

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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of Rev. EDWIN H. CHAPIN and HENRY WARD
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PAPER.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN
At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning,
April 24th, 1859.

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Text:—If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things
which are above.—Colossians III, 1.

There can be but little difficulty in understanding the Apostle's meaning in this place. He has been speaking of those who were buried with Christ in baptism, those who were dead with him from the rudiments of the world. And now proceeding with the association of ideas he speaks of those who are risen, or who were raised with Christ. Those, having entered into spiritual relations with Jesus, are called upon to live upon the same spiritual plane with their risen and ascended Lord. He exhorts them to set their affections on things above, and not on things on earth; by which antithesis I understand the contrast between good and evil, the pure and impure, that estimates that are according to the standard of the risen Jesus, and the estimates that are according to the standard of our own evil affections and desires; not literally of heaven and earth, but estimates from above as compared with estimates from below. The good as contrasted with the evil; that is what I understand the Apostle to mean when he directs them to set their affections of things above, rather than on things of this earth. "If ye be risen with Christ," the idea is, live upon the same spiritual plane with Christ; live and move in the same atmosphere, in the very spirit of Christ. This was an exhortation fitted to those early Christians, then, and it is an exhortation fitted to Christians and everybody now.

But I wish especially, in this discourse, to call your attention to the peculiar suggestiveness of these words—"If ye then be risen with Christ." Whether we interpret these words as referring to the significance of the act of baptism, or to the internal experience and assimilation, they certainly indicate a resurrection in the present tense, and in the present state of existence. And they suggest the spiritual and instant significance of our Saviour's resurrection. Here then opens before us these truthful words which, upon this Easter Sunday, I propose to urge. This is the general proposition which I base upon the words of the text: that the most essential element in Christ's resurrection, the most essential element in what we call the resurrection of any man, is spiritual. Its chief result, no matter where you place the resurrection, no matter what mode you may adopt in your thought for the resurrection, its chief result is the uprising and victory of the soul. No one has ever drawn aside the veil of the future life, so that we could look full upon its realities. For although Christ spoke of it as a truth, and demonstrated it as a fact, he left its interior features hidden in their own grand shadows. We look today in his open sepulchre and see the angels sitting there; but we behold nothing distinct beyond that point of view. Yet in all the shavings of our fancy, in all the conclusions of our reason, our doubt, our hope, our faith, our love, our state is, that it is a spiritual condition, a mode of existence in which we are freed from the bondage of the flesh. We believe that there we shall discover absolute truth with clearer vision; that we shall neither linger for appetite, nor halt for repose. Our language shall be the speech of action. There we shall know even as we are known. There we shall see the great and the good whom death took long ago; now the beatified, over whom death has no power. There we shall commune with Christ, not through the distinctions and doctrines of time, and the perplexities of interpretation, but face to face. There no anxieties shall trouble our worship; and no doubts overcast our faith, but we shall bathe in the stream of uncreated being, and dwell in the eternal noon of God.

Now there is such a thing, to be sure, as conceiving of the future state, of the immortal state, as too exclusively spiritual; that I do not doubt. We refine it away until we have nothing at all; until we leave man no vehicle through which the soul can act, and no form upon which it can act. You must remember that sometimes the most intense spiritualism is really the grossest materialism; it comes round to the same point by the minuteness of its details, and the very elaborateness of its spirituality. But while we thus should not conceive of the immortal state as exclusively spiritual, still with that mental state to which we are introduced by the resurrection, we associate all that implies deliverance from sensual frailty and blindness. Whatever may be its external scenery, or surrounding glories, its accessories will derive their harmony and plan, not so much from any intrinsic qualities as from the light in which each soul shall perceive it; for, set a man anywhere in this world, or in any other world, and the same place cannot be the same place to the sinner as to the sainted being.

And now I proceed to observe that, out of the doctrine of the essential spirituality of the resurrection state, grows another proposition; the proposition that the essential element in what we call the resurrection, among existing conditions. The great crises of a man's existence do not consist primarily in changes of place and in external fortune; but in changes of state or inward condition. Any one here can verify this from his own experience, if he will. How common it is for a man to say—"I feel just as young as ever; my pulses of enjoyment are just as quick within me as when I was a boy; nature looks as beautiful as ever; and my heart beats in sympathy to-day with all this fresh springing life; my faculties throb in accordance with the budding trees, with the bright sunshine, and the growing grass; and I feel just as young as ever." Now, in saying this, a man virtually confesses that fading complexion, and wrinkles, and grey hairs do not make any change in the real substance. In the real quality of his being; and were it not for some sharp intimations, exterior to ourselves, we should not realize that we were growing old. We are convinced of it at last by some external intimations, rather than by any internal consciousness.

And yet, my hearers, the man of the most serene outward conditions, the man with whom time has dealt most gently, will find that he is changed. Perhaps he cannot tell precisely when he passed from boyhood to manhood; but he does not take a boy's view of things any more. The most frivolous being does not make life all a play-day. The time does come when he finds that he has not the light-heartedness that he has not the sound sleep that he had when he was a boy. There is a shadow on his thoughts that never lay there in his boyhood; the shadow of great realities, that, like the shadows of mountains to which we are coming nearer and nearer, throw themselves over the soul. There, too, is another lens for the soul to look through that he had before; he looks through another glass; he has changed the glasses of his soul, as a man changes the glasses for his physical seeing. He sees into the future more; he sees wider, every man does, no matter how limited his genius is, how short his culture is. No man passes from the stage of youth into that of maturity and manhood without seeing things differently, and looking from a different point of view. It is no compliment to a man to say he is just the same at forty years of age, as he was when he was only twenty. Just the same! And he has passed through all those strange experiences of life, taken the full cup of blessings and of sorrows, stood at the marriage altar and at the death-bed, seen life's light grow dim and mingle with that great mystery known its cares, duties and responsibilities, and is just the same! I ask if any man can suppose that he can live, and the spiritual depths within him be utterly unbroken and unmoved,

with these changes of outward condition? Therefore, I say that, though it may be unconsciously to him, the plane of his personality has been shifted, and he is enveloped by sadder shadows and sadder lights.

The real crises of a man's being are not in the changes of outward fortune, but in whatever has made him a different being—in whatever has elevated or depressed the tide-mark of his thoughts. Now, for instance, a change may come to us in a moment, or the elements of a change may come, producing more radical results to us as human beings than a long passage of years. The conviction, the resolution, the sorrow of an hour, I say, may produce a greater change radically and essentially than the passage of years. For instance, when some great truth has flashed upon the soul—have you not all felt it sometimes, when you have been reading the Bible, or have been listening to the uttered word, or have heard somewhere some announcement of the truth, and it has, like a star from heaven, flashed upon your soul, and revealed relations you never saw before, and explained anomalies that have troubled you all your life? shown you the face of God? revealed the attitude of Jesus Christ? let you see your own soul? In an hour you have been changed into a different man, and the changes of years have been produced by the sharp shock of truth. So in the case of a great and sudden resolution, when a man arouses himself up to a consecrated purpose, and takes hold of a work from which he has shrunk, feeling its call, feeling its trumpet sound, what a changed man he is! Those things which were stubborn grow plastic in his hands; the dream of a possibility that was so narrow and rigid, widens and stretches far away when he stands in a different universe.

I need not ask many of you if sorrow does not make different beings of you. Who of you has looked out in a great weeping without saying, "This is a new world to me now; to whom the world, perhaps, has grown tasteless and worthless, because their souls are shrouded in the darkness of the grave; or it may be the world has grown grander and more significant, because they have looked up to the immensities of God's purpose, and with the planetary sweep of faith. I say, then, in either instance, a man is changed; whatever the impulse may have been, for good or evil, it makes a different man of him. Then the case of a sudden temptation, when a man yields to a sin. It is a terrible possibility of our nature, that a man may go on for years in the path of respectability, right and virtue, and then in a moment some great sin trips him up, and away he goes, and the world is a new world to him. Outward events only furnish occasions. The real crisis is the change of inward condition, and is marked by the position of the thoughts and affections, or the will.

Now, my hearers, it must be plain to you that the vast moral change which Christ's truth and spirit produces in the soul of a man is potential—is actually a resurrection of that—and may take place even here and now. Look at those early disciples, and see what they were before and after the change that came upon them. Look at Peter and James and John, with no world wider than the Galilean Lake, and with no theatre of action and no world of more importance than a fisherman's boat. Think of that change that came over them when the lowly stranger came to them and taught them words of divine wisdom, and lifted them up until their vision began to brighten and their souls to kindle, and they were fitted for their great work. The scales fell from the eyes of Peter—the scales of narrow Jewish conceit—and he saw that there was nothing common or unclean. And John looked on the vision of the future state while on that apocalyptic island, and saw the New Jerusalem coming down from the heavens. And these lowly peasants, as they were, these money-changers, went forth with a power that changed the world, with a truth that shall survive when nations and kingdoms shall have passed away, and thrones and principalities shall have tottered and crumbled into dust. Think of the power that came over the Jew and the Pagan when Christianity first came upon them. These Romans to whom Christ spoke, or this Church of Colossians to whom these words were addressed; think as they were buried with Christ in baptism, and saw some apprehension of his spirit and truth, and came out of the streams of their sins; think if that was not a resurrection and the essential significance of Christ's resurrection. That same resurrection takes place now, when from sinfulness, selfishness and indifference, we awake to spiritual reality and life, as though heaven were around us and God was present.

Of course I do not deny the experiences of a future world; I do not deny the different conditions in some experiences of a future world. But we must not draw too sharp a line between this world and another. There are innumerable errors that have sprung from that; such as making too much of death, over which Christ, on this Easter Sunday, walked in coronation robes, and over which the martyrs have passed in glorious procession, the saints singing psalms. Death it is but a narrow bridge, a physical change, after all. We must not make too much of it, and in us will remain the deeper and more spiritual realities. Any experience which a man may have in this world or in another, is hardly greater than that, when over his dead soul moved the divine influence, when he stirs in his grave clothes of evil habit, and leaps from the sarcophagus of sensual indulgence, and comes into spiritual life, when he realizes that he is a denizen of eternity, and a child of God; then there is a resurrection trumpet's sound, and a resurrection of the dead.

Now I want it to be distinctly understood that I do not consider this matter as merely figurative; that I am not talking, that I am not elaborating fancy, and carrying it out to analogies. It is not merely the symbol of the resurrection; I do not say it is not the form of it; but it is not a mere symbol. The essence itself, the main point in the resurrection for a man to rise from his sin and his selfishness, his doubts and his fears, into the spirit and truth of Jesus Christ; and that will be the main element in that resurrection.

We know but little of the details of the future life. Some people are very curious about it; they are anxious to look through every cranny, and get a description of its scenery, the way in which beings live there, and what they do. But, for my part, from the very fact that Christ said but little about it, I infer that these things are not essential, they are not the main things in the system of the immortal world. What Christ dwelt upon was the condition of the human soul, not the external surroundings of the human soul. For my part, I believe it is well that we do not have any microscopic intelligence and views of that hidden realm, but that the grand object is to leave it to the telescope of faith, so much is left for imagination and for hope. To me there is something thrilling and exulting in the thought that we are drifting forward into a splendid mystery, something that no mortal eye has yet seen, no intelligence has yet declared. There is something inspiring in the very expectation that foreruns experience, which it seems to me is far better than if we knew it all now. For I say once more that I think we know it all now. For I say once more that we know that the essential thing in the resurrection is not the sensual, not the mere method, but the uplifting of the human spirit from all sensuality and sin. It is the change of state rather than the change of place.

The old simile of the butterfly and the chrysalis I have never thought a very forcible one, so far as it was an argument for the future condition of man, for another state of being; not very forcible, I say, so far as it furnished proof of another world. But take it in another view, and I think it is one of the most astonishing analogies and proofs of immortality that you can furnish, old and true as it is; for the great truths were struck first from the human intellect. The old wise men said about the best things that have been said; when they made that analogy of the butterfly they spoke a great truth. They did not prove by it another world, so much as they proved a change of state, sur-

rounded by the same conditions. Look at it; the butterfly is in the same world as the worm from which the butterfly was evolved. But how changed, because of the new capacities involved in its own being. So the resurrection of man may be regarded as the involving of inner capacities, the development of his spiritual being, rather than a translation into a distant sphere. The wings may be growing in his soul all the while, which shall appear when he bursts the chrysalis of the grave, and when that chrysalis bursts, he may find himself in no strange place, only moving with larger powers among familiar scenes. Because a man can find himself in another world in two ways. He can find himself in another world by going to a different quarter of this world, or by seeing this in new lights and in new relations. I do not say this is so, but simply that it may be so. It may be so, and it may not be so. We do not know anything about these details, but must leave them where they belong, in the region of expectation and speculation. But what I do say is, that it may be so, and yet all the essentials of immortality be fulfilled.

But observe, further, that I am not refining away the literal fact; I do not deny the literal resurrection, but the process answering to the resurrection. I do not deny that there is a great change to come; I do not hold to the old heresy, that the resurrection has passed. No, I say it is essentially present; I mean the great spirit, the substance, the significance of it is spiritually and essentially present. I would not deny any great truth that leaps out from the dawn of this Easter morning. I would not deny the dark hopes that are fanned into new life upon this day. I would blend my voice with all the joy; my heart-throbs with all the anthems of rejoicing Christendom to-day. I do not say there is no fairer region into which we shall enter through the door of the grave. I have already said, my hearers, that the expectation of new realities and scenes that the eye has not seen, nor ear heard, is all of inspiration. 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"Rosalia Phillips."

"That was not the name you gave us," said the overseer, to Brownell.

"Of course not; you aint up to the tricks of these niggers. It would n't do for a runaway to keep her master's surname, but Phillip was the Christian name of the man I bought her of."

All this was said while Honoria looked on in silent wonder. She knew nothing about slavery, or that her mother had been a slave, for fearful lest the child should betray their position, Rosalia had kept her in ignorance on the subject, so that the latter knew no more concerning it than an infant.

"Well, I guess it's all right," said the overseer. "At any rate we won't make a fuss; you'd better take her, as you seem to have the best claim."

And the speaker eyed the child critically, thinking that it would be a great while before she could be servicable, and that, after all, she bid fair to be a sickly, feeble thing; might die on their hands, perhaps, after she had been an expense and trouble to them for several years. Indeed, that view of the case appeared not at all unlikely. As for consigning her to slavery, he quieted his conscience with arguing that the law was on the stranger's side, and he seemed good-natured in a rough way; maybe she would n't fare so hard in the end, and then, again, maybe she would n't live to be a slave at all. So he arrived at the conclusion that it was just as well she should be delivered up.

Meanwhile the trader was busy thinking, too. Three years previously he had purchased the quadroon Rosalia, intending to sell her in New Orleans; but the same night she escaped and could not be traced further North than Pennsylvania. Being very valuable, every effort was made to recover her, but it was not until within three weeks that Brownell had been successful.

Finding that the pursuers were on her track, Rosalia fled, and but for the snow-storm, in whose drifts she lost her way, would probably have escaped to Canada. As it was, they traced her to this forlorn refuge.

Now, when Brownell had purchased her, there was no mention made of any child, but in consequence of her taking it with her, although the mother was a complete loss, he had still something as a compensation in the daughter, whom he had no scruples appropriating to himself, without informing her master of the act. He had discovered Honoria's existence from the overseer in season to avoid betraying ignorance, and as it was settled that he should take undisputed possession, after paying all expenses incurred on behalf of the fugitives, he, on his side, was well satisfied with the lucky speculation. There being no one to object to this comfortable arrangement, when the trader departed Honoria accompanied him.

A few days sufficed to convince Brownell that he had made a much better bargain even than he supposed. There was a grace and charm of manner, a quickness and originality of mind that would render her very attractive without positive beauty, which he doubted she would ever possess, although something far better might supply its place. On arriving at his destination, he at once placed her in the country, with injunctions to allow as much freedom and as little restraint as possible, thus laying the foundation for sound health and a fine physique. When this object was attained she was carefully educated and accomplished, for Brownell intended to double the price he had paid for the mother in the sale of the child.

CHAPTER II.

Nine years had elapsed, when Honoria returned to her owner at the age of sixteen. At sight of her he was somewhat staggered in his former belief that she would never be a beauty. True, she had not that luxuriant development, the large, flashing, jetty eyes, the rich, glowing complexion, or the dreamy languor that characterized the young quadroon. But in their stead a tall, graceful, slender figure; clear, proud, brilliant eyes, as far removed in their almond shape, and crystal transparency from the African stamp as possible; a skin of creamy fairness and satiny texture, without color, and classical braids of waveless dark hair crowning her intellectual head; these were united to a manner haughty and reserved, yet so elegantly self-possessed as to leave no room for any improvement, save that of a few additional years.

Not a spark of genius had she; but intellect of the highest order, joined to a quiet, but ruling ambition, which lent to her whole person and expression a striking look of power and style that would have attracted instant attention among a throng of beauties. Rosalia had been almost white, and it seemed as if the last trace of tainted blood had disappeared in this girl, as thoroughly European in mind as in person.

Indeed she rather awed her rough, but kind master, when she thanked him for the advantages he had given her of finding, in knowledge and study, defence and solace against adversity; and so uneasy did she render him in her presence, without any such intention, that he resolved to sell her the first opportunity. When at his request she displayed her various accomplishments, he felt as if some member of the blood royal were condescending to entertain him, and altogether was as distressed and puzzled as the poor man who drew the prize of a Royal Bengal tigress at a raffle!

So little did he realize she was a slave, and his property, that he could not remind her of the fact by exhibiting her for purchase like live stock, while the high price made applications very rare. When he, one day, ventured to hint that he could not afford to keep her longer, she turned deadly pale; then, with a lightning glance and ominous composure, replied in resolute, yet even softer and calmer tones than usual, that if any disposition were made of her against her will, she should starve herself to death!

There was no doubting that quiet, unflinching determination, and poor Brownell was more puzzled than before. Not long afterward he met with a young gentleman whom he thought likely to assist him in his dilemma, and mentioning the beauty of Honoria, requested him to call and pass judgment. The next afternoon, as she sat alone, this gentleman, accompanied by a friend, was announced.

Never for an instant suspecting her race, the guests exerted themselves to their utmost to impress this haughty, *distingue* young lady; wondering, meanwhile, what possible connection existed between herself and the trader. When the latter entered the room, a covert significant look revealed the actual state of the case.

So incredible a revelation astounded the visitors not a little; but on Brownell's desiring her to re-

main, the younger of the two devoted himself exclusively to her, while the trader and his acquaintance conversed together. Honoria's companion, Mr. St. George, a resident of New Orleans, was a brilliant conversationalist; and unaware that her rank was betrayed, Honoria had never appeared to greater advantage. There was a perfect congeniality of tastes between them; and gradually unbending from her reserve, she appeared in her true light as a refined, cultivated, attractive girl, who would make a most interesting and fascinating woman.

So charming was she, now that her repellent manner was laid aside, and she no longer acted upon the defensive, that his noble nature, which would not have permitted disrespect to any woman of whatever origin, actuated Mr. St. George to increase his deferential address, and deeply to lament her most unhappy fate, rendered doubly so by her great superiority of mind.

The moments flew; and when the gentlemen rose to depart, Brownell urged them to come again. St. George, accepting, glanced toward Honoria, as if awaiting an invitation from her. Instantly a change passed over her—she drew herself up loftily, and returned to her original state, as she coldly replied: "I neither visit, nor receive visitors."

For the ranking iron that had been briefly lifted, fell upon her soul again with redoubled weight. In that moment she loathed herself for being what she was, and could have taken her life for forgetting her bondage, and being lured into such happiness as the last hour had afforded. But meeting her companion's look of surprise and wounded feeling, after a moment's hesitation she yielded to an uncontrollable impulse; frankly and impetuously extending her hand, she said:

"I shall always be happy to see you." And with one of her rare, bowdlering smiles, she swept from the room like a princess.

Of all the women in Europe or America, titled and simple, whom St. George had ever met, none had so completely enthralled his senses, and exceeded his ideal of graceful command and majestic nobility as this slave-girl of seventeen. No sooner was she gone, than turning to Brownell, he exclaimed:

"She is fit for a crown—I must make her mine! What price do you ask? Heavens! to think of that elegant girl being an article of merchandise, at the mercy of the highest bidder!"

"Not exactly that, either," replied Brownell, repeating her threat in case of compulsion. "And she'd do it, too!" he added, admiringly.

"No doubt," remarked St. George; "but give me fair play, and I believe I may influence her to leave you quietly."

Much relieved, Brownell agreed to keep Honoria ignorant of the fact that her situation was known to the gentlemen, leaving the rest to the ingenuity of her admirer. And let us do him justice; his heart was really touched, for the first time, with pure, honorable love. He would have given all he possessed, had she been even the lowest white girl; then he smiled in scorn, that one in whom no more perceptible trace of base blood lingered than in the veins of his own aristocratic mother, should be a slave, and classed with the darkest of her race, because generations ago she had had a dusky ancestress. Could he have concealed her origin, he would gladly have chosen her for his wife, beside whom all her disdainful European sisters waned and faded. But this was impossible, and yet she must be rescued from the dreary future that would inevitably follow.

This interview was but the commencement of many others, until at length St. George formally declared his love. A pang shot through Honoria's heart at this long-dreaded conclusion of an acquaintance too sweet and pure to be ended before. Withdrawing the hand he had gently taken, she replied in a voice calm with benumbing anguish:

"I should have prevented this unhappiness to both of us, which I foresaw. Alas! guilty creature, I bring only a curse on him I would bless above all others."

"Do so, then; it is in your power."

"Oh! do not despise me when you hear all," she cried; then, in sudden despair, "but you will—you must."

"Honoria, I cannot bear to see you suffer thus."

"Do not pity me; I am a wretched being. I have deceived you—stooped to deceit; I, who all my life have boasted of my truthfulness. You say you love me; you will do so no longer. Cecil St. George, I am a slave—a quadroon!"

He again took her hand.

"All this I knew within the first hour of our acquaintance," was his calm reply. Then with emotion: "Oh, Honoria! do you indeed think so poorly of me as to believe such a trifle could influence my affection? Are not you yourself a priceless treasure, and are not your noble nature and glorious mind sufficient to obliterate, or rather gild every antecedent, because connected with you?"

Honoria was silent from excess of amazement a moment, and then said slowly, as if scarce comprehending his words:

"And you knew all, yet treated me as a being of superior creation—you loved me with a full understanding of my base blood, and would now take me to your heart, thinking it no stain? Oh, Cecil!" she continued with a burst of wild tears; "I am not proof against such superhuman love!"

And in that hour she professed herself ready to follow him the world through, to die for him, and, what is sometimes harder, to live for him. Yet one thing she exacted—that the marriage ceremony, mere empty form though it was, should be performed first; for with the clearer eye of conscience she saw, beyond the sophistry with which man would disguise the holy truth, that in the eye of Heaven all races are equal, and that the solemn vow of marriage, pronounced by whosoever, and wheresoever, legal or illegal in the law, is hallowed and binding in the sight of God.

This, St. George also felt; yet he gazed sadly at the fair bride beside him when the nuptial benediction was invoked on her young, bended head, as she knelt in childlike faith. That by the voice of his country, he was unable to give a husband's protection, or secure to her the rights of a wife, was a bitter thought indeed. But he resolved the more firmly to shield her from sorrow, and be the whole world to her, himself. Honoria's conscience was now satisfied; and blest in the devotion of him who formed her heaven here, and hope hereafter, she worshipped her idol blindly, living but in the present, taking no heed of the past, and no thought for the future.

CHAPTER III.

Thus time fled, and four years passed away. The same deep affection existed as at first, only strengthened by constant association. But the birth of a

daughter, which had brought joy to the parents in one sense, had also brought sorrow and commiseration. For this lovely little one, who was as a sunbeam in their dwelling, must ever lead a lonely, isolated life, under the curse of society's ban; there was no bright future for her—no acknowledgment from her fellow mortals that she was a human being with a living, thinking soul, and a nature demanding sympathy and love.

Often did St. George realize sadly that his beautiful wife, for such he named her even in thought would never have any other associate in the wide world save him; that his haughty mother would not contaminate herself by suffering her robe to come in contact with Honoria, and that, even this child, his child, in whom was a portion of her own proud blood, would be spurned from the sight of its stern relative.

All this which the father felt, the proud, sensitive mother experienced with keener, because more personal, emotion. But as the months sped onward, this first sharp sting of grief became deadened; they were too happy in affection to be troubled for the future; yet, though Honoria sometimes feared these summer days were too uninterrupted for a long continuance, as no clouds appeared in the horizon, she banished such sombre thoughts as soon as they presented themselves. St. George, immediately on purchasing her, had made out her free papers, but on account of her extreme sensitiveness had never mentioned the fact, so that she still supposed herself a slave. With a hatred too deep for words she regarded the whole African race, and though a generous, was a haughty mistress; for each member of her household, although unaware of her origin, reminded her that she was degraded, despised, as much a mere chattel, as the lowest and darkest among them.

One of the few visitors to this isolated home, was a former schoolmate of St. George, Alfred Maxwell, a Virginian of excellent family and a favorite in society. Something of an exquisite, and a good deal more of a satirist, his easy, complaisant assurance and complimentary address formed a superficial cover to the covert sarcasm and selfishness beneath. From the first, Honoria rather disliked him, perhaps because she considered his admiration of herself too evidently expressed for respect or politeness; but as St. George enjoyed his society, she made no mention of her annoyance. But Maxwell, although obliged to treat her with that deference which his friend exacted from all, regarded her as only a beautiful slave, who had in some mysterious manner bewitched her master into a state of infatuation. But vainly did he strive to enter her good graces; to no purpose did he pet little Lily, and offer innumerable presents; the child also shrank from him, and he finally desisted in the pursuit, inwardly vowing that the proud Quadroon should be his ere long, cost what it might. In despair of accomplishing his wishes, he at length grew desperate, and one day paid a visit to Honoria while St. George was absent. He had lately altered so much in his manner toward her, that she felt willing to treat him more cordially. Delighted at this favorable change, Maxwell, whose ideas were not particularly clear on this occasion, forgot all reason, and wildly avowed his love, imploring her to listen favorably.

Perceiving his slightly intoxicated state, and shocked beyond all measure, Honoria rose to leave the room; but grasping her hand, he forcibly detained her, reiterating his protestations and entreaties. Her situation was distressing, for she dared not call the servants less they should learn her secret from him, and could not escape from this unpleasant scene without so doing. While she thus stood, undecided what course to pursue, the door opened, and St. George, entering, beheld Maxwell in his attitude of supplication, clasping both her hands, firmly, and pouring forth his evidently unwelcome entreaties. While Maxwell sprang to his feet, St. George was motionless with amazement. They stood eying each other an instant, and then with a sudden bound the latter sent his false friend reeling against the wall. Honoria had fled before this, and as Maxwell recovered himself, he glared fiercely at his companion, hissing between his teeth:

"You have done that which no man may do with impunity. This must be avenged."

"I am ready to give you instant satisfaction."

And by another hour a meeting was appointed for the next morning. Honoria, deceived by his calm manner, never suspected that St. George was on the eve of a duel. Several times he wished to speak with her on some subjects, by way of preparation for the worst, but could not face the scene that he was aware must follow. He knew he was an excellent shot; so hoping for a safe conclusion, he remained silent. But he held his beautiful child closer than usual to his heart, and realized with deep melancholy how utterly desolate and unprotected these two dependent beings would be in case of the event he dared not anticipate. Honoria attributed his excess of tenderness toward herself to sympathy for the position that exposed her to such trials, and slept that night as peacefully unconscious of impending evil as in the days of childhood.

The next morning, before he departed, St. George gazed mournfully at his sleeping wife, and at length bent down to kiss her. As he did so, a bright smile flitted over her face, and she murmured his name, for she was dreaming of a pleasant incident of long ago. Hastily bidding her a silent farewell, he hurried from the room, unable to remain another second.

When Honoria awoke soon after, she was a little surprised at finding him gone, but without any apprehension, made her toilet, and descended the staircase, expecting to hear him call her at each step. Just as she gained the hall, a confused sound of voices reached her ear from the garden, and immediately after, a group of men entered bearing the bleeding form of her husband. In an instant she understood all, and as they laid him on a couch, waved them imperiously away, clasped him in her arms, and implored him to speak. He raised his eyes, and feebly smiling, muttered brokenly: "Poor child! who will protect you now?"

Frantically he demanded that aid should be summoned; but he answered, "Too late," and her despairing cry of unbelief was silenced by the assurance of those present that it was but the truth.

When that conviction forced itself upon her, she excluded every one from the apartment, and supporting her head on her breast, awaited the final close with awful calmness. She watched the gradual change that passed over the drooping lids and pallid lips—not a fluttering sigh or falling breath was lost to her agonized perception. With strange composure she twined the thick golden rings of her silky hair around her finger, and gazed eagerly upon

him, as if to make him wholly hers until greedy death should take him from her sight forever. Presently he raised his still, clear blue eyes, and faintly said: "You will not endure that most horrible of all sufferings, my precious one. You are free; the papers are in my private desk. Our child—"

"Do you wish to see her?"

"No; it would injure her, and agitate—ah! this is death!" he added, as a sudden pang seized him, and the mortal pallor increased. For one brief space Honoria was roused from her apathy of despair. Clinging wildly to him, she uttered a startled shriek:

"Cecil! Cecil! you shall not, must not die. Ah! do not leave me alone! You cannot part from me—no! yet! Cecil! speak to me! Oh, merciful God! he is dying—dying!"

And shuddering, weeping, she clasped him closer, hiding her face on his bosom like a terrified child. But seeing the agony of his face, she hushed her heartbreaking sobs, and not another moan passed her lips. Thus the silent moments glided on, and still she gazed steadily into the fast glazing eyes that were fixed on her with the devoted expression they had ever worn—she had never seen them otherwise for five years. Then came the ashen hue, the falling breath.

"Honoria," he whispered as she bent over him, "I am going fast; kiss me." Then with a last, expiring effort, "God bless you, my true and faithful wife!"

Without a tear, she closed his eyes, and pressed one farewell kiss on his pale, cold mouth—those lips that would respond to her caress no more! That lifeless arm would never shield her again; that voice she would never hear—all hushed forever. In all the dreary years of the future they would meet no more—nevermore.

CHAPTER IV.

When the wretched Honoria recovered her senses, she gazed wildly about, forgetting the past, and wondering at her exhaustion. Then the whole rushed upon her memory. Fierce paroxysms shook her soul; in her madness she hated herself, scorned every living thing, loathed the thought of her child, and even cursed heaven itself. But when this insane excitement passed, she shrank at the recollection of it, imploring forgiveness in abject humiliation, and asking strength to bear the burden of this great grief.

Then she sought her weeping child, who vaguely comprehended that some mysterious change had happened; pleading to see her mother, that she might sob out her frightened spirit in those arms that had never deserted her in trouble before. She nearly started the little one by her vehemence now—she strained her to her heart at one moment, and the next, held her off, to search piercingly in each feature for the resemblance she had been said to bear to her father. No careless examination would now content her—yes, it was there, in the bright blue eyes, the curling golden hair, the beautiful forehead, and the full, curving lips—she was a perfect miniature likeness, scarce needing the addition of feminine softness to his wonderful, luxuriant beauty. Deep as had been the mother's love before, a new spring gushed up, and mingled its bitter sweet waters with the original fount.

As Honoria opened her jewel-case, to take thence a picture which would never leave her neck from that hour, she saw a little note addressed to herself in St. George's handwriting. She hurriedly opened it; the date was that of the night before; the contents stated that, in case of his death, fearful lest, by some cruel artifice, she might be deprived of, or delayed in obtaining possession of the provision he designed for her, he had enclosed a check for the amount, thus placing it in her power to claim her own, and advising that she should draw it as speedily as possible in the event of his decease. The sum was one hundred thousand dollars.

A thrill of agony swept over her, that this proof of protecting love in him who was gone, should be the sole substitute for his living, sustaining presence and support. Hard, cold coins for her stay in this dark world, in place of his encircling arm! Yet torn with anguish as she was, the thought that she must nerve herself, and gather up every energy for the sake of their child—his precious child—brought a collected, composed self-reliance of heart and brain. It seemed awful, that while he was yet lying in his sleep in the next chamber, she should steal forth on such an errand; but there were duties to the living, and it was the last counsel of him whose lightest word had ever been a law to her.

None saw her depart, or return, while the thick veil she wore precluded the possibility of recognition. The check was paid, after a close scrutiny, and comparison with the signature of St. George in the possession of the banker, and with the precious package she returned to her desolate home. That night she spent beside the still cherished form which had held the soul of her idol. Clasping the joy hand, resting her head on the same dreamless pillow, for the last time. On the morrow he would be carried from her sight forever; his proud mother, who would not come under this despoiled roof, had directed that the empty tenement of her son's spirit should be brought to her dwelling, thus keeping up the distinctions of caste even in the court of death.

When morning dawned, she severed some curls from his temples, and smiled with sad triumph, to observe that his marriage ring had, since first placed on his finger, become immovably secure in the little channel it had worn. No haughty mother, or careless attendant, could wrest from its place that little shining token of an union as golden as its emblem. Honoria now brought Lily to gaze for the last time on her father, enjoining her never to forget his features, and then, alone with the dead, took her own final, solemn farewell.

From the laden pressure of lonely grief which was fast plunging her into fatal apathy again, Honoria was roused with startling force. She and her child were claimed by the heirs of St. George as their property! Having heard from his dying lips that she was free, the helpless wife had not thought to look for her papers, or inquire about the will. The letter, she was told, directed that the money she already held in secret, should be paid her; but as no mention was made of her freedom, and no documents to that effect were found, this passed for nothing, and the sum as well as herself, were claimed by Mrs. St. George.

Vainly Honoria struggled, as in some painful dream; she was utterly powerless, and her mistress, to whom she was adjudged, ordered her to be sold. But for her child, the almost frantic mother would have committed suicide, and even now, an insane desire continually tempted her to clasp little Lily in

her arms, and seek eternal oblivion in the dark blue waters for them both. But reason did not entirely give way, and she was restrained. We cannot die when we will, and she had yet to "deed her world." She had yet to learn the extent of human capacity to bear sorrow and maddening fate.

When grown a little calmer, Honoria could not believe but that her free papers would be found; but as day after day passed, with no such result, the first frantic terror returned. Once only did she see her mistress—his mother—who owned her son's wife and child, and in selling them, as she purposed to do, sold her own flesh and blood!

On this occasion Lily was leaning from a window of the apartment assigned Honoria, and gazing into the courtyard at the antics of some little negroes, when Mrs. St. George passed by on her way to visit a sick slave. Evidently at the instant the child met her eye, she was unconscious of all save its wonderful beauty. Then came the sudden recollection, the likeness to Cecil revealing her identity beyond doubt.

In the first quick rush of feeling, that, overleaping every barrier, drew her irresistibly toward the sole relic of her idolized son, she impulsively advanced toward the window, apparently to address some kind words to Lily, who must have won the proud woman's heart by her artless answer. But ere the words were spoken, Honoria had seen the look of intense and yearning interest.

As a lioness springs to the defence of her young, so did she bound to her child's side, and, drawing it close to her heart, seek to guard it from the glance of affection or admiration more anxiously than from the dreaded "evil eye." An immediate change succeeded the earnest expression of the older lady; the young mother's face had caused an entire revulsion; her half-defiant attitude brought a realizing sense of the impassable gulf, and the chilling disdain returned—it was merely the haughty, unrelenting mistress who now swept past her bond-slaves.

But Honoria was trembling in every limb; a narrow escape, yet saved, nevertheless; in that glance she had read separation from her child, the last drop of bitterness still wanting in her cup of misery. That danger was now averted for the present, yet she kept Lily out of sight when Mrs. St. George, in again crossing the court, half turned, as if wishing to see once more that face so like to her dead son's.

Their eyes met full. As before, the cold, hard look resumed its original sway in Mrs. St. George's countenance, as they tacitly acknowledged each other. The old scorn looked the newly-opened fount of tenderness, and both mother and child were classed in the same scale of being as formerly—mere animate creatures.

No fear now that the proud lady would part them, retaining Lily to lavish on her the fondness of a parent. Desolate as the future had looked an hour previous, it seemed bright compared with the thought of what might have been.

CHAPTER V.

The dreaded day came; no indignity was spared her. In company with several others, Honoria was sent to the auction-room, and when the rest were disposed of, was placed upon the stand with her child. But a deathly faintness chilled her as she heard several in the crowd object to both making but one lot, and a frantic resolution to kill her little one and herself, if sold separately, gave a strange lustre to her dilated eyes. In accordance with the suggestions, Honoria was offered singly. Although starting with a high bid, there was no lack of competition, but a rapid increase, until only three were left to contend the point. Honoria gazed in dismay upon them—one was the person who had objected most loudly to purchasing her child; another was evidently not the man to buy what would yield no immediate profit, and the third was a coarse, but pompous, fellow, who intended her for himself. Presently the second bidder ceased; the contest was renewed with fresh zeal between the remaining rivals, till all at once the first faltered, the other named a slight increase, and the hammer was just descending to emphasize the yet unspoken "gone!" when a voice that thrilled every nerve in Honoria's body, bid another hundred, and, not recovering from this unexpected attack in season to take advantage of the auctioneer's momentary pause, the too confident individual had the chagrin of hearing her knocked off to this new comer.

"Twenty five hundred dollars, and sold to Mr. Maxwell!"

These were the words that rang through Honoria's brain, and seemed to brand themselves into her mental vision. The murderer of her husband—and she was in his power! This was the vengeance he had vowed, indeed.

While yet stupefied by this blow, Lily was offered for sale; the sound of her child's name aroused her, and, with agonizing interest, she watched the proceedings. At length it appeared probable that a Kentucky planter would be the purchaser, and then, no longer able to contain her distress, Honoria flung herself at Maxwell's feet, imploring him to save her child. Immediately he stepped forward, and bid off the little one, who recognized, with delight, a familiar face among so many strangers, and one who had been "papa's friend." In the first moment that Honoria clasped Lily to her heart, all fears for the future faded away, and when they did return, secure in her treasure, and strong to brave danger for its sake, the mother's heart was nerved for any conflict.

On one thing she was resolved—speedy flight beyond the power of pursuers. Several days of preparation were necessary for this step; during that time she refrained from displaying her scorn and horror of Maxwell, but was unable to assume anything more friendly than a quiet coldness. Her master was well satisfied, however, thinking it natural she should be reserved, and trusting that gratitude for having purchased her child, and treating her with marked consideration, would finally prevail, he bided his time, in small doubt as to the result.

At length Honoria was ready to carry out her plans. Deceived by her apparent resignation, Maxwell had somewhat relaxed the constant watchfulness of the past week, and, having ordered that she should be allowed as much freedom as was consistent with her safe keeping, she had been able to provide the means of escape in secrecy.

A slave-girl slept in the room as a guard, and was a remarkably watchful person for one of her race. But on the night selected for the escape, Honoria mixed some laudanum with her food at supper, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her in a slumber too sound to be easily disturbed. Then giving a smaller quantity to Lily, also, who, she judged, would be less likely to betray them by questions or surprise, if somewhat stupefied, she clipped the long light curls close, and having dressed the child as a boy,

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Banner of Light.

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NOTICE.

Hereafter, our Circles will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons only, as business calls us to New York on the remaining days of the week.

W. BERRY.

WRITING SERMONS.

There is always danger of repetition degenerating into mere mechanism. Let the act be ever so noble and true in itself, by being practiced a certain number of times, or at stated periods, or with always the same circumstances and surroundings, it is liable to become bald and barren formalism. We know it is so even in spiritual matters, the essence managing somehow to elude the grasp as the effort is repeatedly made to cast it in the proper form of words. Every writer knows how much depends upon his mood, that is, his inspirations; and clergymen ought, of all other men, to be able to testify freely to the same fact.

Sermon-making is by no means what it ought to be; not, perhaps, because the men engaged in it are not competent men to produce such discourses as are generally esteemed good and proper, but because the sermons themselves are not the vital things they ought to be. They lack life and inspiration, and are overloaded with the weight of century-old theologies. They read as if they were ground out of some ingenious mechanical contrivance, like machine poetry. They are sliced up, according to set rules, into their firsts, fifties, and seventies. They hum and drone like a housewife's spinning-wheel. One knows beforehand what they are going to say to him, and thinks he may as well sleep as listen, though he has not courage enough to stay away altogether.

A Baptist D. D., who edits a religious paper in New York, called the Chronicle, lets us into the secret of sermon-making in the following manner:—

"There are probably ten thousand persons in these United States, whose chief occupation is that of sermon-making. As the period of the week for going forth to this battle comes, the minister begins to feel like a man awaiting a surgical operation; come to it he must, however his reluctance may cause a temporary delay. He enters his study, takes up his Bible, turns over its pages, and reads one text here and another there, but all are alike sealed up or unsuited either to his mood or to his idea of his people's need, and hence he rises and takes two or three rounds in his study—then he stands and looks out of the window, and feels anew the attraction of this great book of nature, walks out, looks at the leaves, the flowers, the meadows, the cattle, the clouds, and with unconcentrated thoughts gazes into the boundless expanse.

But still those two sermons for next Sabbath, where are they to come from? He goes back to his house, plays a little with the children, talks a moment with his wife, fumbles the newspaper, looking here and there on its columns with his eyes, while his mind is wandering to the ends of the earth in search for those two next Sabbath sermons which are still *non est*, but calling louder and louder for a place among the actual and experimental. He hums a tune, drums with his fingers, and does a variety of unconscious things—so absorbed is the intricate machinery of his mind in the vain endeavor to work out the problem. After these various turns, like the gyrations of a hawk before he pounces on his prey, the minister rushes back to his study, seizes his Bible convulsively, as if to force it to yield up a text, and to make sure of no failure this time, he feels foul of the first that comes to hand, as a sort of Hobson's choice, and at it he goes with might and main."

Now such a kind of sermon as that is not calculated to do any good, and it is profless to think so. Such discourses are of that large class which Curtis describes as making the listeners bald by striking their pates and glancing off, instead of going through! They, at least, are not such as Beecher preaches, or Chapin, or Bellows, or Putnam, or Starr King, or Parker; and the signal fact that people will go to hear these last-named preachers, but will not go to hear the former, is proof sufficient and incontrovertible that what is in any true sense spiritual and inspired will always be in popular demand.

Blackwood has an article on the subject, in a recent number, in which he lays down certain propositions and rules that certainly deserve serious consideration. It is something, when such a matter is taken hold of by the secular press, and by talkers and thinkers everywhere. As is very truly observed by Blackwood in the article referred to, sermons compose a very important part of English literature, and constitute a portion of the standard illustrations of our native tongue. The vocation of the preacher he declares to be, to keep us persuaded of the reality, the certainty, and the truthfulness of those things and persons which we cannot see. He then asks if it is worth the while of some hundreds of people to spend the prime of that Sabbath day, which is our only legitimate and sacred festival and holiday, listening perhaps to the formal, perhaps to the careless, perhaps to the original and eccentric composition which clergymen have produced because they cannot help themselves, because to-morrow is Sunday, and our reverend friends must do their duty. "Is it worth our while, do you think, most excellent preacher," continues Blackwood, "after we have sung our psalms, and made our matutinal thanksgivings and supplications, to sit in decorous stillness for an hour, or a half hour, according to your notion, to learn what is your disputed opinion upon that disputed passage, or wherein you agree with Giesius, or differ with Augustine? If you do not happen to be a genius, and have nothing to say to us, why insist upon saying it? Genius is not necessary; cleverness is not necessary. We have heard men preach who had no appreciable endowment of intellect, yet whose honest voice made the heart swell, and encouraged the soul."

The reasons for this difference in religious teachers

is apparent enough; it lies with their spiritual development alone. This development, when healthy, of course includes sufficient growth and expansion in all other directions to make the character harmonious and to preserve its balance. All the resources are called out, and their free and unrestrained use tells sensibly upon the hearers. Especially is it the case that the sympathies, naturally large and all-embracing, should be in active and steady play. The sensibilities are to be awake. The love of the soul is to be fanned into a perpetual flame. The lowliest and most despised of all must not be overlooked. This tenderness is perfectly compatible with the most open bravery, too. A preacher need part with none of his individual force in order to express and employ his most sensitive sympathies. The great fault is, these very sympathies are now employed far too little.

Dr. Holmes, whose series of papers in the "Atlantic Monthly" are the topic of general remark and admiration every month, has some most excellent observations on theology, sermonizing, and humanity at large, in the May number of that popular periodical; and we extract as follows:—

"The good people of Northampton had a very remarkable man for their clergyman, a man with a brain as nicely adjusted for certain mechanical purposes as Babbage's calculating machine. The commentary of the laymen on the preaching and practicing of Jonathan Edwards was, that, after twenty-three years of endurance, they turned him out by a vote of twenty to one, and passed a resolve that he never should preach for them again. A man's logical and analytical adjustments are of little consequence, compared to his primary relations with nature and truth; and people have sense enough to find it out in the long run; they know what 'logic' is worth."

"A man's opinions, look you, are generally of much more value than his arguments. These last are made by his brain, and perhaps he does not believe the proposition they tend to prove,—as is often the case with paid lawyers; but opinions are formed by our whole nature,—brain, heart, instinct, brute life, everything all our experience has shaped for us by contact with the whole circle of our being."

"The heart makes the theologian. *Cor fact theologum.* Every race, every civilization, either has a new revelation of its own, or a new interpretation of an old one. Democratic America has a different humanity from feudal Europe, and so it must have a new divinity. See, for one moment, how intelligence reacts on our faiths."

"The one matter that a real human being cares for is what is going to become them and him. And the plain truth is, that a good many people are saying one thing about it and believing another!"

CHAPIN'S SERMONS IN BOOK FORM.

Messrs. Thatcher & Hutchinson have sent us two discourses printed in octavo form, making a very neat pamphlet. One of these is on the "Evils of Gaming," and the other on "Shameful Life." It is needless for us to bestow any compliment upon them, for it is guaranty of their merit to say that they are selected by Mr. Chapin and revised for publication, from among his best efforts. They are printed on thick and white paper, with large type and are well calculated for preservation. Price of each sermon, ten cents. Address Thatcher & Hutchinson, 523 Broadway, New York.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

The Summer Street Spiritual Assembly has leased a large hall, for three years, in which to continue Sabbath meetings, and which is to be christened with the name of "HARMONY HALL." It is at 419 Washington street, a few doors above the Adams House, and is to be neatly fitted up and ready for use on Sunday, May 8th. It is expected that A. B. Britton will be the first to occupy the desk, two Sabbaths, to be followed by Miss Harding, Mrs. Hatch, and others, as they can be engaged. We regret that the press upon our columns will not allow us to give a more extended notice at this time; but we shall do so in our next issue.

There is to be a Free Spiritual Convention in Boston, commencing on the 23d, to be continued to the 28th of May, inclusive. We shall publish the call in our next.

LECTURERS.

LONGINE MOODY will lecture at Melrose on Thursday and Friday evenings of this week, instead of Medford. Mrs. L. S. NICKERSON will speak at Berlin, May 23d. J. H. CURRIER, of Lawrence, will lecture in Concord, N. H., May 4th and 6th; Laconia, N. H., May 8th, 9th and 10th; Franklin, N. H., May 13th, 14th and 15th; Portsmouth, N. H., May 22d; Lawrence, Mass., May 20th. H. P. FAIRFIELD, trance speaking medium, may be addressed at Greenwich Village, Mass. H. L. BOWKER will speak in Woburn on Sunday, May 8th at 21-3 and 61-3 O'clock, P. M. Subject, "Intuition." WARREN CHASE will speak in Cleveland, Ohio, Sunday, May 8th.

LECTURE BY RALPH W. EMERSON.

Tuesday Evening, April 26th, 1850.

It rained smartly this evening; but yet Lower Music Hall was well filled to hear the last lecture of Mr. Emerson's course. We saw there, as we have seen at nearly every lecture of the course, men of such intellectual substance as Rev. T. Starr King and Edward E. Hale—preachers of the most thoroughly Protestant convictions—Protestant, because they are always found protesting against everything their better judgment does not authorize; Rev. William R. Alger, one of those few who can admire the beauties and goodness of God; while he finds it in the tones of celestial Confucius—in the legends of old Vishnu—the poetic inspiration of nature-loving Zoroaster, or the roughness of honest old Moses; Dr. Dewey, who, as he grows old, seems to have broken out of his theological chrysalis, and is now a progressive and independent as he used to be conservative and dogmatic. There, too, we saw the sunshiny smiling face of the little "Autocrat," as philosophical and pleasing as, but very different from, the man he came to hear. Others of the ministerial cloth were there, and lawyers, and doctors, and authors we cannot linger to name, and all were pleased, we do not question, with the new idea Mr. Emerson advanced on the subject of "Morals."

He thought that Morals were the what, and not the how, of life—the substance, and not the show. The whole use of life is moral, and life's trifles are most useful to guide our actions in the path of virtue. I value morals, said the speaker, because they tell me what to do to-day and to-morrow. The moral power of the world lives back of all. When asked what was the world made for, Plato answered, "for good!" Not a show of things is this universe, but it is for all benefit that all exist.

He is immortal who is acting to any partial end; he is mortal who sees others as well as himself, and seeks the good of the whole. He who is moral, sees himself a citizen of a world of souls, and in this measure he is a man. The poor grub, after serving its term of probation in nature's menial plane, casts aside its ugly hull, expands its wings, which it did not know it had before, and flies off into the sunny day. What man does outside of moral law reacts only upon himself. It is impossible for a man to do this or that, because he will. He cannot shift the wind by blowing against it, nor ride out the incoming tide with his cap. The sun, the rain, and the elements are everybody's benefactors. The man who is a helper of others becomes conscious of his own superiority to the selfish and immoral. Such persons are real men, while those not acting for virtuous ends are false and specific. Good men are a constant magnet.

Society would crumble over but for its great men, who are rare indeed. Goethe was a man before whom all the walls of the soul fell flat. The wits excluded from the academies came together into clubs, and threw the academical into the shade. Donapario was a reader of men. An American politician foresaw and foretold the change of parties in our elective field, and when he reflected where he could go, politics assumed a new phase. This man's name was greater than his character. Some men are propounded with, because they never say anything foolish.

When these rare men embrace both goodness and greatness—teach both intelligence and morality—the people are too apt to run them into a sort of divinity, and make gods of them. This was the fortune of Socrates, Jesus and Mohammed. Many persons, however, have a nobility which will not stand examining into. How many men will you find in a Parisian ball-room in gowags of nobility hired at the customers! It is interesting to see them color up when the police enter, and shrink away, or glance at the officers entrancingly, mutely imploring them not to expose them. The true nobility is measured by his service to humanity.

The lecturer said he once talked with an old pioneer settler of the West—one who had felled the first tree, laid the stone for the foundation of the first houses of Western America, and fought the incursive Indians; and he said that one good, strong-minded man was worth twenty thousand such men as cities afford; they are the strong timbers on which society stands. These substantial men are all alike, independent of nationality, as the Indians of Cape Cod, Java, and Sweden are the same, and are alike all over the globe. Even superficial France had her Pascal, Fenelon and Mollere.

Mr. Emerson related a legend of Basil, an old Catholic monk. He was excommunicated by the Pope for heresy, and an angel was sent to find a place for his soul in hell. But Basil was perfectly satisfied with his location, and so the angel took him deeper down. But the result was the same; and he was not only happy himself in hell, but his presence seemed to make others so, and even the angels proposed moving down to where he was, to share his presence. Under these circumstances, the Pope reinstated him, and he was afterwards placed in the calendar of saints.

Everything in life is the result of an omniscient deity. He who is able to state a question, is already in the way of its solution. We properly measure our wants by what we have to spare, and grow rich by giving to those poorer than we.

We seem to value ourselves above the English. We make more account of punishing a regiment of the Mohicans than winning a whole series of battles of the Mohicans or Indians. Bunker Hill is with us a continual omen. The words, that all men were created free and equal, drilled the world eight years ago, and an echoing response came up from all over the globe; but it is not much to our credit that our judiciary now declares that black men have no rights white men are bound to respect. We grow up to our nationality through many stubborn straits, and I feel this to be a blasphemy. It is neither wise, loving, just nor brave.

MR. EMERSON.

Mr. Emerson lectured at Music Hall last Sunday morning, on Wealth. The lectures before Mr. Parker's society are, by his absence, generously and nobly provided by the enterprising efforts of that society. Mr. Emerson is the "else flower" of our age and generation; he is, in our humble estimation, the brightest genius and the most religious man amongst us.

The Busy World.

ABLE LECTURER.—Under our New York head will be found an able lecture, delivered at Clinton Hall on Monday evening, 25th ult., by Mrs. A. M. Spence, the subject being "The Present Condition of Society and the Relations of the Sexes." All true men and women, who have the good of the human race at heart, cannot fail to perceive and endorse the sentiments embodied in this lecture. The time has come, we think, when the grosser passions of earth should be outgrown, thereby giving place to the spiritual element of man, that happiness and purity may supply the place of selfishness and lust.

"THE WELCOME GUEST" is a new reform paper, published in Coldwater, Branch Co., Mich. The prospectus says: "It is neutral in nothing, independent in everything—tolerating candid liberty and free discussion on every subject. Our aim and our desire is 'Truth.' It is about one-half the size of the BANNER, and is issued weekly at one dollar per year." Apothecaries, physicians, and all others who are purchasing Botanic Medicines, will find at B. O. & G. Wilson's, Botanic Drugists, 18 and 20 Central street, Boston, the largest assortment to be found in the country—consisting of every variety of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Barks, Seeds, Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Extracts, Ointments, &c. Also Brand, Wines, Bourbon Whiskey, and other liquors, perfectly pure, for medicinal purposes; Glass Ware, Medical Books, Syringes, &c.

We print the sermons of Messrs. BAZEMAN and CHAPIN, this week, on new and beautiful type, of a larger size than heretofore used.

MUSEUM.—The comedy of Lord Timothy Dexter which was put upon the Museum stage last week has had a successful run—flattering alike to the author, (Mr. John T. Trowbridge), and the manager. Mr. Warren gives us another of his problem styles of acting in the part of the eccentric lord, and Mr. King as the negro is a splendid impersonation. The play embraces nearly all of the talent of the Museum, and they are well cast.

The papers denominated the recent Slicker's trial "a horrible farce," that the verdict of "not guilty" was what had been all but universally expected; and that it was perfectly in accordance with the course of things at Washington, where the only law that is known is club law.

The Supreme Court has overruled the decision made by Chief Justice Shaw in the Rockport case, and declares against the enforcement of the nuisance act in ways that would have made it a nuisance act indeed.

A respite has been granted in the case of Mrs. Hartung, at Albany, who was sentenced to be hung for murder on the 27th ult., in order to give her a rehearing, the opinion having gained credence since the verdict that the evidence of her guilt was insufficient.

MUSICAL.—The Boston Brass Band—one of the oldest and best in the United States, composed of the most talented musicians in the country, under the direction of Mr. D. C. Hall, assisted by the celebrated musician, Mr. Eben Flegg, as second leader—is now prepared to furnish music for military and Freeman's parades, civic processions, &c., &c., at the shortest notice.

C. F. HOVEY, the well-known dry goods dealer in Summer street, died last Thursday, after an illness of several months. Bishop Doane, also, is dead.

The dailies of Saturday publish important news from Utah, the purport of which appears to be that the territory is threatened with civil war. It is said that Gov. Cummings and the military are at loggerheads; that the Governor issued a proclamation in regard to the proceedings of a Judge at Provo, which had given great aid and comfort to the Mormons, and according to a number of affidavits which have been forwarded, has led to the assumption of a hostile attitude towards the troops, upon their part.

DISSENTING STATE OF ITALY.—We regret to state that our intelligence from Italy is of a disquieting character. The announcement of a Congress, which is there regarded, erroneously as we trust, as a combination against the hopes and desires of the Italian people, has stimulated a movement which all the prudence of Count Cavour may not be able long to restrain, and which, should that patriotic statesman be weakened or overthrown, would pass into the hands of the republican and revolutionary party. An announcement that the Emperor of Austria had taken a broad and statesmanlike view of the Italian question, and had framed the conditions upon which he is ready to enter the Congress with liberality, might lead us to hope for a better result; but we are informed on good authority that these conditions are of a most insufficient character.—*London News*, March 28.

The Crystal Fount Division of Sons of Temperance will celebrate their third anniversary by a supper at the Adams House on the 10th inst.

Miss Matilda Sawyer was burned to death in New York city on the 29th ult., by her clothes taking fire from the explosion of a champagne lamp.

The INVESTIGATOR came to us last week in quarto form. It is edited with marked ability.

England has signified her willingness to accept Secretary Marcy's proposition substantially for the exemption of all private property from seizure on the ocean; but Mr. Buchanan insisted upon a condition respecting blockades, which effectually prevented the conclusion of the negotiation.

Lord Lyons has been entertained by the President at a diplomatic dinner. He is getting to be quite a lion already in this country. So we go.

Mr. J. V. MAXFIELD intends paying the Philadelphia a visit about the middle of this month. He will remain until the first of June. Our friends in that locality who have desired to witness his manifestations, will govern themselves accordingly.

Mr. Doole, the gifted opera singer, is dead. The recent Brooklyn Water Celebration was a great affair. The procession was of immense length, being over two hours passing a given point.

The Russians say we must have Cuba—that the possession of the colony is indispensable to the security of the American nation.

Banner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1850.

Publication Office, No. 5 Great Jones Street.

Amanda M. Spence at Clinton Hall.

We give the following abstract of a lecture delivered by Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, on Monday evening, April 25th. The subject of this evening discourse is, as was announced at the close of our last lecture, "The Present Condition of Society and the Relations of the Sexes." We are fully aware of the delicacy of this subject, and of the extreme sensitiveness and soreness of feeling which its announcement apparently creates in the minds of many; yet, at the same time, we know that it is one which comes home to every honest soul, and therefore we will fearlessly approach it, although for so doing we should be hanged, or drowned, or crucified. The very mention of this subject awakens fear and alarm in the minds of some, and a bitter spirit of antagonism in others; yet the seals of the closed book are broken, and the secret history of society is being thrown open to inspection, and high above the groans, the sighs, the lamentations, the confused uproar and the ceaseless wail of men and women, we hear the prayer of humanity for justice, and therefore we will draw nigh unto the truth.

We are creatures of circumstances, and, therefore, the present conditions in which we are living, and which no single individual can either change, or entirely escape from, overcome us; and hence, though public opinion condemn us, and the law condemn us, and our friends condemn us, and we are self-condemned at the bar of our own consciences, still we are swept down by the deep, strong current into which our bark has been launched, and we continue to run in the same course of error and of wrong. Still the better nature of humanity does not cut error and wrong. In the midst of overwhelming temptations humanity wishes and hopes to be saved from evil, and the prayer of the human heart is, "what shall I do to be saved?"

It is said that man is free; but the facts of individual and universal experience tell us otherwise. It is easy to theorize about free will and moral responsibility; but stern realities, like descending avalanches, crush all such theories into atoms, and grind our most splendid speculations into powder. We must have something better than theories—something solid and substantial—something real—something that takes the past and the present as they are and as they have been, and makes those realities the solid granite upon which to walk with firm and sure tread into the future.

Listen at the theorists. One says, "Unlock the prison doors and set the criminals free; instead of using harshness and severity, appeal to their benevolence." Another says, "Free the negro forthwith; take him and the roaming herd of the forest into your own social and intellectual sphere." Another says, "Gag those preachers, shut up those churches, and put an end to all the fanaticism and superstition which flows from them." The anti-marriage folks cry, "Be free; come out of bondage, and live as nature dictates."

The feeling which prompts all these utterances is right—"is pure"—it is noble; yet it is but the language of feeling, of sentiment—of love, which, though strong, is yet blind. Those reformers who proclaim such noble utterances of man's emotional nature, have not yet realized the true marriage within themselves—the marriage of the heart and the head—of love and wisdom. They are acting from the power of the affections only, unguided by the intellect. They are like the fond mother, who, in her selfish affections, clings to her darling boy, and refuses to let him leave her presence, to go forth and try his powers and develop his strength in the out-door world of experience. Folded in her arms, or hanging to her apron string, she deems him safe from wrong, and vice, and temptation, little dreaming that he is losing vastly more than he is gaining. But the intellectual father, with perhaps as much love as the mother, sends him away from home to school, to be boxed and cuffd about as early as possible, to prevent his being boxed and cuffd about by the world when he is older; for experience he must get, and that by severe lessons—by sorrow and suffering, as well as by the joys and pleasures of life.

In the same way nature, seemingly without feeling, heaves individuals, and nations, and races of men, out into the great sea of human strife, and warfare, and contention for life and liberty; and what though the feeble and the helpless sink and perish beneath the swirling, domineering power, and majesty, and might of the strong and the bold? The struggle has developed the higher powers of all, and in no other way would they have been developed.

Man moves with the sun. Progress is westward; and, in that westward march of human progress, whoever cannot go with it is either driven before it, or trampled under foot. "It is true the Indian was the first inhabitant of this continent, but not its first cultivator. If he has been swept from his native soil, he has been superseded by a higher race, who have done a work which he never could have done. He never could have built the railroads, steamboats, engines, saws and reapers; he never could have felled the forests and reared those mighty cities with their temples and monuments—their civilization and refinement. Man removes all obstacles, changes all conditions and exterminates all life that stands in the way of his progress."

The present spirit of emancipation and abolition is, in many respects, the maternal spirit of the race—the blind impulse of the heart without the clear-seeing light of the intellect. It looks at the enslaved negro, without books, without a trade and without the facilities of acquiring culture; it sees families to-day huddling together in the warm embrace of kindred affections, to-morrow scattered over the broad earth never again to be reunited; it sees one to-day sold upon the market block, to-morrow with the warm blood streaming down his naked back from many a deep gash, and the spirit of affection—the maternal emotions of emancipation and abolition, rebel against it all, and declare, "Oh, how cruel is this; this shall not be! I will wade to my knees in human gore, and sacrifice my life and that of my brother man to free the helpless victims of slavery!" Yet in this severe school the negro has been profited; so much so, that if you were to take him back to Africa he would hardly acknowledge his kindred blood.

Oh, thou gentle voice of affection, and thou fearful glare, and terrible growl of wounded love, remember that in the grand procession of nature it is not the negro alone who bleeds, and dies, and mourns, and weeps, and whose swelling heart bursts with grief for the loss of those who are linked to him by the ties of blood, and the still stronger ties which bind soul to soul! Nature's grand purposes are baptized in blood. That flashing banner of the foremost nation, on which are the stars and stripes, has been drenched in the salt sea of human tears, and that shout of the vanguard of progress, "emancipate," has ever struck terror into woman's heart, as she responded to the bold voice with a shriek, and pressed her helpless babes to her bosom. Out of the past come the voices of the past and visions of the past. I see the strong man bending to his little ones, while their pale-faced mother throws herself upon him and sobs aloud, as he kisses her and then for the last time; I see the sister clinging to the brother, and the mother clinging to her dearly loved son—they go to the field of battle, and their homes are desolate. I see blood and tears, and widows and orphans; I hear the wail and lamentation of the suffering, the bereaved, and the broken-hearted. Yet with all these there have come liberty, human progress and human development, and nature has accomplished her purposes. Who, then, shall complain? Affection ever—wisdom never.

Why should we condemn anything? From a principle. When should we condemn anything? When principles have risen up to pronounce sentence upon it, and declare that its day has passed. The principle of freedom will have its rule—not universally at once, but by degrees. Hence the time must and will come, when tyranny and servitude will slough off by a natural process—not, however, without suffering—not without agitation. Therefore, let the agitation go on; it will prepare the way, not only by awakening the feelings and emotions of our philanthropic nature, but also by shedding an intellectual light upon the relations, and influences, and destinies of races, that will guide our love into that course of action which will enable its strong arm to execute what is best for all who are related to and mutually influence each other.

We condemn not the past for not doing the whole work; neither do we condemn the present for the inheritance which it has received from the past. But what was once right is not always right; and therefore governments and society must and do gradually change. The agitation is going on; slavery has become a national question; its influence upon the white man, as seen by a comparison of the free and the slave States, is claiming attention, and therefore humanity will be free in due time. Thus the universal man is shedding his wrongs, and his errors are sloughing off.

We now approach the second branch of our subject—the

relations of the sexes. The sexes are isolated from each other in the spheres of their activity. It is an isolation that has enfeebled woman's body, and paralyzed her mind. The moment a woman engages in any kind of business, as a seamstress, a shop-keeper, a school-teacher, she loses cast, and becomes, at best, only second-rate society. While she is debased from competing with man in pursuits of an intellectual character, her lot is still more unenviable if inclination or necessity invites, or drives her to an occupation of manual labor. The present false ideas of society demand that she shall, at all times, be the delicate, attractive angel, rather than the healthy, blooming woman, with a clear, active intellect in a sound and well-developed body. Docility, frailty, and helplessness of mind and body, are expected of her; and accordingly imperfection becomes her daily study. What if her ribs do lap a little; what if her tottering gait and her trembling, lily-white hands tell of falling vital powers! She is helpless—she looks like an angel, and is just the thing that society expects her to be. It would be a dreadful thing for one of these angels to know anything that is worth knowing, and when knowledge has, in spite of herself, found its way into her mind, she nevertheless feigns ignorance. The world allows her to know something of the floating, gossamer literature of the day; but history, science, the mechanical arts, are all masculine—they are out-door things, like steam-engines and reaping-machines—to her mysteries, only to be gaped at, and wondered at, but not to be understood or talked about. Thus woman has been shovled out of both the physical and mental spheres of action, and therefore both her body and her mind are shorn of their strength, elasticity and beauty. Talk about her voting—what does she know about law and government more than the benighted negro of the south?

Why should not woman enter the intellectual sphere on an equality with man? She has the same number of faculties as man—so say the phrenologists at least—but she has not taken rank with her brother in the world of mind, because circumstances, opportunity and custom, have neither invited, nor driven her there in the same way that they have both driven and invited man. We are aware, and we freely admit, that there are differences in the male and female character; but in the department of mind it is a difference in tone, not in the number of faculties. Whatever this difference may amount to, and by whatever name it may be called, we are willing that it shall be taken into the account in determining the proper sphere of woman, and her true relations to man—and it will be.

In the earlier times, might made right. Man was then strong and muscular—a creature of force, and upon his strong arm woman leaned. It is yet an abiding instinct in woman to admire the well-developed muscle, for to her it is significant of that protecting power which her nature seeks in man. In those early times of physical force, man's mind was as barren as woman's; but physical wants and animal necessities (as we have shown on a former occasion,) set his mind in motion, developed his intellectual powers; and as mind gradually took the place of muscle, and did the work of muscle, and as his active mind awakened his affections and his moral nature, his passions were subdued, and he ceased to be altogether a creature of force. Thus the masculine nature has approximated the feminine in a degree—thus man and woman are gravitating towards the intellectual sphere, where they will ultimately meet as equals. Mind has no sexuality. In the purely mental sphere there is no sex—no man, no woman—nothing but mind. This is the great truth which we now feel. Under the shadow of its coming realities woman now stands, demanding equal rights with man. She feels the coming events, hardly knowing, however, the precise nature of that which is coming; and hence, under their inspiration, she may, at times, place herself in false positions, and claim that which her nature never can receive—never can appropriate—but no matter! all this is evidence of a veritable outward expansion of the female mind, and though it may meet with opposition, yet it is a natural growth, and nothing can stop it.

We still feel the influence of the age of force, because we have not yet outgrown the animal nature. With the progress of the race new questions of right and wrong have ever arisen. Charity now throws her broad mantle over the polygamy of the past, and declares that it was all right then. But with the awakening of man's higher faculties, the question began to be asked, "Is polygamy right?" It was answered in the negative, and monogamy became the law and the custom. Abraham, David, and Solomon, practiced polygamy, but Jesus and the apostles preached purity and virtue of a higher order; and Christianity sanctions, and the civilized world practices, monogamy. Yet where is there a marriage of ten years' duration, in which the legally mating are happy? Outward appearances may declare one thing, but a different verdict is written all over the secret feelings of husbands and wives.

Look at the fearful murders that are daily recorded in our newspapers—husbands murdering wives, and wives murdering husbands—all telling us that our marriages are not happy—are not right. The secret, unuttered prayer, all over the land, is for relief—for death—any kind of death, any kind of change, which will bring relief to the agonizing spirit of man and woman, who are reaping the bitter fruits of error and wrong in the marriage relations. 'Tis folly to deny it; the present conjugal relations are unlawful; and as the unwholesome effects of such relations are visited upon their children, as well as themselves, the purity and happiness of the present and of future generations demand light, more light, to guide them out of the false into the true relations. This honest and truthful presentation of the subject is met with the cry of free-love. What is free-love, and who are the free-lovers? Wherever there is an unatisfied conjugal nature, there is free-love—there the eye and the affections will scan the moving world of the opposite sex, seeking rest, rest, rest! This unsatisfied nature, though it may be held within the bounds of order and decency, yet no conscience, no sense of propriety and of right, can keep up such perpetual vigilance but that it will, at times, escape their watchful eye, and follow with admiring gaze some one of the passing multitude of the opposite sex. The soul will seek its mate, because monogamy is the true law of life being.

Then why is there so much misery in the present monogamous relations of the civilized world? Because people are ignorant of themselves—do not understand the demands of their own nature; and also because woman, not being permitted to take her true position in the intellectual sphere, and in the sphere of labor, has been forced, oftentimes from necessity, to depart from her holiest loves and her highest intuitions, and choose the wrong instead of the right. These considerations, together with the inequality of woman's wages as compared with those of man in the same occupation, have ever prevented her from being self-sustaining—have ever kept her in a state of dependence. When to all this we add the fact, that woman is educated to be a wife, or rather, to secure a support and a position in keeping with her own and her parents' ambition, we can easily understand how it is, that marriage is a traffic of profit and loss, and courtship a system of fraud and deception; and how it is, that husbands and wives are bought and sold upon the same principles that we buy a good work-horse or a fine racer. Woman gets all she bargains for—some one to take care of her—her victuals and clothes.

Let woman, then, enter the intellectual sphere, select her own pursuits adapted to her capacity and tastes, walk aside by side with man as his equal, and then the most fruitful source of false and unhappy marriages will be cut off.

Those

Between Philadelphia and Wilmington there is daily communication both by Railroad and Steamboat.

proof, I do not expect you to endeavor personally to convince me of what you believe is the truth; but, if, through the columns of the BANNER, you should be able to cast one ray of light upon the dark state of my mind, you will have the extreme pleasure of directing, yes, converting, one honest seeker for truth unto and to the right. Remember, I am neither infidel, atheist, Methodist, nor any other *ist*, nor of any time; but with my present views, a seeker for that which is right, looking to the "origin of all truth for aid and direction."

We take the position as Spiritualists, that the immortality of the soul is not, and never has been, and cannot be, proved or demonstrated by the philosophy of the material world. What pertains to the soul after death, cannot be reached or handled by the hands of materialism or the philosophy of matter. Let us be content to use our earthly philosophy for the material world, and with the development of the spirit into spirit-matterhood will come a new and appropriate philosophy which is now dawning and being developed. The soul's pervasion is perhaps the most real evidence of immortality. This, we say, is intuition. A philosopher cannot handle this, or govern intuition with his philosophy. This belongs to spirit, not to matter.

The Philosophy of Spiritualism.

WARREN CHASE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—"The brightening prospects of our philosophy in this city need to be noted on the pages of the BANNER; but crowding duties and engagements will not allow me to do it justice, but I hope some pen will. The cause seems to be rising, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the 'Patriarchal Order.' One church, with a talented and eloquent teacher, (Mr. Conway), has already been broken into parts, and the sediment of Unitarianism has retired to the grave-yard of sectarian bigotry by itself, and the other, with the preacher, and most of the large audience, have come to the very verge of Spiritualism, and are surveying the ground for a location so near, that they can meet us on the line of free thought, conscientious religion, and independent devotion. This Unitarian progression brings a large number of persons so near to us, that they will soon see that we are located already on the most advanced platform, and occupying the most liberal and truly religious position of any worshippers in the household of God. Another society, (Universalists), under the eloquent teaching of Mr. Blauders, has also come so near to us as to alarm its old foggy members, and bring to them aid and encouragement from our friends, with a fair prospect of soon having that church also settled on the very border of sectarianism, overlooking the spiritual Canaan, and ready, in a short time, to join us in setting and cultivating it. Next, the Infidel Society, composed of many intelligent and honest thinkers, who have been holding meetings here, and discussing with sectarian Christians, and using them up in almost every point, have moved their meetings into the hall where the Spiritualists meet, and use it the afternoon of each Sabbath, and some of them are already fearful they shall lose their identity, for our friends meet with them, and join in the discussions; and it is already—as some one remarked yesterday—difficult for them to sort out their own feet on parading. I have not yet learned that the Spiritualists feel in any danger of losing their identity in any of these cases. There have been grooved here, morning and evening of the two last Sabbaths with large, very intelligent and deeply interested audiences, and also took part each day in the Infidel meeting, and would as readily have occupied any Orthodox pulpit of the city, if invited and tried to show the difference between our beautiful philosophy of 'life into life,' and their horrible doctrines of death unto death. I have never found in my previous visits to this city so favorable, encouraging and prosperous conditions and signs as at the present.

Cincinnati is now ripe for the best philosophy, and the ablest teachers of the Harmonical School can be triumphantly sustained here; but it is a poor place for the unfledged birds of the new paradise to contend and compete with these able and eloquent teachers of the ripened churches, and the keen intellects of the skeptics and infidels' superior knowledge, ability and talent only can bring together, and hold audiences here in competition with these meetings, and such Spiritualism has, and thus it can and will swallow them all up, and settle them fixedly on the new and rich soil of spirit-life and intercourse, where the rare and delicious fruits and flowers of the kingdom of heaven can repay the labor of cultivation.

Lectures.

"TRUTH," MARLBOROUGH.—"We have had a course of lectures in this place recently through the mediumship of some of our most noted speakers, among whom were Messrs Harding, Houston, Ames, and Magoun, and Messrs. Otis, Pardee, and Pierpont. These lectures have been well attended by all of our liberal and most respected citizens. One of the most interesting men in our midst, and a Spiritualist, withal, who takes a deep interest in Spiritual things, in a most commendable manner has gone heartily to work, and is erecting a hall building for the express use of Spiritualists. And we hope soon to be enjoying the privileges which he is preparing for us. May God reward him and bless his efforts to do good.

True and honest seekers for truth, never have gone away empty from the table of spiritual food and life. Many who, but a short time ago were thorough disbelievers, are now exclaiming in the fullness of their joy, 'O! what a blessed thought it is, that the spirits of those once loved on earth can and do commune with mortals, and impart to them such beautiful truths and rich gifts of thought; indeed it is a blessed reality to us.'

Mr. Mansfield.

We have been permitted to make the subjoined extract from a letter received from New Orleans by Mr. Mansfield:—"Whatever doubts heretofore existed in my mind in regard to Spiritualism, have been dispelled by the reception through you of an undoubted communication from the spirit of a dear wife, sincerely mourned and truly loved, even in death. The style of composition and the characteristics of the writing are those belonging to her when living, and I had not anticipated and was not prepared for so satisfactory a test as that I have received. You have performed all you promise in your advertisement; and such being the case, I cannot consent to again encroach upon your time with another communication at your expense. I therefore, with another one, send you the proper fee, which I trust you will receive promptly and safely. Please oblige me by returning the sealed envelope with a reply, if received, at your earliest convenience, and I can assure you that not I alone, but many others, will wait with anxiety till I hear from you. Allow me to tender you my sympathy in the arduous duties you have assumed, and the many vexations you undoubtedly have to encounter. My wish is that you may be sustained by that Power which is always upon the side of right. May you eventually triumph over misrepresentation and error, and, as far as may be, establish that truth in which mankind is universally and eternally interested."

Charlatans.

GEORGE HELMICK, PHILADELPHIA.—"I read the BANNER, to the exclusion of almost every spiritual paper, and have a very high opinion of its usefulness. I recommend it to all with whom I come in contact, and for this reason should be sorry to see it adding charlatans in any way."

No less than our correspondent do we desire to withhold our aid from charlatans and deceivers. Money will not hire us to advertise or publish that which we are satisfied partakes of that nature.

We thank our correspondent for the private note accompanying the above.

SAMUEL P. ANDERSON, JOHN G. ELY, J. R. BECKE, and ULTRASES B. WARNER, HANNOVER, subscribe to comments on a lecture delivered and published in that place against Spiritualism. The writer withholds his name, and in its place says: "By a Connecticut Pastor." The comments of the above gentlemen place this Connecticut pastor's Christianity in a very questionable form. And from the character of the pamphlet, we do not wonder that he left his name in the dark. His position against Spiritualism is too materially strong and spiritually feeble to command a review from us. Our correspondents say: "Now, although it is only fourteen months since the advent of Spiritualism in this place, it has acquired a power and magnitude that is apparently very alarming to the Connecticut pastor."

I. BIRD, BURLINGTON, KY., who, according to a letter received from him, was arrested for murder, (as he thought owing to prejudices existing against him, because he was a Spiritualist), has been acquitted.

MISS ETTIE NELSON, JOHNSON CREEK, N. Y.—The communication from your spirit brother is too long for insertion in our department of correspondence.

MIRON OWEN, WEST PORTLAND.—The communication to your mother is very long, and the press of matter, of more general interest, obliges us to omit its insertion for the present.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE LIFE-WEARIED.

BY UNA.

Winding thy aimless way along,
With heavy, stricken heart;
In all this world of love and song,
Hast thou indeed no part?
Hast thou the childish trust of yore?
The love of those most dear?
Or have they loved ones gone before,
And left thee sorrowing here?
Hast thou grown sick of all this strife,
Twixt clay and brother clay?
Dost wear thy galling chain of life,
Longing to break away?
Stay thy regretful life-wearied one,
Nor longer darkly muse,
Of length of days which are to come,
It is not thine to choose.

Thou art, and thou must ever be—
Though darkened is thy view;
Attendant goodness waits on thee,
As clouds beget the dew.
From discords come the sweet refrain,
From darkness comes the light;
Friends part that they may meet again,
And sense the dear delight.
Learn the sweet faith that smiling sings,
Know that thy loved are near;
And thou mayst feel their angel-wings
Fanning thee, even here.

[Washington Correspondence of the Banner of Light.] SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

It is a somewhat singular fact that an Englishman, living in the southern part of Europe, and who had never seen America, should feel so deep an interest in the United States as to leave his fortune (which was ample) for the advancement of science in this country. Not one dollar did he leave to his native land, but all his estate, even to his umbrella and cane, he bequeathed to us. Perhaps if he had crossed the ocean, and made two or three calls upon the House of Representatives, he might have altered his mind, and have come to the conclusion that England was not so unworthy after all. We ought to be thankful for his ignorance of some things, and his knowledge of others, for, agreeably to his will, a beautiful building has arisen in Washington, connected to Science. It is unique in its appearance, differing from all the other public buildings, and, to my eye, it was quite a relief to turn from the glistening white marble pillars, solemn and stately, as if they upheld the government itself, to the brown, irregular structure of the Smithsonian, reminding one of pictures of buildings in the Elizabethan style of architecture. There are ample grounds around the building, and we had a pleasant walk on a sunny morning up the ascent to the large door.

We passed first into the library, a noble room, well furnished with books, but with space for more. These books are free for the use of any one who wishes to consult them; but may not be taken from the room. From the library we passed into a large hall filled with curiosities gathered from the vegetable, animal, and mineral world. The first thing which attracted my attention was a large meteorite, lately brought from Mexico. This subject of meteorites is a most interesting one to investigate; and whenever we meet one of these strange wanderers, we fall into a reverie of wonder. That they did not come from this earth is pretty well demonstrated. They have frequently been seen in their descent, moving very rapidly, and making a loud, hissing noise. Sometimes they make deep indentations in the earth, and now and then they have been seen to fall, and the spot is covered only with a sort of scorification, as if the falling stone had been partly consumed by fire. Speculation has long wandered amid various theories to account for their origin—some contending that they come from the moon, others from comets, others still, from small planetary bodies; but all agree, if I am not mistaken, in the fact that they invariably contain an alloy of iron and nickel, a mixture never yet discovered in other stones. Feldspar and magnetite pyrites are also found in them. This specimen weighed two hundred and fifty-two pounds. It was a very dark-looking stone—darker than any lava which we have ever seen—but it is said to resemble this substance when very ancient. While we were musing over this curiosity, we heard some one say, "Now we will attend to you; first come, first served; follow me, and I will explain everything to you." We turned to the direction from whence the sound proceeded, and found a party of two or three ladies, and as many gentlemen, standing near, seemingly under the direction of a little gray-headed man, who appeared to combine the agility of youth with the garb of an old man. "Keep with us," said one of the ladies to myself, "he wishes us to improve the time." We, at that instant, spied a large collection of bird's eggs, and they proved so strong an attraction that we moved towards them, pointing them out at the same time to the lady. A beautiful collection truly; case after case was filled with the eggs of hundreds of species of birds, from the little humming-bird, no larger than a small white bean, to those of the ostrich and the eagle—and most of them are placed in nests as we find them in nature. We lingered lovingly over them—blue, speckled, green, white—all sizes and colors; with some we had been familiar from childhood—or others we had only read descriptions. How low longed for leisure to examine them more fully; but our guide seemed to think that there were other things of more interest, and directed our attention to a huge piece of bone or horn. "Now only guess what that is," said he. We had one eye on a collection of native birds, and was meditating an escape thither, so, resolving to say our lesson quick, we said, "A rhinoceros's horn." Did not the little man laugh at us, as if he were an Agassiz, and we a poor ignorant? "What of the mark—wide of the mark, ha! Why, that is a mastodon's tooth." We were exceedingly mortified at our ignorance of natural history, but we forgot it in examining the robin, blue-birds, red-birds, yellow-birds, &c. &c., looking for all the world as if they were just going to sing. How familiar they looked there, our previous little friends, that make our country home so pleasant during the summer season.

"Come—come on," said our peremptory guide; "I'll show you something more interesting in another room." Again we were a little contrary—surely that is an albatross. We had searched many collections in vain for this bird of the sea, and would have a good look at his gray plumage, and his long, narrow wings. It has not much beauty; its bill is long and hooked, its toes very long and webbed, and its wings eight or ten feet long. Near it we found various species of eagles. "Come, ladies," said the guide, "now stand all in a row, and tell me whose likeness this is?"

"Oh, dear," we said to ourselves, as we looked up and saw the likeness of some politician—we have forgotten now whether it was Cass or Buchanan, or Seward or Toombs; nor did we care. Our reverence for our present political leaders had lately fallen to zero, and we were passing without any notice. What interested me more—the identical dress which Dr. Kane wore when in the Arctic regions. A lay figure was dressed in them, and there he stood with the fur shoes that had so often trod those icy paths—the coat, the cap, the gloves, and the mask. A few days before we had seen his faithful dog "Toodle," and the huge white bear which he brought home; and now here we seemed to see the man himself, and our thoughts took a sudden plunge from the luxurious warmth and carpeted Capitol yonder, with its sofas and easy-chairs, its oysters and coffee—to say nothing of its wines—to the cold, desolate, icy land where the enthusiastic doctor traveled daily, even when weakened by hunger and sickness, to his observatory, there to make records for the benefit of science. I wonder how many of the "speakers" there, who are annually wasting thousands of the people's money in petty personal debates, love their country well enough to imitate Dr. Kane in one little of his noble efforts! But we are now following our guide up stairs to a large lecture room, where learned Professors are at this time giving a course of scientific lectures. In the adjoining room is a valuable apparatus, which we are not learned enough to describe. We noticed one large glass-case full, given by Dr. Hare. Among other instruments here was one to represent the motion and power of waves. We found one room that might be called an Indian portrait gallery, being filled with pictures from Pocahontas, we were going to say; but no, we could not find the Indian princess here; but of noted Indians from the first settlement of the country, to Billy Bowlegs, of Florida, was not wanting. Last, not least, our guide with a curious mixture of pomposity and reverence, led us to a small, but well-furnished room, from the window of which we had a fine view of the city and its environs. But this we were not long permitted to enjoy, for he wished us all to be seated, and listen to some remarks upon Smithsonian. The party with us were Bostonians, and rather enjoyed seeing

the little man magnify his office, and humored him by sitting quietly in a row, while he told us of the Englishman who gave only his mortal body to his own country, while he bequeathed everything else to a land that, until then, knew him not. It then pointed to the glass case. "There, you see, ladies, that though Smithsonian was a bachelor, yet he was a housekeeper; and here is the family plate, his canes, his umbrella, some of his dishes, and a variety of little domestic utensils, necessary to an establishment; and here is his likeness—the only authentic one known. So you see we have everything but his bones, and England may keep those if she wishes; we've got what is more important."

We should probably have found his remarks in the Guide Book, which some little boys were selling in the vestibule; but we have avoided guide-books in our description of places; we have thereby failed in giving you dimensions, numbers, etc.; but, on the other hand, the little we have given is from fresh impressions received at the time. The "Smithsonian" is among the most interesting spots in Washington, and will continue to increase in interest from year to year. Long may our loquacious guide continue to hold his office.

NINA.

EVIL AND GOOD.

"Evil and good are God's right hand and left;
By ministry of evil good is clear."
"However contrary man sets his heart
To God, he is but working out God's will."

There is one trait of character common to us all, which is productive of a vast amount of unhappiness. It is the sensation of wrong we constantly experience; this sensation brings fear; it is a prophecy of injury. We see danger in a thousand forms threatening our safety and well-being.

This condition of life which makes us conscious of the existence of evil, is necessary; so is the unhappiness that is the consequence of this consciousness. The perception of evil is the necessity of a condition; it belongs to a degree of the soul's progress; it is the effect of an early process of the soul's growth. It is right, for it is a necessity. But when the soul shall attain a higher degree of progression, this trait of character will become extinct, and in its place will come the very opposite, happy, heavenly thoughts and words, "All is right."

"All discord's harmony not understood."

All goodness is spontaneous; all else is fiction; all evil is a fiction—only the conception of it is real. All nature is good; and in nature we have both day and night. Is the day better than the night?—Is not each a necessity; is not each good? We have sunshine and clouds; the clouds are necessary to give the earth rain, and rain is as necessary as the sunshine to make the earth bring forth her supplies, which are necessary for our wants. Both sunshine and clouds are good.

The earth yields poisonous and nutritious plants; thorns and roses; lions and lambs; worms and butterflies; serpents and sweet singing birds. Life is everywhere in varied forms; on the land, in the sea, and in the air. All man, still the work of nature's God, crowns the whole. All these are nature's productions, and if we know not the use of each, let us not say that nature is wrong, but rather our knowledge is limited.

"The wings of Time are black and white,
Plaid with morning and with night.
Mountain tall and ocean deep,
Trembling balance duly kept.
In changing moon and tidal wave,
Glews the fold of want and ease."

Life is made of ups and downs; for every excess in nature there is a corresponding want; if tides are high in one place, they are low in another; if there is a mountain, there is a corresponding valley; the extremes of winter cold have corresponding extremes of summer heat; in all nature there is an equilibrium, an even balance.

Humanity is a natural production, and in it the same laws hold good that govern matter in lower conditions of nature. For every splendid mansion, there is a humble cottage; for excess and superabundance of the necessary things of life, there is want and deprivation; for excessive wealth, there is excessive poverty; for excessive goodness, there is a corresponding want of goodness; there is genius and stupidity; intelligence and ignorance; there is an excess of pleasure, but never without a corresponding excess of pain somewhere. The hand of justice holds the scales of human good and evil, and they are balanced in evenness.

The same law holds good when we come to an individual man. A man is a microcosm, a little universe; he is a world in himself. God is as infinite in littleness, as in greatness; as perfect in little man, as he is in worlds of magnitude that swing, balanced in perfect order, in limitless space. The law of justice; the law of evenness balances the work; the mechanism of the human body and the human soul. For every excellence, in any man, there is a corresponding defect; for every good, there is a corresponding evil, perhaps not known; for every excess of virtue there is a vice, it may be, latent; for every tear shed, there is a gem of beauty; for every pain, there is a fragrant flower of undying freshness, a truth gained; for every sorrow, there is a joy; for every loss, there is a gain. In man exist no excesses without a corresponding balance. Nature is a leveler, and balances everything; allows no exceptions; no monopolies; no more in an individual man than she does in the whole range of her vast dominions beneath man. Shall man contend with nature? No; he cannot, for it is the power of God in nature that makes him what he is. Let nature stop her work in the vegetable kingdom one year, and all life on earth ceases. Let nature stop her work in animal life one hour, and all men are numbered with the dead. Let nature cease to do her work for one moment in the physical world, and the universe is chaos.

Do not nature's laws, then, command our attention and our reverence? Man is ruled by nature, and nature to man is destiny; and a distinct view of destiny is a revelation to man, of faith in God, for nature's laws are the laws of God. Can a man influence or alter a law of nature? Can a man, if he tries as hard as he can, make the earth revolve the other way, so that the sun will rise in the West and set in the East? or can he stop the ebbing and flowing of the tide? Can he add to or take from a single ray of the great sun that shines upon us? Can he make the attraction of gravitation stop, or an atom of matter cease to exist? I don't believe he can. Neither do I believe that there is one single law in nature anywhere, that he can influence or alter in any way or in any degree made manifest in man. Man is as immediately and as perfectly under the influence of these laws as is the sun, the earth, and the tides. The nature of man's soul is progressive; he is ever changing; he has intelligence and consciousness. There is a condition, a degree in his progression, where he believes that he has power above and independent of the power of nature; for the more perfect development of his identity, or his selfhood, or, for some cause still hidden, we shall see this belief a necessity of a degree of progress—a manifestation of that degree which is natural. No one moment of time does the soul cease to move; and onward and upward with all things is its course forever. And as man's consciousness becomes more clear in viewing the laws of nature, he will sooner or later see that his work is right, balanced justly, in equity; he will see a hand of divine intelligence made visible as he traces the working of this power in the steps of his soul's progress, all ultimate in his highest good. Then, and not before, as he reviews the past will he see that God has purposes and nature works them out, and the means to work out his ends are what we call good and evil, or rather good and evil are the effect of this work; each one and both are necessary to the end. Evil is as much the effect of a means in working out the purposes of Creation, the ultimate purity of man as good is. When we begin to comprehend the perfect power of God in nature, we shall not say that ought that is of God is wrong, for we have faith in his perfect power, and say that it is right; we consciously fall into the arms of destiny with childlike confidence; here, and here alone, is faith in God. God rules the destiny of man. "Seek first the kingdom of God," says the holy Jesus. The kingdom of God that man seeks is faith in God that is to be within us. A. B. CHILD.

NEW ORLEANS CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR BANNER.—Being a constant reader of your pages, I notice that you have no correspondent in this part of "God's Creation"; therefore, if people judge from the pages of the BANNER, they will reasonably conclude that Spiritualism does not flourish in the "Sunny South." I concluded, on this Sabbath morning, (while the Orthodox bells are calling the faithful to come and worship God, not "according to the dictates of their own conscience," but according to their several creeds,) to drop you a few lines to let you and our spiritualistic brothers and sisters know that even here, in the "Crescent City," we have some light, and that Spiritualism is slowly progressing, though not with such rapid strides as with you, where you are favored with trance speakers and lecturers.

There has been no lectures, of any interest, here on Spiritualism since Mr. Forster, and his associate, Mr. Squire, left; but Forster's eloquence, and Squire's surprising physical manifestations, awakened a spirit of investigation that resulted in bringing many to the light who were before groping in darkness. Spiritualism has made much more rapid progress amongst the Creole and Catholic portion of our population than the Protestant; first, because most of them have more time for investigation than the rushing, hurrying, money-making American; and, secondly, the creed of the Catholic Church does not deny the possibility of spirit communion, and neither does it transfer a person immediately on the spirit's leaving the body, either to an eternal heaven or hell, but rather hold to the truth that every one shall be rewarded according to his works.

There are many circles in private families, and often astonishing physical manifestations, as well as some beautiful and Christianlike teachings, as much so as any Orthodox minister would wish, except that they are given by those who are not regularly ordained. The circles are usually conducted, and the communications are generally in the French language, though there has been several instances of the mediums conversing fluently in the English language, though in their normal state they did not understand it; and where the medium understood nothing but English, the French has been spoken; but, more surprising, there has been German, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Chinese, and what was believed to be Arabic, written and spoken by mediums here who know only English. We would like very much for the Harvard "savans" to explain the cause, and from whence comes that knowledge to an uneducated person.

There have been several healing mediums developed within the last year, and many remarkable cures are said to have been performed by them; one in particular, a colored man, (a blacksmith) has, it is said, performed many wonderful cures simply by the laying on of hands.

Though our number is small, yet our Orthodox brethren are beginning to quake; and though they would convey the idea that Spiritualism is dead, yet they have yielded far enough to drop the cry of

SPIRITUALISM IN COMMERCE.

Messrs. Editors.—Brother A. B. Child has given one side of a two-sided subject, and I propose to briefly show the other side, without advocating either extreme.

Spirit truths and benefits are exchanged for dollars and cents. And why? Because commerce is a present fact in this rudimentary world, which can only be done away with by reducing the demand for it. This in turn can be done only by the generating, in time, of a physically, intellectually, and affectionally healthy humanity, who shall be advanced to that plane wherein is no need of commerce for the dispensing of pecuniary justice or laws for the restraining from crime. Then Spiritualism *absolute* can work, surrounded by its own normal conditions, where now, conditions being abnormal, it must of necessity be Spiritualism *relative*. The absolute and the relative are often vastly different. The laws and modes of action fitted to a world of angels would be impracticable in a devil-world. To man's exhortations send back words, and to a wolf's attack, clubs. We must take the world as we find it, as the facts of its existence stare us in the face, and knowing its state, strive to make it better, and not insist on its being as we would like to have it—urging it to that stand-point or none.

Ignore the fact that mediums are mortals and not spirits, and remuneration for mediumistic labor is not a necessity. But what are mediums and what is mediumship? Mediums are mostly persons of a delicate physical organization, who, instead of being able to endure everything human curiosity and thoughtlessness can impose upon them, can really endure but little of the wear and tear incident to the rudimentary life. The many classes of manifestations, the magnetic forces of their own physical systems, are taken and appropriated by the spirit operator to another. This strength in imponderables gives a positiveness with which to meet life's trials and duties; and this waste of it is supplied in time only, during rest, through nature's restorative processes. Mediums are mostly persons whose time is money, and who are dependent on their own exertions for the common necessities of life. Mediumship is a talent, (or, as the ancients called it, a gift), natural or acquired, or both. I have a gift or talent as an artist. That which is to me but play, would be to my neighbor unattainable by the severest labor. Should I then give to my neighbor the choice productions of my skill, the finished picture, without remuneration? What is the difference between the mediumistic talent which produces a class of manifestations which time and use have made familiar, and those called spiritual, as regards their commanding recompense in the one case, and not commanding any in the other?

Conditions then being as they are, and talent demanding and receiving pay, as it does in the present state of society, is no impropriety in making Spiritualism a business, as well as a pastime, a science or a religion—all good in their places, and neither good out of its place. This view of the subject does not countenance the taking from those who have not to spare, that which we are better able to give—the Judases of every faithful band; but it sees righteousness in the lady medium's usual charge of a "dollar an hour" for sittings, and the healing medium's charge of "three dollars for an examination and prescription."

It is not the sayings and actions, but the truth of the sayings and actions of Christ and Paul, which makes such of value. Because Christ has said man should care no more for his material future than the sparrows, it is no reason we should go barefoot, and dress in ragged cotton, always living "from hand to mouth," in slothful negligence. The authority of truth is the authority of the truth-seeker, and not that of men, books, sayings, or actions.

There is danger of "nakedness and starvation" in a course of freely giving in a world where the infant love-principle has only struggled into a conscious existence of selfishness. Look at the world as it is to-day, and where do you find the individuals who, loving their brothers as themselves, will dispense equal and exact justice? Here and there one. The mass will enrich themselves with their neighbor's impoverishment, as every one knows. Force of habit and custom must now wrench from the grasp of greed that which the true love of the coming time will pour liberally out at the feet of him who earns it.

There are two sides to this subject. There is the side of benevolence and charity on the part of the medium, and that of benevolence and charity on the part of those benefited by that medium's labor; and there is also a beautiful justice for each to make practicable. As this is so, and as "Commerce in Spiritualism" is a fixed fact which no angel lever can at present overturn, would we not do better to infuse *Spiritualism* in all our commercial matters, whether the application leads us to mediums, brokers, boot and shoe dealers, railroad hands or servant girls; letting true nobility, love and justice, rule every business transaction, from the purchase of a yard of tape, to the contracting for a Pacific railroad? Reader, what do you say? Answer faithfully in deeds, not in words! H. W. BOOZAN.

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"humbly," and have adopted that of the "Devil and his Angels;" and though I am not aware that any of the ministers have denounced us from the pulpit, they are doing all they can by talking and writing to prevent their congregations from investigating, which shows that they fear "the little giant," and the press has caught the note of alarm, and publish all the scandal they can procure, but always forget to publish any explanation, or contradiction; the opponents are making merry and exulting over these "spiritual hatches"—a sweet morsel for them—but it does not affect the true Spiritualist in the least. We are glad to see it purifying itself of the dross, and getting rid of those bangers on, who are Spiritualists so long as they can make money by it, but never learn its truths nor heed its moral teachings.

That the heaven is working may be plainly seen, from the fact that, many of the sectarian papers, though they oppose Spiritualism, yet they are resuscitating old musty records, to find old nursery tales of haunted houses, and cases of the remarkable intervention of Providence in answer to some one's prayer—either as a blessing or a judgment. I saw, a short time since, in one of the *advocate family*, a very harsh article on Spiritualism, and then, as a set-off, they published "Dodridge's Dream," as something remarkable.

Our Catholic population, some time ago, had quite a treat in the way of lectures by one Dr. I. L. Nichols, of free-love notoriety. His lectures were a general onslaught on all other professions and beliefs save the Catholic, of which church he is a member. I took a sort of an abstract report of his lecture on Spiritualism, for my own satisfaction, which I may, at some future time, revise and send you, as it might be of some interest to know how very bold he was in slandering some of those who are laboring to spread the light, especially as he thought there were no Spiritualists to hear him. However, I suspect his lecture confirmed many in the belief, and had some good trance speaker followed in his wake, no doubt but there would have been quite a spiritualistic revival.

The Spiritualists here are divided in two branches. The Swedenborgians, with their minister at their head, have a small church, and a small congregation, and, though their minister is a good man, and gives none but Christian teachings, yet it is too orthodox, and the Harmonialists, with nobody at their head. A few of the Harmonialists have banded together, and procured a hall, where they meet every Sunday morning for conference and speaking. The hall will seat several hundred persons, and the use of it would be cheerfully tendered to any good lecturer who might visit us this spring. As business becomes dull, a good trance speaker would be well attended. Enclosed you will find an account of murders sanctioned by law and public opinion. Notice the effect of the doctrine of atonement. The man who, without cause or provocation, took the life of a fellow-being, stands forth, and unblushingly says he is forgiven; that "this day he will meet his Saviour in Paradise;" but that same faith that sends the murderer from the gallows to the realms of the blessed, consigns the poor man who was the victim, who was ushered into another state of existence before he could even breathe a prayer, to the punishment of an eternal hell, whilst his murderer is "reposing in Abraham's bosom." If such is true, God ceases to be a God of justice and mercy, and far better had the atonement never been made. There is more justice in the spiritual teachings, that tell us there is hope for all—"God has created none he cannot save"—that teaches us that the murderer must look to his victim for forgiveness. Yours, CONSTANT READER.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Pay no attention to this head as at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Address at West Medford, Mass.

Dr. John Mayhew, from the first of June to July 14th, will attend to the wishes of various friends, on or near the La Crosse and Milwaukee route, including Shogobon, Neenah, Appleton, and the regular roundabout. From July 14th to August 31st, he will be on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit. All friends desiring a visit for one, two, three, or more lectures, will write him early in May, and direct their letters to Doctor Mayhew, Sweet Home, Wyoming Post-Office, Chicago, Co., Minnesota.

Miss Emma Hardinge appears her friends that she has changed her residence to No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, where all future communications should be addressed to her. She will lecture in Providence, Worcester, and vicinity, in May; Lowell, Portland and Oswego, in June. She proposes to spend next fall and winter in the West and South, and requests applications from those sections of the country to be made to her with as little delay as possible. She has already promised October next in St. Louis, and November in Memphis, Tenn.

Warren Chase lectures in Adrian, Mich., May 15th; in Albion, May 17th; Battle Creek, Mich., May 22d; Harmonia, May 25th and 26th (at his home); in Kalamazoo, May 29th; in Grand Rapids, June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th; Grand Haven, June 6th and 10th; Chicago, Ill., June 10th and 11th; Geneva, Ohio, July 10th; Cincinnati, July 13th and 14th; in Buffalo, N. Y., July 17th. Soon after he may be expected in New England.

Miss Sarah A. Magoun will answer calls to lecture in the trance state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

George Atkins will speak in Putnam, Ct., May 8th and 9th. Loring Moody will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on and week day evenings. Address Malden, Mass. He will lecture as follows:—Medford, May 8th and 9th; Walpole, May 8th; Franklin, May 10th and 11th; St. Franklin, May 12th and 13th; Blackstone, May 15th; Millville, May 17th and 18th; Mendon, May 19th and 20th; Milford, May 22d. He will

HENRY WARD BEECHER

AT
PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Morning, April 24th, 1880.

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

TEXT.—I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot hear them now.—JOHN XVI. 12.

The word *hear* is itself significant. A thing which is told to a man, if he does not understand it, is a burden to him. A thing which is brought to a man before his time, before it is ripe to him, is a perplexity. A sensitive, conscientious man, when he has truths presented to him before he is ready to receive them, does not understand them—they are opaque, they are black, to him; for, in respect to moral truths, a thing not understood is misunderstood. Therefore, Christ says, "I have yet many things to say unto you—there are many more truths which you know not, which you cannot hear them now, for ye are not ripe." This is the little chapter of John, at the seventh verse, he says, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Here we have the same thing spoken about events, which in the other passage was spoken about truths. In the one case there are many truths to be known, but they cannot yet be understood, and are not, therefore, spoken; in the other case there are providential actions or deeds which you cannot understand now, but which you shall understand hereafter.

In these two passages our Saviour meets two difficulties of human life, which are very common; namely, the desire of understanding truths which relate to our moral life, and the desire of seeing the reasons of the events and experiences of our life. This gives no trouble to savage and unenlightened people, as it does to people who are civilized and cultured. It is natural for us to wish to take in everything, however it may come to us; whether as experience, or what not. We wish to subject everything to the research of our reason. We wish to put our experiences, and the truths they teach, symmetrically together, in the relation of cause and effect. We wish, on the one side, to understand truth, and on the other side we wish to see the reason of things which come upon us, good or bad—their causes, their effects, their general tendencies.

This inquisitiveness is not wrong. It may lead to wrong, but in itself it is praiseworthy. Hunger for knowledge is divine. A desire to know things that relate to what is taking place, is divine. Christ reproached the generation in which he lived, because they did not study the signs of the time, and try to understand them. But there are not a few who do penetrate the interior of things, who have a devout religious life, by any amount of reflection or searching, to understand the origin or tendency of events that are transpiring, we fall into a dissatisfied state of mind, which materially diminishes our happiness. Questionings arise in our minds about the justice and goodness of the divine government over the world, which shake the foundations of our confidence and happiness. There results a sort of misanthropy. Our Saviour taught, with great distinctness, that we must not build our happiness upon our own wisdom, but upon the method of proceeding of God's truths, but upon a simple and child-like confidence that all things in the end shall come forth gloriously illustrated. In the case in hand the apostles did understand more every year; and, above all, in the hereafter which death opened them, they were to understand more.

There are a great many persons who need a careful consideration of human ignorance for their comfort. There is a great consolation, if you know where to find it, in the doctrine of ignorance. There are a great many persons who have a devout religious life, because they cannot solve the problems of divine truth; and they say, "If you will once explain to me the doctrine of truth, if you will once enlighten my mind in respect to the system of truth, I too, will be a Christian." But if you are not a Christian until then you never will be one; for religion is a thing lived, and not a thing merely believed. Doing is the father of believing. A man must always come to the truth first by feeling it. Afterwards he has a right to say, "What is that which I feel? Am I then in the faith? or not? It states it, that is the doctrine. But all doctrine of Christian life must follow the practical application of truth. In order to know what is true you must do what is right, for right conduct is the gate through which a knowledge of the truth comes.

A great many persons are quite overthrown by the spectacle of society—the life of man, and its strange events and fallings out. Right is put down, and wrong is upheld; goodness is imprisoned, and lawfulness is outthroned; those who deserve have everything taken from them, and those who deserve not have everything heaped upon them superabundantly. These and ten thousand other intricacies in the spiritual life make men doubt whether there is anything in divine providence. This feeling of doubt existed as long ago as the time of the Jews. It was sadly sung in the time of the Psalms; and then it was not new. We find it expressed in the book of Job. It is there stated as fully, as cunningly, as ingeniously, as it is in the writings of any mystic or skeptical philosopher. It is one of those things which have been the cause of the fall of many a man. Men, when they look at human affairs, and find them so mixed up, say, "I do not believe there is any God guiding them."

Yet more persons are thrown into amazement at the things which befall them individually—griefs, losses, hardships, disappointments, overthrows—and at the whole seeming thralldom of human life. When acting with the best intentions, men find themselves let suddenly down into the very worst experiences, and they say, "When did not try to live right I was prospered; but now, when I do try to lead a better life, I am thwarted in everything I undertake. My neighbors, who know not how to use what they have, have everything; but I, who make it my constant study to put everything to the best use, have nothing." They who know not how to bear hardships, are weighed down with them, while they who are hardy and able to endure, seem to walk in ease and comfort. They who ought to have children have none, while they who are utterly unfit, physically and morally, to have children, have their children; and these children seem peculiarly qualified to rear their children in the way as to make them happy, and render them good members of society, have their children taken from them; while they who only seem fit to make their children miserable, and to destroy them, have their children continued to them. And men say, "Now what does God deal with me in this way?" They thus bring these things home as private grievances.

Let us ask, then, whether in this state of being, it is wise to expect knowledge enough to measure the events of life; whether ignorance is not, in the nature of things, more nearly circular and complete than knowledge; and whether a simple and child-like trust in God, and the revelations of the future, is not better than anxiety, skepticism, and moribundity of feeling? Let us proceed to see the steps of analogy which exist.

It is plain, now, I remark in the first place, that this physical globe has had its periods of development in such a way that if it had been possible for one to have stood and witnessed the state of things at its creation, he could not have told its drift and direction, or what was to come of it, than a boatman, standing on the river bank, and witnessing the sprouting of a seed which he had not seen before, and knew nothing about, could tell what that seed was going to bring forth. Cycles of years, ages of development, are revealed to us in the great, silent and unrecorded periods of geological history—earlier creations, earlier animal races, vegetable formations, the elevation of continents and islands, the sinking of continents and islands, etc. We have evidence that there was a time when the very frame-work of this globe was being built, but out of what we do not know. We may conjecture: it is perfectly safe to conjecture in a matter like this. When a man gets to reasoning about things which happened twenty or thirty thousand years past, he is on a large pasture-ground, and can run without danger of interference. I repeat, that if one could have stood and beheld the condition of things at the beginning of the world, he could not, unassisted, have given a guess as to what would follow. It would have been impossible for him, from what he saw, to form any idea of the coming future in respect to the physical globe. I merely point to these facts, thought they are susceptible of being remarked upon at much greater length. I refer to them because moral truths have certain analogies in the physical globe. The fact that I wish particularly to bring before your minds is that this world is developed in such a way that you never suspect the latter stages of its development from the condition of the earlier ones.

Secondly—as a race, taking mankind collectively, man has always been subject to this same law of growth in knowledge. Human knowledge is developed in such a way that the earlier stages cannot be seen from the later, in such a way that you cannot from the earlier periods look forward to the later. Man was placed in the world, and left to find out what he could. God seems to have put nature before him, like a book, and said, "There—study—find out; I will tell you nothing," and he never has told him anything. Everything that man has attained in respect to a knowledge of the natural world; all the knowledge he has acquired of physical nature or physical science, he has

hunted up himself; God did not give it to him. The acquisition by mankind of the knowledge at present in the world, has been the work of more than three thousand years—for it is only within the last three thousand years that man has thought of studying much. The human race, in this respect, is like our children. We do not think of putting them to school before they are three or four, and sometimes five or six years old, unless they are remarkably smart—and all children are. The beginning of curiosity in men may be dated back to some three thousand years. They then began to study; and since then their progress in knowledge has been accelerated by accident and by necessities. It has been, then, three thousand years since man began to read the book of nature, which God made to be read and known.

One of the most remarkable features of creation is that nothing is told, and yet everything may be found out. But in science there is no revelation. The rocks are full of truth, but they do not speak; the vegetable kingdom is full of curious truth, but it never told man anything, even by a single blossom; the birds and beasts, in their mysterious connections with the globe and each other, and in their relations to man, have strange teachings of truth, but with all their manifestations of life and physical power they never taught man one idea. All we know about minerals, all we know about vegetables, all we know about animals, all we know about fluids and solids, all we know about chemistry and botany, all we know about the whole range of physical or natural sciences, we have had to pull out, thread and filament by thread and filament. God told us nothing. Astronomy never said to a man, "The sun is the centre of the solar system, and your earth revolves around it in a certain fixed orbit." Chemistry never said to anybody, "You are walking upon an earth composed of minute atoms of matter. The world was three thousand years before these things began to be known." We found them out. We had to find them out, or not know them. They were in God's book, in his portfolio, which he spread out before us, and from which we pulled out the papers ourselves. He never told us anything concerning these matters.

There is nothing in the divine Book about this natural world. Everything is left for men to learn by means of the powers with which they have been endowed. Some have objected to the book of revelation on this account. They say, for instance, "How much trouble and suffering might men have been spared if there had been a system of medicine laid down in this book. And what study and perplexity might they have been saved, if it only contained some hints about astronomy, and the other natural sciences." But the book of revelation acts, in these matters, on the principle to which we have already referred—that of letting men find out their own way.

The race for ages lived on the slenderest stock of knowledge. The prodigality of God in the way of man seems strange, those who are young and ignorant, for he employs for the life of whole nations, living through periods of thousands of years, to evolve single elements of knowledge. Oriental periods were employed to lay the foundation for knowledge. Things that were hidden then are revealed to us now. The Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, and those of the medieval ages, seem to have seen things dimly, while we come near and see them clearly. We are permitted to look through into the treasury of knowledge. The things which form the science and wisdom of our days were gradually made up from the things slowly built up, and have come to us in a fragmentary state. So that the history of the race has been that of men standing in the midst of the twilight of time, able to know some things about the present, but standing before a great unrevealed future, materially changing and transforming them. They were very ignorant, and would continue to be, simply because the future was so ripe and they were not. Christ said to those of his time, with reference to truths which he revealed, "You are not able to bear them, for a thousand generations passed away before the average man was able to understand the truths which we understand."

Thirdly—in all the grand events of life, in those processes on which ages have turned, men have been profoundly ignorant. It may be said, almost without exaggeration, that the things on which the wisest men have expected and predicted the most, have, in the turn of events, ages and nations, proved the most beneficial; and that out of the things that have seemed the least likely to lead to such a result, that have been the most unexpected, have grown the world's history. This seems to have been in the Apostle's mind, when he says, in the first chapter of First Corinthians, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise." That is, when those who are regarded as wise by the world, set their heads to work to interpret the problems of ages, and, after they have fixed them up so as to satisfy their own minds, say, "That is truth." God says, meanwhile, "Since I have created all things, and know the whole from the beginning, I determine that such and such things are truths." When the really important things came up, men passed them by as worthless; and on the other hand, when the things that were of the least importance came up, they treated them as though they were of the greatest moment. The Apostle further says, "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not"—that is, to our senses—"to bring to nothing the things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence."

But descending from the large toward the individual life, I remark, fourthly, that the whole experience of individual life is such that knowledge must be fragmentary, gradual, and however much, yet must always wait for the future for anything like a full development. Every parent rearing his children finds, in a small sphere, just the problems of human life in the great sphere over again; and every parent is obliged at each step in rearing his children to do what God does in rearing his children, and that is, to take a little unformed mind and bring it up into a ripe manhood—optimize the whole history of the world, from the beginning down to your day. If you do right, you do for your child what God has done for millions of men.

A child cannot understand, because parts of his mind are not ripe, while he is yet a child. A great deal depends upon the growth of the body. The brain does not ripen all at once. The different parts of the mind resemble the leaves of a plant in their development. You know that the root-leaves ripen, and even before the blossom-leaves come out. Now children at first are mere animals. The most absolute animals on the globe, I think, are these little pulpy children. They are, as they roll about, like snailfish floating through the water—round, plump, and beautiful to look at, but good for nothing—absolutely nothing. I will not say they are at zero—they are below zero. They seem to be the connecting link between nothing and something, and very faintly revealed at that. When the child grows, it grows first in a certain way. You know that the root-leaves ripen, and even before the blossom-leaves come out. Now children at first are mere animals. 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