keep in the morning, keep at noon and keep at night; that cat and keep, get and keep as noon, and keep at night; that get and keep, get and keep, get and keep, are his trinity and his God—take an eminent and influential Christian, and if those who do business with him find that he is such a man as I have described, they lose all

find that he is such a man as I have described, they lose all confidence in, and all respect for, his religion.

Here is a man, in the church, that is considered an eminent Christian by his own sect—a deacon, a class-leador, an exhorter, or something of that sort—who is always doing a great deal, as it is said, for the church; that is, giving ministers a good bed, and a good supper; but who, at the same time is going about with a black, grim, devilled ided in his heart. But a place peace with mulators and leading mon in the church going about with a black, grim, devillsh idol in his heart. He applies to him at all.

makes peace with ministers and leading men in the church, and calls that doing a great deal for the Christian religion. Hen; it is a dreadful thing to think that there are men in

infilely he's an unbeliever; we must not mind what he says." And it a person in one church revites those in another church, it is common for them to say, "It is n't worth while to notice what says; he belongs to such and such a sect." In the second place, it is not very much the fashion of the church to condemn itself, or of ministers to condemn Christians. It is thought to be a serious question of policy whether it is wise for a man to preach before the young and before seciety, of the faults of his congregation; whether it is wise for a man to preach before the young and before seciety, of the faults of his congregation; whether it is the second place of his congregation; whether it is the to take Christians up, and strip them, and show their defects, and dissect them and expose what is evil in them, and show their defects, and dissect them and expose what is evil in them, and show their to do this would not undermine the conflictnes of the community. In respect to religion. And so ministers and others cover up or wink at the short-condings of Christians which are notorlous in the community.

When Christians go out in the community, and act wrongfully, men say of their conduct, "There that's the way is located, for the purpose of cellisting in it. When I get there is an army of emancipation going down to Central America, to secure liberty to, the oppressed in that region. "Thank heaven," I say, "that an opportunity is afforded me at last; and God shall see how I will fight for the liberty of those poor creatures." So I go to the place where the army folly, and there is u't a worse man in society than he is a fitted acquainted with my fellow-soldiers." I go into a that, and there is not not a gone of the community.

That man has worked him-elf in here, in some way, but he opinione or content of the community and content of the community in the community in the community in the conditions of the community in the conditions of the conditions oral men gambling, and swearing, and quarreling, and I say to myself, "I'm in the wrong tent; surely, these can't be the officers." Then I inquire for the Commander-in-chief himself, and on going where he is, I find him to be a man who opitomizes all the penitentiaries of the instion—a man on whom vices roost as birds on trees. The next man I meet is a roistering, swearing helian; and it seems as though the streams of time had run pask, and deposited all its mud. One of the miserable wretches cries out, "We'll give 'em liberty." What he means is that they will make slaves of the whole population. "We'll give 'em liberty;" that is take possessing the state of the whole in the whole in the state of the whole in the whole in the whole in the state of the whole in the whole in the state of the whole in the whole in the state of the whole in t population. "We'll give 'em liberty;" that is take posses-sion of their farms, steal their money, upset their churches, trample under foot their laws, and bring them all into cap-

sion of their farms, steal their money, upset their churches, trample under foot their, laws, and bring them all integraps tivity. Such is the army of enancipation. If I was an honest man, do you suppose I would ever go in and sign my name as a member of it? If I did, might paralysis take possession of my arm, and shrink it from finger to shoulder.

Now suppose in response to the trumpet of enlistment of a church, I go down to the camp for the purpose of Johing its army, and on making inquiry as to the character of the men of which it is composed, is hould find that one is a usurer, that another is engaged in an illicit business, that another is a man of passions, the most vicient and wicked, and that others are vain, and proud, and selfsh, and worldly—suppose I should find that this church was composed of such men as these; that its members were just as bad as other men; that the only difference between those in it and those without its pale, was that the wickedness of those in it was defended by a good name, do you suppose I would join it? I would walk in a wilderness, and sing panims in solo from here to heaven, before I would join such a church. As I turn to go away, the church says, "Indied, infidel;" and God's angels becken to me, and say, "Ohristian, Christian!"

In this judgment of Christians, most men of the world make a kind and charitable allowance for imperfections and failures among professors of religion. If they see that the

to me, and sny, "Christian, Christian!"

In this judgment of Christians, most men of the world make a kind and charitable allowance for imperfections and failures among professors of religior, if they see that the man is really alming at the right thing; if they believe he is honest and sincere. They say, "It would not be right to judge a man severely, because he trips here and there." If they find that a man who they are satisfied means to lead an upright life, has, in the hour of temptation, overstepped the bounds of honesty, they say, "We ought to make some allowance for this man. I have generally found him to be perfectly straight-forward in his dealings with his fellow-men. I am sure he means right. I have known him for twenty years, and I am convinced that he would not purposely do wrong." I think the world is disposed, under such circumstances, to judge charitably and leniently of Christians. But where such low dispositions and unscrupulous conduct does not seem to give these persons any trouble; especially where upon this very conduct they erect a Babbath-day deportment of religious worship and emotion; where they seem to make their religious observances substitutes for ethical morals, then men judge not only their want of plety, but some revite the truth itself, and I think all do, insensibly; for I think that when any doctrine or philosophy seems to produce only ovil results in men, it is natural to feel that that doctrine or philosophy is false. I feel so more or less. And yet there is nothing, not excepting my consciousness of my own identity, which to me is stronger than my faith in Christianity, or the Christian religion. When a man who is eminent and strong in Christianity, one whom everybody has regarded as almost invulnerable to temptation of enly description, falls to the ground, I suppose every one feels a sort of waning of their trust and confidence in everything.

quake once, ever desired to see one the second time. A man, when being shaken by an earthquake, is described as feeling as though overything is annihilated in which he has been accustomed to trust. So long as the ground is unmoved, a man feels that there is something firm on which he can stand; but when an earthquake comes, and shakes the earth, he feels that there is nothing stable under the sun. And I think that when Christian men, who have long stood firm in their religious principles, topple down, the effect upon communities is greater than that of earthquakes. It breaks up, almost from the root, the element of trust in men. All the infidels of the world have not the same power over the community that Christian men have, to deprave it. If religion is but a more matter of Spiritualism; If religion is more sentimentality; if religion is dissevered from conduct and from character; if plety is not concomitant with virtue, then I think that Christians themselves become the greatest propagators of infidelity in the world. The world will not punke once, ever desired to see one the second time. A man,

then I think that Christians themselves become the greatest propagators of infidelity in the world. The world will not believe in religion on account of your prayers or your preaching. They will not accept any religion which does not produce good results in practical life.

You are commanded to "let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven;" and any way of preaching which makes religion one thing, and ethics and conduct another, I pronounce to be infidely in its tendencies. Unchristian men canot destroy nearly confidence in religion. Then of God Chrisnounce to be infided in its tendencies. Unchristian men cannot destroy men's confidence in religion: men of God, Christian men, only, have power to de that. A person occupying a low position would not have gone to Christ to betray him: it took a disciple to do that. It is not in the power of all the Bolingbrokes, and Voltaires, and Tom Paines, and Rousscaus, and other great names that write infided matter—it is not in the power of all the locust host of infidence—to that damage to true religion which may be done by an unfaithful called the course of the procedure to the procedure of the procedu

But the excuses which will satisfy him, will satisfy nobody clese. "He that is first in his own cause," the Bible says, "seemeth just; but his nelghbor cometh and scarcheth him." The worst thing about this unfaithfulness of Christianis is that no man likes to speak of shortcomings to the subject of them. If a man deals with you, and sees that you are not governed by honor, truth and love, but that you are just like other men who do not, as you do, profess to be religious, ho wont tell you that you are a hypocrite, unless he is drunk or angry, and in that case you well say that he is drunk or angry, and you wont believe him, atthough that is the very time when men tell the most truth. Nobody will tell you these things. Even your pastor wont. I would rather, any time, go into the battle field, unskilled as I am in soldiery, I would rather cut off a man's leg, little as I know about surgery, and then take care of him, than to tell a person his faults. I think, to charge one of the batteries of Sevastopol, was no more than it is to charge right up against a man's heart. There are personal friends who will see in you, day by day, things that will make them 'doubt whether you are an honest man, but who wont speak to you about them. They will talk about them behind your back, though. They will talk about them behind your back, though. They will say, one to another, after having noticed some inconsistence in your education. They will talk about them behind your back, though. They will say, one to another, after having noticed some inconsistency in your character, "What do you suppose happened!" and they will laugh among themselves at your expense. They will say, "He's a Christian—a member of the church, you know." Thus they will stab your reputation; but they wont tell you of your faults. And when they go to your funeral, and the minister makes a saint of you, they wont be so indecent as to laugh there; but they say, when they get home, "I guess you and I are safe if he is. The minister sent him right straight to heaven, you see. If we aint as good as he is, it's a pity."

minister sent him right straight to heaven, you see. If we aint as good as he is, it's a pity."

You wont get truth on this subject from men. You have got to desire the truth yourself; and you have got to desire the truth you will go before God, and, as with a lighted candle, search for your own faults. There are Christian men who have the reputation for being dishonorable men; who have the reputation for being greedy men; who have the reputation for being greedy men; who have the reputation for being the the truth of the men; who are worldly, worldly, worldly, inside, but variabled, varnished, varnished, outside; and these men's will go on weeks, and mouths, and years, giving the lie to their re-

men; who are worldly, worldly, worldly, inside, but varnished, varnished, varnished, outside; and these menérill go on weeks, and months, and years, giving the lie to their religious professions, and nobody will tell them of their inconsistencies—nobody from whom they are willing to hear of them. If a brother comes to them and says, "Mr. So-and-so says such and such things about you," they went listen to him; and if a man tells them of their faults when he is angry, they wont listen to him. They are continually drawing a bandage over their own eyes. The longer they go on in evil habits, the stronger those habits are; the less capable do they become of judging of their own conduct, and the less power have they to overcome their faults. And so the mischief grows werse and worse, while the indications of reformation grow fewer and fower. In that way porsons in the church grow up stone, just like stalagnites. Every drop of worldliness that falls upon them crystalizes, and they grow up stone, stone. There are thousands of men who are stalagnites at the bottom, and stalactites at the top.

I can't bear to hear things that I do hear about my own people. I can't bear to hear things that I do hear about my own people. I can't bear to have persons come to me and say, "Is it true that such a man belongs to your congregation?" and to hear them say, when I hesitatingly admit that he does, "We have heard such and such things about him." If have heard the same things before, but I have not wanted to believe them; but when they come to me in this way I can't be help belleving them, and I say to myself, "What shail I do?" At first I think I will go to the man and talk with him; but after a little reflection I say to myself, "What shail I do?" At first I think I will go to the man and talk with him; but after a little reflection I say to myself, "What shail I do?" At thest I think see a great things from another source. After that I see the man, and I feel as though it he should open his vest I should see a great can be a such m

the church selling their Raviour in this way; it is a dreadful thing to know that Christians are betraying the cause of truth in this way; it is a dreadful thing for mon to betray their own souls in this way. I do not feel hatred towards them, but I cast about, and say, "is there no medicine by which these men can be restored? Is there no way in which they can be reclaimed? Is my duty fulnified till I have used all the means which the Gospel alfords; till I have persuaded them, and exhorted them, and characteristic them, and choose waverthing in my lower to arouse them, and make them see

the ways which knowledge suggests; till I have persuaded them, and exherted them, and threatened thom, and done overything in my power to arouse them, and make them seed the consequences of their present course? And if in the nut they go on in the same way, how can I bear to look upon them?" A minister feels about such a includer of his congregation as a mother feels about a sick child. Sho says, when there is an unnatural brightness in his eye, "I think he is better; do you not see signs of sprightliness and health coming on?" And so the minister, when he sees promising signs in the conduct of an unfaithful member of his flock, says, "I hope he is going to reform; I think the things that are reported of him are inscrepesented and exaggerated."

I have great confidence in you, my people, as a church, and I have reason to hope and believe that you are, in your conduct, as true and as perfect as it often falls to the lot of a church to be. But if there is a remnant among you, who have reason to hope and believe that you are, in your conduct, as true and as perfect as it often falls to the lot of a church to be. But if there is a remnant among you, who wordly-mindedness, or on the rock of sellishness; who are becoming less and less of moral and religious influences; who are performing less and less of moral and religious duty—If there are any among you who have these signs and-tokens of infirmities, I beseech of you, by the love of your own souls, to look to this matter, I can't save you; your neighbors won't; only God's grace can; and that won't unleasyou will let it. I say to every man that thinketh he standoth, "Take heed lest you fall;" and let those who are present time. The property of the present time of spiritual life which they may have in them; that is enough to begin on.

A man returns to his house after it has been long descrided.

Hy How min

to begin on.

A man returns to his house after it has been long deserted, and he says, "It has been three days since I have been here, and I fear my fire has gone out." He goes to the stove, and looks in, but he sees no light. He rakes over the ashes, and still sees no signs of fire. He then puts his hand in, and he says, "There is warmth here; there may be a little fire remaining after all." So he rakes over the ashes again, and says, "Here is just a spark; that is enough to kindle with." A single spark is enough to kindle with, though it is not enough to make your put bell, or to make your house warm. If there are those of you who have fallen low in sie, but whe have enough of grace left to kindle with, in owithstanding have enough of grace left to kindle with; if, notwithstandin all these temptations, these constitutional besoments, these mighty awaying influences in the world, there is still one single spark, one slitgle element of grace unquenched, undimmed, or unsubdued, take that, and call upon the name of the Lord, and you may yet be saved. It don't require that you should have the whole ship to take you ashore; a spar will take you there; and there may be enough of Christian grace in you for you to swim by from the ship of your own depravity, till you come to a better foundation. For by and by we are coming unto the judgment day of God.

Men and brethren, do you believe in a day of indepent? all these temptations, these constitutional besetments, the

we are coming unto the judgment day of God.

Men and brethren, do you believe in a day of judgment?
Do you believe in a day of disclosure? Do you believe that
the things done in secret shall be exposed openly? Do you
believe that all the webs that have been spun in secret will
be threaded out, and that God will see the whole of your
life? I beseech of you to take that truth, and look at yourself in the light of God? sludgment day; and if you find anything that ought to be cleared out, clear it out; if you find
anything that ought to be changed, change it. And remember, when you go to your business to-morrow, that your way ber, when you go to your business to-morrow, that your way to preach to your fellow-men is to be honest, and not to unto preach to your fellow-men is to be honest, and not to undertake to teach them the catechism or the Bible. Let your honesty be such that mon shall remark it, and ack nowledge it to be the result of your being a Christian. Suppose, for instance, a father, in a passion, instead of dividing his estate equally between his three sons, should will the whole of it to two of them; and suppose when he dies, and goes home to be ashased before God for his conduct, he is scarcely out of the house before the brothers get together, and destroy the will, and divide the estate, so that each has, a third. Do you think there is anybody who, on witnessing such a preceeding, will, and divide the estate, so that each has, a third. Do you think there is anybody who, on witnessing such a proceeding, would not say, "There is Christian principle in that?" Or suppose a man, in a moment of anger, were to give two hundred thousand do-inst to a religious society—I won't call any names—leaving his wife and children destitute; suppose that wife were to notify the managers of the society of the facts of the case, explaining to them that her husband wrote two wills, and that through inadvertence, as she believed, he had signed the wrong one, and suppose product the transfer these signed the wrong one; and suppose, notwithstanding these circumstances, these managers were to claim that God had put this money into their hands, to be expended for religious purposes, and that therefore it was their duty to retain it, do you believe, that though all the angels in heaven should testify that these men were guided in their course by Ohristian principles, an impartial jury could be found who would believe it?

believe it?

When a man does a right thing where doing it costs him something; when a man is powerfully tempted to do a wrong thing, and he resists the wrong and does the right, and does it for the sake of principle, then he is preaching the Gospel. Do you not know that that is the way to preach the Gospel so that men can understand it? Suppose I were to preach to you in Greek, or Lathi, or French, or German. I night as well to business men, perhaps. But if one of the Christian brethren of this congregation goes out, and carries himself, in hours of the soverest trial, at times when other men's worst passions would be aroused, with a sweet and gentle disposition, so that men say, "Is that what you mean by being a Christian too"—If a man goes out and carries himself in this way, he preaches the Gospel in a language that the world can

Christian to "—If a man goes out and carries himself in this way, he preaches the Gospel in a language that the world can understand. To preach the Gospel you don't want to go about with your Bible in your hand, saying to those you meet, "Here, let me preach this Gospel to you; I want to tell you what John and Matthew say." They would say to you, "What do you say—what do you say behind your counter, or in your slop?"

The Gospel you will preach is the Gospel you live; and I beseech you all, for your own souls sake, by the sanctity of that Name which is above every other name, and all that can make this life dear, or the other life dearer, look to this thing. Preach the Gospel so that you will nover, when you received it. You will, on your death-bed, see a thousand things that you will be sorry for the manuer in which you have preached it. You will, on your death-bed, see a thousand things that you will be sorry for having done a generous or magnanimous act towards a follow man; when you are dying you will never be serry that you relented, and forgave those who have injured you; when you are dying you will never be serry that you relented, and forgave those who have injured you; when you are dying you will never be serry that you relented, and forgave these when have injured you; when you are dying you will never be serry to a generous or magners for one charity or and kind work to several a travelled. have injured you; when you are dying you will never be sorry for one charity or one kind word to persons in trouble; when you are dying you will never be sorry for having formed a lenient judgment concerning the faits of others; when you are dying you will forsake and turn away from all your is the time to subscribe. Price 2000 year, Address I.P. are dying you will forsake and turn away from all your wicked and worldly deeds, but from these acts of kindness you will not turn away, but will thank God that he gave you strength to do them, and you will say, "I would that there were more of them; for although the love of Christ is to be your salvation, by working good things in you, yet all your Christian virtues are each one of them a feather, and when you lie dying, your wings will be long in proportion to the number of good deeds you have performed, and by them you will fly away to God, to be received into his bosom because you are like him.

OBITUARY.

Passed to the spirit-land, March 25, MARY CAMBRIDGE, oldest daughter of Junathan and Clara S. Dinemone, of Claro nont, N. H., aged five years.

Oh, how shall we miss thee, dear Mary, The sunlight and joy of our home!
Yet how could we wish thee to linger,
When angels were bidding thee come? We shall miss thee-oh, how shall we miss thee! Yet soon from thy bright spirit-home hou wilt call, and we gladly will follow-There sorrow and death cannot come.

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not see why your order was not filled, if received. AsHLEY C-X.-All right. We allow that to get the Banner

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Bosron.—E. S. Wheelen will speak at the Meledeon Washington street, next Sunday, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M dmission ten cents.

Meetings for tranco speaking are held every Sabbath, at usual church hours, in Democratic Hall, (room No. 3.) Mer-cantile Building, Summer street. A circle is held at the same place every Thursday evening, for which the best mediums are engaged. Admittance 10 cents.

A Cincia for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 101-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents. MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening-

at Guild Hall, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Seats free.

PLYMOUTH.—The Spiritualists of this town hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Leyden Hall, commencing at 2 and 7 o'clock.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet-ngs on Sundays, foreneou and afternoon, in Well's Hall, speaking, by mediums and others. Ngwngstrorr.—The Spiritualists of Nowharyport have a fine Hall, which they will furnish free to any speaker on reformatory subjects, said lecturer to have for his or her services the whole of the collection which will be taken up in each meeting. Any letters addressed to R. Sherman, No. 5 Charles

street, will receive immediate attention. LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forencen and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

A CARD.

A CARD.

Certain charges having been put in circulation in this place derogatory to the character of Dr. E. L. Lyon, and which charges, upon examination, having failed to be sustained, there being no evidence whatever to that effect—Therefore, this is to certify that we, the undersigned, have had the pleasure of attending Dr. E. L. Lyon's late lectures in Auburn; and that, for skill, ability, and deep, philosophic, sciontific, and historical research, he is one of the notable, first class lecturers. We cordially recommend him to the public.

L. Buszi, In a cortifally recommend him to the public.
L. Bush,
John H. Allen, Pres.
F. Goodbron, Treas.
D. M. Turrier, Sec.
Spiritual Association of Auburn.
Augush, March 20, 1859.

Special Motices.

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The great questions of which it treats, and endeavors satisfactorily to answer, can be learned from the following synopsis of its contents, with which it is prefaced. Our plan is to demonstrate-

lst. How the universe was evolved from chaos by estab-

2d. How life originated on the globe, and to detail its history from its earliest dawn in the geological strate to the

3d, How man originated, and a detail of his primitive his-4th How mind originated, and the laws by which it is

governed.

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This volume will contain between 800 and 400 12mo pages; and will be sold for \$1.25. The first edition will be furnished to subscribers for one dollar per copy. The friends who dosire the speedy appearance of the work, will please send in their names as soon as possible; and if they will act as agents, for every six subscribers obtained, one copy will be sent free. HUDSON TUTTLE,

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CONVENTION.

The directors, members and friends of this institution, and all friends of educational, reform, are hereby notified that the sum of three thousand two hundred dollars is now subscribed for the erection of said University buildings. (it being the amount required for the organization of an association,) and that there will be a Convention holden at the hall of the New: Hampshire Normal School, in Marlow, N. H., on Tuesday, the tenth day of May, 1850, commencing at ten o'clock A. M., and continuing two days, or until the following business is trausacted according to the terms of aubscription:-

1st. To choose officers for the Convention. 2d. To adopt rules, and appoint committees for the Con-

rention. 3d. To adopt a constitution for the future government of ald Union University Association.

4th. To choose general officers for said Association for the ensuing year. 5th. To choose thirteen trustees for said University for the

ensuing year. 6th. To appoint a general agent, and to take measures for securing the remaining funds necessary for completing and

urnishing sald University buildings. 7th. To take measures for the collection of the first instalment of stock, and to appoint a bank of deposit.

8th. To transact any other business that may legitimately come before the Convention.

9th. To make arrangements and appoint a place for holding a locating Convention, when the sum of six thousand four hundred dollars shall be subscribed. Arrangements will probably be made for carrying members

from Boston, and stations between Boston and Mariow, at reduced rates, of which notice will be given hereafter; and all persons, whether members, speakers or others, who design to attend, will confer a favor by notifying James Tower, of Lowell, or J. L. D. Otis, so that arrangements may be made for transportation to, and accommodation at, Marlow. A large number of our first class speakers and reformers have been, and will be, invited, and many of the very best in New England and the West have signified their intention of being present, and taking part in the deliberations, and it is hoped that many others who desire to see such an institution established upon the right basis, will correspond with John W. Plummer, Secretary of Committe, at their earliest convenience, so that a programme may be prepared and published in season for the Convention.

JAMES TOWER. GEO. W. WALKER. ALENSON FOLSOM, John W. Plumber, Committee.

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